

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

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

By Mari Moore. Specially contributed to The Guardian for Guardian Readers.

Interesting Food Facts A Star Role In Winter's Social Functions

By Mary Moore

We have endeavored to include every variety of light refreshments in this little food essay...

To vary hot beverages taxed our ingenuity the most for two reasons: first because tea and coffee are so good we do not mind staying in our rut...

May I dissent long enough to say that Hot Malted Cocoa is especially appealing to those who have to drink large quantities of milk?

Just as the planning of dinner menus revolves around the meat to be served, so light refreshments take their cue from the beverage selected.

But sandwiches and cakes are none the less important.

You are going to raise your eyebrows at our Dillwurst open face sandwiches, but you will lower them when you taste this delicacy.

Contrariwise, from the very first glimpse you are going to know that 'Cocoanut Snowballs' will be tried in your kitchen on your next baking spree.

Hot Malted Cocoa

These quantities will serve six medium sized cups of cocoa.

Two tablespoons of a good brand of cocoa, 2 tablespoons sugar, speck of salt, 1-2 cup water, 3 1-2 cups milk, 1 8 teaspoon vanilla, 1-8 teaspoon vanilla, 1-8 teaspoon oil of peppermint, Mix cocoa, sugar and salt well together and make into a paste with the water.

Let me warn you that oil of peppermint is quite strong and must be used with care. Do not carelessly pour in what you think would be one-eighth of a teaspoon—measure it exactly.

The delicate vapor that rises from this beverage makes it even delicious

before you taste it. Notice the clarifying effect the mint vapor has on the breathing passages—such a soothing, relaxing feeling—it ought to feel good to one suffering from a code id da dose.

As cocoa does leave a certain "cloyey" feeling in the mouth, we suggest you serve our Dillwurst Sandwich with it.

I do not always try to find a reason for everything, but would not your pedestal cake dish be tempting if piled high with Cocoanut Snowballs? The contrast with the chocolate hue of the cocoa would be effective.

Cocoanut Snowballs

This cake mixture is very light and tender, and requires three egg whites.

Two cups sifted cake flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1-2 cup butter, 1 cup sifted granulated sugar, 2-3 cup milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, whites of 3 eggs, stiffly beaten. Sift flour before measuring, measure then add baking powder and sift these together twice before putting into cake.

Snow White Frosting

White 1 egg, 2 teaspoons cold water, 1-2 teaspoon vanilla or 1-2 tablespoon lemon juice, about 3-4 cup confectioners' sugar, Whlp white of egg until stiff; add water and sugar. Beat thoroughly, then add flavoring. If more sugar is necessary to make it of the right consistency to spread add it carefully.

ing house, Rosemary Martin sat mending a pair of gloves. From time to time she glanced appraisingly at two pairs of stockings and each had a ladder in it.

A Morning Smile

The lady with the stern visage glared across the counter at the post office clerk, and said: "I sent away for a bottle of medicine and it has not arrived."

"In that case," said the clerk, in soothing tones, "I must get you to fill in a form. What is the exact nature of your complaint?"

The lady looked taken aback. "I don't see what that has to do with it, but it is chronic indigestion, if you want to know."

Boss: As there are one or two pretty girls in the office, I've taken sixpence out of the petty cash to buy a sprig of mistletoe.

Head Clerk: What shall I charge it up as?

Boss: Oh! Overhead expenses.

When little cakes are covered with the above frosting dip them completely in grated fresh or finely grated canned cocoanut. The fresh cocoanut is to be preferred. These little confections are most effective if arranged on a cake plate with Brownies or Chocolate Sandwich Cookies.

Hot Coffee Milk Shake This deserves honorable mention because it may be served in tall glasses with a dot of whipped cream for garnishment.

To make coffee syrup boil together 2 cups boiling water and 8 table-spoons coffee for 6 minutes. Then strain through sieve lined with cheese cloth. To the strained coffee add one third cup sugar, and boil this together for 2 minutes. Add two table-spoons of this syrup to one cup hot milk for each serving of sweetened whipped cream.

Jellied Chicken Salad

You can see that I have the more substantial type of repast in mind when I suggest this salad. We seem to have arrived at just the right amount of each ingredient in this salad to make it suitable to every taste.

Two tablespoons gelatine, 3 cups hot chicken broth or canned chicken soup (use the chicken soup when the meat meat to be used is left over from roast chicken, and there is no broth) 1 cup very finely chopped celery, 1 cup small size canned peas, 1-4 cup cold water or broth, 3-4 teaspoon salt, 1 cup diced chicken, 1 tablespoon chopped pimento, 1 small green pepper minced. Soak gelatine in cold water or broth 5 minutes. Add hot broth and stir until gelatine is dissolved, then add salt and chill. Pour a thin layer of this liquid in each moistened individual mould and let it stiffen slightly. Add some of the peas, then celery and chicken, more jelly, etc., until all ingredients are used. Chill until firm. Unmould on tender lettuce leaves and garnish with either parsley or watercress. Serve with stiff mayonnaise. Chopped olives may be used in this salad for variety.

Bran Raisin Bread

The sedentary lives which most of us lead calls for special adjustments in our diet. That's the big reason for bran. Have you ever tried bran raisin bread made with natural bran, which, cleaned and packaged, is available everywhere? Here's the recipe:

2 cups natural bran 2 cups flour 1 1/2 cups seeded raisins 1 cup sugar 1 teaspoon salt 3 tablespoons shortening 2 cups sour milk and 2 teaspoons baking soda, or 2 cups sweet milk and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Method—Mix dry ingredients to-

"I WOULD BURST OUT CRYING"

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Steadied and Quieted Her Nerves



"I had a nervous breakdown. I could not sleep, worried all day and hardly knew what I was doing. If anyone asked me how I was, I would burst out crying. I have taken six bottles of the Vegetable Compound and it has built me up so I can sleep at night. I am in good spirits and I am not half as nervous."—Mrs. R. Poon, 1717 Donald St., Fort William, Ontario.

This must be a good medicine when 98 out of 100 women say, "It helps me." Get a bottle from your druggist today. Let it help you, too.

For The Cook

WALNUT CAKE

Blend 1/2 cup shortening and 1 cup sugar until creamy Sift 2 cups flour 1/4 teaspoon salt 4 teaspoons baking powder 1/4 teaspoon soda. Combine the mixtures. Add 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, 1/2 cup slightly floured walnut meats. Fold in 4 beaten egg whites Bake in a greased tube or loaf pan in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 45 minutes or until done. Serves eight.

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Dorothy Dix' Letter Box

Shall a Man Will His Property to His Wife Or Divide With His Children?—How Can Girl's Morbid Idea of Marriage be Cured?

Dear Miss Dix—I have a wife and three children, and I want to make my will. How shall I divide it among them? Leave everything to my wife, or give each one a portion of my estate? HUSBAND AND FATHER.

Answer: It depends upon how much you have. If you are a rich man, divide your estate equitably between your wife and children, but if you are a man of small means and what you would leave would barely furnish a living for the family, leave it to your wife as long as she lives, or until she marries again. Every married woman has a just claim to a part of her husband's property because she has helped to earn it.

But, whatever you do, fix it so that your wife can neither spend or be cheated out of the property you leave her. Few women have had any experience in handling money, and the statistics gathered by one of our big insurance companies show that 80 per cent of the money that they have paid out as insurance to widows has been dissipated within five or six years. They have blown it in on extravagances, thinking because they have never had \$10,000 or \$15,000 before that it is an inexhaustible as the national treasury, or else some slick-tongued salesman has induced them to invest it in Wild Cat Preferred, or they have lent it, without security, to Uncle John, who prays such beautiful prayers that they never doubt his honesty.

The most amazing thing on earth is that a man who would not trust his wife's business sagacity in handling a hundred dollars while he is alive will turn over all of his and his children's property to her to make ducks and drakes of when he is dead. Why he thinks that his demise is going to turn her from a financial Dumb Dora into a Hetty Green is a mystery past all solving. But it is done every day, and that is why we have so many poor widows and orphans.

Every man who has money to leave his wife and daughters should provide a trust fund for them so that they will get the income paid in monthly installments. That would save many a widow from being married for her money, and prevent many a wife from having either to give all of her property to her husband, or else be in a perpetual row with him.

This is not because many husbands desire to rob their wives, but because every man feels that what his wife has belongs to him, and because every man believes himself to be a Napoleon of finance, and that if he only had \$10,000 or \$20,000 or \$50,000 he could make a million on Wall Street, or swing some chimerical scheme. And the less a man knows about business, the more sure he is that he is a Rockefeller or a Ford.

Now a woman has to be more hard-boiled than most wives are to say "no" to the husband who wants to speculate with her money, and if she does, he never forgives her for it, but if papa has left the money so she can't touch it she has a perfect alibi that keeps peace in the family. All of us know dozens of cases of rich girls who have been reduced to dire poverty by perfectly good, well-meaning husbands who frittered away their estates.

So many a man is criminally cruel who does not save his wife and daughter from this hard fate by tying whatever property he leaves to them up good and fast and beyond their reach.

It is a common thing for a man to leave all of his property to his wife in the belief that her mother love will make her always look out for her children. This is a good theory, but it does not work out well in actual practice. For very often the woman marries a man who spends all of her children's inheritance, and still often it makes the good children the victims of the black sheep in the family, or of some favorite son or daughter who gets the lion share of the estate.

If there is a prodigal son or daughter, mother is going to pay him or her out of his or her scrapes, no matter how much it sacrifices her worthy sons and daughters. And only too often mother is so obsessed by her

gether, cut the shortening in lightly, then add the floured raisins. Now add the milk slowly and mix well. Put in two well-greased loaf pans and let stand 20 minutes. Then bake in a moderate oven about 45 minutes. Temp. 325 deg. F. Remove from pans and brush the tops with melted butter.

Talk is cheap—that's why barbers give it away with a haircut. Judge—You were alone when you committed the robbery? Delinquent—Yes, your Lordship. You see when you have got a mate you never know whether he is honest or not.

came skimming out straight at the Footman's head; it just grazed his nose, and broke to pieces against one of the trees behind him.

"—or next day, maybe," the Footman continued in the same tone, exactly as if nothing had happened.

"How am I to get in?" asked Alice again, in a louder tone. "Are you to get in at all?" said the Footman. "That's the first question, you know."

For the moment Rosemary, relaxed and dreaming in her chair, had forgotten where she was. She felt herself to be in the fantastic forest beyond the looking-glass, where babies changed to pigs and a long chimned Duchess made peppery soup. Her amused eyes travelled over the porter's blue coat and brass buttons up to his reddened face.

Without intending it, her amused scrutiny had a devastating effect on the porter. He shifted his position and muttered to himself.

"What's that blinkin' girl laughing at?" He admitted inwardly that she was an extremely pretty girl, but pretty girls were what he was there to guard his chief against. He settled his shoulders against the door marked "Private."

Rosemary smiled more joyously than ever as she remembered, again from her favorite book, "I shall sit here," said the Frog Footman, "on and off, for days and days."

"But what am I to do?" said Alice. "Anything you like," said the Footman, and began whistling. (To be Continued.)

Wife—Darling, I've just heard the most terrible bit of scandal. Hubby—I thought you had, dear; you looked so happy when you came in.

BOVRIL ADDS RICH GOODNESS TO SOUPS AND GRAVIES

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

this model equally suited to the miss or the woman of average full figure.

It's exquisite as the original which was carried out in white crinkly crepe satin.

It is particularly nice to wear to luncheon, the afternoon bridge, tea or matinee.

Style No. 320 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards 39-inch, and 1/2 yard 35-inch lining. Price of Pattern 15 cents in stamps or coin (coin is preferred). Wrap coin carefully.

No. 320. Size Name Street Address City State.

You'll love this quaint pretty model of Victorian influence with its widened shoulder line. The lower part of the bodice, as you see, is very slim, which makes

younger children and so anxious to give them every luxury and advantage that she spends on them the money that by right belongs to the older children.

So, Mr. Husband and Father, in making your will bear these facts in mind: First, that not one woman in a hundred is capable of handling money wisely, and, secondly, that mothers will play favorites. So see to it that your property is left in trust for your wife and daughters, and fix it so that all of your children will get a square deal.

DOROTHY DIX. Dear Dorothy Dix—What can you say to a girl in her 20s whose mother, married sisters and neighbor women have always impressed upon her that all men have but one idea in taking a wife, and that if she marries her life will be a living torment imposed upon her by an unscrupulous, inconsiderate husband? Her mother tells her that any girl had better be dead than married. So badly has marriage been pictured to this girl that she shudders and covers her face when talking about it, and, although she is in love with a man, she is afraid to venture into matrimony. Do you think that this girl could be given an altogether different slant on married life if either of her mother's two marriages had been the result of love and romance? MRS. X.

(Continued on Page 8)

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS Headaches and Pains in Stomach

Mr. W. G. Simpson, Saria, Ont., writes:—"For two years I was troubled with severe headaches, and pains in my stomach. My druggist told me to take Burdock Blood Bitters, and since then I have not been troubled with either."

Each spring I find a bottle of B.B.B. is just the thing to clean the blood of the poisons gathered in the system during the winter months. Manufactured for the past 58 years, only by The T. Millburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

DOMINION OF CANADA PROVINCE OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND IN THE PROBATE COURT 23rd George V., A. D. 1933

IN Re Estate of Francis Bradle, late of Kellys Cross in Queen's County in the said Province deceased testate By the Honourable Harold Leonard Palmer, Surrogate Judge of Probate etc., etc.

Whereas upon reading the petition of Mrs. of James Aeneas Bradley of Kellys Cross aforesaid, Farmer, and Francis Bradle of the same place Farmer, the executors of the above named estate praying that a citation be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth, I find a citation hereby required to cite all persons interested in the said Estate to be and appear before me at a Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Charlottetown, in Queen's County in the said Province, on Wednesday the eighth day of February next, commencing at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the accounts of the said Estate should not be passed and the Estate closed at prayed for in said petition and on motion of H. Francis MacPhee, Esq., Proctor for said Petitioner, and I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown aforesaid, once each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy hereof be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely: in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown, aforesaid, and in front of the school-house in Kellys Cross aforesaid, so that all persons interested in the said Estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

Given under my hand and Seal of the said Court this 20th day of December A. D. 1932 and in the 23rd year of His Majesty's reign. (Sgd.) H. L. PALMER Judge of Probate, 7488-1-SITHUR-4

AS DIRECTED by Order of the Court of Chancery, in the matter of McLean vs. Forbes, No. D 154, I will set up and sell by Public Auction on the premises of the late George Forbes at Vernon Bridge in Queen's County, on Thursday the second day of February, A. D. 1933, beginning at one o'clock in the afternoon, all the household furniture, farm stock, farming implements and farm produce of or belonging to the estate of the said George Forbes, deceased.

Terms as to credit and conditions of sale will be announced at sale. For further particulars apply to the undersigned. Dated this 25th January, A. D. 1933.

D. EDGAR SHAW, Master in Chancery. 7761-1-25-81

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED J. S. TAYLOR E. W. TAYLOR Optometrists 148 Richmond Street

The Double Act A Romance of the Theatre BY MARION TOMLINSON

The girl looked at Grenoble with something like terror. "You mean I'm to—"

Grenoble made a deprecating gesture.

"We'll see what you can do later," he said cautiously. "One thing is certain. The sight of that marvellous hair of yours has given me an idea for my next revue that I believe will be the talk of the town. It's a pity you're not—"

Grenoble, who had been looking at Rosemary's face, broke off here, for he was a kind man at heart.

Quick-witted Rosemary, however, had caught the look and realised what it meant. She smiled slightly to herself. She was not vain, but as she glanced at herself in the mirror she knew that the blotched face she saw there had hardly her normal appearance.

"Anyway," continued Grenoble decisively as he picked up his silk hat, "Come to see me in the morning. I would like," he added humbly, "to see you with a clean face, if I may, Miss Gail!"

Rosemary laughed aloud, disclosing perfect teeth. Grenoble was startled. "By Jove, the girl might even be a beauty!" he thought. "Impossible to tell with her face covered with cold cream!"

He went out through the stage door still puzzling, and, to his own astonishment, looking forward like a boy to the meeting in his office at the theatre next morning.

CHAPTER IV. PREPARATIONS In her room in a theatrical room-

"Nonsense, of course you can't do that. And what's more, you'll take a taxi to Grenoble's office, so as to arrive looking fresh," she commanded.

Rosemary still demurred. "But doesn't your niece mind lending her things?"

"I don't think she knows anything about it," chuckled Nell, as she drew from the suitcase not only a flowery chiffon frock but a fawn coat edged with fur and a charming hat. "She was asleep with a pillow on her head, and mumbled for me to take anything I pleased, and go away."

In spite of her scruples, Rosemary visioned herself in the chiffon frock, and the tailored costume she wore seemed very plain indeed.

"Off with it," cried Nell, reading her thoughts, "don't be silly, child. Jenny won't mind when she wakes. Besides, you'd do the same for her if you could, and unless I'm much mistaken, you'll be able to do that and more, before long."

Nell's persuasions prevailed, and in a few minutes Rosemary saw in the mirror of her wardrobe door a charming figure with coils of gold hair under a dream of a hat, wide blue-grey eyes, pale cheeks, a shy mouth, and all the rest a slender swirl of flowery chiffon.

Nell stood with hands raised in admiration. "Not a scrap of make-up, darling," she ordered. "Grenoble is artist enough to know what he can do with what you see there. Don't underline it."

She tapped superstitiously on the wooden arm of Rosemary's chair. But Rosemary had turned from the mirror and was looking anxiously into the eyes of a framed photograph of her father that stood on her table.

"I wonder if Grenoble is an artist," she murmured. "Father always said that the real artist always used external things only so far as they served inner meanings. He liked my hair, but he used to warn me that it might prove my undoing as an artist is I let it become the chief thing about me."

Nell looked bewildered for a moment before she answered comfortably. "I always say that beauty is a gift like anything else, and it's sheer ingratitude not to make the most of it. My poor sister's child Jenny hasn't half your points, but she's in the front row simply because she knows how to make the best of herself."

Rosemary glanced at the cheap little wrist watch she wore. "My goodness, I must be off," she gasped. "Thanks a million times, Nell darling. I'll call round this afternoon and tell you everything that happens—and bring back your niece's things. Tell her from me she's a dear."

"You're not rid of me yet, Rosie," said Nell firmly. "I'm going with you as far as Grenoble's office in a cab."

Rosemary looked embarrassed. "I can't take a cab, Nell!" she said. "I'm broke. I haven't a bean. Luckily, it's not far."

"All the more reason you should take a cab," said Nell, putting on her shabby coat. "I'm as sure as anything this is a great day for you"—here the superstitious actress tapped again on wood—"and I'm not going to let anything spoil it. I'm certainly going to take you in a cab, so you'll arrive as fresh and pretty as you look now."

Rosemary gave way, and no one would have guessed her penniless state as she stepped on the pavement in front of the theatre where Grenoble had his offices.

"Bless you, Nell," she said, as she turned back to give the old actress a kiss. "I'll come round to tell you all about it this afternoon."

In the outer office Rosemary gave her name, adding the tshe had an appointment with Mr. Grenoble, and sat down to wait. But in a few moments, to her consternation, the porter came back and said with a forbidding expression:

"Mr. Grenoble says he has no appointment with you, Miss Martin."

CHAPTER V.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

"But he has!" gasped Rosemary. "It was only last night he asked me..."

The porter smiled cynically and turned his back on her. He was out of temper that morning, and was used to the wiles of ambitious actresses to whom truth was of less moment than the hope of seeing the great man personally.

Rosemary's cheeks flamed, and she settled herself more firmly in her chair. "I shall sit here," she said, "until he comes out."

Then suddenly, -as usually happened when Rosemary's quick temper flared, she remembered a parallel to the situation in one of the topsy-turvy tales she had loved as a child, and broke into laughter. Really, the porter, as he gazed at her and took his pace solidly before the ground glass door marked "Private," did look exactly like the Frog Footman!

She knew her Alice in Wonderland by heart, and as she looked at the porter, and the porter looked at the ceiling, the lines ran through her mind.

"I shall sit here," the Footman remarked, "till to-morrow." At this moment the door of the house opened, and a large plate