

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

WHAT! YOU HAVEN'T TRIED IT YET? Then hustle yourself to the grocer's and get a package of this great, brand-new breakfast dish—curly, golden flakes, crinkly as popcorn—rich with the grand old "Grape-Nuts" flavor and, like "Grape-Nuts" Cereal, full of varied nourishment!

For The Cook

Curried Salmon With Rice
1 pound cold boiled salmon meat.
1 cupful milk.
1 cupful fish stock
3 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon curry powder
Salt and paprika to taste
1/2 teaspoon lemon juice
1/2 cup cream
2 hard-boiled eggs
Parsley for garnishing
Remove all bone and skin from the salmon and break into small pieces. Pack small bettered tinbale molds with coked rice and stand in a pan of boiling water. Heat the fish stock with the milk. Melt the butter, and, when it bubbles, stir in the flour and curry powder, forming a smooth paste. Add the heated fish stock and milk and stir constantly until smooth and boiling. Season with salt and paprika and add the lemon juice. Add the salmon and the cream. Unmold the rice and arrange it in a border. Fill the centre with the creamed salmon and garnish with slices of egg and sprigs of parsley.

A Morning Smile

Customer: "Yes, but haven't you got a tighter gown than this?"
Saleswoman (rather tired): "I'm sorry, madam. This is a customer's—not a taxidermist's."
He criticized her pudding, he didn't like her cake; he wished she'd make the biscuits his mother used to make. She didn't wash the dishes and she didn't make a stew, and she didn't darn his stockings like his mother used to do.
Oh, well, she wasn't perfect, but she tried to do her best, until at length she thought the time had come to have a rest. So when one day he went the same old rigmorale all through, she turned and boxed his ears just like his mother used to do.

White Parfait
1-3 cup sugar
4 tablespoons water
2 egg whites
1/2 pint (1 cup) cream
Preserved ginger
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Candied pineapple or cherries.
Rhubarb or maraschino cherries.
Stir sugar and water until sugar is melted. Boil, without stirring, until syrup spins a thread from tip of spoon. Add slowly to egg whites, beaten until stiff. Continue beating until mixture is cool. Chill, then add cream, whipped, and vanilla. Fill small molds or paper parfait cups with this mixture. In the centre of each put a teaspoonful or chopped candied fruit, preserved ginger, maraschino cherries, rubies, or a combination of these fruits. Sprinkle more chopped fruit over the top. Place in molds in tray of freezing unit and allow two or three hours to freeze.

BABY'S COLDS
Never "dose" except on doctor's advice
VICKS VAPORUB
BEST FOR ADULTS, TOO

Dorothy Dix Finds Proof of Hidden Blessings

Marriage is a Failure, Cry Thousands Who Sincerely Believe That They Are Miserable—But Death, the Great Teacher, Has Caused Many a Disgruntled Husband and Wife to Realize How Great Were the Blessings That Are Past

We hear a great deal about marriage being a failure and about nine out of ten of the husbands and wives who know give you to understand that they are "disappointed" or "not understood" or "unappreciated" by the partners of their bosoms and assume the expression of an early Christian martyr whenever the holy estate is mentioned.

But, in reality, marriage is not such a failure as it is credited with being. Nor is the happiness quotient, as the psychologists say, as small among husbands and wives as they think it is. Otherwise divorce would be virtually universal, because it is not in human nature to endure mental suffering any more than physical suffering when there is a cure for it right around the corner.



No one claims that many marriages are ideal. Few men and women are ever lucky enough really to get their soulmates in wedlock, and certainly the chief indoor sport of most husbands and wives consists in picking flaws in each other and bemoaning their lost freedom and pitying themselves because they are united to just plain, ordinary, cranky, faulty human beings instead of demigods.

Mr. A. groans as he looks at the mountain of bills on his desk and thinks he must have been demented when he sold himself into a lifetime of slaving for a wife and children. He reflects, as he turns his feet toward an evening instead of staying downtown to play poker with the boys, that a prisoner with a ball and chain about his feet has nothing on a married man. He looks at Mrs. A., grown stout and grizzled and careless about her dress, and asks himself what aberration of mind ever made him think that he wanted to spend the balance of his life looking at that.

Mrs. A. is equally disgruntled, and as she goes about her housework she wonders what the fool-killer was doing that he didn't slay her on the day when she gave up her gay, carefree girlhood for a life sentence at hard labor cooking and scrubbing and baby-tending and penny-pinching for a grouchy and grumpy man who paid her no more attention and gave her no more appreciation than he did the gas range or the vacuum cleaner.

Thousands upon thousands of Mr. and Mrs. A.'s and B.'s and C.'s honestly believe that their marriages have degenerated into nothing but an endurance test and that they are of all people most miserable, but this is because they expected some unearthly perfection of marriage. They looked for some impossible bliss, and because their romantic dream did not come true they fail to appreciate the good they have.

That married people are happier than they think they are and that marriage is not the failure that it is alleged to be is abundantly proved by the fact that those who have tried it once almost invariably want to try it again. Widows and widowers are the great matrimonial repeaters. Even the divorced, whom it might logically be presumed wild horses couldn't drag to the altar on the principle that a burnt child dreads the fire are so eager to rush into it again that they often marry within the hour of getting their decrees absolute.

All of which argues that marriage isn't such a decadent old institution after all, and that even if it doesn't come up to all our fondest fancy painted, still there is something in it of security and comfort and the satisfaction of a permanent relationship that we cannot do without. At the time we may chafe at its restrictions. We may wince under the burdens it lays upon us. We may pine for the liberty of which it deprives us. But break the bonds which have bound us to another, wreck the home that we may have seen only as a prison and we are as forlorn and as purposeless as a dog that has lost its master.

Death is the tragic teacher that shows many a husband and wife how much more happily married they were than they realized. Many a man has honestly believed himself the victim of a disastrous marriage because his wife failed to give him the sympathy and understanding he craved or because she grew dull and tiresome or because she had a high temper or she was a poor manager or she nagged him about what he ate and wearing his rubbers and to be careful about the way he crossed the street so as to avoid automobiles.

One Woman tells Another — by C.A. Voight

HELLO GIRLS! HAVE YOU BEEN TO THE MOVIES? HOW DO YOU FIND TIME ON MONDAYS? I'VE JUST FINISHED MY WASH. ANNA AND I JUST SPOKE OUR CLOTHES IN RINSO. NO SCRUBBING OR BOILING. HELLO, JANE! ARE YOU FREE ON WASHDAY, TOO? WHAT'S YOUR SECRET? HELLO ANNA! I TRIED RINSO THIS MORNING. IT MAKES WONDERFUL SUDS IN THIS HARD WATER. YOU'LL LIKE IT, TOO. FOR DISHES AND ALL HOUSE CLEANING. IMAGINE BEING FREE ON WASHDAYS! I FEEL LIKE A LADY OF LEISURE. IT'S A SHAME YOU DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT RINSO YEARS AGO. See how much work this hard-water soap does. GET the BIG package of Rinsol. Keep track of how much work it does for you. You'll be amazed—delighted! One woman soaked 171 pieces of wash spotless with one large package, did the dishes 30 times, and still had some Rinsol left for other cleaning. Thousands of others find Rinsol just as economical. Cup for cup, Rinsol gives twice as much suds as puffed-up soaps. Long-lasting suds that soak clothes whiter. Millions use Rinsol in tub, washer and dishpan.

It was only after the wife had gone hence, when the home was broken up and the man was free to go and come as he pleased; when there was no one to tell him what to do because no one cared what he did, that he began to realize how good were the old days when there was a wife waiting and watching at home for his coming, with the things he liked best to eat prepared for his dinner; how faithful was the love that watched over him at every turn, how precious the knowledge that there was one human being in all the world on whose loyalty and devotion he could absolutely count.

And many a wife who has thought herself heart-broken because her husband has not come up to her ideals and who has spent her time sobbing out her matrimonial woes on the shoulders of her friends has come to realize when he was gone how blessed she was in having her own home and a strong man to stand between her and the world.

"A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things," said a poet. What a pity that so many married people who are happy without knowing it don't wake up and enjoy their blessings.

DOROTHY DIX.

BEDEQUE

The many friends of Mrs. Stanley Murray of Centreville Bedeque, will regret to hear that she is seriously ill with pneumonia. The Bedeque "Beavers" motored to the Victoria Arena last Wednesday evening where they played the Victoria "Unions" and lost the game in a 5-2 score. Referee Ralph Taylor of Victoria, refereed to the satisfaction of all.

A large number of young and old folk in this community have contracted the cold and flu which has been prevailing throughout the province.

The members of the "True Blue" branch of Junior Red Cross held a meeting in Norborough school house on Friday evening. Quite a large number was present, each answering to the roll call by a "riddle" which caused much interest and merriment. The business of the meeting was taken up, after which the program of the evening was carried out as follows:

Reading by Ian Webster. Solo by Helen Arsenault. Recitation by Jean Webster and a recitation by Lloyd Sharp. A very interesting contest was much enjoyed. The roll call at the next meeting will be answered with the name of a bird.

Relatives and friends in the vicinity of Clermont received the sad and unexpected news of the passing at the home of her daughter in Boston, Mass., last Monday, of Mrs. Angus MacIsaac, former resident of Clermont and widow of the late Angus MacIsaac. Mr. John MacIsaac is a son of the deceased.

The many friends of Mr. Mel Johnson of Central Bedeque, will regret to hear that he is confined to his home through illness. The many friends of little Miss Ruth Johnston, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Johnston, centre

What the Fashionables are Wearing

By Annabelle Worthington

For if you can use a lightweight woolen of angora finish in a pastel shade as shrimp pink. Or a pastel green or vivid red, which incidentally are exceedingly chic to wear 'neath your fur coat. The collar and cuffs may be of white pique or of white rough crepe silk. Don't you think the new sleeve cut attractive? Note it fits snugly into the armhole with the puff just above the elbow.

Crinkly crepe silk also adapts itself especially well to this model. And the new bright shades as hyacinth-blue, carrot-red, antique gold, antique green and grey are adorable. Style No 333 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 36 and 38 inches bust.

Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch, with 1/2 yard 39-inch contrasting and 3/4 yard 35-inch lining.

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

No. 333. Size Name Street Address City State



Mr. Harold and Mrs. Thomas Kehoe, of Cape Traverse, were recent visitors to Fernwood, the welcome guests of Mr. and Mrs. Swithen MacKenna.—B.

Painful Piles

Go Quick—No Cutting—No Scares
Itching, bleeding or protruding piles go quickly and don't come back, if you really remove the cause. Bad blood circulation in the lower bowel and hemorrhoidal veins causes piles by making the affected parts weak, flabby, almost dead. Salves and suppositories fail because only an internal medicine that stimulates the circulation and drives out the impure blood can actually correct the cause of piles. Dr. J. S. Leonard discovered a real internal Pile remedy. After prescribing it for 1,000 patients with success in over 950 cases, he named it HEM-ROID. Hughes Drug Co., Ltd., and druggists everywhere sell HEM-ROID Tablets with guarantee they will end your Pile misery or money back.

The Double Act

A Romance of the Theatre
BY MARION TOMLINSON
"I'm going to make you a legend," he said. "You'll appear before the public as different from Dolores as day from night. You must never be seen except in the night setting. Dolores has become a sort of public character. Everybody knows about all her love affairs, yet she goes everywhere to be shuddered at, to be admired, to fascinate. She's written her autobiography with not a single shocking detail left out. It was a success de scandale. You'd have thought she'd be ostracised. Not at all. People thought that a woman at whose feet so many fortunes and titles had been laid, for whom so many lovers had committed suicide, must be exciting, and pleasantly wicked to know. "Is her autobiography true?" asked Rosemary, who had read it. "Some of it is," answered Grenoble shortly. "I suggested she should write it, and helped her to touch it up here and there. It was useful publicity, as I intended it should be.

AUCTION SALE

OF FURNITURE, FARM STOCK AND PRODUCE AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS OF THE LATE GEORGE FORBES, AT VERNON BRIDGE. 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 or of 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.

RED CROSS ANNUAL MEETING

Tuesday, January 31st, at 8.00 P. M. in the Board Room of the City Hall. Mr. Norman Sommerville, K. C., of Toronto, Chairman of Council and of the Executive Committee of the Canadian Red Cross Society will address the meeting. ALL ARE INVITED. 7814-1-28-31.

People throng to see her, and shudder at her, and wish they knew her, especially the young sprigs of nobility. "I don't see what you could do with me," said Rosemary. "So far from having shoals of lovers, I've never had even an admirer in my life." "If you had had, you wouldn't have known it," Grenoble smiled, "your eyes are too full of dreams to see past them. What would your autobiography be? It was born on the stage. My father taught me to act. After my mother died I never knew anybody but him. When he died I got a shop playing a boy's part. From this I was sacked because my hair came down! . . . No, I'm going to do exactly the opposite sort of thing with you. You'll take a new name 'Marigold'—just that—'Marigold.' Your life will be a mystery, veiled from the public, who will only see you in wonderful settings on the stage. You'll never go anywhere. Do you mind?" "I never have gone anywhere," said Rosemary, "so I shan't miss it." "Good," said Grenoble. "I may let you appear just for a moment at important affairs, all in gold tissue, with your glorious hair effectively arranged. You must live in the right setting, too, in a house done up in misty blue, with gold ceilings and gold upholstery. I'll buy a house for you set in a garden full of marigolds. I'll set a guard about it, so that no one can interview you, but may appear occasionally in the garden, dressed in blue chiffon or gold tissue, so that the populace, peering through the palings of the locked gate, can snoop the news." "But won't all this cost a great deal of money?" asked Rosemary hesitatingly. "My dear, you've no notion what Dolores has cost me in publicity. I'll get it all back if you will only

consent just to be a legend, and never let anyone, not anyone at all, guess that you are only a little girl." Rosemary was silent a moment. Then she said with just the faintest suspicion of a sigh: "I don't see who should want to know who I really am." "Oh there will be plenty of them wanting to know once I've started my publicity campaign. The point is, there must be no one you'll want to let know what you really are. Does anyone know of your visit to me this morning?" "Only Mrs. Forrest, a woman in our act, who was kind to me last night. I wish—"

Rosemary left her wish unstated, and Grenoble nodded with ready understanding. "Yes, I know. You really ought to have someone with you. I would be too inhuman to mew you up without a friend to talk to. Do you trust this Mrs. Forrest?" "Yes," answered Rosemary promptly. "She's very kind and absolutely real. I'm sure of it." "Do you think she'd leave Layton and go with you as companion and friend? She'd have to share your isolation, you know, and sign an agreement not to talk to anyone about you. But I'd pay her well."

Rosemary's face lighted up at this offer for her friend as it had not done when the advantage was to be hers. "I should think she might," she cried. "Her husband is dead and she has no relatives but a niece who is in the chorus, and who doesn't trouble much about her. And Layton has been very rude about the way she plays her part. I think she would be very glad to leave him if she had anywhere else to go. Do ask her!" "Where can I find her?" asked

Rosemary laughed. "I imagine she is somewhere just outside," she confessed. "Your doorman wouldn't let me in when you didn't recognize my name, and Nell saved the situation for me, thought I don't know how she guessed. She called him to the desk, and I slipped in while his back was turned."

Grenoble chuckled and touched a bell. In a moment Tonkins appeared. He looked severely at Rosemary, and stood to attention. "Tonkins," said Grenoble gravely, "Did someone come in while Miss Martin was in the waiting room?" "Yes sir, they did," asserted Tonkins in an aggrieved tone. "Come in like they owned the earth and slapped down a bit of cardboard on the desk. I had to cross the room to get it, and this young lady," he glowered at Rosemary who continued calmly to twist up her hair, "helped in here before I could turn round. Next thing I knew her ladyship herself was gone out the other door, and the card she'd laid down had nothing on it. I went out and found her just round the corner—and gave her a bit of what's what, sir, I can tell you."

"Where is she now?" asked Grenoble. "Says she's staying right where she is till the young lady comes out, sir," admitted Tonkins. "Just go out, Tonkins, if you please, and say to Mrs. Forrest that Mr. Grenoble requests her to go him the honour of stepping into his office for a few moments," said his chief.

Tonkins permitted himself one look at Rosemary as he passed her. Rosemary, however, did not see it. Her good angel often arranged for her to be looking the other way when the less admirable side of human nature manifested itself. In an alley that ran behind the theatre Tonkins found the faithful

New Discovery Reaches Cause Of Stomach Gas

Dr. Carl found that poisons in the UPPER bowel cause stomach gas. His simple remedy Aderika washes out the upper bowel, bringing out all gas. Hughes Drug Co., Ltd.

Is Technocracy Just a Racket?

CHICAGO, Jan. 28.—(C.P.)—Technocracy, in the opinion of Thomas Quinn Beesely, author and crime analyst, is seeking the goal which he said has already been touched by racketeering. They had reached the same conclusions. "Technocracy," he said, "is overlooking one of its strongest arguments when it does not point to racketeering as proof of its theories." Three major conclusions, Beesely declared, have been reached by racketeers "after experience in the brutalities of business," and by technocrats "from detached science."

(1) That the price system is all out of adjustment to needs of the times. (2) That better "social control" is required for industry.

Rackets, he said, have become an increasingly common answer to the problem of how to end disturbances to competition and price structures which have been developing steadily for 50 years. "These rackets offer a system whereby one can continue to make a profit in competition, under conditions of constantly improved manufacturing processes," Beesely explained. "Rackets have agreed with technocracy for at least seven years, and no system based on price could stand the present strain indefinitely, unless there was slavery among workers and a dictatorship to regulate competition and regiment the public."

Tired all the time — she thought it was "NERVES" BUT HER KIDNEYS WERE REALLY TO BLAME

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
Losing interest—losing friends—she never went out any more—always too tired. "Nerves," she thought—but it was her kidneys, the filters of her blood, that needed attention. Delay meant danger. She took Dodd's Kidney Pills at once. Restored to healthy, normal action, her kidneys soon cleared away blood impurities. Energy returned. Fatigue, headache, backache, and all signs of faulty kidneys disappeared. NOW FEELING WELL, THANKS TO Dodd's

