

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

What the Fashionables are Wearing

Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington

A bow is posed at the neckline, because Paris adores bows these days.

It's ultra-smart in beige crepe silk, topped by a black and beige printed crepe. The buttons and belt buckle repeat the beige shade.

It can also be carried out in one shade. It is fascinating in coral, either in flat or crinkle crepe silk.

Sheer woolsens would be extremely smart for this model in green with plaid crepe silk bow or in marine blue shade with brass button trim.

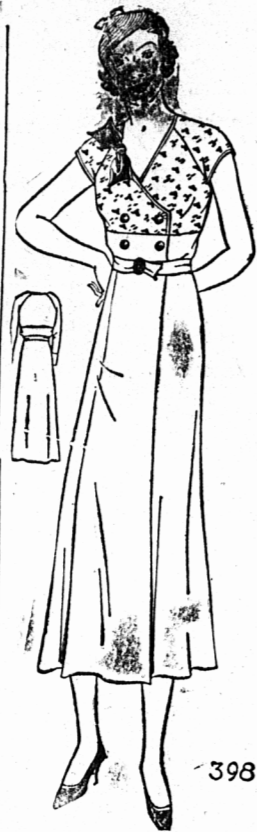
Style No. 398 is designed for sizes 16, 18, 20 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust.

It will be dawning too for summer wear in novelty cottons, linen or tub silk.

Size 36 requires 1 1/2 yards 39-inch printed material with 2 1/4 yards 39-inch plain.

Be sure to fill in the size of the pattern.

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



398

No. 398. Size

Name

Street Address

City

State

Painful Piles

Go Quick—No Cutting—No Salves

It takes only one bottle of Dr. J. S. Leonard's prescription HEM-ROID to end itching, bleeding, protruding piles. This internal remedy acts quickly even in old, stubborn cases. HEM-ROID succeeds because it heals and restores the affected parts and removes blood congestion in the lower bowel—the cause of piles. Only an internal medicine can do this, that's why salves and cutting fail. Hughes Drug Co., Ltd., says HEM-ROID tablets must end your Pile misery or money back.

meg, and mix thoroughly with the carrots and sugar. Beat the whites of three eggs until they "horn" and beat lightly or fold into the mixture of other ingredients. Pour into a greased baking dish and bake at 350 degrees Fahrenheit for half an hour or until firm in the centre. Serve with a custard sauce made from the yolks of the eggs and flavored with lemon juice.

A Morning Smile

Neighbor—"Er—Mrs. Brown—you've got odd stockings on."

Mrs. Brown—"Yes, dearie, that often happens to ladies what 'ave got more than one pair."

For The Cook

CARROT SOUFFLE

Press through a puree sieve enough cooked carrots to fill a cup, and add to them one-half a cup of sugar. Measure one-half a cup of stale sponge cake crumbs, add to a cup of rich milk, season with one-half a teaspoon of salt and one-fourth a teaspoon of grated nut-

ZAM-BUK
Soothes Injuries & Prevents BLOOD-POISON
Ointment 50c. Medical Top 25c.

"We were still wearing bustles!"...

said this charming lady, "when I first used Surprise Soap."

"I can remember that quite distinctly because we had just moved from the country into town, and that Spring mother bought me a wonderful new dress complete with a stunning little bonnet and muff to match."

"In the country, in my young days, we had always made our own soap, but once we came into the city my mother tried Surprise and after that she never boiled soap any more."

"She found Surprise much more effective and just as economical, and throughout the intervening years she continued to use it."

"From time to time she tried other soaps, of course, but always came back to Surprise. She found it gave clothes a better colour and lasted longer than other soaps."

"I use it in my own home to this day, and I find it excellent not only for washday but for cleaning paint work too. And Surprise is wonderful in the dish pan and for a hundred odd jobs around the home."

SURPRISE SOAP

The St. Croix Soap Manufacturing Co., St. Stephen, N.B.

Why Men Regret Marriage

Dorothy Dix

Says They Choose Wrong Wives

Practically Every Man Thinks That He Wants a Sweetly Feminine, Clinging-Vine Type of Wife—Until He Gets Her, and Then He Realizes That What He Really Wants is a Sporting Comrade

There would not be so many disappointed and disgruntled husbands in the world if men really knew the kind of wives they wanted, and picked out the women with whom they proposed to spend the next thirty



or forty years with as much judgment as they do their automobiles that they expect to use only a couple of seasons.

But they don't. No man would be foolish enough to buy a Rolls-Royce if he couldn't afford its upkeep, or even buy enough gasoline to run it, but he will marry a spoiled, extravagant girl, who has never done anything in her life but doll herself up and go to parties, and he will be outraged because she demands pretty clothes and runs him in debt. He wouldn't buy a nifty sports car and expect it also to be a truck, but he will marry a girl and expect her to be both a parlor ornament and a kitchen utensil; to step out with him and have a gay time and yet stay at home and do the cooking and take care of the babies.

Nor would any man expect any car always to remain this year's model, no matter how old it got, and always to have stream-line effects and keep new and shiny, no matter what hard use it had, yet he marries a girl and feels ill-used because she doesn't stay a perpetual sweet-and-twenty, but what with child-bearing and housework and the general wear and tear of life loses her looks and her figure and gets calluses on her hands working for him.

Also, virtually every man starts out with certain hereditary superstitions that have been handed down from father to son for generations concerning the kind of wife he wants. One of these is that he wants a clinging-vine wife, something sweetly feminine without either brains or backbone that will hang on to him like a limpet, and ask him what he thinks she thinks, and who believes that he hung the moon. None of your independent young women who can make their own living, and who know just exactly where to get on and where to get off! He wants a wife who doesn't know a thing but who tells her and who makes him feel about seven feet high and as strong as Gene Tunney as she drapes herself about him.

But do men really want parasite wives? Not at all. Before marriage it may intrigue a man to have a beautiful little moron roll her eyes at him and ask him foolish questions, but after marriage it irritates him so that he wants to knock her little numskull up against the wall to see if he can hammer an idea into it. A sweetheart who can't stand alone is one thing. A wife who can't stand alone is something altogether different.

The House of Dreams-Come-True

By Margaret Pedler

(Continued)

"No, I shouldn't have done."

"So you see I had to think of something—some way. And it was you yourself who suggested this method."

"I?"—incredulously.

"Yes. Don't you remember what you told me that day I drove you back from Dartmoor?—'A woman's happiness depends upon her reputation.'"

She looked at him quickly, recalling the scattered details of that afternoon—Burke's gibe at what he believed to be her fear of gossiping tongues and her own answer to his taunts: "No woman can afford to ignore scandal." And then, following upon that, his sudden, curious absorption in his own thoughts. The remembrance of it all was like a torchlight flashed into a dark place, illuminating what had been hidden and inscrutable. She spoke swiftly.

"And it was then—that afternoon—you thought of this?"

He bent his head.

"Yes," he acknowledged. Jean was silent. It was all clear now—penetratingly so.

"And the Holfords? Are there any such people?" she asked dreadingly. She scarcely knew what prompted her to put so purposeless and unimportant a question. Actually, she felt no interest at all in the answer. It could not make the least difference to her present circumstances.

Perhaps it was a little the feeling that this trumpery process of question and answer served to postpone the inevitable moment when she must face the situation in which she found herself—face it in its simple crudeness, denuded of unessential why and wherefore.

"Oh, yes, the Holfords are quite real," answered Burke. "And so is the plan for an expedition on one of the tops by moonlight. Only it will be carried out to-morrow night instead of to-night. To-night is for the settlement between you and me."

The strained expression of utter, shocked incredulity was gradually leaving Jean's face. The unreal was becoming real, and she knew now what she was up against; the hard, reckless quality of Burke's voice left her no illusions.

"Geoffrey," she said quietly, "you won't really do this thing?"

If she had hoped to move him by a simple straight-forward appeal to the best that might be in him, she failed completely. For the moment, all that was good in him, anything chivalrous which the helplessness of

A man doesn't want to be bothered to have to decide whether they will have roast beef or boiled mutton for dinner or whether his wife shall buy a blue hat or a black one. He doesn't want to have to hire and fire cooks, and run the house and family in addition to running his own business. He wants a wife who is just as competent to manage her own affairs as he is his, and who pulls her own weight in the boat. Grandpa may have had a taste for clinging vines, but grandson, accustomed to snappy young business women, doesn't want to have to prop up a weak and flabby wife.

Another theory that men have as that they want rubber-stamp wives. Wives who yes-yes them all the time and who haven't a single individual opinion or taste of their own, and who try to copy-cat them as much as possible and tag them wherever they go. In reality that kind of wife bores her husband to extinction, and it gets on his nerves because she has no independence and never allows him any. The wives who keep their husbands interested are those who bring in something fresh to the family circle, who have individual life outside of the home and who have something to tell their husbands to make them sit up and take notice instead of being merely echoes.

Then men are strong for the domestic wife. When a man thinks about getting married he pictures a fair face surrounded by a savory incense that rises from pots and pans, yet there is no woman for whom a man can sooner lose his taste than one who is nothing but a good cook. He literally gets fed up on her and she gives him a mental nausea every time he thinks about how dull and stupid she is.

What is it, then that a man really wants in a wife, though he doesn't know it? He wants, first, comradeship. He wants sympathy and understanding. He wants a wife who will enter into his hopes and plans and be as much interested in them as he is. He wants a woman to whom he can boast of his triumphs and on whose breast he can weep when things go wrong with him.

The reason that so many married men fall in love with their stenographers is because their stenographers give them companionship and understanding and their wives do not. The wives are too much occupied with society or their clubs or their children even to listen when their husbands try to tell them anything about their ambitions. To them their husbands' business is just the mill that grinds out the money they want, but to the stenographer the business is as vital as it is to the man. Its smallest details thrill her as it does him, and he can talk to her as he cannot talk to his wife. That is why the office wife so often surpasses the home wife.

Then men like wives who are good sports. Wives who make their husbands feel that they are fighting with them, back to back, and who economize just as cheerfully when times are hard as they spend gayly when times are good. Wives who can see a man's point of view and understand why a tired and hungry man doesn't want to be met at the front door with a catalogue of everything that has gone wrong during the day. Wives who are good-natured and easy to get along with and who laugh things off instead of making tragedies out of them.

Let a woman have these two qualities, let her be chummy and a good sport, and she can snap her fingers in the face of all the vamps in creation. For her husband has got what he really wants in a wife and he is satisfied.

Not that she minimized the value to good repute. She was perfectly aware that if she refused to marry Burke, and he carried out his threat of detaining her at the bungalow until the following morning, she would have a heavy penalty to pay—the utmost penalty which a suspicious world exacts from a woman, even though she may be essentially innocent, in whose past there lurks a questionable episode.

But she had courage enough to face the consequences of that refusal, to stand up to the clatter of poisonous tongues that must ensue; and trust enough to bank on the loyalty of her real friends, knowing it would be the same splendid loyalty that she herself would have given to any one of them in like circumstances. For Jean was a woman who won more than mere lip service from those who called them selves her friends.

Burke had never been more mistaken in his calculations than when he counted upon forcing her hand by the mere fear of scandal. But none the less he held her—and held her in the meshes of a far stronger and more binding net, had he but realized it.

Looking back upon the episode from which her present predicament had actually sprung, Jean could almost have found it in her heart to smile at the relative importance which, at the time, that same incident had assumed in her eyes.

It had seemed to her, then, that for Burke ever so long that she had been locked in a room with Burke, had spent an uncounted hour or so with him at the "honeymooners' inn" would be the uttermost calamity that could befall her.

He would never believe that it had been by no will of hers—so she had thought at the time—and that fierce lover's jealousy which had been the origin of their quarrel, and of all the subsequent mutual misunderstandings and aloofness, would be roused to fresh life, and his distrust of her become something infinitely more difficult to combat.

But compared with the present situation which confronted her, the happenings of that past day faded into insignificance. She stood, now,

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NOTICE!

The S. S. Harland has again taken up the different services having made her first trip of the season yesterday, May 3rd to Orwell where she will make the return trip this afternoon. Also will leave for Victoria tomorrow, Thursday at 7 A. M. Friday the usual trips will be made on East River. Saturday the usual trips on West River. Both at usual hours of sailing.

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Yardley also offers you a mist-fine dusting powder at \$1.50—and soft, fragrant bath crystals at \$1, \$2, \$3 and \$4.

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lone with Burke—"playing with Love's loyalty, rocked by the swift currents of jealousy and passion, is not of the same quality as the steady loyalty of friendship—that would accept it as a sheer denial of the silent pledge of love understood which bound them together. He would never trust her again—nor forgive her. No man could."

(To Be Continued)

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

MAKE A CAMEL PUDDING WITHOUT OPENING THE CAN!

You'll never believe it, till you try it. But it's true! Just cook an unopened can of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk in boiling water for 3 hours—and out comes a Caramel Pudding that's delicious! A golden-rich caramel color! A creamy-rich caramel taste!

Temping with cream and nuts for garnish. Or combined with fresh or dried fruit. A perfect frosting for a cake. A delicious filling for tarts. So—why not cook several cans at a time?

MAGIC CAMEL PUDDING

1—Place can of Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk in kettle of boiling water and keep at boiling point for three hours.

CAUTION—BE SURE THAT CAN IS KEPT COVERED WITH WATER.

2—Remove from water. Chill. Open can and serve.

"MAKE NO MISTAKE—Be sure you use the right kind of milk in this recipe—Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Although evaporated milk is fine for many uses, it simply won't work in this magic recipe."

EAGLE BRAND MILK

SWEETENED CONDENSED

The Borden Co. Limited, 48 & 49 115 George St., Toronto, Ont. Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your free cook book. Name _____ Address _____

AUCTION SALE AT MIL. VALLEY

AT EDWARDS & COMPANY LIMITED WAREHOUSE
(1 Mile from Freetown Station)

Having been appointed Liquidator for Edwards & Company Limited, I will sell by Public Auction on Saturday, May 14th, beginning at 12 o'clock Noon, the following Land, high class Stock, Implements and Feed, consisting of—

125 acres, (known as the John Stafford Farm).	1 Tractor (John Deere)
150 acres, (McDonald Farm).	2 sets heavy duty lever harrows.
165 acres, (James Lawless Farm).	1 Four Bottom Tractor Plow.
130 acres, (Mayne Stewart Farm).	1 Two Bottom Sulky Plow
	1 Two Bottom Walking Plow,
	1 One Bottom Plow.
	1 Hay Mower (John Deere)
	2 Stool Hay Rakes,
	1 Hay Loader (John Deere)
	1 Sectional Grain Seeder (John Deere)
	1 Eight foot Binder (John Deere)
	1 Hay Threshing Outfit with Blower and Truck attached.
	1 Driving Wagon.
	2 Truck Wagons
	1 Cart
	6 Sleevans,
	1 Driving Sleigh,
	2 Wood Sleighs,
	2 Bob Sleighs,
	6 Sets Team Harness.
	1 set Driving Harness
	2 single pads and breeching
	4 sets Scales,
	250 Potato Barrels.

2,500 bushels Mixed Feed and a large quantity of Hay. A quantity of Household Furniture, consisting of Beds, Springs, Mattresses, 2 Range Stoves, 1 Furnace and other articles. A quantity of Farm Tools, consisting of shovels, hoes, forks, carpenter tools, and other articles too numerous to mention. Also Warehouse and Lot, and all Warehouse Equipment, consisting of Motors, Bagg Graders and Elevators.

TERMS CASH
If day is unfit, sale following Monday at same hour.

HUGH F. MORRISON,
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"I had been troubled for about a month with pimples which were fairly large. They were scattered all over my face and disfigured it. The pimples fastened and became very itchy, causing me to scratch, and when I did they would break and then burn badly. They made me feel very uncomfortable and kept me from sleeping many a night. A friend told me about Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I sent for a free sample of each. I purchased more and after using two cakes of Soap and one box of Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Katherine Shick, Oak Bank, Man.

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