

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

For The Cook

CHOCOLATE CRUMB COOKIES

1 cup toasted bread crumbs. 1 cup sweetened condensed milk. 3 squares unsweetened chocolate. 1 cup walnut or pecan nut meats, chopped. Few grains salt. 30 walnut or pecan halves. Toast bread until crisp and put through food chopper, using coarse knife. Thoroughly blend sweetened condensed milk with melted chocolate. Add bread crumbs, chopped nut meats and salt. Blend thoroughly. Drop by spoonfuls onto buttered baking sheet. Press half nut meat into each cookie. Bake 12 minutes, or until delicately browned, in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Makes 2 1/2 dozen.

A Morning Smile

An artist took the notion to paint portraits of himself and his wife standing side by side. He showed the finished picture to his son, who said, "That's fine! But who's the lady, dad?" "Why, that's your mother." After a pause the boy remarked, "Well, in that case why have you painted her with a strange gentleman?"

Wilson is always seeking gratuitous advice. Not long ago he met a doctor at a dinner party. "Do you know," he said, as son as there was a chance, "I know a man who suffers so desperately from neuralgia that at times he can do nothing but howl with pain? What would you do in that case? Well, I suppose," deliberated the medical man, "I should howl with pain."

DAUGHTERS OF THE EMPIRE

Overseas Post Graduate Scholarship One Act Play and Short Story Competitions. For information apply I. O. D. E. Secretary Box 476, Charlottetown 5550-9-10-31.

NOTICE!

Anyone having bills against the Charlottetown Driving Park and Provincial Exhibition Association kindly send in at once. J. W. Boulter, Secretary.

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THE HANDSOME MAN

by MARGARET TURNBULL Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS Copyright by Margaret Turnbull, W. M. U. Service.

CHAPTER XIV

Robert MacBeth was growing anxious. He had been wheeled out to watch the distant fire, but that had long since died down and it grew dark with Roberta and Sir George still missing, and no word from them.

There was much excitement on the part of the guests from New York, because the bridge was gone. There was no direct communication with the other side now, so they must go further down the river and cross at Bridgetown for their return. It meant they must leave earlier. Lady Sandison bustled about, arranging for an early supper, and for a time there was so much hurry and excitement that the absence of daughter and secretary was apparently forgotten.

When they had all gone, Ray Browne had time to wonder why the secretary did not return with his car.

Sir George and Roberta! What did it mean? He glanced at Robert MacBeth sitting silent beside him and tried to guess what he was thinking. They watched the long procession of cars returning from up the river and from watching the fire. Still no word from either Roberta or Sir George.

Browne felt he must make light of the fact that the two had not returned, for Robert MacBeth's sake.

"Something wrong with my car. The little beast is always breaking down," he said, as he went away in one of the MacBeth cars.

A car came swiftly up to the terrace and Roberta helped the obstinate Sir George out. The doctor had not been able to keep him in bed. It had been a remarkably silent journey home. Roberta, filled with anxiety for Sir George, had driven. Sir George's head had been on her shoulder. He leaned heavily against her. He had been saying his breath and his strength for his meeting with the redoubtable Robert MacBeth and Aggy. Rob's sister. Yet, Roberta had never, never, have a more thrilling ride than this through the night, with her stranger-husband close to her, dependent on her. There seemed no need of speech between them—yet.

Roberta's firm young arm went around him. She helped him to a chair on the terrace, and as he sank in it, twisted her hands helplessly as she stood looking at him. "You should not stand, not even for a moment! You should be in bed. Oh, what an obstinate man! If Aunt Aggy were to see you now."

"Aggy will have to keep her hands off," said Aggy's ungrateful stepson. "Roberta, divorce is easy in this country and I'll never hold you—if you want to go."

The girl gave him a swift, flashing look. "Why did you marry me?" He looked at her in the soft light, for the storm was long since over and the late moon was rising. He

"CUT HERE ... Why Did You Marry Me?"

laughed. "For just the one reason I'm mad about every hair in your darling red head. I could spend the rest of my life kissing the dimple in your cheek."

"I want the truth."

"You've had it," said Sir George and kissed the dimple and her mouth.

Presently Roberta drew her head back and whispered: "I think I'll stay married to you."

He laughed softly. "You're easily satisfied. I'm still a poor Scot with barren acres and a cold, old stone house."

"And I'm still a red-haired, hateful-tempered—"

"Darling," said Sir George. "Do you think you can help me to the door and face the music?"

"Oh, here you are at last!" Lady Sandison came out on the terrace. "I thought I heard a car. Think shame to yourselves, both of you, gallivanting about, leaving your guests to find their way home the best they could, and frightening me and Rob out of our senses."

"Oh no," said Sir George quickly. "You were not really worrying about us, Aggy."

"Was I not," she came nearer and perceived that Roberta's arm was about Sir George and that his face was white in the moonlight and his

Towards Deserve the Nothing They Reap Dorothy Dix Happy Home a Prize Worth the Striving

Fear of Failure Unjustifiable in Normal People Contemplating Marriage—Old Maids and Bachelors Never see Behind the Scenes of Life's Greatest Adventure—Don't be Afraid to Try it, Dorothy Advises Inquirer

A girl writes me that she and a young man are very much in love with each other, but that they hesitate to marry for fear their marriage may be a failure.



She says they have seen so much burning and sizzling passion cool down into a lukewarm liking and sometimes actually congeal into hate; they have seen so many billing and cooing turtles turned by marriage into fighting cats and dogs; they have seen so many men and women who thought before marriage that they couldn't live without each other find out after marriage that they couldn't endure to live with each other; they have seen marriage wreck so much romance, sour so many dispositions, bring out so much meanness in people, that they are simply afraid to risk it, and they get cold feet when they even think about treading that dangerous path to the altar.

It is not surprising that young people lose their nerve when they contemplate entering the holy estate, for it is not to be denied that the average couple are an AWFUL WARNING against matrimony. There is nothing in the spectacle of nagging wives and, of husbands and wives who quarrel and argue on every subject under the sun; of ungenial people who bore each other to death tied together in an enforced companionship, that would tempt any sane person to follow in their footsteps.

Instead any body and girl looking at them would feel that they were the victims of some colossal blunder that he and she would be wise to avoid making. The boy thinks: "These women were once as sweet and alluring as Anabelle, but marriage has turned them into shrews and whiners and complainers, and their husbands have had to spend their lives toiling to pay for that. Gosh, what a price to pay for a little romance!"

The girl thinks: "These men once looked like Fairy Princes to their wives and now they befrudge them the price of a hat. These women's husbands once swore that they would die for them and now they have forsaken them for flappers. Why should a woman risk her all in marriage when Time stacks the cards against her and there are ninety-nine chances out of a hundred of her losing out when her youth and good looks are gone?"

But these young people are wrong. Undoubtedly marriage is a chancy game that makes faro and roulette look almost like conservative investments, but oftener than one thinks a lucky couple do win out, and the rewards of a happy marriage are so great that they justify the risks.

In spite of all the divorces, in spite of all the disgruntled people that we know, there are husbands and wives who stay lovers to the end of the chapter and find in each other's society a perfect companionship that is the most soul-satisfying thing on earth. In spite of all of the domestic strife that we constantly witness, there are happy and peaceful homes to which men, spent and torn by the buffeting of the outside world, flee as to a haven of refuge and from which they go forth healed and strengthened and with courage to fight the daily battle over again.

The old adage, "nothing venture nothing have" holds good in marriage as it does elsewhere in life. The victory and the spoils go to the bold adventures who have the courage to gamble with Fate. Those who are so cowardly and so afraid of losing that they risk nothing, get nothing.

The man and woman who marry may miss getting their ideal mates. They may even marry sorrow and trouble instead of happiness and joy and may be bankrupt in the end, but the old bachelor and the old maid are emotional paupers from the start. They are never millionaires even for a day as the married are, and while they miss the dangers of matrimony they also miss the thrills and exhilarations. And they miss its education, for whether a marriage is a success or a failure it makes men and women wiser, broader, with a deeper insight in life.

For young people to refrain from marrying because other people have failed at it is as foolish as it would be for a man to say he wouldn't go into banking or the drygoods business because he knew somebody who failed as a banker or a merchant or for a girl to say she would never bake a loaf of bread because her mother's bread was sad and heavy. There is no human line of endeavor into which anybody can go assured of success. Everything we do has a certain amount of risk attached to it.

Every marriage is an individual proposition and whether it fails or succeeds depends entirely upon the amount of good will and intelligence and patience and effort that is put into it.

Love would never die if husbands and wives took half the pains and trouble to keep it alive that they bestow upon the rubber plant in the dining room. The dove of peace would take up its perpetual abode in every home if only it was coaxed into staying and made a household pet instead of being shooed out of the window. The arts and wiles by which a woman catches a man will hold him to his golden wedding day. The Pollyanna that a woman fell for before marriage still gets in its great and perfect work until she is 90.

A little self-control, a little diplomacy, a little good sportsmanship, a little fair play will make any marriage a success and take marriage out of the gambling class and put it in the list of gilt-edged investments. So don't be afraid to try it. DOROTHY DIX.

head bandaged as well as his foot. She ran to him. "Roberta MacBeth, you heartless girl, what have you been doing to my laddie?"

"Marrying me, Aggy," said her step-son smiling.

Robert MacBeth had heard their voices and such was his anxiety had risen from his wheelchair and was slowly hobbling toward them. Roberta, now that Aggy was there to support Sir George, ran to him and put her arms about him. She led him to where Lady Sandison knelt, her arms about her boy.

But Sir George put Aggy aside and held out his hand to Roberta. She left Robert MacBeth and went to him.

"—we were married, sir. Carry on, sir. I can't stand up." Sir George added, sinking back into his chair. "And why should they?" asked Aggy. "Are they not both old en-

Canadian Cookery For Canadian Women

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

THE PERFECT BEEFSTEAK AND KIDNEY POT PIE—STRICTLY CANADIAN

It is sheer indulgence for me to write about beefsteak and kidney pot pie to you today. Now that cooler September is here I felt justified in having one and it was so good I want to describe every step of making it in detail.

When we had "cooking class" once per week in high school I learned at least one day's lesson well, and am reminded every time I make beefsteak and kidney pot pie that my dear Mother was relieved of the preparation of a meal occasionally in her busy but all too short life.

The family would groan when they knew I had been messing in the kitchen, for a beefsteak and kidney pie was the inevitable result, but never a scrap of it was left even for the pup, which was enough praise for me.

I am fussy about the kind of beefsteak I order. Round steak is the rule, although in my weak moments I have tried flank steak, which makes a "passable pie."

Pork kidneys are of course, much more easily prepared than beef, but either may be used as you prefer.

There should be equal quantities of both kidneys and beefsteak when they are trimmed and cut into one inch cubes. For a pudding for four or five people you will need two full measuring cups of each,—four cups of meat cubes in all. Let us continue with those proportions in mind.

Roll cubes of meat in flour and have iron frying pan hot and in it melt six tablespoons lard or good dripping.

Saute floured meat cubes in hot fat stirring constantly over hot fire until meat is slightly browned,—about twelve minutes.

Into three cups of boiling hot water turn the sauteed meat cubes and allow all to boil very gently for one and one-half hours. In the meantime make your tea biscuit crust.

Tea Biscuit Crust For Pot Pie.

Two cups flour, 4-8 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 4 tablespoons butter, 7-8 to 1 cup milk. Mix dry ingredients and sift twice. Work in butter with finger tips or cut in with knife or knives. Add the milk gradually, mixing with a knife, to a soft dough. Owing to the differences in flours exact amount of liquid cannot be stated. Toss on floured board, pat out and cut into small rounds with biscuit cutter tipped in flour.

When meat is tender add salt and pepper to taste and turn into buttered baking dish. There should be enough gravy to cover meat—it can even come one-quarter inch above surface of meat as crust and baking will soak it up. Add more boiling water if there is not enough gravy for this.

Place biscuits on top and place in hot oven of 425 degrees Fahr. for about twelve minutes, until biscuits are baked and a light golden brown. Serve in casserole ring, or fit fluted

ed and pleated paper collar to baking dish for serving. Sliced tomatoes or sauteed tomato salad make an adequate main course of this pot pie. Hope you like it as well as we do!

ENQUIRY COLUMN

Conducted by Mrs. (Dr.) Mary Moore.

NOTE:—This department is a service extended to readers of this paper to help them raise their own and one another's cooking standards. We know you have some little pet household discoveries that are ours for the asking. Write in and tell us about them.

During the past year or so when the depression and wage cuts have been playing such havoc with our incomes Mrs. Moore has made an intensive effort to compile workable budgets for small incomes,—the chief aim of which is to keep readers of this paper out of debt. If you are interested in her ideas she will be glad to hear from you. It greatly simplifies her task if you will supply amount of monthly income, number in family, whether or not you cultivate your own vegetable garden, whether or not you own your home and other major details referring to taxes, insurance, etc.

Write to Mrs. Moore in care of this paper and she will give you either her personal attention.

Question: I have been a silent but appreciative reader of your department each week and as I am fond of trying out and collecting new recipes I have many of yours classed with my best. I have not seen a recipe for graham wafers or cookies but would like very much to have one, and wonder whether you or your readers could help me out. I have a family of small children, which is very fond of them and thought perhaps they would be cheaper to make at home than to buy. Thank you very much for all your help. A Busy Mother.

Answer: Thank you, Busy Mother, for finding time to tell me those kind thoughts. This recipe for Graham Wafers comes as near to being like the store-bought ones as I can make. I hope your kiddies like them and that you and them cheaply provide. Come again at any time.

Graham Wafers.

One cup bran, 2 cups graham flour, one and one-half cups sour milk or buttermilk, 4 tablespoons soft butter, 3 tablespoons molasses or dark corn syrup, 1 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch of salt. Combine ingredients thoroughly in order given,—some white flour may have to be added to make of right consistency for rolling. Prunes, raisins, currants, or other fruit may be added if desired. Two eggs may be added also if lighter more nourishing cookies are desired. A fig filling may be used.

Fig Filling (for Graham Wafers)

For filling, cook slowly 1-2 cup each of finely chopped raisins and figs, moistened with 1-2 cup water. Thicken with two teaspoons flour rubbed smooth in a little cold water. Cool, and spread between thin rounds of the dough, press edges together sandwich fashion. Bake in oven of 400 deg. Fahr.

Question: I think your department is a splendid help, so I am coming for some help too. Could you print a recipe for "Mint Sauce" and home made vinegar?

Also do you know of the process required to make candied peel, and can one make their own marmalade?

Is it right to keep the rinds in salt water till one has the amount required?

Hoping to see these in next week's paper, as I am anxious to make the Mint Sauce especially.

"Curious."

Answer: Recipes for Mint Sauce. Home-made Vinegar and marmalade appear below. Directions for making candied peel will appear in a later issue. It is not advisable to save rinds in salt water, as so few are required enough could be saved in a tin covered can in a few days to make one batch.

Mint Sauce

Four tablespoons minced mint

What the Fashionables are Wearing Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern

By Annabelle Worthington



852

In this black crepe satin dress you'll be certain of chic and modernness. It's up-to-the-minute both in cut and in fabric. For black dull finished satins have taken a new lease on fashion this season.

Here is a Paris favorite that you can copy at a very small cost. It's a dress that you can wear and wear all through the fall for street and for afternoon bridge tea.

Style No. 852 is designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch with 1/4 yard 35-inch all-over lace.

Wine red rough crepe silk is fascinatingly lovely. Soft woollens would also be suitable for this model.

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

Name Street Address City State

leaves, one tablespoon sugar, 1-2 teaspoon salt, 6 tablespoons vinegar. Place mint in small covered bowl or cup and cover with sugar; let it stand one hour. Add salt to hot vinegar and pour over the mint; let this infuse for ten minutes before serving.

Making Vinegar at Home:

The commonest household method of making vinegar is to use any jelly, jam or fruit that has "worked,"—that is fruit juices that have started to ferment. There is hardly a cupboard where fruit is kept that cannot produce some old jam or jelly not up to the mark for table use. It is from such sources that vinegar can be made at no cost.

Any fruit light in color, as peaches, apricots, some varieties of plums, etc., as well as apples of course, will give a straw colored vinegar, while that made from berries will have a reddish tint. But eventually it makes no difference from what kind of fruit vinegar is made, whether it be from bright red berries or pale colored fruit, for as it ages the bright color fades or the light color deepens, and it all takes on the light brown tint of vinegar commonly known to us.

Using equal quantities of fruit and juice, or jelly or jam, and water put all into wide mouthed jars. Use no metal containers. That is, when a jar of fruit is opened and found fermented or little odds and ends of stewed fruit and jellies accumulated, place them in a half gallon or quart jar and add as much water as fruit. Tie a fine cloth over the

mouth and place in a warm temperature. In summer it works well in a sunny place, in winter near the stove in the kitchen, at a temperature as constantly near 70 degrees Fahr. as possible. In lower temperatures it takes longer to ferment. Then add half a yeast cake. Once it has begun to work it commences to shoot up little bubbles and "sings."

The first stage of development results in alcohol, and if this is tasted it will be found to be strong wine. But after standing a while longer the acetic acid stage is reached and the alcohol changes into vinegar. Then the "mother" forms in a gelatinous cake; is carefully removed or strained off and the vinegar is ready for use.

Orange Marmalade. Twelve oranges, 2 grapefruits, lemons, sugar, water. Cut fruit in quarters without peeling. Remove seeds and slice thin. To each pound of fruit add 1 quart of cold water. Let stand 24 hours. Then boil till soft and again allow to stand 24 hours. Weigh without draining, and to each pound add 1 1/2 lbs. sugar. Boil about 20 minutes or until it starts to thicken like jelly on testing. Bottle in sterile jars and cover with paraffin. Extra rinds may be added if they are at hand.

The Crippled Lady of Peribonka

By James Oliver Curwood

History has recorded how Molly Brant, sister of Theyendanege, greatest chief of the Mohawks, became the bride of Sir William Johnson, the king's right arm in the Colonies.

After a hundred and thirty-five years the blood of lovely Molly had come into its own. The modern Molly, who lived in a palace with a Croesus for a husband, saw what was happening as the years passed.

Beautifully Romantic Serial in The Guardian

This Week