

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

Children's Colds Checked without "dosing." Rub on VICKS VAPOR OVER 21 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

For The Cook

CRANBERRY PUDDING Sort and wash 2 cups of cranberries and dry them on a clean cloth. Measure out 1 1/4 cups of flour, take out 2 tablespoons of the flour and dust it over the berries. Sift the remainder with 2 tablespoons of baking powder, and 1/2 teaspoon salt; cream together 3/4 cup of butter and 1/2 cup of sugar, and add 2 eggs well beaten. Add the sifted flour alternately with 1/2 cup milk and last of all fold in the berries. Pour into a buttered mold and steam for two hours. Serve with a hot sauce.

CHICKEN-PINEAPPLE SANDWICH

This is a two-layer sandwich. Trim crusts and butter three slices of bread. For the first layer spread the bread with mayonnaise and place on it a slice of cold roast chicken. Cover with a slice of bread and for the top layer use a filling of shredded crisp lettuce, chopped pineapple and a little pimiento mixed with mayonnaise. Place the third slice of bread on top, cut in triangles and serve. Cold turkey may also be used for this recipe.

Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. Are tinted calling cards in good taste? A. No; nor should they be engraved in any color but black. Q. How is the table decorated for a formal dinner? A. With a low center-piece, and candles in individual holders or candelabra. Q. What is the work of the lady's maid? A. A lady's maid takes care of her mistress, her clothes, manicuring, hair-dressing, and facial massage.

A Morning Smile

"Doctor, can you cure me of snoring? I snore so loud that I awaken myself." "In that case, I would advise you to sleep in another room."

COURSE FOR FISHERMEN

The Biological Board of Canada offers to assist a limited number of fishermen from the Maritime Provinces to attend the Short Course for Fishermen to be given at the Fisheries Experimental Station, Halifax, N. S., during a term of six weeks commencing on January 27th, 1932. Each will be given on completion of the course the sum of Forty-five dollars plus the amount of railway fare for a return trip between Halifax and the railway station nearest his home. Only bona fide fishermen from 17 to 35 years of age, who have passed through grade 6 in the public schools of the Maritime Provinces or an equivalent grade will be able to obtain these grants. All applications must be in by January 15th and should be addressed to Fisheries Experimental Station, Halifax, N. S. Jan. 4-5-8-9l.

FARM FOR SALE By Public Tender

Eighty-two and a half acres Rollo Bay, Kings County, P. E. I. Sixty-one acres under cultivation, balance second growth. Buildings consist of:—House 21x22, barn 21x45, granary 20x22, machine shed 50x15. Watered by well. Nearest railroad Bear River 2 1/2 miles—school Rollo Bay. Terms of sale are 10% of the purchase price, in cash, minimum amount to be \$100.00, the balance in 5 to 25 equal annual instalments according to the amount remaining on loan, with interest at 6% per annum. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque for \$100.00. Tenders will be opened at the office of the Soldier Settlement of Canada on January 18th, 1932. Tenders should be marked on envelope "Tenders for the purchase of A. A. Pannet Farm and addressed to the Soldier Settlement of Canada, P.O. Box 1418, Saint John, N. B. Jan. 4-2l.

EYES TESTED AND GLASSES FITTED

E. W. TAYLOR Optometrist 142 Richmond Street

Dorothy Dix Letter Box

Energetic Daughter Whose Mother Asks Her to Sacrifice Herself to Her Lazy Brother—Why Men Pass Up Worthy Girls For Flatterers—Forgive, Also Forget

Dear Miss Dix—I am 23, a business girl, making a fairly good salary. We are people in very moderate circumstances, but have a home that we have managed to pay for scrimping and saving. I had to leave high school and go to work, but after eight long years at night school I finally got my B. A. Now I have a brother who is my mother's darling. She thinks he has a right to monopolize the family car and have the best of everything and that I should be willing to work and give everything to him. He goes to college, and she wants to mortgage our house to put him through the medical school, but I have told her that if she did this I would leave home. I maintain that if my brothers wants an education he should work his way through school as I did and that he should buckle down to his studies and give up a girl friend that he goes to see five nights a week. My mother says that I am nothing but a jealous old maid. What about it? A BROKEN-HEARTED GIRL.

Answer: I think you are just right to use every means in your power to keep your mother from mortgaging the house that you helped pay for to send your brother to college, and if she does do it in spite of you, you will do nothing more than right to leave home because it is the only way in which you can keep yourself from being sold into slavery to your brother for the balance of your life.

Probably even then you won't escape because he will always be coming to his mother for money and she will always be coming to you and you will not be able to resist her tears and importunities.

You are not, alas, the only case in which a mother ruthlessly sacrifices her daughters to her sons. I once knew intimately a family in which there were two frail, delicate girls and a great big, double-jointed, hulking boy. The girls worked early and late to maintain a home and their mother required of them that they turn over to her their pay envelopes every week and out of their earnings she gave them back what barely sufficed for poor, unnutritious lunches and a few cheap clothes.

The boy never did a lick of work because he never could find a job that carried with it a big salary and no labor. But he was always dressed in expensive clothes and he had money enough to attend shows and picnics and take out his girl friend and show her a good time, while his poor sisters sat at home because they could not afford any pleasures.

Time and time again the worms turned and the girls protested violently to their mother against the injustice she was doing them. They represented to her that their brother was far more able to work than they were and they told her frankly that she had no right to take the money they toiled for and give it to him.

Whereupon the mother would turn upon them with anger and berate them for their hardheartedness in not being willing to give their poor brother a home and to begrudge him even the food he ate, and she would demand to know if they expected her to turn her baby out of doors and force him to do menial labor when he was so talented and had such fine feelings about things. And she would say that, of course, a boy had to have money because he would feel so cheap if he couldn't pay his way.

So there you are. And why mothers prefer their sons to their daughters and why they are willing to sacrifice their daughters to their sons is biological and something that perhaps we should blame nature for instead of mothers.

But you will see it in every family in which there are sons and daughters. Mothers expect ten times as much of their daughters as they do of their sons and they spoil the sons ten times as much as they do their daughters and they make excuses for their sons that they would never think of making for their daughters.

As long as this maternal preference expresses itself merely in extra tenderness there is nothing that the daughters can do about it, but when mother requires Mary to go to work to support John in idleness or when she expects Mary to spend her youth slaving to send John to college, then the time has come for Mary to refuse to be made the family goat. If John wants an education let him work for it, as thousands of better men than he are doing. It will make a far finer man of him than grafting on his sister would, even if mother does sn't think so. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Why do men not fall in love with girls who are dependable, constant and sincere, but who are not demonstrative? I have known men to fall in love with girls just because they flattered them and pretended that they were mad about them. IGNORANCE.

Answer: Well, my dear, sugar catches flies and we all have an insatiable appetite for sweet talk, and we are just naturally drawn to those who show that they like and admire us.

"Vanity of vanities," saith the preacher, "all is vanity," and it is all, and then some, in the fine art of attracting men. And that is why the girl who knows how to play on a man's vanity as on a harp with a thousand strings has it all over the girl who is dependable and constant and sincere and dumb and truthful.

If a girl desires to be popular with men she must know how to rub their fur the right way. She must learn how to flatter artistically. That doesn't mean plastering compliments on with a trowel, though even that often works, but she must be able to convey to a man insidiously that she considers him the paragon of his sex and that she is thrilled to death at his attentions.

She must keep herself in an oh-wonderful, oh-marvelous attitude toward all he does and says. She must be a constant clique and a never-wearing glad hand. If she can do that she will never lack for dates. But if she makes the man feel that she considers him nothing to get excited over and if in particular she criticizes him, she will soon be left by her lonesome, no matter how good-looking she is, no matter how many sturdy virtues she possesses or how well fitted she is to make a good wife.

Also, it is highly advantageous to a girl to be able to wear her heart upon her sleeve, so to speak, where a man can see just how her affections are registering. More men have married women just because they thought the women were in love with them than for any other cause whatever.

To begin with, nothing so thoroughly convinces a man that a woman has great intelligence and a fine, discriminating taste as for her to prefer him to other men. And when he thinks about how he will make the poor little creature suffer and how her heart will be broken if he turns her down, why he just isn't cruel enough to do it. So he marries her.

Men don't like cold, self-contained women. They like warm, impulsive women, women who show their feelings, especially when their feelings are about them. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am in love with a girl who has had an unfortunate episode in her past. I am broadminded and that makes no difference to me. I want to marry her, but she is afraid that it will be the cause of unhappiness between us later on. What do you think? A READER.

Answer: Millions of women overlook the pasts of the men they marry. Why should not an occasional man be big enough to forgive a woman for having taken a step off the straight and narrow path long before he knew her? After all, it is the present and the future you are marrying, not the past, and what concerns you is what the girl is and what she is going to do, not some blunder she may have made years ago and that has perhaps helped make her a finer woman and one who is more sure to go straight the balance of the way.

OUR JIMMY "I passed by your window" "My dad said he's going to let me go to a gymnasium so I can get strong and healthy. It costs about a million dollars, I guess." "Ha, Ha! I know how you can get big and strong, and it only costs 'bout ten cents. C'mon and I'll show you." GROW STRONG EAT CLARK'S PORK & BEANS "See, didn't I tell you? And we're having some for supper, so I guess I'll go home and see if they're ready." "I'll bet if I eat lots of Clark's Pork and Beans, you won't have any old doctor's bills to pay because I'll always be well, won't I, mom?" FREE Write and tell us what you think of "Our Jimmy." Would you like the series to continue? In return we shall send you a beautiful "Hostess Calendar," showing a wonderful full colour picture of the famous Clark Baby on the cover. Write to W. Clark Limited, Box 294, Montreal. A Canadian firm through and through, established 1877. CLARK'S PORK & BEANS WITH TOMATO, CHILI OR PLAIN SAUCE. It's wonderful the difference a dash of Clark's Governor Sauce can make to a meal... try it some time!

If you are really broadminded that is no reason why you should not be happy with this girl, but be sure that you can forget as well as forgive her past. There is no greater card than the man who marries a girl who has made a slip and then spends the balance of their life together reproaching her with it. DOROTHY DIX. It must have been an absent-minded minister who requested his congregation to rise during a certain part of the opening service, and to "continue rising until its close."

John Gresham's Girl

By Concordia Merrel

(Continued) He was silent, and he couldn't quite look at her. She stripped the stems of her roses, cut them, selected the foliage she wanted and went on with the pretty job as steadily as if life lay easy and serene before her. Then she said, looking him up and down: "You look as if you'd been riding pretty hard." "I have," he told her briefly, glancing down at his dusty kit. "I had some thinking to do," he added, and laughed shortly. "I have been thinking, too, Jim," she said slowly. She hesitated a moment, then: "First of all, I want to apologize to you..." He flashed a sharp look at her. "To me?" he exclaimed. "In heaven's name, what for?" "I asked you last night whether you had done that horrible thing for which you suffered so badly. I don't believe that you did do it... And I apologize for asking." "Believe what you like about it," he said roughly to hide that he was moved.

INSTALMENT XIII "Well, then, I believe that you didn't do it. And now, Jim—about us. You married me to revenge yourself upon father and Oliver, but your revenge has fallen, cruellest of all, upon me... No matter what they might suffer because of it, it could never come so near to them as it has to me. Because you see, Jim I did not marry you for revenge or for any other reason in the world other than that I loved you. It's best to put things quite squarely between us." She spoke very gravely and steadily. He scarcely knew what to say. He had regarded her as little more than a child, but he saw now that that was a mistake. It was a woman who stood there, confronting him; with a woman's seriousness on her face and a woman's suffering in her eyes.

move for some darn weakness that I can't explain, but it cannot hurt my main schemes. And it shall not. You can do what you like; I shall not consider you again." She answered the challenge of his tone and eyes with an unflinching look. "I quite understand, Jim; and I don't think that I shall interfere very much. About that, I have quite made up my mind. But I believe I shall leave you to go your own way without attempting to interfere." "I'm glad to hear it," he put in gruffly. "Everything she said was unexpected, and the unexpected is nearly always disconcerting." "First of all, Jim," she said after a moment, "I want you to tell me all that you haven't told me. You owe me that, I think, and I believe you will have the justice to think so, too." "All that I haven't told you?" he questioned. She nodded. "What was your name when you were at Gresham's? I don't remember ever hearing father or Oliver speak of James Lee." "Warrington, James Warrington," he said at once. She thought a moment. "Yes, I think I do remember that name. Although I heard so little of the whole business that..." "What else do you want to know?" he broke in. "Why you changed your name. Was it just so that father shouldn't know you when you..." She hesitated. "Come out again?" he put in bluntly. "No, it was because the cousin who left me his money made it a condition that I took his name. And his name happened to be Lee. And I happened to have plenty of use for several hundreds of thousands of pounds, and so I took it. It gave me cover, too. But if it hadn't been for my cousin's will I'd have fought your father in my own name." "I see. And will you tell me just how the disaster happened?" Standing there, back against the door, his eyes not on her face but on those little hands of hers, which rested still, now among the pink roses, he told her the story of his punishment. He told it bitterly, with many a brusque, unkind hit at her father, but that did not affect her. The main thing was that she must know everything. He told it all with the exception of one point. He doggedly refused to tell her whether he had been innocent or guilty. But she didn't need to be told that. She knew that he was innocent; just now, she couldn't have told, unless it was his mad anger against the people who had made that three years of purgatory very small way, to succeed in what, great, except for injustice. It ever I undertake. It may be only a party, or a bazaar, or an amateur theatrical show... You'll laugh at this perhaps... but I do, usually, suits me best that you should stay? carry things through successfully. It was just; the thought; that you'd be dead against something that would go back to your father and was born in my nature, to knuckle down to failure." There was a gleam of admiration in his sullen eyes as he looked at her. Then he said: "You aren't going to leave me, then?" "Thank you for tell me everything, Jim. I think I see things rather more clearly now. And now, I'll state my terms." He looked at her in blank astonishment. "Your terms?" he echoed. "Did you think you were going to have things entirely your own way, Jim?" she said coolly. "If you had thought a minute you would have realized that, you couldn't, because, luckily, it is a law of life that nobody can." She paused. Then: "You speak of my going back to

my father," she went on. "Now that would be to confess the utter failure of this marriage I have made. And, Jim, I am not used to confession. But to go now, would be to make that three years of purgatory very small way, to succeed in what, great, except for injustice. It ever I undertake. It may be only a party, or a bazaar, or an amateur theatrical show... You'll laugh at this perhaps... but I do, usually, suits me best that you should stay? carry things through successfully. It was just; the thought; that you'd be dead against something that would go back to your father and was born in my nature, to knuckle down to failure." There was a gleam of admiration in his sullen eyes as he looked at her. Then he said: "You aren't going to leave me, then?" "Thank you for tell me everything, Jim. I think I see things rather more clearly now. And now, I'll state my terms." He looked at her in blank astonishment. "Your terms?" he echoed. "Did you think you were going to have things entirely your own way, Jim?" she said coolly. "If you had thought a minute you would have realized that, you couldn't, because, luckily, it is a law of life that nobody can." She paused. Then: "You speak of my going back to

Home Economic Short Course

Beginning January 25th, the Women's Institute Branch of the Department of Agriculture will conduct a three weeks course in Home Economics.

As there will be only one course given this year, those wishing to take advantage of this course, will please apply before January 18th.

Address all communications to the Supervisor of Women's Institutes, Box 123, Charlottetown.

11311-1-5-tts-6l

MR AND MRS

Joe Has Such Low Standards. DON'T YOU THINK THESE CHINESE RUGS ARE EXQUISITE? WHAT'S CHINESE ABOUT EM? IT'S NOT MY IDEA OF A CHINESE RUG. JOE'S DEPRAVED IDEA OF A CHINESE RUG. ORIENTAL RUGS.

Joe Has Such Low Standards

JOE'S DEPRAVED IDEA OF A CHINESE RUG. An illustration of a man sitting on a rug, surrounded by various household items like a teapot, a bowl, and a box, with a speech bubble saying 'JOE'S DEPRAVED IDEA OF A CHINESE RUG'.

By BRIGGS