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

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

HOLD YOUR HEAD UP

If the story winds should rustle
While you tread the world's highway,
Still against them bravely tussle,
Hope, and labor day by day
Falter not, no matter whether
There is sunshine, storm or calm,
And in every kind of weather
Hold your head up like a man.

If a brother should deceive you
And should act a traitor's part,
Never let his treason grieve you,
Jog along with lightsome heart;
Fortune seldom follows fawning,
Boldness is the better plan,
Hoping for a better dawning,
Hold your head up like a man

Earth though e'er so rich and mellow,
Yields not for the worthless drone,
But the bold and honest fellow,
He can shift and stand alone;
Spurn the knave of every nation,
Always do the best you can,
And no matter what your station
Hold your head up like a man
—From the Old Scrap Book

TEA STAINS

One method of removing tea stains from colored materials is to soak the stained part for an hour or two in glycerine, then sponge with warm soapy water, with a little ammonia added to it, until all trace of the glycerine has gone. Rinse off the soap, and press with a hot iron under a damp cloth

When in doubt, it is best to say nothing

Self-interest and sympathy have nothing in common.

Too many men mistake a little applause for an encore

The world owes every man an existence but not a living

During the depression even the blue-bloods go in the red

When a reckless automobile driver loses, the undertaker profits.

There is no insurance against the fire that is kindled in your best girl's eyes

A man is never in the way no matter how old he gets—if he has plenty of property to leave

Buying what you do not need gives you a good start on the road to needing what you cannot buy

When a woman cries on a man's shoulder it is a pretty good sign that he will soon get it in the neck

FAMOUS GREEK STATUE DISPOSED OF FOR £598

One of the famous Hope marbles, acquired by the first Lord Melchett for £4,200 in the dispersal of that collection at Messrs. Christie's in July, 1917, was sold in the same rooms recently for £598 10s., the successful bidder being Mr Permain.

This was a striking statue in Pentelic marble of "Hygieia," the goddess of health considered by the authorities of the last century to be of Greek Fourth Century B C workmanship, although modern archaeologists place it in the Hadrianic era. It was originally found at Ostia in 1797, and is 6ft. 8in. high.

It had been sent to yesterday's sale by the present Lord Melchett

DIFFERENT CREASES

Folding napkins every week in the same folds tends to wear them out in the creases. One week fold them quarterwise and the next week in three folds and see if they do not wear longer.

A high waistline and wasses of posies on the shoulders are distinguishing features of a frock shown by a leading Paris designer.

A smart and distinctive skirt for your summer vacation is in lightweight white flannel, pleated all around.

SECURE HEM

When you hem a skirt, take a double stitch every inch or so. This will make such a firm hem that if you rip a few stitches the rip will not extend more than an inch.

BLOSSOM BRACELETS

Brides are wearing bracelets of natural orange blossom to match the wreath, which has "earrings" of the same flowers attached to it.

PLEATED WEDDING VEILS

London.—Pleated tulle is being used in new bridal veils.

'LOST' PLAY FOUND

A volume of Elizabethan plays, one of which had been given up as lost as no trace of it had been heard of since the eighteenth century, has been discovered by Professor B. Ivor Evans, of Queen Mary College, University of London.

The discovery was made in Colerorton Hall, Leicestershire.

The "lost" play, which was printed in 1678, is by Thomas Garter. It deals with the story of Susanna and how she was tempted by the Elders a theme taken from the apocryphal chapters of the Book of Daniel.

The conference discussed problems associated with the provision of community centres in new housing estates.

Miss J Lacey of the Vallence club, Dragenham, said: "Mothers come along and talk about their girl's love affairs and fathers want to know where their boys were at a certain time on a given night.

"And then the young man of 25 will bring in his new girl friend to join the club.

"But we find," added Miss Lacey, "that the girl of 25 will not bring her boy friend in —because she thinks she may lose him.

"We started a dressmaking class, but the girls walked out because they did not want their mothers about while they were making their own dresses."

She urged that in extending community centres, provision should be made for all types and ages.

"Those who want culture will find it and get it. But if you are not going to permit dancing you will keep out thousands of young people, who are the fathers and mothers of the future.

"My experience is they will soon take an interest in more important things," concluded Miss Lacey.

NAME OF SOCIAL CLUB HAD TO BE CHANGED QUICKLY

How the name of a social club for women and girls started on a new housing estate, had to be changed because it was found impossible to keep out the fathers, brothers and young men, was described at an L. C. C. conference in London recently

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

There Are Times When Parents Can Do No Braver Thing or Show Greater Force of Character Than the Act of Atoning for the Sins of Their Own Children.

DEAR MISS DIX—Two years ago our son was killed in an automobile accident. Before he died he told us between sobs that he had done something for which he was very sorrow. He said that during his senior year in college he fell in love with a young classmate and they were engaged to be married. He lost his job, so they were never married, but a son was born to them who who is the very image of my boy. We have not recognized this child whom the young mother has tried very hard to support, but I feel that we should, for does not our blood run in his veins? My husband is very bitter about it. He says "no," positively "no," he will have nothing to do with the child, that our friends will shun us if we acknowledge it, and that it will disgrace us, but finally he has agreed that he will accept your judgment in the matter. What do you think? X.

I think the only Christian and generous and humane thing that you can do is to accept the child and do all that you can to atone to him for his unfortunate birth. Don't leave him to pay alone the price of his parents' sin. Help him by giving him your name and throwing about his shoulders the cloak of your respectability Save him as far as you can from the cruel fate that makes the lot of the illegitimate child one of the most pathetic on earth. God knows the poor little fellow will have handicaps enough without having the ostracism of his father's family added to them.

Of course, when parents are confronted with their son's child, who has been born without the law, their first impulse is to lay all the blame upon the mother. They are sure that she is wholly at fault and that she is a vile creature without virtue or honesty who has lured their boy from the strait and narrow path. Sometimes this is true. Often it is not. Very often the child's mother is, in reality, a girl of good principles, one who pure in heart, but who has been swept away from her moorings on a tidal wave of passion that she lacked the strength to resist.

Such appears to be the case of your son's sweetheart. Evidently she has nobility of soul and character that makes her accept the responsibility for her wrong doing, or else, like so many others girls in such a desperate plight as she was, she would have deserted her babe at birth and given it for adoption. But she did not do this. She kept the child, though it was her badge of shame. She bravely shouldered the burden of supporting it, though it held her back at every step. No basically immoral woman does this. No light woman. Only a saddened, sobered girl who stumbled off of the straight and narrow path, but who has climbed back on it through repentance and tears.

I think if you accept this child and his mother you will make not only a great and generous gesture but that you will do the thing that will do more than anything else to bring peace and comfort to your own hearts and to assuage your grief for your boy. For remember that he sinned as well as the girl, and you will be paying his scores against society, against the girl, against the child as far as they can be paid in this world. Certainly you can erect no more beautiful and enduring monument to your son's memory than forgiveness and help to his sweetheart and his boy.

As for what people will think of you if you recognize a situation that all know exists, they could only think one thing. That you have been big enough and brave enough and wise enough to do a very Christ-like thing. For when they would have stoned the Magdalene, Christ stooped and wrote in the dust and said: "He that is without sin, let him throw the first stone at her."

DEAR DOROTHY DIX—I have a friend who is a good woman, but she has a son she is ruining and who will break her heart later on unless she can be stopped from treating him as she does. She has worshiped him so that he thinks he is the most important person in the world. She has spoiled him until he is so selfish that he thinks every wish must be granted immediately. She manages all of his affairs, follows him on the telephone so she knows his whereabouts every minute, acts as his valet when he dresses, waits up and tucks him in bed. The boy is a good-looking husky chap, intelligent, and has an especially nice personality, but he knows how to do no work, can't keep a job, and now that he is facing the world it is flocking under him and he is going to pieces. Is there any way that you can suggest to make his mother realize that she is ruining him? She would be the first to evince horror if she was convinced of it. A FRIEND.

Though you speak with the tongue of men and of angels, you cannot convince a possessive mother of the fact that she IS possessive, or make her realize that by keeping her child tied to her apron string she is doing him the worst possible harm that she can do him.

Her alibi, in the first place, is that she isn't possessive and, in the second place, that she is doing it for the child's good. When she doesn't let Johnny and Mary play with other children, it is because the other children are rude and rough and a bad influence. When she won't send them off to school, it is because schools are dens of iniquity. When she won't let them go across the street alone, it is because she is afraid they will be run over by automobiles. When she won't let them decide any question for themselves, it is because she has better tastes, knows more about handling money and can judge what is good for them better than thy can for themselves. And so on and so on. Any excuse for keeping them under her thumb.

If any one would tell one of these possessive mothers that by keeping her children in a state of perpetual babyhood she was doing a worse thing than if she bound their feet so they couldn't walk, or did something to their brains that turned them into morons, or put some pressure on their bodies that would stunt their growths so they would be dwarfs, she would be horrified. But when a mother deliberately unfits her children for life by making them dependent upon her, by never letting them use their own judgments, by never forcing any responsibility on them, she is committing a crime that is far worse than any physical handicap she could put upon them. For the pigmy can at least get a job in a side show, but there is no place in the world for Mamma's spoiled darlings. DOROTHY DIX.

AFTERNOON CALLERS

(By CYRIL JAMES)

Now, thought Mrs. Frayne, we will get the truth in this little menage. She said:

"Don't upset yourself, my dear. No man is worth it."

Angela, whose anger had been mounting like a tiny flame, made a great effort and controlled herself.

"No man . . . I wonder? Perhaps if things had been different I might . . . ."

She rang for tea.

Over tea, Mrs. Frayne was judiciously silent. She felt that revelations were impending and so she deftly turned the conversation along another channel, as the surest way of inviting a sudden burst of confidence. The move had never failed.

And evidently it was just as successful with Angela, for all her peculiar air of mystery and self-sufficiency. Angela suddenly laid down her cup and said:

"Edmee, you've had experience in these matters . . ."

"One does learn . . ."

"Then tell me," continued Angela, taking no notice of the interruption, "don't you think, in these instances, the wife has just as much right as the husband . . ."

"Angela," said Mrs. Frayne, "you have appreciated something that it takes many women years of painful experience to grasp. If only you could have turned the tables, as it were, upon Jason and that Van Berg woman, it would have been the quickest way of bringing both of them to their senses. But unfortunately, my dear, these things are not always convenient or possible."

"And why should you be so certain that they are impossible for me?"

Mrs. Frayne stirred delicately in her chair. The fish was rising.

"I am not certain," she answered, with a honeyed smile that had become known and feared, "as a matter of fact, my dear, I had always wondered that a woman of your undoubted charm—no, don't interrupt me—had been content to rest as a shadow in a blaze of reflected glory. Surely there have been times when . . ."

"Times!" Angela laughed, "there is time, there will be times. But is it ever possible to go back, I mean to recapture that . . . that . . ."

"First, fine, careless rapture," hazarded Mrs. Frayne.

"Something of the kind. How can I explain to you? . . ."

"Let me help you, my dear," cooed Mrs. Frayne, "there was another man in your life. Or perhaps, there still is someone else."

"I don't know."

"But surely, anything of this kind, my dear, we all have our little secrets, as I was only telling Lady Holming at Ascot—is either dead and finished or alive and continuing."

"There was someone else, someone who . . ."

"Before you say anything more, my dearest Angela," said Mrs. Frayne urgently, "I want you to know that you can speak in confidence to me. I have . . . oh, I know how it helps to have someone to whom one can speak freely. So do not hesitate. Anything you are likely to say to me will rest with me."

"You are too understanding, my dear. How can I begin to tell you? It was a long time ago. He was an artist."

"What a coincidence, dear."

"Yes. An artist—like Jason and yet not like him. He had talent but he was poor. So, for that matter, was I. We used to meet at the National Gallery. Yes, actually. I didnt tell you, did I, that I used to be interested in art myself?"

"How romantic."

"No—it was just conceit. I could never have done anything. But he was different. He had talent, real talent. We used to meet and talk about it. At least, I listened while he did most of the talking. He told me his hopes, his dreams. He outlined his conception of art and I followed and sympathised, as far as I could. But always I endouraged him not to despair, not to listen to the people who tried to drag him away from the sure path he was following.

"Sometimes it was difficult, because he had very, very little money and he seemed to be ramming his head against a brick wall, while there was a convenient door to success—an opening which a thousand and one friends indicated to him every day. Still he was young and was prepared to sacrifice himself for his ideals. You know what it is, when one is young."

"Perfectly . . . perfectly," murmured Mrs. Frayne, who had never sacrificed herself for anything and had no intention of suddenly adopting the extraordinary belief that there were any more ideals left unspotted in the world.

"I remember one afternoon he was particularly downcast. He had pinned his hopes on a problem picture—I suppose that is what they would call it, only to me and to him it was perfectly simple and clear—and it had been turned down by a dealer whose opinion was important enough to matter even to a young genius.

"'Angela,' he said to me, 'it's no use. I can't go on persuading myself that the rest of the world is wrong and I am right. We've been deceiving ourselves, my dear.' I didn't answer for a moment because I could see by his look that he really was nearer defeat than he had ever been. Then I said 'Well, Del. . . ."

"Del. . . . what a charming name!"

Angela laughed.

"I should have explained. That was a joke we had. We used to invent nicknames for one another. In the National Gallery, we came to know the pictures as friends, and among many friends we made a favourite. This was a rather wonderful madonna by Andrea del Sarto. And because Andrea del Sarto was the faultless painter, as you know, my dear Edmee, certainly know, I called him 'Del.' He used to be wild about it at first, but I was foolish and to me he was the faultless painter, so I continued to call him 'Del.' But I was telling you, said to him 'Del, it's too late to turn back now,' and showed him that probably a retreat would take just as long as if he continued faithful to his genius. Then he turned to me and said, 'I will go on, if you will do me a favour. Marry me.'"

Mrs. Frayne started. The denouement of the story was a little abrupt. But she recovered herself enough to say:

"A proposal in the National Gallery! My dear Angela, this is quite romantic—Puccini, the Vie de Boheme, you know. But of course you didn't marry him—though it must have been dreadfully difficult . . ."

"No," replied Angela, "I didn't marry him—and it was difficult, telling him. You see, he was living in an awful little place over a restaurant in Soho and I simply couldn't see that I could be of any possible help to him there, even as . . . as . . . Mrs. Del."

"Quite apart, my dear, from the utter impossibility of the whole thing I will say this for Jason, he has always . . ."

"Exactly. But Jason didn't come along for a long while. Del was dreadfully upset for a while and then he began to see things sensibly. For a few days he wouldn't speak to me and when I saw him in the Gallery he turned around and ran down a corridor among the early English. He always hated the early English. I went up to him but he was looking grimly at a Morland, and nothing I could do would draw his attention. I couldn't keep it up, of course, for people were beginning to stare."

"How beastly for you, dear."

"It was. Yet, Edmee, funnily enough it was one of the things I have never regretted doing. I can see him now, black and moody, staring at a picture that he couldn't see. Well, I let him find himself. In the end he came round, and although he never managed to make a lot of money we had happiness enough. Then Jason came along—and I married him."

"And you've never seen this . . . this Del since?"

"Once or twice—only fleeting glimpses and I've never had the chance to talk to him."

Mrs. Frayne was disappointed. The story sounded rather like a schoolgirl's dream. So there was evidently nothing that could have caused Jason to run after the Van Berg woman.

"But surely," she said, "he has tried to get into touch with you. I mean, what did he say when you married Jason?"

Angela looked wistfully out into the square.

"That's the funny part of it," she said, "he didn't seem to mind. I saw him once or twice shortly after I married Jason but then he just disappeared, as though he had never been."

"Where is he now?"

"I don't know. I wish I did."

Mrs. Frayne was puzzled. Really, Angela was the most surprising kind of person. Or was she merely stupid?

"My dear Angela, I think you've been silly about the whole affair."

"Why, you think I should have forgotten Del?"

Mrs. Frayne gave a little shriek.

"Heavens, no. Yo ushould have seen more of him—then this would never have happened. My dear, I can tell you as a woman of the world, no man ever values anything unless someone else is after it. You should have kept his friendship. And if Jason could possibly have become jealous, then, my dear, you need not have feared all the Lola Van Bergs on earth."

"Yes, but you don't understand. I don't think Del would have . . . well . . . fitted in here . . . with all this."

"Nonsense, my dear. You should have made him fit in. Why, think of that fearful Irish fellow at Lady Holming's reception the other evening. You know ,that dreadful man with no hair cut, the one that writes poetry—or does he sing or something."

Angela prepared to pour tea.

"It's quite terrible," she said, "I'm afraid we've been talking the tea cold. Just a moment and I'll ring for more."

She crossed to the bell but before she could touch it, a shadow fell across the beautifully furnished drawing room.

Both Angela and Mrs. Frayne looked towards the door and a simultaneous cry of surprise broke from them.

For there, a little sulky, a little sheepish, stood Jason Lufton, R.A., obviously worn after an all-night journey, and looking more like a wilful schoolboy than Mrs. Frayne had considered possible in a fashionable portrait painter.

Mrs. Frayne's eyes flickered from Angela to Jason. Here was a situation past her contriving. After many years of patient effort she had at last succeeded in being in at the critical moment of a first-class scandal.

"My dear Jason," she began, arising uncertainly.

But Jason Lufton walked past her as though she did not exist.

"I'm back, Angela," he said, "if . . . if you'll have me."

For a moment, Angela turned her head and looked away. When she looked at him again, there were tears in her eyes.

Heedless of the stupefied Mrs. Frayne, he took her in his arms . .

"Well," said Mrs. Frayne tremendously, a moment after, "I must say, Jason, that . . ."

Angela looked across and there was a light in her eyes that suddenly made the Hon. Mrs. Edmee Frayne feel grey inside and very old

"No," said Angela, "It's not Jason. It's Del. He's come back."

(THE END)

Don't let it torment you this summer. Take Templeton's RAZ-MAH Capsules. Escape misery of sore, inflamed, itchy eyes and running nose. Breathe easily. Enjoy summer! No smokes, snuffs, sprays. No harmful drugs. No bad re-actions. Relief guaranteed from one $1 box—or your money back. Ask your druggist now for a 50c or $1 box of RAZ-MAH
HAY FEVER
Templeton's RAZ-MAH Capsules

THE COOK'S CORNER

MOLASSES COCONUT CHEWS

One-quarter cup corn syrup; 1-2 tablespoon vinegar; 1-4 cup molasses; 1 tablespoon butter; 1 can coconut.

Combine syrup, molasses, vinegar and butter and boil until a small amount of syrup becomes brittle in cold water (240 degrees F.) Add coconut. Shape into small balls, 3-4 inch in diameter. Makes 26 chews.

VELVET MOLASSES CANDY

Put 1 1-2 pounds sugar, 1-2 pint molasses, 1-2 cup water, 1-4 cup vinegar, in agate kettle. Heat; when boiling add 1-2 teaspoon cream tartar, boil until it crisps in cold water. Stir; when almost done add 1-4 pound butter, 1-4 teaspoon soda. Cool in buttered pan and pull.

COCONUT BUTTERSCOTCH

Two and one-half cups powdered sugar; 1 can coconut; 4 tablespoons butter.

Put sugar in iron skillet and place over low flame, stirring constantly, until sugar is melted and straw-colored. Add butter and coconut. Pour into slightly-greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches. Mark into squares while warm and cut when cold.

CREAM FONDANT

2 cups sugar; 1-8 tespn. salt; 1 cup evaporated milk; 1 tbspn. white corn syrup.

Mix ingredients thoroughly. Bring slowly to a boil. Boil rapidly, stirring constantly. Cool. Beat until creamy, then knead until smooth and plastic. Set in a cool place. This makes 1 lb.

Today's Short Wave Radio Program

(All time is Eastern Standard)

TUESDAY, JULY 28

Paris

2:30 p. m. —Relay from Salzburg: "Don Juan" by Mozart TPA3, 25.2 m., 11.88 meg.

Schenectady

5:35 p. m. —Short-Wave Mail Bag. W2XAF, 31.4 m., 9.53 meg.

Berlin

6:00 p. m. —"Der Waffenschmied," an opera by Albert Forsing DJD, 25.4 m., 11.77 meg.

Tokyo

6 p. m. —"Overseas Program J. U. H. Nasaki 20.5 m., 14.6 meg

Moscow

7 p. m. —News and reviews from Soviet capital. RNE, 31.5 m., 9 4 meg.

London

7:25 p. m "Foreign Affairs" by Sir Frederick Whyte, K. C. S. I LL. D. GSP, 19.6 m., 15 31 meg GSP, 19.8 m., 15.14 meg., GSD 25.5 m., 11.75 meg.

Berlin

8:30 p. m. —German Masters A Concert of Light Music. DJD, 25 4 m., 11.77 meg.

Caracas

9:15 p. m. —Dance Music. YV2RC, 51.7 m., 5 8 meg.

London

10:15 p. m —The BBC Dance Orchestra. GSD, 25.5 m., 11 75 meg., GSD, 31 3 m., 9.58 meg.

A Morning Smile

Two ladies of the "upper" suburbs were trying to outdo each other in their social achievements.

"Yes," said one, "my garden party was a huge success. I expect you noticed all the cars outside my place? Nineteen altogether! But you didn't have many guests at your place last Saturday—I only noticed seven cars."

"Oh," said the other serenely, "they were mine—I had no visitors that day!"

Scottish barber (engaging assistant): "I pay lower wages in the Summer, because the work's easier."

Applicant: "But people get their hair cut just the same."

Scottish barber: "Ay, but ye dinna hae to help them on wi' their overcoats."

MRS. BOOTHE'S SENSITIVE SKIN

Pimples Broke Out But Cuticura Soothed

Read this letter—how sore, inflamed pimples due to external causes were relieved in almost no time by Cuticura.

"Watery pimples broke out all over my arm and hand. The itching and burning made me lose sleep for half the night.

"I had these pimples about four months and tried everything, but to no avail. Then I sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. In about two days I was improved, so I purchased some. After using three cakes of Cuticura Soap along with the Ointment, the pimples were entirely gone." (Signed) Mrs. A. Boothe, 172 Margueretta St., Toronto.

Cuticura also soothes the itching and burning of rashes, ringworm and eczema with wonderful speed and effectiveness. Buy today. Ointment 25c. Soap 25c. Sample FREE. Write to "Cuticura," Dept. 19, 286 St. Paul Street, W., Montreal.

CARROT IS TOPS AS SHADE FOR SUMMER LINENS

Colors in linens as usual are masquerading under many names. With so many influences in fashion, however, the pictures seem a lot more confused, although linen houses have risen nobly to the task of reassembling shades under titles that have appeal. Beside the multitude of flower names this year, you have the vegetable colors, with carrot mentioned as the shade most likely to succeed this summer, and the fruit tones. The most exciting and newest, however, follow the native trend. The Oriental influence is particularly marked this year especially Japanese, and the Indo-Chinese. Peasant colors will continue to play up the Tyrolean in prints as well as plain

Spring Fashions For Home Dress-Making

Today's pattern points the way to an altogether charming, inexpensive and easy to make dress for the teens.

A length of some fresh gay cotton and a mere hour or two with the sewing machine and this adorable dress is yours.

The sleeves puff out to give you wide shoulders and make your waist look slim. The straight slim skirt is paneled at the front to give youthful height.

Choose sheer eyelet batiste, dotted swiss, flowered voile, geometric dimity print, handkerchief linen or tub pastel silk.

Style No. 1781 is designed for sizes 11, 13, 15, 17 and 19 years. Size 15 requires 3 1-2 yards of 39-inch material with 1-2 yard of 35-inch contrasting or 3 1-4 yards of 4-inch ribbon for bow and belt.

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

No. Size

Name

Street Address

City Etate

NOVA SCOTIA HAS PART IN RAIL HISTORY

HALIFAX, July 27.—(CP) — Nova Scotia has a proud place in the annals of railroading, recalled by historians as Canada celebrates the centenary of the Dominion a first railway.

The first "iron horse" operated in the Maritime provinces was in Nova Scotia in connection with the Albion coal mines at Stellarton. The railway ran from the mines to the "loading ground" at Pictou harbor, a distance of 16 miles, and the engine was the Samson, built in England in 1830 by Timothy Hackworth

Brought to this province in a sailing vessel, the locomotive was put into operation in 1839. At present it is situated in the Halifax station where a century of progress can be compared between it and the giant engines that snort in and out of the city each day.

In 1855, construction of the Nova Scotia railway from Halifax to Truro and Windsor was started, and this line was completed three years later—the first public railway in the province.

New Brunswick's first railway was the European and North American, from Saint John to Shediac, a distance of 106 miles. This was opened for through traffic in 1860 and some of the locomotives that travelled over this route were made in Saint John N B

Prince Edward Island was 11 years behind New Brunswick in railway construction, the first line being started in 1871 and completed after four years' work.

The tremendous progress made in the past 100 years can be seen in the new streamlined locomotive "6400," capable of attaining a speed of 100 miles an hour. One hundred years ago, the first steam locomotive in Canada hauled a train of passengers and frieght from Laprairie to St. Johns, Que., a distance of 16 miles.

JUST KIDS —By Ad Carter