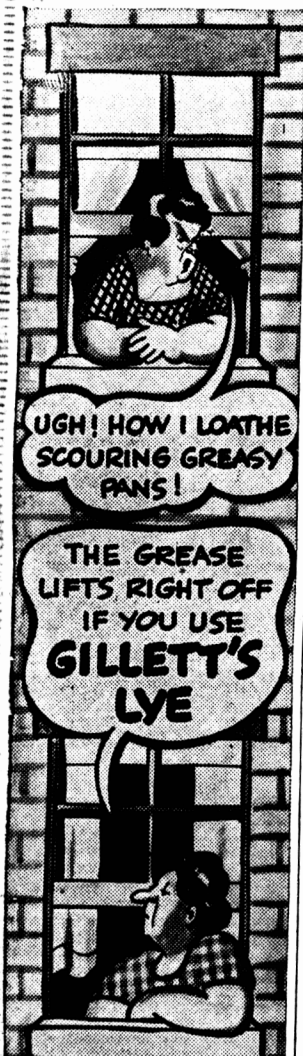


Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature

THE COOK'S CORNER

BERMUDA SPAGHETTI
2 tart apples 1 Bermuda onion
2 can. tomato soup
2 cups uncooked spaghetti
2 cups medium white sauce
1 teaspoon salt 1 cup grated cheese
Method: Peel the apples and onion and chop fine. Add to the tomato soup and cook until tender. Cook the spaghetti in boiling salted water until tender. Drain well and blanch. Pour over this the tomato mixture, the white sauce and the grated cheese. And the salt and mix well. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate, 350 deg. F. oven for about 45 minutes.
If you like, reserve part of the grated cheese and sprinkle it over the top as it melts and browns and add an attractive topping to the dish.

TOMATO SAUCE
2 cups strained tomatoes
4 table-spoons butter
2 table-spoons sugar
4 table-spoons flour
1 table-spoons finely chopped onion
Salt and paprika
Method: Cook the onion gently in the melted butter. Add flour and blend. Add tomatoes and seasonings and cook until thick and smooth, stirring constantly. Strain and serve with bean roast.



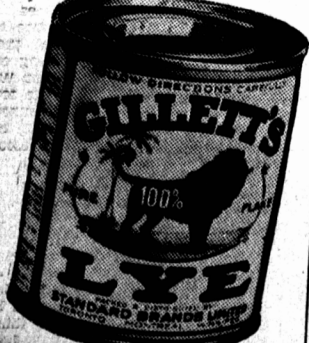
UGH! HOW I LOATHE SCOURING GREASY PANS!

THE GREASE LIFTS RIGHT OFF IF YOU USE GILLETT'S LYE

WASHES DIRT OFF without scrubbing

Gillett's Pure Flake Lye saves hard rubbing and scrubbing... cuts through grease... gets rid of dirt—easily, quickly. Use a solution of 1 teaspoonful dissolved in a quart of cold water. Used full strength it also cleans and disinfects toilets, stinks, etc. Frees clogged drainpipes from obstruction. Won't harm plumbing or enamel. Get a tin!

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.



FREE BOOKLET—The Gillett's Lye booklet tells how this powerful cleanser and disinfectant takes the hard work out of dozens of cleaning tasks... shows how to clean farm buildings and equipment... gives full directions concerning the use of this powerful cleanser. Write Standard Brands Ltd., 1000 Ave. B. Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

King Cole TEA Old-English Blend

The HOUSEWIFE and HER ACTIVITIES

PUSSY WILLOWS. Step up lightly, Still and quick!— Spring is fastened On a stick. Wearing still Her Winter hood, Spring has crept Into the wood. In her little, Furry blouse, Crept up softly As a mouse. Now beside The frozen stream Soft gray garments Sway and gleam. Nature magic, What a trick!— Spring is fastened On a stick. Helen Frazee-Bower in the New York Sun.

NEW USE FOR SHAKER Ever try a small-sized cocktail shaker to smooth out your flour and liquid for cream sauce? It will do the trick perfectly in a twinkling if you shake them up.

CARE OF SAUCEPANS After washing saucepans of any sort, drain them very thoroughly, dry well, and then turn upside down on a self with a little space left for air to circulate inside.

SAVE SHOES AND SPOIL FEET IS MODERN PROVERB Many women make the mistake of saving old, runover shoes to wear "around the house." Others spend a large part of the day in felt or soft cloth house slippers.

There are so many steps to be taken and so much bending and kneeling to do and a pair of good walking shoes with soles that are flexible and not too heavy, will make housework much pleasanter and save her from fatigue.

The average dentist spares no pains to do a good job. Some friends toast you today—and roast you tomorrow. One man's mental store house is another man's scrap heap. Never trust a rich man who brags about his kindness to a poor man.

The life of the party is generally dead on his feet the next morning. A fellow can't carve out a career by sitting on the sunny side whitening.

If the college professor is a man of letters, the banker is a man of notes. A chronic kicker is as full of complaints as the woman with nothing to complain about. Some folks never tell what they know, while other folks insist on telling what they don't know. A man compares his possessions with what his parents had; a woman compares them with what the neighbors have.

NEW JEWEL GADGETS The cunning little lady bag, clip, such a favorite this past winter, has given her spot of honor to other amusing little gadgets. There is the little small, first introduced by Cartier of Paris; there are small frogs, elephants, squirrels, Scottie dogs and sail fish. Your jewelry

A Morning Smile WELL PUT TOGETHER "Mother," said the little boy; after coming home from a walk, "I've seen a man who makes horses." "Are you sure?" asked the mother. "Yes," he replied. "He had a horse nearly finished when I saw him; he was just nailing on the back feet."

MISUNDERSTANDING Mrs. Williams could only find two aisle seats—one behind the other. Wishing to sit with her sister, she cautiously surveyed the man in the next seat. Finally she leaned over and whispered: "I beg your pardon, sir, but are you alone?" Without even turning his head in the slightest, but twisting his mouth and shielding it with his hand, he muttered: "Out it out, sister, out it out—the wife's with me!"

ARE YOU TROUBLED WITH YOUR FEET? To Prevent Swelling Pain & Soreness, Use ZAM-BUK Herbal Ointment RUB IT IN EVERY NIGHT

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Mothers and Daughters Do Not Get Along Well in the Home Because There is Always the Effort of One to Predominate Over the Other

Theoretically there is no other human relationship so close as that between a mother and daughter. We are committed to the belief that because a woman bears a girl child she intuitively understands her and that they are just naturally devoted to each other.



Of course, this often happens. There are plenty of mothers who are daughter worshippers, and plenty of daughters who have such a mother complex that they are totally unfitted to be wives or to live any independent lives of their own. They are never happy if parted from their mothers.

But it is not true that all mothers and all daughters are peculiarly attached to each other and find each other congenial. Many mothers and daughters are temperamentally antagonistic to each other and rub each other's fur the wrong way, so from the time they leave home there is a continual conflict between them. Many other mother and daughters are jealous of each other. Others fight together for supremacy in the home, or engage in a death struggle for the day to come when they can break the fetters that bind them together.

If you doubt this, consider how anxious girls are to get away from home. Thousands of them marry for no other reason than to get away from Mother and the daily spats with her about everything they do and leave undone. Thousands of other girls who have luxurious homes, delicious food to eat and servants to wait upon them look with envy upon the working girls who live in shabby flats and cook their own scanty meals when they come home at night from their offices, but who are away from Mother.

Consider also how eager mothers are to get their daughters married. At a son's wedding Mother is a fountain of tears, but at daughter's wedding she looks like the cat that has just swallowed the canary. Likewise, consider how much fonder of each other mothers and daughters invariably are after they are parted, either by the girls' marriages or by their getting jobs in a distant city. Indeed, it is not too much to say that maternal and filial affection increases in direct ratio to the distance between mother and daughter.

All of which, is of course, perfectly logical and need surprise none of us if we would only look at life as it is instead of trying to prettify it into what we think it should be. We think, for instance, that all mothers and daughters should be rubber-stamps of each other, hence able to get along with each other harmoniously because they have the same taste and thoughts and desires. But such it is not the case once in a hundred times.

Old hens hatch out swans and swans discover ugly ducklings in their nests. Brilliant mothers have dumb Dora daughters. Plus mothers have daughters who develop into night-club hostesses and fan dancers. Domestic mothers, whose idea of a perfect day is making plum jelly or turning out the closets, have daughters who want to be aviatrixes or because they have nothing in common. They do not even speak the same language.

The only daughter a mother ever really understands and gets along with is the one who is a replica of herself. If Mother was a society belle in her day, she sympathizes with the daughter who also adores parties and has an attraction for men. But she never comprehends why the daughter who is a student prefers to pore over books instead of dancing holes in her stockings, and she regards the daughter who insists on going into business instead of making her debut as an affliction sent on her by the Lord.

Then, too, no two grown women can live in peace together in a house, no matter if they are mother and daughter, unless one of them has a doormat disposition, because both of them want to run the house and run it in different ways, and there can be just as bitter a fight over where to hang a picture or how to fry potatoes as there can be over any world problem.

And, finally, there is the unending battle over the question of personal liberty that goes on between mother and daughter. As long as a girl is unmarried her mother considers she has a perfect right to boss her, no matter if she is 70 years old. She must dress according to Mother's taste. Let Mother pick out her friends. Let Mother read her letters. Let Mother listen in on every telephone conversation. And when the daughter fights for her freedom Mother calls her ungrateful and there are tears and recriminations on both sides.

The moral of all which is that it is time for us to scrap the old superstition that mothers and daughters are always congenial and enjoy being together, and to recognize the fact that they are often poison to each other and that when this is the case the wisest thing is for them to part and get so far away from each other that they will get a perspective on each others virtues and be able to love and admire each other.

MY LADY MELODY

By ARTHUR HARDY Author of "The Merry Masquerade", "Love Song", etc., etc.

THE TRICK He leaned over the table. "I wanted to give you your chance. You seemed so disappointed at being unable to make an appearance until the new year. I care for you so much, Sheila, that I could not bear to see you unhappy about it. It meant nothing to me, but so much to you. I knew if I withdrew without an adequate excuse it would entail trouble for so many people, and I don't think you would have got your chance. Now you are up on the top of the hill above the struggling herd."

She looked up, meeting his gaze fearlessly. She discovered that he no longer swayed her in the old strange way. How odd. "I want you to give me your answer now, Sheila." He was supremely confident, as usual. "I can say nothing yet, Paul," she answered.

"But I am going away. I have much to do. Think of you and I voyaging to the ends of the earth together, Sheila. You must come with me."

Woman's Ailments ALL women at some period of their lives need a strengthening tonic like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The young woman who suffers from monthly pains, the expectant mother who has nausea and other disagreeable symptoms, or the middle-aged woman who experiences "heat flashes" should take this tonic. Mrs. Mary Turner of 15 Deconville St., Gresham, Ont., said: "Prospective mothers would do well, I believe, to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This tonic was of wonderful benefit to me. It helped to keep me strong and healthy and relieved me of that tired feeling, also the many aches and pains to which women are subject during motherhood." Buy today!

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PURITY FLOUR Best for all your Baking

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with me. "I am afraid not. I must stay in England. I have had offers of engagements which I intend to accept, Paul. When shall you be back?" "Not until the end of the next London season," he replied. "It is a lifetime to look forward to without you. I don't think I can face it, Sheila. Don't you think you owe me something?"

"Too much. You gave me my beautiful violin and then my chance." His hand touched hers. "Are you angry with me because of the trick?" She looked at him coldly. "I believe I am."

"Then don't answer me now," he pleaded. "Think it all over calmly. But remember I love you, Sheila. My life will be desolate without you. I could make you supremely happy, I swear it."

They lingered over lunch, and then there was nothing to do. Sheila would not go to the flat. It was raw cold out of doors with an unpleasant wind and lowering grey skies.

"What shall we do?" he asked. "Let us go to the pictures," she answered. "The Century," he suggested. "Louis Andre is there with 'Song of Songs.'"

Sheila was indifferent. She felt cold. She knew that Louis Andre of the Metropolitan Opera House had a lovely voice. The Century would do as well as anything else. They went.

The film was well done, with lavish and crowded scenes. Its true story was put over convincingly and the voice of the singer was splendid. Yet Sheila sat with eyes set unseeing on the screen and her ears registered the singing as if it were far away.

Why was it? Towards the end she knew, and she was startled. She wanted to get away from Paul Cezanne.

When they left the theatre Cezanne hailed a taxi for, rain was sheeting down. "I'll drive you home," he said. "No," she begged, "drive me to Wessex Gardens. I want to see Garner Owen. It is urgent, Paul."

The taxi took them there. Garner Owen was at home. Cezanne stayed for a little while, talking brilliant nothings, then departed, telling Sheila he would ring her up in the morning.

Garner Owen had been studying Sheila closely, and as soon as Cezanne showed the visitor out, he said sharply, "Now, my dear young lady, what is the matter?" Her eyes sought his.

"Ah! And what then?" Sheila reached out for the amateur's hand impulsively. "Ronald," he did not scald his hand. It was a trick. He told me a deliberate lie, in order to give me my chance, he said."

Garner Owen screwed up his face and pursued his lips as he always did when uneasy in mind. "Ah, what a great actor Cezanne is—of the stage," he remarked. "I felt disgusted, a little horrified. I did not want him to do that for me. I hate a man to tell a lie. It was not fair. Am I being unjust to Paul?"

"I think not, my dear. I should not have liked it. Are you going to marry him?" Sheila shook her head and her face was pale and troubled. "No, I believed in him. He seemed such a wonderful man. I am disillusioned. I could never marry him now. Why did he do it, Ronald?"

"He has many reasons one by one. He had asked you to marry him. I have known Cezanne for many years, Sheila, and I can say without exaggeration I have never met a more selfish man. His every action is dictated by policy or self-interest."

"How could that have been so with me?" Cezanne is incorrigibly lazy. That is why he has broken so many engagements. He relies upon his personality to atone for his faults. He is an amusing companion, but he was tremendously impressed by your playing. I could see that he was attracted by you. He lives a lonely life, as selfish men mostly do. I believe he is genuinely fond of you. But he would be the last man on earth to drag a woman round the world as—luggage, shall we say?"

"Ronald—luggage!" "Garner Owen shrugged his shoulders.

"It is just a term. I suppose he was not quite satisfied that your talent would stand the acid test of performance. By pretending to scald his hand and standing down in the way he did he was able to make sure, and he knew if he married you that you were capable of earning a handsome living even if he never played again."

"How horrid. He could not be so mean." Still, there remained the inexplicable trick of the scalded hand. Sheila remembered Paul's callous indifference to the fate of Eddie Hales and sighed. "But he cannot be entirely selfish, Ronald," she said, dully. "He gave me that wonderful Guarnerius. It cost him 500 guineas."

Garner Owen got up and strode up and down the room, his hands clasped behind his back. He was staring at the carpet. Sheila watched him in surprise. Suddenly he stopped in front of her. "Secrets are secrets," he said, "but in case you should again succumb to the spell of Paul Cezanne, let me tell you something. Cezanne did not give you that violin on your twenty-first birthday and he did not buy it."

Sheila's eyes flamed. "But he made believe that he gave it to me. You must be mistaken," she said. "I am not mistaken. Cezanne had nothing to do with the gift of the violin."

Garner Owen spoke with such certainty that Sheila knew he was speaking the truth. "You did not give it to me. Neither did Mario," she said, frowning.

He spoke to the annual dinner of the National Institute of Social Sciences which presented to him a gold medal for "distinguished services rendered to humanity."

Similar medals were presented to president Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University, Mrs. Dorothy Harrison Eustis, founder of "the seeing eye," which trains dogs to guide blind persons, and William Edwin Hall, president of the Boy's Clubs of America.

J. P. Morgan Gives Advice to Bankers NEW YORK, May 7—(A.P.)—J. P. Morgan, in one of his rare public speeches, tonight presented a credo for bankers. It was: "Do your work; be honest; keep your word; help when you can; be fair."

Morgan said those were the principles on which his banking house was founded. He expressed a determination that they "shall continue to be as closely followed in the future as they have been in the past."

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It will be difficult to find a more youthful two-piece model than is patterned for today. It includes a very important shirt blouse with plaited bosom front. Note the plaits in the cool short sleeves. Plaits in the skirt, too. Cotton shantung, pique, linen, muslin, organdy, tub silks, etc., are nice mediums for the blouse with thin woolen for the skirt.

This model is stunning too, as a complete dress in crepe print for town or in pastel linen or tub silk for the country. Style No. 1746 is designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust. Size 16 requires 2 1/2 yards of 39-inch material for the blouse with 2 1/2 yards of 35-inch material for skirt with 3/4 yard of 35-inch bodice lining.

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

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PROVINCIAL CHAPTER ACTIVE EDMONTON, May 6.—(OP)—A total of 78 primary and three municipal chapters of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, are active in Alberta. Mrs. M. J. Hilton, retiring provincial secretary, told the annual provincial conference meeting here.

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