

NEWS AND VIEWS FOR WOMEN READERS

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"LIZZIE"
By ELAINE N. LECLAIRE.

The Clearys, husband and wife, were eating their supper, when Junior sat in his high chair and thumped loudly on its tray with a tablespoon.

"You might have washed the milk bottles, seems to me."

"Well, how'd I know that you wanted them washed?" Herb interrupted mildly.

"Want them washed? Well, it's quite likely that I'd return them dirty. People usually do wash milk bottles, you know."

"Well, I didn't so that's all there is to it." His tone was that, and he considered the matter finished as he helped himself to another piece of pie.

"Awful good apple pie."

But Clara's thoughts were not yet diverted from their conversation for the last twelve hours—the condition of the house when she and Junior had returned home yesterday from a week's vacation. This was the first good chance that she had had to tell her husband what she thought of things, for at breakfast she had been too sleepy, and luncheon had been a trying meal, with the baby demanding everything within his reach. But now—

"You fried steak, too?"

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed Herbert, taken by surprise. "Good-night, can't a fellow fry steak without you jawing about it?"

"Yes, but you don't need to get it all over everything. I never saw anybody make such a mess as you did on that gas range."

"Oh, for goodness sake, dry up!" He pushed back his chair. "Come to daddy, Bertie."

"I don't want that child called Bertie."

"Oh, all right." The screen door banged behind her husband and Clara rose to clear away the dishes. As she walked from dining room to kitchen, and from kitchen to pantry, to and fro, she sputtered somewhat audibly. Not even the meekest of wives desires to return to a house that was left spotlessly clean and to discover that not even the one adjective, clean, describes it any longer. Clara was not, whatever else her virtues, meek.

She put the baby to bed and then did the dishes. It had been a hard day and she hoped that Herbert would return early. When ten o'clock came she laid aside her knitting to watch out of the window for him. A dull conviction began to form itself in her mind that he was really angry and, perhaps, would stay out just to bother her. She couldn't believe it, and yet she began to get ready for bed. By 11, in spite of her anxiety, she was fast asleep, for she was tired out.

She was awakened some time later by the telephone bell. When Herbert's voice sounded over the wire she breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm in Westbridge," he said very clearly, "and won't be home for some time. What did you say?"

"Nothing," returned Clara. She mechanically answered his "Good-night." Twenty miles from home with another Lizzie! Who could it be? Why on earth should he tell her? Did he think he couldn't conceal it any longer—or what? Oh, what had happened?

Shivering, she crawled into bed and stared at the ceiling. And to think that she had scolded about steak and milk bottle, and now!

It was six o'clock when Herbert Cleary, Sr., let himself in. On tiptoe he entered his room, to find her lying awake with reddened eyes and holding a damp ball of a handkerchief in one hand.

"Hello! What's the matter?" Herbert passed in surprise.

"Are you back?"

"Sure. Why not? Say, you weren't worrying over me, were you? I told you that I was all right."

Clara looked steadily at him for a minute. "Herbert," she said in a strange tone, "who is Lizzie? Tell me the truth now."

"Yes, Lizzie. The woman that you were out with to-night while I did your dirty dishes and put your son to sleep."

"What in the world—?"

Then suddenly light came to both. "Why, you little silly!" exclaimed Herbert, leaning over to kiss his wife. "Did you think I was going off with a real flesh-and-blood Lizzie?"

"I guess I was a tired I didn't think at all," Clara murmured happily. "That was the worst scare that our old tin Lizzie ever gave me, Herb."

Very Simple.

A celebrated sculptor had been worried almost to distraction by a young fellow who had come to his studio on the pretext of giving an order and at last took an opportunity which the bore gave him of showing his displeasure.

"Tell me," the youth said impulsively, "is sculpture very difficult?"

"No," snapped the artist. "It is very simple and easy. You have only to take a block of marble and a chisel and knock off all the marble you don't want."

A Myth?

The teacher was about to give her class a lesson on some of the most famous myths and legends of the past. Before beginning, however, she thought she would ask the scholars a question or two to see what ideas they had, if any, about the subject.

"Now, can anyone tell me what a myth is?" she asked.

A solitary hand was raised, and a little voice exclaimed: "Please, miss, it's a female moth."

MARRIAGES IN EGYPT.

Many Brides Are Only Ten Years Old.

Egypt is a land of early marriages. Many of the brides are little more than ten years of age and very few are unmarried at sixteen.

Egyptian bachelors are rare, for public opinion considers it irreputable for a man to remain single once he has reached the marrying age.

The actual ceremony is simplicity itself. It is performed before two witnesses by a kfi—that is, one who recites the Koran.

The husband never sees his wife-to-be before the wedding night, all matters, including that of the dowry, being arranged for him.

Where the bride is a woman who has not previously been married, there are great festivities, which, in the case of the upper classes, may last for as many as seven days and nights. These rejoicings are timed to end on the eve of either Friday or Monday.

The bride is then conveyed in procession to the bridegroom's house, accompanied by her female friends, musicians, and entertainers of various kinds.

The Mohammedan religion allows a man four wives, but the majority of Egyptians do not take advantage of it and are content with one.

Women are regarded as strictly inferior in households where the old customs are still in vogue. They do not sit in the presence of their lord, but attend him at his meals. The mother is the only woman who enjoys anything approaching equality, although true companionship between husband and wife exists in certain circumstances.

Divorce is an easy matter. The husband has but to say, "Thou art divorced," and when this is repeated three times the separation is complete and the dowry returned.

Egyptian men exhibit a great liking for European women. Not only do they believe that marriages with them heightens their prestige, but they also know that the white wife retains her beauty and charm much longer than the Egyptian, who is past her beauty at twenty.

The European woman, however, by the act of marrying a Mohammedan is held to have embraced the Moslem faith and must be ready to accept the position of inferiority which women hold under that religion.

Roosevelt's Big Stick.

Not all of the world's most interesting relics find their way into a museum. Theodore Roosevelt's big stick stands in the corner of a very humble little home in Washington, D.C.; a heavy hickory cane, with a star in one end, gift of the Grid-Iron Club of California to President Roosevelt, now the prized possession of James Bailey, colored, footman for one of Washington's department stores.

An ordinary workday became a famous one in the Bailey family when, on a morning in March, 1908, three days before the president retired from office, his secretary took the big stick down to James at his work and presented it to him, together with an autographed picture of Mrs. Roosevelt.

There was no dramatic incident for which James was rewarded. It was just as James says, "for my service here and for looking after the children while Mrs. Roosevelt shopped."

When the day is over and it is time for James to go home he can frequently be seen shouldering the big stick. He gives the trophy no chance to collect the dust. He uses it, as did his predecessor before him.

Once a Blacksmith.

One of the most remarkable personalities who achieved fame as a result of the war is Dr. Masaryk, first president of the Republic of Czechoslovakia.

This simple, though dignified, statesman, who visited London recently, began his career as a blacksmith's assistant. His desire for knowledge led him to spend all his spare time in learning and in assisting the village schoolmaster, so that by 1882 he had taken his doctor's degree at Prague University.

He was elected president of the new Republic in 1918, and soon proved himself a strong leader. When agitators planned a coup d'etat against him, he met them and said: "Well, you want to govern, so we will have a trial of forces when we have agreed upon the weapon. It is either the rifle or negotiations." They chose negotiations, with the result that Dr. Masaryk was more firmly established than ever.

Touareg Women Fair.

The Touaregs who live in the Hoggar mountains in the Sahara are an interesting people. They live under large tents of skins; they are divided into nobles and commoners, and their manual labor is performed by blacks, formerly slaves, but who were liberated when the French occupied the territory. The religion practiced by the Touaregs is Islamic, but does not follow closely Islamic rites and customs. Women play a prominent role in the administration of the affairs of the country and home. Women are not veiled. Their skins are fair and they often have beautiful features.

In marked contrast with strictly Mohammedan communities, Touareg women are allowed to receive visitors in the absence of their husbands.

An Old Family Vault.

In the valley of Johoshapat, sometimes called the Valley of the Kedron, between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives, three chambers and a family vault were accidentally discovered by an Arab while digging. The contents of the chambers and the vault contained nineteen ossuaries, and is inscribed with Hebrew characters. It is supposed to have belonged to a priestly family. The names Joshebean, Imma, Shelomzion, Elieser and Shimeob have been deciphered, together with epigraphical evidence to indicate that the vault dates from a late Biblical and Maccabean period.

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Tooth Tell Age of Sheep.
A lamb has eight small first-teeth on the lower jaw. When the animal reaches the age of about one year, the middle pair are replaced by two permanent teeth; at the age of about two, the teeth on either side of these permanent teeth, are also replaced by a permanent pair; at the age of three, the next tooth on either side gives way to a permanent tooth; and at about the age of four, the last or back teeth are replaced in like manner.

Sheep with one pair of permanent teeth is a yearling; a sheep with two pairs is a two-year-old; with three pairs, a three-year-old; with four pairs, a four-year-old. After a sheep is four years old, one cannot tell by the teeth about the age. However, one who is purchasing a sheep should see to it that it has not lost any teeth, or that the teeth have not become long and shoe-peggy in appearance.

The noontide sun is dark and music discord when the heart is low.

Preservation of the Binder.
With some men the grain binder is ready for the scrap heap in five years, with other farmers it will last thirty years. A canvas cover large enough to protect the machine from sun and rain should be part of the grain binder equipment. At the close of the harvest season the harvester should be cleaned thoroughly and all moving parts oiled. The needle and guide through which the twine travels should be greased. The knife should be taken out, dried and wiped over with a cloth soaked in oil, and then put away. The canvas conveyors should be thoroughly dried, rolled up and put away in dry storage. The binder should be packed away in the barn or implement shed out of the way. Do not let the chickens use it as a hen roost. A few poles would be cheaper and would serve the hens just as well.—L. Stevenson, O. A. C., Guelph.

A fine woman can do without fine clothes.

"Oh!! Goody!"

Serve them to the little ones with Butter, Milk or Jam.

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