

Cynthia Grey and EVERY WOMAN'S Page

Three Modish Hats From Local Stores
Photographed by The London Advertiser



[BY "THE GOSSIP"]

Probably no other feature of midday's outfit is so important as her headgear. It should form the crowning glory of her love-locks, whether they be golden, auburn, brown, or black. A becoming hat lends a piquant charm to the face underneath, even as a picture is beautified by a well-chosen frame, and there is nothing more pleasing to the eye than to see a well-groomed woman, arrayed in a neatly fitting costume, surmounted by a smart hat, tastefully trimmed.

The Spring and Summer styles with their accompanying galaxy of flowers, ribbons, and filmy chiffons, are always welcome. They appear to predict the coming of kinder and frosts of them, when the chilly and frosts of the winter have been supplanted by the rainy breezes of the spring months.

No millinery openings of recent years have shown more pleasing effects than the hats exhibited in this season. The accompanying illustrations are of styles from the show-rooms of Smallman & Ingram, R. J. Young & Co., and Gray & Parker.

They were photographed especially for The Advertiser, and the benefit of its readers, in the studio of Mr. J. Sanders, Richmond street. The young ladies shown in the pictures are members of the respective staffs of the three stores.

In purchasing a hat the particular woman always delights to obtain one that "everybody" cannot copy. It is worth while, indeed, to exercise care in the selection of headgear in order to secure exclusiveness in style. Just such a model is that shown in the illustration in the upper left hand corner, from the workrooms of Smallman & Ingram. It is a distinctive character in this hat. An imported Parisian shape, it is a blocked model of the best Milan straw, and is guaranteed not to lose its shape. It forms a charming outline for the face beneath. The brim is encircled by a multitude of tiny forget-me-nots—heads of them, in black and white velvet, with a tiny heart of gold, pressing against each other in orderly confusion, just as nature delights to sprinkle them in the grass. The huge knot which adorns the hat is of black taffeta ribbon, bordered, with cerise, forming fancy plects along the edge. The entire effect is most pleasing. The price is \$30.

The second sketch shows the handiwork of an expert in the employ of R. J. Young & Co. One almost expects to see the bright face of Gaby Desly's peeping from underneath the brim of this distinguished model. It smacks of the Champs de Elysees in Paris. A glimpse into some of the fashionable cafes and restaurants along the main boulevards of that city, would doubtless reveal several hats of this type upon the heads of fair Parisiennes. It is, in fact, an imported model of the Macrame direct from Paris. Black Milan straw of the finest quality forms the base, which curves in graceful lines about the face and droops almost to the shoulders. The crown is of a soft, downy material, also of straw, in a creamy white tint. This turns up just a bit on the outside brim, and lends a softening touch to the general effect. The large willow panes, of English production, are two beauties, and add a sweeping dignity to the model that requires no further trimming. Yet, in all its simplicity the hat is charmingly regal. The price is \$32.

A most elegant dress hat, and one that combines utility with beauty, is seen in the lower illustration. Messrs. Gray & Parker should congratulate themselves upon the artistic skill that has produced such an attractive creation. Twelve dollars is the price of this hat, and Milan straw in black, with a somewhat rolling brim, was used in its construction. The under-edge is faced with rich, cream-colored Macrame insertion, three inches in width. Around the front of the crown, and extending over towards the left side, a wide, soft fold of bright orange-hued silk forms a decorative touch. The light of carriages back and forth through the Macrame insertion partially veils the silk, and both factors in color from copper under a twining wreath of erysanthemums. Fine, ragged-edged "mums" they are, and a romantic atmosphere clinging to this picture to a deep crimson, with harmonizing foliage. Somehow, there's a romantic atmosphere clinging to this picture that one cannot resist. It conjures up visions of sunny gardens and lawns, where charming women, and handsome men congregate at the tea hour.

CYNTHIA'S CHAUFFEUR

[BY LOUIS TRACY.]

"Don't tell Cynthia," he said brokenly. "She must never know. Ah, if I hadn't slipped I would have quieted his viperish tongue. But Cynthia must not know."

"Oh, my dear, my dear, Cynthia does know! It is you who know not. Kind heaven, let him live! Grant that I may tell him all that I know!"

She could not help it. The words welled forth of their own accord, but the nurse touched her arm gently.

"It is a little fever," she whispered, "and ready spring soon it will pass, and all sleep, and when he awakes, it will be permissible that you should speak to him."

It was permissible. The age of Cynthia had passed for those two, and the experienced doctor marvelled at the strength of a man who at a o'clock in the morning could have a sword driven through the tissues in perilous proximity to the right lung, and yet, at a o'clock that same night, was able to announce an unaltered decision the next day. That, of course, was a pleasing fiction intended for Cynthia's benefit. It served its purpose admirably. This kindly nurse displayed an unexpected firmness in leading her to her own room, there to eat and sleep.

For Cynthia had an ordeal to face. Many things had been said in the past, during that march to Folkestone, and on board the steamer which ferried Dale and herself to Boulogne she had wrung from the taciturn chauffeur a full, true, and particular account of Medenham's family, and his doings throughout the past year. This kindly nurse knew or guessed. By the time they reached Boulogne she had made up her mind with a characteristic decision. One long telegram to her father, another to Lord Falkholme, caused heart-burning and dismay not only to her father, another to Lord Falkholme, and two tearful women—Lady St. Maur and Mrs. Leland—met at Charing Cross by special train and steamer. Another woman telegraphed from Shropshire saying that baby was better, and that she would follow by the first steamer on Sun-

day. Mrs. Devar did not await developments. She fled, dinnerless, to some bower in Baywater.

These alarms and excursions were accompanied by the ringing of telephones and the flight of carriages back and forth through London, and Cynthia was called on to deal with a whole host of telegrams which demanded replies either to Dover or to Scotland Towers in Shropshire.

With a man like Vanrenen at one end, however, and a woman like his daughter at the other, it might be fairly assumed that even the most complex skein of circumstances might be resolved from its tangle. As a matter of course, coincidence, the vessel which carried Marjory to England passed in mid-channel the sister ship conveying the grief-stricken party of relatives to France. It happened, too, that the clouds from the Atlantic elected to hover over Britain rather than France, and when Cynthia stood on the quay to meet the incoming steamer, a burst of sunshine from the east gave promise of a fine if somewhat blustery day.

Five pairs of eyes sought her face anxiously while the vessel was warping to the quay opposite the Gare Maritime. They looked there for tidings, and they were not disappointed.

"That's all right," said Vanrenen, with an unenvied hushiness in his voice. "Cynthia would not smile if she hadn't good news."

"Thank God for that!" muttered the Earl, bending his head to examine a land-lord's ticket, the clear type of which he was utterly unable to read.

"Cynthia would not smile if she hadn't good news," cried the Frenchman could kill George," cried Scarland cheerfully.

But the two women said nothing, could see nothing, and the white-faced but smiling Cynthia standing near the shore end of the gangway had vanished in a sudden mist.

Of course, Marjory was right when she foresaw that Vanrenen could not meet either Medenham or any of his relatives for five minutes without his "poor little cobweb of intrigue" being dissipated once and for ever.

With the marvellous insight that every woman possesses when dealing with the affairs of the man she loves, Cynthia combined the eloquence of an orator with the practiced skill of a clever lawyer in

revealing each turn and twist of the toll which had enveloped her since that day in Paris when her father happened to suggest in Marjory's hearing that she might like his hired car for a tour in England, while he concluded the business that was detaining him in the French capital. Nothing escaped her; she unravelled every knot. Medenham's few broken words, supplemented by the letter to his brother-in-law which he told her to take from Dale, threw light on all the dark places.

But the gloom had fled. It was a keenly interested, almost light-hearted, little party that walked through the sunshine to the Hotel de la Plage.

Dale, abashed, sheepish, yet oddly content, met the Earl of Falkholme later in the day; his lordship, who had been pinning his ears for someone to pitch into addressed him sternly.

"This is a nice game you've been playing," he said. "I always thought you were a man of steady habits, a little given to horse-racing, perhaps, but otherwise a decent member of the community."

"So I was, before I met Viscount Medenham, my lord," was the daring answer. For Dale was no fool, and he had since seen how certain apparently hostile forces had adapted themselves to new conditions.

"Before you left him, you mean?" the Earl growled. "What sort of sense was there in letting him fight a duel?"

"Yes, my lord, but I never suspected a word of it till he went off in the cab with them."

The Earl held up a warning finger. "Hush!" he said. "This is France, remember, and you are the foreigner here. Where is my son's car?"

"Well, you had better cross by an early boat tomorrow and bring it here. You understand all the preliminaries, I suppose?" Find out from the customs people what deposit is necessary and come to me for the money."

So it happened that when Medenham was able to take his first drive in the open air, the Mercury awaited him at the door of the hotel. It positively sparkled in the sunlight; never was a car more spick and span. The brasswork, each cylinder was rhythmic, and a microscope would not have revealed a speck of dust on body or upholstery.

On a day in July—for everybody agreed that not even a marriage should be allowed to interfere with the Scottish festival at St. Grouse—that same shining Mercury

Women's Work In the City and Elsewhere

A lady who takes a very practical interest in missionary work has recently returned from India taken in the interest of a prominent missionary society. In an address given before a number of ladies in this city, she possibly to learn the ages of native women and children, as they do not keep a record of the years. If one asks a mother how old her child is she will reply that it is next to impossible at the time of the big flood—not the last flood, but the second one after the first. Or if it is her own age that has been asked for a woman will probably tell one that she is not sure, but thinks she was born 'about the time of the great famine—not the first famine, but the one which came before the one before the last famine."

The Duchess of Comaught has consented to become the patroness of the auxiliary to the Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, whose Dominion headquarters are in Toronto.

The Women's Teachers' Guild of this city appointed a franchise committee recently, whose work is to make a study of the problems, aims, and advancement of women, the world over.

Dr. Mary E. Walker, the eccentric woman who has worn naught but men's clothing for at least half a century, was rendered highly indignant this week when the authorities in a New York hospital forced her to don a lady night frock while there. Some days ago Dr. Walker was taken ill in New York, and was at once conveyed to the Presbyterian Hospital, that city. She was at first too weak to resist being clothed in the garments of her sex, but at the earliest possible moment she left her room, and donned her frock coat and trousers, despite the protests of those in charge. Dr. Walker is now attending to her own case, and disdains to accept the services of a man physician.

Feminine Frivols

One of the latest fashion fads is to have your sweetheart's photograph mounted upon a diamond on the left hand. The high-priced manicurists are favoring the new idea, and after applying the photograph they coat it over with a shellac-like liquid, burning off the hair and leaving the photograph's likeness upon the finger, encircled by the engagement ring.

Some of the blue serge coats are made with loops at the waistline, through which a patent leather belt is passed. A stylish model seen recently had collar and cuffs of white serge, trimmed with three rows of narrow braid in dark blue.

With the tonneau decorously cased in glass for the hour, drew up at the edge of a red carpet laid down from the square porch of St. George's, Hanover Square, and Dale turned a grinning face to the doorway when Viscount Medenham led his bride down the steps through a shower of rice and good wishes.

"I received a letter from this morning's post, a heap of other-people's news, but you and I have time to go through them; but this one caught my attention, and I read it while I was dressing."

"My dear Viscount—Of course, I mean to kill you, but fate decided otherwise. Indeed, with my usual candor, which by this time you have learned to admire, I may add that only the angel of death could have killed you. But that is ancient history."

"I am glad to hear that your wound was not really serious. There was no need to be so cruel to me—my only chance lay in procuring your untimely demise. Having failed, however, I tell you, with the utmost sincerity, that I never had the slightest intention of carrying out my abominable threat in regard to the hair which is now Viscount's."

"This piece of information is my wedding present; it is all I can give, because I am, as you see, domiciled in Paris, where my car is attached to an omnibus, and I am, as you see, a sharp-eyed for a well-favored and well-mannered man to snap up upon my very nose."

"With a thousand compliments, I am, yours very sincerely,"

"EDOUARD MARJORY."

"P. S.—Devar went straight to the United States, he heard of our affair. He thought it was all up with you, and with him."

"The wretch!" murmured Cynthia. "Can he really believe even yet that I would have married him?"

"I don't care twopenny what he believes," said Medenham, giving her a reassuring hug. "Indeed, I have a mind to write and ask him how much he owes in rent for that hotel. Don't you see, my dear, that if it had been for Marjory there was a chance that I might have left you at liberty?"

"Oh, don't!" she murmured. "I can't bear to hear of that! Sometimes, in Calais, I awoke screaming, and then I knew I was in my dear mother's arms. But I don't think much of your budget, any more. Mine is a great deal more to the point. My father told me this morning that he is sure he will feel very lonely now. He never knew what it was to be in my dear mother's place, but he will miss me so greatly—that, perhaps."

"By Jove!" cried Medenham. "That will be splendid! I like Mrs. Leland. At one time, do you know, I rather fancied she might be a good deal more to the point. I shall have to greet her as a mother-in-law. She was bound to come into the family one way or another. When it is to be so, she is to be so."

Cynthia laughed delightedly.

"Father looked so confused when I asked him, wouldn't it be a joke if Simmonds brought them to Scotland Towers one day, and they were announced by Mrs. Leland as 'Mr. and Mrs. Vanrenen'?"

"Cynthia, you know," he teased her. "I don't know, but I am a good guesser." She said, and she was.

[The End.]

"Little Darling" "Little Daisy"

Hosiery for Infants and Children

Ask Your Mother's Advice —She Knows

She will tell you that "LITTLE DARLING" and "LITTLE DAISY" Hosiery is to be depended upon—that she bought it ten years ago because it was the best children's hosiery to be had; it has steadily improved ever since.

Both brands are still made of the softest, finest Australian lambs' wool; no expense is spared where it was found possible to make improvements.

For instance, quite recently a machine was invented for looping together the toe in such a way that the seam was elastic. We immediately changed all our toe looping machinery, at a cost of thousands of dollars, to embody this new and desirable improvement.

This is typical of every process—the knitting, dyeing—and the strict examinations which every pair of hosiery undergoes.

Ask your mother's advice. Insist on either "LITTLE DARLING" or "LITTLE DAISY" Hosiery for your baby. Costs no more than inferior grades.

Colors—Sky Blue, Pink, Cardinal, Tan, Cream, and Black.

Look for the name stamped on the foot—many imitations are offered bearing similar names.

The Chipman Holton Knitting Co., Limited
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MILLS AT HAMILTON AND WELLAND, ONT.



Cynthia Grey's Correspondence

From Dear Dot.

Dear Miss Grey: As we take The Advertiser I would like you to answer a few questions for me.

1. How would you clean a pink nurse's dress when gasoline has failed?
2. Will foulard dresses be as popular this summer as last; also emblems?
3. If gasoline has not cleaned the dress properly I would advise no more attempts. It will pay you to have the frock cleaned by a professional restorer.
4. Of what studies should those with a floral border design, will be much worn and embroidery dresses, too, will be in favor, particularly for misses and young women.

A Series of Queries.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. Will you please suggest a way to restore the natural color to light blue panne velvet? It is somewhat faded.

2. Do lady telegraph operators seem to be in demand? Do capable ones get good pay?

3. What style of window curtains would be nice for large front room windows? I do not want expensive ones.

4. Of what studies does a commercial course consist?
5. What is good for dry lips? They are very red, but so dry as to be uncomfortable.

6. Is there an exercise which will reduce the flesh from the lower part of the hips?
7. Are we supposed to submit questions concerning health and beauty to Mrs. Mac Martin? Thanking you, M. Z.

A-1. An authority says that to sponge faded velvet with chloroform, the original color will be at least partially restored. I think the experimenter would be worth trying. Be careful to use the chloroform in a cold place, and avoid the fumes as much as possible, as they are quite disagreeable.

2. Telegraph operators are in great demand at present, irrespective of sex, especially in Canada. West. A lady operator would be paid according to her ability, salaries running from \$50 to \$75 per month.

3. Stores are now showing dainty scrims in white and cream, with pretty colored borders. The material is not at all expensive.

4. Bookkeeping, typewriting, stenography, writing and rapid calculation are subjects covered by most business schools.

5. Make up this recipe yourself, and use a little several times a day. Lard, 1 ounce; white wax, 1/4 ounce; alkanet root, 1 dessertspoonful. Melt together and strain, then add oil of rose, 6 drops.

6. These exercises are recommended as being helpful: (1) bring the knee to the chest, remaining as nearly erect as possible; practice in alternate motion; (2) place the hands on the hips, with the shoulders well back; raise the leg with knee flexed, then drop.

7. AN UNDECIDED GIRL.
A. Take the one that you love the best. The supreme test of love is not to die for it, but to live for it. In suffering, in poverty, in discomfort, without hope of any reward save the sweetness of being in the service of the loved one. This is love—true love.

Regarding Patterns

The Advertiser regrets that there has been a little dissatisfaction lately in regard to the filling of pattern orders. If any subscriber has failed to receive the proper pattern, kindly communicate with this office at once, and money will be promptly refunded.

A Silk Shirt.



This shirt is put on over the head as the opening at the neck extends only as far as the buttons are shown. White silk with blue stripes is the material. The cuffs button closely around the wrists, and the collar buttons in the back. The turnover collar and cuffs are of a plain blue, matching the stripe, and a darker blue velvet bow is worn.

From all indications this will be a very popular garment during the spring and summer.

Coarse bronze straw is sometimes fashioned into a smart turban, trimming being of chamelion taffeta, and a novelty galloon mounting.



Bowel Troubles of Babies
Common sense and Nature's Food will bring any baby through the dreaded "first year" in health and strength.
Nature's Milk Food prevents bowel troubles. It is a perfectly balanced food—and an easily digested food—true milk diet—absolutely free of starch—and richer than cow's milk.

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It is always the same, and is not affected by the weather. You can depend upon it and make it baby's only food from birth. Neave's Milk Food is sold in strictest confidence by all druggists in Canada. FREE TO MOTHERS—Write today for (free) guide. Neave's Milk Food and copy of our book "Hints About Baby," to the
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