

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by HELENE.

There was happy anticipation of the snowshoeing, tobogganing and skating days to come when we looked out on our snow-covered city last Sunday morning. It was the advent of the first snowstorm of the season; for, to call the little snow flurries we have had so far by any other name would be a misnomer. Old Mount Royal took to her change of raiment with as much grace as when she put on her verdure; and were not the pleasures we have enjoyed tramping and tobogganing over her rugged sides ever present with us, we would regret to see her majestic defiance set at naught, if we can so express it, and submit to the stern edict of the snow king. The harshness has gone from wayside and hedge; all disfiguring angles laid bare of summer foliage by the northern blasts of autumn, foretelling of decay, have been gently covered with the downy mantle of winter, and all nature is taking repose.

FASHIONS.

Morning gowns made shapely and attractive without sacrificing comfort are always desirable and this season are shown in an exceptional number of effective designs. A very graceful model is made in shirt waist style and is fitted at the back by means of tucks extending to yoke depth only. It is made of leather colored chaille dotted with brown, and is combined with collar and cuffs of plain brown finished with braid, but innumerable materials are correct, and the color must be chosen to suit the individual taste.

Fancy silks, in plaids, stripes and figures, are all greatly in vogue for odd waists and are exceedingly effective worn with the fashionable skirts and suits. An exceptionally smart one is made of chiffon taffeta, in green and blue, combined with collar and cuffs of plain green trimmed with Oriental embroidery. At the neck is a turn-over collar of white which is worn with a harmonizing tie. It is closed invisibly beneath a box plait at the front and is suited to various materials and combinations.

Simple little frocks, with skirts and body portions in one, suit little girls admirably well and are eminently fashionable. A peculiarly attractive one can be made with slightly open square neck, or be rendered thigh by the addition of shield and standing collar; it may also have full length double sleeves or outer ones in half length only.

Box plaited dresses suit young girls admirably well, and are among the most becoming of all styles. A particularly smart one includes a yoke which is outlined by a circular bertha, that gives the broad shoulder effect which always is becoming, and just now is eminently fashionable.

Tucked coats worn with belts that confine them at the back and sides are exceedingly becoming to young girls and are among the latest and most attractive models shown.

Skirts that clear the ground and render walking comfortable, at the same time that they are hygienic, appear to gain adherents week by week and month by month, until it is fair to say that no other sort is quite correct for the costumes of general wear.

Full waists that are shirred and draped to form soft and graceful folds are among the latest features of fashion and are exceedingly attractive in the many pliable materials of the season.

Skirts that are plaited below a smooth fitting yoke are among the smartest of all smart things for the coming season, and will be worn for all street costumes.

The vest effect has extended even to the shirt waist and is to be found in many of the latest and most attractive models.

Norfolk coats always possess a certain smartness and are much to be desired for runabout suits and jackets.

Long coats made loose and ample and with wide sleeves are better suited to young children than any other sort and are much in vogue.

Lingerie waists are worn at all seasons. Provide a high-necked silk underwaist, or corset cover, to wear under them and hide the necessary warm clothing. Nothing looks in worse form than a transparent waist exposing the unprotected flesh underneath, in the inclement weather. Many women wear heavy linen waists in the house all winter, protecting

themselves by warm underwaists. This is a cleanly fashion. The heavy vestings are not entirely satisfactory as they do not launder well, while the heavy linen waists are new after each washing.

TIMELY HINTS.

It is said the eyebrows will become much thicker if a little common salt is rubbed into them.

Have all the plumbing painted well with white enamel, not only for sanitary reasons, but to lighten the work of the housekeeper.

If a paper bag is slipped over the hand before the cloth or brush is taken to clean the stove, the fingertips and nails will be saved contact with the grime.

Oilcloth tacked across the bottom of a screen door will strengthen the netting and prevent rain beating in.

Pongee silk to be successfully laundered must be hung on the line without wringing the water out, and allowed to thoroughly dry. Press with a moderately warm iron without sprinkling.

A poultice of finely scraped garden beets is well recommended for cuts with glass or wounds from rusty iron. It should be frequently renewed in order to keep the wound moist for several hours.

A correspondent suggests a use for old denim—either overalls or that which has seen service on the stairs—by braiding into rugs for use in the kitchen. The denim should be washed before cut.

Save all fruit stones during the stay at the summer cottage, drying them thoroughly and during cool or rainy days put a hand on the fire occasionally for the bright flame and pleasant odor they will give.

A safe remedy to exterminate roaches is equal parts of powdered sugar and borax thickly sprinkled on ledges, behind pipes and in crevices every night. In apartment houses every scrap of loose wall paper should be torn off and burned to destroy the eggs.

Once in ten days thoroughly wash the carpet broom in hot soapsuds, shake till nearly dry and hang where the straw will dry quickly, not only will the broom last longer, but it will clean carpets better.

Javelle water, so popular a bleaching agent with our grandmothers, is made by pouring one quart of cold water over one-quarter of a pound of chloride of lime, stir with a stick thoroughly, allow to settle, then pour off the clear liquid into a pitcher. Dissolve two ounces of washing soda in one pint of boiling water and when cold pour off the top adding it to the other liquid. Keep in glass stoppered bottles.

Salt is not only a good disinfectant externally, but it is often taken in cases of poisoning. A handful of salt dissolved in water will generally be sufficient to induce the vomiting always necessary after swallowing a poison. It should, of course, be given immediately.

When baking bread, do not let the pans touch each other or touch the sides of the oven. If they do, the bread will rise unevenly.

Water in which potatoes have been boiled is very effective in keeping silver bright. It can be boiled for use, and if required to be kept a long time a tenth part of methylated spirits will do this.

Keep a separate saucepan for cooking all green vegetables, etc.; do not allow it to be used for stews, etc. For no food material absorbs flavor more quickly than green vegetables.

New irons should be rubbed with fine emery paper, and, if possible, heated and rubbed several times before being used.

FENELON'S ADVICE TO GIRLS.

We have made the following selections from the booklet, "Fragments from Fenelon Concerning Education," with an introduction by Charles Dudley Warner, who writes: "The present volume of selections is taken from Fenelon's first work, *Traite de l'Education des Filles*, and one of his most famous. The time is opportune, for such clear and wholesome counsel on the education of young girls. The problems that we have now in education are more intensified than they were in Fenelon's time, but the reader will be struck with the modern tone of this volume, and its applicability to our situation. The translation has been made with fidelity and the selections joined into an essay in excellent taste."

Archbishop Fenelon, it is hardly necessary to say, was one of the most celebrated prelates in the intellectual and ecclesiastical history of France. He writes:

It certainly needs more genius to practice economy and govern a family wisely—small republic that it is—than to practice the little niceties of social intercourse, or talk about the fashions.

I would have young girls note the simplicity and grace of the statues of Roman and Grecian women; how the hair tied simply behind, their long, floating draperies is both pleasing and majestic.

Without doubt it shows a better spirit to be willing to seem unpolished rather than to be too particular about unimportant things. Such fussiness, if not repressed in women, is more dangerous to conversation than to anything else.

Act in regard to cleanliness as to economy. Never allow anything to be dirty; train girls to notice the slightest disorder in the house and never allow anything to be out of place. This rule does not seem very important, yet if kept would show great results.

Educated women, occupied with serious affairs, have ordinarily moderate curiosity; that which they already know gives them a contempt for matters not worth knowing; they see the uselessness and absurdity of most things which narrow-minded people are eager to investigate.

A girl might be allowed to attempt something which she, through inexperience, would surely fail to accomplish, so that she could avoid similar errors in the future; at the same time encourage her by confessing like blunders on your own part, in that way inspiring confidence, without which education is but a tiresome formality.

Nothing is to be more feared than vanity in girls. They are born with a strong desire to please. The roads which lead men to authority and glory being closed to them, they seek to compensate themselves by charms of mind and body; hence their sweet and suggestive speech, their desire for great beauty, and external grace, and their passionate love of adornment.

Endeavor to make girls learn that the honor and praise given to good conduct and real ability are much more desirable than that drawn out by one's hair or one's clothes. Beauty, you may say, is much more dangerous to those who possess it than to those whom it fascinates; it disturbs, it fascinates the soul; one is often more foolishly fond of one's self than the most passionate lover is of the woman he adores. There are but a few years' difference between the woman who is handsome and one who is so no longer. Beauty may become a disadvantage if not joined to wisdom, modesty, and virtue in a girl that will attract men of superior mind, otherwise she may marry some young fool who will surely make her unhappy.

RECIPES.

Pumpkin Chips.—Cut the pumpkin into lengthwise strips about two inches wide; peel, then slice each strip into chips about the thickness of a dollar. Grate nine fine lemons, saving the gratings. Squeeze the juice and boil the lemon rinds until quite tender. Weigh six pounds of sugar for the same weight of pumpkin; at night sprinkle half the sugar over the chips and over that pour the lemon juice. Next morning put into the kettle with rest of the sugar and lemon rinds sliced. Add about one cup of water. When half done put in the gratings of the lemons and boil until clear.

Tomato Sorbet.—Cook enough tomatoes to make a pint, add a-cupful of water, a tablespoonful of lemon juice in which has been soaked a teaspoonful of powdered mint leaves, two tablespoonful of sugar, then boil slowly for ten minutes; strain, stir in a teaspoonful of minced candied lemon peel, also one of candied ginger and a tablespoonful of Maraschino and just before freezing add the beaten whites of two eggs. Freeze until of mush-like consistency and serve in tiny cups of crystal on crystal saucers.

Baked Liver.—Cut slices of liver about three-fourths of an inch thick, lay in deep dish and add one large chopped onion (to pound of liver). Sprinkle with flour, sage, pepper and salt; add a little water and bake

about one hour. Turn slices occasionally.

Green and Red Pepper Salad.—Six peppers—three red and three green—one bunch celery, one-half pound English walnuts, two large apples, one head lettuce, French dressing. Wash the peppers (cut off the tops and scoop out all the seeds), chop the tender stalks of celery with the nuts and apples, shred the tender leaves of the lettuce and mix, then fill the peppers and pour over the dressing. This makes a very delightful salad course, as well as one pleasing to the eye. Serve on lettuce leaf or paper lace doily. All green or all red peppers can be used if there is a color scheme to be carried out at a luncheon.

Chicken Pie With Oysters.—Prepare and disjoint a nice fat chicken; put in a vessel, cover with water, season highly with salt and pepper, and stew until it begins to get tender. Line the sides of a deep baking dish with a nice crust; remove the largest bones from the chicken and place a layer of meat in the crust. Dredge it with flour, then add a layer of oysters with salt, pepper and bits of butter, and so on until all are used. Pour in half the gravy and some oyster liquor. Cover with top crust and bake one hour.

Swiss Eggs.—Some slices of cheese, one cup cream, one teaspoonful mustard, six eggs, a very little red pepper. Line a deep pie plate with thin slices of cheese; mix thoroughly the cream, mustard and red pepper; pour half the mixture into the dish, then carefully break in the eggs so they will keep their shape and pour in the rest of cream over them. Bake ten minutes. The cheese melts and thickens the cream.

HOW TO WALK.

(From the Family Doctor.)

There is no virtue in a dawdling saunter. The slow and languid dragging one foot after the other, which some people call walking, would tire an athlete; it utterly exhausts a weak person, and that is why so many delicate people think they cannot walk. To derive any benefit from the exercise it is necessary to walk with a light, elastic step, which swings the weight of the body so easily from one leg to the other that its weight is not felt, and which produces a healthy glow, showing that the sluggish blood is stirred into action in the most remote veins.

NANCY'S WOOING.

"What are you doing here, little girl? Don't you know that these are private grounds, and that you are trespassing? I shall have to have you punished!"

Kenyon Thorne spoke sternly. It was not the first time he had been annoyed by the village children wandering over his property, and the big straw hat which hid the present offender's face was one such as was much worn among them.

The hat was turned quickly upwards, revealing a small, exquisite little face, lit by a pair of wrathful grey eyes. After a moment's survey—

"I'm not a little girl!" she said with dignity. "I shall be eighteen next birthday; and I did not know I was trespassing. Are you the owner of the house? If so, don't call me a little girl again, please!"

The girl rose, shook out her crumpled skirts, and picked up the book which lay on the ground beside her; but Kenyon Thorne, lifting his hat with a slight smile, detained her.

"I beg your pardon, but I had no idea I was addressing a young lady," he said gravely. "Please forgive me!"

"Of course I will!"—faintly. "And I know I ought to have asked permission before I ventured into these beautiful woods; but they looked so lovely and cool, and it was so hot everywhere else, that—well, somehow I came"—naively.

"Need I say you may visit them as often as you please? You will meet no one here, as I am a lonely beggar myself, and see nobody from one week's end to another!"

"Thank you! I shall come very often. We are staying in the village, auntie and I"—confidentially—"and shall be here most of the summer, I suppose. Why don't you care to see people?"—suddenly.

"I don't know"—somewhat sadly, walking beside her as she made her way along the cool, green paths. "Perhaps because people don't care to see me. I am not an entertaining fellow, as I dare say you will find out, if we are fated to see more of each other, Miss—"

He hesitated, and the girl broke in quickly:

"My name is Nancy Chetwynde. And yours?"

"Mine, Kenyon Thorne. You see, Miss Chetwynde, I am not a ladies' man in the least, and my neighbors are tired of asking me to their entertainments. Besides, I am poor!"—bitterly.

"Surely they are not so mean as to mind about that?" exclaimed Nancy indignantly. "Why, if I know a person is poor, I always like him the better for it. They are more—more genuine."

Kenyon Thorne laughed. How charmingly fresh and natural she

was! And how exquisitely pretty! "Not always that, I think," he rejoined gaily. "At all events, I live the life of a hermit here; and, do you know, I haven't spoken to a lady for more than six months until today!"

"How strange!"—looking at him interestedly. "And do you like your life?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "It does very well for the present. I dare say I shall cut it all soon, and emigrate in search of my fortune. But forgive me; I ought not to bore you with my confidences. I forgot myself for the moment."

"Don't say that, please; I like to hear them," declared Nancy earnestly.

"It is good of you to confide in me. Auntie always treats me like a child, and oh, I do hate it!"

They walked on for a time in silence; then Kenyon asked:

"May I not call on your aunt? I should not like our acquaintance to drop as suddenly as it began."

"I am sure auntie would be glad to see you; she always likes anyone I like"—innocently. "We have taken Rose Cottage—you know it?"

"Perfectly. Then may I come to-morrow afternoon?"

"If you wish. And are you really not angry with me for trespassing?"

"On the contrary, I can never thank you sufficiently."

"Ah, here we are at the gate, so I must say good-bye!"—holding out her hand frankly. "Don't forget to come to-morrow."

Kenyon Thorne stood motionless until long after her figure had passed from sight, a strange new gleam in his grave, handsome eyes; then, rousing himself with a sigh, lit a cigar and strolled back the way he had come.

The following afternoon he repaired to Rose Cottage, and, being shown into the tiny drawing-room, a gentle, white-haired old lady rose to greet him. Nancy, seated so near where in the background, came forward quickly.

"Auntie, dear, this is Mr. Thorne. Mr. Thorne, my aunt, Mrs. Chetwynde."

At first the old lady seemed inclined to regard him with suspicion, but gradually her reserve melted under Kenyon's courteous treatment, and he left the cottage at length with a warm invitation from her to join them whenever he wished.

Nancy, regardless of a gentle frown from Mrs. Chetwynde, accompanied him to the gate.

"I am so glad you came!" she said softly, leaning her arms lazily upon it. "You quite cheered auntie up. She doesn't care much for the country, you know; she only came for my sake."

For no apparent reason she blushed scarlet, and Kenyon, although longing to question her, remained

(Continued on Page 7.)



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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1904.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS:
Many nice letters are glad you really enjoy the now that the cold weather is considerably. They are it is so easy to scatter they soon become accustomed tapping at the window crumbs on the ledge as have had experiences in

Dear Aunt Becky:
I am a little boy of seven going to school every day roads are very bad now, live a long way from the have a little black pony, papa and mamma and I am driving every Sunday. I am a blacksmith, and I should like to watch the horses. I like to watch some of them are very handsome. This is my first letter, and mamma will like to see next week's paper. So good-bye.
Your little friend
Prince Edward Island.

Dear Aunt Becky:
I hope you are enjoying health such very cold weather rained last night and the snow is very muddy. Forty hours of snow commences to-morrow. I help mamma quilt I am making a quilt. I wish soon come for it is fun sliding on the ice. I will longer next week. Good-bye.
LIZ
Granby, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:
Having a few minutes to spare I would write you. My brother has been very sick a little better to-day. Joe, who is going to school, came out on Saturday and went back on Monday. We were so pleased to see him so glad this morning when snowing, thinking we would sleighing. Aunt Becky, do go sleigh riding? Isn't it weather has been very fine fall. Wishing you the best health.
I remain, yours truly,
Granby, Que.

Dear Aunt Becky:
My grandma takes the Times and I enjoy reading the news I am eleven years old. My father died when I was eight and she left a little baby weeks old, and Katie and I grandma. There are ten in my family, two boys and eight girls. My baby's name is Eugene. He took him and brought him home he is a fine boy now. He was years old in October. He has long curls, but we have them off in the summer—the weather was so warm. I live in the country and it is a very pretty place here. Well, I guess I will stop this time, hoping to see you soon.
Your loving friend,
EUGENE
Pugwash, N.S.

Dear Aunt Becky:
As I have not written to you I thought I would write and how interested I am in the girls' page. I am twelve years old I go to school every day I have one mile to walk, and winter it is quite cold and goes steadily. We study spelling, arithmetic, nature, geography and music. I have a teacher, her name is Miss She is not one bit cross, and my catechism at home, and my first Communion in the church. My brother is an altar boy, a good boy he is. He does not like the taste of liquor, but the pledge when he was twelve he will take it for life. Nellie works in a tailor's shop my second sister in age keeps with the four little ones, and with grandma. My papa is a painter. Well, Aunt Becky, I will close, as my sister Edith is going to write. Good-bye.
From your little friend
KATHERINE
THE ENGINEER CLUB
"Yes, indeed, we have seen little incidents happen to us the fat engineer." "A queer