Cynthia Grey's Answers
Helps for Every Woman
Follow the Bill-o'-Fare

A PAGE FOR WOMEN

Daily Tea Table Talk
Letters by Billie Burke
Stories for Children

Billie Burke, in Paris, Finds the French Girl Is Innocent as a Baby and as Quietly Dressed

BY BILLIE BURKE.

The Ritz-Carlton, Paris, Aug. 1.—The French mother is always scandalized at the liberty given the young girl of America.

Until she is married the "jeune fille" is supposed to know nothing of life.

Innocence is the one great charm that the Frenchman asks in the girl he is to marry, and "innocence" is only lack of knowledge, you know!

Consequently the "jeune fille" must assume the virtue if she has it not.

Personally, I have never considered innocence a virtue. Many persons confuse it with purity, from which it differs greatly. For the pure have knowledge and strength to resist, and the innocent do not know what they might do under temptation.

The Young Girl in France Indulges in No Eccentricities of Fashion.

The Frenchman, however, does not confuse innocence and purity. HE literally does not want the woman he marries to have any knowledge of life and its responsibilities. But he seemly wants her to acquire it immediately she marries him!

This is the reason why young girls in France are never allowed to read the great French novels nor see the great Frnch plays.

The young girl does NOT go into society, except to certain functions with her mother or other chaperon.

When you see her at her mother's "at home day" she sits quietly and you seldom hear a word, except "oui" or "non" when she answers some "perfectly good" question asked her by her mother.

You will see no eccentricities of fashion on the young girl of good family, and I think perhaps that is the reason why so many of our overdressed girls who travel complain of insults from Frenchmen.

Of course, American girls are prettier than French girls, for the American girl has intelligence in her face and, thank the fates, we are getting to know that women cannot be beautiful unless they have mental fascination and spiritual charm, as well as physical beauty.

The pictures I am sending you are of the very latest gowns worn by the young girls in the best French families, and truly they are as chic as they are modest. American girls under 20 would do well to copy these styles.

There is also another thing in the young Parisienne's favor. Every French woman of good society knows HOW TO WEAR her clothes. It is one of the first things taught little girls—and one they retain until the last.

Notice the grace of the "new" carriage as the French girl practices it and contrasts it with that which may be seen on Fifth avenue and Broadway.

PROBLEMS OF THE FAIR SEX SOLVED BY CYNTHIA GREY

[Correspondents are requested to make their inquiries as brief as possible, and to write on one side of the paper only. It is impossible to give replies within a stated time, as all letters have to be answered in turn. No letters can be answered privately.]

Her Skin Is Shiny.

Dear Miss Grey: Will you please answer the following:

What will keep the skin from getting shiny I have used good talcums, and face powders, but they do not seem to stick to my skin like with some people. I also wash with good soap, and cannot understand why my face should not take the powder.

BROWN EYES.

A.—For an oily skin some have used this lotion with excellent effect: Elderflower water, three ounces; tincture of benzoin, one-half ounce. Apply after washing the face. Using bran or oatmeal water in place of soap is also an excellent thing to keep away the "shiny" look.

Has a Nickname.

Dear Miss Grey: Almost everybody calls me by a nickname. Will you kindly tell me if it would be proper to have this engraved on my calling cards? H. L. P.

A.—It is considered improper to use nicknames on calling cards. The full Christian name, as well as the surname, should be engraved.

What Should They Answer?

Dear Miss Grey: We are three young girls of 18. We do not seem to be very popular with the boys. We are considered rather nice-looking. What is the reason? when meeting a gentleman for the first time and on leaving he says, "I am glad to have met you," what should we answer? T.

A.—I am sure I really do not know why you are not popular with the boys. I think you are a bit young to be worrying about the matter. Simply answer "Thank you" when a young man says "I am glad to have met you."

The Brantford Papers.

Dear Miss Grey: Would you kindly tell me if Brantford prints a daily paper and what it is called? JUNE.

A.—There are two dallies in Brantford, the Expositor and the Courier.

The Invention of Mowers.

Dear Miss Grey: Being a farmer's daughter I am interested in mowing machines and the like. Now, can you tell me who it was that first invented a mower? I know it must have been different to the up-to-date article we have today, but I am curious to know, and if you can tell me I will be very glad. MISS FARMER.

A.—Yes, Miss Farmer Girl, they had mowing machines perhaps many years before you think possible. Away back in the first century of the Christian era Pliny the elder found a reaping machine in Gaul. He described it as a sort of van, with projecting teeth on the edge, driven on two wheels by a pair of yoked oxen. It was a rude affair, which tore off the heads of grain and leaving the straw standing.

To come down to more modern times it was in 1785 that an Englishman named Lloft devised a machine considerably superior to the one described above, and ever since that time improvements and new inventions have been added until we have the apparently perfect article of today. In 1833 one Obed Hussey, an American, invented the wave-edged knife, which was a great improvement over the old style machine.

Before Entering Normal.

Dear Miss Grey: Would you be so kind as to answer the following queries:

1. What subjects are included in the lower school examination which one must write before entering the Normal school? At what date are these held, and when must the application to write be sent to the department?
2. What causes one to bite his finger nails, and what will prevent this?
3. Can one enter either a model or a normal school before he is eighteen?
4. What do you think of my writing, letter form, and English?

Thanking you, I remain,
AN INQUIRER.

A.—1. I have consulted an authority in the matter, who tells me that the subjects to write upon are, Ancient history, British and Canadian history, algebra, geometry, literature, composition, physics or chemistry, Latin authors, Latin prose, German authors, German prose, and (optional) French authors and prose.

Application forms can be had from the principals of the various high schools in the province about the 24th of May. Examinations are held usually during the last two weeks of June, dates differing but slightly each year. When application form is filled in, $5 should be forwarded with it.

2. It is a bad habit. To cure it in children, I have heard of mothers dipping their fingers into some bitter liquid, so that when the youngsters bite the nails the bitter taste will help to break them of the habit. I think, though, that a grown person should have will power enough to stop without resorting to this means.

3. No.

4. Your penmanship and English are very good. The appearance of your letter is neat, but why not leave a little margin at the left hand side of the paper, instead of crowding the writing right to the edge?

Daily Menu

Sunday.
BREAKFAST.
Sliced Peaches. Apple Fritters.
Steamed Eggs. Light Rolls.
Coffee.

DINNER.
Roast Chicken. Browned Potatoes.
Corn Pudding. Tomato Salad.
Steamed Peach Pudding. Coffee.

SUPPER.
Cold Sliced Chicken.
Lettuce Salad. Rolls.
Currant Jelly. Tea.

Monday.
BREAKFAST.
Melons. Rice with Cream.
Fried Ham. Toast.
Coffee.

DINNER.
Irish Stew with Dumplings.
Sugared Beets. Cabbage Salad.
Custard Pie. Coffee.
SUPPER.
Potato Salad. Stuffed Eggs.
Fresh Berries. Cake.
Tea.

Gooseberry Catchup.—To every pound of the berries use one pint of vinegar and two tablespoonfuls each of pulverized mace, cloves and cinnamon. The berries should be nearly ripe. Stem and clip off the blossoms and wash thoroughly and place in a granite kettle, then mash and scald thoroughly, adding very little water if necessary to keep them from scorching.

After they are cooked, run through a sieve and return pulp to kettle and add spices and sugar enough to sweeten. Then cook twenty minutes and add the vinegar. Bottle while hot. If too thin boil down after the vinegar has been added.

Tea-Table Talk

Fire Sale a Magic Phrase.

There are, perhaps no two words in the English language that catch a woman's eye quicker in a newspaper than the magic phrase "Fire Sale," and if you are hunting for a proof of the "power of the press," just distribute a number of newspapers containing a good, live, "fire sale" advertisement amongst your feminine friends, and then be on hand the next morning to witness the result. Ten to one, not a single woman of the number will be absent in the hunt for bargains, and if you have the courage to remain in the midst of the conglomerate assemblage of women, you will be firmly convinced of the truth of the statement so frequently made, that it is the feminine sex who compose the great bargain-hunting population of this continent.

I said "If you have the courage to remain," for one lone man unless he be of gigantic proportions and unusal strength of mind, surely has a "poor show" when it comes to seizing an article which perhaps a dozen or more women are certain is just what they want. Like a straw whirling in a maelstrom, the poor, lone man is apt to be completely submerged.

* * *

Scene of Quick Action.

His troubles would, in fact, begin long before the doors of the "fire sale" place are open. Where have all the women come from? is his first thought. They are massed from the extreme edge of the sidewalk to the very doors of the building. They hug the wall for yards along the street. They peer in at the windows, and many envious glances at those in the front ranks are cast by those who arrive late. "Women, women, everywhere, but not—" another masculine human being in sight, thinks the Lone Man, except one or two small boys with their mammas, and a half a dozen or so who cling on the outskirts of the crowd anxiously hoping "sumpthin' will happen."

The Poor, Lone Man.

Just ahead of the Lone Man looms a woman of most ample proportions, her hat slightly askew. "I want to get some school shoes for Willie," she tells the little mite of a woman next to her. "Just you stick to me. I'll get you through all right," continues the fat woman, nodding her head in an endeavor to straighten her turban.

"Awful hot, isn't it?" says the little woman, fanning herself with her handkerchief, and endeavoring to keep away from the hatpin point projecting from another woman's hat.

A fresh contingent of bargain-seekers arrive, and with that cunning acquired from frequent and long practice, commence working their way to the front of the waiting crowd, despite the murmurs of rebellion from those they push to the rear. "Ain't the doors open?" asks one of them greeting an acquaintance. "Why it's almost 9 o'clock," she says in an aggrieved tone.

"Good morning, Mrs. Blank," calls another voice behind the Lone Man. "Oh, don't look at me; I'm a fright, I know. You see it was so hot I just left off my cor—" Here the speaker evidently discovers the presence of the Lone Man in the crowd, perhaps by the nudges of the women around her, and subsides into a horrified whisper. Several women around glare at him, and altogether the Lone Man feels decidedly uncomfortable and out of place. His ears burn, and just as he wonders if he can stand it any longer, a series of exclamations and a general forward movement proclaim that the doors have at last been opened. Our man's hat is tipped over his nose, and about a dozen square-cornered handbags press into his ribs from various sides, but he is carried onward with the rest. Presently there is a pause at the door. Some woman with a baby carriage is blocking the way for the moment. "Pity she couldn't have left the baby at home for once," mutters a woman with sharp features.

* * *

Once inside the store everything is quick action. This is a "shoe" fire sale, and the Lone Man for once has a feeling of being pushed to the wall. "Here, Mary, we'll take a pair of these 7's for you." "No, mamma, I don't want them; they're too big. Get 6's instead." "Nonsense, child, I know these will fit you best. Here, clerk, will you wrap them up? Yes, 89c they are. Now, not another word from you, Mary."

"Yes, I know my last ones were fours," this from another woman handling a pair at the "three" counter, "but these LOOK large, anyway."

"Why, really, madam, I had just decided upon that pair for myself," the Lone Man turns at the sound of an injured voice to see one large woman and one small, both looking very defiant and each grasping one shoe of the same pair. They look quite ridiculous standing there like a cock robin and a sparrow quarrelling over a worm. The good-natured shoe man finally settles the dispute by producing a second pair, which he assures them are "just as good."

"I haven't a cent more than $1.13 and this pair is marked $1.18. I'll give you a street car ticket for the difference," comes from a woman holding out a pair of sixes of a bright yellow hue. The Lone Man does not hear the answer for he is too busy observing another woman who buys three pairs of shoes of different sizes for her 6-year-old son. "They will come in handy as he grows. Nothing like having a supply on hand."

* * *

And so the sale goes on, with clamor and clutching and perspiring, and in the midst of it all the bewildered Lone Man completely forgets what he has come for, and slips homeward, planning to return at not quite so busy a time as a "fire sale."

The Nomad

Daily Healthogram

Plenty of water to drink and a fair allowance of fruit should be given a child twenty months old. He may have oranges, lemons, prunes and pineapples. Toasted bread, crackers and cereals will not injure him.

When "Mrs. Society" Cooks

New York society has a big band of fashionable cooks, and many of these smart women have invented some very tempting dishes, which at times they set triumphantly before their friends.

Mrs. George Gould, for example, is an accomplished artist in this direction. She could write a pretty little cook book of her original recipes if she chose to do so. Her salads are most delicious and unusual, and her children are delighted when mamma prepares the salad for luncheon, and they are all loud in their praise of her. This appreciation is doubtless the incentive to her successful efforts.

MRS. GEORGE GOULD.

MRS. GEORGE GOULD'S FRUIT SALAD.

One of her favorite salads is made of kumquots or oranges cut in thin slices. One pound of malaga grapes seeded, two apples cut in small strips and tip nds of celery of the tenderest sort. Over this she pours a dressing of six tablespoons of oil and one tablespoon of lemon juice, a half teaspoon, each, of salt, and paprika and a dash of nutmeg. The dressing is beaten almost to a froth.

MRS. GOULD'S SALTY SALAD.

Another original salad with her, which she calls her "salty salad," is made of one cup of chopped olives, one cup of chopped roquefort cheese and one-half cup of Spanish peppers cut fine. For the dressing use three tablespoons of oil, one tablespoon of lemon juice, one-half teaspoon of mustard and one-half teaspoon of black pepper. When served it is arranged in individual portions on large crisp lettuce leaves, and on top of each sprinkle pulverized boiled egg—the white first and then the yellow on top, a spoonful of caviar. Truly this salad is worthy of the art of a chef.

MRS. GOULD'S PEANUT CANDY.

Cook together in the shallow pan of the chafing dish two cupfuls of molasses, one of brown sugar, one cupful of butter. One tablespoon of lemon juice and one-half teaspoonful of salt. While this is simmering in an interesting fashion, the fair cook helps the children to open the peanuts, of which there is a pint when shelled. These nuts, divested of their skins, are laid thickly over buttered pans. The boiling candy is tested in water every few seconds by the eager children, and when it cools and grows hard and crisp it is removed from the lamp instantly and poured over the nuts. Just before it becomes perfectly hardened so that it breaks crisply and evenly when quite cool, it is cut into small blocks or sticks.

The Poets' Corner

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And thrice 'ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay, stay with us! rest!—thou art weary and worn!"—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—Thomas Campbell.

How little do lovely women know what awful beings they are in the eyes of inexperienced youth!—Washington Irving.

Copenhagen (Denmark) school teachers get $320 a year.

KATHERINE LESLIE'S HOME CHAT

Clocks and the Housekeeper

Speaking of clocks reminds me that there is nothing more interesting associated with the life of a housekeeper than a clock. There is nothing that she consults more often daily — except it be her mirror—than the face of her clock. Her risings and returnings are regulated by those inexorable hands, her comings and goings, her engagements and her rests. A well-regulated clock, like a well-regulated woman, is a treasure untold in a household. It is one of the first essentials of a smoothly run household. But there is something exasperatingly human about clocks. I suppose it is because of their long association with humans that they take on at times the most perversely human ways. They are not always truthful, diminishing or exaggerating the time so that their unfortunate victim arrives either too late or too early for an engagement. Between clocks and street cars it is a wonder that anyone ever arrives anywhere! Then clocks are so subject to tantrums! I have one that refuses absolutely to go unless I put it down on its side. I wind it, shake it, search the house for a place to please it. In vain. But if I place it down on its side, as I would cradle an infant, it begins to tic-tac quite cheerfully and keeps good time at that. I know another clock—it is Jane's—that will go only if you stand it on its head. As it has an alarm bell there, Jane has to place it in a cup! There with its legs in the air and its face indecipherable because of its topsy-turvy condition it goes gaily. But, as Jane pointed out to me, a clock that stands on its head necessitates that condition for the people who own it if they would know the time! And as Jane is a person at all times and in all places and under all circumstances mindful of dignity, she feels that she must part with a clock of such ill-regulated behavior. Yet its eccentricities appeal to her sense of humor and I notice that the clock still stands on its head in the cup. But more capricious is a clock I know—one thinks of clocks as friends—that strikes nine when it is five o'clock and twelve when it is eight. Then it begins all over refusing to have its striking regulated by the hands. By a system of calculation that causes my brain to reel the owner of the clock is yet able to tell the exact time!

AUGUST CLEARING SALE
COMMENCES TUESDAY

KINGSMILL'S August Sales are famous for their economies, and the opening sales will prove "good buying." Don't miss coming here Tuesday, for the lines offered are all fresh, stylish quality goods at worth-while savings.

50c Elastic Belts for 25c

In black and almost all colors, good quality, in plain and fancy elastic with gilt, gunmetal and fancy buckles.

$1.25 Long Hip Corsets, 79c

Stylish, comfortable Corsets, made of imported French coutil with 6 (six) hose supporters attached, drawstring at top, hook at bottom, guaranteed rust-proof.

$1.50 Umbrellas for $1.19

Men's and Women's Fine Umbrellas. Just 12 dozen to be sold. Some fine twill covers. Some gloria silk and wool covers with tape edge, paragon frames, bulb or plain runner. Great variety of handles.

$1.25 and $1.50 Waists, 59c

A few only Spotted Muslin Waists in white with dots of mauve, blue or black; also black with white. Come early ..... 59¢

50c and 75c Silks at 25c and 39c

We've about 140 yards of fine Foulard Silks, black and white and a few colors. Regular 50c yard. On sale Tuesday ..... 25¢

A few pieces of Striped Tamoline Silks. Regular 75c yard. Tuesday, to clear. 39¢

Cotton Voiles, 18c Yard

A final clearance of Striped and Figured Voiles, in all colors, that wash well. Plenty of white and black. Regular 25c and 35c yard qualities. See them in west window. A yard ..... 18¢

Linen Huck Towels, 45c Pair

Just 68 pairs of large size Pure Linen Huck Towels, extra good quality and finish. Will be cleared Tuesday.... ..... 2 for 45¢

MAIL ORDERS FILLED.

Kingsmills

How To Use Perfume

Although so many women indulge in perfume, comparatively few ever use it correctly. Yet one has but to recall the quaint devices employed by our great-grandmothers for perfuming everything pertaining to their personal use to realize that there are many ways of using scent beyond merely drenching one's handkerchief of the odorous liquid. Always buy good scent.

For cheap scent is never satisfactory. Strong perfumes are not in good taste, nor should any scent be used in excess. A faint, elusive fragrance which makes one long for more is the ideal thing; and, though popular taste often favors overpowering scents, present suggestion of perfume.

Correctly used scent gives a finishing touch to refinement and elegance, and the matter is well worthy of little attention from the woman who wishes to make the most of herself.

Settle On One Kind.

The smart woman settles on her favorite perfume and keeps to it. She carries about with her an enveloping atmosphere of delicate fragrance. Everything she possesses is impregnated with her chosen perfume. In fact, a definite scent scheme is wholly delightful and will soon become characteristic of the user.

All the lingerie and handkerchiefs got up at home should be done in water to which a small piece of orris root has been added. Little silk sachets filled with wadding sprinkled with the essential oil of the chosen perfume or crushed orris root should be placed among the lingerie or sewed in the folds of frocks and skirts. Small muslin bags filled with scented wadding, as described, may be hung up in the wardrobe or cupboard where clothes are kept.

Another method of perfuming raiment is to sprinkle it with scent, using an ordinary scent spray for the purpose.

Perfumed Gloves.

Scented gloves are an exquisite luxury. To achieve this, small scented sachets should be kept in the glove box and renewed frequently. Also the gloves should be dusted over occasionally with scented French chalk. The popular perfumes for scenting gloves with are orris root, cedar and sandalwood.

Pictorial Review Is Attractive Magazine

August Issue a Particularly Bright One.

"What has beome of Miss Sixteen?" is the subject of a strong editorial from the pen of Arthur T. Vance in the August number of the Pictorial Review. The writer deplores the "grown-up-ness" of the average miss of that age, and reveals some rather startling truths in a way calculated to make fathers think of their responsibilities towards their growing daughters.

Besides this leading article the magazine is, as usual, up-to-date and attractive in every department, and contains some most useful reading matter in regard to household management. Auntihels corner, "Ideas for Money-making," is especially bright this month, and should interest others besides the young girls for whom it is written.

"Cross-Stitch Embroidery for Summer Afternoons" forms an interesting page, while other attractive headings are "Care of Musical Instruments," "What Is New in Stationery," "Minor Ailments of Children," and "Lemonades and Lemon Aids."

The fashion department is, as always, full of practical and pretty designs for women and children, for the thoughtful person interested in sex problems the page article on "Wanted, Good Wives for Good Men," will give much food for contemplation.

The section devoted to fiction contains several particularly bright stories this month. Taken all around the August Pictorial Review is an admirable magazine.

KEEPING THE HOUSE COOL.

Capture all the cool air the house will hold at the time the air is coolest.

Then keep out the warmer air when the temperature rises.

There's a time when the "dawn breezes" bring an air of freshness after even the hottest night.

This is the time to throw open the windows, pulling back curtains to admit the cooler air.

Then close windows and doors to keep this cool atmosphere in and keep the overheated air without.

Close shutters and inner blinds as well.

Where light is necessary see that windows where sun is shining are kept closed.

Keep all inside doors open to start a circulation of air.

Ferns give an atmosphere of coolness.

An uncorked bottle of lavender salts will add a refreshing tang to the air.

HOW TO TIE SASHES.

Sashes may be tied at the side of the back, with short ends, or may hang from a flat bow directly in the middle of the back with long, side-plaited ends, caught up at the bottom by hem-stitched bands of ribbon or silk. Picot-edged ribbon sashes have tasselled ends. Small sashes tie directly in the middle of the front with three-inch loops edged with five-inch fringe.

ATTEND OUR JULY FURNITURE SALE
Clearing all Refrigerators and Verandah Chairs at half price.
H. Wolf & Sons
263-265 DUNDAS STREET.
Near Wellington.