

CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.
HELPS FOR HOME-KEEPERS.
RECIPES AND STYLE NOTES.

A PAGE FOR WOMEN

BRIGHT ARTICLES DAILY ON
WOMEN'S INTERESTS AND
ACTIVITIES HERE AND THERE

20

The Seven Ages of Woman in Love:

Chapter Two—

20

WHEN TWENTY AWAITS THE KING!

By Winnie Lee

The second of the SEVEN-AGES-OF-THE-WOMAN-IN-LOVE is around and about twenty.

Prince Charming has had his day. It is now time for the KING to approach. A few Twenties listen for the horn of his auto, but most of them like him just as well if he comes a-wooing of the beggar maid in any ordinary disguise.

TWENTY demands that the King shall kneel before his QUEEN. Or he is no king. His willingness to do so is often the only proof of his devotion which Twenty asks.

Woman in the FIRST AGE of Love is almost never conscious of her sex. But Twenty poses on the highest pedestal of sex. She doesn't know it, so she isn't blamable. She has only arrived at a full knowledge of sex as a feminine asset.

At last she understands what mother and teacher and preacher mean when they echo each other: "Be good, if you want a husband!"

Of course she does; and of course she's good; and of course she quite naturally expects the reward of goodness.

But the trouble is, she lets man suppose that she is PERFECT IN EVERYTHING ELSE. She gets an idea that just being virtuous and nothing more entitles her to the adoration of man.

She may be vain, and selfish, and extravagant, she may hate to work, she may loathe children, she may gossip, she may lie, and yet believe that her virtue alone qualifies her to rule forever in the kingdom of love.

And so she makes the KING how very low indeed, as one who recognizes and meekly confesses his own unworthiness.

It is an excellent thing for society that woman should always keep the highest value on herself. It is one of the barricades which protect her from evil.

But—the King is human. And soon he discovers that the QUEEN has some pretty UNREGAL WEAKNESSES. And, moreover, he gets pretty tired of the kneeling attitude.

Now unfortunately there are women who expect to be adored forever. They never get beyond the second age of love. And when the weary King rises from his romantic worship and changes into a plain and practical partner in the business of living—well, it is not a good plan for any queen to have hysterics about it.

It is much wiser for her to abandon her position of super-woman and to become a helpmate, to try to be at least as useful to a man as, say, his stenographer.

Love means giving service as well as accepting it. Love means paying homage, not demanding it.

And that is what every girl must learn in the second age of love, else she will develop into a petty domestic tyrant—and so lose her queenly crown.



TWENTY demands that the King shall kneel before his QUEEN.

WOMEN AND BEE-KEEPING

Hiving a Swarm—Bees a Good Field for Country Women.

[Written for the Advertiser.]

PART III.

Hiving a Swarm.

When the warm days come we look through the hives quite often and before the honey flows we clip the queen's wings, so if the bees swarm we shall be able to get them. It is claimed that before they swarm they send out scouts to find a limb to light on, and then a host of bees come rushing out and then a host of bees come rushing out and then a host of bees come rushing out.

Her wings being clipped, she falls on the grass a short distance from the hive. We pick her up and put her in a cage—a tiny box 1½x3 inches; then get a hive with combs, one or two full of honey, and a card of brood from the hive the swarm came from. All is now ready to receive the new swarm, which is still flying in the air. Finally they settle on a branch; we get the swarmer and shake them into it; put the caged queen at the entrance of the hive; empty the bees out of the swarmer; they run into the hive. In a few minutes we let the queen go in, too, and soon the bees are busy and content in their new home.

If we do not wish to increase the bees we look into the hive that has swarmed, cut out all the queen cells, put the caged queen back, and the bees will return. We would only increase one or two each year, and doubled up several weak colonies. During seven seasons our profits averaged between \$40 and \$70. In the past few years we have kept about a dozen hives, and last year, with the price of honey being higher, he realized about \$150 clear. We always have a little beeswax to sell. It is nice and yellow, being melted in a solar wax extractor. This is a wooden box with tin arranged about half-way up. Refuse wax is placed in this, with glass over the top, and the heat of the sun's rays melts the wax, which runs through a wire strainer into a pan. Vinegar is also another product made from honey. It is very mild and clear and there is always a ready sale for it.

Bees and Pin-Money.
My mother had worked with bees before for a number of years, and we had quite a few supplies to commence with, an extractor and a good honey house, so we were more fortunate than most beginners. I was very much afraid of the bees at first. Even yet I do not enjoy getting "stung," but I have lost all fear of them and take great pleasure in looking through a hive. To young women living at home in the country, let me say that for the making of a little pin-money bees are certainly the thing. No doubt father or big brother would make you a few hives, if you gave them all the honey they could eat, and with a little study and energy, no one could fail to make them pay. Beekeeping for women is as yet, in its infancy in this country, and now is a good time to enter the field before too many competitors do so.

A MIDDLESEX BEE-WOMAN.
[The End.]

She can keep within the allowance her husband gives her if she can have a charge account at a drygoods store.

A permanent organization of women in every block of the city to gain "a cleaner Detroit" is the latest plan of the sanitary committee of the Detroit Public Health League.



Pretty,
Young,
Admired--
Miss
O'Gorman

There are few—if any—prettier girls in Washington's official and exclusive social life than this New York girl—Miss Alice O'Gorman, daughter of Senator and Mrs. James A. O'Gorman.

She has recently gone to the national capital to live.

FIRST-AID WORK FOR TIMID TRAVELLERS

That the post of "Traveller's Aid" in the city of London is no sinecure, is the conclusion one arrives at after a chat with Miss Currie, recently engaged in that capacity by the Y. W. C. A. of this city.

Do not for a moment imagine that Miss Currie intimates such a thing either in voice or manner, for certainly nothing is farther from her thoughts, but as one gets a glimpse of her work, of day and night trains being met, of hospitals visited, of working-girls being looked after, and timid travellers guided in the right direction, one cannot but realize that Miss Currie is an extremely busy woman.

"It must be especially hard for you in London, as you are the first officer of the kind to work here," suggested the scribe. Miss Currie smiled in her winning way.

"Yes, that may make it harder at first," she replied, "but I am counting it a privilege to be able to show something that need there is for a Traveller's Aid here. Often I meet the trains or visit the depots to find a lonely girl, who may have several hours to wait for a train. In that case I bring her to the Y. W. C. A. rooms, and we try to make her feel less lonely. Sometimes such girls stay over-night, and again they are here only for a meal. Then when their train is due, we take them to the station. Many of the girls have left us with grateful words for being looked after."

Not Always Newcomers.
"And are these usually immigrants?" was asked.

"Oh, no. I find that our own Canadian girls require help as well as the immigrant girls. But we help them all alike. The Scotch girls particularly welcome the sight of a Traveller's Aid, for these officers are appointed in Scotland for work in the depots."

Miss Currie wears a very handsome badge, one which has been adopted by the Y. W. C. A. in Canada for Traveller's Aid work.

The lower part is an enamel shield in white, with a gold maple leaf stamped thereon and bordered in red. Above is a scroll in dark blue enamel, on which appear in plain type the words, "Traveller's Aid." With this pin Miss Currie wears a Y. W. C. A. ribbon.

Has Helped Many.

Although she has been in office little more than one month, already Miss Currie has personally helped in some way or other some 250 persons, and indirectly, many more. It was interesting here to recount two instances where the Traveller's Aid offices have been of service, once in the case of a feeble old lady, the other where a 10-year-old child was concerned.

It was during a thunderstorm that the old lady arrived in the city from an afternoon train, and frightened at the storm or probably unaccustomed to travelling alone, she forgot her own name and the address of her friends. It was only after much questioning and kindly persuasion that the trembling old body finally remembered whom she was to visit, and Miss Currie then boarded a street car and saw her safely to her destination.

In the case of the child, she had travelled quite a distance and expected to meet an uncle at the London depot. By some misunderstanding he went to Parkdale instead, and the little girl was almost heartbroken at having missed him. Miss Currie took charge of the child, keeping her overnight, and giving her in charge of a most perturbed uncle, who arrived the next morning. The man was overjoyed to find his niece in such good hands.

These are but ordinary occurrences in the life of a Traveller's Aid. They go to prove the need of such an office in London. The establishment of one has been brought about. What are the citizens and church people of London doing towards her support?

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 as they are received. No letters can be answered privately.]

Last Words of Great Men.

Dear Miss Grey: Please tell me what the word "allegretto" means in music. Also, "poco a poco." And one thing more, I am anxious to obtain quotations of the last words of famous people. Could you possibly give me a few or tell me where I might get them? I do not live in the city, so couldn't use the public library. Yours, REGINA.

A—"Allegretto" with cheerful quickness; "poco a poco," gradually, or by regular graduation. Here are a few quotations you ask for: "Let the light enter"—Goethe. "Is this your ideal?"—Nietzsche. "All my possessions for a moment of time"—Queen Elizabeth. "I feel as if I were to be myself again"—Sir Walter Scott. "God bless you, my dear!"—Dr. Johnson. "What, is there no bribing death?"

Cardinal Beaufort: "It matters little how the head bleth." Sir Walter Raleigh: "It is small, very small, indeed." (closing her neck)—Anne Boleyn: "Let me die to the sound of delicious music." Mirabeau: "It is well."—George Washington: "I must sleep now."—Byron: "God bless you, is that you, Dora?"—Wordsworth.

Mock Ginger From Carrots.

Dear Miss Grey: Have you ever heard of such a thing as "mock ginger preserves"? I think they are made from carrots, but have no idea how to go about making the preserves. I have tasted them elsewhere, and like them very much, and if you could give me some idea, would be exceedingly pleased. MISS LAURIE.

A—I think this recipe will appeal

The Storks

AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE

CHAPTER IV.

"Hooray! Hooray!" sang all the little storks at once.

"Listen to me, children," said the old mother.

"I have been thinking what you can do, and I have an idea! I know the pool of water in which all the human babies lie until they are taken to their parents! The pretty little things sleep and dream so pleasantly."

"Well, now, I'll tell you what we will do. We'll take one of these dear little babies, in our long bills, to the home of each good little child we know, to stock."

"But what shall we do to punish brother and sister," said a third little stork.

"Wait," said their mother. "To punish the bad children, we will not forget them altogether. We'll pass them by and leave them alone and lonely without any sisters or brothers."

"All right," said the children. "But how can we show little Peter, the very good boy, that we love him dearly for trying to help us when we were weak and could not fly?"

"I have thought of that too," said the old mother stork.

"To little Peter we will carry two of these lovely babies, a sister and a brother, both exactly the same age."

"When a little boy or girl gets a brother or sister, or two brothers and two sisters, who are just the same age, human folks call them 'twins!'."

"Oh, how queer," said one little stork.

"Oh, what fun," said another little stork.

"Let us hurry and get little Peter's brother and sister," said a third little stork.

"We must pick pretty ones out of the pool," said the fourth.

"And off they went to the pool! Do you think little Peter got his baby brother and sister?"

"I am nearly sure he did."

"Let us hurry and get little Peter's brother and sister," said a third little stork.

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"And off they went to the pool! Do you think little Peter got his baby brother and sister?"

Is a New Visitor.
Dear Miss Grey: I am a new visitor to your column, and hope you will be able to help me.

1. I am fourteen years old, five feet and six inches tall. How long should my dresses be?

2. I have chicken skin on my arms, and it makes them rough. What will cure this?

3. I also have them tanned. What will cure this?

4. I have light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. What are my colors?

5. What do you think of my writing?

I hope these will not make you tired. Yours sincerely,

BLUE-EYED BEAUTY.

1. Eight inches from the floor.

2. Now, tell me somebody, "goose flesh?" This usually results from too thin blood which causes one to become chafed easily. But it would seem impossible for a person to have felt chilly around the date of your last letter, with the thermometer registering some 90 degrees. It may be, however, that your blood requires a tonic.

3. To wash your arms in buttermilk twice a day is good; but don't run out bare-armed into the sun after using it, and expect results. Nightly applications of lemon juice are also good.

4. Alice blue, rose pink, light browns, and dove grays, should become you best.

5. It is very good for your age, but

one cup butter, 2 cups white sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 5 whites of eggs, 3¼ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 pound almonds blanched and cut fine, 1 pound citron cut in thin slices, 1 grated coconut, Bake in two loaves and ice all with white icing. If preferred candied cherries may be used in place of the coconut. The cherries also make a pretty touch if cut in half and scattered over the cake while the icing is still soft.

MONDAY.
BREAKFAST.
Roast Chicken, Brown Gravy, Mashed Potatoes, Creamed Carrots, Cherry Sponge.

DINNER.
Five O'CLOCK TEA.
Raspberries and Cream, Buttered Slices of Nut Bread, White Fruit Cake, Tea.

White Fruit Cake.
One cup butter, 2 cups white sugar, 1 cup sweet milk, 5 whites of eggs, 3¼ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 pound almonds blanched and cut fine, 1 pound citron cut in thin slices, 1 grated coconut, Bake in two loaves and ice all with white icing. If preferred candied cherries may be used in place of the coconut. The cherries also make a pretty touch if cut in half and scattered over the cake while the icing is still soft.

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Store Closes at 5 o'clock. Except Saturday.

Kingsmills
Carpet Store--Carling Street

Mail and Phone Orders Carefully Filled.

SALE OF INLAID LINOLEUMS

MONDAY

Lengths to 12 square yards, Barry Ostlere's and Nairn's makes. Regular \$1.25 yard

75c

In order to clean up the Linoleum Department in our carpet store, we've gathered together all the lengths, 12 square yards and under, in all lines and patterns. They include floral, conventional and tile designs, as well as block patterns. Both Barry Ostlere's and Nairn's famous Scotch makes. Goods that sell regular at \$1.10 and \$1.25 yard. All to be cleared Monday, square yard.....75c

Do you need a new linoleum in your hall, kitchen or pantry? Do you want a small piece in front of the sink or the stove? This sale affords you an opportunity to buy the very best at a price less than maker's cost. You can buy a small piece or a piece 18 feet long, and instead of the regular \$1.25 price just pay.....75c

You'd better come Monday (we close at 5 o'clock) for the best ends sell first.

Kingsmills

OUR JULY FURNITURE SALE

Offers you Bargains that are unsurpassed. Come early and look them over.

H. Wolf & Sons

263-265 Dundas Street.

there is plenty of room for improvement. No, my child, I am utterly indefatigable.

Tea-Table Talk

The Story of Dr. Mary Walker.

Dr. Mary E. Walker, whose picture appeared upon this page yesterday, is one of the most unique feminine characters of a century that has produced not a few of the world's most famous women.

It was during her service as an army surgeon in the civil war that Dr. Walker first became enamored with the idea of wearing manly apparel. Skirts (and they were not narrow ones in those days) were found to be a serious hamper for the proper performance of active duty, and Dr. Mary was strong enough and brave enough to run the gauntlet of current opinion and adopt a costume which gave greater freedom of limb. Special permission from Washington had first to be obtained, and all through the remainder of the war the little doctor-woman-for she is only a slip of a body, some five feet in height—busily employed in binding up wounds, setting broken limbs, and hearing the dying sighs of poor soldiers, pursued her way garbed in conventional coat and trousers.

People laughed and called it a whim. But it was more than a whim. The war over, Dr. Mary refused to return to the petticoats prescribed for women since the world began, and it required a special act of Congress and a great deal of fuss and comment to gain the desired permission, granted "in recognition of her excellent service on the field of battle."

Would Die in Man's Apparel.

romance and "sweet womanliness" would have been connected with her name had she returned to feminine dress after the war. One likes to picture Dr. Mary in soft gray silk, with dainty lace falling over her frail hands and nestling close about her throat. But today, at 70 years of age, the doctor remains determined to end her life in and be buried in masculine apparel. She scores strongly the tight skirts and pea-coat, the signs of man of the hour, and would, if she had her way, dress every daughter of Eve in clothing like unto her own.

Although totally blind, Miss Susannah Helmsprobt, of Brooklyn, is able to operate a sewing machine and to turn out all sorts of clothing. She is able to thread the needles, guide the material and to take care of the machine in every detail without outside assistance.

The Nomad