Page of Interesting News for Women

SELF-PITY

[By Cynthia Grey.]

It is a difficult thing for the most of us to obey that valuable injunction of "Mrs. Wiggs" of Cabbage Patch fame, "Don't you go and get sorry for yourself." Because self-pity seems a state of mind chronic with certain of us, and one to which we all surrender one time, and with more or less frequency.

When "all goes wrong and nothing goes right"—and also when there is something the matter with our digestive apparatus—we are quite likely to feel ourselves abused and victims of an irate Fate that has come down on us with unexampled—and of course wholly undeserved—severity. Most of us have days when we are sure no one loves us and we are tempted to go into the garden and eat fuzzy worms.

When we are blue and discouraged, self-pity enters to make us feel worse. We are sorry for ourselves because we have to work; because we must go on foot while others "no better than we are" have limousines; sorry because we have to get out in the rain while others, also "no better, etc., can stay snug by the fire.

Now, "What's the use?" We have to work. Work is a remunerative occupation that we don't like—but after all, there's consolation in the remuneration and many who sit by the fire may envy us on that account. Walking is the best possible form of exercise, and aren't you glad you have an umbrella for the rainy day? Things are seldom so bad that they might not be worse; we ought to get a grain of comfort out of that.

Self-pity is a form of egotism which young girls and middle-aged women are particularly subjected to. The girl suffers from self-consciousness, which leads her to magnify trivial occurrences into slight snubs, over which she makes herself unhappy and disagreeable. She acquires the idea that the other girls don't like her and try to prevent the boys from noticing her. Instead of setting herself at work to conquer their antagonism—which at first very probably existed only in her imagination, but has been developed by her own behavior—she sulks and withdraws herself from among them. Fatal error! After a few tentative attempts to draw her out of her shell she is left alone to really experience a condition which has arisen out of her own egotism and self-pity.

The woman who is conscious that time is wiping the traces of such portion of good looks as she originally possessed from her face, feels that because of her years there is a tendency to "lay her on the shelf." She cannot be put there save by her own volition. If she consents, up she goes. If she refuses, she stays down; not among the gay and giddy, whom she should have outgrown, but in the social circle to which her tastes and culture assign her. Who are the leaders of society? Women past their youth; women who 50 years ago would have been voted "old" and quite out of it; women who have never bemoaned their youth's vanishing, but have relied on intelligence and charm of manner to make them welcome everywhere; women who never pitied themselves.

Take it from me, that the woman who surrenders to self-pity will have a good reason to pity herself. Because she will speak and act out of the secret bitterness of her heart, and thus weary or alienate those who would be her friends.

Self-pity creates a grievance and fattens on it. Now the individual with a grievance is a bore. Self-preservation leads us to avoid bores. One of the sourest bores is the woman who makes up her mind she is uncared for and unloved, and that everybody wants to push her out of the way. She enjoys her martyrdom, but to be a satisfactory martyr there must be a reason for the sacrifice.

To young and old the advice of "Mrs. Wiggs" is applicable. "Don't you go and get sorry for yourself."

CYNTHIA'S CHAUFFEUR

[BY LOUIS TRACY.]

CHAPTER X.

The Hidden Founts of Evil.

It was a flushed and somewhat breathless Cynthia who ran into the quiet country hotel at an hour when the licensing laws of Britain have ordained that quiet country hotels shall be closed. But even the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altered not, must have bulged a little at times under the pressure of circumstances. The daughter of an American millionaire could not be reported as "missing" without a buzz of commotion being aroused in that secluded valley. As a matter of fact, no one in the house dreamed of going to bed until her disappearance was accounted for, one way or the other.

Mrs. Devar, now really woebegone, screamed shrilly at sight of her. The lady's nerves were in a parlous condition—"on a raw edge," was her own phrase—and the relief of seeing her errant charge again was so great that the shriek merged into a sob.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she wept, "what a shock you have given me! I thought you were gone!"

"Not so bad as that," was the contrite answer. Cynthia interpreted "gone" as meaning "dead," and naturally read into the other woman's anxiety her own knowledge of the disaster to the boat. "We had a bit of an upset—that is all—and the bread always flops to the floor buttered side down, doesn't it? So we had to struggle ashore on the wrong bank. It couldn't be helped—that is, the accident couldn't—but I oughtn't to have been on the river at such a late hour. Do forgive me, dear Mrs. Devar!"

By this time the girl's left arm was around her friend's portly form; in her intense eagerness to assuage Mrs. Devar's agitation she began to stroke her hair with the disengaged hand. A deeply sympathetic landlady, a number of servants and most of the feminine guests in the hotel—all the men were down on the quay—had gathered to murmur their congratulations; but Mrs. Devar, dismayed by Cynthia's action, which might have brought about a catastrophe, revived with phenomenal suddenness:

"My dear child," she cried, extricating herself from the encircling arm, "do let me look at you! I want to make sure that you are not injured. The boat upset, you say. Why, your clothes must be wringing wet!"

Cynthia laughed. She had guessed why her chaperon wished to keep her literally at arm's length. She spread her skirts with a quick gesture that relieved an awkward situation.

"Not a drop on my clothes," she said gleefully. "The water just touched the soles of my boots, but before you could say 'Jack Robinson,' Fitzroy had whisked me out of the skiff—and landed me on dry land."

"You were in shallow water, then?" put in the smiling proprietress.

"Oh, no, fairly deep. Fitzroy was up to his waist in the stream."

"And the boat upset?" came the amazed chorus.

"I don't quite mean that. What actually happened was this: I discovered that the hour was rather late, and Fitzroy was rowing down stream at a great pace when some sunken thing, a tree root he thinks, caught the side of the boat and started a plank. I was so taken by surprise that I should have sat right there and gone to the bottom with the boat, but Fitzroy jumped overboard straight away and hiked me out.

Ready-tongued Cynthia was beginning to find detailed explanation rather difficult, and her speech reverted to the picturesque idioms of her native land. It was the happiest ruse she could have adopted. Everyone laughed at the notion of being "hiked out." None of her hearers knew quite what it meant, yet it covered the requisite ground, which was more than might have been achieved by explicit English.

"Where did the accident take place?" asked the landlady.

Cynthia was vague on this point, but when she told how the return journey was made, the pretty Welsh waitress hit on a theory.

"In-deed to goot-ness, miss," she cried, "you wass be-tween the Garren River an' Hunsham Bridge. It iss a bad place, so it iss, however. Me an' my young man wass shoaled there once, we wass."

Cynthia felt that her face and neck had grown positively scarlet, and she could have kissed the well-disposed landlady for entering on a voluble disquisition as to the tricks played by the Wye on those unaware of its peculiarities, especially at night. A general conversation broke out, but Mrs. Devar, rapidly regaining her spirits after enduring long hours of the horrible obsession that Medenham had gun off with her heiress, noted that tell-tale blush. At present her object was to assist rather than embarrass, so with a fine air of motherly solicitude, she asked:

"Where did you leave Fitzroy?"

"He saw preparations being made to send boats in search of us, and he went to stop them. Oh, here he is!"

Medenham entered, and the impulsive Mrs Devar ran to meet him. Though he had been in the river again only five minutes earlier, the walk up a dust-laden path had covered his sopping boots with mud, and in the not very powerful light of the hall, where a score or more of anxious people were collected, it was difficult to notice that his clothes were wet. But "Wiggy" Devar did not care now whether or not the story told by Cynthia was true. With reaction from the nightmare that had possessed her since ten o'clock, came the sharp appreciation of the extraordinarily favorable turn taken by events so far as she was concerned. If a French count was to be supplanted by an English viscount, what better opportunity of approving the change could present itself.

"Mr. Fitzroy," she said in her shrill voice, "I can never thank you sufficiently for the courage and resource you displayed in rescuing Miss Vanrenen. You have acted most nobly. I am only saying now what Mr. Vanrenen will say when his daughter and I tell him of your magnificent behavior."

He reddened and smiled, though wishing most heartily that these heroics, if unavoidable, had been kept for some other time and place. He could not believe that Cynthia had exalted a not very serious incident into a "rescue," yet she might be vexed if he cheapened his own services. In any event, it was doubtful whether she would wish her father to hear of the escapade until she told him herself at the close of the tour.

"I am sure Miss Vanrenen felt safe while in my care," was all he dared to say, but Cynthia promptly understood his perplexity and came to his aid.

"Mrs. Devar thinks far more of our adventure than we do," she broke in. "Our chief difficulty lay in finding the road. The only time I felt worried was when you crossed the river to retrieve the ferryboat. But surely I have caused enough excitement for tonight. You ought to take some hot lemonade and go to bed."

A man who had walked up the hill from the boathouse with Medenham laughed and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Come along, old chap!" he cried. "You certainly want a hot draught of some sort, and you must not hang about in those wet clothes."

"Yes," purred Mrs. Devar. "Don't run the risk of catching cold, Fitzroy. It would spoil everything if you were laid up."

Her gracious manner almost deceived Medenham. During his years of wandering he had come across unexpected good qualities in men from whom he looked for nought but evil—was it the same with women? He hoped so. Perhaps this scheming marriage broker had shed her worldly scales under the stress of emotion.

"You need have no fear that the car will not be waiting for you in the morning, Mrs. Devar," he said, smiling frankly into her steel-gray eyes. "Did you say half-past nine, Miss Vanrenen?" he asked, turning to snatch one last look at Cynthia.

"Yes. Good-night—and thank you."

She offered her hand to him before them all. The touch of her cool fingers was infinitely sweet, but when he strove to surprise some hint of her thought in those twin pools of limpid light that were wont to gaze at him so fearlessly, he failed, for all the daring had fled from Cynthia, and he knew—how heaven and lovers alone can tell—that her heart was beating with a fright she had not felt when he staggered under the relentless pressure of the river while holding her in his arms.

(To Be Continued.)

The popular train is the extremely long pointed style, heavily weighted, or the panel attached at the waist, in the back and left free from the hips down. This ends in a square train.

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST!

Give them Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes every morning for breakfast. They're sure to like it, and find it nourishing as well as flavorful.

ADVERTISER PATTERNS

BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY,

No. 9190—A Good and Popular Style for Boys—Boy's Suit, Consisting of Sailor Blouse, With Shield, and Knickerbockers.

For comfort, ease and good appearance, this suit will readily commend itself to the home dressmaker. The design is suitable for linen, galatea, madras, gingham, flannel, velvet or corduroy. The pattern is cut in 4 sizess—6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4 yards of 36-inch material for the 10-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

Province .....

Measurement—Bust..... Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34 or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26 or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Correspondence

Edited by Cynthia Grey

To Clean Brass Beds.

Dear Miss Grey.

Please tell me how to remove fly specks from a dull finish brass bed. It is spotted pretty badly.

J. G. V.

A.—Peel and wash four or five onions and put them over the fire in cold water. Bring to a boil and keep it up until the onions are soft all through. Drain off the water through a colander, pressing the onions gently to get out all the liquid. Let this get cold. Wring out a bit of fine flannel or linen in it and wipe the bedstead with it. Do not make the cloth too wet. Fine gildings are cleaned in this manner.

Use English Magnesia.

Dear Miss Grey.

Can you tell me anything that will clean the white zibeline collar and cuffs of a black coat? I have used French chalk, but it does not clean thoroughly. Besides it seems impossible to keep it from getting over the black cloth.

COAT.

A.—Protect the black by basting white muslin over the part next the trimmings. Then rub the white with the finest quality of block English magnesia. Blow off the first supply and rub in a second. Leave this on for two days, then brush out the powder. Rip away muslin. If any of the magn has sifted through to the black y be easily removed by sponging with household ammonia.

Seeks Name for Bird.

Dear Miss Grey.

What would be a good name for my bird? It was given to me for Christmas by a friend. She has three birds by the names of Teddy, Trixie and Dottie. I don't like to copy these. I had a bird which I called Dickie, but he died and I don't like to call this one by that name. My bird is a male.

J. P. H.

A.—Why not call him "Sprite?" It is a crisp, tuneful name.

Facial Defects

I have many letters from young girls under the age of 20, who ask: "Am I too young to take notice of facial defects? My mother tells me that I will outgrow them."

Your mother will do you an injustice if she allows any facial defects to remain upon your face longer than a week or two. She should consult a physician at once if she does not know the "whys and wherefores" of any childish ailments or blemishes.

No one is ever too young to regard her appearance. Watch carefully the skin. It is the thermometer of your condition. The moment you first discover a yellow spot upon your face or neck take some aperient before breakfast; Epsom salts are excellent taken internally, one teaspoonful in a glass of water an hour before breakfast. They are also excellent used externally, a teaspoonful in a glass of water dissolved and used as a face wash. A teaspoonful of sulphur once a week is also good

Some brown spots may be bleached by using the following recipe: Sulpho carbolate of zinc, one ounce; glycerin, 12 ounces; rosewater, 12 ounces; alcohol, 3 ounces.

Apply two or three times a day, allowing it to remain on the face 30 minutes each application, then wash it off with cold water. But the inner purging and change of diet will bleach them quicker and permanently.

The use of a facial brush will help to keep the blood in circulation, but the brush should be soft and the soap used should be of the purest. Be careful to wash off with warm water all of the soap before using cold water, as the soap, no matter how pure, should not sink into the skin and clog the pores.

Red meats, tomatoes and strawberries are the three most dangerous enemies to clear complexion, as they all cause uric acid, and the uric acid causes stomach troubles which show their marks upon the skin.

The name "liver spots" covers all facial blemishes, so with the mind as motive power have the intelligence to observe the warnings given you by nature. Look into your mirror carefully. Keep your machinery well oiled and well fed and you will need little powder and rouge to enhance your appearance.

Remember: Outward beauty is the reflection of inward cleanliness.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. . . . 25 cents.

Weak and Nervous

But Health Was Soon Restored.

The number of cases of general debility in which Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved just the medicine that was needed is very great. May H. Davidson, Orangeville, Ont., describes her case and tells what this medicine did for her, in the following testimonial: "My system was run down, my blood was impure, and I was weak and nervous. I grew thinner and paler every day. A friend advised me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did. I gained rapidly and my health was soon restored."

Get Hood's Sarsaparilla today. Sold by all druggists everywhere. 100 Doses $1.

ANNIVERSARY SALE

13 FRIDAY, MARCH 13

We Enter Upon Our 13th Year in the Service of the Ladies of London and Vicinity.

We intend to make this thirteenth year the best in our history—the luckiest year for you and for us. To do so, we are making our stocks as complete and all-inclusive as we can possibly do by careful buying and by attention to the wants of our patrons. You will find up-to-date styles and the best-wearing properties present in our merchandise—what fashion dictates and your needs require.

Who says Friday is unlucky? Who says "13" brings misfortune? We're going to prove to you that there's luck in odd numbers. For to celebrate our birthday we could think of no better way to show our appreciation of your patronage than to give you some of the biggest bargains in the history of this store. Besides these all our new goods will be out. Our stocks are complete and we are ready to fill all your needs.

We are going to have the orchestra here in the afternoon, and the spirit of spring will pervade the whole store, and we would like you to take this opportunity of visiting us and inspecting our carefully chosen, stylish merchandise.

Watch for the red "13" tickets. They mean bargains, big bargains, in up-to-date, much-wanted lines, and here is where you will be likely to pick these No. 13 bargains. Read every item carefully.

Wash Goods and Linens

Ginghams, muslins, voiles, foulards, etc., in all the daintiest weaves and patterns, will be found in our stock of wash goods. Never before has this stock been so complete, including almost everything for waists, dresses, sacks, wash suits, etc., that will be worn this spring.

A Special for Children's Dresses

About 500 yards of good, strong serviceable Canadian ginghams, in plaids, stripes and checks, in all colors, will be cleared out Friday at, per yard 7c

THIS YEAR our Linen Department is in better shape than ever to fill your every want. We have everything in linens that is in general usage. This department deserves your patronage.

All our regular $1.00 pure bleached Table Linens are going Friday only—a birthday present from us to you at, per yard 73c

Ladies' Kid Gloves 53c Pair

A limited quantity of Ladies' Kid Gloves, in tan and black. A regular $1 value, Friday only, pair.... 53c

50c Belts for 13c

About 40 Fancy Belts, in cloth and elastic, very special. While they last 13c

LARGE COLORED HANDKERCHIEFS, fancy patterns, in all colors, suitable for kimonos, tea aprons and fancy work, at, each 13c

Our Ready-to-Wear Department

has been completely renovated and its stock is fully prepared for your inspection. All the new styles in coats, suits, waists, dresses and ready-to-wear of all kinds. Everything is up-to-date, carefully selected from the world's best makers, and you will miss the chance of gaining much knowledge of the coming styles by not visiting this section.

Friday's Special Bargains

LADIES' SLIP-OVER NIGHT-GOWNS, made of fine cambric and trimmed with fine lace edging and ribbon. A very special bargain. Friday only 63c

LADIES' WHITE UNDERSKIRTS, lace and embroidery trimmed, with flounce made of hemstitched tucks. Friday only 63c

LADIES' TAILORED WAISTS, in linen and vesting, with plain or tucked front, soiled by handling. Regular $1.00 value, Friday 73c

Orchestra in Afternoon

Odd Lines in Corsets

Five only pairs of Corsets, a big clearing of odd lines and sizes. Regular 50c and 75c corsets, for 39c

Our Dress Goods Section

ORCHESTRA IN AFTERNOON.

Thousands of yards of the best qualities and newest designs in desirable merchandise in silks and dress goods are now on our shelves and on our counters. All the new material in the newest colorings and up-to-date weaves. Come and see for yourself.

Specials for Friday

La Tosca Silks 33c

Fine La Tosca raw silk, suitable for shirtwaists or dresses, nice weight, neat self-colored patterns, in cream, pink, pale blue, fawn, light gray, coral, jasper, navy and black. This is a special opportunity for you. Come early, for there is a limited quantity, at, per yard 33c

Black Voile 39c

One piece only nice crisp, even weave voile. A very special bargain at, per yard 39c

54-inch Navy Serge 63c Yard

Our regular 75c navy blue serge; something which everybody wants; only 100 yards. Come early for this, as it won't last all day. Friday only, per yard 63c

Draperies

We have the finest stock in the city of lace curtains at all prices. Ask for our catalogue. Our other draperies are the latest styles, the best colors and weaves, at low prices.

NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS. — 18 pairs only fine white lace curtains, plain centres. Regular $1.50 curtains. Friday bargain, pair $1.13

GRAY'S Gray & Parker 150 Dundas Street. Phone 1182 GRAY'S

Plan Garden Hot House Now

With snow still on the ground, garden enthusiasts are planning their spring hotbeds, for getting to work in February means early radishes and lettuce. A good method, of which the cost is small, is as follows:

Dig a hole two feet deep, a little larger than the size of the hotbed frame. If the hotbed is to be permanent, the walls of this pit should be lined with brick, stone or cement.

When possible, have a shed or board fence on the north side of the bed; it will take less manure to heat the soil. Put two feet of well mixed fresh horse manure in the hole, wet thoroughly and tamp.

Two-inch material makes a better and stronger frame and will last longer. The front of the frame should be six inches high, the back 18 inches. Put five inches of dirt on the manure, preferably the richest soil you can get. Fill in around the frame with manure and earth and put the cover on the frame.

Glass sashes are best for covers. Cloth may be used late in the season. The size of a sash is three by six feet. The bed, then, should be six feet wide and as many times three feet long as desired.

The temperature of the hotbed will be high at first. Use a thermometer. When the heat has fallen to 85 degrees, the seed may be planted. Keep the bed well watered, but do not soak. Too much water rots the manure too rapidly.

Be sure the bed is well ventilated. When sashes are used, they must be raised to let in the fresh air in mild weather. Extra covers should be provided for cold days and nights.

Crochet Coats and Serge Suits

Instead of a sweater this year the modish woman will wear a crocheted coat—crocheted from soft white woolly stuff, such as fluffy shawls are made. The coat will be full length, usually of the box style or semi-fitting, and very swagger in appearance, unlined, with a pattern quite open, and will be suitable to wear over fine light dresses as well as over tailor effects such as the sweater usually accompanies. One of the shops which has just imported a number of these newest of garments is selling them at $10 75.

Serge is pre-eminent for spring and summer wear in coats and in suits, and the white or cream serge is not only the prettiest, but the best liked. Nothing is simpler or more smart than a loosely-fitting white serge long coat, trimmed perhaps with a bit of black and fastened with white pearl buttons. The pearl buttons on these coats, as well as on suits and dresses are this year of the perforated variety and are sewed with black, gold or colored threads.

One remarkably pretty white serge coat and skirt suit is bound all around with dark blue satin and has the same dark blue as trimming on pockets and revers. The skirt has a simulated overskirt slashed down on the bias in front, and this, too, is piped with the dark blue satin.

A white moire sailor collar of more moderate proportions than the models of last season makes a dainty finish on another white serge suit.

A smart little blue serge frock, suitable for shopping or business wear, has narrow trimming on cuffs, pockets, collar, etc., of white with a faint line of red at intervals.

A white novelty serge with a hairline of black, set off by a small bow tie of scarlet, makes a pretty and serviceable frock for spring, and one that is very inexpensive.

WOMEN TELL THEIR AGES

But Registrar Finds New Voter's Heights Hard To Get.

Los Angeles, Feb. 23.—The registrar's office at San Francisco and other northern cities reports inability to obtain accurately the height of women voters who apply for registration. It is said that rats and puffs make a difference of two or three inches, and these cannot be correctly estimated. Report is made that the question of women's ages—which will be eliminated by the going into effect of the new primary law on March 24—does not cause one-half the trouble that measurement occasions.

In Los Angeles there has been small complaint on this score. The women in this city, through their schools of voting, learned early to have answers ready for all questions to be propounded to them at registration time. It can be said truthfully that nearly all women knew their exact height long before they were permitted to vote, just as they knew their own weight, to the ounce. Those who did not know were quickly educated in the temporary school of voting.

In short, the Los Angeles women have almost universally prepared themselves for all the requirements of law in the matter of voting. Hence the registrar and his deputies can make a regular matinee of the work of registration.