

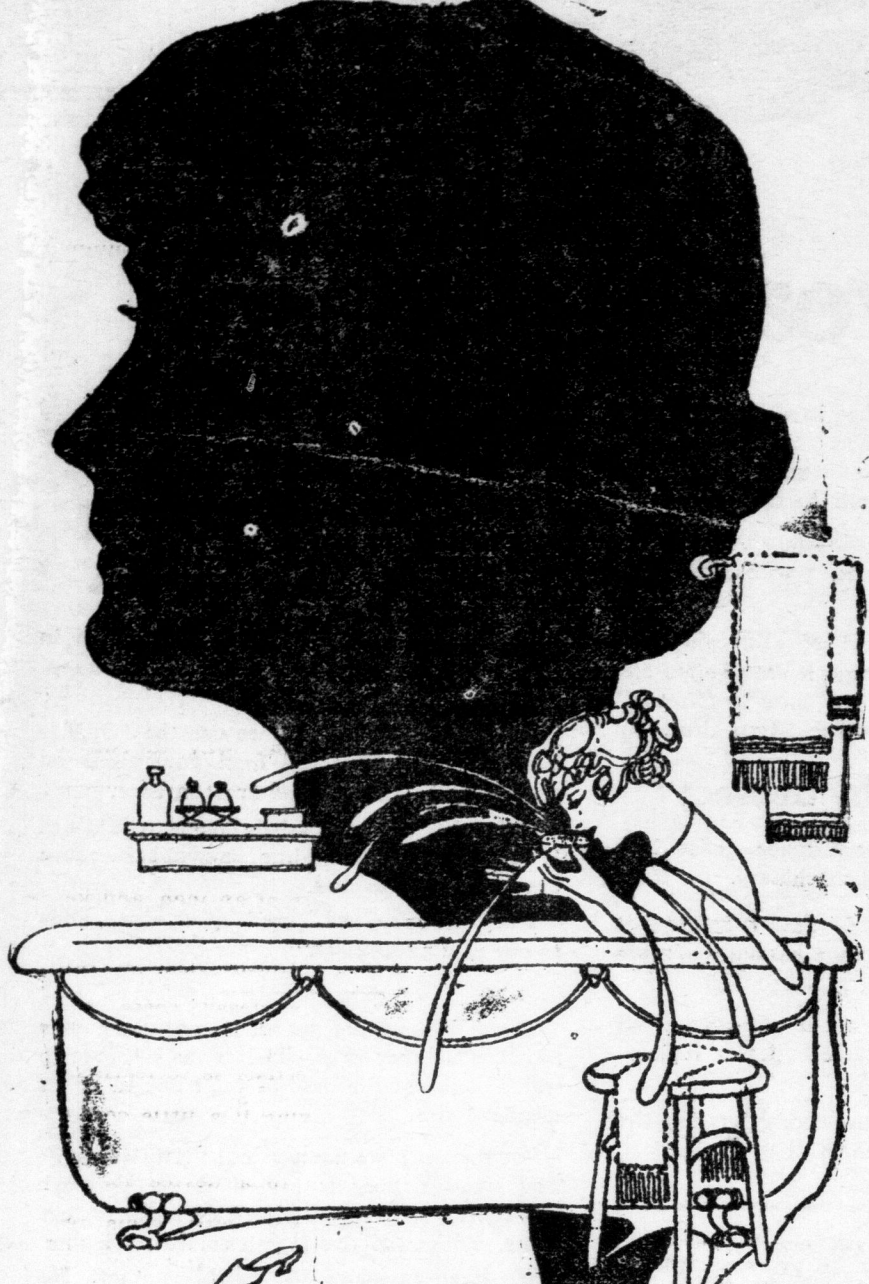
A Page of Interesting and
Helpful Reading Matter
For All Women

FOR THE WOMAN OF TODAY

Cynthia Grey's Column
Style and Home Hints
What Women Are Doing

"Eating and Drinking Should Be a Noiseless Operation."

So Says Billie Burke in Her Second "Table Manners"
Article.



EAT YOUR ORANGES
IN YOUR BATH TUB
SAYS BILLIE BURKE

[By Billie Burke.]

As of us have heard Wilton Laoken's celebrated bon mot about going into a certain restaurant to HEAR the patrons eat soup.

One of the first things to remember is that eating or drinking at any time or place should be a noiseless operation. Never allow your spoon to remain in a cup while drinking from it. Never blow on a spoonful of soup in order to reduce its temperature. When dipping up a spoonful of soup do it with an outward motion and slip it from the side of the spoon.

Foods eaten with a spoon are hot puddings, custards, grape fruits, cantaloupe, porridge, preserves and soft-boiled eggs. If, however, one eats fruit or other things which, like asparagus or artichokes, is eaten with the fingers, then a bowl filled with water in which a fragrant leaf or blossom floats may be placed at each place and you may dip the ends of your fingers in and lightly rub them across the mouth.

Only the ignorant and underbred bolt their food; scrape the bottom of each plate or cup in hungry pursuit of the last morsel; masticate with the mouth open; talk with food in the mouth; take

large mouthfuls or smack the lips when chewing.

If by accident you spill something on the table do not try to scrape it up with your knife or wipe the place with your napkin. Even if you overturn your glass profuse apologies are not in order. Never bite off or cut a mouthful of bread, always break it in small pieces and if butter is served, butter each piece separately.

Crackers, celery, radishes, olives, salted nuts, bonbons and all raw fruit (except melons, grapefruit and berries) are eaten with the fingers.

Never at table, however, bite into an apple, peach or pear; peel the quarter and then transfer the bits to the mouth with the fingers.

I have great sympathy with the woman who said oranges should be eaten in a bath tub. Unless you are eating in seclusion I would advise you to have the juice from your orange squeezed into a glass from which you may drink it.

The hostess is the first to make the motion to leave the table, and she shows her graciousness by at least pre-empting the lion's share as long as one of her guests is eating.

When leaving the table a gentleman always allows the lady to precede him.

Cynthia Grey's Mail-Box

[Correspondents are requested to make their inquiries as brief as possible, and to write on one side of the paper on which 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.]

For Afternoon Tea.

Dear Miss Grey—A large afternoon tea is being given in one of the downtown tenements by a debutante hostess. Would a suit and pretty blouse be permissible, or are an afternoon dress and cloak necessary? If so, will you please suggest a pretty, suitable, but inexpensive frock for

AN EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL.

A—As you are so young, I feel sure that it will be perfectly proper to wear the suit and blouse. The latter may be as "dainty" as you please, either of silk to match the suit, or of cream crepe marquisette or voile.

About Painting on Satin.

Dear Miss Grey—Am delighted to give any information possible to one so accommodating as yourself.

In reply to Inquisitive, re painting on satin, would say: "At any drug store get a block of magnesia, and rub rather thickly over wrong side of satin to prevent oil from staining. Would also recommend turpentine in-

Desired Poem Discovered.

Dear Miss Grey: As per B. J. C.'s request for name of song, of which a verse is quoted in tonight's paper, I beg to say it is "The Blind Girl."

XXX.

A—This is the burden of a letter also received from "A Reader of The Advertiser," Mount Pleasant avenue, who kindly offers to copy the verses.

The warmest friends of Red Rose Tea are those who have tried some other brand said to be "as good as Red Rose." Very easy to say a thing is "as good" but not so easy to "make good." Will you try it.



This is not necessary, however, as copies have reached me from "G. V. E. Strathroy," "Bob," "J. A. McI., Bothwell, and Mrs. M. J. B."

I hold the copies of this poem and shall forward one to B. J. C., upon receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope. I also wish to heartily thank the folks who sent us the desired information.

Hints Have Appeared.

Dear Miss Grey—As this is the first time I have ever asked you any questions, I would like very much if you would answer these:

1. Would you please give me a nice name for a sewing class of ten school girls?
2. I would like the meaning of these names: Carl, George, Earl, William, Kathleen, Regina, Agnes, Irene?
3. Please give a few hints for Christmas presents for young girls?
4. What will darken the hair?

JESSIE.

A—1. "The Thimble Ten," "Needlecraft Club," "Stitch in Time Circle."

2. Blue-eyed, a land-holder, an earl, defender, pure, queenly, chaste, peace.

3. As you wish to have noticed this week, there have been several ideas on this page, so I need not give any here.

4. The hair usually turns dark as a person grows older. Leave your hair alone unless you are seeking trouble.

To Color Collar.

Dear Miss Grey—Can you or some reader of your column, tell me how to color a cotton crocheted collar a cream or ecru shade, so that I could have it white again if I so desired? Yours respectfully,

A—Try dipping the collar in rather strong, clear coffee. This could afterwards be boiled out, I think, if you wished to whiten the collar again.

Nature Should Help Him.

Dear Miss Grey: I read in your column last week where "McGregory" (presumably a young man about 20 years old) wrote you asking for your opinion whether you thought he really was in love or not, and how he might know whether he was in love or not.

Now, Miss Grey, don't you think "McGregory" was just fooling? Do you honestly believe that any young man of his age should have to consult even you in so sacred a matter? And is it not the work of nature to discriminate between love and mere friendship?

2. I was told the other day by a friend, who says she knows you personally, that you are a married woman. Now, Miss Grey, can you deny this accusation?

3. I have a brother and sister younger than I. What would be nice to give them for Christmas?

4. What are the meanings of the names Hugh and Jean?

My little sister has several dolls that she is through with, and we would be pleased to give them to you for distribution at Christmas time. She awaits your instruction.

Thanking you for your kindness, Mrs. (J) Grey, good-bye, JEAN.

A—1. Yes, child, I hardly thought "McGregory" was in earnest, or I should not have given you that tip in a man. The "personal friend" must indeed know me well. And if I am married (this is admitting nothing, mind you), don't you pity my poor husband? It is no easy thing to live with such an opinionated creature.

2. How about skates, hockey stick, sweater or sled for the boy, or a Boys' Own Annual, if he is fond of readings. And for the sister, a pretty pair of slippers (either house or party), a kimono, silk sash, book, or if she is very youthful, doubtless she would prize a toy kitchen or house with furnishings.

3. Hugh, mind or spirit; Jean, gracious girl.

I am sure I could make good use of the dolls if you leave them at the office. Our plans for helping others this Christmas are nearly completed, and will be beautiful, I think.

WHEN BABY SISTER ARRIVES

BY "OLIVE."

Perhaps the most exciting and critical moment of a small boy's early career is the day that nurse carries downstairs something wrapped in a huge woolen shawl, and after seating herself, mysteriously opens the soft bundle and announces that you have a new baby sister.

To say that you are surprised would not express your feelings sufficiently. Something, that grown-ups call a heart, thumps tremendously hard, and then to the dining room, where you, your muddy boots, you advance and examine what the shawl contains, while nurse holds up an admonishing finger and warns you that baby is asleep, and you must be very quiet.

A Precious Bundle.

Being just 8 years old, going on 9, your observations are somewhat limited. A small puckered red face, two closed eyes, and two of the smallest flaps you ever saw—the rest of the baby consists of lace, ruffles, tucks and ribbons. Then nurse picks the bundle up softly in her arms and tiptoes to the upper regions, where you are forbidden to follow. You are left alone with your thoughts.

They are not pleasant. You decide then and there that life with a sister will be unbearable. Why on earth do they need a baby? To mention the fact that this particular baby is a girl! A terrible sorrow takes possession of your small self. You gaze with unseeing eyes at your new automaton; you have no desire to play. You ponder on the problem of why dear old nurse didn't tell you it was a boy. Girls are no use; they can't climb, and are forever getting hurt; teacher says you mustn't fight them, and girls always make you mad.

Grandpa Don't Sympathize.

You tell Dad as soon as he comes. Dad always understands you. Then you catch sight of Grandpa, but you don't run to tell him of the addition to the family. Grandpa greets you this way: "Well, Toddlers, and does my sonny boy like his dear little sister?" This is adding insult to injury. Your name is Jack—plain, ordinary Jack—but Grandpa persists in calling you "Nobs" or "Captain," and you rebel at the thought.

You answer that you don't see why it couldn't have been a boy. Grandpa pinches your nose and exclaims, "Well,

bless my heart, if Sunny Jim isn't jealous already." On second thought you decide to wait for Dad, and not tell him about Grandpa's ear.

Dad will understand.

Dad to the Rescue.

Poor Dad looks so tired, you hesitate to throw yourself at his mercy and beseech him to banish the baby. He asks you to come to the den. You like this room better than any other in the house, for it is Dad's sanctuary, and then it makes you feel grown up. Dad is your hero and ideal, he never puts you on his knee in the undignified way Grandpa does, he just seats himself opposite you and even if your feet swing in mid-air, and persist in going to sleep, you feel considerably older. Dad produces a clear first of all, then he looks at you in a queer way, and says, "You love little sister, don't you, son?" You regard him furtively and must answer, "No," with some finality, and with just a trace of a sob, which wells up in the most annoying fashion in your throat. You attempt to wink back the tears and swallow hard. "I don't like her one bit, and I don't love her neither, and she has no business coming to our house."

This time you break down entirely and don't feel surprised or ashamed when Dad gathers you up in his great strong arms, and holds you tight. He has a heart to heart talk in all by and bye your sobs subside, and you lie motionless listening to Dad's voice, while he tells you that you must love little sister and must take care of her, that she is a girl, and boys, especially big boys like you (he puts some stress on big), must protect their little sisters. He tells you that Mother wants you to love baby. But the most wonderful fact in the world is that Dad says that some day she will grow big and strong, and will be able to play with you. The truth of this statement you doubt. Surely that tiny morsel can never grow big. You resign yourself to your fate, and decide to put up with the inconvenience for Mother's sake; you love Mother very much.

And so the time goes on, and every day baby is the centre of attraction. You become more constrained, for every time you attempt to whistle somebody tells

Y.W.C.T.U. Hold

a Successful Sale

Fancy and Plain Articles Are Purchased—Names of Those Who Helped.

A very successful sale of work was held yesterday afternoon in the W. C. T. U. Hall, 432 Park Avenue, by members of the Y. W. C. T. U. A large number of useful and fancy articles had been made by the "Y." members, or donated by friends of the union, and many pretty Christmas gifts were purchased by the ladies visiting the sale. The home-cooking table contained many inviting-looking cakes, loaves of home-made bread, etc. In the tea-room afternoon tea was dispensed by Miss Duncan and her assistants, Misses Larsche and Wyatt, and proved most refreshing.

The Helpers.

Those assisting at the various tables were as follows: Fancy work, Mrs. Geo. Copeland and Miss McCulloch; fancy aprons, Mrs. Willie Clark; fancy bags, Miss Jones; candy, Miss Lyon; home cooking, Miss Bell and Miss Nichol; aprons and dish-towels, Miss Fowler.

Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. F. Y. Miller and Mrs. Clarke welcomed the ladies attending the sale.

The affair was very successful financially, the proceeds to be devoted towards helping in the social service work recently undertaken by the W. C. T. U. and "Y's."

you that "You must be quiet." You don't think the baby is growing very much, she is mostly all clothes, and develops an aptitude for crying. At the least whimper from the region of her cradle, father, mother, nurse, and even Grandpa rush forward to see what her highness the baby wants.

You feel sadly neglected and forlorn. The big, new perambulator, radiant with enamel and rubber tires, fails to attract your attention. Once you offered her some of your candy, when nurse caught you, and told you never to do that again, as the baby hasn't any teeth. You add this deficiency to your long list, and give your undivided attention in future to your collar.

Baby's Conquest.

The awakening comes with a start. Perhaps it is when baby first stammers something almost incoherent, but which sounds like "Dada," or perhaps you offer to show her your teddy bear. Her highness the baby gazes up at you with her blue eyes, that look like deep pools, and remind you of forget-me-nots, she opens her rosy mouth and says "Goo," then one pink hand is thrust at you with all the good-fellowship in the world. You fall prone to her charms, conquered, henceforth her devoted slave.

After all is said and done, a sister is not entirely undesirable.

Tea-Table Talk

A correspondent of the Styles in North China Herald, writing from Suchien, Kiang-sou Province, says that the fashions there this year are "ideal." Every man wears what is right in his own eyes, and there are few to ridicule.

A Panama goes jauntily down the street followed by a fur-covered brim cap. Felt hats of marcel and verdigris green follow along with gray and brown hats that really do the amateur batters credit. Eskimo top capes, a few derby hats, and the smart military uniforms give the streets a pliancy that is used to miss in the monotonous China-blue crowds.

Of all the notices posted on the city gates the one that attracts the most attention is the fashion plate that has been exhibited for weeks. It displays two or three of the typical "Western" suits. There are the "swallow-tailed" and the low-front frock for evening functions.

There one finds the plaited skirts recommended for the women. The proud silk or "stove-pipe" hat has its corner, with the other felts. A wise woman wears what is in the style, and leather is made in the optional styles of shoes. The cloth boot has its place with the never leather.

The London Sketch, which should know better, relates a story to the effect that at one of the banquets given by the Duke of Connaught as Governor-General at Ottawa, a guest from some western province asked towards the close of the dinner for a finger bowl, and was denied it by the butler in a gentle whisper on the ground that it was contrary to etiquette to perform any ablutions in the presence of royalty.

The latter was assuredly not the reason, says an English writer. The absence of the finger bowl from the tables of royalty in England, as well as from those at which members of the reigning house are being entertained, dates from Jacobite days, and has nothing to do with the question of ablutions. At the close of the seventeenth and the early half of the

Finger-Bowls Barred.

At a meeting of all the chapters, Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire it was decided that each chapter would give a donation towards the lake disaster fund. In all probability fifty to a hundred dollars will be the total amount made up by the several chapters in this city.

The secretary of the Municipal Chapter, Mrs. R. M. Graham, was asked to send to Mrs. Boomer a written expression of best wishes for a happy visit and safe return to Canada.

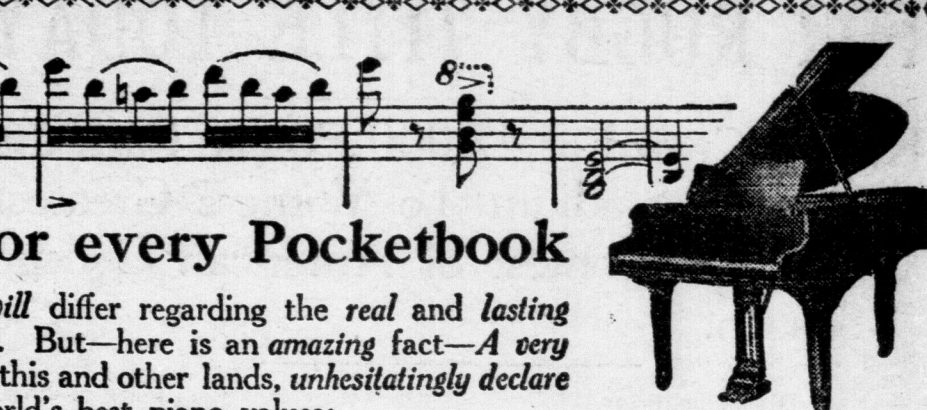
Blood Humors

Commonly cause pimples, boils, hives, eczema or salt rheum, or some other form of eruption; but sometimes they exist in the system, indicated by feelings of weakness, languor, loss of appetite, or general debility, without causing any breaking out.

They are expelled and the whole system is renovated, strengthened and toned by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Get it today. Sold by all druggists everywhere. 100 Doses One Dollar.



The one best Piano for every Pocketbook

While pianos are made, Music Masters will differ regarding the real and lasting excellence of various splendid instruments. But—here is an amazing fact—A very substantial majority of notable pianists, in this and other lands, unhesitatingly declare that the following four pianos are the world's best piano values:

The Chickering Piano

The name of America's oldest piano is a symphony in itself. By a special arrangement with this firm, we are in position to supply a handsome Chickering Quarter Grand in choice Mahogany case for the remarkable low figure of \$850.00.

The Martin-Orme

This splendid instrument has won a unique place in the affections of every true artist. You see, it is the product of one of the greatest Music Masters of the age. For a limited time we are prepared to sell, at a saving of about \$100, any standard Martin-Orme. The regular prices range from \$350 up to \$500.

The Sweet-toned Ennis

By all odds the best of all the lesser-priced pianos, and the best known. Since the first Ennis was placed on the market in 1886, this wonderful instrument has grown in public esteem until to-day it is universally referred to as "The Sweet-toned Ennis." We sell this great little piano at \$275.

The Duchess Piano

A piano possessing the excellent quality of lasting tonal beauty. We can confidently recommend this instrument as a splendid investment for any home, and, so certain are we of its merits, that we back the maker's wide guarantee. Special price until the New Year—\$250.

The Prices Quoted Will Startle the Trade

But there are sound reasons for them. Take a pencil and figure out just how we are able to sell these instruments at such remarkably low prices:—

- 1st. Buying in large lots, we buy at marvelously close prices.
- 2nd. Paying spot cash on delivery, our discounts amount to a handsome saving.
- 3rd. Having our warehouse attached to residence and beyond the high-rent district, saves us thousands annually.
- 4th. Employing no salesmen, we save high salaries and higher expenses.

Our direct way of doing business effects other substantial savings. Write for full particulars regarding any or all of these wonderful pianos or player pianos, and we'll show you how you may own one and save considerable money. Easy terms—if desirable.

The J. J. Callaghan Piano House, 613 WELLINGTON STREET, London

Any Lady who desires the best value in every respect will have her next Suit or Coat tailored by Famaloro & Caravella.

Next to Grand Opera House Entrance.

See the Famous McDougall

Kitchen Cabinet on our floor. It has many improvements on all other cabinets that should interest you.

H. WOLF & SONS
263, 265 Dundas St., Near Wellington.

stuck up to do anything." "What would you do if you should meet a highwayman?" "I should say, 'Please, go away, sir.'"

HOME HELPS

Fried apples are delicious served with pork chops.

Use your sour milk and salt to brighten brass candlesticks.

First wash table linen in cold water and then in hot.

Mushrooms cut into small pieces make a novel filling for an omelet.

Not all canary fanciers know of the bird's love for nasturtium blossoms.

In serving hominy for breakfast, just before taking from the stove add a beaten egg.

When next making lemon jelly, add a few cloves to the mixture. The seasoning will be a pleasing addition.

NOT SATISFYING HIM.

"Ah," he sighed, "if you only gave me the least sign, I—"

"Gracious!" interrupted the hard-hearted belle. "I been giving you the least I ever gave to any man."

Honesty is the best policy, but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man.—Whately.

Neave's Food FOR INFANTS

Will Bring Your Baby Safely Through The First Year

"We put our Maurice on Neave's Food when he was one week old, and he never tasted anything else until his first birthday. Hundreds of people have stopped me on the streets and in the stores to ask how old he was and what he was fed on. He has never had a day's illness and is one of the bonniest boys I have ever seen."

Mrs. J. W. PATHEMAN,
34 Harriet St., Toronto.

Neave's Food is sold in 1 lb. tins by all druggists in Canada.

FREE TO MOTHERS—Write today for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of our book "Hints About Baby," to the Canadian Agent—EDWIN UTLEY,
14 Front Street East, TORONTO.

Mrs. J. R. NEAVE & CO., England.

Entertainments

BROKEN QUOTATIONS.

This is a good game to play at the beginning of a social gathering, as the guests have to mingle together and thus become better acquainted, and the stiffness of a formal gathering passes off.

The hostess has prepared familiar quotations, which were written on paper and then cut in two or three parts and pinned in different places around the room. The guests are requested to find as many quotations as they can during a certain length of time.

As the parts are scattered all over the room, it isn't as easy as it sounds to find the complete quotations.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF—?

Predicaments of the worst kind are thought of and written on pieces of paper. These are handed among the guests, who write out an answer, telling the best way out of the difficulty. Each question begins with "What would you do if—?"

When all have written their answers, the papers are collected in a basket, mixed, and each player draws one out. The answers are then read aloud.

Example: "What would you do if you fell into a tar barrel?" "I would be too