



MISS HELEN M. GOULD.

An Unpretentious Woman Who is Constantly Doing Good Deeds.

One of the most unpretentious women in this country, considering her great wealth and social position, is Miss Helen M. Gould, who has made herself beloved of all classes by her generous philanthropy and unostentatious charity. For it is a very small item indeed of what Miss Gould gives away in doing good that comes to the notice of the public. Writing of Miss Gould in Everybody's Magazine Juliet Wilbur Tompkins says:

"To know her one must see Miss Gould in her country place, Lyndhurst, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, where she spends half the year. There she is seldom without visitors—not formal house parties, formally entertained, but friends, often self-supporting girls, who



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come for a week or six weeks to visit on the simple basis of companionship. For these there are half a dozen horses in the stable and a riding master comes up from New York to accompany and teach the less proficient. On summer mornings Miss Gould and her guests will be up at 6:30, fortified with coffee, and off into the country lanes, riding hatless and shirt waisted in the freedom of that early hour. It is not park riding—that is, for her winter months in New York—but good, happy, country galloping, with sometimes a brisk race against a shower by way of excitement. For Miss Gould fears thunder, as some women do mice, and there is no tranquil waiting under a tree for her when the cannonade begins.

"Most of us can be reached by a dramatic cry for help, a pitiful, obvious tragedy, rung in front of our windows. But Miss Gould's true claims to the hearts of her countrymen lie in faithful, undramatic, day by day service—the ready help, here for a struggling student, there for a crippled child; the long hours of work on committees by which some public end is achieved; the thousand good deeds of which even her own right hand does not know, so modest is the left."

The Sunday Night Supper.
The Sunday night supper that is informal and impromptu to a degree is gaining favor, and it is not to be wondered at, for these little suppers have much to commend them. For one thing, they save trouble. If servants are kept, Sunday is usually the day out. If the mother prepares the meals, she is reluctant to go into the kitchen in her "Sunday best" and get a hot meal. So the suppers come in handy, and they are delightfully jolly as well, for every one helps to get supper and set the table.

For one thing, there is usually some deviled ham or Holland herring. This, of course, has been bought in a can the day before and only needs to be taken from the refrigerator. Then there is the coffee to be set over a gas jet, the rye bread to cut, olives to set out, pickles, or course, and to finish up some cake made the day before.

A charming dish, be it never so cheap, contributes more to the Sunday night supper than anything else, for by its aid some appetizing meal dish can be prepared right at the table. The formal Sunday night supper is a thing of the past, for which the busy housekeeper, who has her one breathing spell on Sunday, gives humble thanks.

Stirring and Beating.
One of the most successful cooking teachers insists upon the difference between "stirring in" and "beating in" the ingredients of a dish. She says that the two methods should never be confused. To "stir in" is to mix the materials thoroughly, and this is the object of the directions. The spoon should be held to the bottom of the dish, and all the materials should be rubbed and pressed together as much as possible, and it is not essential that they should be stirred only one way.

In "beating in" the object is to get all air possible into the ingredients so as to make the mixture lighter. This is best done by continuously lifting it up in the same way. Therefore a beaten mixture must not be stirred round and round, but lifted up from bottom to top so that air is imprisoned in it as the materials are added.

"Folding in" is even a lighter sort of mixing. The eggs or what not are beaten in with long single strokes of the spoon or beater, and the whole mass is not touched after the last addition is mixed lightly.

Women in Banks.

Mrs. Evelyn S. Tome of Port Deposit, Md., is president of two national banks.

Her husband, who left her a fortune of \$3,000,000, held these offices, and when he died she was elected his successor, having since discharged her duties with distinguished ability. One of the banks is in Port Deposit and one in Akron, Ga.

Mrs. Hester Welpton is president of the Exchange bank of Ogallala, Neb., and the town boasts of her financial skill.

St. Louis has two great banking and investment companies which employ women officials to deal with women investors. The women's department of one is in charge of Mrs. Florence M. Laffin; that of the other is conducted by Mrs. Frost, of whose work one of the bank officials says: "Not one of us could stand the strain. The average woman fears to undertake financial transactions, which appear less formidable when carried on with one of her own sex."

Table Linen.

In buying table linen the Irish damask, which is grass bleached, is usually considered the best. The French loses its gloss, and the Scotch is partially bleached with chlorine, which weakens the fiber. A good plan is to get the half bleached, which soon gets white. A poor, sleazy linen is never economical. A good quality looks well to the last, even darts being considered a patent of nobility. An all over design or a running pattern is to be preferred in the medium quality of damask to a cloth that has much plain surface, while the snowdrop and other scattered designs may be selected in the more expensive cloths. The term "double" damask means a heavy linen. It is not, however, necessarily more ex-



A charming shirt waist of gobelin blue foulard, embroidered in old rose and Nile Green Silk. The blouse waist closes with an inverted box-plait and has two narrow plaits at the shoulders. The sleeves are in bishop style, with an inverted box-plait at the elbow. The skirt has a yoke, which is made in one piece with the narrow front breadth and three wide flounces.

pensive nor yet better wearing than the single damask.

Plates.
This is the age of the plate. The old time dinner set for the people who make the slightest pretense of living fashionably or serving course dinners has passed into innocuous desuetude. Very little if anything is served at the table. My lady must have different style plates for every course, and these, if they are in fine china, will cost her anywhere from \$12 to \$300 or \$400 a dozen. The higher prices prevail if she is a woman given to the dinner party habit, and she must change her plates as she changes her gowns, something new for every occasion. This means that at least once a year she lies herself to the man of plates and spends anywhere from \$300 to \$2,000.—New York Times.

Starching.
One of the secrets of perfectly laundered garments is in the starching. Always turn garments wrong side out before putting them in the starch, rub and clap the starch well through, but do not let a bit of it run upon the right side. Thin materials should not be starched at all, but should be dipped into gum water made of white gum arabic. Especial care should be taken in starching such garments, as they cannot stand the drenching which thicker materials are often treated to.

Substitute For a Lantern.
If you find yourself caught by the dark in a situation where a lantern would be "grateful and comforting," you can easily make a substitute if you have a candle. Light the candle and have a paper bag that you have blown up, just as you did years ago when you "popped" it to make your mother jump. Gather the bag's opening around the lower end of the candle, and you will find that you can carry this simply constructed torch with safety and luminous results.



NOT AT ANY PRICE.

The Unpopular Man, His Neighbors and the Coming Funeral.

A Georgia man who was unpopular in his community insured his life for \$2,000. He took the policy home to his wife and said:

"Maria, here's a life insurance document for \$2,000."

"Thank you, dear," said his wife.

"How are you feeling today?"

"Not well," he replied, "and I don't think I am long for this world, and I want to say to you that when I die it is my wish that you devote \$1,000 of the money to defraying my funeral expenses."

"Mercy on me!" exclaimed the wife.

"Why do you want such an expensive funeral?"

"I'll explain. I'm perfectly satisfied that nobody will attend my funeral, and I want to hire people to go at so much a head. I'm going out today and see what arrangements I can make for attendants on that forthcoming melancholy occasion. If they won't come gratis, why, I'll just hire 'em and give 'em an order on you for the money."

He went forth and at nightfall returned with a dejected look.

"Maria," he said, "it's no use. You can have the whole \$2,000. Just go to my funeral yourself."

Be sure you're right, then go ahead.

The cold wet weather is very unfavorable for the grain which a few farmers have sown.

Rev. Mr. Neilly preached a special Easter sermon here last Sunday, but owing to the muddy roads the church was not as full as usual.

The Darrell football club has already made a good start for the season. Their concert given here last Friday evening was a success from every view, the proceeds amounting to over \$40. The musical part of the program was exceptionally good, while the recitations were also cleverly arranged to suit the occasion.

The Misses Rowe are spending the holidays at their home in Mull.

William Molisac, an aged resident of this place, died at the General Hospital in Chatham last Saturday night. The funeral took place on Tuesday to McVicar's cemetery.

Mrs. Mooney is very low with a paralytic stroke.

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EBERTS.

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BALDOON.

The panacea social last Friday night under the auspices of the Ladies Aid was well attended. The hall was packed to the doors. After the pan-cakes and maple syrup was served an excellent program was given, in which the pastor, Mr. Clark, Messrs. Moore and Campbell, of Oldfield, and Misses Wemp, Rankin, and Mr. George, of this place, took part.

under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of this place. The chief feature of the evening will be a dialogue entitled "The Old Maid's Conversion." Songs, music and recitations will also be given. The proceeds of the concert will go to the aid of the Irwin Mission.

Mr. Cornish, of Huron College, conducted services in the Union Hall on Easter Sunday.

Mrs. John Rhodes is spending the Easter holidays in Cardook.

Miss Mary Lenover, of Chatham, spent Sunday at her home here.

JEANNETTE'S CREEK.

The largest shipment of fish of the season was made on Saturday of last week, when one hundred and twenty-eight boxes were shipped.

H. Forbes went to Detroit on Monday to visit his daughter, Mrs. A. Stewart.

On Thursday, April 9th, to the wife of Milton Shaw, a daughter.

Miss Forbes is visiting in Chatham this week.

Mr. Vanning, of Dorchester, spent from Friday to Monday with his son here.

W. Brusso is suffering with appendicitis.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Garbutt spent Saturday in the Maple City.

Mrs. James Hamilton is suffering from a severe attack of la grippe.

Miss Florence and Georgia Kontas are spending this week with relatives in Blenheim.

Mr. Bussey is spending the Easter holidays in Toronto.

Fred. Bagmal and son Joseph spent Sunday here with the former's mother.

Mrs. F. H. Ouellette returned last week from Hotel Dieu, Windsor, much

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A Glance

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A. B. SELVEY

Murray's Block, King St.

Princess evening gown of white lace over pale yellow silk. It is trimmed with yellow chiffon, and has panels of burnt orange crepe de chene applique with lace on either side of the skirt.

We were sorry to hear of the death of Thomas Parish, which happened last Saturday night. It was unexpected. The family have the sympathy of the community.

E. Owen left for London Friday to visit his daughter, Mrs. Shoemaker, who is very ill.

J. Cartwright accompanied his sister, Mrs. J. Murphy, of the Bay, to London last week.

BETHEL.

Our teacher has come home to spend her Easter holidays. Mr. Purser has returned from Pontiac after a month's visit among friends.

Seeding has become general in this section and by another week everybody will be done.

Owing to ill health McVean Campbell has rented his farm and on Wednesday next will sell by auction his entire stock and implements.

Bruce Read has gone to Manitoba, hoping to gain his health.

Robert Louis has overhauled several barns and houses all ready this spring and has numerous contracts on hand which will take him well into the summer to complete.

Miss Maggie Barnes, our estimable young lady, who has made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Stephens for the last four years, was quietly married on Wednesday to Mr. Robert Elby, a poor farmer of this place. Miss Barnes made a host of friends here, who all join in wishing this young couple God speed.

IRWIN'S.

Our teacher, Miss Bertha Robinson, is spending her Easter holidays at her home in Dutton.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Warren P. Huff, a son.

The new residence of Mr. Thomas Lee will be completed the latter part of this month.

Mrs. John Rhodes is spending the few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Jas. Chinick.

Mr. T. K. Huff has moved on to the farm of Mr. John Symonton.

A concert will be held in Union Hall on Monday evening, April 20th.



"You don't feel put out, do you, Clarence?"

"No, Mabel, but I feel as if I'm going to be."

An Odd Refrain.

She-A queer dirge he plays on the piano all the time.

He-Yes, he's in love with a widow and only plays on the black keys.—Boston Herald.

A long lane that has no turn.