

# THE WOMAN'S CORNER

SAILORS, JAUNTIER THAN EVER, COME AGAIN



Have you seen the new sailor? For this fashion among hats is come back to us once more. It promises to be the millinery craze of the season. And no matter how many other hats you may happen to have, you will surely conclude that you need some kind of a sailor also, when you see the late openings.

The new sailors come in three styles.

## ALL AROUND THE HOME

BY CYNTHIA GREY.

An old-fashioned remedy for chilblains is potato-water. Boil potatoes without salt. Save water. Let cool, put feet in and leave until the stinging pain is gone.

Casoline is the best of cleaners for wash bowls and bathtubs that have become stained.

A good way to brighten colors in a carpet is to wipe it with a flannel cloth wrung out of warm water containing a little ammonia.

If a kettle burns dry take it from the stove, place at once in cold water and the food will not taste burned.

**Lemon Scones.** For afternoon tea try these delicious scones: Four cups flour, three level

half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, four tablespoonfuls of finely-shaved lemon peel, quarter of a teaspoonful of essence of lemon. Mix the dry ingredients; add the essence to two small cups of water, as that will be about the quantity needed. If more is needed to make a soft dough use it, but in a case of this kind it is easier to add to than to take from. Divide the dough into four pieces; turn each out on a floured board, pat into a round cake, and roll slightly to half an inch thick. The knack of handling dough with a light hand, and of knowing how much liquid is needed comes only with practice, and cannot be given in directions. The best way is to watch an experienced hand at it, and then you will "catch on." Brush the top of the scones with milk, and bake in a quick oven until brown under and on top.

### ADVERTISER PATTERNS

BEAUTY PATTERN COMPANY.



8542

### 8542-LADY'S TUCKED SHIRTWAIST.

For a separate blouse to wear with old skirts, there is no better pattern for the purpose than a well-fitting tucked model. This one has a broad pleat laid over the shoulders in Gibson effect, and small tucks on each side the front closing. The sleeve is in regulation shirtwaist style. The design will develop well in madras, linen, cotton, silk or woolen. The pattern is cut in six sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 24-inch material. A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10c in stamps or silver.

### PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send advertisement 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 sent measure you need only mark it 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 "yards." 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.

### DAILY MENU

#### BREAKFAST.

Grapefruit.

Granulated Oatmeal.

Toast. Coffee.

#### DINNER.

Rib Roast of Beef.

Potatoes Baked. Gravy. Green Peas.

Rhubarb Pie.

#### TEA.

Macaroni and Cheese.

Plum Preserves. Tea Biscuits.

Cookies. Tea.

#### Hints to the Cook.

The peas at dinner are dried green

peas, bought by the pound, soaked

over night, and cooked slowly 8 or 9

hours. For the cookies mix two cups

sugar, one cup butter, one cup mol-

asses, 1-2 cup milk, two eggs, one

### CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: I go with a young man of 20 who is often in a bad temper, but he never calls in that condition. Although he promises to stop drinking, he never keeps his word. Please advise me. BRYAN EYES.

A. "A young man of 20 who is often in a bad temper, but he never calls in that condition. Although he promises to stop drinking, he never keeps his word. Please advise me. BRYAN EYES."

Dear Miss Grey: (1) How should a girl of 14 wear her hair? (2) Should a boy or girl speak first on meeting? (3) When I am asked to recite in public how can I refuse? PUSSY WILLOW.

A. (1) Parted, rolled at sides, braided and tied with broad ribbon. (2) The girl. (3) Say firmly, but courteously, "No, I thank you."

Dear Miss Grey: Please tell me how

to introduce myself to a girl I've never met? YOUNG GIRL.

A. Ask someone who knows you both to introduce you to her.

Dear Miss Grey: How can I fill out

the hollow places in my neck? ANXIOUS.

A. Deep breathing, exercise, cocoa

butter. Wet a towel with cold water

and slap throat, chest and shoulders

vigorously with it each morning.

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## "THE MESSAGE"

BY LOUIS TRACY

Author of  
"THE WINGS OF THE MORNING."  
"THE WHEELS OF FORTUNE."

In her eagerness the girl tried to rise to her feet. "Sit still, miss," growled Peter, laboring mightily. "Judging by the position of that other craft, an' from wot I know of Mr. Warden, there'll be a devil of a bump in 'arf a tick."

"Starboard a point," cooed Warden, on his knees in the bows. "Steady as she goes."

Suddenly he sprang upright. "Hard a-starboard!" he cried, and leaped overboard.

A yell from the crew, a sharp crack as an oar-blade snapped against the sturdy ribs of the dinghy, and the two boats shot past each other. Peter's prompt obedience to orders having averted a collision.

"My godfather!" he roared, "I 'ad to jump for it. But don't you worry, miss—'e can swim like a herring."

Nevertheless, the girl did worry, as her white face and straining eyes well showed. Peter swung the dinghy about so nimbly that she lost all sense of direction. It seemed as if the laughing Squire had snatched Warden and she gazed affrightedly on every side but the right one.

"Oh, how could he do it?" she wailed. "I shall never forgive myself."

Then she heard a deep breath from the water behind her, and she turned to see Warden, with blood streaming from a gash across his forehead, swimming easily with one hand. She whisked round and knelt on the seat.

"Come close, I can hold you."

"Please do not be alarmed on my account," he said coolly. "I fear I look rather ghastly, but the injury is nothing, a mere glancing blow from an oar."

Even in her unnerved condition she could not fail to realize that he was in no desperate plight. But she was very frightened, and gazed at him anxiously, when his fingers rested on the stern rail. Yet even under such trying circumstances, she was helpful.

Though half sobbing, and utterly distressed, she dipped her handkerchief in the water and stooped until she could wash the wound sufficiently to reveal its extent. He was right. The skin was broken, but the cut had no depth.

"Why did you behave so badly?" she asked with quivering lips.

"It was method, not madness, fair maid," he said, smiling up at her. "Our opponents had four cars, and a light car, and I was alone. I had to jump, to equalize the handicap I 'ad to jump, else you would have lost your prize. By the way, here it is."

With a flourish he gave her a smooth, highly polished oval object, which proved to be a good deal larger than when afloat. The girl threw it into the bottom of the boat without paying the least heed to it. She was greatly flustered, and, wondering, waited to box Warden's ears for his absurd action.

"You have terrified me out of my wits," she gasped. "Can you climb a board?"

"That would be difficult—perhaps dangerous. Peter, pull up to the nearest ladder. Then I can regain my perch forward."

But as he was gazing with an extraordinary expression of awe almost of fear, at the unusual cause of so much commotion.

"Well, sink me!" he muttered, "if that ain't a sight to behold, I'm a head stoker. I've never seen anything like it, no, not in all my top gals. My aunt! It's ugly enough to cause a riot!"

CHAPTER II.

How the Message was Delivered. Owing to the return of the rival boat, Peter's agitation passed into a dead. A superior person was apologizing for the accident, though inclined to tax Warden with foolhardiness.

You have only yourself to blame for that knock on the head, which might have been far more serious than it is," he said.

"Will you kindly go to—Jericho?" said the man in the water.

The cup of Peter's tons' grew more civil when he found that he was talking to one whom he condescended to regard as an equal.

"Don't you want any assistance?" he inquired.

"No thanks, unless you will allow me to use your gangway in order to climb aboard the dinghy."

"By all means, I am sorry the car caught you, but you annexed the prize, so I suppose you are satisfied. What was it?"

"A calabash, I fancy. You will see it lying in the boat."

Peter, who was really fascinated by the man's face, and the girl's attention in the first instance, suddenly kicked it and turned it upside down with his wooden leg. The men in the second boat saw only the glazed rim of an oval bowl, some twelve inches long, and eight or nine in diameter.

"The pot was hardly worth the scurry," laughed one of them. "If Greeks once strove for a crown of olive-branches, the Englishmen for a calabash," said Warden.

There was an element of the ludicrous in the unexpected comment from a man in his predicament. Every true-born Briton resents any remark that he does not quite understand, and some among the strangers grinned. The girl, still holding Warden's wrist as though she feared he would vanish in the depths if she let go, darted a scornful look at them.

"The truth is that these gentlemen competed because they thought they were sure to win," she cried.

"It was a fair race, madam," expostulated the leader of the yacht's boat.

"Y-yes," she admitted. "My presence equalized matters."

As the men were four to two, she scored distinctly.

"Give way, Peter," said Warden. "I laugh I shall swallow more salt water than is good for me."

He was soon seated astride the bows of the dinghy, which Peter's strenuous arms brought quickly alongside the Sans Souci. By that time, the girls' composure was somewhat restored.

Warden obviously made so light of his ducking that she did not allude to it again. As for the gourd, it rested at her feet, but she had lost all interest in it. In truth, she was annoyed with herself for having championed her new friend's cause, and thus, in a sense, condoned his folly.

It did not occur to her that the Sans Souci's deck was singularly untenanted, until a gruff voice hailed the occupants of the dinghy from the top of the gangway.

"Below there," came the cry. "Wotcher want here?"

The girl looked up with a flash of surprise in her eyes. "What?" she answered instantly.

"I am Miss Evelyn Dane, and I wish to see Mrs. Baumgartner."

"She's ashore," was the reply. "Well I must wait until she returns."

"You can't wait here."

"But that is nonsense. I have come from Oxfordshire at her request."

"It don't matter tuppence where you've come from. No one is allowed aboard. Them's my orders."

Miss Dane turned bewildered eyes on Warden.

"How can one reason with a surly person like this?" she asked.

"He is incapable of reason—he wants a hiding," said Warden.

A bewhiskered visage of the freak variety glared down at him.

"Does he, you wot?" roared the apparition, "an' 'e's goin' to give it 'im?"

"I am. Take this lady to the saloon, and come with me to the cutter yard. My man will bring you to your bunk in five minutes, or even less."

"For goodness' sake, Mr. Warden, do not make my ridiculous position worse," cried the girl, reddening with annoyance. "Mrs. Baumgartner wrote and urged me to see her without delay on board this yacht. I telegraphed her early this morning saying I would be here soon after midday. What am I to do?"

"If I were you I would go back to Oxfordshire," he said.

"But I cannot—at least not until I have spoken to her. I am—poor, I am practically engaged as companion to her daughter, for goodness' sake, I suspect—to Mrs. Baumgartner's daughter."

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**S**UPPOSE you do like the tea you are using, it is worth your while to try **Red Rose Tea**.

It combines rich smoothness with delicious flavor and fragrant aroma in a way to awaken in you a new sense of the pleasure of tea. You owe it to yourself to try a package. Why not today? Your grocer will recommend it.

and I dare not throw away the chance of obtaining a good position."

Warden, who was dabbling his forehead with a handkerchief, did not reply at once, and Evelyn Dane, in her distress, little guessed the irrational conceit that danced in his brain just then. But the presence of Peter, and the torrent of sarcastic obfuscation that flowed from the gourd of the Sans Souci, induced restraint. It was on the tip of his tongue to suggest that, under the conditions, it would be a capital notion if they got married, and took a honeymoon cruise.

In the Nancyl Long afterward he wondered what would have been the outcome of any such fantastic proposal. Would she have listened? At any rate, it amused him at the time to think that there was little difference between a lover and a lunatic.

To Be Continued.

### ENGINEERS CONVENED

Earnings From New Headquarters' Building Will Meet the Deb.

Detroit, Mich., May 17.—Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers are delighted with their new office building in Cleveland, but they do not let sentiment interfere with business. They enjoyed themselves for two days dedicating the building, but they were on hand bright and early yesterday for the business session and took up the question of financing the enterprise.

The office building will cost a little over \$120,000 when completed. Of this amount \$100,000 has been paid, having been taken from the surplus fund of the order, which is a pretty concrete example of the fact that the brotherhood is enjoying prosperity. Regarding the balance due the proposition came up as to whether it should be raised by assessment or let the building pay itself out.

**Earning Capacity Good.** No decision was reached, a point of order putting the matter over, but it is quite probable that the balance will be paid from the earnings of the building, which are conservatively placed at \$50,000 a year. In addition to the 400 offices the building has a fine auditorium seating 1,400 and equipped with the magnificent organ. There are a number of singing societies in Cleveland which will rent the auditorium at \$100 a night, and as the seats can easily be removed it will

be able, wasted, starved nerves often make their condition known by nervous headaches. This is one of the first and most marked symptoms.

If you are at all subject to rheumatism you have noticed how much worse it gets when the system gets run down.

Both nervous headache and muscular rheumatism disappear when Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is used to rebuild and revitalize the wasted and weakened body.

Mr. James Riley, molder for the Waterbury Engine Company, 46 Jarvis street, Brantford, Ont., writes: "I suffer from years with muscular rheumatism and as I also had frequent and severe attacks of nervous headache I concluded that the trouble came from nerves and began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. As I continued this treatment the rheumatism was gradually driven out of the system, my nerves got stronger and steadier, and the headaches disappeared. I consider Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a splendid nerve regulator and health builder."

You cannot possibly make a mistake in using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when the nervous system gets run down, for by forming new, rich blood this great food curbs the nerve cells as nothing else can.

When you have made up your mind to test this treatment, so at it in earnest and keep at it regularly until you feel the cable of health and vigor.

50 cents a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto, write for free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.

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