Of Interest To Women

LAMP SHADE PARASOL

Black embroidery in bold relief on a white silk background make a most effective parasol, especially when shown in combination with the Alice Maynard hat and the new silk dress.

HOW AN UMBRELLA SHOULD BE ROLLED.

The process of rolling an umbrella up neatly is simple. The majority of people hold it by the handle and keep twisting the stick with one hand, while with the other they twist and roll the silk. Instead of this, they should take hold of the umbrella just above the ribs of the cover.

These points naturally lie evenly with the stick. They should be kept hold of and pressed tightly against the stick and then the cover should be rolled up. Holding the ribs thus prevents them from getting twisted out of place, or bending out of shape, and the silk is bound to follow evenly and roll smooth and tight. If an umbrella is rolled in this fashion until it is old enough to look rusty it will look as if newly bought.

Advertiser Patterns
Beauty Pattern Company.

8934—A Simple Practical Model—Ladies' Home Dress With Seven Gore Skirt.

This design will appeal to every home dressmaker who appreciates simplicity and style. The waist has a shaped side closing, and the skirt is cut with the popular inverted back plait and has a deep tuck at each seam of the front gore. The sleeve may be finished in full length or as a shorter sleeve. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure. It requires 7 yards of 36-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration will be 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 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.

All Around the Home

CYNTHIA GREY.

To remove ironmold make a paste with salt and lemon juice and lay it over the yellow mark. Repeat a second time if necessary.

If you wish to economize with regard to your coal, burn a little coke with it; but remember that coke must not be put on when the fire is low or it will deaden it.

To renovate black crepe take a little skim milk and water, and add a small lump of glue to it. When quite hot, sponge the crepe with it, and then shake till dry.

To keep a bed aired put in a stone water bottle filled with boiling water every second day. This is very little trouble, and the bed is then ready for use at any time.

Cocoanut matting can easily be cleaned by taking a large bowl of boiling water with plenty of soda added. Get a stiff yard broom, dip in, and scrub a small piece at a time. When finished take a bowl of clean cold water and rinse the same way. This is also a good way to clean cocoanut fibre mats or street door mats.

Even quite cheap table linen may be made to look as glossy as fine damask if ironed in the following way: After the linen has been washed, boiled and rinsed, wring it as dry as possible, roll it up in a dry sheet, and leave it for an hour. Then iron till it is thoroughly dry. In this way the linen escapes the wear and tear of hanging on a line and keeps a better shape.

Here is a glove hint which is vouched for as infallible in its effects. Procure a tin box or a jar, with a tight, close-fitting cover, and place in the bottom a quantity of lump ammonia. Then suspend the gloves in the box or jar, close it tightly, and allow it to remain this way four or five days. At the end of this time remove the gloves, and every spot will be found to have vanished.

To soften skin that is harsh and inclined to be dry and scaly, bathe nightly in milk that is just on the point of turning. Let it dry on the face. Half a curful will be amply sufficient for the purpose. Soft rain water to wash in will, in a short time, improve the poorest complexion. Even the hair will grow brighter in its tints if exposed occasionally to the wind and the rain.

Never throw away the peel of a lemon. However small or large a quantity you may have, put it to soak in a dish of water for a day or two; then get a wide-necked bottle or jar, put in the peel, and cover it well with sugar; cork up and make air-tight, stand the jar in not too cool a place. The sugar will gradually dissolve. A tablespoonful of the liquid added to cakes or milk puddings takes the place of essence of lemon and imparts a very nice flavor. Always keep the peel well covered with sugar, or it will be apt to turn mouldy.

For cleaning the flatiron when starch sticks to it use a piece of fine wire screening. Put the screening on paper on the ironing board and run iron over it. This is much better than scraping the starchy deposit off with a knife.

Correspondence

Edited by Cynthia Grey.

Dear Miss Grey—Please give me a few rules on introductions, with an example.

A.—Simple methods are always best. In introducing a man to a woman the woman's name is always spoken first, and the man presented to the woman. "Miss Black, let me present Mr. Smith," is a favored style. A young woman is presented to an older woman. Pronounce names distinctly, don't mumble. A woman always rises to receive an introduction to another woman. Indeed, one is always safe to rise, and to shake hands as well, on being introduced.

Dear Miss Grey—(1) What will remove a varnish stain from dark green messaline? (2) What is a percolator?

ANXIOUS ONE.

A.—(1) Chloroform or naptha, if anything will. In using naphtha be careful about fire. (2) It is a modern coffee pot with an upper basin for the coffee grounds, the bottom of the basin being a sieve which allows the coffee to filter through when filled with water.

Dear Miss Grey: 1. What will take milk and grease stains out of old rose cloth dress? 2. What will clean a lace net yoke with thread of gold braid running through it? I tried a piece of it in gasoline but it turned the gold braid black. 3. What is the very latest skirt? Would you please answer right away. Thanking you in advance,

A READER.

A.—1. Place a piece of blotting paper beneath the stain; sponge with ammonia; then lay fresh blotting paper beneath and above, and press with a moderate iron. 2. I fear the only remedy is to buy new material and make another yoke. This will be better than trying to clean the soiled one. 3. Skirts cut in straight narrow lines still prevail. Many of them have a piece about 14 inches in width stitched on the bottom to give the appearance of a band. Others have small pleats inserted to make a little fullness.

A FLOWER GARDEN HINT.

All lovers of flowers know they are prettiest when arranged with their own foliage. But the home gardener has learned that when dealing with sweet peas it is not always possible to obtain enough of their leaves for contrast, so he grows some plant that gives the right sort of foliage for floral combinations. The annual gypsophila, a mass of tiny white flowers, is one of the most attractive of these. Others are the dainty ornamental grasses such as "Job's tears," the "cloud grass," "squirrel's tail" and hare's tail grass, subjects far too seldom cultivated in gardens.

A Bishop's Daughter.

Toronto News: The wheel of chance turned up a live number for a clever young Canadian girl this week.

Miss Mary Hamilton, daughter of the late Bishop Hamilton, of Ottawa, arrived in Toronto on Thursday morning to take a position with Miss Margaret Anglin in the company playing "Green Stockings."

The pretty piece of luck came through peculiar and pathetic circumstances.

Miss Crosby Little, one of the members of the company, received word on Wednesday night that her mother in Chicago was dying. The young lady left on the late train. Placed in a quandary by the incident, Miss Anglin remembered that during her visit in Ottawa, Miss Mary Hamilton had called upon her at her hotel where they spent some time together. Miss Hamilton had been several years in professional companies and was anxious to be with Miss Anglin. Mr. Gallagher, the manager, was called in and also advised that the Ottawa girl be asked to join the company. Miss Hamilton arrived on Thursday morning, went direct to the theatre, rehearsed with the company until noon, and in the afternoon memorized the lines of the part of Madge.

Thursday night she went on and played the role without any show of nervousness, and in a manner that heartily pleased the star and manager. The tour lies through Ontario, thence into the States, concluding at the end of two weeks in New York City.

THE CABLEMAN

BY WEATHERBY CHESNEY.

"I haven't the least idea, Mr. Scarborough, sir, I am pleased to meet you again, but you will no doubt share my regret that I do so under somewhat depressing circumstances. I had the honor to acquaint you yesterday with the fact that this show was going to the devil; I have the honor to inform you to-day that it has gone. Will you let me have the pleasure of standing you a whiskey and soda?"

"What's the matter now?" asked Scarborough.

"The matter is, sir, that the lady you asked for just now has deserted. The name of Mona de la Mar will henceforth not appear on the playbills of Val B. Montague's American Circus Combination. In fact, I doubt whether that world famous troupe will ever issue another parchin. Mr. Varney, I include you in my invitation to drink whiskey and soda."

"Look here, Montague, stop talking riddles and tell us what you mean."

"I mean," said Montague, "exactly what I say. That if you ask me what that means, I can't tell you. It is a problem beyond my powers of reading. My schooner, the Sea Horse, sailed from the harbor of Ponta Delgada this morning, without my knowledge or permission. It has not returned, and I don't know where or why it has gone."

Val B. Montague beamed as he gave the news, and saw the look of consternation on the young men's faces. Then with a sudden change of manner, he collapsed, and said in a quavering voice to Varney:

"What does it mean, Bill? Run to me, of course. What else?"

"Who was on board?" asked Varney.

"The four deckhands, the nigger and the ring-master. I discharged him last night, so he had no right to be there. Except these six, and Mona de la Mar, nobody."

Scarborough and Varney exchanged a look.

"By Jove!" said Varney, and Scarborough gave a short laugh.

Neither of them felt much doubt about the details of the hooded woman now. Margaret Ryan had not forgotten her vow of vengeance when she came to the islands of the Azores. She had tracked down the man who had ruined her. She had brought him to bay in the valley of the Cableira de Morte. The injured and the injurer had met face to face. But what had happened then?

The scene between them had been acted without witnesses. The curtain had gone down upon a tragedy. But had the woman caused it?

CHAPTER X.

A Message From the Dead.

Patches of fog were creeping across the water, and as the evening drew down they thickened and grew wider. The setting sun flashed on water mirrors of ever diminishing area. In another hour it would be dark, but even sooner than that the fog curtain would be unbroken for minute by minute the rents in it were closing.

Elsa stood up in her boat, and marked the exact direction of the rock for which she was steering. Fortunately she had had the foresight to bring a compass. She had half a mile to go yet, and the breeze was dying. She would steer by sight, so long as the fog did not hide the rock, if it did she would have to trust to her compass.

"I wonder what the current is?" she mused. "It is setting dead inshore but how much? If I allowed half a point for drift, that should take me near enough to let me steer by the sound of the surf."

The islet for which she was steering lay a little more than two miles from the shore, with deep water close up to its flanks. It was ring-shaped, like a Pacific atoll, but its formation was different. Not the slow, quiet growth of coral insects had made it, but a convulsion of nature. It was the summit of a deep-water volcano, whose crater raised a brim, a hundred yards across, out of the sea. There was one place on the West, where for a few feet this brim had been broken down, leaving a gap by which a boat might enter, and the water inside made an almost circular lagoon.

Local tradition said that it was bottomless.

It was a place where a ship might have ridden out in safety the heaviest hurricane that ever blew, if it had been possible for any ship to enter. But the opening in the circular wall was hardly more than ten feet across, and underneath there was a broad sill, which rose to within two fathoms of the surface. It was a dangerous entrance, even for a small boat, and when the wind blew from the west, impossible; but Elsa knew it well, and thought that she could manage it, even alone.

She was an expert and fearless boatwoman, but she was not accustomed to having to depend altogether upon herself in her expenditions. The boat was a present which her father had given her a little more than a year ago; but with the present, he had coupled a stipulation that she should never go out in it alone. The irregular coasts of San Miguel breed treacherous currents, and wind squalls are sudden; but even had the waters been as safe as the Solent, Elsa's boat was too big for one girl to manage.

This, however, was the first occasion on which she had been out in it alone, but today a companion was impossible. For she had work to do which no eye but her own must see.

Did she still believe in her father's innocence? She was acting as though she did; and, for the rest, she tried to force herself not to think.

She had not kept her faith without a struggle. Misgivings had arisen in her mind, but she had strangled them remorselessly at their birth, and by an effort of will made herself believe that they had never been born. There was, however, one moment when the doubts had been too strong to be stifled thus; they had cried clamorously, and had refused to be choked; and for half an hour she had tasted a misery more bitter even than that which had come when she first knew that her father was dead. That moment was when she listened to Scarborough's tale of the embezzlement of Margaret Ryan's inheritance, and told him passionately that she believed it he might go—for almost she thought she hated him. She had thrown herself on the couch and sobbed hysterically, for at that moment the knowledge was in her heart that what he said was true.

Later had come the reaction. She took up her faith again, the more unreasonably because reason had forced her to lay it down, and she despised herself for the weakness in allowing the calumny to influence her even for a moment. There was something of obstinacy in this—the obstinacy of a strong nature which fights the more tenaciously when facts and common sense alike are against it, and it knows quite well that it is in the wrong; and there was even more of the beautiful loyalty with which every true woman will always, at whatever violence to her own judgment of right and wrong, defend those whom she loves.

It will be remembered that when Elsa set out to go to the opera at Ponta Delgada, her father's last words to her had been that if—unlikely as such a chance seemed at the time—he was not at the Chinelas when she returned, she would find an ib desk, in the second small drawer, on the left, a paper that would tell her what she was to do.

This paper was marked: "To my daughter Elsa, to be opened by her forenoon at noon, if by that time I have not returned to destroy it."

Elsa opened it an hour after Scarborough had left her. This was what it contained:

"My Dear Daughter,—I told you this morning that when you returned from Ponta Delgada you might possibly find that I was not at home to greet you, and to hear your report of what and whom you had seen. I might have told you that the possibility was a certainty, but I did not wish to alarm you. By the time you return I shall have succeeded or failed in an enterprise the success of which is so essential that to insure it I am voluntarily putting myself in some danger. While you are doing your best at Ponta Delgada to discover who the unknown enemy is, I shall be engaged in a similar contest with an enemy who is well known to me, an enemy who of late has taken to using threats. Now, little girl, between the known enemy and the unknown I run a double risk of failure, and this is what you must help me to avoid.

"The sealed packet which you will find with this letter contains documents which must at all costs be kept out of the hands of people who would use them to your and my injury. I do not trust to my own ability to safeguard them, nor is it possible for me, watched as I believe I am, to put them into any place of safety. That must be your task. Those who are shadowing me will not consider it necessary to watch you also. Take the packet, and put it in the safest place that you know. When I return, if I do return, I shall not ask you where it is.

To Be Continued.

MOTHERS' DAY

A Movement Which Has Become Very Popular in Canada.

A movement which has proved a very popular one is that of observing the second Sunday in May as "Mothers' Day," by wearing a white carnation. Although only started last year, already it has spread widely. In Canada the sponsor for the movement is W. G. Reek, of Toronto, president of the Canadian Home Journal. He is receiving cordial assistance from the press and pulpit.

In the May issue of the Canadian Home Journal there is a strong appeal for the observance:

"The small boy, with his cut finger, the tiny girl with her torn frock, make an immediate chase for 'Mother'—sure of a wisdom that will repair the injury, even if some wholesome advice be thrown in about 'not doing it again.' Then come the impatient half-grown years, when the exclamation, 'Mother is so old-fashioned,' and 'Mother does not understand that things are different now,' are constantly heard. But the years, those unhaiting years, march steadily by, and we hear the man and the woman, with their own stern problems to solve, admitting regretfully, 'I believe Mother was right,' and 'I wish I'd done as Mother advised me.'"

"So, on the breath of a white carnation, on the second Sunday of May, will come back the oldtime memories, with their childish joy and pain. It may bring the keenest sorrow in remembering happier things,' or it may be but a badge in honor of the living mother."

A very touching little episode occurred last May in a well-known and prominent Toronto family. On the Tuesday morning after Mothers' Day the postman brought a letter from a member of the family who had been a wanderer and rather a black sheep for many years, addressed to the mother of the group. As that dear old person had been with the angels for some time, the letter was opened by a daughter, who read as follows: "Dear Old Mother,—The nurse in the hospital where I am has been telling me about Mothers' Sunday, and I have made up my mind to write to you. I am not long for this life, being far gone in illness, but if you are still alive I want you to know I am thinking of you on Mothers' Day. I am inclosing the white flower nurse pinned on me this morning. Good-bye, dear old mother."

There is an interesting account of "Mothering Day," an observance of 50 years ago, when it was customary to visit parents, especially mothers, on the mid-Sunday in Lent, taking some small gift. Herrick writes:

'I'll to thee a simnel bring,
'Gainst thou go a-mothering;
So that, when she blesses thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me."

CATHERINE HOPLEY DEAD.

London, May 1.—Catherine Cooper Hopley, an authority on ephidians, died today. While in the United States at the time of the Civil War collecting material for her book of birds, the authoress was arrested on suspicion of being a British spy, and was imprisoned for a few months.

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10¢ Pkg.
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Each package makes one-half gallon.

It is economical—goes four times as far as other desserts. It is pure—you add your own flavor, color and ingredients. You know what you are eating.

MARSH-MALLOWS

½ box Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 2 cups (one pint) granulated sugar. Few grains salt and flavoring to taste.

Soak the gelatine in ten tablespoonfuls cold water. Heat the sugar with ten tablespoonfuls water till dissolved. Add gelatine to syrup and let stand until partially cooled. Add salt and flavoring, beat with a whip until too stiff, then with a large spoon until only soft enough to settle into a sheet. Dust granite pans thickly with confectioners' sugar; pour in the candy about half inch deep and set in cool place until thoroughly chilled. Turn out, cut in cubes and roll in confectioner's sugar.

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"Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," our new illustrated book of recipes for Desserts, Salads, Candies, Puddings, Ices, Ice Creams, etc., together with a *Pint Sample*, is free for your grocer's name. Address

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CHAPS and roughness of the skin are relieved by the use of Sanitol Pure Cold Cream. As a massage it cleans when soap will not. Applied before putting the hands into grease, or things that soil, it protects. It is antiseptically pure and snow white in color. Look for the the turquoise blue jar.

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