Mainly About Women

BY ELIZABETH BAILEY TELEPHONE 2380

H. S. Wilson has arrived in the city from Calgary.—Victoria Times.

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Dr. Blow and son are visiting in Victoria.

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Mrs. M. Flavin, of Calgary, is registered at the Prince George Hotel.—Victoria Times.

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Rev. W. G. James and family left yesterday on a month's holiday, which will be spent in southern Alberta.

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Miss Agnes Williams and Miss May Armitage, who have been visiting Mrs. Dr. Shipley, have left for Edmonton.

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Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Whittimore have returned from an Okanagan valley trip.

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Mrs. G. E. Cushing and son, of Regina, have left on a trip to Edmonton and Strathcona.

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The Women's Press Culb will meet this afternoon at 4 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Jacobs, Twenty-sixth avenue west.

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Mrs. R. M. Fahey of Toronto, Mrs. J. W. Jones of Chicago, and Mrs. R. S. Todd of Saskatoon, are the guests of Mr. Stanley L. Jones, 9 1-2 street west.

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Rev. J. Lambert Alexander and wife, of Granby, Quebec, are visiting his brother, J. Harry Alexander, 1017 11th avenue west.

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Mrs. Anderson and daughter, Miss Blanche Anedrson, left yesterday on an extended trip east, where they will visit in Toronto and Detroit.

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Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Folkins and Miss Jean, of Sussex, N. B., are visiting their son and daughter, A. L. Folkins and Mrs. Roy Jamieson.

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Mrs. F. D. Sinclair, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. J. H. Greene, of Winnipeg, leave today for Portland, Vancouver, and Seattle.

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The Young Woman's Benevolent society will meet this afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. Cairns, Elbow Park, at 3 p.m.

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There will be a meeting of the St. David's Welsh Society in St. George's Park this evening, at 8 o'clock, when the members will be pleased to make the acquaintance of any newcomers from Wales.

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The amateur dramatic performance at Paget Hall, in aid of the A. Y. P. A. Tennis club, which was to have been given Wednesday and Thursday, is postponed, owing to the illness of one mimber, and another going away. It will be given in the fall.

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The Naomi Mother's meeting will be held this afternoon at 3:30 o'clock at the home of the president, Mrs. Rumrill, 1411 Four and a half street east.

Mrs. A. D. McKillop will address the mothers, selecting her own topic. It is hoped that a large number will be present to hear her.

* * *

Miss Arnold and Miss Mima Arnold, of Montreal, are spending a week in Calgary, visiting their brother, Mr. Jas. Arnold, at 535 15th avenue west.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Skinner and two daughters leave for the coast, where they will spend the next six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Finlay of Medicine Hat, are visitors in the city.

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The ladies of the Woman's Alliance under the auspices of the Unitarian Church are giving a Porch Party and Musicale at the home of Mrs. W. T. D. Lathwell, 1430 Buckingham ave., Hillhurst on Thursday evening, July 18th. Light refreshments will be served for which the ladies will charge a small amount.

CUPID'S KNOTS

ROLPH—DE BRUNNER.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the pro-cathedral of the Redeemer last night, when Mr. Polver Rolph of Sunnyside, Calgary, and Miss Louie De Brunner were united in marriage by Dean Paget.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolph will live in Calgary.

* * *

ROOME—SCOTT.

At the Hillhuret Presbyterian manse, George Walter Roome and Isabella Jane Scott were married by the Rev. Peter A. Walker. They will live in Calgary.

The woman who has to be "dressed up" all day must be well corseted. She can appreciate the value of a good garment. There is no corset that compares with a Warner Rust-Proof for flexibility and comfortable shaping. They are made for hard wear, the bones are guaranteed not to break or rust, nor can the fabric tear. Come and let us fit you with a pair.

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112 Eighth Avenue East

MRS. JOHN QUIRK IS DEAD

Mrs. John Quirk, for many years a resident of Alberta, died recently at Detroit, Mich., according to a letter received yesterday from the widower by John Irwin, of this city, an old time friend of Mr. and Mrs. Quirk.

Mr. and Mrs. Quirk were pioneers in Alberta and owned a valuable ranch in Sheep Creek district. Two years ago the property was sold to P. Burns and the couple went to Detroit to make their home. At the Michigan city, Mrs. Quirk contracted heart trouble. A combination of this affliction and congestion of the lungs caused her death.

Fashion Notes From Paris Shops

An item that finds especial favor is represented by the jet crown as well as by the jet tiara.

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Huge flowers or rosettes of smaller blossoms may have ends of ribbon and tiny pompons.

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Satin wash crepe is one of the most attractive fabrics ever put on the market for blouses or for frocks.

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Some of the new long sleeves show frills not only about wrists but running all the way to the elbow at the back.

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During the last month the effort to revive plaited skirts as a future style possibility has become more apparent.

Many little summer wraps are made up of silk cashmere. The trimming is usually narrow ruching of the same material.

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Leghorn hats are gaining in favor each day. They are banked with flowers, trimmed with feathers or eyelet embroidery.

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Some of the new linen suits are made with Norfolk effects and have six pockets, two on each side of the coat and two on the skirt.

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One piece linen dresses of solid color have bands of a contrasting shade to trim them.

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The Colonial pumps, always pretty, are still worn to a large extent, and are shown in canvas with both the high and low heels.

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Separate blouses of white tulle, hand tucked and made intallor fashion, are effective when worn with tailored suits or taffeta or satin.

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A fine corded linen, 64 inches wide, is being largely used for automobile coats, and is also especially smart for embroidered linen dresses.

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There is a beautiful wash cotton crepe that has a silky finish and a silk and cotton mixture that is to be found among the blouse materials.

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Silks perfectly washable and unaffected by salt water are offered this season for bathing suits. They are much like mohair in texture and rather expensive.

* * *

This has been a season of coat oddities. Anew sport coat is known as the mackinaw, because it is made of the blanket fabric used by the lumbermen of the west.

NEW WAY TO PICK HUSBAND

(From Columbus Evening Dispatch)

A pretty widow in Cynthiana, Pike county, so the story goes, is now offering marriage to the man who can show himself most adept in writing a proper obituary to the memory of her late companion. She is 32 years old, has a good 148-acre farm and a small bank account, and has manifold personal charms. One of the most favored applications so far is given below, backed up by other desirable qualities in the applicant besides his associaton wth the Muse:

"The Grim Reaper again has come to gather our fairest and best, and when he his big scythe swung, he cut down Abe Smith with the rest. Abe was a good father and husband true; although he couldn't work any more, his spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak, and so Death opened the door. His beautiful widow was true to the end; she nursed him without complaint; she bore with him when the pain was worst, which shows she is a saint. 'Tis a mercy that Abe's suffering is o'er, and he hath gone where moth does not corrupt; he suffered diseases that don't know a cure, and died without going bankrupt. His beautiful widow deserves a reward—a husband who can run the farm, who is able and willing to work hard, and whom sciatica and rheumatism don't harm.

MEN ARE DECEIVERS EVER, SAYS INJURED WOMAN

Troubles of Mrs. Teresa Dickenson and Her Gunfighting Husband

"He Said He Would Never Dance Until I Was in My Coffin; No Men for Me".

Insane jealousy and addiction to liquor were responsible for the difficulties between William G. Dickenson, locomotive engineer, and his wife, Teresa Dickenson, according to the testimony of the latter when she appeared yesterday as a witness in an action charging her husband with attempted murder. The offense is alleged to have been committed May 25, of this year, when Dickenson is said to have fired several shots at his wife and later tried to commit suicide.

"He was insanely jealous," explained times," the woman testified before Magistrate Sanders, "and further declared that he would never dance until I was in my coffin and that he would dance then. I've had all I want of men."

Mrs. Dickinson had been legally separated from her husband at the time of the alleged assault. It is said that he visited her several times against her wishes after the separation, and upon these occasions was usually under the influence of liquor.

"He was insanely jealous," explained Mrs. Dickenson in court, "and every time I talked with a man I had to face a tirade of abuse."

Dickinson was practically committed for trial, being held to answer under $2,000 bonds, and $1,000 additional as a peace bond.

TELEPHONE FOR DUMMIES

Unique Device Enables Deaf and Dumb Folk to Talk at Distance

(From The London Globe)

An electrical device called a "deaf mutes' telephone" has been invented to enable those who cannot speak or hear to communicate rapidly with each other. The "phone" comprises an electrical keyboard, somewhat like that of a typewriter.

This keyboard is connected by wire with an electric signal board, which is the "talking machine" proper, and consists of thirty-six incandescent light globes, each with a large letter of the alphabet or one of the nine numerals painted on the end of the bulb. The persons who wishes to talk presses the key, spelling out the words as on a typewriter, the other person reading off the letters as they flash on the lamps.

THE MODERN AXIOM

Work hard and deny yourself while you are young, so that when you are old you may have things you cannot enjoy.

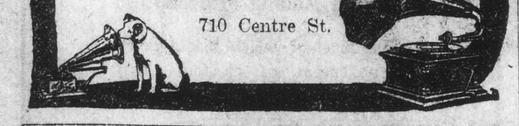
I WILL GIVE YOU PLEASURE

this is the message the

VICTROLA

gives you. Pleasure indeed and education, too, for it brings to your home the greatest singers and musicians to entertain you whenever you wish to be entertained.

A bargain with 50 selections of your own choice is our Victrola at $29.00 on easy payments.



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SCHOOL WILL RE-OPEN ON SEPT. 12. R. MILLICHAMP, Hon. Sec.-Treas.

Why Don't Women Reserve Energy?

Why don't women learn to save themselves as men do and as women should learn to do? And men do save themselves! They thoughtlessly insist on the saving of themselves, even if it be at the expense of women. True, they do big things—but they do them and, when they rest they rest entirely. They work while they work and they play while they play.

But the majority of women, whether they be single or married, how many of them give up their work entirely and relax and rest entirely as men do?

Think of the men you know. When they have finished their "daily bread" work, what do they do? They go to the theatre, they attend the ball games, they visit their friends, or they plan some kind of a pleasant evening. Anyway they spend their time at some pastime that will amuse them.

Now think of the girls you know—first the girls who work in offices. The majority of them spend a great deal of their time in sewing, worrying about their next day's work, entertaining friends and preparing all the amusement for the friends.

A woman's clothes, if she has the average woman's love for pretty things, take a mountain of energy while a man wears the same style of suits and the same variety for months at a time. Truly men are sensible in the matter of clothes.

But the woman in the home! The one who never relaxes. You all know dozens of them who never get time for anything but housework. They never save themselves. They never finish their meals until everybody else is through. They not only serve everybody but while the men of the house settle themselves down, satisfied and comfortably in the easiest chair to read the daily paper, the woman goes on with the "dishes".

Then there are the mothers who never have an unbroken sleep because of the restless children while the husband in the next room, with the door shut, slumbers peacefully on through the night. Indeed he insists on his slumber. Why doesn't the wife insist on her slumber? At least every other night anyway? She faces a day of longer hours than the one he does and she hasn't the same physical strength. Indeed because of this reason she should have the unbroken sleep two nights out of three.

Why is it that the majority of men insist upon their meals on time and such complete meals?

Indeed they insist so persistently that it has been handed down through the ages that "to feed the brute" was the road to happiness, and the over-worked woman slaves away and feeds him, even when she's so tired herself that she'd be satisfied with a bun and a glass of milk served on the kitchen table.

Why is it that when some men are getting ready to go anywhere, they must have their suitcases packed? They must turn out every bureau drawer in search of a collar button which they have mislaid themselves? And who packs the suitcase? Who clears up the floor?

But the world rolls on just the same, whether you've washed the dishes three times a day or saved them all till the evening and let your husband help you.

This selfishness isn't altogether the men's fault, it's the fault of their training. It is partly due to the women who keep on pampering them and doing what "these lords and masters," insist upon.

Perhaps in the days to come, when the women have equal rights, they will then reserve their energy for the big things of life and learn to same themselves as men do.

E.B.

ELIZABETH BAILEY

The Heart Department

Dear Dorothy Dix

YOU AND I

It is the way of lovers to tell their lassies that the whole world seems to hold just two people, "You and I, dear, have no eyes for any other save ourselves." When such a state is reached it reasonably may be said that two are in the meshes of love. When a woman is sure that she dominates a man's heart completely, she stands every chance if she weds him of having a happy future. It is the woman whose lover finds beauty in every feminine face that crosses his path who may have cause to fear for her future if she weds him.

The world of love should hold but two. The dearest wordg that a woman can hear from a man's lips are: "You and I were intended for each other. We must not part."

In every man's life there is just one somewhat nearer and dearer than all the others whom he has met. His heart grows heavy with loneliness while he is away from her. He writes to her how every day is passing with him; aye, even his dreams, which are always of her. His sweetest letter, the one which goes directly to her heart, touches on a memory she can never forget. Her eyes fill and her cheeks glow as she reads his written words.

A bachelor jocosely remarks: "Betrothed couple whisper to each other 'you and I,' but after marriage the wife drops the 'you,' and it's 'I this and I that.'" I take issue with him. The wife who loves fondly and truly may drop the you, but in its place she uses the sweeter term, 'dearest.'

A girl who signs herself "Doubting" writes humorously as follows: "Is it wise to build one's hopes upon a man's words? A young man who calls upon me persists in using the words 'you and I' in every conceivable form. He seems to wish to get me used to the idea of linking us together in this way. The sentence has grown dear to me, but I am too proud to let him really know it. He hasn't said anything as yet of marriage, but don't you think he must be in love? For goodness sake say 'yes' or I'll die of disappointment. Can I hint to him I'm willing? I'd rather hint about two hearts made one if it would be right when he says 'you and I' next time. Could it be that he is trying to propose to me in this manner? I am doubting but hoping so.

"DOUBTING."

It seems to me that I'd have more hope of winning the lover who says "I love you, may I hope for your love in return?" or else something to that effect. He may mean much or he may mean nothing. I wouldn't force a proposal. No doubt he cares for you and will tell you so in his own good time. Every man has a different way of proposing.

Poor Little Girl!

"Dear Miss Libbey: I am in deep sorrow. I am 17 and without parents. As I am the only child there is no sister or brother to help share my sorrow. My dear mother and father died over a year ago with scarlet fever. Soon after they died I went to stay with my mother's aunt, as she had no girls; and never remembering she was once a girl she put me to the hardest work of the house, which I could not do, as I am not strong. I stood it for almost a month, when at last I told her I could not do so much hard work, and asked her if she wouldn't try and give me not quite so much to do. She laughed at me and said it was all nonsense, and if I couldn't do the work she told me to do I could leave her home. In a day or so I left. I came here and have been boarding with quite a nice family. . . .

"As my work is so I cannot get home early at night a boy who is two years my senior has been bringing me home, and also sending me flowers and candy, and also has been inviting me to his house for dinner on Sundays. The people whom I board with say I am too young to think of boys, and demand that I must not go with any. As my mother was married when she was but 16 years old and never regretted it, I think there is no harm in keeping company with a refined young man.

"I spoke to this boy about it and also to his mother, who is such a dear woman. His mother and father think there is no harm in it, and neither do they want me to come to board with them or marry the boy. Although he has a good position and is making a good salary and would make a good dear husband, I think I am too young to marry for a couple of years yet. We are both desperately in love with each other. Don't you think I am too young to marry? But do you think it would be wrong to board with his folks? Please tell me as soon as possible.

T. L. O."

You have had an unhappy and unfortunate experience. Yes, I think you are too young to marry. You had better wait for a couple of years yet. No, I don't think it would be wrong and I think you would be much happier at his home.

"Dear Miss Libbey: Two years ago I met a man several years older than I. He called on me a few times, and I thought a great deal of him. Through a business proposition he was obliged to leave the city, and while away he wrote me beautiful letters; three weeks passed during which I never heard a word from him, but through friends of mine I learned of his return to the city; six weeks passed ere he informed me of his return, when I received a letter fro him stating he wished to see me, and if I would permit him to call he would explain.

"I answered his letter, stating what evening he should call. He did call, and the only excuse he gave me was that he could not reach me by phone. I in turn treated him coldly. A few days passed when I, after worrying myself sick over the matter, wrote him a note asking him to call, as I wished to talk over a matter with him. He did not call; neither did he answer the note. Eight months passed ere we met again, and he greeted me in a kind and friendly manner. I in turn treated him rather coldly; this went on for three months, when he, after making numberless efforts and endeavors to win me back again, finally won me again.

"He asked to call and I could not refuse. He repeated his calls several times, but never asked to take me out. I have reason to believe that he cares something for me, as I am possessed with neither beauty nor wealth, and we live a long distance apart; but I have no way of knowing whether I am losing time with him or not. I love him dearly; so dearly that it will break my heart to give him up again. I have never become interested in any other man since we met; he is my first and only love. What do you advise me to do? We are still friends, but nothing else.

MAYME."

The fellow seems to be indifferent toward you and you'd better not give much thought to him. It is a pretty difficult matter to win a man's affections back and it is rarely accomplished. Do not let him call on you unless he takes you to some entertainment now and then. You had better get interested in some one else. The fellow does not seem keen about you.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Lillian Russel's Beauty Secrets

JOY AS A HEALER

There are people who regard emotions as signs of weakness. Great physicians are the authority for the statement that emotions help us through many of the greatest difficulties of life. The emotion of joy has saved more than one life. Cases have been written up of invalids who have been helpless for years, jumping out of bed and running at the alarm of fire.

In cases where an army has been victorious in war, their joy has made them far less sensible to their wounds than those of the vanquished army. Military triumph causes men to forget pains. The emotion of joy in such cases defies disease. It is the beaten army that succumbs to pain and the ravages of epidemics.

No matter how ill a person may be, let a sympathetic doctor full of confidence enter the room, speak hopefully and joyfully to the patient, give a few words of encouragement, and he will recover more rapidly than those who are victims of a disagreeable physician who is pessimistic. Hope and joy are the emotions that heal sickness. We should all bear in mind, we who are well and happy, that sympathy does not cure pain or illness.

Hand a crying baby a red rubber ball and it will forget to cry while it is laughing with joy at the brightness of it. A 10-cent doll will give great joy to a sick little girl and make her happy for hours.

Have you ever given a few fresh flowers to a dear old lady? Then you know how much joy you can give by doing that little kindness. The sweet smile that illumines her beautiful old face is proof enough that you have given her joy and made her forget for the moment her sorrows, if she had any.

It is our duty to give our best advice and encouragement to those who are less fortunate than ourselves. By doing so we can spread the joy of healing among our own friends at least and make the world better by our having been in it. Even in a desperate case it is no sin to give a word of joyous encouragement to a sick person, whether it be true or not.

Remember: Shed joy, not sorrow, wherever you find yourself is a sacred duty.

MINNIE J.: Powder will not hurt your face if the face is cleansed each night before retiring. First cleanse the face with a good cold cream, rubbing it well into the skin and allowing it to remain for about fifteen minutes. Then take what is left off with a soft cloth. Wash the face in warm water and plenty of good pure soap, using a complexion brush to get all of the dirt out of the pores. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in warm water, then real cold, always using the cold last. This will harden the flesh and close the pores. This treatment is also good for blackheads and pimples.

I cannot give you a formula for a face powder. I am afraid you would not be satisfied with it, as it is hard to make and has to be sifted and powdered so finely that it is a great deal of trouble. Then it is not as good as those you buy. There are several good powders on the market, and I know you would be better satisfied with one you would buy than one you would make yourself.

MISS N. I. P.: I know nothing of the article you mention, and would not advise you to use it on your face unless you know what it is and what it will do. There is a great deal of danger in using things on your face when you know nothing of them. I do not give advice about the physical condition of the body, and I am sure if the doctors cannot find a cure for you I could not.

LYDIA: If the soap and cream agree with your skin there is no reason for your changing it. A good grade of castile soap usually agrees with a sensitive skin. I shall be happy to send the formula for the cold cream I use constantly if you will write me again asking for it, inclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

DAVENPORT: The bags of orris root would not hold their scent if you just dampened them with the toilet water. Mix the orris root with lilac sachet and put it in little silk bags and place them among your clothing or sew them into your dresses. This will give a sweet and lasting odor. The use of an eye cup is the better way to bathe the eyes. A solution of horac acid and water is good for bathing the eyes. If you will send me a stamped addressed envelope I shall send you the formula for a good eye wash.

L. M. F.: There must be some reason for your hair falling as it did all of a sudden. Did you ever try to move the scalp with the tips of your fingers? It should move easily, but if it doesn't then this is probably the cause of your hair falling. Scalp massage is necessary for keeping the hair and scalp in a healthy condition. When the scalp adheres to the underlying bones the hair will lose its luster and become dull, dry and begin to fall. Each night after taking the hair down, devote about ten minutes to scalp massage. In a week or two you will see a vast differnce in your hair. It will become full of life and in time will stop falling. I shall be happy to send you complete instructions for scalp massage and formula for an excellent hair tonic if you will send me a stamped addressed envelope. I shall also send you a bleach for freckles.

MARIE G. S.: I shall be happy to send you the green soap treatment and an excellent cleansing cream for blackheads if you will send me a stamped addressed envelope. Also a bleach for the skin.

MISS J. N.: Scalp massage is the secret of keeping the scalp and the hair healthy. It is easily done and not a great tax either on time or patience. The hair producing scalp is loosely attached to the underlying skull, as any one can prove with the fingers. When the scalp becomes adherent to the bones underneath, and will not move easily, then the hair will fall and the healthiness of the hair follicles will become impaired. Therefore, the scalp should be massaged daily, in order to circulate the blood, so that the hair follicles will be properly nourished. The hair responds at once, and will be found full of life where before it was lifeless and dull. It also will make the head feel lighter and better.

GRATEFUL: Thank you for your kind wishes. I am glad that you feel that you are being benefitted by my daily talks. I do not think you would be well satisfied make your own talcum powder, as it takes a great deal of work to get it of the requisite fineness and good quality. Any of the high class makes of talcum on the market I consider all right. A good tooth wash is made of tincture of myrrh, one dram; bicarbonate of soda, one dram; extract of golden seal, one-half dram, and water enough to make eight ounces. The imported castile soap is pure, and there are many other pure soaps on the market. However, if you wish, you could use my bath bags upon your face, instead of soap.

X. Y. Z.: You must be careful not to wear tight shoes or a tight corset, or have your clothes tight in any way, if the veins in your hands are disposed to show. I would advise you to practice frequently during the day holding your hands above your head for a few moments, and I would rub them with warm olive oil at night to make them pulump and put on loose gloves. The electric needlt also is good for enlarged veins. When the needle is applied they will contract.

Good Housekeeping

BY JANE EDDINGTON

SOME SEASONABLE RECIPES

Most sorts of cherry preserves are likely to be "woundily strong." When cherries are stoned and preserved in a rich sirup, a few of them will go a long way. They are more suitable, when so prepared, for garnishing than for eating as a preserve, and they are most profitably used for this purpose, for the task of making a fine cherry preserve is no small one, and the expense is considerable.

The following recipe has been recommended to me as one by which cherries may be preserved and not be strong. What it specially involves is practically a blanching of the fruit. In practice there might be a great waste of cherry juice by this method, unless the juice were drained off the stoned cherries and used in the second process, or unless the liquid drained off should be strong enough to make a good sirup of, for such as might be. Of course a blanching water merely would not be worth much.

Cherry Preserves.—Seed the cherries and place over the fire with almost water enough to cover them. Heat thoroughly, then drain off all the liquor and put your cherries on to preserve with measure for measure of sugar. Cook ten minutes; then let stand over night. Put into jars and seal cold. The fruit will be light colored and free from any strong taste so common with cherry preserves.

An accomplished person who is fond of all sorts of conserves and pickle like things has given me the following recipe. As she is a person of excellent taste, I imagine that this is excellent. Of course, it would be easy enough to divide it by two or by three.

Fruit Catsup.—Six peaches, six pears, six onions, six large green peppers, six large red peppers, thirty average sized tomatoes, one quart of vinegar, one pint of brown sugar, one tablespoon each of whatever spice you like (cinnamon, cloves and ginger). Salt to taste. Prepare and chop ingredients. Cook slowly until the vinegar is entirely cooked up.

To eat with baked beans I consider the following sauce one of the very best I know of. It is also good with cold meats. It keeps well.

Chili Sauce.—Twelve ripe tomatoes, six onions, six small peppers, one-third of a cup of salt, one cup of sugar, two cups of vinegar. Do not cook at all.

Of course, chili sauces are considered as autumn compositions, but there is no reason why they should not be made at any time when the ingredients can be obtained, and this one is particularly good in summer and can be used with the following:

Beef Loaf.—One pound and a half of lean beef steak, chopped very fine; two-thirds of a cup of rolled crackers, one teaspoon salt, one-quarter of a teaspoon or a little more of pepper, two eggs. Form into a loaf, put bits of butter on top, and bake slowly three-fourths of an hour. Serve either hot or cold.

The following recipe has come from a region of great cooks, and has been verified by a friend who recommends it highly:

Cantaloupe Sweet Pickle.—Remove the seeds from ripe cantaloupes, peel, quarter, place in a stone jar, and pour on scalding vinegar enough to cover. Let stand one day; pour off the vinegar, heat, and return ass it first. Repeat the following day. On the fourth day take out the fruit, weigh it, and to every five pounds add three pounds of sugar and one quart of fresh vinegar. Put in cinnamon, cloves, ginger, mace and allspice to suit taste. Put all over the fire, and simmer until tender enough so that a straw will pierce the fruit. Pour back into jar. Let stand twenty-four hours, heat the sirup to a boil, and return to fruit.

Beef Brains

If you learn to cook in one part of the country there is no positive certainty that you can cook when you get to another part, where the fires, the flours, the supplies of various sorts, and the atmosphere are different.

This has been the testimony of many, and particularly of a blithe young New England wife of a missionary, who with her two small babies joined her husband, then working among the Dakota Indians, where they have been ever since.

When she first attempted to cook in the Dakotas her cakes, made by the home recipes, were coarse and honeycombed; her pie crusts were not good, since she could not get pastry flour and had not yet learned to use bread flour effectively for this purpose.

The foods brought into such outposts of civilization mostly came in cans, so what was an emergency situation elsewhere was the regular condition there.

She had to adapt herself to this by learning, for one thing, to use condensed milk for almost anything requiring fresh milk—creamed potatoes, creamed codfish, creamed cabbage, but never for cream toast. She cooked canned tomatoes to look as though they had cream in them by preparing them as following:

Put butter in a saucepan, melt it, stir in flour, and cook till a good dark brown; then stir in the tomatoes and cook. The flour and butter must not be cooked too brown or there will be black specks in the tomatoes.

The Indians were supplied with cattle on the hoof, so it was "beef, beef, beef," and it was the only meat we could get. How to vary that so as not to realize that we were eating beef all the time was the problem.

From an Indian girl this young wife learned how to prepare cow's brains, as follows so that you would not know them from sweetbreads:

Cow's brains—Throw into salt water and let soak for a little while, then remove the membrane. This is not harder to get off than in the case of sweetbreads, but one must not be satisfied until not a bit remains and the brains are perfectly white. Then parboil with a bay leaf. They do not require as long boiling as do sweetbreads, twenty minutes or so being sufficient. Drain and throw into cold water, drain again, and set away to cool.

After this preliminary work the brains may be prepared in two ways. The Indian girl cut them into pieces about the size of croquettes and treated them like croquettes, rolling them in crumbs, then in egg, then in crumbs, and frying them in deep fat.

The missionary's wife also served them in a cream sauce made in the modern way, which she thinks—and most of us agree with her—is the only way.

Melt butter, add flour and stir until perfectly smooth; then add milk a little at a time, stirring all the time until cooked. This is the "right" white or cream sauce. Into this put the brains cut into inch cubes and let come to a boil slowly. With any pieces left over a salad can be made, using this sauce as foundation, with anything you please, and a mayonnaise dressing.

Veal Loaf Made of Beef.—This clever woman learned that she could follow a veal loaf recipe, using beef, and get an agreeable meat. She first cooked the beef just enough to set the juices so that it was not raw. She did not cook it wholly because the loaf then tasted to her too much like hash. To the beef she added the pork and cracker crumbs as in making veal loaf, covered it with bread crumbs basted and baked it.

In time she learned that she was using twice the amount of baking powder in her cakes that she ought in a Dakota atmosphere, and to prepare bread flour to resmble pastry flour by rubbing into two cups and a half of it one tablespoon of lard before chopping in a whole ice cold cupful.

Mrs. Lincoln's rule of using one-eighth less of bread flour for pastry than of pastry flour had not yielded satisfactory results. Rubbing in the one tablespoon made the product seem like rich pastry flour.

ART OF VENTRILOQUISM

(From Harper's Weekly)

It has been pretty generally accepted as a fact that the ventriloquist is born, not made." But even those persons who know that the art of throwing one's voice may be cultivated successfully are not fully aware how simple the process is. It is nothing more or less than the old problem of deceiving the sense of hearing. All the ventriloquist has to know is how to speak as loudly as he desires without moving his lips and be expert in distracting the attention of his hearers.

Post Toasties is the food for me, I'm happy all day long,
And want to tell the world at large the tenor of my song,
'Tis this: eat Toasties every morn if you would healthy be,
The food that's fit for princes, is good enough for me.

Written by MRS. JANE M. TURNBULL,
Box 77, Wyoming P. O., Lambton Co., Ont.

One of the 25 Jingles for which the Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont., paid $500.00 in May.

TWENTY DISHES—TEN CENTS

Two dishes of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes only cost one cent; and there are actually twenty generous dishes in each package.

Dear George:

"Like a dear good hubby, please bring out some more of that tea you brought last week. Country life is fine, and all the better since we have city tea. The children are all well and take their five o'clock tea with me regularly like little ladies.

Now, George, be sure and don't forget. Add to the order—

"TETLEY'S TEAS PLEASE"