

CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.
HELPS FOR HOME-KEEPERS.
RECIPES AND STYLE NOTES.

A PAGE FOR WOMEN

BRIGHT ARTICLES DAILY ON
WOMEN'S INTERESTS AND
ACTIVITIES HERE AND THERE

KATHERINE LESLIE'S HOME CHAT



FACE PATCH AND ITS ORIGIN.

It is always interesting to be able to trace some odd fashion back to its origin, and to find out whether it had that origin in utility or decoration. Odd fashions are always reappearing like ghosts of other days, and it is amusing to see how they return only in part, and often without the connection that, in their own day, made them a part of a charming unit. Take the patch, for example. "La mouche," as the French call it. We have it today not in the form of a small patch of varying design stuck upon some part of the face, but in the form of a coin spot attached to the veil. Now the origin of the patch goes away back to the end of the sixteenth century. And it was by no means used then as a beauty spot. What then was it used for? As a cure for toothache! When women suffered from toothache—and what a common evil it must have been in those days of no dentistry—they placed small plaster spread upon black velvet or taffeta upon the face directly above the aching tooth, to relieve the pain. Some

Tea-Table Talk

Beauties To Be Found at Home.

"It's oh, to be in England now that April's here," sang Robert Browning from a foreign shore, but for most of us, not able to be in England in April, or any other month for that matter, the fields, woodlands, and highways of our own Middlesex County look exceedingly inviting just at this season of the year. It is always difficult to determine just which time of the day is the most pleasant for a country drive. Here is the early morning hour. The sun has just been long enough above the horizon to bring the brightest of sparkles to the dew-drops, field after field you pass of fragrant clover, bursting into red or white blossom, of young wheat, stretching for many acres like a swirl of green velvet, and of smoothly undulating meadows, all are aglow with the rainbow-hued glitter of the dew-drops as the warm rays of the sun kiss them softly, and the dusty bumblebees breezily sip of the dew and sweetness in the clover blossoms.

"Oh, it is good, you cry, just to be alive and see the beauty of it all, and unconsciously, almost, the words from "Pippa Passes" drift across your lips: "The year's at the spring. The day's at the dawn. Morning's at seven. The hillsides dew-pearled. The lark's on the wing. The snail's on the thorn. God's in His heaven. All's right with the world!"

Overhead, the heavens are sapphire blue, dotted with many fleecy clouds. They remind you of nothing else so much as a huge blue sea with white islands floating hither and thither, and you long for a boat that you might sail away and explore among the twinkling whiffs of fragrance brings your thoughts earthward again, and for a delightful half-mile you are breathing the scents of "Araby the blest" from clover fields on either side of the highway.

The Joy of the Morning Ride.

For several miles you are in the heart of the hill country, "with the road twisting and winding like a broad, white ribbon, over hill and down dale, with bewildering turns—now to the right and now to the left. On either side are deep ravines with silvery streams slipping along in the silences of their shadowy depths. Beyond are fields, and far, far away in the distance the dim cool woods bound the horizon for miles. You smile contentedly and whisper to yourself, "nothing, nothing could be better than this."

The Golden Light of Evening.

But you have precisely the same conviction when, the sunny hours of morning and afternoon having flown all too quickly, you find the return journey in the early evening. Long, long shadows fall across fields made golden in the glow of the fast descending sun. The smoke from many a farmer's hearth rises to the blue heavens like the offering of an evening sacrifice. Quickly you pass by fields, meadows and woodlands now bereft of their morning glories, but equally beautiful in their evening baptism of golden light. Patient cows stand waiting in the farm yards, apparently still ruminating upon the joys of the clover field. Motherly hens guard jealously their broods of downy chicks. Far away a church bell calls to evensong, and with the sinking of the sun, peace seems to hover over the smiling landscape.

A Perfect Day.

Again you draw a long breath and think within your heart, "nothing, nothing, could be better than this." Quickly the sun sinks from sight behind some distant trees that stand out almost black in contrast to the rosy glow and opalescent tints of the sky. Then the twinkling stars peep out, reminding one strangely of the myriad dewdrops of the morning, and presently the silver crescent of the new moon hangs languidly in the starry dome. "It has been a perfect day," you tell yourself. And as in the morning the song of Pippa came to the memory, so now the lines of a favorite hymn, and softly you hum in the silence of the June night:

"Stars of evening, softly gleaming
In the fading West;
With your heavenly light is streaming
Hope to hearts oppressed!
Till tomorrow
Sleep and rest!"

"Hark, the evening bells are bringing
Hope of glad pleasure
Welcome strains their chiming are
ringing—
Labor now shall cease:
Though the day be long and dreary,
To the weary
Cometh peace!"

The Nymph

WHITENING CLOTHES.

Clothes that have become yellow can be whitened by soaking in buttermilk for five days, a stone jar or a wooden bucket for this purpose. At the end of this time rinse thoroughly and boil in a light suds.

THE WEDDING CAKE.

Any rich fruit cake, heavily iced and decorated in white, may serve as a wedding cake. At an informal wedding the bride will cut the wedding cake. For a pretty little ceremony of this cake-cutting the guests should make a wide circle with a white satin ribbon about the bride and groom. To add to the gaiety of the occasion, it should have baked in it the silver symbols which denote various fortunes. There is a ring for the next to be married, a wishbone for one who is to have good luck, a thimble for the spinster and a button for the bachelor. To those should be added a silver coin for the one who is to be wealthy.

Bouvier slippers without heels, are made of the same material as the bouvier gown and are often similarly trimmed.

The Gray Walking Costume

Checks are being worn this summer more than they have been for many seasons. If you think the black and white checks too common try a gray and white checked voile made with a plain skirt and a cutaway coat of gray diagonal cloth with long shawl collar and narrow cuffs of the checks.

Don't make the mistake of wearing a gray hat with this kind of a costume, as a black hat just gives the individual touch. Besides you must have at least one black hat in your hand boxes this season, as never before were they worn so much with costumes of every color.



The Dustman

AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE.

CHAPTER III.

Wednesday night, when the Dustman pushed open the window ever such a little bit, the rain beat in upon little Hialmar.

Oh, how it did rain that night! In front of the window there was quite a lake of water, and upon it a ship!

"Will you take a sail with me, little Hialmar?" asked the Dustman. "You shall see some foreign lands if you will," he added. "You shall be at home in bed again by the morning, too." That was enough for Hialmar, he dressed in his Sunday best clothes and went floating down the street in company with the Dustman in the big ship. They soon lost sight of land, and all they could see was a group of big storks flying toward a warmer climate, for it was winter time, you see.

One stork soon got very tired. He lagged behind and began to fly lower. At last he fell onto the deck of the ship. Hialmar was very sorry for him, so he put him in with the ducks and chickens to rest. They all made fun of him; told him he was lean and lanky; that he had very long legs, and that he was very foolish.

But Hialmar liked the look of the stork. He went up quite near him and overheard him telling the ducks and chickens all about the country of Africa, where he was going.

There are great deserts there," said the stork.



"took hundreds of years to build," added the stork.

400 Children's Dresses on Sale Monday

Your opportunity to buy is here. You can pick from over 400 pretty Summer Dresses. Made of Gingham, Prints, Chambrays and other dainty wash materials in a wide range of styles, and these prices are far below their actual worth.

Print Dresses, 50c

Pretty little Print Dress, in pale or navy blue, also striped. Trimmed with plain piping and buttons. Sizes for children 2 to 8 years. On sale. 50c

Chambray Dresses, 60c

A very neat, serviceable Dress, navy and light blue, prettily trimmed, two pockets. Sizes 2 to 8 years. On sale at each 60c

White Wash Dresses, 75c

Made of Indian Head in a most charming style. Trimmed with fast color chambray and belt, sailor collar. Sizes 1 to 5 only. 75c

Gingham Dresses, 75c

Also little Chambray and Print Dresses in several pretty styles, with or without belt; white, champagne, linen, blue, sky, navy and pink. Sizes 1 to 8 years. On sale. 75c

Wash Dresses, \$1.00

180 Dresses in this lot. Several styles with or without belt, embroidered front in wash silk, pocket with embroidered flower. Most charming styles. Cut with short and three-quarter sleeves, square or round collar. Sizes 1 to 8 years. On sale \$1.00

Children's, Misses' and Ladies' fine White Dresses in great variety at reasonable prices.

Kingsmills

TO THE NEWLY-WEDS

Come and let us suggest how to furnish your new home. Our stock of FURNITURE, CARPETS, RUGS, LINOLEUMS AND HOME FURNISHINGS is one of the most complete in the city, and we can help you, as we have helped hundreds of others. Come in and get acquainted.

H. Wolf & Sons
263, 265, 265½ DUNDAS STREET,
Near Wellington Street.

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

MORPETH

The Morpeth Women's Institute has elected the following officers: President, Mrs. Oscar Goldsmith; Vice-president, Mrs. Coles; Secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Archie Milton. Mrs. John McIntyre is the delegate to the district annual meeting.

Girls Dive for Platinum

A considerable amount of the platinum used in the world is obtained in Colombia, South America, and other areas on the South Pacific coast. In many places the bed of a river is found to be rich in platinum and diving operations are resorted to. The divers are for the most part young women or girls, and they work in companies or groups.

Each diver has strapped on to the lower part of her back a large stone or boulder, which may weigh from 20 to 30 pounds. The first thing done is to construct a rude breakwater or dam, formed of bags of stones, higher up the stream, so as to divert and reduce the strength of the current in the spot near the bank selected for working.

FICHU LENDS CHIC.

A simple little waist of yesterday can be brought right up to the minute for morning use by adding one of the quaint Marie Antoinette fichus which are draped around the collar and crossed in surplice fashion. This little touch, so picturesque and old-timey, is used on many of the newest waists which mark a very near the three-figure mark. As a rule, the fichu is of the finest organdie or batiste, but there are dear little ones of flowered muslin which suggest the print of long ago.

"Did the Golden Hope mine prove to be a paying investment?" "Yes; about all that I have done lately is to write checks in payment of assessments."—Buffalo Express.

PROBLEMS OF THE FAIR SEX SOLVED BY CYNTHIA GREY

Correspondents are requested to make their inquiries as brief as possible, and to write on one side of the paper only. It is impossible to give replies within a stated time, as all letters have to be answered in turn as they are received. No letters can be answered privately.

His Birthday Remembrance.

Dear Miss Grey: Would you kindly suggest some gifts suitable to give a boy friend for a birthday remembrance. Something that might be mailed. Would you please mention some phrases of congratulation suitable to write on a card, accompanied with a wedding present for a dear friend. Thanking you.

A.—1. A small book, a handkerchief with his initials in one corner, a six months' subscription to some magazine or newspaper he particularly likes, a unique calendar or blotter.

2. With kindest wishes for your joint happiness, "Sincerest wishes for your health, wealth, and happiness." These, or some similar phrase, would be quite suitable.

Rosebud is a Devotee.

My Dear Miss Grey: Will you please answer these troublesome questions: 1. My neck is very tender and cannot stand a high collar on. Could you tell me what will cure it? 2. Will lemon juice whiten the arms, and if so, when to rub it on? 3. Will deep breathing ill out the chest? 4. Am fifteen years of age and am in the first form at the Collegiate. Do you think I am dull? 5. I am 5 feet, 6 inches tall. How should I dress so as to appear shorter? 6. I am going away to the country for my vacation. Do you think it would be right to have a girl friend spend a week or so with me? It is dreadfully lonely there, and there are no girls living near. Your devoted friend, ROSEBUD.

A.—1. As low collars are the style this summer you should not be troubled much by high collars. I think if you would harden the neck by splashing it every night and morning with ice-cold water it would help.

2. Lemon juice is excellent. For some skins it has to be diluted in water. Try rubbing on at night.

3. Yes.

4. No. But I should advise you not to waste time in applying yourself.

5. Avoid striped designs, or if you like them do not have the stripes run vertically. Have your trimmings—aces, galleons, tuckings etc.—arranged to go around—not up and down. Short suit-coats and Russian blouse effects should be becoming.

6. Very alright, Rosebud, if it is agreeable to the people with whom you stay. And instead of thinking of the loneliness there, try to study some of nature's beauties, and listen to her voices, in the sighing of the trees and the ripple of the brooks. And I sincerely hope your vacation may prove a most pleasant one.

Desires Poetry.

Dear Miss Grey: As I have read

The Poets' Corner

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.
I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much I grieved my barren heart to think
What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least motion which they made
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, too, all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What Man has made of Man?
—W. WORDSWORTH.

Daily Menu

SUNDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Corn Flakes. Sliced Bananas.
Fried Ham. Toast. Coffee.
DINNER.
Slices of Cold Roast.
Escalloped Potatoes. Sliced Tomatoes.
Cream Pie.
FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.
Cucumber Sandwiches.
Thin Bread and Butter.
Strawberries and Cream.
Ribbon Cake.

Ribbon Cake. — One-half cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup milk, 5 yolks of eggs, 2 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder. Mix and divide. Flavor one-half with orange; for the other half use vanilla and enough chocolate to color brown. Bake enough for one layer out of each half. Then take ½ cup butter, 1½ cups brown sugar, ½ cup milk, 5 whites of eggs, 2 cups flour, 1½ teaspoons of baking powder. Mix and divide. Flavor one-half with lemon; and the other with rosewater. Take enough of one layer out of each half. Then mix all the balance of the batter together and put in any kind of fruit desired—raisins, currants or citron. Bake in five layers and frost all over with white icing. A very pretty and palatable cake when cut.

MONDAY.

BREAKFAST.
Cereal and Cream.
Poached Eggs. Coffee.
DINNER.
Potatoes. Greens.
Raisin Pie.
SUPPER.
Potato and Ham Salad.
Fruit. Cake. Tea.

Daily Healthogram

Summer time is ice time. Get the ice box ready for use. It is important to keep food free from taint. Be sure the ice box is well drained, well constructed and thoroughly clean and sweet.