

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

27 The Seven Ages of Woman in Love: 27

Chapter Four— When Twenty-Seven Is Afflicted With Doubt!

By Winnie Lee

Just as I started to write about the FOURTH of the SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN-IN-LOVE there came to me the letter which follows. Could there be a better illustration of the SKEPTICISM which afflicts TWENTY-SEVEN when she loves a man?

"Am 27 and am engaged to be married next fall. My fiance is now ordered to another city with his firm, but I am backward about letting him go, fearing that he will forget me. So to prove his sincerity of intention to marry me and no other, he has given me a written agreement to marry me when he comes back at the date fixed. He has signed his full name. Is this paper any good to me in case he should not keep his promise, and should marry some other girl? He is a very nice man, but do you think he loves me? How much we hear of how easily a man is lured away! Even married men by single women!—An Anxious Girl."

Other letters to me prove that Twenty-seven has returned diamonds of several sizes, and a gallery of handsome photographs, and some of the carefully selected stationery covered with the vocabulary invented by Cupid; when she has wept nights in fear that she may not get ALL of her own sweetest epistles back again; when she has seen her first love engaged to a string of girls; and has gone to the wedding of her second love and her best girl friend—well, of course, she knows with just what fervor, with what tender intonation each man can say, "I love you! DARLING!"

So she does get a bit scornful of man's emotions. She just naturally doubts his constancy; and she craves some more binding guarantee of his wish to settle down than the ever-changing, fickle-hearted diamond.

But the letter quoted is the first case I have discovered where the man had been obliged to put his name to paper to satisfy a maiden's doubt.

Unhappily, Love is the one condition which does not bring wisdom with experience. The more times one loves, the less one knows of love. So how can Twenty-seven be expected to distinguish the truest love ever offered woman from the common affinity brand?

All men know that when once a woman starts to doubting, there is nothing in the wide kingdom of love which she will not end in doubting. Thus "explaining himself" gets to be a habit of mind with some men. They acquire marvelous facility at it, even if they do not acquire felicity by it.

By nature woman trusts her lover. By nature, if he says he loves her, she trusts. Therefore woman endures two kinds of doubt first the doubt of ignorance, then the doubt of knowledge. The former may be cured, but just see the fight which Englishmen are compelled to put up against the latter!

The moral seems plain. It is a moral for men. It is—BUT it is quite too obvious to quote.

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.]

All About Fruit.
Dear Miss Grey:—Could you please tell me where I can get a cookery book to know how to preserve fruit in the Canadian fashion? Or could you kindly give me recipes yourself, in this paper? I want to do this with sugar only, and I am told some are not cooked at all.

Thanking you for your kindness, sincerely yours, NORTHBROOK.

A.—It is a pleasure to give you a few hints re the preserving of fruit. I think you will find the following methods entirely reliable—something one does not always get in the cook books. Cherries are plentiful on the market now, three kinds being most common—the ordinary red varieties, black, and white.

Stem the red cherries and pit them, being careful not to waste the juice. Measure into the preserving kettle and add half the quantity of sugar, with an extra half-pound or bowlful for the "kettle." Place over the fire with one-half cupful of cold water to prevent. Have your jars sterilizing in a separate dish. Do this by pouring hot water into cold water and place over the fire until it boils. Boil the cherries gently until the juice begins to "thicken," usually about ten to fifteen minutes after the fruit commences to boil. Stir as little as possible to prevent breaking up the fruit. Dip out the sterilized jars one at a time; fill each with the boiling fruit and seal up tight at once, and set in a cool place.

This is an old-fashioned method, but by it I have known canned fruit to keep perfectly for at least two years. In doing black or white cherries it is

Daily Healthgram

Worry is one of the chief wears on the human body. Don't wear out valuable nerve tissue worrying. Work out your problem to the best of your ability; act in so far as you can. Then wait developments. It's the most healthful way to do.



She craves some more binding guarantee of his wish to settle down than the average, fickle-hearted diamond.

And men who are hypocrites are sure to betray themselves. And nice honest men are awkward and clumsy—and usually quite dumb—and bound to get into trouble anyway.

Therefore would Twenty-seven bet-

ter remember that LOVE AND MARRIAGE mean unity. And nice honest men are awkward and clumsy—and usually quite dumb—and bound to get into trouble anyway.

Therefore would Twenty-seven bet-

ten to you before, but having seen "Roseland" inquiring for the poem, "Somebody's Darling," I thought I would write and let her know. I am inclosing a copy, which I would like you to forward to her or print in your column.

Now for a few questions:

1. I am fair, with brown eyes. What are my colors?

2. What is the meaning of Emily, Lillian, Eleanor, Constance, and Gladys?

3. What do you think of my writing? In what way can it be improved? Hoping I have not troubled you too much. Yours sincerely, CISSIE.

A.—Thanks for sending the poetry. As you will have noticed, it was published on this page Tuesday.

1. Browns and blues, probably.

2. Energetic; a lily; light; firm; charming.

3. It is very neat, Cissie, and easy to read.

Cream-less Ice Cream.
Dear Miss Grey: Could you please give me a good recipe for ice cream without cream, as it is not easy to get cream just when one needs it, could I use milk and have good results. I would like to cook the mixture before freezing. Hoping to see an answer soon and thanking you in advance, I remain,

ONE WHO HAS THE ICE CREAM HABIT.

A.—While I scarcely think you could make such a mixture and consistently call it "ice cream," a frozen custard made from milk and eggs is quite delicious for dinner desserts, and for evening refreshment as well. Make a rich custard from sugar, milk and the yolks of eggs; remove from the fire and flavor with vanilla or almond, whip in the well-beaten whites of the eggs, and freeze.

Or since you are fond of frozen dishes, why not try making ices? They do not require milk at all, and many people prefer them to ice cream. I give you here two recipes. Orange Ice—Take 12 fine juicy oranges, squeeze out the juice and pour a little boiling water on the pulp to extract the juice from that; add the juice of 2 lemons, the grated rind of 2 oranges, 1½ pounds sugar, and 1 quart water; strain and freeze. When about half frozen add the beaten white of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons cold water, 2 cups of cold water, 1½ cups of strawberry juice, 2 cups sugar, and 3 cups of cold water; mix thoroughly and freeze.

Miss Georgina Binkley-Clark, the successful woman farmer, the lecturer, the author, the musician and the suffragette, has just completed her lectures in England on immigration subjects, and is back on her land again at Port Qu'Appelle.

Fair, With Brown Eyes.
Dear Miss Grey: I have never writ-

Tea-Table Talk

BY "OLIVE."

Just a word of advice to the tired little business girl who is all fagged out from her year of labor, and who is now planning for her much-needed vacation.

Why not make the two weeks' holiday a genuine rest? Go to some secluded country home (most of us possess country cousins), where the tired brain and nerves are given the tonic they require, far from the stifling dust of the noisy city streets. Get out into the open and breathe the pure breeze of the clover-scented air, get your share of the green woods and commune with nature among the spicy pines; listen to the unrestrained bird-voices carolling overhead, make your diet of wholesome food, without any doubt whatever you will return with a clear brain and rested body.

Did I hear you say you want a change and a good time, and you can't have that among the pigs and chickens in the quiet country? Remember, little girl, you are tired, and your nerves require a change that you cannot hope for when you stay in a large city, where you are going from place to place constantly.

Do you know that you owe this debt of rest to your body? And what better chance is there to repay than these precious two weeks' vacation? You simply could not exist in the quiet of the "dear old farm" for fourteen days, then spend half your time there amid the fields. The average city girl is not acquainted with fruit, except when displayed in baskets in city stores. What a treat it will be to find yourself where it is grown abundantly!

Don't bother about clothes. Make your "trousseau" consist of a sensible skirt and coat, a couple of waists, and, of course, one pretty frock, for even in the country the city girl must look daintily, and "dress up" occasionally. Forget business cares. Every time your brain starts to worry about how far you will be behind in your work, banish the thought. Take brisk walks, get plenty of sleep, and just see, little girl, if my advice does not ring true—you will return refreshed, ready to attack all the problems of your little world, with vim, and to face life anew in perfect physical condition.

Lemon Cream Cake

BY CAROLINE COE.

Cream one-half cup sugar with butter the size of egg. Add three eggs, one at a time, beating mixture thoroughly as each is added. One-half cup of milk. One and one-half cups of flour sifted with one teaspoon of baking powder. Bake in three small layer pans.

LEMON CREAM FOR FILLING.

Grate rind and squeeze juice of one lemon. One cup of granulated sugar mixed with one tablespoon of corn starch. Mix this thoroughly. One cup of water put over fire in double boiler or sauce pan. Set in hot water. Add lemon juice and grated rind. Stir corn starch and sugar slowly into the hot water. The slower you put it in the smoother the cream will be. Boil until thick and add one-half teaspoon of butter. Allow to cool. Spread on layers of cake and ice top.

TIT-BITS

The will of Miss M. Van Deursen reveals the fact that Wesleyan University lost a fortune because some years ago students stole Miss Van Deursen's pet cat for experimental purposes in the biological university.

Some of us never tire of talking about the things we used to do and the friends they used to have.

Pearls mean tears—especially if she has set her mind on diamonds.

A common system of heating could be made to serve several households and free them all of dust, dirt, annoyance and much expense. A common kitchen, a common table service, a common chamber service, says the Christian Science Monitor, among the possibilities.

This truth comes to us more and more the longer we live, that on what field or in what uniform or with what aims we do our duty matters very little, or even what our duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure. Only to find out something, or somehow, to do it faithfully, makes us good, strong, happy and useful men, and tunes our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God.—Phillips Brooks.

In the cottage of William Good-fellow at Brampton, Cumberland, England, it is said that the fire on the hearth has not gone out for two hundred years. The family burn peat from the nearby bogs.

ARTIST BARNIE DISCOVERS AN IBEX—CREATURE CAN CLIMB STEEPEST, HIGHEST MOUNTAINS.



BY AUNT GERTIE.
"HIS HONOR AN IBEX! LOOK AT HIS HONOR!"

Artist Barnie, who is always looking for strange animals in the Zoo, was the one who discovered the ibex for us this week.

I looked where he pointed, and, sure enough, there it was, standing up on a stony sort of crag fenced in with a high iron palings!

You see the ibex, which is one of the biggest kind of goats, makes its home in the wild state away up in the mountains, as near the snow line as it can get!

It just loves to climb onto a dangerous mountain point, and then, when the hunter thinks he has got it in a corner, the agile creature just leaps across to another crag as easily as if it were stepping over a shallow, narrow ditch!

The Poets' Corner

THE RIVER OF DREAMS.

The river of dreams runs silently down
By a secret way that no man knows;
But the soul lives on while the dream-
tide flows
Through the gardens bright or the forests brown;
And I think sometimes that our whole
life seems
To be more than half made up of
dreams;
For its changing lights and its passing
shows,
And its morning hopes, and its mid-
night fears,
And left behind with the vanished
years.
Onward, with ceaseless motion,
The life stream flows to the ocean—
And we follow the tide, awake or
asleep,
Till we see the dawn on Love's great
deep,
When the bar at the harbor is crossed,
And the river of dreams in the sea is
lost.

—Henry Van Dyke.

London Ladies Interested In Cadet Movement

Members of Local Societies To Visit Camp and Award Trophy on Friday.

On Friday afternoon members of the local chapters of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire will attend the cadet camp on Carling's Heights for the purpose of witnessing the sports and of awarding the trophy, a handsome silver shield, to the winning team in physical drill. This trophy will be competed for yearly by teams from various corps of the cadets. Besides donating the shield, the Daughters of the Empire are taking still further interest in the life of the cadet camp. Frequent visits will be made by the members, and a sum of money has been donated towards giving the boys a special treat. The Local Council of Women have also shown their interest in the movement by contributing towards the prizes for which the teams will compete tomorrow.

Fine Memorial To Agnes D. Cameron

As a memorial to the late Agnes Deans Cameron, a hotel for immigrant girls, is to be erected in Victoria, B. C. A more appropriate form of memorial could hardly be chosen, for Miss Cameron took the keenest interest in girls who work, whether in Canada or in the old land. Miss Cameron's work in general was both national and imperial; she did much by her lectures and writing to bind together the old land and the new. The memorial has now been suggested by, and is in the hands of the United Chapters of the Order of the Daughters of the Empire in Victoria, B. C. The home is to be in the form of a wing to the Young Women's Christian Association Building, to be called the Agnes Deans Cameron Memorial Wing. Twenty thousand dollars will be needed to carry out the plan, and contributions from Agnes Deans Cameron's friends and admirers will be welcomed by the Agnes Deans Cameron Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, Victoria, who have the matter specially in charge. The treasurer is Mabel Agnes Cameron, 1162 MacClure street, Victoria, B. C.—Regina Province.

BABY AND HOT WEATHER.

Give the baby plenty of water. Do not keep him in a warm apartment.

Keep him out of doors and in the shade.

Don't overdress him; there's more danger in overdressing than underdressing.

Cut down his diet. If nursing, do not feed him in this weather.

Avoid uncooked fruits and other indigestible foods.

Overstocked Sale of 4,000 Yards of . . .

Dress Goods

SALE NOW ON

We find that we have about 4,000 yards too much dress materials. These will not be carried over till next season, but must be cleared out now. We've marked them at a "quick-clear" price. Now is your opportunity to buy and save money.

75c Taffeta Cloth at 59c

44 INCHES WIDE.
All-wool and beautiful finish; shades of Copenhagen, alic, reseda, tan, light and dark gray, old rose, taupe, mauve, etc.

60c Silk and Wool Crepe, at 49c

44 INCHES WIDE.
In reseda, mauve, fawn, Copenhagen, navy, old rose, green, etc. This is a splendid dress weight, suitable for new fall dresses.

50c All-Wool Challie at 30c

30 INCHES WIDE.
All-wool Challies in floral, stripe and polka dot patterns, suitable for dresses and kimonos.

75c Art Silk at 49c

40 INCHES WIDE.
Guaranteed to wash, in shades of alic, sky, pink, reseda, cream, white, etc.

85c Black Silk and Wool Crepes, 59c

40 INCHES WIDE.
Splendid weight for the new draped dress, perfect black. Always sold at 85c. Sale price 59c

40c Plain Cotton Voile at 25c

40 INCHES WIDE.
In shades of champagne, sky, pearl gray, navy. Good to wash and wear. Fast colors.

REMNANTS Silks and Dress Goods Half Price. **Kingsmills** REMNANTS Silks and Dress Goods Half Price.

KATHERINE LESLIE'S HOME CHAT



THE WASHABLE PARASOL.

I have just seen a lovely white linen parasol the handle must be in keeping with this material. When white linen, a knot of satin ribbon, or a chenille or crete, completes the top and a jaunty bow ties about the handle. If such a parasol is worn with a white lingerie dress and the white hat has color in it, such as pale pink the ribbon trimming of the parasol may be in the same shade. Now that the parasol had cost a small fortune. But not a bit of it. The cost of the parasol was merely the money cost of the linen. You buy the sections—I believe there are eight—all shaped and stamped ready for the needlework. There are many designs to choose from and those in English eyelet embroidery are very lovely. Having selected the desired design the rest is easy and speedy work to the girl who is expert with her needle. All the sections or gores are scalloped at the edge and this is easily done in button-hole stitch. A tapering design in eyelet work, running up the gores is most effective. When the gores are all done, they are taken to the department where they were bought and the parasol department sees to never change very radically in shape, the rest. The mount and handle are selected, and needless to add for a

BURMA'S SIMPLE LIFE.

Life is simple in Burma. In a country that is underpopulated and that contains vast areas of uncultivated land, fit for cultivation, the people need not submit to oppression, as many oriental nations must. Migration is always a possible means of relief. Every man is his own carpenter. He put together his house of bamboo and planks cut by his own hands. He knows how to take it down. He has no need to send for contractors or furniture vans. There are the carts and the plow cattle in his sheds. He has talked things over with his wife, who is a capable and sensible woman. One morning they get up, and instead of going to the fields or his fishing, or whatever it may be, he takes his tools, and before sunset, the wife helping, his house is down, and together with the simplest household goods, is stowed away in the cart. The children find a place there, too; or, if they are old enough, they run along beside their mother. If the local magistrate is so kind to the people, there is a wiseman a few leagues away who is ready to welcome them. For what is the good of land without men to live on it?

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