

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1912.

Cynthia Grey and EVERY WOMAN'S Page

Early Spring Every Day Hat



Rolling sailors are shown as first hats for spring wear by youthful faces. These are simply trimmed, stiff, erect loops standing high being a favorite decoration.

A pretty hat in this shape is of dark blue rough straw, the trimming being of electric blue silk. The wide rolling brim has a break slightly to the left of the forehead.

The hat is worn down on the head, but slightly back to show the soft waved hair.

On the rim of the hat is a full facing of electric blue silk. A band of the same surrounding the crown, while double loops appear where the rim curves to an opening.

THE LAST VOYAGE OF THE DONNA ISABEL

[BY RANDALL PARRISH.]

CHAPTER IV.

In Which I Meet My Crew.

The polite hotel clerk halted me as I passed his desk on the way out with information that a drunken naval officer—evidently Sanchez—had been twice already seeking me, and would return again at ten o'clock. I thanked him, smiling to myself, wondering if the English nobleman was to be challenged and disappeared promptly into the night without the unfortunate affair with the aggrieved lieutenant had become a small matter no longer troubling me.

I have wandered by night through most of the suburbs of the world, knowing well the intricacies and dark places of Port Said, Melbourne and Calcutta, but I doubt if even the English nobleman could equal for dirt, equal, crime and peril those narrow, crooked alleyways where sailors most congregate against the dawn, and where the South Sea and here flourish their parasites. Any night a trip alone through these foul lanes is of the kind to test strong nerves, but on this special occasion, the way filled with pandemonium and drunkenness, the entire city a riot of noisy violence, the population aroused to fierce hate toward foreigners, the passage was one of constant recurring danger. The street lights, few and far between, were mere blotches of color winking in the surrounding darkness, the rough cobblestone pavement underfoot was irregular and deceptive, while drunken crowds, either quarrelsome or mauling affectionate, surged aimlessly about, gesticulating and yelling with Latin fervor. However, I kept the way well, and kept myself hidden from observation by hovering close beneath the protecting shadow of a building, drawing well back within doorways to permit the noisier parties of revellers to pass, and then hurrying forward along the deserted streets. It was like running a gauntlet, for every curse reaching my ears was directed against foreigners, and the atmosphere was so thick with evidence everywhere. I stumbled over the body of more than one drunken man, which were borne to me through the open doors of every low taproom I passed. The scene of hell burning fiercely. Fortunately, the main drift of this human tide was toward the plaza, and I was able to move more deeply into the foul network of black, ill-lighted lanes, the passage became clearer, the sounds of rioting less boisterous.

Pedro Rodriguez stood somewhat back from the narrow lane, it fringed by a tall, thin, dark figure, who, flanked and concealed by taller buildings on either side, it was a ramshackle, wooden affair, sagging sadly at one corner, the half-dozed steps leading to the open door being only dimly lighted. As it was a well-known resort, frequented almost entirely by foreign seamen who would scarcely be safe on the streets such a night as this, it was no surprise to discover the taproom densely crowded with sailor-men, and to distinguish a voice singing lustily in vigorous English, to an accompaniment of glasses pounding on the rough tables. Indeed, a wild, hilarious laugh greeted me loudly as I pressed aside the heavy curtains and stepped forth into the atmosphere stifling with the fumes of cheap tobacco and every variety of liquor, humming with the voices of a dozen drunken men, the entire space densely crowded with as rough a sea-scum as ever I looked upon beneath a roof. Just as I cast a quick, furtive glance over the faces, upturned through the enveloping haze—Swedes and Finns from the North Sea, Dutchmen of the Baltic, hairy Englishmen from the Channel, Yankees of the West Atlantic, beach-combers from the South Seas, with here and there a Negro or brown-faced Kanaka to add to the variety. Faith, it was a choice collection, as though the wide waters of the world had been skimmed to bring together that rare crew of beauties. Perched high upon a table, his long legs incased in sea boots, seated astride a chair, sat the singer, his mop of coarse red hair standing erect, his jaw that of a bulldog, the scar of a recent knife-wound showing

ghostly across one cheek, his blue shirt open at the throat, revealing a hairy chest; beneath thatched brows his eyes glinted and gleamed in a ferocious attempt at good humor.

"Sing, ye bullheads!" he roared, after one inquiring glance towards me, bringing his heavy glass down on the back of his chair. "Lay it out fer the gent, what has just come callin' on me. Tune up, ye sea dogs, I'm no opera artist here to entertain ye. Give us a swing to the chorus now, or I'll shy this mug into yer bloomin' faces. Lift the tune, my hearted lieutenant! he became a small matter ye can do. Now at it!"

"The Captain's bride was fair to see; Swing hard! Bend low! She mocked at him, she smiled at me; Swing hard! Bend low!"

"Oh, to tell you that sorter lovesick stuff, cried a protesting voice, harshly and with pandemonium and drunkenness, the entire city a riot of noisy violence, the population aroused to fierce hate toward foreigners, the passage was one of constant recurring danger. The street lights, few and far between, were mere blotches of color winking in the surrounding darkness, the rough cobblestone pavement underfoot was irregular and deceptive, while drunken crowds, either quarrelsome or mauling affectionate, surged aimlessly about, gesticulating and yelling with Latin fervor. However, I kept the way well, and kept myself hidden from observation by hovering close beneath the protecting shadow of a building, drawing well back within doorways to permit the noisier parties of revellers to pass, and then hurrying forward along the deserted streets. It was like running a gauntlet, for every curse reaching my ears was directed against foreigners, and the atmosphere was so thick with evidence everywhere. I stumbled over the body of more than one drunken man, which were borne to me through the open doors of every low taproom I passed. The scene of hell burning fiercely. Fortunately, the main drift of this human tide was toward the plaza, and I was able to move more deeply into the foul network of black, ill-lighted lanes, the passage became clearer, the sounds of rioting less boisterous.

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Buying an Easter Bonnet

[BY "THE GOSSIP."]

"The Advertiser Gossip" stood before a large mirror, with a huge, much-beflowered spring hat poised upon her humble head. It was such a large hat that the poor little Gossip was almost swamped beneath its brim. It was evident THIS style was not meant for her. Helplessly she gazed around on the host of hats that occupied places in the show-room. There must have been hundreds of them—big picture hats, little "poke" shapes, jaunty sailors, and rows of other styles, all displayed in bewildering array. There were "hats, hats, everywhere," but how was one to select THE hat from among so many?

Curiously enough, the average woman shrinks from buying new headgear. I know the men will smile at this. They seem to possess the idea that women delight to pose before a mirror by the hour "trying on" hats of all description. But don't believe it for a minute. The hat has the power to make or mar a costume, and it is often most difficult to judge of the becomingness of a shape oneself, and even the opinions of one's friends are not always helpful. The milliner has much responsibility in this respect. It is not always helpful weight, and often influences the purchaser in the selection of a hat, sometimes to the latter's regret afterwards.

But we left the Gossip standing swallowed up by the big hat. "These poke bonnets are very fetching," said the silken-clad lady-in-waiting, who looked so grand one felt afraid of her. "Try this on; it will look charming on you." The Gossip stood meekly while the close-fitting shape was jammed down and adjusted over her eyes. But this one fitted too snugly, and made a scratch on the Gossip's forehead. Then followed a rapid succession of hats. Some, like the first one, proved too large, and the Gossip's ears were all that prevented the brim from caressing her shoulders; others were too vividly trimmed; one style turned up too much, another too little. They were all charming hats, and the Gossip felt sure the lady-in-waiting was inwardly calling her "crank." At last one was tried on which appeared to be satisfactory. The lady-in-waiting said it was becoming. The Gossip's friend said it was becoming, and the Gossip thought so herself. Hopefully she asked the price. Just twenty-five dollars!

The poor little wad of bills in the Gossip's purse seemed to shrink smaller and smaller, and painfully she explained that it was a very, very plain little hat she desired—an inexpensive one, that would answer for early spring street wear. Finally in despair a little round hat, perfectly void of trimming, was selected—and the ordeal was over! The Gossip felt a great burden lifted off her shoulders as she realized the deed was done! But the aftermath, being the remarks of one's friends and relatives, is still to come. The Gossip can easily imagine (from experiences of other years), the remarks that will meet the hat's first appearance on Easter Sunday:

Father—What is there about it to cost so much?

Mother—Why didn't you get some trimming on it?

Brother—Of all the silly-looking—

A Man Friend—Beautiful.

A Girl Friend—It's very becoming.

Girl Enemies—It's rather nice, but—

Sunday School Class (chorus)—Oh, look at teacher's new hat!

Cynthia Grey's Correspondence

Line in Kettles.
Dear Miss Grey—What will clean line out of our hard water kettles?
A VISITOR.
A—An authority on household affairs says that the same care should be taken to wipe out a teakettle, as is exercised in cleaning any other vessel after a meal. Many housekeepers allow water to stand in the kettle, from meal to meal, and this causes the lime to form. To remove the "fur" already sticking, let the kettle become quite hot and loosen up the scales with a blunt knife. Rinse thoroughly several times before using again.

A Blood Purifier.
Dear Miss Grey—Will you please answer the following question and oblige: "Can you kindly give me the name of a real good blood medicine?" My face breaks out, and people tell me it is from my blood. FANCY.
A—I should not like to suggest a remedy. You should consult a physician, as your system is evidently out of order.

An Amateur Gardener.
Dear Miss Grey—I wish to make a pansy bed this spring, and hardly know how to start. Would you kindly tell me about what time you would plant the seed, or would you buy the young plants? On what side of the house is it best to plant them? Also is in the shade or in the sun? What is the best way to treat them? I have had very poor luck with both these flowers and would like to be successful for once. Would you kindly tell me if succorifers are much in demand in the West? If so what wage do they pay to the girl with no previous experience? Thanking you in advance, and awaiting an early reply, I remain, A—1. It would take up much space to reply in full to your inquiry about the flowers. If you go to the public library and ask for books on garden-

Bible Class Names.
Dear Miss Grey—Will you kindly answer this question before the end of this week? I give two or three room names for a Bible class.
A. K. A—Excelsior Class; Plus Ultra Class; The Upstreamers.

Dry Cleaner's Address.
Dear Miss Grey—I can you kindly inform me where I could have a white straw dyed or cleaned? I have tried several dry cleaners, placed without success. 2. What will take ink stains out of cotton cloth? Yours truly, CONSTANT READER.

Soiled Blinds.
Dear Miss Grey—Will you kindly inform me if there is anything that will clean cream window blinds? Thanking you in advance, I remain, FRED.

Trifles.
A—A thorough rubbing with stale bread crusts will brighten up the blinds considerably. Go over them two or three times, using fresh crusts frequently.

SOME CORNSTARCH DISHES

A Sweet.
Mix in a basin three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and one tablespoonful of sugar with enough cold milk to make the mixture the consistency of cream. Put into a saucepan one pint of milk and allow it to boil. Then pour in the mixture, stirring all the time. Stir the thickened mass and add three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one tablespoonful of rose extract. Pour into a mold that has been rinsed with cold water; let it set in cold water and turn out on to a glass dish and sprinkle over with finely chopped pistachio nuts.

Blanc Manger.
Put one tablespoonful of sweet, grated chocolate into a saucepan with one tablespoonful of milk. Allow to dissolve and set aside. Mix in a basin three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, three tablespoonfuls of sugar and one tablespoonful of vanilla extract. Moisten with a little cold milk. Put one and a half pints of milk on to boil and pour over the cornstarch, stirring all the time. Pour the whole back into the saucepan and boil for five minutes, stirring constantly. Stir in the chocolate roughly to marble it, and pour into a wet mold. When firm turn out and serve with milk or cream.

Banana Pudding.
Two and a half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, two bananas, one tablespoonful of sugar, the juice and rind of half of a lemon and two cupfuls of milk. Slice the bananas and place in the bottom of a glass dish. Put the sugar over and pour over the lemon juice. Blend the cornstarch with the milk and boil for eight minutes, stirring all the time. Let this cool and pour over the bananas. When set, sprinkle over with sugar and serve with cream.

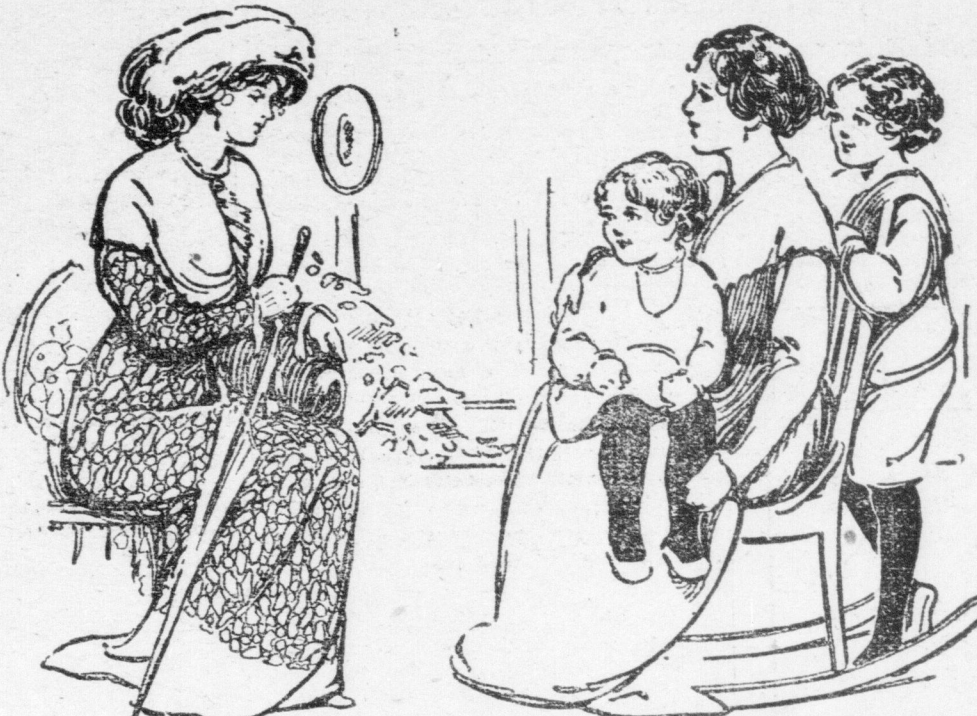
WOMANKIND

The Hon. Sir John A. Cockburn, K. C. M. G., who was Premier of South Australia in 1889-90, is a strong advocate of extending the franchise to women. He carried into law the first woman's franchise act in Australia, and writes with practical experience of the working of woman suffrage in the commonwealth, and says: "The extension of the franchise to women is not an isolated question. It merely occupies the most prominent position in the long line of advance made by women in our own times. A few years ago, when women were regarded as creatures of a lower order, strange and revolting as it now appears, matrimony presented to the majority their only means of livelihood. Now almost every profession, trade, or calling. Men fought for and valued the franchise as the means of protecting their interests. It seems unjust and cowardly to deny to women, who have now entered the industrial and business arena, the same defensive weapon."

Sir John concludes a most interesting address by saying: "The demand for women's franchise is the chief sign of a sympathetic age, and becomes daily more and more imperative."

"Little Darling" "Little Daisy"

Hosiery for Infants and Children



The Kind Mothers Have Demanded for Ten Years

You, as a mother, will be glad to know how other mothers solved the hosiery problem. They, like you, were searching for hosiery that would be as dainty, yet durable; fast dyed with pretty colors; comfortable and hygienic.

They were not satisfied until they discovered that the "LITTLE DARLING" and the "LITTLE DAISY" Hosiery combined all these qualities, at a cost no higher than for inferior hosiery.

Happy is the mother who tries one of these brands; she will never hesitate again as long as she buys hosiery for her children. She will insist on the name "LITTLE DARLING" or "LITTLE DAISY" stamped on the foot of the stockings—there are many imitations offered under very similar names.

COLORS—Tan, Black, Cream, Sky, Blue, Pink, Cardinal.

"LITTLE DARLING"—with the silken heel and toe, all sizes for infants under seven.

"LITTLE DAISY"—with reinforced heel and toe, all sizes for children under twelve.

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O. OMOND, 468 Dundas Phone 1429

THE PROGRESSIVE DRUGGISTS.

HEAVEN.

Heaven is a condition of the heart. No sinner, whatever he believes, or thinks he believes, can experience the joys of heaven except by ceasing to be a sinner; and this change is wrought, not from outside of him, but by a life of good deeds, and the cultivation of the soul as well as faith. Death, so far from being an interruption to man's life, is rather a ministry unto life, and as necessary step in the process of our development. Through its gates we are admitted into a state of existence in which our faculties will be emancipated from the restrictions of sense, and their embryonic capacities indefinitely increased in portions but faintly represented by the growth of the giant oak from the acorn.—John Bigelow

An April Fool Party

A very jolly party that was carried out successfully was suggested to the hostess of an old Scottish observance of All Fools' Day, "Hunting the Goops." She wrote spiky little notes to her guests, challenging them to appear at a gathering for which All Fools' Day was especially appropriate.

On the day and hour appointed they arrived promptly at the given address. But alas! The maid of the house received them with twinkling eyes. Tearfully she broke the painful news to them that as it was April 1, their hostess preferred to remain unknown, but that she had left further directions to aid them in discovering her identity at another address, which the city at another address, which the speaker proceeded to unfold. That was the first link to the chain. They hunted up first one house, then another, with teasing references to the date. It was a suspicious, very hungry, but withal a jolly crowd that finally descended upon the genuine author of their misfortunes and came upon a beautifully spread luncheon table.

In the centre of the table was a high peaked dunce cap of white parchment paper in a bed of scarlet flowers. It was adorned with a lavish bow of every color, and the long ribbons, scarlet and green, ribbon and a little jumping-jacks bound with ribbons; a guest's name was attached to each, so that they served as place-cards as well as souvenirs. The guests were seated with dunce caps labelled "April Fool," and perched at the table on ridiculously high stools. They were still suspicious, and afraid to try the tempting dishes put before them; but a little experimenting by the bolder members of the party soon assured them that the foods before them were genuine, bonafide "eats."

Correspondence

A Spring Wedding.

Dear Miss Grey: I am to be married very quietly at home. My fiancée's mother is to be the only invited guest. As engraved invitations are so expensive, and using only one, would a printed invitation answer?

2. The minister's wife is a stranger to me, but a friend of my fiancée's. Should I invite her? If so, would it be proper for my fiancée to give the invitation when he arranges with the minister for the ceremony?

3. How to seat the following: Bride and groom, minister and wife, groom's mother, bride's mother and brother.

MISS E. M.

1. I would not issue invitations at all. Announcement cards are not expensive. Order 50 and have them mailed to your friends the day of the wedding.

2. It would seem more courteous to invite the clergyman's wife. It would be quite proper for him to extend the invitation.

3. The bride's mother and brother could occupy opposite ends of the table, the minister and his wife at one side, placing the bride couple with the groom's mother at the other side of the table.

Miss Gertrude Skellett, of Huron street, is visiting with friends at Montreal and Ottawa.

Neave's Food

FOR INFANTS

Will Bring Your Baby Safely Through The First Year

"We put our Maurice's Food when he was one week old, and he never tasted anything else until his first birthday. Hundreds of people have stopped me on the streets and in the stores to ask how old he was and what he was fed on. He has never had a day's illness and is one of the healthiest boys I have ever seen!"

Mrs. J. W. PATHEMAN, 44 Harriet St., Toronto.

Neave's Food is sold in all the largest drug stores by all druggists in Canada.

FREE TO MOTHERS—write today for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of our book "Hints About Baby," to the

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Millinery Parlors

Madame Allenby announces her Spring Millinery Opening at 619 Richmond street. ywt

To Be Continued