

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by HELENE.

Once more have we come to the parting of the ways. Standing at the threshold of 1905, new hopes, new joys, new possibilities beckon us on; but a note of sadness pervades the air, and we turn with suppliant hands to stay the departure of the old year, which in bringing us roses did not spare the thorns—still we are reluctant to see it go, for it held so much for many of us. We like to forget its sorrows and tears and remember only the smiles, so we go forth, entering untrodden paths with the firm assurance that all will be well. May it be so. May the brightest hopes not fail of fulfillment; may the roses in abundance be scattered along the way; may sorrow be kept far from the heart, and may 1905, in a word, be the happiest that has been.

FASHIONS.

Surplice waists make by far the most fashionable of the season, and shirrings are to be noted on the greater number of up-to-date gowns. One very attractive model is made of willow green chiffon veiling, with a chemise of lace, trimming of silk ruffles and sleeve frills of plisse chiffon. At the waist is worn a crushed belt of messaline satin.

Among the new and most wonderful false skins, which are also employed for dress trimmings, coats and hats, the crushed velours, with markings of baby lamb, are perhaps the most seen. Many a smart evening coat is constructed of this pseudo skin. Ermined rabbit skin turns out inexpensive scarfs and flat muffs, which velvet rosettes and applications further enhance, and there are others of a silky-plush so deliciously like chinchilla that the simulation is scarcely regretted.

Puffed chiffon rufflings are a new idea and a good one. A puff of chiffon, a band of lace and a ruffler of chiffon—and there's a pretty cuff or top of bodice without labor whatsoever. And when used for cuffs they can be turned with the edge forward or back, as the taste prefers. They are very pretty, and they are sure to sit well and to stay. The price is only \$1 a yard.

A great many navy blue cloth costumes are to be seen. Generally the revers and collar are in contrasting colors—red, blue and green velvet being the most worn. Beige and gray are much in favor, and there is a distinct return to covert coating in public favor. Some smart women are wearing sack coats in this material with immense pearl buttons; others wear the same material made with the popular "skirt" basques. A remarkably pretty figure is required to stand this innovation. Skirts are almost without exception made with two flounces very slightly creased and bordered with rows of stitching or bias folds of the material stitched.

White cloth is still much worn. Women seem to cling to the memory of the successful "white" summer gown and have transferred their fidelity only to a warmer edition of the same charming fashion.

The leading milliners are offering plain turbans and tricornes severely trimmed with clusters of camelias, marigolds and other stiff-leaved flowers; and more complicated hats are worked with ermine and more elaborately trimmed.

The high crowned hat has not been accepted with such eagerness here as in the fashionable cities of the old world, so that there is not the slightest necessity for any woman to make herself look unbecomingly by wearing a high hat.

A French fancy which has not made much headway here so far is a stiff beaver hat; though when becoming this hat makes a woman very attractive.

A fine gray broadcloth seen this year has a yoke of gray net embroidered in steel paillettes and beads. The skirt and waist are trimmed with gray taffeta bouillonne, and the girdle of gray velvet, yet with all these different materials the gown is practically of one color, and seen from a distance is a soft gray mass, with here and there a high light.

The present reign of bright, strong coloring, coming after the pale pastel tones, is a natural reaction, and has extended to every portion of woman's dress. Petticoats are of bright greens, blues, reds and purples, where a year ago, even, they were of grey, tan or black.

The Parisian touch of black is the leading note in many of the hand-some toilets. Nothing is prettier than rosettes of narrow black velvet ribbon nestling among the white billows of chiffon, or ripples of lace on bodice, sleeves, and the festooned flounces of gowns and evening waists. Black lace falling over white is another fancy that is exquisite in effect, the under frill being fuller than the over, to give the smart frock a touch so necessary.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Fresh eggs absorb all kinds of obnoxious odors on account of the shells being porous. They should be kept in a vessel by themselves.

Cold baked fish and cold boiled potatoes, cut into dice, mixed with mayonnaise, make a palatable salad.

Put five drops of clove oil on a small piece of cotton in the bowl of a clay pipe, then blow the vapor into an aching ear, and instant relief will follow.

To remove warts, rub a little bullock gall on them several times a day.

Moistened tea leaves applied to a burn will relieve the inflammation and prevent a scar.

Besides being such an essential part of culinary art salt has many other uses perhaps not generally known.

A pinch of salt on the tongue, fol-

lowed ten minutes after by a drink of cold water, often cures a sick headache.

Salt hardens the gums, makes the teeth white, and sweetens the breath.

Salt added to the water in which cut flowers stand keeps them fresh. Salt used dry in the same manner as snuff will do much to relieve colds hay fever, etc.

Salt in warm water, if used for bathing tired eyes, will be found very refreshing.

Salt and water will stop hemorrhage from tooth pulling.

A very high ceiling detracts much from the cosy appearance of a room, especially if the room is a small one. To reduce the apparent height, carry the ceiling decoration down on the wall to a depth of fifteen or eighteen inches and finish the edge where it joins the wall paper with the picture moulding.

HAND BATHS.

For a hand bath—a bath given to the body by the use of the hands only, or by a sponge or cloth—place a handful of sea salt in a basin as ordinarily filled for washing. Allow the salt to dissolve, or hasten the action by stirring it with the hand. The water should be as cold as you have vitality to withstand. Use no soap. Bathe the entire body. Do not neglect the face and neck in the free use of the salt water.

This bath has an exhilarating influence, tones the entire system, and gives to the skin a healthful condition which amply repays the time and trouble involved. It will be an excellent preventive of colds, besides being a substitute for face cosmetics. No chapping, no roughness of the skin, and no clogging of the pores will trouble the person who systematically takes a bath of this sort.

Ordinary table salt or rock salt will do, but will not do so well. The sea salt contains medicinal qualities not found in others. Whether one exercises or not, the body should receive a daily hand bath of cold or cool water, especially in the summer, either upon rising or before retiring, or both.—Dr. E. B. Warman.

RECIPES.

Baked Apple Pudding—Pare and core enough apples of uniform size to crowd closely together in a well buttered baking dish, and fill the centres with a fruit mixture. To a syrup made of a cup of sugar and one third a cup of water, add half a cup of blanched almonds and seeded raisins, chopped. Boil down until quite thick, then fill into the cavities. Place a fourth of a cup of butter and half a cup of milk in a saucepan over the fire, and, when boiling, add half a cup of flour. Stir vigorously until the mixture falls from the side of the saucepan.

Cream together a fourth of a cup of butter and half a cup of sugar. Then add, in succession, the unbeaten yolks of three eggs. Pour this mixture over the apples, and bake one

hour in a moderate oven. Serve with "butter foam" made by beating together half a cup of butter and a cup of sugar until they are very white and creamy. Add two tablespoonsful of cream and flavor with vanilla. Let chill on ice before serving on the pudding.

Virginia Plum Pudding.—The following is a good recipe for Old Virginia plum pudding: Ten eggs, three-quarters of a pound of beef suet, one and a quarter pound of raisins, one pound of dried currants or cherries, one pint of milk, one pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of citron cut in thin slices. Mix the flour and suet together and rub the fruit also in a little flour. Beat the eggs very light, leaving out the white of five, and add all the ingredients together. If thicker than cup cake batter, add a little more milk. Then add one teaspoonful of ground ginger, one of powdered cinnamon, one of powdered cloves, two nutmegs, the grated rind of a lemon, one wineglassful of wine, one of brandy, a little powdered mace and one pint of breadcrumbs. Scald your pudding bag thoroughly, rub well inside with flour, leave plenty of room inside for the pudding to swell and stop the opening with dough. Let the water be boiling and boil steadily for four hours. When ready to serve pour brandy over the whole and send to the table ablaze.

Cranberry Jelly—Wash a quart of cranberries, drain them and put them into a double boiler while they are still wet. Cover closely and cook until the berries are broken to pieces. Turn into a jelly bag and as soon as the fruit is cool enough to touch squeeze hard to extract all the juice. To a pint of juice add two cups of granulated sugar. Return to the fire, boil up just once, then pour into a mold wet with cold water.

Plum Pudding Sauce.—A sauce without brandy is made as follows: One tablespoonful of corn starch, one tablespoonful of butter, one pint of boiling water, one egg, one half-cup of sugar. Put cornstarch, egg and sugar in a bowl and mix them well. Pour over them the boiling water, and stir over the fire until thick. Add any flavoring.

Cream of Celery Soup.—Wash 12 stalks of celery in small pieces. Put over the fire three cups of water and as soon as it boils add the celery with a blade of mace and half an onion, and let it boil for half an hour. Then put through a puree sieve and add a pint of milk, salt and white pepper and a thickening made by stirring a tablespoonful of flour with a generous tablespoonful of melted butter. Let the mixture boil up once, add a cup of cream and serve with croutons.

Apple Cream.—Boil twelve tart apples until tender, remove the skins and pass the pulp through a sieve. Add a cup of sugar, beat well, and fold into the pulp the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Beat until white and foamy, and heap in a glass dish. Garnish with candied cherries and strips of angelica, and serve cold.

she could see his face or that he would speak; but what seemed hours passed and still he did not move or utter a word, and at last she drifted into memories in which Bently was the clearest of not the only companion. It seemed but yesterday that they had met as children, and yet since then there had been school days, college life and then those years of social pleasure. She had coquetted and flirted with others, but never with him. There was a wholesome, matter-of-fact trust in their relations, which prevented affectations, quarrels or little jealousies.

Elinor had never before paused to think how much he was to her, and somehow in the quiet night, with his young manliness before her in reality, as well as in memory's chains, she began to realize how deeply a part of her life he had grown to be. And with this came the half formed thought that the new element in her affection was one of deeper root and older growth than any other fibre of her nature, the germ from which her womanhood would spring.

"Is it friendship you are giving him?" She closed her eyes in utter disgust of the man's impertinence; but the question kept repeating itself to her in numberless tones and inflections from somewhere in her own heart, till a thrill of something that was not joy, or pain, or surprise, or fear, but just a little of each, passed over her, and with a gasp she came back to present needs.

Half unconsciously she rose slowly and stood looking out into the trees. The music and hum of voices came to them fitfully, now dying away altogether, now nearer and louder than before; it came to them like an incoming tide but like the ocean waves it could not pass the unseen boundary of their solitary land, but ebbed and left them still more alone.

Elinor's fan rattled to the floor, and as Bently stopped to pick it up the spell was broken.

"I am afraid you will take cold," he said, and an ominous but momentary fear flashed across his mind that this was only a dream and the awakening was imminent. His voice had a new ring in its question to the girl whose fresh young beauty was clear to him against the blackness of the trees.

"I do not feel it," she answered.

"Have we both been dreaming, Bently?"

"I wish there might be nothing but this dream for ever and ever," he replied earnestly. "What a wonderful Juliet you would be standing as you are in the moonlight! I would play proud Montague's son."

They both laughed softly, and Elinor drew her scarf closer to hide the thrill his words created.

"You are cold." He was gone and in a moment returned with a fluffy white shawl which he threw around her. There was a strong temptation to gather her into his arms then and there and tell her that there was more for them in life than they had ever hoped for. He resisted, though, and resting on the stone coping forgot the night's exquisite radiance in its reflection on her sweet face.

"Was there ever such a night?" he asked.

She looked at him and moved her head once, twice, slowly and dreamily.

"We have never said so few words," he murmured. Again she moved her head.

"And we have never been so near to one another, Elinor. Have we?" This time she did not reply. Her head fell a little and her face was in the shadow.

"There is a great deal I could say to you to-night. Would you listen to me?" His hand was on hers, his tone was unmistakable. Her head was lower and he could see the quicker rise and fall of her breast. For a moment they were so, then she raised her fair, girlish face.

"I think there is nothing you can tell me that I do not already know, Bently." Her voice was rich with a new warmth, and low with a trusting bashfulness.

How long they stood there or what words were spoken they never knew, but the echo of that hour was to last for ever and ever through this life and into the life beyond.

The last thought she had that morning was his parting promise: "I will be over to-night to see you, and the day will be long till then. We will live it all over again, Elinor."

Early that afternoon the city was intensely excited over the news of Charles Fletcher's failure. Everything else paled in interest. The affair at Mrs. Clarence Blondel's was forgotten, even by the polished, suave bankers and brokers who had smiled blandly on the handsome son while in their hearts they almost knew the hour at which his young career of

law must end and more lucrative employment be sought. Within twenty-four hours of the catastrophe a hundred men knew it was coming, but for a long time before only the unfortunate man himself and a very few friends dreaded and tried in vain to stave it off.

The night which was to have held so much to two people was a dismal, heartbreaking time of too sudden collision with the world's strange forces, to the man whose father had at one stroke lost his fortune and his reason, and lay then between life and death. Bently sat alone all through the night, with his head buried on his crossed arms, in the deserted office where but that morning men had spoken with "Fletcher the millionaire." It was a mute, blank despair and disappointment. The dream of last night was truly faded. Elinor cried herself to sleep and woke heavy-eyed and silent.

Once he came to see her, and mistook her silence for indifference, when all the time her heart was too full

to speak as friends would; and she did not feel free to voice her true sympathies. As Mr. Fletcher recovered he and his son left London, and so seemed to fade out of Elinor's life. Her few letters were first answered with a plea to forget, her others returned unopened. Months passed, long, dull months that sapped the light-hearted gaiety from her nature and wove about her the first strong threads of womanhood.

It was Mr. Harcourt's wish that his daughter should lead in society, as it was his opinion that she of all girls was best fitted to do. It was no surprise to him that she was a favorite, his heart was centered on her, and no doubt he thought everyone else's should be also. He wanted his house gay and bright and always full of guests. Elinor especially for the last year was not favorable, but she tried to enter into his suggestion for a Leap Year dance, when Clara Bulmer was visiting them.

To her father she appeared really interested, and eager for the night; but in her heart only one item concerned her much. She had sent an invitation to Bently Fletcher. Would he come? She knew he had vanished from his old circle with his father's bankruptcy; she also knew that twice when business had called him to town he had gone to stag-suppers given in his honor. But she felt he would not come to her dance, and what could she do without him? There never had been anything at Harcourt House in which he had not been her mainstay, and that fact he knew. He had accepted conditionally—if he could; though that did not reassure her in the least. Even up to ten o'clock she kept repeating to herself that he would come, and her eyes were almost riveted on the doors, while her reason and experience with him told her he would not come.

When all her guests had arrived and she saw he had disappointed, a little hardness crept into her heart. She felt he should have made some sacrifice to reach her when he knew so well she was depending on him. Instead of giving way to her impulse, she threw herself more into the spirit of the night and her eyes brightened and her laugh was merrier, and she inspired her guests with a careless enjoyment she did not herself feel at all. Ladies were to enjoy their unusual privileges till midnight, when the gentlemen would once more take up their lawful rights. There was much laughter and pretty awkwardness on the ladies' parts as they passed to and fro finding partners or carried lemonade to them. Elinor amused herself, and no doubt others too, by her choice of partners; for whether her duty as hostess was before her, or whether it was caprice, she led out the most boring and clumsy men present and smiled her sweetest all the while.

She was standing near the door chaffing Rob Atkin on his fear of the overhanging green when she saw Bently in the hall. Like a flash she was off to the farthest end of the long room, with a half resolve that he could find her if he wished; but really because she was too overjoyed to trust to an immediate meeting.

In a few minutes he had made his way up to her. As she turned from Bert Roberts he was beside her.

"I must apologize for being so late, Elinor, but it was impossible to come sooner. Let me congratulate you on your evident success as hostess to-night." Elinor brightened with her old smile; he remembered that he was needed.

"I hardly expected you, Bently, though I have reserved the next dance for you. This is Leap Year, you know. May I have this waltz?" She made a pretty courtesy, and they exchanged programmes. Bently smiled

(Continued on Page 3.)

OUR BO

BY

Dear Boys and Girls:

I know you are all feeling a little bit of a let-up, and has given you a pretty good boys and girls, sure, has been forgotten. lovely gifts you received. But, remember, the holidays are over. By Saturday the letter is not receive it until Monday children, I wish you may and every blessing your life.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am a little boy of ten and read the letters on the page. I go to school every day, but the snow will so. We have a long piece. There are four of us going to my little brother James winter, and I thought I would write. My papa is a black and I am going to learn it. get old enough. My papa got four years in Montreal, where paper comes from. We like per fine. We would not part for anything. Xmas is coming and I am waiting for Santa to come, and I expect he will me some nice presents. I will be able to come, for the is frozen and he can come waleh if he don't get frightened ing at the little houses on where they are fishing for sm is quite a business down here winter time. So good-bye, Becky, I wish you a happy From your little friend, LE

P.E.I.

Dear Aunt Becky:

I am eight years old. I thought I was old enough to write this. My brother wrote one last Santa Claus is soon coming hope he will bring me lots things. One of my brothers a letter to Santa to tell him we all wanted. I think I will you some of the things asked for. A doll and carry other things. My little sister wants a blue dolly. I have one sister. She is three years I have four brothers. The y six. He wants lots of things write after Christmas and what we all got. I go to every day. I like it well. to have a Christmas tree in color. We have one every Christmas. I am sleepy now, good-bye. Your little friend, MA

Dear Aunt Becky:

I thought I would try and few lines as this is my first to the corner. I enjoy reading letters very much. We have time skating and sliding on these lovely nights. I am third book and like going to very much, but I do not go to very steady, as we have a lot to go. I live on a farm and doing chores very much. I am waiting for Christmas as suppose there are a great more boys and girls as anxious am when Santa dear will visits around. We are going have a Christmas tree in our but I don't think I will be able to go. I think this is all for the Hoping to see my letter in the remain.

Your affectionate friend
JAME
Dewittville.

ADELINE'S NEW-OLD DO

Adeline's father was poor, and that he could not buy his little doll. This was the grief of Adeline's days. Her friend Edna a pretty doll named Lillian and how Adeline did long for too! Still, having Edna sometimes to hold for a long minutes was better than no doll, and when that pleasure was from her, Adeline shed many tears. Adeline's father and mother away from the bare little home into the wide country, the father was going to work farm, and Edna and her doll would be seen no more.

The house to which Mr. Roy's family was very old, and years nobody lived there except squirrels, the mice and the birds looked dark, dirty and desolate. The farmer had offered it to rent free, and they went to make it as tidy and pleasant possible. Mr. Roy patched doors and windows, whi

THE LEAP YEAR PRIVILEGE.

(Written for the TRUE WITNESS.)

Because it was given by Mrs. Clarence Blondel, and because it was really the opening of the gay London season, it was immensely elaborate and exclusive, and entered into by everyone in true social spirit. The house was built with the one intention of accommodating guests; the hostess devoted all her untiring energies towards entertaining, and her ability and charm in that capacity were unsurpassable. Therefore when society met at Mrs. Clarence Blondel's, it had an aforesaid assurance of thorough enjoyment.

There were belles of every age and size; and the gowns were of bewildering richness and loveliness. But it was early evident that the most popular and prettiest girl in the room was Elinor Harcourt, though many others were more striking in appearance, of more regular beauty and far more gorgeously dressed.

Elinor had a sweet face, an irresistible manner, and a dress of soft silk of that baby blue shade which is proverbially popular with men. She was unusually pretty that night; but

no one could have divined that the wistful, thoughtful touch to her naturally careless and light-hearted expression was due to Bently Fletcher. Yet it was.

Bently and Elinor had been friends from childhood; and in the circle in which they moved it was customary to conclude that if Elinor did so and so, went here or there, drove a new horse, or sang a new song, Bently did also, and vice versa. There had never been a shade of sentiment in their relations, however, and society discussed their individual prospects in the matrimonial line without any connection of their names.

Elinor had never thought about him other than as a sort of brother; a handy fellow who was always welcome and always needed, but to-night she found herself thinking of him all the time. His customary first dance was the only silent one of the night; and she had not seen him since; but she was glad when she found his name next on the programme and for two dances. She felt she had been talking a great deal of sheer

nonsense all evening simply because her thoughts were still with him, and her eyes were unconsciously searching for him everywhere.

Jack Thurlow led her into one of the curtained alcoves, and in a few minutes she was listening to his old tale of love with less resistance than usual, as her mind was elsewhere. Would Bently never come? How she longed to leave this noisy throng and rest and think alone. It was all so trivial, so far from her, this brilliant sea of faces in which she and Bently were lost to one another. She wondered if she might not soon go home and think it out in the quiet of her room.

She was aroused by Bently's voice. "Let us not dance; this whirl of life wearies me to-night; I think it wears you, too, Elinor, from the look on your face."

"It did, Bently, very much. But is it not strange that we should both tire of it together, when we usually love dancing and nonsensical talk?" she queried. He did not reply, but led the way to a little stone balcony

half covered in vines at the far wing of the house.

"Jack has been pleading his old suit again; and he angered me so, I half felt like leaving him."

"What a conceited fool he is," Bently ejaculated in an undertone, as he pushed open the swinging door. Elinor stepped out, and as the door closed they left behind them a hot, perfumed world of artificial life, and entered one of fresh, sweet stillness, stirred only with the pulse of nature.

Though it was late in September, the air was still quite warm enough to be pleasant. Above the great trees a crescent moon shone brightly intensifying their blackness and the shadows beneath. There was a faint odor from the garden below, and a gentle rustle of leaf and vine; but what was most apparent was the quiet and restfulness.

Bently leaned on the stone coping. His profile was clear-cut against the trees, but his face was hidden in the shade. Elinor in a chair beneath the vines could see the white hand on the time-worn stone; and wished