

Katherine Leslie's Chat
Up-to-Date Fashion Hints
Helpful Recipe Column.

A PAGE FOR WOMEN

Cynthia Grey's Answers.
Variety of Home Topics for
All Feminine Readers.

DUCKED? GET DRY CLOTHES FROM "LADY OF THE LAKE"



"A boy overboard! A girl bumped over by a wave!"
All summer long and way into September this cry is heard wherever young folks are holiday-making.
There is a picnic at the park nearby. The youngsters go wading and some tumble in.
There is a Saturday holiday at the beach and some boy or girl stubs a toe and gets overtaken by a big wave.
Well, it isn't so bad to tumble into the wet, wet water on a hot day. But it is just horrid to have to stand or run around all the rest of the day in damp clothing!
There have been so many cases of unexpected duckings among the boys and girls who go pleasureing at Brookwell Park, Lake, London, that a new official has been named by the London County Council just to dry their clothes.
She is known as the "woman with the mangle!"
Here is a picture showing her at work, drying the clothes of these little chaps who took a header when they didn't mean to do it.
The woman with the mangle has been renamed "the lady of the lake" by the boys and girls who have come to look upon her as a sort of second mother.
The mangle is to be seen at use at unexpected duckings among the boys all hours from sunrise to sunset.

KATHERINE LESLIE'S HOME CHAT

The Tea Room and Its Attractions.

The really smart tea room has so far not invaded Canada's large cities. I don't mean a room in a large hotel where society's dames and demoiselles gather to drink afternoon tea and eat delicious little cakes. I mean a tea room as that word is known in London, Paris, and the other large continental cities, where smart women gather to chat and discuss the day's gossip, to look at each other's frocks and hats, and generally to spend a frivolous idle chatty time. London and Paris have their places like Rumpelmeyer's, and it is one of the things to do in these cities to take afternoon tea there, to see the world of fashion, the social leaders, the celebrities in literature and art and the stars of the stage who are also of the fashionable world. The styles in dress and millinery will be found there in all their extremes. Not that these are always worn by the women of fashion, the society beauties and lovely debutantes. But here, as at the races, the horse shows, the manikin is sent by the houses of fashion to display their latest creations in gowns and millinery. The novice at such things, the stranger, so often thinks that she is gazing upon some very distinguished

woman. Indeed, a great actress or poetess, a duchess famous for her charities or her entertainments, when in reality they are only gazing upon that fearful and wonderful thing—a manikin, or dressmaker's model. Nevertheless, the celebrities, the fashion leaders are there if the stranger only has some guide or initiated person to point them out. In New York the tea room is known as the "lounge," and the soft, low, velvet-covered chairs, the music by famous players is discarded, and all the world of fashion turns out at the tea hour to meet friends, gossip over the teacups, and generally to have the appearance of peacocks spreading their tail feathers for the admiration of all the world that cares to gaze upon them. And it is a pretty and an amusing sight to see the groups at the tables, to hear the soft, low, velvet-covered chairs, the music by famous players is discarded, and all the world of fashion turns out at the tea hour to meet friends, gossip over the teacups, and generally to have the appearance of peacocks spreading their tail feathers for the admiration of all the world that cares to gaze upon them. And it is a pretty and an amusing sight to see the groups at the tables, to hear the soft, low, velvet-covered chairs, the music by famous players is discarded, and all the world of fashion turns out at the tea hour to meet friends, gossip over the teacups, and generally to have the appearance of peacocks spreading their tail feathers for the admiration of all the world that cares to gaze upon them.

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. No letters can be answered privately.]

Going to Handkerchief Shower.

Dear Miss Grey: Will you kindly answer the following questions:
1. What would a girl be expected to take to a linen handkerchief shower, or only handkerchiefs, how many?
2. What are the meanings of stamps?
3. Can you give me a nice recipe for salad dressing?
4. What is proper for a young lady to say to a young gentleman when introduced, if it is proper to say "I am pleased to meet you, Mr. —"?

Thanking you very much, and hoping I have not troubled you too much, I remain,
Yours truly,
TOPSY.

A.—1. The number you took would depend, of course, upon the value of each handkerchief. For instance, let us suppose you desired to spend fifty cents. You could buy one very nice "handy" for this money, or else three plain linen handkerchiefs with the initial in one corner, just as you wished. Either way would be nice, Topsy, and I am sure that this is all you are expected to take.

2. The stamp language was published in this column on August 15th. I scarcely feel as if I should take the room to republish it, but if you care to acquire at the business office of The Advertiser a paper of that date, you can see it for yourself.

3. This dressing is an excellent one for general use: Mix well one egg, one tablespoon flour, one of butter, one of sugar, one-half teaspoon mustard, salt and pepper to taste, and two-thirds cup of sweet milk. When all have been smoothly mixed, beat in lastly one-half cup vinegar, a little at a time, or it may curdle the milk. Place on the fire and cook until creamy. For any white salad, such as potato or cabbage, the egg may be omitted.

4. This would be quite alright for you to say, only for the fact that the gentleman invariably says "I am pleased to meet you, Mr. —" and "Thank you," that is all that seems really necessary.

Visit From an Old Friend.

My Dear Miss Grey: I'm here to bother you again. May I?

1. What would be a nice suitable gift for my friend, whom I am engaged to, for Christmas?

2. A good recipe for fondant.

3. Tell me how I may improve my writing, please.

Your grateful reader, VIOLET.

A.—1. Consider his tastes, first of all, and then purchase your gift accordingly. If he is fond of reading, Walt Whitman, or Kipling, a daintily bound volume of poems is sure to please. Or if he favors the popular novel, their name is legion. Then there are leather articles that come in handy for gifts, such as pocket comb cases, writing pads, etc. A fountain pen makes a useful gift, and there are always stick-pins, cuff-links, cigarette cases, muffers and handkerchiefs.

2. I think it is probably the "uncooked" fondant you desire to make, as the cooked is a very tedious process. Simply use confectioner's powdered sugar for this; have a very little water or milk heated till lukewarm, mix with the sugar until a stiff paste is formed, using a little sugar at a time, and mixing smoothly; work in a little vanilla, lemon juice, almond, or whatever flavor is desired. When a paste, stiff enough to handle with the fingers is formed, work portions of it into candies, pressing half walnut bits of candied peel, or crystallized fruits on each. Dates or figs mixed with the fondant are excellent. To make orange creams, grate the rind and add juice of an orange to the sugar instead of water or milk.

3. Well, since you ask, I'll mention two or three little ways in which I think you might improve. Don't loop your "s's" so much; watch your "t's," they look really more like "r's" than anything else; and lastly, turn your "n's" and "m's" upside down. They resemble "u" and "w" rather too much. Now, are you satisfied?

Help For Unhappy Wife.

UNHAPPY ONE.—No. Indeed. Do not take any such step as you speak of in your last sentence. You would only be adding a second mistake to the first one. Do you ever pause to think that there are two sides to the question? Without doubt your husband is absent from home all day, earning

bread and butter for yourself and him. And many a man after a day's work does not enjoy putting on his Sunday clothes and being dragged out to a party to meet a lot of people he probably doesn't know, and cares nothing about.

I do not blame him for wanting to rest and enjoy your company. Why, woman, it is a compliment to you! Many and many a wife in this very city would be delighted beyond measure to have their husbands seek their company in the evenings instead of going down town or to the club.

Just sit up and think of the matter a little from this standpoint, my dear. It may save you from wrecking your life. And don't you know, that I am about why you married him is, to me, pretty weak. He could not have made you accept him if you had not been a tiny, wee, little bit willing. No? could he?

A Widow of 38.
"Dear Miss Grey: I am a widow of 38, and have a girl of 12 years old. I feel since my husband died that I don't know what to do with myself, as I am so lonesome. I met a man two years ago, and I see him often as he passes my house to go to his farm nearly every day. He is a bachelor and has plenty of money. He seems to think a great deal of me, and wanted to go with me before, but I wouldn't consent, as I thought I ought not to have company so soon. Could you tell me how I could let him know that I love him. Shall I write him or not? I have had many admirers, but didn't care for any of them."

G.—A.—You might write him a note and invite him to call. This would give him a cue that you are interested in him. If he is earnest, he will take advantage of your invitation. Under no circumstances tell him that you are in love with him before he proposes to you.

Tea-Table Talk

This is the true tale of a dog. (Now don't look huffed for the sentence was not written in a facetious mood.) To begin with, it happened right here in London.

He was no high-bred, blue-blooded member of the canine family. He had never been exhibited at a dog show; had never been fed upon porterhouse steak, and so far from wearing a ribbon, about the only thing that had

ever been tied to his shaggy person, was a string attached to a noisy tin can, which some bad boys fastened to his tail one day. He was, in fact, just plain "dog" with no pedigree, and nothing to recommend him particularly but a loving heart and affectionate nature.

He came to the B's. Father B. and Mother B. did not care very much about his company, but the little B's fell in love with him right at once, and adopted him as a brother. And the B's children pleaded so hard, and the plain dog himself looked up so wistfully and so pathetically that finally Father B. and Mother B. relented, and both the plain dog and the children had a fine old frolic in consequence. "Ted" they christened him, and soon Ted was a favorite not only with the B. youngsters, but with all the neighborhood children as well.

Every night at 9:30 o'clock, when Mother B. folded up her sewing and the children shut up their books or put away their toys, Ted was on hand to watch the nightly undressing and prayer-saying. Solemnly he watched every movement, even to the tucking in and the good-night kiss which Mother B. bestowed upon his playmates. Then, when the house was quite quiet, Ted would silently steal away and curl himself up in his own little bed, there to dream and doze until daylight brought him back to his ears the welcome voices of the

household.

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Phone 1182.

150 Dundas Street

September 17th, 1913.

To the Women of Western Ontario,—

Re Fall and Winter Underwear:

As never before we are equipped this year to supply your every demand for knitted undergarments for fall and winter (ladies' and children's only).

We have much larger stocks than ever before, and our range of qualities and prices is much more extensive. If it is ladies' underwear we can give you light, medium or heavy weights, separate garments or combination suits, while in children's sizes our range is as complete as we can possibly make it.

Our stock contains almost every well-known, reliable brand, as: Turnbull's, Peerless, Penman's, Moodie's, Puritan, Perfecto Brand, Watson's, Shawinigan, and others.

We would appreciate your trade and will guarantee you the best value for your money.

Drygoods, Millinery,
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments.

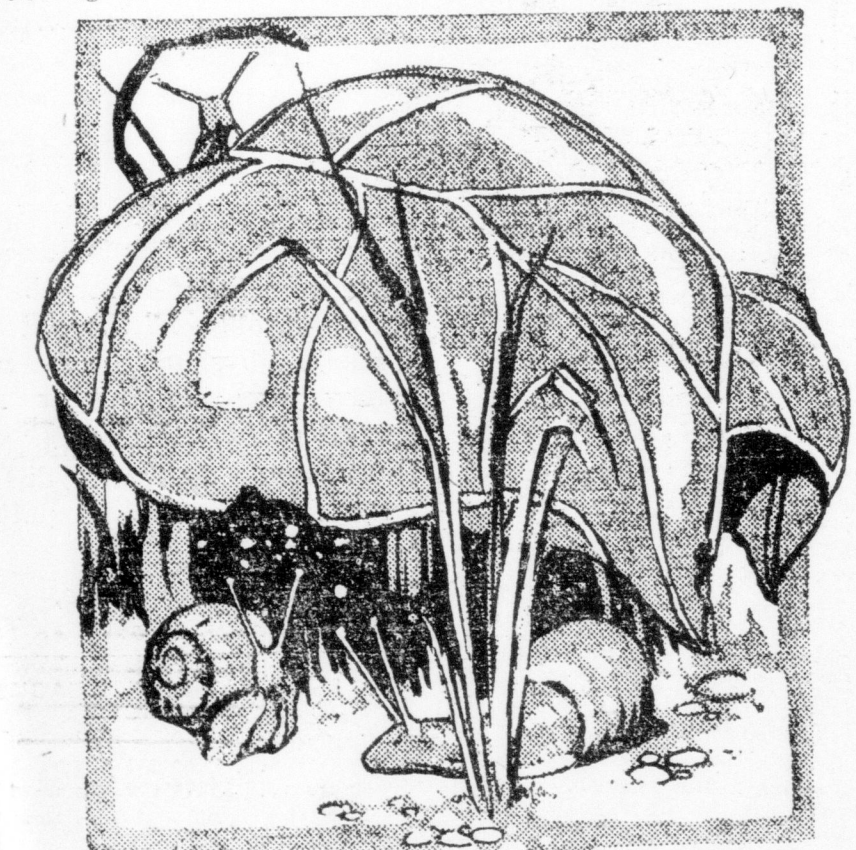
Gray's
Limited.

The HAPPY FAMILY AS TOLD BY AUNT GERTIE.

CHAPTER II.

"The ants and the caterpillars were called in to discuss the matter."
The gnats and the frogs joined in at the big evening conferences!
Whom should the snail take for a wife?
Before the conference had been going on for long six little ants jumped up

what she looks like. Then we will decide."
Do you think it was strange that the young snail was not consulted, children? Yes, it does seem so to us. But, you see, in those days, and in Snail-land, things were done quite differently.
In eight days the little lonesome snail made came to the home of the old snails.



on the stem of a burdock leaf and demanded a hearing.

"We know the dearest little creature in the world who would make an excellent wife for the little snail," they shouted in chorus.

"Who is she?" asked the daddy and mother snail together.

"Has she a house? Where does she live? How does she live? Is she good enough for our child?"

"Indeed, and she has a mansion. She is a queen. She lives in an ant-palace with seven hundred passages," answered the six ants, glibly.

"Why don't you have him marry a small black snail?" asked a frog.

"I have seen many such in my wanderings. One of these would be glad to come and live here in the burdock grove, I think."

"Of course, we could get as many black snails as we pleased for the wife of our son," answered the mother snail, proudly.

"But we would not have one for a daughter-in-law under any circumstances. Why, the black snails are the commonest things living."

"Well, well," quoth the gnats who had been buzzing around on a hundred burdock leaves without having said a word.

"We know just the wife for son snail. She is a nice little maid who lives all alone in her own house not a hundred paces from here."

"That sounds more like it," said daddy snail, with a knowing nod.

"Let her come over that we may see

She seemed modest, and quiet, and pleasant to look upon.

She had a very good house, of her own, too.

"Do you live in a burdock grove, too?" asked the mother snail.

"No, ma'am," said the little stranger, shyly. "I live under a gooseberry bush."

(To be Continued.)

The Poets' Corner

A CITY CLERK.

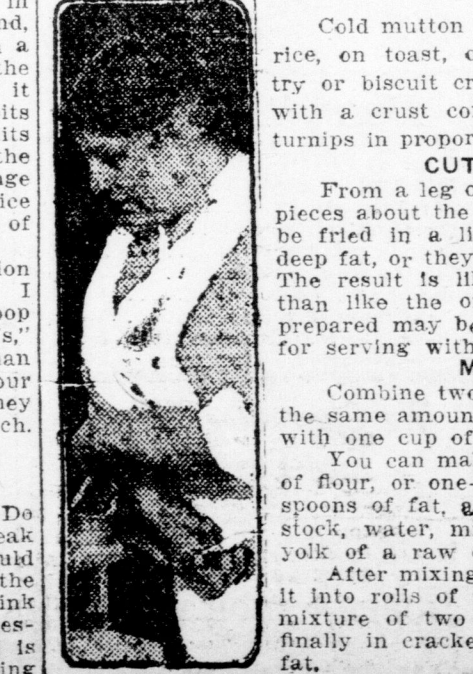
"This strange how my head runs on! 'Tis a puzzle to understand
Such fancies stirring in me, for a while of hay in the Strand!"

I see the old farmhouse, and garden wall, and the bees;
I see the mowers stretch'd, with their bottles, under the trees;

I hear the little brook a-ripple down in the dell;
I hear the old-folk croon—"Our son, he is doing well."

Oh, yes, I am doing well; but I'd be again, for a day,
A simple farmer's lad, among the girls in the hay.

—Thomas Ashie.



When Bedtime Came.
Every night at 9:30 o'clock, when Mother B. folded up her sewing and the children shut up their books or put away their toys, Ted was on hand to watch the nightly undressing and prayer-saying. Solemnly he watched every movement, even to the tucking in and the good-night kiss which Mother B. bestowed upon his playmates. Then, when the house was quite quiet, Ted would silently steal away and curl himself up in his own little bed, there to dream and doze until daylight brought him back to his ears the welcome voices of the

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"DON'T SCORN WARMED-OVER MUTTON," SAYS CAROLINE COE

Mutton served a second time may be better than it was at a first. It all depends on how you serve it.

The essential thing is to know how to make good gravies. So let me remind you of the basic principles of gravy-making.

The proportions of a sauce of proper thickness are two level tablespoons of fat and two of flour to each cup of liquid. The fat may be butter, drippings or savory fat, and the liquid may be water, stock, milk, tomato juice or a combination of any two of these. If you brown the flour in fat use an extra tablespoon of it.

Cold mutton reheated in gravy or sauce is served with rice, or toast, on baking powder biscuits, with a pastry or biscuit crust, with a crust of mashed potatoes, or with a crust consisting of mashed potatoes and mashed turnips in proportion of 2 to 1.

From a leg of mutton, which has been cooked rare, cut pieces about the size of an ordinary loin chop. These may be fried in a little fat, or eggs, crumbed, and fried in deep fat, or they may be brushed over with fat and broiled. The result is like meat cooked for the first time rather than like the ordinary warmed-over meat. Cutlets thus prepared may be served with any of the sauces suggested for serving with chops.

MUTTON CROQUETTES.
Combine two cups of finely chopped cooked mutton (or the same amount of a mixture of meat, rice and potatoes) with one cup of thick sauce.

You can make the sauce by heating one-third of a cup of flour, or one-fourth cup of corn starch, in three tablespoons of fat, and adding a cup of liquid which may be stock, water, milk, tomato juice, or a mixture. Also the yolk of a raw egg, if you like.

After mixing the meat and sauce let it cool, then form it into rolls of uniform size, dip them in flour, then in a mixture of two tablespoons of water and one egg, and finally in cracker crumbs, and fry them in very hot, deep fat.

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to read an interesting and instructive paper, prepared by Mrs. Graham, on "Best Methods of Preparing Food and Food