

SITUATIONS VACANT. YOU OPEN FOR A BETTER POSITION? If so, learn telegraphy. A professional offers better opportunities. ... WELCOME BUREAU. REQUIRE LABOR OF ANY KIND? ... WOMEN AND GIRLS. ARTICLES FOR SALE. ... FOR SALE. ... ROOFING. ... ARMS TO RENT. ... HORSES FOR SALE. ... HORSES WANTED. ... EDUCATIONAL. ... TORIES TO LET.

# Are You Going to London This Summer?

## WOMAN'S WORLD.

### AT THE END OF THE WAY.

On the dim verge of earth, to-night,  
We, who, in youth, gave plight of  
hand to hand,  
Our path has led thru beckoning light  
and shade;  
In orchard bowers, sometimes, our steps  
delayed.

The storms have beaten, but yet  
greater far,  
The distance has been touched by sun  
and star.

Now, looking down the stretch of those  
far years,  
We smile, together, where we once  
wept tears.

We know Love waits beyond those  
sounding seas,  
That where, long since, we prayed, on  
bended knees,  
A network of green ivy has o'er-  
run the marble lamb that crowns the sunk  
stone.

Time's hand, that wove it, led our  
footsteps here;  
The greeting, than the parting, is  
more dear.  
A voice across these seas that lash  
and foam,  
Then Love, a child's face, and the wel-  
come home!

### The Perfect Salad.

It must be promised that the materials must be of the best. No skill can produce a good salad from poor ingredients.

It is possible, always dress your salad on the table and with your own hands. Not an instant is to be lost. The salad is best when just from the mixing.

Suppose that you have the hearts of two average heads of lettuce, with the coarsest outside leaves removed. These delicious crisp bits should be nearly dry. They have been carefully washed by a maid with good eyes, and with a mortal hatred of those affectionate little green bugs which are prepared to cling to a leaf of lettuce until the last drop. Then the perfectly clean leaves are tenderly wrapped in a dry cloth and placed upon ice, with slant enough to drain them of their water.

Have a good, deep bowl. Many a salad has been spoiled because the mixer has not been in mortal terror of oversteering her liquids in that last mad dance of the elements, just before serving.

In your wooden saladspoon measure out about two saltspoons of salt. These "cranks" who have learned to like their salads unduly salt, do not know the difference between the expert in food—may add more to their liking while it is impossible for those of a more refined and delicate palate to extract the offending excess.

Cover the salt with a good layer of white or black pepper with a dash of nutmeg, and perhaps, a small saltspoon of ground mustard.

In your wooden bowl nearly fill with vinegar and stir it merrily. While it is all awhirl, scatter it freely and promiscuously, yet with method, over your garden of leaves, and follow it instantly with seven or eight generous spoonfuls of oil.

Be quick—be affectionately and methodically, yet wildly, too—until every leaf is well coated with your emulsion of vinegar, and a drop of dressing is left in the bottom of your bowl.

After each serving, mix one thorough with the remainder of the dressing, and if it will ooze out of each leaf in a minute it is not too thick, and insistently compelled to stay on.

If you propose to have a nut-and-onion salad, a tomato or bean or pea or

### SUICIDE IN HIGH LIFE.

#### Russian Woman Always in Financial Straits, Ends Life.

PARIS, April 17.—The Countess De Jotemps committed suicide by shooting with a revolver in this city yesterday.

The countess was a Russian, 27 years old and possessed of considerable means. She was married two years ago against the wishes of her parents to the Count De Jotemps. The couple were continually in financial straits, and last summer the count was arrested on a charge of paying jewels that had been sent him on approval by a Russian jeweler and was held in custody for two months.

She was a devoted mother of three children, and was always in financial straits. She was always in financial straits, and was always in financial straits.

### NECESSARY TO PEACE.

#### Extension of Suffrage to Women so Regarded.

NEW YORK, April 17.—The extension of suffrage to women is regarded by Rev. Anna H. Shaw, president of the National American Women Suffrage Association, as necessary to a permanent peace.

She is one of the foremost advocates of universal peace. This sentiment was expressed by Mrs. Shaw in an address to-day before a large number of the women peace organizations, held in conjunction with the national peace conference. Other speakers were Mrs. H. Hastings, Mrs. C. Chapman, and others.

A meeting of the executive committee of the national council of the Young Women's Christian association of Canada was held yesterday afternoon at the residence of Senator Ross, at the residence of Senator Ross, at the residence of Senator Ross.

### IN SOCIETY.

Dr. and Mrs. Price, 251 Sherbourne-street, sailed for England yesterday.

Mrs. P. W. Campbell, 585 Bathurst-street, will not receive again this season.

Mr. Alfred Mickle is holding an exhibition of his paintings in his studio, 79 East Adelaide-street.

The church of St. George the Martyr was beautifully decorated with white tulips, palms and daisies yesterday for the marriage of Miss Maud Bush, by Canon W. H. G. Barré, at the residence of Mrs. Allan Edwin Marks, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Canon Cayley.

The bride was beautifully gowned in honiton lace over liberty satin with tulle veil crowned with orange blossoms and huge shower bouquet of daisies. Her sister, Mrs. Jack Wilson, who was matron of honor, wore a smart tailored suit of cream Panama cloth, white hat wreathed with daisies and carried a shower bouquet of daisies.

The best man was Mr. Louis Murray and the ushers Captain Barker and Mrs. Cross Street.

After the ceremony a reception was held at Mrs. Cowan's apartments, 170 University-avenue, which were fragrant with spring flowers. Mrs. Cowan, receiving in a gown of black silk and tulle with point lace collar and bonnet of violets.

Mr. and Mrs. Marks went to New York at 5.20, the bride wearing a tailored suit of navy broadcloth with smart collar of parrot green and hat to match.

The groom's gift to the bride was a gold watch bracelet, to the matron of honor a pearl and amethyst brooch, to the best man a pearl pin and to the ushers gold pencils.

An interesting wedding took place in St. Mark's Church, Parkdale, yesterday, when Miss Diana Irving, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. Hom-

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"It has been arranged," said Beatrix Paring, "solely in our honor—that our honeymoon should be perfect in absolutely every way from the very beginning." She was sitting upon a mossy mat and sticking red roses in her hair with vain intent.

"Well, all of the cheek," said her husband, "you're in the cheek!" I've met! Claiming the very weather now, are you? You're a bit grasping."

"Grasp all I choose," she said, calmly, "I have no shame whatever, so you needn't call names. I'm beyond their reach. As for this weather, it is ours, and it was made for me and my husband. Only when you come back again, 'Yes,' said Faring, without hesitation, "I am." And his wife laughed.

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### Considers It His Duty

The following letter explains itself. Go thou and do likewise:

Beauty Contest The Toronto Sunday World: As a reader of your paper, I deem it my duty to comply with the request that you have made to the Canadian people, and therefore mail to you to-day a photo of a beautiful girl of Cobourg, Ont. I give you the privilege of using the same in any manner that will be of any benefit to you or the public, and hope that there will be many others sent to you to show the nation south of us that Canada not only holds one beautiful woman but many.

Hoping that my move will meet with your approval, I remain, Yours truly,

Ottawa, Ont., April 10.

### Buchanan's Wife

The Story of a Woman Who Dared to Dress to Herself the Love and Happiness That Were Denied Her by Cruel Circumstances.

By Ennet Miles Forman and Published by Permission of Harper & Bros., New York and London.

It seemed to Faring that there was an unnecessary earnestness in her tone—something almost morbid—but he reflected that she had been for a long time alone—brooding, brooding, brooding, and he thought further of what bitterness her former marriage had brought upon her. It was not strange that she should shrink and tremble a bit. But as soon as he could he turned the talk to something else, and presently the vague trouble went out of her eyes and the color came flooding back to her cheeks.

"I have a surprise for you," she said. "You'll like it. It's a pet plan of mine, and I'm very fond of it. Do you remember the little cottage with the very beautiful garden—Buchanan Lodge? It is a part of the estate, but it has always been used as a summer place, and in the spring and summer time. You know I've built a little house on the high road at the end of its own lane, and it has a few acres of ground and a very stream and that gorgeous old garden. The whole thing is quite out of sight of the Lodge behind the ridge of hills. Do you remember it?"

"Yes," said he. "Oh, yes, I remember. A painter chap and his wife had it when I knew it last. It's a jolly place."

"Well," she said, "we're going to live there."

"In the moon, if you like," said he, laughing.

"No, in my cottage," she said. "Harry's all covered with ivy and wisteria and with something Latin on it that I can't read—the sundial came from T. Hill and there's a pool with lilies and lotus lilies, and—oh, it's a duck of a cottage! Think of being buried there like alone by ourselves all summer long! Do you want a better honeymoon?"

"I don't," said Faring. "And I want to go to bed at once. When can we go there?" She hid her face as you're doing there?" She hid her face as you're doing there?" She hid her face as you're doing there?"

### MINTO HONORS THE BRAVE.

#### Viceroy of India Forwards Subscription to Batoche Monument Fund.

Serge H. B. Allen, G.A.S.C., is in receipt of a personal letter from Lord Minto, viceroy of India, accompanied with a postoffice money order for £5 towards erecting a bronze tablet for the armories for the memory of those who fell at Batoche.

Lord Minto was a D.C. to General Middleton, C.B., in the campaign, leaving after the Batoche engagement to return home with despatches.

Seven hundred dollars is required. Three hundred and fifty dollars has been collected.

"Government House, Calcutta, March 15, 1907."

"Dear Sir,—I was very glad to hear from an old comrade of 58, and that a tablet is to be put up in the armories to the memory of those who lost their lives in the Batoche campaign, and I send you a postoffice order for £5, which I hope may assist a little. With all best wishes to you and any other old '85 comrades you may meet, yours truly, Minto."

### MORRISON CENTENARY.

#### Will Be Celebrated in Presbyterian Churches in May.

Commemoration services of the Robert Morrison centenary will be observed in all the Canadian Presbyterian Churches May 5 and 12, when special addresses will be given from each pulpit on the life and character of Robert Morrison, the first Christian missionary to China, and 100 years of missionary progress in that dark empire.

In connection with these services, an endeavor will be made to raise \$10,000 for the erection of missionary institutions at Macao. The Canadian Presbyterians have a special interest in Macao, because of the fact that Robert Morrison first landed there and was finally buried there. Macao also stands in the unique position of being the youngest mission post in China, having been established barely five years.

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