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GUMDROP GEWGAWS.

The woman who likes decorated cakes, yet is unsuccessful in the use of a pastry bag, can cheer up, for a new, cheap and effective decoration is at her disposal. Gumdrops and an accident are to be thanked, also the girl who stepped on a gumdrop, much to her disgust, and found on picking up the tiny offending confection that she held endless possibilities for cake decoration in her good right hand.

When dropped, the candy that caused the excitement was one of the tiny, highly flavored green gumdrops that fill the cracks and crevices of so many colorful boxes of candy. When picked up it was a cunning little trefoil with sugar dew sparkling all over it, with an idea on each leaf for the St. Patrick's Day cake at that moment baking for a young nephew's birthday. Talk of coincidence! If a pink or a purple one had fallen there would have been no results, but a green one on the Irish saint's day started something.

Apart from sanitary reasons, a 140-pound promenade could scarcely be taken over each gumdrop, but a knife blade dipped in hot water quickly presses the gummy candy into a thin flat sheet, and embroidery scissors or a tiny sharp tin cutter finishes the work. If graceful connecting stems are needed they can be made from thinned stringlike bits of candy, or painted on the icing with a fine water-color brush dipped in the diluted green color paste which no one is afraid to use nowadays.

Christmas offers great opportunities for the exercise of one's originality in gumdrop garniture. The tiny cutters used in preparing carrots and beets for soups and salads will cut stars, crescents, clovers and the like to one's heart's content.

For Valentine cakes bright red gumdrops can be used to form the inevitable hearts and drops of blood on layer cakes. Individual cakes can be outlined with sparkling red drops.

Pink gum paste with the aid of embroidery scissors can be cut into the pointed petaled daisies. From lilac and yellow drops quaint pansies can be formed.

At the risk of being suspected of having an interest in a gumdrop factory, I am going to claim kindergarten possibilities for them. Two youngsters are occasionally parked with me for an afternoon. Well, not long ago a stormy day, with few materials on hand, a demand for a pretty cake and a promise to eat only a tiny slice resulted in a product worthy of a delicatessen shop for gaudiness and bad form, but it interested them and taught them something.

Pink icing, an outline of young gumdrops of every color in the box and, as it happened to be no one's birthday, a lone candle in the centre for everyone's "happy next year" were the features of the cake; but by the time the candle had burned they knew amethyst purple, topaz yellow, ruby red, pearl white, sapphire blue, and have always remembered it as their jewel cake.

These same children take great pride in a Noah's Ark cake. For this a light sponge-cake batter that any child can digest is baked in a square pan, iced and set aside to dry. The thinnest of cooky dough is cut out with duck, rabbit, cat, camel and other animal cutters, baked thoroughly and attached with a drop of sugar syrup to the iced sides of the cake. If the frosting is chocolate the cookies are left as they are, but if white icing is used the animals are lightly touched up with color paste or chocolate. The gratifying feature is that the young visitors are usually so pleased with the solemn animal procession that they eat very little cake, thus relieving the hostess of considerable anxiety as to possible aches in their little tummies.

OUR COMPLEXIONS.

Do you know about using fuller's earth to cleanse the pores of the skin? I found out about it only recently and I have been delighted with the results. A friend of mine who lived for several years in the biggest city got this secret from some little beauty-parlor girls who advertised it so well that my friend got some fuller's earth immediately—and so did I when she told me.

Fuller's earth is a soft clayey substance of a grayish-white color and a good-sized package can be obtained from any druggist for a small sum. To apply, add just enough water to make a stiff paste and apply to the face, allowing it to dry. It is advisable to assume the pleasantest expression you can, for you will have to hold it for half an hour. Don't laugh or talk or you'll break the mask. The best arrangement I have found is reading. I generally have a serial that I can read at such times. After anywhere from a half to three-quarters of an hour you can wash the mask off, using an old piece of cheesecloth or something that you can throw away, and you will find your face all neatly vacuumed; for that is just what fuller's earth does—it absorbs oil and draws out blackheads and all dirt from the pores.—Josephine Wylie.

THE END OF THE PATH.

Go follow down whatever way,
Whatever path you will,
Or wander into echo land
Where pipes of pleasures trill;
If you are seeking happiness
And mirth and joy, my friend,
You'll find the happiest path of all
Has children at the end.

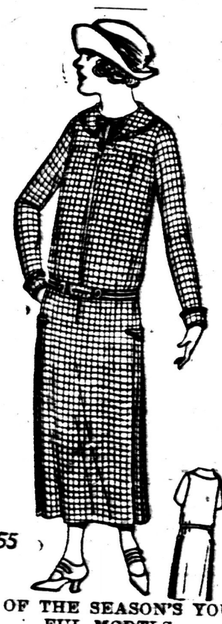
—Jay D. Iden.

APPLE AND CABBAGE SALAD.

Shave cabbage fine and soak for one hour in celery water, made by adding one teaspoon of celery salt to each quart of water. Drain and dry on soft towel. Add an equal amount of apple cut into match-like pieces; mix with boiled dressing.

DRAINING GLASSWARE.

Many people who drain china still think it necessary to polish glassware. However, if washed in hot soapsuds and rinsed immediately glasses will drain crystal clear. The point is not to let the soapy water stand on them a moment.



4555

ONE OF THE SEASON'S YOUTHFUL MODTLS.

4555. Jersey, wool crepe or kasha cloth could be used for this style. It has the new flare fulness in plait effect at the sides, and smart useful pocket topping the plaits.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material. For vest of contrasting material ⅛ yard 24 inches wide is required. The width of the skirt at lower edge is 2⅝ yards.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

When the flour sifter has become too shabby for work as a sieve it makes an excellent egg boiler. It can be placed inside the saucepan and the eggs can be placed in the water at once and all can be removed together when done.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

A Spare Time Money Maker.

Someone required in every Town in Canada to sell a necessary product, which is universally used. You can add to your present income by securing the exclusive rights to sell this new product in your home Town. Students or anyone wishing to earn money for themselves can offer this product during their leisure time. Only a very small capital is required, as the profits are large and a start can be made by purchasing a small quantity. Write Polar Products Company, 38 Lansdowne Street, Toronto.

"When Hearts Command"—

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER II.—(Cont'd.)

Perhaps even more than Alice she revelled in this temporary taste of luxury. Alice had the compensation of youth, and her future was not yet decided. For Jean Carnay the future was already here, however much she might try to cheat herself. By years of stupid, soul-starving penury one could purchase two months of life as it ought to be lived. That was all.

As she did her hair at the white-flounced dressing table she played at being young again—and also wondered what there would be for dinner. For one thing, a half bottle of champagne and a Benedictine with the coffee. Lunch had been so late, she wouldn't bother with tea. Thank goodness she had got those cigarettes through safely. It would have been such a disgrace, to say nothing of expense, had they caught her. She lit one now and stepped out on to the balcony.

How nice and high up the rooms were. What a comfortable lounge chair in which to sit and dream. She fetched a cushion, a rug, and a book and settled herself. But the book was merely for appearance sake.

Nearly twenty years ago since she had been here last, and Bordighera was changed. So many new hotels and villas had sprung up and the surrounding country was being ruined by those barren-looking, though doubtless most productive terraces. But the old town would be the same and the old Villa Tatina. Could she bring herself to take a surreptitious peep through the gates of the Villa Tatina? Almost she wished she hadn't come here. Memories are queer things. One imagines the past to be quite dead and done for, yet—well, she had come on Alice's account, not for herself. The child must have her chance of happiness.

"Mother!"

Mrs. Carnay gave a start. She had actually fallen asleep for a few moments and somehow that made her feel a little guilty.

"Oh, is that you, darling?"

"Mumsey, you oughtn't to sit out there. The sun's going down."

"No, of course not." Mrs. Carnay came in from the balcony dragging the rug and cushion with her. "Well?"

"I've got everything," Alice said. "Isn't the basket sweet?"

Her mother thought that the girl herself was about the sweetest thing she had ever seen. They resembled each other only in height and figure. Both were small, slender women, beautifully formed. Jean was fair, her daughter dark. Alice's coloring was a little unusual, a golden cream complexion warming to pink on the cheek-bones, eyes like brown velvet pansies, and hair with sunburnt, copper lights in it. So like her father, thought Jean Carnay, with a quick intake of breath. That straight, finely modelled nose of hers was like his, and the slightly full, pouting lower lip. The resemblance struck her more forcibly this evening than it had ever done before, and she was suddenly afraid of it. There were reasons why Mrs. Carnay did not want the girl to look like her father. Resemblances may go too deep.

Alice went into her own bedroom, then came back and stood in the doorway. Mrs. Carnay was busy undoing the parcel from the chemists.

"Mother, didn't you wonder why I was so long?"

Mrs. Carnay looked self-conscious, and became very preoccupied with a refractory knot.

"I did, rather. Perhaps you—?"

"You'll never guess who's stopping here!" The girl tried to make her voice casual, but there was a delicious little throb in it which betrayed her.

"Somebody we know?"

"Possibly you don't remember him. That nice doctor man we met at the Archers' two summers ago. Fancy his being here, mumsey!"

Mrs. Carnay wrinkled her thoughtful brow.

"Let me see, Doctor—, what was his name?"

"Philip Ardeyne. Don't you remember, mumsey? Everybody was so taken with him, and he liked us so much, only he had to go back to London almost at once."

Mrs. Carnay dimpled. "He liked you, very much. Oh, yes—of course I remember Dr. Ardeyne. The Archers talked of nothing else. Frightfully rich, isn't he?"

"I don't know about that," Alice replied, "but they did say he was so clever and has the most wonderful future ahead of him. Why, mumsey, already he's 'Alienist in Ordinary to his Majesty the King," whatever that may mean."

Mrs. Carnay burst into a peal of laughter.

"I suppose it means he's a clever brain specialist," she said. "But you certainly have got it off 'pat,' my child. And so you ran into Dr. Ardeyne and that's why you were so late."

"Yes, I met him in the Rue Vittorio Emmanuele, and he remembered me at once. He's staying in this very hotel. We had tea in the loveliest place with a garden, and there's going to be a dance in the hotel to-night, and to-morrow night Dr. Ardeyne wonders if you'd care to go down to the Casino."

"We'll see about that," Mrs. Carnay replied. "Even if I don't feel up to it, there's nothing to prevent your going. You came here to have a good time, and you're to enjoy every blessed minute of it. I'm glad there's someone here we know. That will make it so pleasant for you from the very start."

"Mother, dear, you're so good to me! When I think how you've stinted and saved, and how I wasn't always too nice about having to go without—"

"Well, you see now, don't you? It will be worth it if we have to go without things for the rest of our lives. Run along and dress, my pet. What will you wear? I think the white tulle with the pale pink girdle. You must look very nice to-night. First impressions in a place like this are so important."

Mrs. Carnay also dressed. The little slip of a sitting-room separated the two bedrooms but they left all the doors open so that they could talk across.

As Mrs. Carnay was changing some of the contents of her travelling handbag to a brocaded silk one she had made for evening wear a little piece of paper fell out and fluttered to the floor. It was a newspaper clipping, and she pounced upon it quickly, looking to see if by any chance Alice had observed the action through the line of the open doors. Alice, as it happened, did see, but it would scarcely have occurred to her to show curiosity. The incident was too commonplace, too trivial to call for comment. Yet that newspaper clipping would have interested Alice, would have told the daughter why her mother had selected this particular spot for their hard-earned outing. It was, in fact, nothing less than an announcement of the recent arrivals at the Mimosa Palace Hotel, among whom figured Dr. Philip Ardeyne, celebrated Harley Street specialist, of London, England.

This man, then—the opportune reference to him—had drawn Jean Carnay to Bordighera in spite of the fact that the neighborhood had special memories for her which, if revived, might be a little painful. In short, she was on a match-making errand. During their very brief association with Dr. Ardeyne in Rome nearly two years ago she had decided that he was the one man in the world for Alice. He had been immensely attracted, she knew, although Alice at that time was merely a school girl. But now one might say that Alice, though not yet nineteen, was grown up, and Jean Carnay—for reasons of her own—wanted her daughter to marry young, and naturally she wanted the marriage to be a suitable one in every way.

Mrs. Carnay nodded, smiling serenely as she fastened a little bunch of violets in her belt.

"Ready?" she called out.

Alice showed herself in her white tulle frock with the pink girdle, and they admired each other with little naive cries and loving pats.

"Mumsey, you've no idea how nice you look. I never knew before that your eyes were the color of violets."

"Don't be silly! Look at yourself. Wait a minute; let me pull out that skirt. It's got a little crushed. Turn around."

"Oh, mother, if only this could go on for ever! We're just a pair of Cinderellas, you and I."

"Never mind. Something may turn up. Perhaps a miracle may happen," said Mrs. Carnay.

But, after all—would it have to be a miracle? Was it too much to expect that Philip Ardeyne would fall in love with Alice and ask her to be his wife?

CHAPTER III.

Two weeks later they were planning what promised to be a most interesting excursion, just the three of them—Mrs. Carnay, her daughter, and Philip Ardeyne. Two weeks of the expensive holiday already gone—like a flash, it seemed—but, oh, how delightful it had been.

Mrs. Carnay had spent most of that time in gentle occupations. She sat on her own balcony a great deal and read, or on the big hotel verandah with the knitting brigade. Everybody liked her, and the young girls could not very well be jealous of Alice when it was explained that Dr. Ardeyne was an old friend. Ardeyne himself fostered this illusion. Indeed, it seemed to him that they were old friends.

Now and again Mrs. Carnay went down into the town for a little shopping, and on those occasions it might have been noticed that she cast shy, quick glances right and left, paying particular attention to such members of the English villa colony as she chanced to meet. It did not matter at all if she were recognized, but no doubt she had changed considerably in twenty years. One or two middle-aged women she remembered as girls when she herself was Mme. Douste's companion at the Villa Tatina. She was much shocked to observe how unkindly time had dealt with them.

(To be continued.)

She—"Before we were married, you used to rave about the color of my eyes and my hair."

He—"That's before I found out that all you were interested in was the color of my money."

Haunted by Pontius Pilate!

A mountain named after Pontius Pilate and believed by country folk to be haunted by his ghost is one of the curiosities of Switzerland. Its interesting legend, which provides a sequel to the Gospel story, is related in "The Outline of the World To-day."

It appears that after the Crucifixion Pontius Pilate fell from imperial favor and killed himself in prison, whereupon his body was cast into the Tiber, which rose in protest and almost burst its banks. Ultimately the body was taken to a lonely pool at the top of the mountain, which now bears its name, near Lucerne.

According to another version, Pilate retired here during his lifetime and was thrown into the pool by the Wandering Jew. In any case, his presence caused terrible trouble, avalanches and inundations devastating the district amid a fiendish din in the recesses of the mountains.

A Spanish scholar volunteered to exorcise the troubled spirit, and all the way up he was beset by torrents as wide as rivers, abysses of infinite depth, all of which instantly bridged themselves at the sign of the cross.

At the pool, however, Pilate appeared as tall as a tower, brandishing a pine trunk. A terrific combat ensued, lasting all day and night, while the whole mountain rocked. Pilate was at last reduced to terms, swearing to remain quiet in his pool except on Fridays, when he might roam about the mountain.

A law was passed that none should dare to climb the peak on Fridays, and such as did so met Pilate in red judicial robes, and returned blinded or maimed for life.

In the sixteenth century, however, the ghost was finally laid, and a procession went up every year, headed by the vicar of Lucerne, to cast stones into the pool.

Blind Musicians Have Wonderful Memories.

Blind musicians have so long accustomed us to their remarkable powers of quick memorization, that the following feats, which are vouched for by the National Institute for the Blind, will be the more readily accredited.

Fred Turner, one of the most accomplished blind musicians in Scotland, recently memorized the whole of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," and in four months trained his choir and himself accompanied the entire work on the organ. Sinclair Logan, the blind composer and organist, memorized Somervell's "The Passion of Christ"—a fairly complicated cantata occupying 75 minutes in performance—trained his choir and accompanied asuccessful rendering all inside the period of less than two months, during which he was working under the stress of other heavy memorization work for an important recital in Liverpool for the National Institute for the Blind, in addition to his normal professional duties.

To carry in the memory Beethoven's thirty-two pianoforte sonatas as William Wolstenholme does, and the entire forty-eight preludes and fugues of Bach, as in the case of H. V. Spanner—two blind musicians resident in London—would seem no light achievement, and yet these form but a small portion of the range of works pigeonholed in the mental storehouse of these gifted men.

The Wife's Christmas Present.

"Say, Bill! If you take out any more life insurance the rates is gonna be awful high."

"How so? I'm engaged in no hazardous tasks."

"You are, if you keep smoking those cigars."

Content to Remain Patients, No

Wire From Salt.

A wonderful discovery has been made by a Russian scientist, who claims to have found a method of making wire stronger than steel out of common rock salt. His discovery is the result of a series of extraordinary experiments in the mutability of metals by structural chemistry.

The scientist found that by submitting the rock salt to high heat pressure before the elementary crystals began to decay he arrested the decay by changing the structural arrangement of the atoms and molecules, and this change increased the durability and ductability of the substance 300 times. He is continuing his experiments with other metal substances.

If this discovery can be applied to metals it will revolutionize the world. It will mean, amongst other things, trains capable of running at 200 miles an hour, and turbine steamers that could reach Australia in ten days.

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in affiliation with Bellevue and Allied Hospitals, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desirous of becoming nurses. This Hospital has adopted the eight-hour system. The pupils receive uniforms of the School, a monthly allowance and travelling expenses to and from New York. For further information apply to the Superintendent.

Measuring Between Tides.

Everyone who has given any attention to the matter of geodetic surveying knows the necessity for an accurately measured "base line" on which all subsequent measurements are based. The ideal site is a fairly level stretch of open ground, three to ten miles in length, along which the base line may be measured. Failing this the surveyor must clear away obstructing trees, bridge over ravines, and resort to other expedients. Recently the Geodetic Survey of Canada adopted a novel method in running a base line along the seashore in such a position that half the line is under water at high tide. The location is Oyster Bay, British Columbia, and the rough nature of the land formation left no option as to the place for the line. In spite of the fact that part of the line was under water or several hours every day, the marking posts driven into the sand held well and the measurements made while the tide was out proved entirely satisfactory.

He—"Do you know all the new dances?"

She—"All of them up to four o'clock this afternoon."

WOMEN! DYE FADED THINGS NEW AGAIN!

Dye or Tint Any Worn Shabby Garment or Drapery

Diamond Dyes

Each 15-cent package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint any old, worn, faded thing new, even if she has never dyed before. Choose any color at drug store.

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Is this the best Bovril Poster?

A cup of hot Bovril bridges the gap between meals.

EDDY'S MATCHES

East—West EDDY'S Best

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE BOX