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# Woman's Sphere

### THE SUMMER CHRISTMAS SHELF.

Instead of waiting until Christmas is almost here and then rushing madly about to purchase gifts for your friends, why not start a Christmas shelf now? Every walk and drive about the country and every trip away from home may be made to contribute to the collection.

Sofa pillows stuffed with balsam have long been in use and will ever bring delight to the weary city dweller. Less known, but not less delightful, are cushions filled with sweet fern and bayberry leaves. The sweet fern should be gathered when in full leaf, but before it has begun to dry.

The ideal place to dry them is in a hot dry room indoors. Use two-thirds sweet fern to one-third bayberry leaves.

Those who live where the white birch grows will find it a contributor. Unique and rustic looking place cards may be made for the friend who is always looking for something a little different for her luncheon entertainments. Your camper friends would like napkin rings made of birch bark.

Anyone who has at her command an old-fashioned herb garden can prepare gifts which will be appreciated by any housekeeping friend. Who would not be glad to have the spicy fragrance of herbs greet them when shaking out the woolens and furs in the fall rather than evil-smelling moth balls?

The following formula of carefully dried herbs is a good preventive against moths: rosemary and spearmint, each a half pound; tansy and thyme, each four ounces; and freshly ground cloves, two tablespoonfuls. Mix and store in well-closed boxes until the holiday season.

No perfumes made by man can compare with some of those which are the product of the garden. If there are a few bushes of lavender at command one has material for many nice remembrances. If there is lemon verbena around, it is well to know it combines wonderfully with lavender, one improving the other. Think how delighted would be the dainty housekeeper who likes her linens and sheets to have the old-time lavender smell to receive a bag of this mixture well dried.

Last summer I met a girl who was filling her Christmas shelf with vegetables canned in glass, not the ordinary run of vegetables most of us put up. In a most exclusive shop in the city she had seen beets about the size of big marbles, tiny lima beans, string beans and peas in pint jars, and such were the dainty first fruits of the vine which were to appease the appetites of her friends. Then there are the out-of-the-ordinary jellies, fruits or pickles—rhubarb jelly, elderberry jelly, wild plum or black currant jellies. Spiced currants and spiced cranberries can seldom be bought.

If you start a Christmas shelf now, when the season of gift giving is at hand you will be neither hurried nor worried.

**Striking Frock of Summer Silk**

**Note the simple, graceful lines of the semi-fitted, long-waisted bodice with smart bateau neck and Bertha collar. Two styles of sleeves are provided, either of which are in good taste: the longer sleeves finished with a tuck above hem. Attached two-piece slightly gathered skirt with graduated tucks. Plain or printed silks, challies or cotton fabrics may be used for this model. Misses' dress No. 1002 cut in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 4¾ yards 40 or 44 inch material, with ½ yard plain material 36 or 40 inches wide for Bertha collar.**

NEW PATTERN SERVICE.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 20c in silver, by the Wilson Pattern Service, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

### OUR NEW LIVING ROOM.

I say "our" living room, for I have had the co-operation of the entire family consisting of my husband, daughter aged fourteen, two smaller boys, the youngest eleven, and a wee toddler.

Our kitchen and dining room have always been on the north side of the house with a small window in the north and a larger one in the east. This did very well in summer when the doors could be open, but on cloudy winter days it was dreary from daylight till dark.

This year we have changed things. The two south rooms which have always been parlor and spare bedroom, used only occasionally, will be kitchen and living room. There are two large double windows in the south and the same in the west, a glass door and large window in the east.

In our living room will be comfy rockers, an inviting couch, a warm rug, a cozy corner back of the heater with a pretty box for baby's playthings, plenty of geraniums in the windows, sofa pillows covered with flowered cretonne. The same cretonne will be at double doors in place of portieres and also for overdrapes at the windows over inexpensive white curtains which can be easily laundered.

We shall have a library table in the centre of the room (with a good lamp and the late magazines and daily paper) large enough so that the family can gather around in the evening to study, read or play games. I have a flat-top trunk which I shall pad with an old comforter and cover with the cretonne for a window seat at the south window; this will also be a container for needlework and games. When our room is finished, it will be so cozy we shall almost welcome the long winter evenings.

Daughter is anxious for the room to be finished so she can invite her school friends in to spend the night with her. The boys are just as enthusiastic. Their part will be to fix the windows for the plants and the box for baby's playthings. Father has ordered the rug and we shall soon be snug in the brightest rooms in the house. I have no fear that my children and husband will hunt amusement in town or elsewhere.—P. H. J.

### A BATH BOARD FOR BABY.

No one thing has been of greater value as a back, foot and time saver to me, in the care of my baby, than the bath board which my husband made to put across the tub for baby's diapering and bath.

We have a small house and a smaller bathroom. A nursery table was out of the question, so my husband made a board to fit across one end of the bathtub. It is made with cleats underneath so that it cannot slip and is covered with oilcloth. The board is 32 by 23 inches.

On this board when baby was tiny there was room for bath basket, small tub and baby himself. Later when he was big enough to put into the big tub it was so convenient to lift him onto the board which I had previously covered with a large towel, wrap him in the towel and continue with the rites of his bath with all his things in his basket in front of me. When he grew larger the basket had to be moved from the board to make room for him, but there was always room for the stack of diapers.

As long as diapering was necessary we used the board for that, and found it saved dozens of steps. Everything needed was right there. We are using the board yet for bath and dressing, and I don't know what I will do when baby outgrows his bath board.—J. L. W.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

# PENNY PLAIN

BY O. DOUGLAS

**Shopman—"You may have your choice—penny plain or two-pence colored."**
**Solemn Small Boy—"Penny plain, please. It's better value for the money."**

*Copyright by George H. Doran Co.*

CHAPTER VI.

About this time Jean wrote a letter to David at Oxford. It is wonderful how much news there is that people write every other day; if they wait for a month there is nothing that seems worth telling.

Jean wrote:

". . . You have been away now for four days, and we still miss you badly. Nobody sits in your place at the table, and it gives us such a horrid, bereaved feeling when we look at it. Mhor was waiting at the gate for the post yesterday and brought your letter in in triumph. He was particularly interested in hearing about your scout, and has added his name to the list he prays for. You will be glad to hear that he has got over his prejudice against going to heaven. It seems it was because someone told him that dogs couldn't go there, and he wouldn't desert Micawber—Peter, in other words. Jock has put it right by telling him that the translators of the Bible probably made a slip, and Mhor now prays earnestly every night: Let everyone in The Rigs go to heaven,' hoping thus to smuggle in his dear companion.

"It is an extraordinary thing, but almost the very minute you left Priorsford things began to happen.

"I told you in the note I wrote the day you left that Bella Bathgate's lodger had arrived and that I had seen her, but I didn't realize then what a difference her coming would make to us. I never knew such a friendly person; she comes in at any sort of time—after breakfast, a few minutes before luncheon, for tea, between nine and ten at night. Did I tell you her name is Pamela Reston, and her brother, who seems to be ranging about India somewhere, is Lord Bidborough ('A lord-no-less,' as Mrs. M'Cosh would say). She calls him Biddy, and seems devoted to him.

"Although she is horribly rich and an 'honorable,' and all that sort of thing, she isn't in the least grand. She never impresses one with her opulence as, for instance, Mrs. Duff-Whalley does. Her clothes are beautiful, but so much a part of her personality that you never think of them. Her pearls don't hit you in the face as most other people's do. Because she is so unconscious of them, I suppose. I think she is lovely. Jock says she is like a greyhound, and I know what he means—it is the long, swift, graceful way she has of moving. She says she is forty. I always thought forty was quite old, but now it seems to me the very prettiest age. Age doesn't really matter at all to people who have got faces and figures and manners like Pamela Reston. They will always make whatever age they are seem the perfect age.

"I do wonder what brings her to Priorsford! I rather think that having been all her life so very 'twopence colored' she wants the 'penny plain' for a change. Perhaps that is why she likes The Rigs and us. There is no mistake about our 'penny-plainness'—it jumps to the eye!

"I am just afraid she won't stay very long. There are so many pretty little houses in Priorsford, and so many kind and forthcoming landladies, it was bad luck that she should choose Hillview and Bella Bathgate. Bella is almost like a stage-caracature of a Scotswoman, so dour she is and uncompromising, and she positively glories in the drab ugliness of her rooms. Ugliness means to Bella respectability; any attempt at adornment is 'daft-like.'

"Pamela (she has asked me to call her that) trembles before her, and that makes Bella worse. She wants someone to stand up to her, to laugh at her grimness; she simply thinks when Pamela is charming to her that she is a poor creature.

"She is charming to everyone, this lodger of Bella's. Jock and Mhor and and Mrs. M'Cosh are all at her feet. She brings us books and papers and chocolates and fruit, and makes us feel we are conferring the favor by accepting them. She is a real charmer, for when she speaks to you she makes you feel that no one matters to her but just you yourself. And she is simple (or at least appears to be); she hasn't the Now-I-am-going-to-be-charming manner that is so difficult to bear. It is such fun talking to her, for she is very—pliable I think is the word I want. Accustomed to converse with people who constantly pull one up short with an 'Ah, now I don't agree,' or 'There, I think you are quite wrong,' it is wonderfully soothing to discuss things with someone who has the air of being convinced by one's arguments. It is weak, I know, but I'm afraid I agree with Mrs. M'Cosh, who described a friend as 'a rale nice buddy. She clinks wi' every word ye say.'

"I am thinking to myself how Greataunt Alison would have dreaded Pamela's influence. She would have seen in her the personification of the World, the Flesh, and the Devil—albeit she would have been much impressed by her long descent: dear Aunt Alison.

"All the same, Davie, it is odd what an effect one's early training has. D'you remember how discouraged G.-A. Alison was about our levity—especially mine? She once said bitterly that I was life the ell-woman—hollow—because I laughed in the middle of the Bible lesson. And how antiquated and stuffy we thought her views, and took pleasure in assuring ourselves that we had got far beyond them, and you spent an evening tea-less in your room because you said you would rather be a Buddhist than a Disruption Worthy—do you remember that?

"Yes, but Great-Aunt Alison had builded better than she knew. When Pamela laughs 'How Biblical' or says in her pretty, soft voice that our great-aunt's religion must have been a hard and ugly thing, I get hot with anger and I feel I must stick unswervingly to the antiquated views. Is it because poor Great-aunt isn' here to make me? I don't know.

"Mhor is really surprisingly naughty. Yesterday I heard angry shouts from the road, and then I met Mhor sauntering in, on his face the seraphic expression he wears when some nefarious scheme has prospered and in his hand the brass breakfast kettle. He had been pouring water on the passers-by from the top of the wall. 'Only,' he explained to me, 'on the men who wore hard black hats, who could swear.'

"I told him the police would probably visit us in the course of the afternoon, and pointed out to him how ungentleman-like was his behaviour, and he said he was sorry; but I'm afraid he will soon think of some other wickedness.

"He thinks he can do anything he hasn't been told not to do, but how could I foresee that he would want to pour water on men with hard black hats, capable of swearing?

"I had almost forgotten to tell you, an old man came yesterday and wanted to see over the house. You can imagine what a scare I got—I made sure he wanted to buy it; but it turned out that he had lived at The Rigs as a boy, and had come back for old sake's sake. He looked ill and rather shabby and I don't believe life had been very good to him. I did want to try and make up a little, but he was difficult. He was staying at the Temperance, and it seemed so forlorn that he should have no one of his own to come home to. He didn't look as if anybody had ever made a fuss of him. I asked him to stay with us for a week, but he wouldn't. I think he thought I was rather mad to ask him, and Pamela laughed at me about it. . . She laughs at me a good deal and calls me a 'sentimentalist.' . . . .

"There is the luncheon bell.

"We are longing for your letter tomorrow to hear how you are settling down. Mrs. M'Cosh has baked some shortbread for you, which I shall post this afternoon.

"Love from each of us, and Peter.
—Your

"Jean."

CHAPTER VII.

"You should never wear a short string of beads when you are wearing big earrings," Pamela said.

"But why?" asked Jean.

"Well, see for yourself. I am wearing big round earrings—right. I put on the beads that match—quite wrong. It's a question of line."

"I see," said Jean thoughtfully. "But how do you learn those things?"

"You don't learn them. You either know them, or you don't. A sort of instinct for dress, I suppose."

Jean was sitting in Pamela's bedroom. Pamela's bedroom it was now, certainly not Bella Bathgate's.

The swinging looking-glass had been replaced by one which, according to Pamela, was at least truthful. "The other one," she complained, "made me look pale green and drowned."

A cloth of fine linen and lace covered the toilet-table, which was spread with brushes and boxes in tortoise-shell and gold, quaint-shaped bottles for scent, and roses in a tall glass.

A jewel box stood open and Pamela was pulling out earrings and necklaces, rings and brooches for Jean's amusement.

"Most of my things are at the bank," Pamela was saying as she held up a pair of Spanish earrings made of rows of pearls. "They generally are there, for I don't care a bit about ordinary jewels. These are what I like—odd things, old things, things picked up in odd corners of the world, things that have a story and a meaning. Biddy got me these turquoises in Tibet: that is a devil charm: isn't that jade delicious? I think I like Chinese things best of all."

She threw a string of cloudy amber round Jean's neck and cried, "My dear, how it becomes you. It brings out all the golden lights in your hair and eyes."

Jean sat forward in her chair and looked at her reflection in the glass with a pleased smile.

"I do like dressing-up," she confessed. "Pretty things are a great temptation to me. I'm afraid if I had money I would spend a lot in adorning my vile body."

(To be continued.)

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

DO YOU KNOW—

That bags of various sizes will help solve the question of lack of closet, shelf or drawer room? Made of cretonne or just plain sugar-sack muslin, all kinds of winter outer and under clothing may be folded and hung on hooks out of the way. Stockings and other articles of daily use hung in marked bags solve the shortage-of-drawer question. Make with tight drawstring for articles stored away and with an opening in front like a laundry bag for things in daily use. Hats, shoes, furs and even extra silver can thus be put away.

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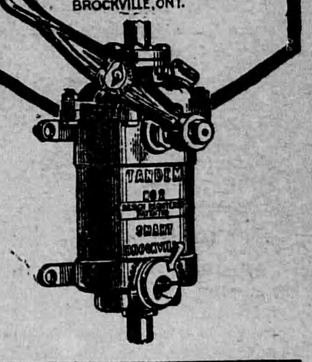


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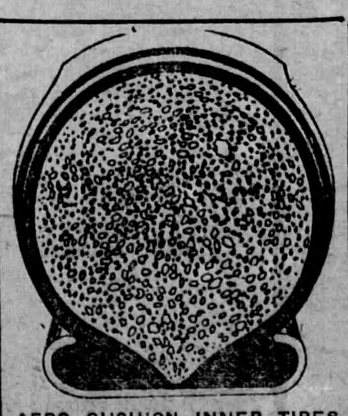
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