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This Pattern is cut in one Size, The Doll will require ½ yard of 27-inch material. The Cape and Bonnet 24 inches of 27-inch material.

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

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Fall and Winter 1924-1925 Book of Fashions.

CHARM AND GRACE.

To-day I want to tell you about two neglected attributes—grace and charm. I think that by cultivating grace and charm any woman can be attractive no matter what the shape of her nose or the color of her eyes. I do wish, however, I could tell you about bottles and jars out of which you could take these things, just as I can tell you about the creams and lotions to give you a pretty skin, and the hair tonics that give life and sheen to your hair. But since grace and charm cannot be bought I am going to try to give you a few hints to produce this evanescence of loveliness by your own will power.

There is nothing so attractive as a charming voice. So many lovely women are spoiled by high-pitched, thin, nervous voices. That is because they are always on the go.

To have the kind of voice that people want to listen to, try to talk from your chest and not from the roof of your mouth. Use only throaty tones. At first the new voice may sound a little affected. But if you continue to practice, in a few weeks it will become a natural contralto or mezzo-soprano.

Another hint for gaining a charming voice is never to talk so that people not directly in your conversation can hear you. Keep your voice so low that only the person to whom you are speaking can understand you. If you want other people in the room to know what you are talking about, tell them later.

Another thing that brings charm quickly and easily is a pleasant smile—not one of those hard surface smiles that seem to start at the teeth, but one that begins way down deep in the heart. After you have acquired such a smile, use it and use it. Remember, it won't wear out, and only grows more beautiful by practice.

Grace is simply the art of moving your body in harmony. A girl with a graceful figure is always considered stylish, while one who waddles or slumps or jerks cannot look well—not even in expensive gowns.

A simple exercise for acquiring a graceful walk is to balance a slipper or a book on your head every night for at least twenty minutes, while walking around the room. Another exercise is to clasp your hands at the back of your head and get up and sit down without unclasping them. After you have mastered this, try getting up and lying down without moving your hands from the back of your head. Doing each of these exercise twenty times a night will give you a lithe, girlish figure.

And when you sit, try to be graceful too. Folding your arms may feel restful, but it spoils the lines of your figure. The stylish dress models in big city shops are taught to keep their hands low on their hips. They put their thumbs to the back and their fingers to the front. The first three fingers are held tightly together, but the little finger is allowed to spread. This position, standing or sitting, is extremely attractive.

These are little things, to be sure, but it is the little things that ruin or enhance the ensemble.

AUNT ADELAIDE'S A LADY.

Aunt Adelaide's a lady and she has
a lady face;
Her house is spick and spandy, too,
and so is all the place.
So, when we go to visit her, we shine
our Sunday boots
And take a clean, whole handkerchief
and wear our other suits,
And sit up straight at table and keep
our elbows off,
And always turn our heads away if
we should have to cough,
And say "No thank you," when we're
ast to take another slice,
And for the Lord's sake don't forget
to tell her things is nice,
And careful we don't interrupt when
anybody talks,
And go outdoors to run and play and
don't get off the walks,
And shake her hand at leaving and be
sure to say it hearty,
"I thank you dear Aunt Adelaide, it's
been a pleasant party."

Aunt Sadie is another aunt, but we
just call her "Aunty."
She says her yard's a circus and she
calls her house a shanty.
She says that trees were made to
climb and grass was made to
roll on,
And says a child's a stomach that you
got to graft a soul on,
And so she makes us pies and cakes
and feeds us in the kitchen,
And if we bust ourselves, she says,
she's there to take a stitch in.
Then she says she's baked some cook-
ies, and if anybody rubbered
They must have seen the jar is on the
low shelf of the cupboard.
She says her house is kid-proof; no
one yet has broke or bent it,
And to bump our heads against it if
we think that we can dent it.
And when we're hugging her good-by,
we say "Oh, Aunt Sadie,
We're coming back to-morrow and
we're glad you ain't a lady!"

—Edmund V. Cooke.

The Same Wish.

The schoolmistress was about to dismiss the class for the holidays.

"Now, children," she said, "I hope that you will have a very pleasant time, and, what is more important, that you will all come back with a bit of sense in your heads."

Promptly came the chorus of voices, "Same to you, miss."

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ISSUE No. 49—'24.

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."

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CHAPTER XVII.—(Cont'd.)

A man had written that. What a trade for a man, Jean thought..

She was glad she lived among people who had the decency to go on caring for each other in spite of lines and wrinkles—comfortable couples whose affection for each other was a shelter in the time of storm, a shelter built of common joys, of "fireside talks and counsels in the dawn," cemented by tears shed over common sorrows.

She smiled to herself as she remembered a little woman who had told her with great pride that, to celebrate their silver wedding, her husband was giving her a complete set of artificial teeth. "And," she had finished impressively, "you know what teeth cost now."

And why not? It was as much a token of love as a pearl necklace, and, looked at in the right way, quite as romantic.

"I'd better see how it finishes," Jean said to herself, opening the book a few pages from the end.

Oh, yes, there they were at it. Noel, "pale, languid, passionate," and the man "moved beyond control." "He drew her so close that he could feel the throbbing of her heart. . . ." And the other poor woman with the hard lines and marking beneath the light coating of powder, where had she gone?

Jean pushed the book away, and stood leaning on the dressing-table studying her face in the glass. This was no heroine, "pale, languid, passionate." She saw a fresh-colored face with a pointed chin, wide-apart eyes as frank and sunny as a moorland burn, an innocent mouth. It seemed to Jean a very uninteresting face. She was young, certainly, but that was all—not beautiful, or brilliant or witty. Lord Bidborough must see scores of lovely girls. Jean seemed to see them walking past her in a procession—girls who had maids to do their hair in the most approved fashion, constantly renewed girls whose clothes were a dream of daintiness, all charming, all witty, all fitted to be wife to a man like Lord Bidborough. What was he doing now, Jean wondered. Perhaps dancing, or sitting out with someone. Jean could see him so clearly, listening, smiling, with lazy, amused eyes. By now he must be thankful that the penny-plain girl at Priorsford had not snatched at the offer he had made her, but had had the sense to send him away. It must have been a sudden madness on his part. He had never said a word of love to her—then suddenly in the rain and mud, when she was looking her very plainest, muffled up in a thick coat, clogged by goloshes, to ask her to marry him!

Jean nodded at the girl in the glass.

"What you've got to do is to put him out of your head, and be thankful that you have lots to do, and a house to keep, and boys to make happy, and aren't a heroine writhing about in a novel."

But she sighed as she turned away. Doing one's duty is a dreary business for three-and-twenty. It goes on for such a long time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

January is always a long, flat month: the Christmas festivities are over, the bills are waiting to be paid, the weather is very often of the drearlest, spring is yet far distant. With February, hope and the snowdrops begin to spring, but January is a month to be *warstled* through as best we can.

This January of which I write Jean felt to be a peculiarly long, dull month. She could not understand why, for David was at home, and she had always thought that to have the three boys with her made up the sum of her happiness. She told herself that it was Pamela she missed. It made such a difference knowing that the door would not open to admit that tall figure; the want of the embroidery frame seemed to take a brightness from the room, and the lack of that little gay laugh of Pamela's left a dullness that the loudest voices did nothing to dispel.

Pamela wrote that the visit to Champertoun had been a signal success. The hitherto unknown cousins were delightful people, and she and her brother were prolonging their stay till the middle of January. Then, she said, she hped to come back to Priorsford for a little, while Biddy went on to London.

How easy it all sounded, Jean thought. Historic houses full of all things lovely, leisured, delightful people, the money and the freedom to go where one listed: no pinching, no striving, no sordid cares.

David's vacation was slipping past; and Jean was deep in preparations for his departure. She longed vehemently for some money to spend. There were so many things that David really needed and was doing without, so many of the things he had were so woefully shabby. Jean understood better now what a young man wanted; she had studied Lord Bidborough's clothes. Not that the young man was anything of a dandy, but he had always looked right for every occasion. And Jean thought that probably all the young men at Oxford looked like that—poor David. David himself never grumbled. He meant to make money by his pen in spare moments, and his mind was too full of plans to worry much about his shabby clothes. He sometimes worried about his sister, and thought it hard that she should have the cares of a household on her shoulders at an age when other girls were having the time of their lives, but he solaced himself with the thought that some day he would make it up to Jean, that some day she should have everything that now she was missing, full measure pressed down and running over. It never occurred to the boy that Jean's youth would pass, and whatever he might be able to give her later, he could never give her that back.

Pamela returned to Hillview in the middle of the month just before David left.

Bella Bathgate owned that she was glad to have her back. That indomitable spinster had actually missed her lodger. She was surprised at her own pleasure in seeing the boxes carried upstairs again, in hearing the soft voice talking to Mawson, in sniffing the faint sweet scent that seemed to hang about the house when Miss Reston was in it, conquering the grimmer odor of naphtha and boiled cabbage which generally held sway.

Bella had missed Mawson too. It was fine to have her back again in her cosy kitchen, enjoying her supper and full of tales of the glories of Champertoun. Bella's face grew even longer than it was naturally as she heard of the magnificence of that ancient house, of the chapel, of the ballroom, of the number of bedrooms, of the man-servants and maid-servants, of the motors and horses.

"Forty bedrooms!" she said, in scandalized tones. "The thing's rideeclous. Mair like an institution than a private hoose."

"Oh, it's a *gentleman's* 'ouse," said Mawson proudly—"the sort of thing Miss Reston's accustomed to. At Bidborough, I'm told, there's bedrooms to 'old a regiment, and the same at Mintern Abbas, but I've never been there yet. It was all the talk in the servants' 'all at Champertoun 'oo would be Lady Bidborough. There were several likely young ladies there, but 'e didn't seem partial to any of them."

"Whaur's he awa to the noo?"

"Back to London for a bit, I 'eard, and later on we're joining 'im at Bidbroough. Beller, I was thinking to myself when they were h'all talking, what if Lady B. should be a Priorsford lady? His lordship did seem h'attentive in at The Rigs. Wouldn't it be a fine thing for Miss Jean?"

Miss Bathgate suddenly had a recollection of Jean as she had seen her pass that morning—a wistful face under a shabby hat.

"Hut," she said, tossing her head and lying glibly. "It's ma opeenion that the Lord askit Miss Jean when he was in Priorsford, and she simply sent him to the right about."

She took a drink of tea, with a defiant twirl of her little finger, and pretended not to see the shocked expression on Mawson's face. To Mawson it sounded like sacrilege for anyone to refuse anything to his lordship.

"Oh, Beller! Miss Jean would 'ave jumped at 'im!"

"Naething o' the kind," said Miss Bathgate fiercely, forgetting all about her former pessimism as to Jean's chance of getting a man, and desiring greatly to champion her cause. "D'ye think Miss Jean's sittin' here waitin' to jump at a man like a cock at a grossit? Na! He'll be a lucky man that gets her, and weel his lordship kens it. She's no pented up to the een-holes like thae London Jezebels. Her looks'll stand wind and water. She's a kind, wise lassie, and if she condescends to the Lord, I'm sure I hope he'll be guid to her. For ma ain pairt I wud faur rather see her marry a dacent, ordinary man like a minister or a doctor—but we've nane o' thae kind needin' wives in Priorsford the noo, so Miss Jean'll mebbe hev to fa' back on a lord. . . ."

On the afternoon of the day this conversation took place in Hillview kitchen, Jean sat in the living-room of The Rigs, a very depressed little figure. It was one of those days in which things seem to take a positive pleasure in going wrong. To start with, the kitchen range could not go on, as something had happened to the boiler, and that had shattered Mrs. M'Cosh's placid temper. Also the bill for mending it would be large, and probably the landlord would make a fuss about paying it. Then Mhor had put a newly-soled boot right on the hot bar of the fire and burned it across, and Jock had thrown a ball and broken a precious Spode dish that had been their mother's. But the worst thing of all was that Peter was lost, had been lost for three days, and now they felt they must give up hope.

Jock and Mhor were in despair (which may have accounted for their abandoned conduct in burning boots and breaking old china), and in their hearts felt miserably guilty. Peter had wanted to go with them that morning three days ago; he had stood patiently waiting before the front door, and they had sneaked quietly out at the back without him. It was really for his own good, Jock told Mhor; it was because the game-keeper had said if he got Peter in the Peel woods again he would shoot him, and they had been going to the Peel woods that morning—but nothing brought any comfort either to Jock or Mhor. For two nights Mhor had sobbed himself to sleep openly, and Jock had lain awake and cried when everyone else was sleeping.

(To be continued.)

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For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment.

Time.

If I were standing on the steps of
Time
And they stretched clear before me,
up and down,
Would I press forward then, eager to
climb
The topmost stair, to reach for mem-
ory's crown,
Or would I rather rest, life's humble
clown,
Content on my own steps to hear the
chime
Of friendly bells in some not too sub-
lime,
Some long remembered, lower-lying
town?

God knows how I might choose, if I
had choice,
Or, having chosen, how the choice
might be;
But this I know, and knowing it re-
joice—
Though I must wait for Time, not
Time for me,
Yet he, too, is God's creature, and his
passing breath
Awakes no echo in the corridors of
Death.

—L. S. G.

Discovered.

A minister who was officiating for a friend in a small town was scandalized to observe the old verger, who had been collecting the offertory, quiet extract a three-penny-piece before presenting the plate at the altar rail.

After the service he called the old man into the vestry and told him, with some emotion, that his theft had been observed. The verger looked puzzled for a moment and then a sudden light dawned on him.

"Why, sir, you don't mean that old three-penny-piece of mine? Why, I've led off with that for the last fifteen years."

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