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Woman's Sphere

THE FEET AND ANKLES.

The appearance of the feet and ankles is of great importance, now that short skirts and low shoes are so generally worn. While it is impossible for every one to have a small foot, certainly every one can have a neat or dainty-looking foot. The last place to economize is on shoes. It is better to wear one fairly high-priced pair of shoes throughout a season, than two cheap pairs.

Of course you will not be able to wear well-fitting shoes comfortably if the feet hurt. I do not mean that shoes should be tight, but neither should they be too loose; one produces corns as much as the other. Given the right sort of footgear, it is quite possible to keep the feet healthy without ever having to go to a chiropodist.

The feet, as well as the body, should be bathed daily; not just given a careless washing, but scrubbed with mild soap and a flesh brush. Then they should be dried well and gone over with a corn file. Every callus should be rubbed down, the corns softened by soaking and either filed down, or if very bad, the top callus skin should be cut off with cuticle scissors. It is quite possible to do this without touching any of the living tissue. Very stubborn corns should be bound up with a slice of lemon over them—next day the hard skin will easily come off.

Tender feet should be soaked in hot salt water, the proportion being a cupful of sea-salt to a quart of hot water. This rests the feet, and hardens them. If the skin of the foot is very dry, there is nothing better than sweet-oil or vaseline to use as a daily massage. In fact, corns and calli rubbed daily with sweet-oil, vaseline, or cold cream, will eventually disappear.

One woman has been successful in reducing enlarged joints (bunions) by applying turpentine, night and morning; in fact, she declares that the turpentine "almost shrinks the bone."

We repeat the remedy for split skin (between the toes): When the skin splits between the toes, apply chalk, the kind used for writing upon blackboards. Procure a stick of the chalk, scrape off the outer layer and throw this away. Scrape the remaining chalk to a fine powder and dust this powder between toes. The chalk has a drying effect which is very healing and gives quick relief.

If free of the common ailments of the feet, and a moderate amount can be spent for shoes, every woman can boast of neat and attractive-looking feet. Size does not matter so much; the large woman must have large feet or she will look top heavy. If they seem too big, however, she should carefully avoid fancy styles of footwear, and buy nothing but the plainest and best.

STOCKING TOYS.

As a general thing, most old stockings are thrown away when they are too worn-out to darn any more.

But we will continue to make toys from ours that will more than delight the babies and small children.

Do not use silk ones; they split too readily, and the plain lisle are apt to stretch. The ribbed ones are best, and be sure they have no holes in the legs, for that is the part to use.

For a funny old "mammy doll" proceed as follows: Cut off the foot and sew the leg straight across the top, so as to form a bag. Then decide how big you want your doll, for the longer the leg the bigger she will be.

Stuff with cotton or old rags—more stockings cut up small will do—till the head is round and large enough. Then tie a string tightly around the neck to hold it in place and form the head. Stuff the rest of the body and sew up the bottom.

For arms and legs, take a piece of stocking the desired length, roll up and wrap tightly with black thread, sewing at the bottom. Tie a string a little way up to form the hand.

The legs are made the same way, but turn up about an inch at right angles to the leg to form a foot and catch with a few stitches, then sew the arms and legs on the doll.

Outline the features with white thread, making large goggle eyes and a big mouth with stitches taken across it for teeth. Dress mammy in any scraps you may have, but be sure to make her an apron and a head handkerchief with stick-up ears.

A dear little girl doll is made the same way from a white stocking, and dressed in dainty clothes, with the features done in colors—blue eyes, red mouth and perhaps a touch of rouge on her pale cheeks. If she has a little cap, she needs no hair.

The funniest sort of witch's black cat is made by making the head and body this same way, then pinching up the two corners of the head for ears, gathering them a little and fastening with a few tight stitches. Do not sew on legs and arms; they can be outlined on the body with white, if liked, or left out altogether. Outline the features and whiskers in white, with a touch of green or yellow for the eyes. Make quite a long tail, wrapped like the doll limbs, and sew on tightly.

A rabbit is made from a white stocking by adding long ears to the body made like the cat, with a tail of a wad of cotton sewed on. The ears should be cut out separately and doubled and turned and sewed on. They are less trouble made from white flannel. Outline the features in black. He and the cat may have a ribbon tied around their necks, with perhaps a bell.

PATCHING UP THE MIRROR.

We have a mirror from which the silver has come off in several places. Could you tell me what I could do to it?—Mrs. C. H.

Clean the bare portion of the glass by rubbing it gently with fine cotton, taking care to remove any trace of dust and grease. If this eaning be not done very carefully, defects will appear around the place repaired. With the point of a penknife, cut upon the back of another looking glass around a portion of the silvering of the required form, but a little larger. Upon it place a small drop of mercury; a drop the size of a pin-head will be sufficient for a surface equal to the size of the nail. The mercury spreads immediately, penetrates the amalgam to where it was cut off with the knife, and the required piece may be now lifted and removed to the place to be repaired. This is the most difficult part of the operation. Then press lightly the renewed portion with cotton; it hardens almost immediately, and the glass presents the same appearance.

A CHARMING "TUNIC" STYLE.

4963. This is an excellent model for a combination of two materials. Brown satin and figured crepe are here illustrated. The dress may be finished without the "Tunic" as shown in the small view. The long sleeve portions may be omitted.

This Pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the design as illustrated in the large view, for an 18-year size will require 3⅛ yards of satin, and 2 yards of crepe 40 inches wide. If made without the long sleeve portions ⅛ yard less of the satin will be required. The width at the foot is 50 inches.

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.

FRENCH ONION SOUP.

Winter is the season for thick soups, and this one which, with a liberal chunk of bread, makes a whole meal for the Breton peasant, is especially good. Peel four large onions and two carrots. The onions should be chopped fine, and the carrots diced. Put them into an enameled ware saucepan with three tablespoonfuls of butter and saute them until the onions are well browned. Use a quarter teaspoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful f salt. Add a quart of water and boil for two hours, adding more water as it boils away. This soup should be served with a slice of bread in each plate.

The Sheik's Justice.

The sheik of an Arab tribe, says Mr. Paul Harrison in a recent issue of Asia, exercises unlimited power; of him it may be said as it was of Nebuchadnezzar, "Whom he would he slew and whom he would he kept alive." The only check upon his actions is public opinion and the likelihood of its expressing itself in the form of assassination if he becomes too unpopular. The office is hereditary and in the natural course of events passes to the eldest son; but occasionally, if the heir is obviously a man of no force, one of the other children assumes it instead. "The ablest ruler is the man wanted and the one eventually secured. No one cares much to what family he belongs."

Able some of the sheiks certainly are, and according to their lights and traditions just, although the frighful severity of the punishments inflicted would often seem to the more merciful mind of the Occident out of all proportion to the offenses committed. Flogging, cutting off the hands and decapitation are frequent. But Mr. Harrison tells of one act of justice, severe in its way, it is true, but such as to win approval in the Western world no less than in the Orient.

Ibu Jilawi, Governor of Hasa, holds his court in Hofuf, the capital. He rules with a rod of iron, and the rich and powerful may expect no favors at his hands. He is absolutely incorruptible and impartial.

One day there appeared before him as complainant a poor and ignorant villager whose cow some boys on a hunting expedition had shot and killed. A careful description of the party made it possible to gather the entire number before the governor. The villager did not know the name of the ring-leader, but on being asked if he could identify him at once pointed him out. To his horror he the learned that the lad was Ibu Jilawi's own son.

"Did you do this?" the father asked sternly.

"Yes, I did it," acknowledged the boy.

The boy had a very fine mare, a recent gift from his father, and at the father's command she was brought in.

"Would you," asked Ibu Jilawi with the utmost courtesy, "be willing to regard this mare as an adequate compensation for the loss of your cow?"

"Certainly," replied the villager. "She is worth many times the value of my cow, but I hope you will excuse me from taking her. If I had had the least idea who the offender was, I should never have entered a complaint."

"No doubt that is true," replied Ibu Jilawi with a smile, "but nevertheless you will not be excused from taking the mare. The boy will apologize to you unqualifiedly, and if you will then consider the matter settled I shall be sincerely indebted to you."

So, having received the apology, the villager led off the mare. The child's heart was almost broken, but it was not until some time later that Ibu Jilawi bought the mare back for him, and then at a thousand riyals, or Maria Theresa dollars, a sum sufficient to make the villager independently wealthy for the rest of his life.

Health Notes.

Two business men, having to spend a few hours in a small town, decided to dine at the village school.

One of them turned to the pretty waitress and asked: "How's the chicken?"

"Oh, I'm all right," she blushed. "How are you?"

Date Palms in Desert.

Though the date palm is commonly thought of as a desert plant, its roots must be canstantly kept wet, in the marshy soil of the oasis in which it grows.

For Sore Feet—Minard's Liniment

This monument in the Kicking Horse Pass, British Columbia, marks the place where the last spike was driven in the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

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 XVIII.—(Cont'd.)

When Jean heard the voice it seemed to her as if everything was transformed. Mrs. Duff-Whalley and Muriel, their sables and their Rolls-Royce, ceased to be great weights crushing life and light out of her, and became small, ordinary, rather vulgar figures; she forgot her own home-made frock and shabby slippers; and even the fire seemed to feel that things were brightening, for a flame struggled through the backing and gave promise of future cheerfulness.

"Oh, Pamela!" cried Jean. There was more of relief and appeal in her voice than she knew, and Pamela, seeing the visitors, prepared to do battle.

"I thought I should surprise you, Jean-girl. I came by the two train, for I was determined to be here in time for tea." She slipped off her coat and took Jean in her arms. "It is good to be back. . . Ah, Mrs. Duff-Whalley, how are you. Have you kept Priorsford lively through the Christmas-time, you and your daughter?"

"Well, I was just telling Jean we've done our best. My son, Gordon, and his Cambridge friends, delightful young fellows, you know, perfect gentlemen. ut we did miss you and your brother. Is dear Lord Bidborough not with you?"

"My brother has gone to London."

"Naturally," said Mrs. Duff-Whalley, nodding her head knowingly. "All young men like London, so gay, you know, restaurants and theatres and night-clubs——"

"Oh, I hope not," laughed Pamela. "My brother's rather extraordinary; he cares very little for London pleasures. The open road is all he asks—a born gypsy."

"Fancy! Well, it's a nice taste too. But I would rather ride in my car than tramp the roads. I like my comforts. Muriel and I are going to London shortly, on our way to the Continent. Will you be there, Miss Reston?"

"Probably, and if I am Jean will be with me. Do you hear that, Jean? and paying no attention to the dubious shake of Jean's head she went on: "We must give Jean a very good time and have lots of parties. Perhaps, Mrs. Duff-Whalley, you will bring your daughter to one of Jean's parties when you are in London? You have been so very kind to us that we should greatly like to have an opportunity of showing you some hospitality. Do let us know your whereabouts. It would be fun—wouldn't it, Jean?—to entertain Priorsford friends in London."

For a moment Mrs. Duff-Whalley looked very like a ferret that wanted to bite; then she smiled and said:

"Well, really, it's most kind of you. I'm sure Jean should be very grateful to you. You're a kind of fairy godmother to this little Cinderella. Only Jean must remember that it isn't very nice to come back to drudgery after an hour or two at the ball," and she gave an unpleasant laugh.

"Ah, but you forget your fairy tale," said Pamela. "Cinderella had a happy ending. She wasn't left to the drudgery, but reigned with the prince in the palace."

"It's hardly polite surely," Muriel put in, "to liken poor little Jean to a cinder-witch."

Jean laughed and held out a foot in a shabby slipper. "I've felt like one all day. It's been such a grubby day, no kitchen range on, no hot water, and Mrs. M'Cosh actually out of temper. Now you've come, Pamela, it will be all right—but it has been wretched. I hadn't the spirit to change my frock or put on decent slippers, that's why I've reminded you all of Cinderella. . . . Are you going, Mrs. Duff-Whalley. Good-bye."

Mrs. Duff-Whalley had, with an effort, regained her temper, and was now all smiles.

"We must see you often at The Towers while you are in Priorsford, dear Miss Reston. Muriel and I are on our way to tea with Lady Tweedie. She will be so excited to hear you are back. You have made quite a place for yourself in our little circle. Good-bye, Jean, we shall be seeing you some time. Come, Muriel. Well—t'ta."

When the visitors had rolled away in their car Jean told Pamela about Peter.

"I couldn't tell you before those opulent, well-pleased people. It's absolutely breaking our hearts. Mrs. M'Cosh looks ten years older, and Jock and Mhor go about quite silent thinking out wicked things to do to relieve their feelings. David has gone over all the hills looking for him, but he may be lying trapped in some wood. Come and speak to Mrs. M'Cosh for a minute. Between Peter and the boiler she is in despair."

They found Mrs. M'Cosh baking with the gas oven.

"It's a scone for the tea. When I seen Miss Reston it kinna cheered me up. Hae ye tell't her aboot Peter?"

"He will turn up yet, Mrs. M'Cosh," Pamela assured her. "Peter's such a clever dog, he won't let himself be beat. Even if he is trapped I believe he will manage to get out."

"It's to be hoped so, for the want o' him is something awful."

A knock came to the back door and a boy's voice said, "Is Peter in?" It was a message boy who knew all Peter's tricks—knew that however friendly Peter was with a message boy on the road, he felt constrained to jump out at him when he appeared at the back door with a basket. The innocent question was too much for Mrs. M'Cosh.

"Na," she said bitterly. "Peter's no' in, so ye needna hold on to the door. Peter's lost. Deid, as likely as not." She turned away in bitterness of heart, leaving Jean to take the parcels from the boy.

The boys came in quietly after another fruitless search. They did not ask hopefully as they had done at first if Peter had come home, and Jean did not ask how they had fared.

The sight of Pamela cheered them a good deal.

"Does she know?" Jock asked, and Jean nodded.

Pamela kept the talk going through tea, and told them so many funny stories that they had to laugh.

"If only," said Mhor, "Peter was here now the Honorable's back we would be happy."

"There's a big box of hard chocolates behind that cushion," Pamela said, pointing to the sofa.

It was at that moment that the door opened, and Mrs. M'Cosh put her head in. Her face wore a broad smile.

"The wanderer hes retuned," she said.

At that moment Jean though the Glasgow accent the most delightful thing on earth and the smile on Mrs. M'Cosh's face the most beautiful. With a shout they all made for the kitchen.

There was Peter, thin and dirty, but in excellent spirits, wagging his tail so violently that his whole body wagged.

"See," said Mrs. M'Cosh, "he's been in a trap, but he's gotten out. Peter's a cliver lad."

Jock and Mhor had no words. They lay on the linoleum-covered floor, while Mrs. M'Cosh fetched hot milk, and crushed their faces against the little black-and-white body they had thought they might never see again, while Peter licked his own torn paw and their faces in turn.

It was wonderfully comfortable to see Pamela settle down in the corner of the sofa with her embroidery and ask news of all her friends. Jean had been a little shy of meeting Pamela, wondering if Lord Bidborough had told her anything, wondering if she were angry that Jean should have had such an offer, or resentful that she had refused it. But Pamela talked quite naturally about her brother, and gave no hint that she knew of any reason why Jean should blush when his name was mentioned.

"And how are all the people—the Jowetts and the Watsons and the Dawsons? And the dear Macdonalds? I picked up a book in Edinburgh that I think Mr. Macdonald will like. And Lewis Elliot—have you seen him lately, Jean?"

"He's away. Didn't you know? He went just after you did. He was in London at Christmas—at least, that was the postmark on the parcels, but he has never written a word. He was always a bad correspondent, but he'll turn up one of these days."

Mrs. M'Cosh came in with the letters from the evening post.

"Actually a letter for me," said Jean, "from London. I expect it's from that landlord of ours. Surely he won't be giving us notice to leave The Rigs. Pamela, I'm afraid to open it. It looks like a lawyer's letter."

"Open it then."

Jean opened it slowly and read the enclosure with a puzzled frown; then she dropped it with a cry.

Pamela looked up from her work to see Jean with tears running down her face. Jock and Mhor stopped what they were doing and came to look at her. Peter rubbed himself against her legs by way of comfort.

"My dear," said Pamela, "is there anything wrong?"

"Oh, do you remember the little old man who came one day to look at the house and stayed to tea and I sang 'Strathairlie' to him? He's dead."

Jean's tears flowed afresh as she said the words. "How I wish I had been kinder to him. I somehow felt he was ill."

"And why have they written to tell you?" Pamela asked.

Jean picked up the letter which had fallen on the floor."

"It's from his lawyer, and he says he has left me money. . . . Read it, Pamela, I don't seem able to see the words."

(To be continued.)

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.

Bass Voice Requires the Most Energy.

An eminent physician, presenting before the Academy of Medicine in Paris the results of an investigation of the amount of work performed by orators and singers, said he found from his experiments that a bass voice, in order to produce the same impression upon the ears of an audience in a hall requires the performance of about eighteen times more work than is required of a baritone or tenor voice. A bass voice is always at a disadvantage with regard to the amount of work demanded of it, he said. It was also found, he added, that men are always more fatigud than women and childrn by an equal effort of the voice, and men with bass voices suffer the most fatigue.

He—"Do you believe love comes more than once?"

She—"If you treat him right, he does."

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Percy's Puzzle.

The teacher had been lecturing his class on the wisdom often displayed by animals and birds. He compared it with that of human beings, to the latter's disadvantage. Having finished his discourse, he invited his pupils to ask questions bearing on the subject. Percy held up his hand.

"Well, Percy," said the teacher, "what is it you want to know?"

"I want to know, sir," replied Percy, "what makes chickens know how big our egg-cups are?"

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