

AN INTERRUPTED ERRAND.

One winter day, five years ago, a woman left her house with the definite purpose in her mind to visit and consult a doctor who lived not far away. She never reached his house. Why not? She shall tell you that herself. The story begins ten years ago, in July, 1884.

"At that time," she says, "I began to feel strangely tired and heavy, without being able to assign a reason for it. The life and ambition seemed to be gone out of me. There was a foul taste in my mouth, and my tongue, as I held it out before the glass, looked like a piece of brown leather. My meals had no attraction for me; I had no desire to eat; and what little I coaxed myself to swallow only hurt and distressed me.

"Presently I began to belch up wind or gas and to spit up a fluid as sour as vinegar. I had an alarming pain in my left side, and my heart beat and fluttered like a frightened bird in a cage. I almost believed it would jump out of its place.

"This went on for a time, and then I got to have trouble to breathe. In truth, I had fairly to fight for my breath. I often choked and gasped as one does with some impediment in the throat. And I was spitting up phlegm all day long. My chest was sore with heaving and straining. This continued until I imagined my lungs must be nearly torn to pieces and gone. It was so like consumption that many thought it must be that dreadful and deadly disease.

"In the course of events my breathing grew worse and worse, so that I had to be helped upstairs. And I was too weak to dress and undress myself. Year after year it was so, until my strength was almost wholly gone. To make the short journey across the room I was obliged to support myself by the table and chairs. I saw one doctor after another, who gave me medicines and recommended poultices and plasters; but nothing did me any good.

"One doctor, after examining me, said, 'Mrs. Ryder, you have got no pulse, you won't stay here much longer.'

"Yet I am here, and I will tell you how it came about. On the 2nd day of January, 1891, whilst on my way to see a doctor at Wigan, I was taken so bad that I had to stop and rest in a shop. I could scarcely breathe, and was so ill I knew not where to go or what to do. A gentleman was in the shop who, seeing how ill I was, spoke to me and said he came from Pemberton. Then he told how his wife, after she had been given up by the doctors, had been cured by Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup.

"This intelligence made me change my mind. Instead of going to the doctor, as I had set out to do, I went to Mr. Kellet's, the chemist in Market Place and bought a bottle of this medicine.

"When I had taken it for a few days my symptoms were all improved; my breathing was easier, and my food agreed with me. And, to be short, not long afterwards I was once more able to do my own housework. I could eat anything, and nothing troubled me. I am a living witness to the virtue of Mother Seigel's Syrup. (Signed) Mary Ryder, 150, Preston Road, Standish, near Wigan, August 17th, 1894."

"Ah, yes; now we see. It is a strange world we live in. Man proposes and God disposes. We never know when we start on an errand how we shall end it. How fortunate for Mrs. Ryder that she was compelled to stop and rest in that shop. Otherwise she might have died of indigestion and dyspepsia, the disease from which she suffered. The same fearful symptoms—how familiar they are—and yet how often this disease is mistaken for consumption. Before you adopt that hypothesis try Seigel's Syrup. The chances are you will soon be cured, as this lady was.

PROGRESSIVE HOUSEKEEPING.

BY JANE KINGSFORD.

HOUSEKEEPERS are commonly creatures of tradition. We are apt to think it more important to "do as mother did" than to stop and consider whether there be not a better way. Filial regard and the home training given to girls combine to make women conservative and timid about trying anything new in the household. Mother used a wooden table in the kitchen on which meat, fruit and vegetables were prepared for cooking, and on which dough was made for bread and pastry. The soft wood absorbed fat and juices, and only constant scrubbing prevented the table from swarming with bacteria. Poor mother! She never heard of bacteria, but she knew the table had to be scrubbed. It makes my heart ache to think of the unnecessary labor that was done in mother's kitchen. A slate-top table for vegetables and a marble-top table for mixing dough would save scrubbing. Stone and marble can be sterilized quickly with hot water and riped dry, and be chemically clean with little labor. Mother used an iron spoon. A wooden spoon is better, because quiet and peace are something even in the kitchen.

If we could be a little more open-minded about domestic matters, housekeeping would be easier and home life happier. The progressive housekeeper will not sacrifice the health or comfort of her family, but she will save time, labor, temper and nerves by keeping her mind open to things science is continually placing in her hands.

I have been looking about among the new apartment houses in New York, and I find the architects believe that some of us are progressive housekeepers. I find hot water is delivered free into every kitchen, day and night, because it is cheaper to maintain one fire in the cellar than forty fires in forty kitchens. Hot water being provided, every kitchen has a gas range to avoid the carrying of coal up and ashes down. In the parlors and other rooms there is in the fireplace a neat veil or screen of white asbestos. A match gives a great sheet of glowing white fire, warming and ventilating the room perfectly. An asbestos glow-fire may not be as poetical as the old hickory log mother had, but the house-mother has more time to keep up her reading.

The progressive housekeeper goes a step farther. Under the electric lamp in the children's nursery is a little marble shelf. On the shelf stands a flat disk of iron with a twisted wire from the electric light. By turning the button on the lamp the disk soon becomes hot, and a little kettle placed upon it soon gives hot water for use in sickness, or to warm baby's milk, or warm a cup of bouillon for the invalid. It is a tiny electric stove without fire, light or smoke. It is literally black heat.

If we investigate the matter a little further, we find the coffee urn, the chafing-dish, the flat-iron each provided with an electric heater, and the same

current that lights the room may boil the eggs, toast the bread and cook the griddle cakes, and all without lighting a match or seeing a flame. In the invalid's room the electric current from an ordinary electric lamp may warm the bed or pillow and do all the work of a hot-water bag without its uncertainty and inconvenience. Of course this is the most costly cooking we can have. It would be extravagant to use electricity to cook for a large family. It might be the highest economy in a sick room, where precision, neatness and time are worth more than a high-price heat.

Not long ago I called on friends and found the family at lunch. I hesitated about staying, but my friend insisted that I stay, saying, "The cook is away, but that makes no difference." I entered the elegant dining-room, and found the table spread for a hot lunch. Judge of my surprise when my hostess opened a door in a beautiful cabinet and exhibited a tiny gas kitchen sunk in the wall. The little closet was lined with zinc, and was fitted with a little gas stove and supplied with shelves and hooks for the cooking utensils. A hole in the wall served for a chimney to carry off the heat and odor of cooking, and here my progressive housekeeper could get up a hot lunch even if the cook was away.

After lunch I was shown another bit of progressive housekeeping. The flat roof of the house was covered with brick and surrounded by a wire netting. In one portion of the roof was an iron arbor with glass sides for a shelter from the rain, and here, high above the street, safe from harm, the progressive young people had a beautiful out-of-door playground. The house-mother could send them all up there and know they were happy and safe while she was free for other things.

Progressive housekeeping means a willingness to accept new ideas, a willingness to do old things in new ways. It is not confined to the kitchen or pantry. Further investigation shows many new fields in which the housekeeper may save time, labor, money and nerves if she be only willing to try something new. "Mother's way" was very good—for mother. There are better ways now.—*Good Housekeeping.*

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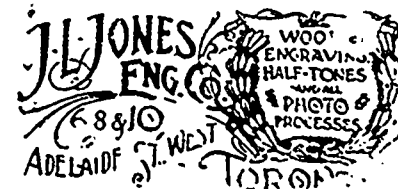
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