

—and the Worst is Yet to Come.



### FASHIONS FOR CANADIANS

Plain and figured voile are combined in the dainty little summer frock shown in the sketch. Simplicity continues to be the keynote of all apparel developed, and it is likely that this ruling will hold good for several seasons to come, with fabrics scarce and rapidly growing more so. The dress shown would be charming for an afternoon garden or porch party in warm weather, and it is so plain that no great effort will be required for its fashioning. The little gown fastens in the centre back, skirt and waist being joined all around. Pink voile may be selected for the frock, with the flowered fabric harmonizing, and if possible the sash should be of navy blue ribbon.



Summer Frock of Plain and Printed Voile.

Yellow is also a very much approved shade this season. Yellow plain color voile may be selected, with bands or ruffles of yellow and blue, with blue ribbon sash. Note especially the short sleeves, and bear in mind that sleeves, elbow length or even shorter, appear on a great many summer dresses of the best designers.



**A COINCIDENCE.**  
Mrs. Hill—Reading is my husband's greatest passion.  
Mrs. Park—My husband is affected in the same way every time he reads a bill from my dressmaker.

### YOUR WAR GARDEN.

Have you cleaned out your chimneys and fireplaces pits? If not, you may be

wasting a lot of valuable fertilizer, especially if you have been burning wood. Wood ashes contain potash, which is the scarcest of all fertilizers now. Use wood ashes where you are going to plant corn and where the tomato plants will grow. You can work it into the ground before planting time or around the rows after the plants come up. Save all kinds of waste material, and either dig them in to the garden or make a compost heap which will be available for next spring.

### Pointed Paragraphs.

A fearless man is one of the greatest feminine attractions.  
There isn't much love in a sensible love letter.  
A conceited young lady says that the men are a covetous lot.  
He who talks big things seldom does anything but the small ones.  
Shooting stars may yet discover that the earth is a good revolver.  
Nothing is more gratifying than the consciousness of doing good.  
Many a man's good opinion is not worth the price you have to pay for it.  
If it were possible to amputate one's conscience the surgeons would have to work overtime.  
When a man discovers that he has had enough he also discovers that he has overestimated his capacity.

## THE EVENING STORY

BEAUTIFUL THING THAT CAME TO HER.

(Copyright, 1918, by W. W. Warner.)

After services the women stood about irresolutely, looking at each other with blank, questioning faces. Spruce Hill was undeniably on this side of the house. I don't suppose she had a visitor afore in five years. Won't you come in?"

They entered and the guide left them and went toward the back part of the house. Five minutes passed; then a little old woman with a deprecating manner stole softly into the room. "Did you want to see me?" she asked tremulously.



"It is All Owing to You."

The poorhouse. "Why, you poor old soul!" she cried sympathetically. "How old you've grown. My hair ain't begun to turn yet an' here you're perfectly white, and still I believe I'm two months the oldest. You're a long time since you and I were young," answered the old woman gently. Then she colored with sudden remembrance and drew herself up stiffly. "Is there anything you wanted me for, Mrs. Perry?" she asked.

"Come, Cynthia, don't talk that way," remonstrated Mrs. Perry. "You know farmers' wives are always working an'—an' it's quite a good piece from our place to the—"

"Poorhouse," said the old woman calmly. "Well, yes, poorhouse—deprecating. 'An' besides, folks give up old customs as they get on in years. But I'm callin' today, an' I've brung the minister. Do you know him?"

"No," acquiesced the old woman. "I generally stay in the kitchen." Mrs. Perry, he said, resuming his seat. "I'm planning to have the church decorated for Easter, but the ladies of my congregation, including Mrs. Perry here, assure me that such a thing is utterly impossible—in short, that they cannot undertake the work, and that there are no flowers to undertake it with. I've come to you as a last resort. Can you help me?"

this afternoon," volunteered the minister beamingly.

"And you can have my horse and wagon every afternoon, if you like," added Mrs. Perry, warmly. "Then there is my boy Tommy. You can have him to drive you and do your thrashing and hilling. Why, really, I almost feel as though I would like to leave work and join the fun myself."

The old woman's face was now absolutely radiant. "It will be beautiful," she murmured, "like the world seemed when I was young." She was not thinking of the decoration now, but of the beautiful thing of not being forgotten that had come so unexpectedly to her. "Yes, it will be beautiful," she repeated. "God is good to have remembered me so lovingly."

The minister said at her a moment and then turned to the window. "There will be no failure in the church decoration," he remarked to Mrs. Perry.

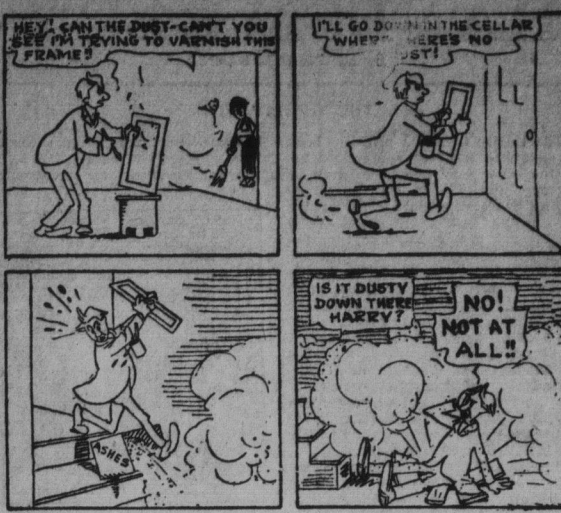
Nor was there, nor in the beautiful thing that had come to the little old woman. During the decorating she was like a different creature, and her face came to be scarcely recognizable as that which had looked so unexpectingly at them that afternoon in the poorhouse.

When it was all over the minister went to her impulsively and grasped both hands. "I cannot tell you how much you have helped me," he said earnestly. "The decoration has been a perfect success and it is all owing to you. But there is another thing I want to speak about. My housekeeper is about to leave and I need some one to take her place. Will you come and look after the parsonage—and me, too, for that matter?"

"I must acknowledge this visit is mostly a business one. Mrs. Perry, he said, resuming his seat. "I'm planning to have the church decorated for Easter, but the ladies of my congregation, including Mrs. Perry here, assure me that such a thing is utterly impossible—in short, that they cannot undertake the work, and that there are no flowers to undertake it with. I've come to you as a last resort. Can you help me?"

The old woman, who had not had a caller in five years, looked from one to the other with sudden yearning in her tender old eyes. Then a soft flush stole over her face. "It isn't easy to decorate without anything to decorate with," she said tremulously. "In the city no flowers to undertake it with. I've come to you as a last resort. Can you help me?"

## FUNNY FOLKS.



## SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH CAMERON.

### DO YOU BELIEVE IN CRITICISM?

"I don't believe in criticism." So a very thoughtful woman, whose conclusions I usually respect, declared to me the other day after hearing two sisters rattle each other's tempers and get themselves all "let" up over a session of mutual-criticism, which started when one told the other that she ought to make her children mind better.

I could understand perfectly how the woman felt. That little session of criticism had developed a lot of ill feeling and, to all appearances, done no good whatever. And yet I didn't agree with her sweeping condemnation of criticism.

I think there are two distinct kinds of criticism. Criticism That is Simply Made to Relieve the Mind. There's the nagging, fault finding criticism that is made simply to relieve the critic's mind, to assert his sense of his own superiority, to show how much better he could run other people's affairs than themselves. That is, alas, the commonest kind of criticism.

## YOUR HEALTH

BY ANDREW F. CURRIER, M. D.

### RHEUMATISM, NO. 2.

Chronic rheumatism or rheumatoid arthritis begins, of course, as an acute disease, but may not present the picture of inflammatory rheumatism. It has less fever, less swelling, less heart trouble, frequently less pain, and may progress slowly until he joints become stiff and helpless.

It is usually found in mature people, people who have reached forty or fifty, frequently occurs in women, and is often associated with grippe and diseases of the breathing and digestive organs.

At first the joints are soft, then they are hard and stiff; the joints of the fingers are first attacked, then the elbow, shoulder, knee and hip, and finally the hip, and the slightest motion in them giving intense pain. The joints are more or less swollen, the hands and knees deformed, the skin glossy and of a bluish color, and the muscles near the joints withered and thin.

The disease is hastened by hard work and exposure to cold and dampness, and, like the acute disease, may be in successive generations of a family.

So-called muscular rheumatism attacks chiefly the muscles of the back, neck and shoulders, common names for it being "lumbago," "stiff neck," and "crick in the back." The muscles in such cases are stiff and painful, especially when they are touched or moved.

This disease, like the other varieties, is probably due to germs; it is made worse by dampness, cold and bad sanitary conditions; and it may become permanent, like the joint disease, with the formation of new fibrous tissue in the affected muscles.

In all forms of rheumatism one should lead a simple regular life, avoiding all excesses, avoiding alcohol in all its forms, getting plenty of sleep, dismissing worry and strain and keeping the bowels open.

There is one drug which is almost as potent in rheumatism, as quinine is in malaria, and that is salicylic acid, and as it is a powerful antiseptic, it strengthens the argument that rheumatism is a germ disease.

But it is hard on the stomach, and must be combined with other substances in order to accomplish good work. It may be used externally and internally, and often is of very great service, especially if I take in the front row—I become so frightened that I fear I shall faint. Please tell how I can overcome this trouble.

Answer:—I do not believe there is anything to worry about in this condition of nervousness—which is very common, but which people have to overcome by their own efforts. Keep on trying and don't be discouraged and you will overcome it.

F. C. L.—Answer:—If you will send me your address and a stamped envelope, I will mail you the article on tuberculosis, which will answer your question better than I could in this restricted space.

The Sign.  
Mrs. A.—Father, I'm positive my husband doesn't drink.  
Father.—Yes, he's only got one bad habit—he's always chewing cloves.

His Idea.  
Mother.—Don't do that, Bobby. He'll bite you.  
Bobby.—No, he won't. Dogs don't bite at this end.

## KEEPING UP WITH THE JONESES—Pa Is Convinced.

