

Real Whole Wheat Bread

The digestibility of ordinary whole wheat bread is a much debated question—but there is no question about the nutritive value or digestibility of

TRISCUIT

the Shredded Wheat Wafer, a crisp, tasty toast containing all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain, steam-cooked, shredded, compressed into a wafer and baked a crisp, golden brown. It is a delicious "snack" for lunches or for any meal with butter, soft cheese, peanut butter or marmalades.

Made of the Highest Grade Canadian Wheat
A Canadian Food for Canadians

Made by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Limited
Niagara Falls, Ont.

Toronto Office: 49 Wellington Street East

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completion of the fund, and the "Journal" has promised to subscribe to one-half of the fund, \$600, if the members of the club, by small individual contributions, will make up the remaining \$600. Only members of the Girls' Club are to be allowed to contribute to the fund, and the money must be earned through per-

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sonal effort. This is pretty certain the first secular organization of women who have ever undertaken the responsibility of educating an Oriental woman for medical work among her own sex.

Boys and Girls

JAPANESE LEGENDS OF CATS.

Demons That Devour Old Women and Assume Their Shape.

Formerly in the imperial palace a body of guards called the "hayabito" was specially appointed for the purpose of driving away all evil spirits by means of their barking, and in addition to this the Emperor and Empress were guarded by the Corean dogs, the "shishikomaiu," one of which was a lion and one a unicorn. These images came from China through Corea, and soon found their way from the palace to the Shinto shrines, which they still guard.

"I have more than once seen Eng-

lish visitors to the Land of the Rising Sun," writes Blackford Lawson in the "Referee," "greatly puzzled to find the lion and the unicorn, so familiar to them as 'fighting for the crown' on the British standard, at the entrance to a temple in Tokio."

It is interesting to note the difference between the parts played by the dog and the cat in Japanese legend and superstition: the former being a protector of mankind, the latter usually its deadly enemy. The character representing the word "inu" (dog) is still written on the forehead of a Japanese baby to protect it against the demons of disease. Utterance of the words "inu no ko, inu no ko" (puppy puppy), is supposed to make an infant quiet when it cries in its dreams.

"Legends about wicked cats are of a different character from those about dogs, which protected mankind: the Japanese 'nekomata,' or bewitching cat, with her forked tail, being an exceedingly dangerous demon, who devours old women and assumes their shape," writes Mr. Lawson. "In the seventeenth century she is spoken of as an animal of darkness, a domestic tiger, and the Japanese place a sword at the side of a corpse in order to prevent the cat from walking over it or causing it to revive and change into a terrible demon.

"In the legends of the nineteenth century, however, the cat plays a good part instead of that of an evil demon, and in these tales she sacrifices her life on behalf of her master, and is rewarded by burial in a Buddhist churchyard, with masses read for her soul.

"There is also an old tradition among Japanese sailors, which survives to this day, according to which a three-colored tomcat (white, black and brown), is an excellent charm against evil spirits. He knows when a storm is coming and climbs upon the mast, where he drives away the demons; and the sailors of Dai Nippon do not care what price they pay for such a cat, and make great sacrifices in order to have one as a mascot on board ship."

THE LOCKET THAT WAS BAKED.

By L. M. Montgomery.

Grandma Taylor had come for a visit, and this meant stories—real, delightful, "truly" stories of the long-ago time. "When grandma was a little girl." In the twilight, just before the lamp was lighted, grandma would drop her knitting in her lap, lean back in her armchair, while all the children gathered around her and the firelight made beautiful, flickering shadows and radiances all over the room.

"Did I ever tell you the story of the locket that was baked?" asked grandma one evening.

No, she had never told them that story, and it did sound very interesting. Who had ever heard of baking a locket?

"Well," said grandma, "it happened when I was a little girl, just

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ten years old. I'm a very short person, as you know, and I've always maintained that it is because I was frightened out of at least two years' growth that day.

"We were living then in a new settlement called Brinsley—father and mother and I. We had a tiny little house on a new farm. It was such a tiny house that it was fortunate there were only three of us. There was just a kitchen, with two little bedrooms opening off of it and a loft overhead for the hired boy. But we were very happy in that little house. My only trouble was that I had no playmates; for our nearest neighbour was a mile from us; and all around were uncleared woods or stump lands. But sometimes I was allowed to go to the village, three miles away, and spend the day with Uncle Robert's family. These occasions were great treats.

"One summer Aunt Hannah came to visit at Uncle Robert's. We had never seen her before. She lived in a distant city, was very rich, and had the most beautiful dresses and jewellery. When she came out to see us, I thought that she had stepped out of a story book, with her pretty silk gown, her dainty white hands, and her kind, winning manners.

"When Aunt Hannah had been at Uncle Robert's about a fortnight, they all drove out to our place one lovely summer morning, bound on a picnic excursion to the shore, some miles away.

"We have come for you and Josie," said Aunt Hannah. "Just lock up your house and come. The Marsdens are to meet us at the shore, and you know you haven't seen Bess Marsden for years. You and she used to be such friends, and she is longing to see you."

"I was delighted. Any kind of a picnic would have been a treat, but a picnic to the shore was a double treat. Mother, however, sighed and

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