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WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION THE GUIDE

Entertaining the Bride-to-be

Each one of us, at one time or another, has wanted to add to the happiness of a bride-to-be by some entertainment in her honor that should be strikingly novel. Most of us, I am afraid, have given up, in despairing agreement with the person who said that there is nothing new under the sun, and have fallen back on conventional dinners and luncheons for the expression of our hospitality. Yet if there is nothing actually new, to cheer the would-be hostess, there are, nevertheless, old ideas which are capable of being dressed up in new forms until they possess all the charm of novelty.

First, of course, come the inevitable showers, which are almost as much a part of the wedding as the ceremony itself. There are objections to them in the tax they impose upon the purse—and, often, the consequent feeling of reluctant obligation that is distasteful alike to donors and to bride. Two showers given in honor of a recent bride refuted these objections.

At the first shower it literally rained pins and needles. Twelve of the bride-to-be's friends had contributed twenty-five cents each to buy her a work-basket, and each brought with her to the gay little shower party some necessary bit of equipment for it, as an emery, scissors, needle-book, stiletto, while the hostess provided enough material to make twelve dish-towels. On the day of the shower, the bride-to-be was escorted by her hostess to a seat on a stump beneath a huge smilax-hung umbrella suspended from the chandelier. The "cloud" broke (a grey paper bundle tied above the umbrella, and torn by jerking a string attached to it), and the pins and needles which had filled it pelted down over the umbrella about the startled guest of honor. Then the girls dashed in with the basket and their gifts, and a merry scramble ensued to see who could pick up the most pins. Afterward, they all sat Turkish fashion on the floor and hemmed the dish-towels in a merry imitation of the tools that would so often have to be used for similar tasks.

Just two days before the wedding came the final shower. Upon arrival at the house where it was held, and before she was permitted to remove her hat and wraps, the bride-to-be was presented with a huge market-basket and invited to take a lesson in purchasing household supplies. Escorted by a bevy of laughing girls, each with a business-like note-book, she was led into the parlor, where an imitation grocery-store had been arranged, with a model white-aproned clerk in attendance. Book-shelves had been hung from the molding and stocked with every conceivable kind of dry groceries, from washing-powder and prunes to olive oil and paprika. No bride with that supply would be at a loss on even the first day of house-keeping because of some forgotten staple. Of course, they were all things that would keep over the period of the wedding-trip. One shelf was devoted to canned goods for an emergency such as the arrival of unexpected guests. The girls had had no end of fun thinking out complete lists. No one of them had spent more than twenty-five cents. They all clustered around the counter, the bride in their midst, and each one in turn called upon the clerk for the article she had herself brought. This she bestowed in the bride's basket, with solemn adjurations as to its use and value. Some of these remarks were very funny, like the one that extolled pepper and ammonia as weapons of defense. Of course, this idea could be worked out equally well in a linen or housefurnishing shower.

In another town, the bridal party—bridesmaids and ushers—joined in giving the bride and groom a progressive dinner, each course of which was planned to be served at a different house. It was a big success, lots of fun for all, and not too much work for any. For such a party the invitations, attractively arranged and lettered, should read:

On Thursday, June fifth, at seven o'clock, a party eager to discover the Pathway to Happiness will set sail from Dock 81, Elm Street, on the good ship "Veranda" for the Housekeeping Ports of the World. You are cordially invited to join them. Expenses will be nothing, tips refused, chaperons provided, all languages explained, and a Perpetual Progress Promised.

Of course, all the guests come in travelling costume, some with ridiculous bags. Some house with a broad

veranda must be chosen for this first scene. Decorate it to look as much like a steamer as possible, with flags and with steamer or lounging chairs all in a row facing the rail. Each chair should have a rug on it, and be tagged with the name of its intended occupant. These tags could be picture postcards depicting ocean scenes. At the sound of a bugle, the guests should take their places, and a little deck steward appear, bearing trays of fruit cocktails and salted crackers, which he passes around. As this first course is so brief, the tourists linger on deck for the popular ship-board game of quoits. A prize is awarded before they disembark to explore their first port. At the gang-plank (the top of the veranda stairs which lead out to the street) the hostess gives the bride a few pages of recipes for the preparation of sea food.

The first port, Gibraltar, takes them to the next house, where the decorations are red and yellow, and a delicious thick Spanish soup is served. The favors are small Spanish flags for the men, and red roses for the girls. Pictures of Spanish celebrities are passed around, and a prize is awarded to the one who guesses their identity most correctly. This hostess presents the bride with selected recipes for Spanish cookery.

For the next course, the party must climb over the Alps into Italy. The house itself should be about ten minutes away, and when they reach it, they find the door barricaded just inside with rows of step-ladders, covered with white sheets flecked with silver powder. They are presented with tiny Alpine sticks, and have a merry time seeing who can scramble fastest over the make-believe mountains. Here salmon and spaghetti are served, and Italian recipes are added to the bride's collection.

Next they dance around the corner into France, to an entree of chicken patties and green peas. The place-cards are fashion plates, cut out and mounted, and before they leave each guest is given a few scraps of material with which he has to dress a clothes-pin. A bisque figure is the prize awarded.

Over to Merrie England they go, of course, for the good roast beef and vegetables. Here they find great agitation over the suffrage question. Placards and posters are all about, and as soon as they have eaten they are summoned to a session of Parliament, every member being called upon to make a speech, pro or anti, not to exceed three minutes. Then a vote is taken and a prize awarded to the best speaker.

To Holland they go for sherbet and squab, with a windmill contest to see who can blow a feather up into the air and keep it there the longest; then to Germany for salad and the good old songs such as German students love. In Vienna, they have frozen sweets and a brief cabaret show, wherein two of the bridesmaids do a folk dance and others recite; and the gay party ends with dancing at the home port.

By Eleanor Otis,
in McCall's Magazine.

INTROIT

By Katharine Tynan

'Twere bliss to see one lark
Soar to the azure dark
Singing upon his high celestial road.
I have seen many hundreds soar, thank God.

To see one spring begin
In her first heavenly green,
Were grace unmeet for any mortal clod.
I have seen many springs begin, thank God.

After the lark, the swallow,
Blackbird in hill and hollow,
Thrushes and nightingales all roads I trod,
As tho one bird were not enough, thank God.

Not one flower, but a rout
All exquisite, are out:
All white and golden every stretch of sod,
As tho one flower were not enough, thank God.

The treasurer of one of the funds that English people are raising to meet the needs caused by the war recently received a package addressed in a girl's handwriting which contained a gold ring and a brief note: "He would have wished it so" it ran; "the boy will not come back."