

Everywoman's Book and Music Club

The following list of the Club's books and music which are in greatest demand, will serve new members in choosing their first dollar's worth.

35c Each, Choose Any Three

1. How Shall I Tell My Child.
2. Letting in the Light.
3. No Danger to a Girl Like This.
4. Facts for Fighters.
5. The Romance of Growing Slender on Three Meals a Day.
6. The Way to Her House.
7. Playing with Fire.
8. The Strength of Ten.
9. Life's Story.
10. Mother Goose's Garden.
11. Round Pegs in Square Holes.
12. Four Alphabets of Characters.

\$1.15 Each, Choose any One

13. Facts for Married.
14. Plain Facts on Sex Hygiene
15. Breathe and Be Well.
16. Confidential Chat with Boys.
17. Confidential Chat with Girls.
18. Sex Problems in Work and Worry.
19. Our Sons.
20. Bathing for Health.
21. Sexology (Dr. Hall).
22. The Young Mother's Guide.
23. How to Rest.
24. How Boys and Girls Can Earn Money

Choose any One

25. Street of Seven Stars (Reinhart)
26. Adventures of Jimmy Dale (Packard)
27. The Eternal Magdalene (McLaughlin)
28. Mr. Britling Sees It Through (Wells)

29. Buck Parvin and the Movies (Van Loan)
30. Personality Plus (Ferber)
31. Maid of Paradise (Chambers)
32. The Call of the Blood (Hichens)
33. The Fruitful Vine.
34. The Way of an Eagle (Dell)
35. Martin Eden (London)
36. My Four Years in Germany (Gerrard)

Standard Music—Vocal—4 Keys 60c Each, Choose Any Two

1. There's A Long Long Trail.
2. Dear Little Boy of Mine.
3. In the Garden of My Heart.
4. Mother Machree.
5. My Rosary for You.
6. Sorter Miss You.
7. The Magic of Your Eyes.
8. When Irish Eyes Are Smiling.
9. Gypsy Love Song
10. Resignation (Sacred)
11. My Wild Irish Rose

Instrumental—Piano—50c Each Choose any Two

12. Somewhere a Voice is Calling.
13. Rendezvous.
14. Melody of Love.
15. Humoreske.
16. Dance of Shadows.
17. Apple Blossoms.
18. Hunting March.
19. The Wayside Chapel.
20. Danse Ecossaie.

Books and Music listed, positively will not be sold. Prices are given here only as an aid in making your FREE selection. Where the price of the book wanted is over \$1.00, please send stamps or coin for the difference. (For instance on a book that is \$1.15 postpaid, send 15c extra)

GET THE CLUB'S BIG ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

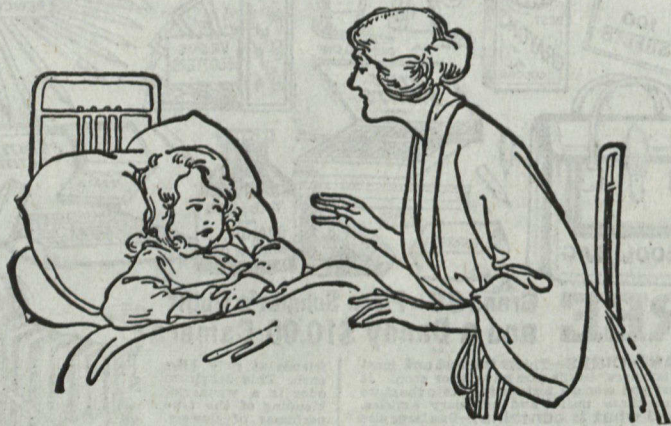
Each new member will receive the Club's fine catalogue of books and music with their membership. It will be mailed to you at once if you would like to have it before making your selection.

Secretary of Everywoman's Book and Music Club,
259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Please enroll me as a member of Everywoman's Book and Music Club. I enclose \$2.00 which extends my subscription one year from date of expiration, and entitles me to receive at once, postpaid \$1.00 selection of publications free of cost. I am also to have the opportunity to secure a further \$1.00 selection each month free of cost, and all the other privileges and advantages of membership for one full year. The books or music I desire are:

Order by number
Name.....
Address.....C2

Give name exactly as appearing on your present address label.
If any change please advise us on an extra sheet of paper.



Child is Constipated! Bilious! Look at Tongue.

**Hurry, Mother! Remove poisons from little
stomach, liver and bowels with
"California Syrup of Figs."**

No matter what ails your child, a gentle, thorough laxative should always be the first treatment given.

If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look Mother! see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup

of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without griping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mothers can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's liver and bowels and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages, and for grown-ups printed on bottle. Remember name "California."

The Friendship Circle Club

Our Girls' Club for Making Money

"Married girls and single,
There's money in this "jingle"
Listen and you shall hear,
Of wise ways and simple,
In which a little dimple
Of happiness will appear."

Fine Feathers

OF course you've all heard of Mary Pickford, haven't you, girls? How we have all longed within the secret precincts of our hearts, to emulate her. We girls are queer creatures, don't you think? A word of sincere admiration, a little insidious flattery—and the wisest of us will "fall for it!" I do it myself, every day, and I'm not ashamed of it, either, for "girls will be girls", and that's all there's to it. And if we are really anxious to please—and give me the girl that isn't)—let us hasten to make the most of all those little feminine charms which Nature has so lavishly showered upon "woman"—and when all these fail—call to our assistance the service of "Doctor Art." How about his fees though when your meagre little purse seems so hopelessly limited? So you wish and sigh, and sigh and wish for some magic way out in which that little purse shall grow and grow and grow! Now listen!

Midas—His Maids

RIGHT in the heart of the Mediteranean is an island named Crete, and far, far back in history, as some of you will probably remember, there was once a great king called Midas. One day he was asked to make a wish: to center his thoughts on the thing his heart desired beyond all others, and it would be granted him. So he wished for "the Golden Touch". No sooner said than done, for the first thing he touched—the table—turned instantly to the yellowest of gold. With the next touch the porcelain platter was transformed into a glorious vessel, resplendent in the same shining metal, and so on, until in a short time, he became the richest king in all the world. And so there seems only one thing to concentrate upon—the hunt for the secret of "The Golden Touch."

The Square Peg in the Round Hole

IT'S quite easy when you know how—though it does seem impossible when you've only two dollars in your modest little purse and that bewitching and perfectly adorable model you've just set your heart upon is marked in Mme. Modiste's window "\$12.00." And then,

brother Jack writes his sweater's all worn out; won't you please send him another at once before he freezes to death.

Easy Street

SO don't disguise from yourselves the fact, girls, that you are just aching for a few of those innumerable little luxuries in life that liven up its deadly monotonous routine. Some of us for instance love music. Or, again, some of us love to travel, and we dream of the time when, grip in hand, we can saunter forth on a little voyage of exploration—all our own! And so on—*ad infinitum*. "Dreams—idle dreams," you will say. No, ma'am, that isn't so—not by any manner of means.

Do not despair, girls, if things are out of gear, and you twist your brains and juggle your odd pennies, only to find you're about as well off as when you started juggling. It isn't necessary to remain in the rut—not one whit! And all the Friendship Circle girls will tell you so if you will but ask their advice.

"Goode Fellowship" Toward All

NOW one of the greatest features of our club is the wonderful spirit of sincerity with which each member is welcomed into our midst. We want every girl in the whole country to join—"The more the merrier" is indeed a happy proverb. And you can help along more than you think, girls, by talking about this splendid opportunity, for there's nothing in all the world that's so contagious as enthusiasm, real, bubbling-over, energetic, enthusiasm. It's like throwing a stone into a pond—the harder you throw, the greater the circle. How large is your circle going to be?

Prizes and Surprises

AND the prizes, girls! Such magnificent ones, of shimmering gold and iridescent sparkling diamonds. And, before I forget it, a special little square box containing what do you think? Just guess! I mustn't stop any longer because if I do the secret is sure to pop out. They say a woman can't keep a secret, you know, but if you drop me a note to-day, I promise to answer at once. Write me NOW!

Jean Arthur
Manager, Girls' Club
Everywoman's World, Toronto, Ont.

"MY LADY CAPRICE"

(Continued from page 8)

"Oh, Auntie!" exclaimed Dorothy,

"won't you take us?"

"Dear—not this morning."

"Are you going far, then, Uncle Dick?"

"Yes, very far," I answered, glancing uneasily from the Imp's drooping figure to Lisbeth.

"I wonder where?"

"Oh—well—er—down the river," I stammered, quite at a loss.

"Y-e-s, but where?" persisted Dorothy.

"Well, to—er—to—"

"To the 'Land of Heart's Delight,'" Lisbeth put in, "and you may come with us, after all, if Uncle Dick will take you."

"To be sure he will, if your auntie wishes it," I cried, "so step aboard, my hearties, and lively!" In a moment the Imp's hand was in mine, and he was smiling up at me with wet lashes.

"I knew 'Timothy Bone' could never be a—"

"a—'mutinous rogue,'" he said, and

turned to aid Dorothy aboard with the air of an admiral on his flagship.

And now, all being ready, he unhitched the painter, or, as he said, "slipped our cable," and we glided out into midstream.

"A ship," he said thoughtfully, "always has a name. What shall we call this one?"

Last time we were 'pirates' and she was the 'Black Death'—"

"Never mind last time, Imp," I broke in; "to-day she is the Joyful Hope."

"That doesn't sound very 'pirate-y', somehow," he responded with a disparaging shake of the head, "but I s'pose it will have to do."

And so, upon that summer morning, the good ship "Joyful Hope" set sail for the "Land of Heart's Delight," and surely no vessel of her size ever carried quite such a cargo of happiness before or since.

(To be concluded in our next issue)

THE GAY OLD DOG

(Continued from page 47)

away and unimportant, like something forgotten. I think he did not even hear it with his conscious ear. But it rang and rang insistently. Jo liked to answer his telephone when at home.

"Hello!" He knew instantly the voice at the other end.

"That you, Jo?" it said.

"Yes."

"How's my boy?"

"I'm—all right."

"Listen, Jo. The crowd's coming over to-night. I've fixed up a little poker game for you. Just eight of us."

"I can't come to-night, Gert."

"Can't! Why not?"

"I'm not feeling so good."

"You just said you were all right."

"I am all right. Just kind of tired."

The voice took on a cooing note. "Is my Joey tired? Then he shall be all comfy on the sofa, and he doesn't need to play if he don't want to. No, sir."

Jo stood staring at the black mouth-piece of the telephone. He was seeing a

procession go marching by. Boys, hundreds of boys, in khaki.

"Hello! Hello!" the voice took on an anxious note. "Are you there?"

"Yes," wearily.

"Jo, there's something the matter. You're sick. I'm coming right over."

"No!"

"Why not? You sound as if you'd been sleeping. Look here—"

"Leave me alone!" cried Jo, suddenly, and the receiver clacked on to the hook.

"Leave me alone. Leave me alone—" long after the connection had been broken.

He stood staring at the instrument with unseeing eyes. Then he turned and walked into the front room. All the light had gone out of it. Dusk had come on. All the light had gone out of everything. The zest had gone out of life. The game was over—the game he had been playing against loneliness and disappointment. And he was just a tired old man. A lonely, tired old man in a ridiculous, rose-coloured room that had grown, all of a sudden, drab.