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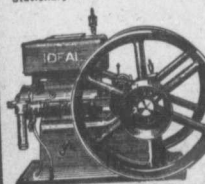
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his score, but not from his list. The letter "B" is taken next, and so on as far down the alphabet as the players wish to go. The game is instructive as well as entertaining and it needs no preparations beforehand.

Game of Railway Train.

This travel game is fun and is easy to play. It is especially good to introduce at a party where people have met for the first time, and where the atmosphere is somewhat reserved. Prepare slips of paper with questions written upon them. "What is your favorite book?"; "Where would you like to travel?"; "What is your favorite summer pastime?"; "Do you like work and why?"; "Arrange the chairs work and why?"; "Two, leaving an aisle between the two rows so that it is like a train with double seats on each side of the aisle. The girls are told to enter and take the outside seats furthest from the aisle, and the boys take the other seats. The questions are then distributed and the players are allowed three minutes' conversation on the subject mentioned in the paper. As usually happens in real trains they have to leave in the middle of their talk, for up and all men informs them time is the "conductor" to go forward to the next places and the girls hand their questions to the girls in the back. Thus everybody has a new partner and a new question at every change. This is a very good game for shy people who know how to talk very well if only they can begin.

The Game of Who is My Neighbor. This is another good game to begin an evening. One half the company are blindfolded: these helpless ones are then seated in such a way that each has a vacant chair to the right hand. The remaining half of the players now gather in the middle of the room in perfect silence.

OUR "MONEY AND MARRIAGE" CONTEST.

CONTRIBUTIONS to our contest on "Money and Marriage" which was announced in our issue of Nov. 2, are coming along nicely, and we have received a number of very interesting opinions to date. As stated in our first announcement, the latest date on which we can accept contributions to this contest is Nov. 25th. We shall be glad to hear from many others of our Folks who have views to express on this live topic. Don't forget to tell us before the 25th of this month.

The leader gives a signal and the players who are not blindfolded creep noiselessly to a vacant chair, the leader goes to the piano and begins to play the accompaniment to some old tune. "Sing," he cries, and all the unblindfolded players do their best or worst, until the leader cries "enough." Those who are blindfolded must guess from the singing, who sat on their right hand. Those whose guesses are wrong must remain blindfolded until the next time. Then, if they guess correctly the bandage is taken off and placed on some one else.

Apple Social.

This would be a very simple and suitable form of social for this time of the year to be held by the Young People's Society of the church. Cards are sent out with the following invitation:

Come to the Apple Social and See Who gets the

B-A-P
and
L-A-P

Entertainment under the auspices of

Young People's Society—

Church, Monday evening, November

Have cards printed with a letter on each which will form the name of the various apples, for instance, the letters of Baldwin and Grosvenor. Have each group of letters a separate color. It will be necessary to represent as many varieties of apples as will supply the number of those present with a letter. The cards are named to the guests, after which each one proceeds to find the rest of the letters, and colored like the one he holds, when the group is complete, the holder of the letter should spell out the name of the apple. Each group should then compose an original poem on the apple it represents. These poems are read to the audience and the prize B-A-P (Big Apple Pie) is awarded to the authors of the best poem and L-A-P (Little Apple Pie) to the authors of the poorest.

Commendable Work of Women's Institutes

THE Cambray Branch of the Women's Institute is doing a good work in that district and until war broke out, much of their efforts were devoted to community improvement. Now, of course, they are devoting their time and funds to Red Cross work.

In a recent interview with Mrs. Frank Webster, who was president of the Cambray branch for several years, she told of some of the work they had accomplished previous to the outbreak of war. Some of their funds were used to support the Muskoka hospital for consumptives. Laying sidewalks in their village had been another commendable feature of their work, and one of the biggest accomplishments of all was the improvement of their cemetery at Elgin. I had heard some thing of their efforts to improve their cemetery grounds and asked Mrs. Webster for more information along this line.

"Some years ago," Mrs. Webster said, "a number of people in the said village bought a piece of land off a corner of a farm, to be used as a cemetery. Later, another plot was secured adjoining this cemetery, and on this a church was built and part of the grounds was used as a church cemetery. Thus, on one side of the church, the cemetery was owned by individuals, and on the other side was not been receiving attention and had grown up like a little forest, with locust trees, and cemetery locusts. It was literally covered with weeds. The Women's Institute decided to do something towards making an improvement, and the first thing done was to have men come and cut down the trees. The women as well as the men worked, and before long there was a pile of rubbish as large as a good sized room.

"We raised money and bought salt to kill this cemetery weed. The weeds were cut first and then the applications were applied from time to time which were applied the weed.

"We felt that when we had done this much, the church had a right to do something. We wanted some business management, so called a meeting and sent word to the church trustees and minister to be there. We had come to the conclusion that this thing to do was to put this work in the hands of a cemetery committee. Some of the trustees came, and we went so far as to elect officers and to draft an agreement for this cemetery to be governed by this cemetery committee. All we lacked was the chairman of the trustees board and the deciding vote, and he was absent. This is as far as our business negotiations went. The minister we

had then left, and when the next one came I explained what was needed to him, but nothing was done. The minister we now have has not had a chance to have the matter put into his hands, so that nothing has been done for two years.

"I expect," Mrs. Webster in conclusion, "that it will not be for Red Cross work, another move would have been made before now had we been made before now had we been quite proud of what we had accomplished, and were sorry to see things remain at a standstill. We hope, however, that the work will be taken up again in the near future. Come and see the cemetery with me some time and I will tell you to see the cemetery about which we have been talking."

The Delayed Courtship

(Continued from page 14.)

after all. He knew what he wanted! When a day or so later he found himself in the train, and actually on the way South, he was not conscious that there was anything remarkable in that there was nothing remarkable in his action. It was his nature to go straight after what he desired, taking the shortest cut, and now he knew he wished to woo and win Sarah Townley as soon as possible. Perhaps she was already married, though the cranky old father might deter a good many men.

There was the chance, too, that the old man had died and that she had been forced to seek the protection of that unworthy kin of whom Jake had spoken.

Then there was the chance, though he found her still living in the same old place and still unmarried, that she would have none of him. This really troubled him more than anything.

Yes, he had fully realized that the chances were against him. Only were she to remember him after five years, would he feel encouraged. Ten years it was.

Arriving at the little town, he ordered a horse, and started out at once over the old country road, with a thoroughly sober face as he rode thoughtfully along. If only she remembered him!

The sun was still shining, but the cool of the evening had fallen on the land when Cowden reached the lane end, and dismounted to touch the tree. He went slowly up the hill, but his heart beat as fast as it had long ago when he had to run. His thoughts seemed to frame themselves in the phrase—"If she remembers!"

She was sitting on the steps, gazing thoughtfully over the fields. Her sewing had dropped from her fingers, and lay on her lap when her hands rested idly upon it. To Cowden she seemed unchanged, but a woman's keener eyes would have seen a difference—the hair not so bright as of old; the cheeks less rosy; a pathetic droop in the blue of the mouth; a tired look in the blue eyes, once so merry and bright. But it was she, the woman he wanted, there in the flesh, just as sweet and dear as ever. If only she remembered him!

As he came near she turned and saw him, and rose to her feet with the politely inquiring glance of one who greets a stranger at the door. But he had paused and tried to speak hard in his life words faded and beseechingly, so that she was stirred by a faint wonder, and answering his look with the frank and kindly glance of old, her eyes slowly widened, and she drew a deep breath. Then they stood for a moment and then she smiled.

"Well," she said softly, "well, will you have milk or water?"

Cowden dropped to the step and his heart sang a song of thanksgiving.

"Both!" he said with an answering smile, "both—and I am not in a bit of a hurry."

Difference Between

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"TO be able to source and the best results, claims Everyman" article in its October issue head "My With Thrift," a series readers are published sections of the Domestic resources.

In an introductory article continues:

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