

FASHIONS FOR CANADIANS

The sketch illustrates one of the smart sport suits for the coming season. It should be developed in broad-



Modish Sport Suit for Fall and Winter.

cloth, a soft light weight velour, wool jersey or other pliable material. The length of the coat may be taken as indicative of the general run of conservative, high-class tailored suits offered for fall and winter 1918-19. It is true that many suit coats are much longer, and not a few shorter, but the model here shown features a coat that is generally becoming and of which a woman will not quickly tire.

The little vest may be made of satin, or it may be developed in fine satin-smooth broadcloth in white or a very light shade, harmonising with the color of the suit. A touch of embroidery on the vest gives a pretty trimming. The little fur bands on either side of the front, and the short fur collar are also distinctive.

A suit of this type usually features a skirt about one and three-quarter yards wide, and approximately six inches from the ground in length. Many of the more "dressy" suits have extremely narrow skirts, missing the ground by only three or four inches, and quite often these skirts are slashed either at the back or sides, buttons and buttonholes holding the sections together.

Suits featuring panels on both skirt and coat are frequently seen, and the coat panels are often finished with wide bands of fur.

One suit recently seen showed a coat with a straight back panel, the sides of the coat sloping at the waist line a very novel front which was in reality a twenty-inch deep fur apron attached to the front of the coat at the waist line.

These freak styles are fortunately in the minority. Most fur-trimmed suits show only a collar of fur.

The strictly tailored suit, with coat buttoned straight to the neck in the centre-front, a simple scarf collar of self fabric finishing it, promises to be a favorite fashion, and for wear with handsome furs a suit of this type is an excellent choice.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME.



Just Folks

Edgar Allan Poe

PICTURE BOOKS.

I hold the finest picture books
Are woods an' fields an' runnin' brooks,
An' when the month o' May has done
Her paintin', just exactly right,
Each gorgeous scene for mortal sight,
I steal a day from toll an' go
To see the springtime's picture show.

It's everywhere I choose to tread—
Perhaps I'll find a violet bed
Half hidden by the larger greens,
Or group of ferns, or living moss,
So graceful an' so fine, I'll swear
That angels must have placed them
there.

To beautify the lonely spot
That mortal man would have forgot.
What hand can paint a picture book
So marvelous as a runnin' brook?
It matters not what time o' day
You visit it, the sunbeams play
Upon it just exactly right
The mysteries of God to light.
No human brush could ever trace

A droopin' willow with such grace!
Page after page, new beauties rise
To thrill with gladness an' surprise
The soul of him who drops his care
An' seeks the woods to wander, there
Birds with the angel gift o' song,
Make music for him all day long.
An' nothin' that is base or mean
Disturbs the grandeur of the scene.

There is no hint of hate or strife;
The woods display the joy of life,
An' answer with a silence fine
The cooer's cheer at power divine.
When doubt is high an' faith is low,
Back to the woods an' fields I go,
An' say to violet and tree,
"No mortal hand has fashioned thee."

NEVER SATISFIED.



Summertime—Very thoughtful of the
woman to take off their hats in the
theatre.
Groomsmen—Yes; but you still need
a periscope to look over the waves.

WEDLOCKED.



The Terrible Tempered Mr. Bang Missed the Train Again Because His Watch Was Slow.



THE EVENING STORY

THE PIE-EATING PARTY

(By Ann Stevens.)

That he was an alien in New York, Mr. Eli Pemberton always had borne in upon him definitely when it came to ordering breakfast. Still, pie-eating with him was bred in his New England bones and to renounce this delicacy at the first meal of the day just because he was obliged to spend two or three weeks on business in that city never occurred to him.

On this memorable trip to New York he had gone to a newly completed and palatial hotel that he had never gone to before. His reason, if the truth must be told, was because that distinctly charming young woman named Miss Lancaster, whom he had watched with interest in the Pullman car coming on to New York from the West, and to whom he had eventually been introduced by a business acquaintance, who also knew her, gave orders to the taxi man to drive her there.

"Drive me to the Metropolitan, please, and when you come back take these baggage checks and have 'my boxes sent over.' Miss Lancaster had then given the taxi man quite a handful of baggage checks, and as Eli Pemberton raised his hat to her and watched the retreating taxicab he also made up his mind to "stop" at the Metropolitan.

That was how it happened that he was in strange surroundings, and why when he went to the dining-room the next morning there were waiters whose faces he had never seen before and an entirely new headwaiter to break into his Yankee tastes.

As soon as he had ordered oatmeal and pancakes and sausages and coffee he said to the waiter: "And a piece of apple pie." That was the order that the waiters at the other hotel had had to get used to.

"Happle pie, sir?" echoed the waiter with as much surprise expressed in his voice as a waiter could permit himself. "H'm not sure, sir, as we can do that, sir. We do, sir, have it for a few orders at night, but happle pie for breakfast is something that is never asked for. The pie do not come in till toward noon, sir, and there would be none on hand."

Mr. Pemberton summoned the headwaiter, and placing a dollar bill in the hand of that dignitary, he asked him to "fix it up about the pie" for him. And the pie was speedily got from a nearby pastry makers and was set before him for breakfast. The next morning the pie was on hand when Mr. Pemberton arrived at breakfast.

"H'm once knew an actor fellow that 'ad to 'ave oatmeal for supper after he 'ad in from the theatre," commented the waiter to the headwaiter, "and another that put tobacco on his muck-

melons, but H'm never came across that before."

Mr. Eli Pemberton meantime went about his business in the big city that day with a heart heavy with loneliness.

His business trip in the West that finally terminated in New York had kept him away from his native New England for several weeks, and in none of the cities he had visited did he feel farther from that beloved New England than in New York where the women he met or passed in the street all seemed like women of a race different from the Yankee women Miss Lancaster, and something that he had learned about her set him wondering about her more than any of the rest.

Toward the close of the day he lingered in the office of one of the men with whom he did a good deal of business. "I've been wondering," he said to this man—Mr. Montague Stone, whose wife Eli had met and, on that meeting, had classified as "typical New York." "I've been wondering how many hats most women have to have. You see I never noticed those things. I have an idea that my own mother never had more than two hats at a time, but then she was a plain Yankee woman. Seems as if I remember that she used to have a big box full of ribbons and flowers and the things women fasten on their hats to make them pretty, and as I recall it, she used to take an old hat and sort of bend it up and fasten with it and make another hat out of it. But nowadays a New York woman I suppose would have to have a dozen hats at least."

"She'd have to have a husband with more money than I have to have that many," commented Mr. Montague Stone. "Why, I don't believe my wife and sort of bend it up and fasten with it ever has more than four in a season. Of course, some of those rich society women you read about might have a dozen or so. I suppose they do."

"If you knew a girl that travelled with twenty hats," suggested Mr. Pemberton, "I suppose you'd draw the conclusion that she was what you call a society woman, then."

"I suppose so," Eli heaved a sigh. "What's the idea?"

"It doesn't amount to much," Mr. Pemberton said. "But you see I travelled on from the West with a woman that interested me a lot. She seemed like such a sensible, matter-of-fact—like the kind of girl I think my mother was, and—well, she travels with twenty hats. She gave the taxi man a whole bunch of baggage checks and I was a little curious—Yankee inquisitiveness, I suppose—and so I asked the fellow that runs the baggage elevator over at the hotel—I happened to put up at the same hotel with her—about it, and he told me there were twenty hat boxes."

"Well," queried Mr. Stone, with a laugh. "A lumber king like you oughtn't to balk at a little thing like that. I couldn't afford a wife with twenty hats, but you could."

The next morning at breakfast Mr. Eli Pemberton received his apple pie promptly and without comment, and then as he was eating it the waiter said in a subdued tone very solemnly: "There's another party in the dining-room 'as ordered pie. It's a new hide. But we'd got it on 'and for you so we just gave this other party some of the one we got for you, sir."

Mr. Pemberton smiled his pleasure at this announcement. "You got that party there's another pie-eating Yankee here, and if he hasn't any objections he'd like to make his acquaintance, ere, take my card," and Mr. Pemberton slipped a dollar bill in the waiter's hand when he gave him the card.

"She took the card," said the waiter when he had returned a few minutes later from the other end of the dining-room. "She laughed quite a lot, she did, and she said 'ow she'd like to meet you. She said she was always glad to know a real Yankee, and would I show you over.'"

"Well, I didn't know it was a lady," commented Mr. Pemberton, "but a Yankee is a Yankee. Show me her table."

The girl eating pie at the table in the other end of the restaurant was none other than Miss Lancaster of the many hats.

"Say, get me another piece of pie," Mr. Pemberton told the waiter, when he had taken the chair offered to him by Miss Lancaster. "I happen to be acquainted with Miss Lancaster—I'll finish my breakfast here."

Pemberton's business in New York had been completed the day before, but because he decided to remain over another day, for the following day Miss Lancaster was booked to return to New England.

It was three months later when Eli Pemberton again returned to New York and dropped into the office of Montague Stone.

"Did you ever find out any more about the lady with the twenty hats?" asked Montague Stone. "I was asking my wife about it—it she wants to know the rest of the story."

"Why, that was Amy Lancaster—Amy Lancaster Pemberton now. I was just going to tell you to congratulate me. And I want you and Mrs. Stone to have dinner with us—we're at the Metropolitan. She came on with me—sort of combined a business trip with our honeymoon."

"Fine work, and many congratulations," Montague Stone, with a hearty handshake. "It always takes a plain old Yankee like you to win a society girl."

"Society girl, nothing. Those hat boxes—well, Miss Lancaster was a pretty shrewd business woman. She was saleswoman for one of the biggest millinery concerns in New England. Those hats weren't hers—they were samples. And now she's married me, she's through with the hats. I told her to bring as much baggage as she wanted, but she said she'd only bring one hat, and that's the one she wore on her head."

SIDE TALKS

BY RUTH CAMERON.

THE MOST IMPORTANT QUALITY.

It is a well known fact that certain of the most progressive business concerns keep record cards on which all their salespeople are graded, somewhat the way we used to be graded on our report cards in school.

Only, instead of reading and spelling and algebra, the salespeople get their marks on such subjects as accuracy, honesty, knowledge of the goods, etc.

How Much Each Factor Counts in the Eyes of This Firm.

The other day one of these charts came into my hands. It was very interesting. I think it might be a good idea if such charts could be given out among high school and college students, so that they might realize how much each factor counts towards success.

There are thirty-five headings under which the marking is done, and these thirty-five are grouped under four main heads: Physical, Intellectual, Personality and salesmanship.

One Quality More Than Twice As Valuable As The Rest.

The point which interested me most in the whole chart, was this: there were fourteen qualities listed under Personality, and among them was one quality which counted more than twice as much as any one of the others; it counted twice and a half times as much as ambition, enthusiasm or honesty, and five times as much as that

most vaunted of all business qualities—promptness. And what do you think that quality was? Something that only the exceptional person could acquire.

No—something that anyone, no matter how lacking in brilliance or "pep" could have if he willed it:

Just courtesy.

Just the habit of always saying "Good morning" and "Please" and "Thank You." Just a smile and a pleasant note in one's voice. Just a mixture of good manners and kindness.

The Hotel Manager Feels the Same.

The day after that chart came to my attention I picked up a magazine and read an article by one of the leading hotel managers in the country. Speaking of his waiters he said:

"We try to impress upon a waiter that no matter how deft he is, we will not keep him if he is perpetually grouchy or sulky. We always point out to him that even if he is slow and not very able at first, if he is courteous and shows a willing spirit to serve to the best of his ability, the average man will condone his errors."

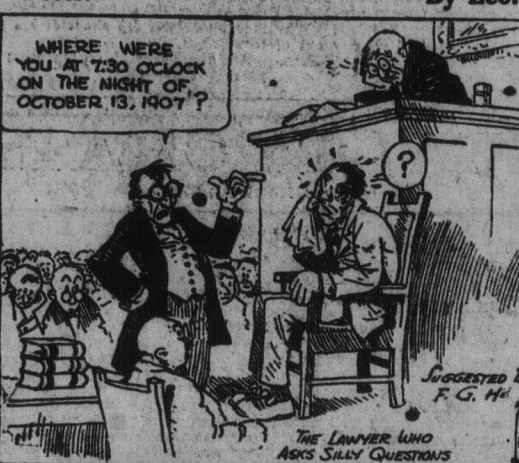
There you have it again.

Part courtesy in the balance against ability, and it is not the more showy quality that tips the scale.

Courtesy is heart sunshine. Its presence warms and cheers us and puts us in a better mood. While the absence of it affects us as disagreeably as the continued absence of the sun on a succession of cloudy days.

Pests.

—By Leo.



YOUR HEALTH

By ANDREW F. COURRIER, M. D.

GOITRE NO. 1.

A goitre is a tumor, or swelling, on the front of the neck, caused by the enlargement of the gland on either side of the larynx, called the "thyroid gland."

It occurs in almost every portion of the world, but is extremely common in certain localities—for instance, the county of Derbyshire, in England, where it is known as "Derbyshire neck," and some of the valleys in Switzerland.

It is thought that the use of lime water for drinking purposes causes it in the localities mentioned, but if this is so, why should not lime water produce similar results in other localities?

The thyroid gland is an important, even indispensable, portion of the machinery of the body, for it takes from the blood the iodine which has been separated from the food, and prepares the secretion called "thyroidin," which seems to be necessary to the proper functioning of the body.

If there is too much of this secretion, the gland swells up and the body is oversupplied with iodine and, poisoned by it, the condition being known as hyperthyroidism.

The thyroid has no duct or outlet, like the spleen and a number of other glands called ductless, its secretion being taken up directly by the blood current and distributed to the body.

When poisoning with organic iodine has occurred, we not only have the swelling of the gland on the neck, but also bulging of the eyes, rapid action of the heart, and other symptoms which together make up what is known as Graves' or Basedow's disease, both Graves and Basedow having described the disease independently of each other.

Accompanying the tumor there may also be general weakness, tuberculosis, disorders of the skin, and other conditions which show a disturbed state of the nutrition of the body.

As the disease progresses, the tumor and different organs of the body undergo important changes.

In addition to drinking water, as a cause of this disease in the places where it is of very common occurrence, it has been traced to physical or mental strain, nervous diseases, tonsillitis, appendicitis, gall-stones, and various other disorders.

It sometimes appears in successive generations of the same family, though this may be only because the successive generations are subjected to the same causative influences.

It does not appear to be a germ disease, and, inasmuch as iodine is one of the most powerful and efficient germicides we possess, it is unlikely that it ever will be so considered.

Pointed Paragraphs.

Nothing hurts a self-made martyr like being ignored.

Gold is always at a premium when a dentist handles it.

The golden rule measures exactly twelve inches to the foot.

Occasionally a man's wife is judged by the neckties he wears.

Testes differ—otherwise self-love would be a drug on the market.

No, Dorothy, a dishwasher is hardly ever a marmalade.

All the world loves a lover—except sometimes the girl the lover loves.

Never waste time telling a small boy how very good you were at his age.

—By LEO.

CRUDE WORK.



Mr. Fisher—So you don't believe what I tell you?
His Wife—What you say wouldn't even pass the German board of examinations.

YOUR WAR GARDEN.

You can still plant Swiss chard. This is a fine vegetable for the amateur to grow because it constantly renews itself when the outside leaves are picked, so that a short row will keep a family supplied. You can begin picking when the plants are a foot high. Swiss chard is very easy to can, and when winter comes will be greatly appreciated. You can preserve it, too, if you are short of cans or have little storage room.

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