

Young People

Out of Place

Oh, a very queer country is "Out of place"
(Did you say you had been there?)
Then you've seen, like me, a slate on the
floor,
And a book upon the stair.

You think they are easy to find, at least!
Oh, yes! if they would but stay
Just there till they're wanted; but then
they don't.
Alas! that isn't the way.

When a boy wants his hat, he sees his ball.
As plain as ever can be;
But when he has time for a game,
Not a sign of bat or of ball finds he.

Sometimes a good man is just off to the
train

(That is, it is time to go),
And he can't put his hand on his Sunday
hat!

It surely must vex him, I know.

If somebody wants to drive a nail,
It's "Where is the hammer, my dear?"
And so it goes, week in, week out
And truly all the year

How 'twould gladden the women of "Out-
of-place"

If the boys and girls themselves
Should wake up some morning determined
quite

To use hooks, closets and shelves.

An Important "Specialty"

"Just you wait till I get into Tech! Here
I've been fussing with machinery ever since
I was a kid, and it's the one thing I want to
learn about. There's only one trouble
about the course. I'll have to take some
English and history—always did hate 'em
both. But I'll do just enough with them
to get through."

Thad's brown eyes were as animated as
Roger's gray ones. "Chemistry for me,"
he announced. "Chemistry and German.
They're great, and I'll need them both
when I get into the medical college. I
wish I could cut out mathematics—but of
course I can't."

"There's one thing I hope you boys are
going to make a specialty of!" said their
father, who was turning over the papers
on the library table. "I see that a man on
Ninth Street has taken it up. His sign
attracted me, and I went in to see him last
week. I liked him so much I shall give him
all the business I can. By the way, I'm
going in this afternoon to see him. Do
you boys want to come?"

His two sons promptly assented, but
Mr. Everett shook his head smilingly at
their questions. "What is his specialty?"
he said. "I'll let you wait and see for
yourselves."

"Here's my specialist!" he said. Before
the door of a neat little shop hung a sign,
and upon it the boys read: "All sorts of
mending and repairing—china, glass,
furniture, etc. *Difficult jobs a special
delight!*"

"And he lives up to his announcement, I
find," Mr. Everett remarked, as they
neared the entrance. "I took him that
broken berry bowl your mother prized so
highly. It was so much like a Chinese
puzzle that I doubted whether even this
man would care to undertake it, but he
accepted the job with enthusiasm, and now
we'll see what he's done with it."

The mended bowl proved to be a better
piece of work than Mr. Everett had ex-
pected, and few moments later father
and sons were making the return trip in
the street-car. Thad and Roger both
looked thoughtfully at their father.

"If you boys will take that for your
motto when you begin work in the high
school," he was saying, "I shall have no
misgivings about the way you'll come out.
But it will mean not only pegging away
steadily at your favorite studies,—those
you expect to make a business of in later
life,—it will mean giving some of your best
efforts—to the less congenial studies—
history and English for you, Roger, and
mathematics for Thad. Your course of
study will include some subjects that don't
appeal to you strongly. Then remember
our friend's sign back there, 'Difficult jobs
a special delight!' I expect to be proud of
you both, boys!"

Our Secretive Ancestors

Property was not so safe in the past as it
is at the present day. Indeed, our an-
cestors often found that concealment was
the only means they could take to protect
their treasures. Sometimes they con-
cealed them so well that after the owner's
death the rightful heirs were put to no end
of trouble to find their inheritance. In
"The Bargain Book," by Mr. C. E. W.
Jerningham and Mr. Lewis Bettany, are
several such instances.

In the Thirty Years' War the Castle of
Giersberg in Silesia was sacked, and the
jewels owned by Freiherr von Giersberg
disappeared. Last century a member of
the family accidentally came across some
portraits of his ancestors in a Silesian farm-
house, and he at once purchased them.

On examination, he found that they
were apparently examples of the old fashion
of decorating pictures with tinsel and glass
to represent jewelry—a practise that has
recently been revived to some extent in the
case of a certain kind of pictorial post-
card. After making a fuller investigation,
however, he found, to his delight that in
one of the portraits thus recovered—that
of a lady—the necklace in the picture and
the stones in the rings were really some of
the family jewels, which were supposed to
have been irrevocably lost, and which had
been preserved in this original fashion.

Another story is told of two gentlemen
who had been named as executors in the
will of a friend. His legacies amounted to
several hundred pounds, and he had fre-
quently informed them that he would leave
more than enough to pay them. Search as
they would, however, they could not find
the money; the only sign was a scrap of
paper on which was written, "Seven
hundred pounds in *Till*." As their friend
had never been in trade, they could not
but think it singular that he should keep
such a sum of money in a till. They exam-
ined all the apartments carefully, but in
vain, and after repeated attempts to dis-
cover the money, gave over the search.

They sold his collection of books to a
London bookseller, and paid the legacies in
proportion. The singularity of the cir-
cumstance led them to converse frequently
about it, and one day it came into the mind
of one of them that amongst the books
sold there was a folio edition of "Tillot-
son's Sermons." The possibility that this
book might be the "Till" alluded to on the
piece of paper, made this executor immed-
iately wait upon the bookseller who had
purchased the library. He asked him
if he still had the edition of Tillotson that
had been among the books sold, and
found that the sermons had not yet been
disposed of. He immediately purchased
them, and as he turned over the leaves,
found bank-notes dispersed in various parts
of the volume, to the amount of seven
hundred pounds.

But what is perhaps no less remarkable,
the bookseller told him that a gentleman
at Oxford, reading in his catalogue of this
edition, had written to him and desired it
might be sent to him, which was accord-
ingly done; but the binding of the book not
meeting with the gentleman's approbation
it had been returned.

The Price

Betty Morean, pretty, flushed, dearly
lovable even in her girlish resentment,
looked indignantly at the dean.

"But, Miss Hollis—please forgive me—
I don't mean to be impertinent—but it
seems to me that my friendships are just
my own affair. Even if they make me
suffer, isn't it *my* life? And if I am willing
to pay the price, has anybody else a right
to say anything?"

"Sometimes one has no right not to
speak," the dean answered, gravely. "If
I saw a girl with weak lungs exposing her-
self recklessly, would there be any question
about my duty?"

"But that's a matter of health," Betty
objected.

"And you have just acknowledged to me
that the reason of your failure in your
French was that you were all 'broken up by
something' and couldn't study. Don't
you see, my dear, when it gets to that point
it has got beyond being a personal matter?"

"I will not speak of the injustice to your
friends that a 'crush' always applies, since
you may think that beyond my province.



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