

visited the great metropolis, London, the great, and it seemed a whole world. It was almost paralyzing to look at the crowds, and the question came to me, Where will all those people be fed? Where are their homes?

The London Tower is a giant of strength. Westminster Abbey, musty, but sacred. The Art Gallery, where everything that art has produced is represented. And that wonderful wax exhibition where everybody is fooled by the natural appearances of the persons represented. Many a visitor is caught talking to those beautifully dressed guards, and they will spend a minute or two before they discover that they are wax.

The great exposition was in full blow, and I spent a few hours at it. Was very pleased to see some lovely Canadian butter. Time was up, and I hustled back to the country, then to Liverpool. I learned that my acquaintances were returning by the Tunisian, and I by the Empress of Britain. A lot of Canadians were returning by the Empress, among them four ladies from our own London. I met them by accident, and I soon felt quite at home. The weather was not good coming back, but the people more friendly. A party of four ladies spent seven hours in Quebec. One of the four of us was a Scotch lady coming out to visit her sister in a northern town. Her friends had warned her that she was to put on all her heavy clothing before she left the steamship, and she even donned a fur-lined coat, for, they said, you are going to the land of snows. It was late in September, but an excessively warm day, and you can fancy the predicament she was in. She visited me in April after, and a good laugh we had as she remarked, "I was almost toasted to a cinder." The forest fires raged in Quebec and New Brunswick, and the smoke was almost unbearable, but we were all glad when we reached Toronto, and more so when we reached London, but the climax was reached a few hours later when I had lunch and a well-brewed cup of Japan tea. I was home.

A READER who is interested in Women's Institute work has sent in the following sketch by Beatrice Fairfax, which, she thinks, may be of some concern to others.

She was a good wife—there was nothing unusual in that.

She looked upon her husband as a demigod—there was nothing unusual in that.

He looked upon himself as an absolute god—and there was nothing unusual in that.

For fifteen years she had been a perfect wife and mother, living absolutely for her home and family, thinking only of their welfare and happiness.

She demanded little in return for her loving service, and the family had come to take it for granted and to enjoy the belief that constant self-sacrifice was mother's pleasure.

Then, one day, as gently and sweetly she had lived, the mother died. The funeral had been in the morning, and toward nightfall a steady, dreary rain set in.

The husband had wandered down to his office in the afternoon from sheer force of habit. It was closed since she died, and he sat there idly turning over a bundle of letters in whose contents he could not concentrate his attention.

He thought of the fifteen years they had spent together as man and wife, and it passed through his mind that perhaps he had not been quite the perfect husband that he had always considered himself to be.

"I suppose I've been as good as most husbands," he thought, uncomfortably, "but I wonder if I was good enough for her."

Oh, well, it was all over now, and he must make the best of things. There were the children to think of; he would go home to them now; they must feel as forlorn as he, poor little mites.

As he entered the front door he found himself listening for the cheery call that always greeted his home-coming.

Dreary silence—that sweet welcoming voice was hushed forever.

With a sigh he turned into the parlor. It was dark, and he stumbled over a footstool on his way to press the electric light button.

What were the servants thinking of to have the house in darkness at this hour. It had never happened before.

The fire that always blazed cheerily on the open fireplace had been allowed

to die out, and his own particular chair had been pulled away from the table by which it always stood.

There had always been a lighted lamp on that table and his favorite evening paper.

On a table at the other side of the fireplace, was a basket filled with half-finished mending.

There was Bobbie's stocking, with the darning egg in it, just as she had showed it to him the night before she was taken ill.

"Bobbie is getting to be such a great, strong boy," she had said, with tender pride. "He keeps me half my time mending his things."

With tear-blurred eyes and clumsy unsteady fingers, he picked up the stocking, the last sign of her loving ministrations.

He wandered forlornly upstairs. Where were the children, he wondered.

He turned into their room, the room he and she had shared for fifteen years. There, in the closet, hung the pretty pink wrapper she had always worn when she did her hair.

With a sobbing sigh he buried his face in its silken folds—the sweet fragrance of her still clung to it.

He paced slowly up and down the room, which henceforth must be his, alone.

That worn place in the carpet—he remembered that she had wanted a new carpet last Easter, but he had said they couldn't afford it; and then he had bought a very expensive fur-lined coat for himself, and she had been delighted that he should be so comfortable.

In a sudden fit of unendurable misery he walked over to the window and flung it open.

It was raining hard, and with a groan, he remembered how she had always hated the rain.

Hated it, and to-night she was lying out under that rain-soaked sod—all alone, his pretty, pretty girl.

He moved blindly back to the bedside. Where were his slippers, he wondered? She always had them ready for him.

As he kicked off his shoes, a thing absurdly pathetic upset him utterly.

There was a hole in the toe of his stocking; such a thing had not happened during his fifteen years of married life.

She wouldn't have it happen. With a hoarse sob of misery, he cried: "I cannot bear it. I cannot live without her."

When, a few minutes later, he answered the summons of his dinner gong, he found the children at the table, a subdued, little sad-faced group.

He sat down opposite the empty chair.

"Children," he said, "I want to tell you that you have lost the best mother and I the best wife that ever lived, and we did not half appreciate her."

And out in the silence and the rain the little mother slept peacefully.

Appreciation had come too late to disturb her place of rest.

Worth Knowing

DO not use a brass kettle for cooking until it is thoroughly cleaned with salt and vinegar.

To take out dye stains from the hands, use corn meal, pumice stone, or fine sand, or a little chloride of lime in water. Many stains can be removed with vinegar or lemon juice.

Tumblers which have contained milk should first be rinsed in cold water before washing in hot water.

Graniteware should not be left to dry over a hot fire, as the heat in expanding may cause the outside to scale.

When material is being dyed it should be stirred well. This allows the dye to penetrate to all parts alike, thus producing an even shade.

Never put meat directly on the ice, but always on a plate, as direct contact with the ice will destroy its flavor.

Fish, lemons, and cheese, or any strongly-flavored food should not be placed in the same compartment with milk and butter.

Perspiration stains can be removed by rubbing with soap, and laying the garment in the hot sun.

Mold can be kept from the top of preserves by putting a few drops of glycerine around the edges of the jar before screwing on the cover.

To take out grass stains, rub over the marks with the juice of a raw tomato, sprinkle with salt, and lay in the sun. Repeat the process if necessary two or three times.



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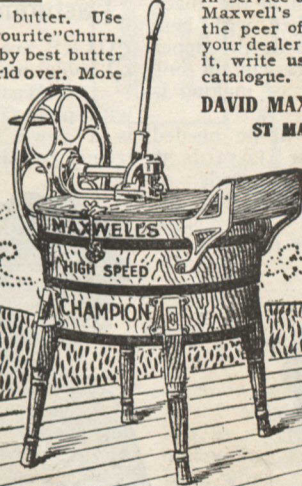
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