



THE HOME WORLD



IMPROVING THE FAMILY

THE Bunnns were not pretentious people. Mr. Bunn was honest and his fellow men respected him. Mrs. Bunn was a woman of much common sense, and other women admired her for that sterling quality. The Bunnns occupied a place of no mean importance in what society the town afforded; but it would have required a stretch of the imagination to look upon them as fashionable people.

Eleanor, the only daughter, had been perfectly satisfied with her unassuming family until the Cunninghams moved into town; but when she began to compare her own relatives with those of Gladys Cunningham, whom she admired more than any other girl she knew, she at once discovered glaring faults.

There was not, she decided, a particle of style about her father. His overcoat was shiny along the seams, his trousers bagged at the knees, he was careless in his speech, and he wore spectacles.

Mr. Cunningham, in eye-glasses, and with his trousers properly creased, looked far more distinguished, the girl thought. She was certain, too, that Mr. Cunningham never used words of one syllable when he could express the same idea in polysyllables.

Her own mother seemed shockingly indifferent to the changing fashions. To be sure, her garments were always neat, and she wore fresh white collars, whether they were in style or not; but Eleanor could not remember a time when her hair was not parted in the middle and brushed smoothly back at the sides.

On the other hand, some of Mrs. Cunningham's gowns had been imported from Paris. Her hair was arranged in a different fashion every time Eleanor saw her.

Eleanor's brother Stephen loved the

woods. He liked nothing better than to live for days at a time in some deserted lumber camp. His old clothes were infinitely dearer to him than was his Sunday suit, and he had been known to grieve for days because his mother had given away a disreputable hat. Her friend's brother, Harold, was always well dressed. Even his hunting clothes were new.

As for her grandmother! Gladys had pointed with pride at an exquisite miniature of a slender, lovely creature in point lace and pink satin. Eleanor's grandmother weighed two hundred pounds, and was hopelessly addicted to black and white sprigged calico.

ing at any rate. Don't your mother look pretty to-day?"

"Doesn't," corrected Eleanor, impatiently.

Mr. Bunn looked surprised and hurt. He realized suddenly that his daughter had corrected him a great many times during the week.

"I suppose I've grown careless," said he, apologetically.

"How horribly red your hands are!" said Eleanor, turning to her mother. "Why don't you put on your gloves?"

"Because," said Mrs. Bunn, "I have two burns on my right hand and a cut on my left. My gloves go on hard, but I suppose I shall have to wear them if my hands look coarse."

"I wish," grumbled Eleanor, still bent on improving the family, "that you wouldn't wear such an unbecoming bonnet. You look positively dowdy."

Mrs. Bunn flushed. She had not



"Why, bless you, my thick nose was never built for this sort of thing."

Then, in addition to all this, there was the family-name. Was name ever more sublime! Eleanor compared it with Cunningham, and decided in all seriousness to ask her father to change it.

"People will think," grumbled Eleanor, "that we had a baker for an ancestor and that our coat of arms was a plate of muffins."

"Let 'em," said Mr. Bunn, not at all dismayed, "provided they think he was a good baker and that the muffins were properly browned."

Eleanor, blissfully oblivious to her own shortcomings, felt that it devolved upon her to improve the family. She selected her father for the first victim. She had the glasses from a pair of his unfashionable spectacles transferred to other frames, and presented them to her father one Sunday morning.

"Why, bless you, my dear," said Mr. Bunn, perching the flimsy eye-glasses on the end of his nose and looking comically over them at his daughter, "my thick nose was never built for this sort of thing. However, I'll wear them to church if you say so. They won't affect my hear-

suspected that her bonnet was noticeably out of date. She felt suddenly that she was shabbily dressed.

Stephen and Eleanor walked together. By the time they reached the church door the boy, too, thanks to his sister, was red with mortification, conscious of his collar and more than doubtful about his tie. Sensitive Grandmother Bunn had decided to stay at home. Early that morning Eleanor, suggesting that black and white sprigs were not quite suitable for Sunday wear, had advised the stout old lady to keep them concealed under a shawl.

Eleanor herself was not entirely

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