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AT ALL GROCERS

\$4.50 SPRING SUITS

We make ladies suits. Our leader is a cheviot suit in black, navy, gray, dark red, fawn, seal brown and myrtle green. The cloth is wool. It is a \$15 tailored suit. We the manufacturers offer it to you at the factory price \$1.50. We sell hundreds of these suits. The model is the latest spring style. The jacket has a tight fitting back with half tight fitting front, with belt at waist line. It is lined in mercerized sateen. The skirt is seven gored with double tuck at each seam tailor stitched in silk, faced with canvas, and bound with velvet. It is elaborately trimmed with buttons. Skirt or coat alone \$2.50. Any suit may be returned if not entirely satisfactory and money refunded \$3 to 44 bust in stock.

Shirt waist suits. \$4.50 A tailored waist in spring style supplied instead of a coat if preferred. **Shirt waist suits** from lustre or mohair, any shade, made in latest spring style waist and skirt \$4.50.

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MOON'S CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
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"Washing" in Summer.

Possibly the greatest bugbear of work to the farm woman during the summer is the weekly washing. Washing isn't easy work at the best of times, and the big clothes basket seems to fill up so quickly and so to midably during the hot weather, when it is simply impossible to wear dark woollen gowns, or to "save the washing" in any possible way. Realizing just what this means on a farm, I have made a business during the past fortnight of collecting hints on how the work may be lessened, and I hope that some of our Ingle folk may find the result of my search helpful.

For an easy way of washing we are indebted to a writer in Woman's Home Companion, who says that she simply piles her white clothes (while dry) into a big boiler of cold water, made very soapy, and with a tablespoonful of borax or ammonia added to it. She lets the whole come to a boil and boil 20 minutes; then she takes the clothes out, rubs them out lightly, rinses and blues. If the clothes were not very dirty—and, by the way, it never pays to let clothes get very dirty—we should think this might be a very good way, well worth trying. The writer emphasizes the point that the clothes must be put in while the water is cold—not hot.

For washing white silk, which makes such cool blouses for summer wear, and possesses the advantage over cotton of not crinkling readily, three methods have been discovered: (1) Dissolve some powdered borax in your hot washing water and let cool. Put the articles in and steep about half an hour, then wash in a lather of pure white soap and warm water. Wash between the hands, not on a board; rinse well, first in blue-water, then in clear water; press out (not wring); dry partially, and iron on the wrong side. (2) To "dry clean," rub the silk all over with a mixture made of three parts fine starch and one part fine salt; shake out, rub again with the starch alone, roll up and leave 24 hours, then shake and brush out. (3) Cream and colored silks may be cleaned beautifully by putting in a tightly-closed jar of gasoline; over night. In the morning rub out lightly and hang outside to dry. When perfectly dry press with a warm iron on the wrong side. As gasoline is both inflammable and explosive, it must on no account be used in a room where there is a fire or light of any description. Even the heat of the sun has been known to make it explode. Do the washing in a cool room with the windows open and there will be no danger. Ribbons and white kid gloves may be cleaned in the same way. If much soiled, rinse in clean gasoline a second time.

By the way, how many of you have tried fels-naphtha soap? If you haven't, just try it during the hot weather, when you don't feel like working over a hot boiler. It is used for washing white clothes, and no boiling is necessary—just cold or lukewarm water from beginning to end.

The trouble usually experienced in washing colored prints, muslins, etc., would, as a rule, vanish like the Jungfrau giant if the following precautions were observed: Wash in clean, lukewarm water which has been made very soapy with white soap, and has had a tablespoonful of ox-gall added to it. Do not rub soap on the articles. Rinse through two waters and dry in the shade. When rinsing pink, green, mauve, etc., add a cupful of vinegar to the rinsing water. If there be

any white in the material a slight bluing should be given; for navy-blue and black materials the blue water should be made very dark. Soaking colored prints in strong salt water and drying without wringing will, it is said, prevent fading; this should be done before the articles are washed. For starching black and dark-colored wash-goods, the following methods are recommended: (1) Simply dip in milk which has been made blue with ordinary bluing. (2) Dissolve one ounce gum Arabic in cold water and pour over it one quart boiling water; double the quantities if necessary. Dip the articles in this, dry, sprinkle slightly, roll up, and when even's damp iron on the wrong side with an iron which is not too hot.

A good cold starch for collars, shirt fronts, etc., is made as follows: Dissolve one tablespoonful starch in half pint of water; add four drops turpentine and as much borax as will lie on a ten-cent piece, dissolved in a tablespoonful of boiling water.

I shall close by adding a hint, not for Mrs. or Miss Pernickety, but for the overworked farm women, whose weary bones surely need some consideration. After washing print gowns for morning wear, towels, sheets, pillow-cases, etc., rinse well and hang on the line dripping wet, without wringing even a little bit. When dry you will find them quite smooth. Simply fold neatly, and put away without ironing.

DAME DURDEN.

Hints on Housekeeping.

Try to get your work done in the forenoon so you will not have to drudge all day. Never go slovenly about your work; always try to appear tidy, and don't go about with your head like a haystack on a windy day. Never borrow from your neighbor. Do without things until you can get them from the store. Pay for what you get. Never run a bill. "Stint" yourself until you get a little ahead. Have a box for coppers and five-cent pieces, and you will never be without collection; also have a ten-cent bank and keep putting some into it once in a while, and sometime when you are short it will come in handy. Don't have to correct your children before strangers; teach them so that a look will suffice when they are doing wrong. There is no need of much whipping. Be firm with them; show them that you mean what you say. Don't put away their playthings or their clothes when they come in; teach them to do it themselves and it will save you a lot of trouble. A place for everything and everything in its place saves time and trouble. Don't waste anything; and, last of all, don't forget to thank your Heavenly Father, night and morning, for His care over you and yours. MRS. W. T. Maple, Ont.

A Lamp Closet.

Dear Dame Durden,—One of the greatest helps in having the home go smoothly is my lamp closet. In one corner of the kitchen, I have a little cupboard, where all the lamps are carried each morning. There I keep cloths, soap, a lamp basin, extra wicks; in fact, all things one needs for the care of the lamps. As soon as the breakfast dishes are done, the lamps are all cleaned, filled, and put in place. Nothing is so gloomy as a poorly-cared-for lamp, and many a man sits in a corner with his pipe, who would read by the table if he found a bright light and his paper or book ready after tea.

Our ten-year-old boy took all the care of six lamps all last winter, and in a friend's family, where they have copied my lamp closet, two little girls take turns week about in caring for the lamps, while the other week they darn certain parts of the family hosiery. C. D. Assa.

The LEAVENWORTH CASE.

By A. K. Green.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Continued.

I found myself in a large bed-room, evidently the one occupied by Mrs. Bel-den, and I passed on to the door leading into the room marked with a cross in the plan drawn for me by Q. It was a rough affair, made of pine boards and rudely painted, as though it had been put up in a hurry long after the rest of the house was finished. Pausing before it, I listened. All was still. Raising the latch, I endeavored to enter. The door was locked. Pausing again, I bent my ear to the key-hole. The grave itself could not have been stiller. Suddenly I remembered that in the plan Q had given me, I had seen another door leading into this same room from the one on the opposite side of the hall. Going hastily around to it, I tried it with my hand. But this was also fastened. Convinced at last that nothing was left but force, I said aloud, with an accent of severity:

"Hannah Chester, you are discovered; if you do not open the door, we shall be obliged to break it down."

Still no reply.

Going back a step, I threw my whole weight against the door. It creaked ominously, but still resisted. Stopping only long enough to be sure no movement had taken place within, I pressed against it once more, when it flew from its hinges, and I fell forward into a room so stifling, chill and dark, that I paused for a moment to collect my scattered senses. In another moment the pallor and fixity of the pretty Irish face staring upon me from amidst the tumbled clothes of a bed, struck me with so death-like a chill, that had it not been for that one instant of preparation, I should have been seriously dismayed. As it was, I could not prevent a feeling of sickly apprehension from seizing me, as I turned toward the silent figure stretched so near, and observed with what marble-like repose it lay beneath the patchwork quilt, asking myself if sleep could be indeed so like death in its appearance. For that it was a sleeping woman I beheld I did not seriously doubt.

And yet so white was the brow turned up to the bare beams of the unfinished wall above her, so glassy the look of the half-opened eyes, so motionless the arm lying half under, half over the edge of the coverlid, that it was impossible not to shrink from contact with a creature so dire in her unconsciousness. But contact seemed to be necessary. Nerving myself, therefore, I stooped and lifted the hand which lay with its tattered scar mockingly uppermost. But at the first touch of her hand on mine, an unspeakable horror thrilled me. It was not only icy cold, but stiff. Bending once more, I listened at the lips. Not a breath, not a stir. Shocked to the core, I made one final effort. Tearing down the clothes, I laid my hand upon her heart. It was pulseless as stone.

CHAPTER XXX.

Burned Paper.

The awful shock of this discovery, the sudden downfall which it brought of all the plans based upon this woman's expected testimony; and worst and most terrific of all, the dread coincidence of this sudden death with the exigency in which the guilty party, whoever it was, was supposed to be at that hour, were much too appalling for instant action.

But gradually as I gazed, the look of expectation which I perceived hovering about the wistful mouth and half-open lids, attracted me, and I bent above her as a friend might do, asking myself if she were quite dead, and whether or not immediate medical assistance would be of any avail. But the more closely I looked, the more certain I became that she had been dead for some hours, and leaving her side, I went into the next room, threw up the window, and fastened to the blind the red handkerchief which I had taken the precaution to bring with me.

Instantly a young man whom I was fain to believe was Q emerged from the tin-smith's house, and approached that in which I was.

Observing him cast a hurried glance in my direction, I crossed the floor and

(Continued on next page.)

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