

One Baking tells
this tale

PURITY FLOUR

Makes
"More Bread
and
Better Bread"

Also Daintier,
Lighter, Tastier
Buns, Rolls,
Pies, Cakes and
Pastry than
you can make
with any other
flour.

Test it at our risk.

609

A BOON

for which every woman afflicted with
an abnormal growth of hair on the
face, neck and arms will give deep, if
silent, thanks.

We have four expert operators who
are busy most of the time removing

Superfluous Hair

permanently, not for a few days only,
but forever, by our reliable and anti-
septic method of Electrolysis. Don't
cut or pull the hairs or spend good
money on worthless depilatories that
will increase the growth, but have the
hairs properly removed by Canada's
premier dermatologists, who assure
satisfactory results in each and every
case. Twenty years of success. Ar-
range to come during summer if you
live out of town.

Moles, Warts, Red Veins, etc., also
permanently destroyed. Booklet "F"
mailed free on request.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE

61 College St. Ontario
Toronto

EUROPE

EFFICIENCY
and SERVICE

The White Star Domini-
on Line has a record
for service and efficien-
cy that covers more
than forty years' suc-
cessful effort for the
travelling public.

Experienced travel-
lers will tell you that
we aim to please.

SAILINGS TUESDAYS by
THE LARGEST
CANADIAN
LINERS
'LAURENTIC' 'MAGANTIC'
'TEUTONIC' 'CANADA'
Ask the nearest Agent
for Particulars

WHITE STAR
DOMINION
LINE

She may choose to go home to a
little quiet recreation from 4 to 6, and
perhaps for a walk, which invariably re-
freshes her so that she often spends an
evening with your neighboring young
people. Can you not see that in this
way she is discharging her duty to the
community as much as though she fol-
lowed your hard and fast rules?

At the same time we cannot overlook
the conduct of the young woman who
would not keep her room tidy nor do
her own washing, who did not recognize
the field daisy, and was afraid of tan-
ning her hands. Surely she did not
come from our own Canadian farms. If
she did, don't ever write of her again.
We blush to own her. No intelligent,
refined young woman would be ashamed
to be friends with the fresh, wholesome
daughters and dear, hardworking moth-
ers of our farms. A great many of
our teachers now-a-days are farmers'
daughters and sons, who understand the
rush of the seeding and harvest, and
busy round of daily chores as well as
a thorough knowledge of birds, insects
and flowers, learned from Dame Nature
herself, a knowledge of which our city
cousins are sometimes deprived. But
don't, oh don't conclude that all teach-
ers are blundersers, because several of
your acquaintance have made an "heino-
us" mistake in your presence.

Consider kindly their labors, their re-
sponsibilities, their feelings and remem-
ber that they are human.

"He has achieved success who has
lived well, laughed often and loved
much; who has gained the respect of
intelligent men and the love of little
children; who has filled his niche and
accomplished his task; who has left
the world better than he found it,
whether by an improved poppy, a per-
fect poem or a rescued soul; who has
never lacked appreciation of earth's
beauty nor failed to express it; who
has looked for the best in others and
given the best he had; whose life was
an inspiration; whose memory a benedic-
tion."

TEACHER.

Elgin County, Ont.

Fashion Dept.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

When ordering, please use this form:

Send the following pattern to:—

Name.....

Post Office.....

County.....

Number of pattern.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

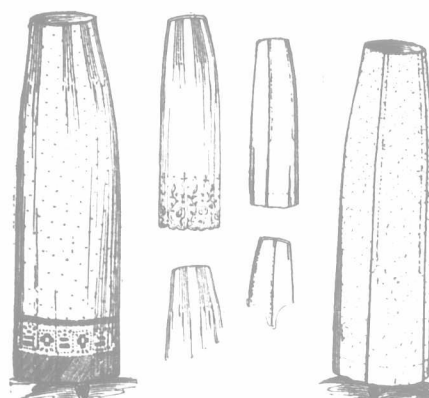
Measurement—Waist,..... Bust,.....

Date of issue in which pattern appeared.....

Address: Pattern Dept., "The Farmer's

Advocate and Home Magazine," London,

Ontario.



7807 Tucked Skirt, 22 to 30 waist. 7784 Four Gored Skirt, 22 to 34 waist



7848 Tucked Blouse 34 to 42 bust. 7824 Two-Piece Draped Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

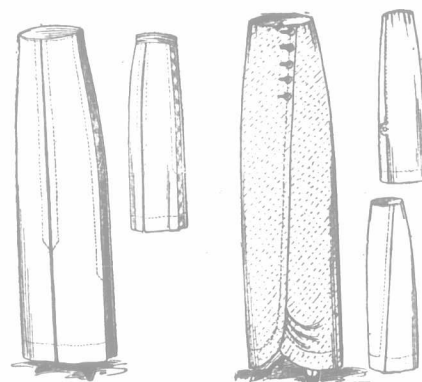


7834 Tucked Semi-Princess Dress for Misses and Small Women, 14, 16 and 18 years.

7801 Waist with Over Blouse and Tunic, 34 to 42 bust.



7818 Semi-Princess Gown, 34 to 42 bust.



7770 Two- or Four Piece Skirt, 22 to 30 waist.

7833 Three-Piece Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

The Beaver Circle

OUR SENIOR BEAVERS

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

The Gipsy Queen.

[Story Contributed by Helen Parry, (Age 14), Compton, Que.]

No doubt you have often seen gipsies driving through the village or town where you live, in dirty caravans, and have thought them more harmful than pleasant, but the gipsies that I am going to write my story on are not at all like that. If one were crossing the mountain called the Beaver, because of its peculiar shape, and it were just as the moon was rising, one would see a huge fire in the valley below, and if one went on further one would come to a wall made of stone and so high that no one could possibly see over it or get in. Now you will wonder what could possibly be kept in this cage. But it is not really a cage at all, but the gipsies' camp. Beyond the wall, if one

could only see over it, there is a huge fire, as you read before, and to the right of this is a high platform on which sits the most beautiful lady that was ever seen in all the gipsy camps. She is seated on a chair wound with the brightest tinsel, and on her head, arms and ankles are the most beautiful jewels. She is also beautiful; her skin is not like the rest of the gipsies but white, her hair is as black as coal, curling all over her well-shaped head. Her eyes are also black and large, and if you were to look into them you might detect a yearning look which makes her have a very sad appearance. Her lips are rosy red, and when she smiles her pearly teeth fairly shine in the fire-light. Here she sits gazing into the fire on a bright September night, while all around her are her people sitting tailor-fashion around the fire, singing and laughing merrily, while some are dancing on a platform to the left of the Queen. Every now and then some of the many gipsies will go before their Queen and throw themselves on their knees and take her hand to kiss it. This is the custom of the gipsies in showing their reverence and love, and they love no one more than their Queen. Gipsies never have kings, so when a gipsy girl offers to become Queen the rest honor her, not only as Queen, but for what they call bravery for giving up having a husband. This particular night is merrier than usual as it is the feast of the Queen, and a funny proceeding it is. Although it is in the honor of Andalusia the Queen, she is not allowed to move from her throne, but sits with her hands on the arms of her gaudy chair so that all may caress them.

* * * *

In a castle far off in fairy land sit a King and Queen, while around them are many children. It is the small Princess's birthday, and she is holding a large party. Seated in front of King Lorengo is the Queen. The eyes of the children are now resting on the King. Listen! What was that he said? "One night she was out in the garden alone. The nurse went in for a moment and when she came back our darling baby was gone. We were going to call her Angel because she was so beautiful. We have never found any trace of her, but have always taken it for granted that the gipsies must have taken her. She used to have her little parties just like Margaret's, and many the story have I told to her little guests also. But now children I mustn't keep you longer as it is growing late, and Margaret dear! run and find your mother; she must have left the room while I was speaking of Angel; she never can bear to hear me speak of her (poor dear)."

"How old would darling sister be?" asked Margaret.

"Sixteen darling," answered the father. "Now run away for to-night."

At this all the fairy maidens skipped away bidding the King and Queen good night. Although these people are fairies they still have their troubles as you may see. Imagine you are the Queen mourning for a child, who, at the age of two, vanished from your sight, and thinking that she is likely alive and may be living wretchedly, while, if she were at home, she would be heiress to her father's throne. Are not these sad thoughts? But better time comes.

* * * *

Let us wander back to the gipsy Queen, Andalusia, and her gipsy throng. It is a month exactly by a day since the festive night, and the Queen is not sitting on the throne now but walking along the steep mountain path that leads to the grand fairy city of Amber-ville, one of the most wonderful of wonderful fairy cities in all the fairy kingdom. She is not decked in jewels as before, but is clad plainly. On her feet are high riding boots, and if one were quick enough one would see on her right hand a magnificent ring that glimmers in the moonlight. This is the magic ring, and if one wears this she or he can overcome any thing or any one.

You will wonder how Andalusia ever came to be here, and how she got over the wall of the gipsy kingdom. It was this way. On the night before the festival she had found a secret passage out of the camp, and when she had reached the end she ran into a hand-