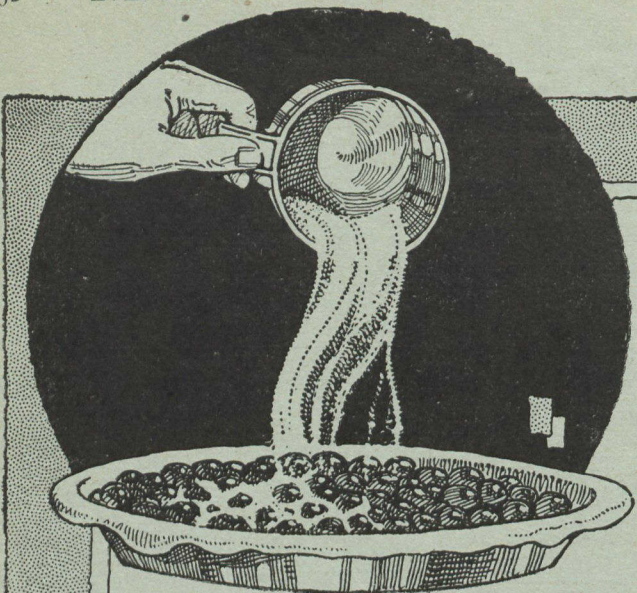




Can You Make a Good Pie?

Henry Ward Beecher once discoursed on pie crusts: "Let your paste be not like putty, nor rush to the other extreme and make it so flaky that one holds his breath while eating for fear of it blowing away. Let it not be plain like bread nor yet rich like cake."

Can you make a good pie? Watch the eyes of the man of the house—do they snap and sparkle when you bring on this favorite dessert?

Handle your pastry gently. Keep the materials of your pie cold. Sweeten your fruit filling with Dominion Crystal Sugar and—be sure your oven is hot when you pop in your cold pie.

Dominion Crystal Sugar

DOMINION CRYSTAL SUGAR is an important consideration in successful pie making. Every sparkling crystal of concentrated sweetness is absolutely pure—every step of its manufacture is safeguarded with unceasing vigilance.

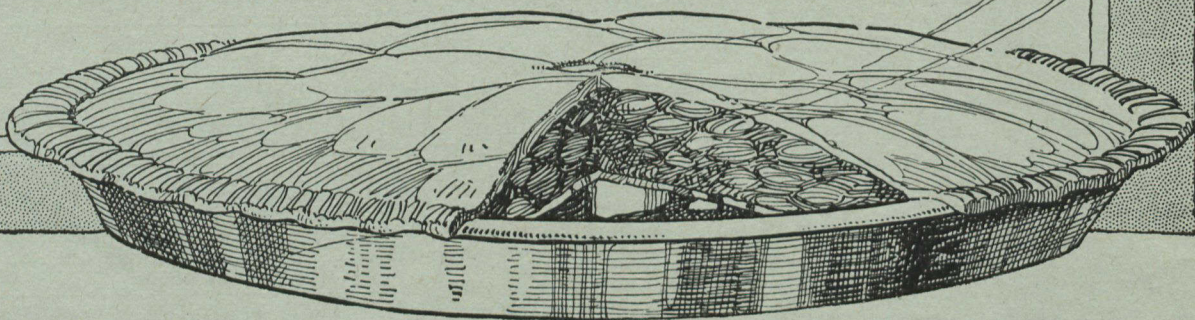
DOMINION CRYSTAL SUGAR adds to the natural deliciousness of pie fillings—sweetens too tart fruits without destroying their fresh, fruit flavor.

DOMINION CRYSTAL SUGAR is the only sugar that may rightly be called "Canadian from the ground up."

We do import the finest of raw cane sugar and refine it. But our pride is in the product we make from Canadian sugar beets—its use is dictated by good judgment as well as patriotism.

DOMINION SUGAR COMPANY
Limited

Wallaceburg Chatham Kitchener



MARIAN STUDIES FOR HER EXAMS.

She Does, And Then Again She Doesn't

By EDNA I. MacKENZIE

AS a girl studies, she often allows thoughts to creep into her mind that are, undoubtedly, associated with her studies, but are not conducive to the attainment of those studies. This little story of how one girl studied explains this.

"Oh, Mother, please don't ask me to do the dishes. I have the awfullest lot of home-work, and I don't know when I'll get it done. You help Mother, Helen, and I'll tell you a story after we get to bed. It was composition day to-day, and every one wrote on a story they had read. There was a dandy about a handsome rich Duke marrying his gardener's beautiful daughter. It was just the most romantic thing I ever heard."

"Now, where on earth shall I begin? I guess I'll do Martin's subjects first; he fusses so when we haven't his work up. I'd better study Geography, as it's all the cities of Canada, and they're the dickens to learn. Now, how many can I give without looking them up? Toronto, on Lake Ontario, noted for the Exhibition. I had the swellest time at the Exhibition last Fall. We went through everything on the Midway. My, but some things were thrilly! Ottawa, on the Ottawa River, noted for its Parliament Buildings. Mabel Morris was at the Opening of Parliament last year, and she said it was worth the trip just to see the wonderfully graceful way in which Princess Patricia courtesied to her father. She said it was simply superb and just to the manner born; and oh! the dresses were beautiful beyond description! I wish I could go to the next. It's really an education in itself, just to see the Opening. Of course one really wouldn't need to listen to all the dry stuff, you know. Hull, on the Ottawa River, noted for its matches. Well, I should say it was! Doris Wright went to Hull to visit her aunt. They say she's a great match-maker, and that's my opinion, believe me! Doris wasn't there a month before she was engaged, and that's the sixth she's married off. What's next? London, on the River Thames, noted for—oh, let me see—noted for its Asylum. I know a girl who said she was going to marry a Methodist minister in Toronto, and she had everything ready, even to the wedding breakfast; and if she hadn't

imagined the whole affair! Ada Merton gave her a cushion for a wedding present, and she never gave it back. No wonder she's in the asylum!

"Guelph, on the River Speed, noted for a—note for its Agricultural College. They call the boys 'Aggies' down there. I'm going to Guelph, when I'm engaged, to take the diamond ring course at MacDonald Hall. What's the sense of learning for years to bake, on the chance of getting married, when you can learn it in three months there when it's really necessary. Medicine Hat, in Alberta, noted for its gas. 'It has all Hell for a basement,' Kipling says. I wonder what it's like to be living over Hell all the time. I imagine it would be healthy. I don't see why they don't have Mapleton, on the Maitland River, noted for its fires and pretty girls. Ben Smith, who came from Toronto, says there are more pretty girls in our high school than in any collegiate there. Let me see—what's another city? I guess I'd better open the book and study them. There! I've spent enough time on Geography! We had Physical Geography yesterday. It's just perfectly wicked the way they teach how the earth was made. It isn't a bit like the way it's described in Genesis."

"Oh dear, I must get this Latin translated. It's all about somebody or other fighting. I wonder if those Latin people ever used slang. The children of our children's children's children will have a big time making out our language. I wonder what they would make out of 'That gets my goat,' or 'It's raining cats and dogs.' They'll likely think nature acted differently in our time and wonder what we did with all the cats. And then, suppose they were given some of Billy Sunday's sermons to study. Why, they would be completely gray with age before they could understand what he was getting at, and sermons are always taken as the highest standard, too. Well, say, I'm glad I'm an ancestress of the language rather than a posterity."

"We have a girl in the second form who has just come from the States. She uses

the elegantest language. She says 'All right,' 'It's o-u-t of sight,' and 're-al nice.' I think it's so genteel and aristocratic. I'm going to practise it every chance I get. Now, Helen, don't bother me until I get this Latin translated. It's better for you to do your work yourself."

"Thank goodness, that's done at last! And now I must do my French. They have the craziest way of saying things. Just imagine saying 'The book of the father of the girl is in the room of the teacher of the child,' or 'The lambs pretty, white, play in the fields green of the farmer rich.' Isn't that perfectly silly? I lent my French book to Billy Smith this morning, and oh, here's something he's written in it. Why, it's a poem, and it's written to me. Isn't that dear of him! I think he's just lovely. Now, what has he written?"

"To My Marian"

"As earth's below and heaven's above,
You're the only girl that I'll ever love.
I think of you by day and night,
And every time I take a bite."

"Say! that's fine, isn't it?"

"You're the prettiest girl I know,
I wish you'd have me for a beau.
As long as hair sticks to the skin,
I'll stick to you, my Marian."

"Now, isn't that the grandest poem out? It's every bit as good as any Tennyson ever wrote. I tell you he'll be a second Tennyson when he gets older. I guess if Martin knew what a genius he is, he wouldn't scold him and make fun of him because he can't do deductions. No poet's any good in mathematics. His brain's too sensitive. Ruby Gordon was so tickled because Herb Barnes wrote a poem to her. Here's the copy she gave me:

"Ode to My Weather-Vane"

"The sky is blue—I forgot, I should say blue—
"The sky is blue, for thou art true,

My dearest dear.
I love thy eyes, they are so wise,
Nor ends my worship here."

"And she's got the squintiest eyes you ever saw."

"The sky is gray, for thou'rt away,
My sweetest sweet.
I love thy face so full of grace,
And adore thy little feet."

"And she's got the biggest feet in the whole school; but then, they say love is blind!"

"The sky is clear, for thou art near,
My duckiest duck.
I love thy lips that honey sips—
Oh, gee! I guess I'm stuck!"

"JUST imagine such an ending as that! That poem isn't nearly as good as Billy's. The rhythm may be a little better, but then Billy has the personal touch when he says, 'I'll stick to thee, my Marian.' Ruby's poem could be written to any girl, but mine could be only for myself. Just wait until to-morrow, and I'll show her mine. Won't she turn green with envy! I guess she'll not put on any more airs. I wonder if I couldn't make up poetry:

"Oh, Billy, you're the nicest boy I know,
You make my heart beat for joy."

"That doesn't sound just right."

"There's something the matter with that line. I'll put 'up' after beat and see if that won't make it better."

"You make my heart beat up for joy."

"There! That's better!"

"I think that—"

"What in the world shall I say next? I imagine you've got to be mighty clever to make up poetry and get the metre right. I have the dearest verse in French in my French Reader. Muriel gave it to me:

"Je vous aime, je vous adore,
Oue voulez vous pas encore."

"In English it means, 'I love you, I adore you; what more do you want?' Miss Gordon, who teaches French, saw it and said, 'You're learning French very rapidly, Marian. Now, suppose you translate this (Continued on page 53)