

The Young Woman and Her Problem

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Mrs. Florence Randall Livesay

One day a Ruthenian girl in domestic service sang a lullaby while busy ironing. Her mistress listened.

"Tell me the story of your song—please," she asked.

The girl told the story—a quaint old legend from Ukrania.

In a short time, Mrs. Florence Randall Livesay composed a beautiful poem in English from the story—in rhythm and meaning nearly like the original. The similarity delighted the girl.

Then she sang more Ukranian songs, translating in English their meaning, and Mrs. Livesay composed more poems of Ukranian legends in English. For some time maid and mistress sang and composed until a new interest brightened the life of the servant and a new ambition inspired the mind of the mistress. She asked her maid to bring some of her friends to see her, and thus began Mrs. Livesay's acquaintance with the Ukranian people and their literature. A study of their language brought her more knowledge of the people and their history until she determined to bring before the English reading public these Ukranian treasures of song and story. And this year her book entitled "Songs of Ukrania" has had a most popular reception. Our book stores say it has been one of their best sellers.

Periodicals in the Old Country, in Canada, and in the States have published most praiseworthy reviews of the author's

Robson is a woman of long successful theatrical experience and this is what she said regarding the drama: "Only the clean drama lives. The questionable play may be very popular for a season—then no one hears of it. It dies quickly. For example—'Way Down East' is playing its twenty-third season. Yes," she emphasized, "only the clean drama lives."

Then Mary Synon said something that makes us wonder if we really do appreciate our environment. She said: "I am deeply indebted to Canada for the material of many of my best stories." Not only Mary Synon but most of the successful story writers on the other side of the line have come up here for some of their best material. The view from the distance lends enchantment. It reminds me of an experience in Boston. We were charmed with the pleasure of visiting the little villages of Concord and Lexington, where we saw the homes of Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, Hawthorne and Alcott, and upon our return to the city mentioned the fascination of the spot, to a woman in the boarding-house. "Yes," she replied, "I presume it is interesting. I have lived here in Boston all my life but have never gone out to Lexington and Concord." She was a well read woman, but these places, only a few miles out on the street car line, were too near to be appreciated.

I sometimes think we are like the old lady who could not find her glasses till



Patriotic Workers at Gladstone, Man.

The ladies are having 5 o'clock tea. The soldier to be seen is Sergt. T. M. Hembroff, who went with the first contingent and who was wounded at Givenchey, was in the hospital for several months and who is off on leave, but expects to be back in France in June. The lady standing beside him is Mrs. John Mowat, to whom is given the credit of the splendid result of the effort known in Gladstone as "The Quilt Committee."

interpretation of a literature previously known only to the Ukranian people, and Mrs. Livesay well deserves all this appreciation. Her poems are full of the sweet music of a gifted mind. In bringing the literature that throbs in the Ukranian heart to the English-speaking people Mrs. Livesay has done much to encourage a united interest in the foreign people in our midst.

Then there is a picture supremely beautiful to me—it is that of the soul catching the inspiration—the picture of mistress and maid engaged in the homely duties, for Mrs. Livesay is the mother of two lovely little children, and while busy with common household work they saw visions that lifted them above themselves. Surely the path of duty is the way to glory.

The Harvest Field of the Story Writer!

Two interesting guests were entertained last month by the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Woman's Press Club. One was the actress—May Robson. The other was a prominent American writer of stories—Miss May Synon. Miss

The Real Liver Pill—A torpid liver means a disordered system, mental depression, lassitude and in the end, if care be not taken, a chronic state of debility. The very best medicine to arouse the liver to healthy action is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are compounded of purely vegetable substances of careful selection and no other pills have their fine qualities. They do not gripe or pain and they are agreeable to the most sensitive stomach.

someone informed her that she was looking through them.

Western Canada is full of material for the author, the poet, and the historian, and we do appreciate the splendid work of our Canadian men and women who have made use of it, but others are gathering in the harvest too.

Soul Aristocracy

Requests have come to me at different times asking for my favorite passage in scripture. It pleases me to know that our readers—especially our girls—feel a spiritual atmosphere in this department. Yes, I have a favorite passage and one that is especially applicable to girls—particularly those who feel their lot in life is too menial. The verses refer to the most exalted woman in history, and in her girlhood she was only a hand-maiden. Have you ever noticed in the study of Biblical women that when a great woman was chosen for an important work, she was chosen from the common people? There is where one finds Soul Aristocracy. Deborah, for example, that great teacher, leader, patriot, judge and military captain was the one acknowledged and chosen from and by the consent of the common people to lead Israel against a powerful enemy—on to victory—and if one wants to learn about a great recruiting officer, get acquainted with Deborah. She was the pioneer in the great field of home-service and the inaugurator of the vast practical work of female philanthropy. As out of that struggle



The Good Things Some Boys Get

In homes that serve Puffed Wheat and Rice, boys carry the grains at play.

Sometimes they are simply salted—sometimes doused with melted butter. And these bubble-like grains, toasted, savory, crisp and flaky, form real food confections.

Those Boys Say This:

Boys with Puffed Grains always treat other boys. And they say something like this:

"Why, we have Puffed Grains every day in our house. I get a dish every morning.

"I get them sometimes for supper, in a bowl of milk. Sister uses them in candy making. And I get them like this after school.

"Sometimes it is Puffed Wheat, sometimes Puffed Rice. But one is as good as another."

Children who get Puffed Grains talk about them. And children who don't, envy the rest.

For these are the foods that taste like nuts. That are airy and thin and flimsy. And that seem like confections served by the dishful.

Children who don't get Puffed Grains get nothing else that's like them. There is no other way to make whole grains into such inviting morsels.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Each 15c. Except in Far West



The purpose of puffing, by Prof. Anderson's process, is to make whole grains wholly digestible. By terrific heat and shooting from guns, every food cell is exploded.

What cooking does in a partial way, this process does completely. Thus every element is made available, and every atom feeds.

People need whole-grain foods. But they need them so the whole grain will digest. Puffed Wheat and Rice supply them. So every dainty tidbit forms a perfect food. Let children eat all they will.



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