

joined to the flaring skirt portions, under a deep tuck. Gingham, chambray, linen, linene, percale, lawn, dimity, gabardine, serge, taffeta, tub silk or crepe is nice for this style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 3/4 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Lake Kathlyn and Environments

The fine two colored reproduction appearing as the frontispiece of The Western Home Monthly this month is from a photograph of Lake Kathlyn, Hudson's Bay Mountain, B.C., which was taken by Mr. R. C. W. Lett, Tourist and Colonization Agent of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, some time ago. At our request Mr. Lett has given the following excellent description of the scene:

The photograph which you have selected No. A. 752, Lake Kathlyn, Hudson's Bay Mountain, B.C., is one which I secured in August, 1914. The first time I had seen the lake was when on an overland trip in 1910, and at that time it just took me 91 days to go from Wolf Creek, West of Edmonton to Prince Rupert by pack horse, canoe, and "shanks mare." The trail used by the old Hudson's Bay company, but first by the Northwest Trading company led along the north side of the Nechako River, while this beautiful little lake is situated to the south of the river.

I remember well the night we pitched our camp on the long trip spoken of, directly opposite the beautiful Hudson's Bay Mountain, the glacier hanging the lowest of any I had ever seen, in fact this particular mountain seems to be the principal physical feature in that part of the country. Some of us around the camp fire discussed the question as to the distance that we were from the mountain, my own opinion being that if we could find a means of cross-

ing the Nechako River, we could reach the lake in a couple of hours time which would be about seven miles all together. The next morning we were up bright and early, and giving instructions to the packers to continue the trip, if I did not return by the following morning; the cook and I started out, travelling light as far as provisions were concerned but heavily loaded in the matter of photographic equipment. We found a single log about as slippery as an eel to answer the purpose of a bridge, at a considerable height above the foaming water below. We made the crossing in safety, however, and struck directly south for where we felt the lake must lie. Up to this time the lake had been known to the near-by settlers as Bolling Lake and Chickens Lake, neither of which names can in any way describe this beautiful mountain gem.

Well, we finally reached the shores of the lake, and in the still waters, which were perfectly clear, was reflected the great glacier hanging between the two great peaks of the mountain. We built a make-shift of a raft and poled laboriously over the smooth surface of the water, keeping as near to the shore as possible, and finally reached the west end, where we took again to the woods. We had made such photographs as would answer our purpose, and at the time I made up my mind that the name "Kathlyn" should rest upon this attractive sheet of water for all time, to come, if that august body, the Geographical Board of Canada would consider my application to have it. Now the lake is known, only officially I may say, as Lake Kathlyn, and like its name sake, its deep truthful reflections of things beautiful are its chief charms.

We started back towards evening to our camp, but this time we were not as fortunate in striking the river where the one log bridge lay, and night coming on, we were at a loss to determine whether or not the bridge lay to the east or west of us. We scrambled over and down timber

for fully a mile and a half down stream, without success, and as it was then pitch dark we built a fire on the shore of the river and passed the night, thinking of what we would do to the pork and beans and coffee when we reached camp the next day. We had only a light lunch on this long trip and occasionally snatched some high bush cranberries as we hurried in our search for the bridge. At daylight we made up our minds that we were below the crossing and struck eastward up the river, and inside of an hour and a half were back to camp just in time to see the pack train pulling out.

A lone settler came to our rescue and provided us with new made butter, fresh eggs, and a glass of hot milk, which put us on our feet once more, and mounting our horses which had been left tied by the trail side, we quickly overtook the pack train.

When accompanied in 1914 by that poetic lecturer, W. J. Speers the spell of the lake came upon him as he gazed across the shadowed surface of its bosom, and taking out his note book wrote the following lines:

"The shadows were dazlingly beautiful during our stay on this lake shore. The shadows of dawn were adequate compensation for any necessary effort required. We have visited many shadowed lakes, but none comparable to this. The spirit of every season rested or romped at will upon this mountain locked mirror. The tenderness of spring, in delicate green, played on the shore line. Summer shimmered at the rippling inlet, while autumn stood on high lily leaves, listening for distant rustles and to the weird cry of the lonely loon. Winter rested his pale brow in glacier reflections on the bosom of the waters, calm as a sleeping babe. The place seemed sacred. High, high above, overlooking this glassy stage, is placed the throne—Hudson's Bay Mountain—where the storm king of the north holds high carnival in season. Here mighty winds swing fluffy clouds bedecked in lace."

I have not described or attempted to detract in any way from the lake by mentioning other features of interest in this district, such as agricultural possibilities or the wealth of mineral resources, nor have I spoken of the gamey trout, which inhabits the cool depths of this beautiful little lake, but anywhere through the central portion of British Columbia is a more restful spot to be found than Lake Kathlyn.

R. C. W. LETT.

Now that spring is really here and summer just ahead, the ladies of Winnipeg and the West are looking up their recipes for easily made hot weather dishes. Many house wives have been using the same old desserts and puddings and jellies and cakes month after month simply because the old recipes hold good and forgetting that many new ones are just as good.

The pure food products manufactured by The Gold Standard Manufacturing Co., Winnipeg, are commanding a great deal of attention and giving splendid satisfaction and those who have not tried them have a treat in store for themselves and their families.

The Gold Standard people publish a beautiful, illustrated cook book containing 110 pages. Its 19 chapters contain 268 recipes for the making of bread, biscuits, and rolls, muffins and gems, griddle cakes and waffles, cookies, doughnuts, cakes, pies and fritters, puddings, pudding sauces, "Just a Minute" puddings, quickly prepared desserts, frozen desserts, miscellaneous recipes, sandwiches and salad, cheese, vegetables, game, fowl, etc., eggs, fish and soups.

Taking this cook book from cover to cover, it is a splendid work and one which should be on every pantry shelf. It is free for the asking. Better write for one now while you have it in mind. Just address: The Gold Standard Manufacturing Co., Winnipeg, Canada.

Nurse's Acute Kidney Disease

Completely Cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets after Operations Failed

Two years ago Nurse Dowdeswell, of 37 Alfred Street, Gloucester, England, wrote to say that Dr. Cassell's Tablets had cured her of acute kidney trouble, and saved her from an operation. Seen recently by a special representative, she said:---

"I am pleased to say that I have had the best of health since I told you of my cure by Dr. Cassell's Tablets some two years ago. People remark on how well I look. When I think of what I suffered before I knew of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, I feel I can never sufficiently praise your splendid medicine. Kidney trouble had reduced me to such a state of helplessness that I could not walk alone. I had undergone two

operations, and taken endless medicine; but nothing helped me. Often I was in frightful pain, pain that lasted for hours at a time. I was also a martyr to dyspepsia, and so weak and spiritless that I used to wish I could die and be done with suffering. Although, as I have said, I was twice operated on for kidney trouble, I got no relief at all. I was urged to undergo a third operation for the removal of a stone on my left kidney, but by that time I was taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and the benefit was so apparent that I refused the operation, and persevered with the Tablets. After that I passed no fewer than ten stones at various times. Then I mended rapidly. I had no more pain; the dyspepsia, too, was cured, and I began to gain flesh. In a remarkably short time I was thoroughly well and strong. Now, if ever I feel a little run down—and my work as a nurse is sometimes very trying—I just take a dose or two of Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and they never fail to set me up again. They are just splendid."



Nurse Dowdeswell



Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative and Anti-Spasmotic, and of Great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognized modern home remedy for:

Nervous Breakdown
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Specially valuable for Nursing Mothers and during the critical periods of life.

Druggists and Dealers throughout Canada sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets. If not procurable in your city send to the sole agents, Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, who will see you are supplied. One tube 50 cents, 6 tubes for the price of five. War tax 2 cents per tube.

SEND FOR A FREE BOX

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, Harold F. Ritchie and Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont.

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