

CHRISTIE

"THERE'S A
Christie
Biscuit

for every taste, and they all taste delicious."

Note the quotation marks, madam!

Thousands of Canada's particular housewives—ladies you would be proud to know—make that statement every day. A million Canadians eat Christie Biscuits every day. What's the reason?

The best wheat of the best wheat lands on earth, rolled into flour in the best Canadian mills—these flours sifted, blended and tested in the Christie scientific way—that is the foundation of Christie Biscuit excellence.

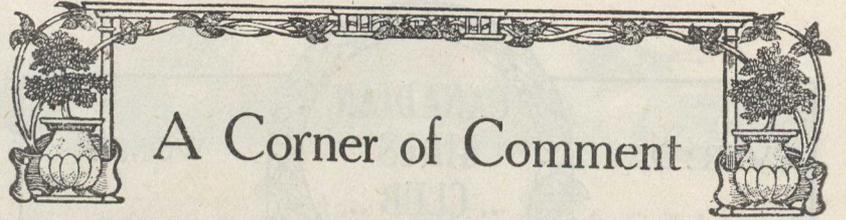
But—that's not all, madam! Every ingredient entering our bakes must be of the HIGH STANDARD QUALITY YOU INSIST ON for your own table—nothing less would sustain Christie reputation. QUALITY and PURITY—these are the first considerations in the Christie factory—the biggest, brightest and cleanest in all Canada.

No wonder they call Christie Biscuits "The Purest of all Pure Foods."

Christie, Brown & Company Limited



BISCUITS



A Corner of Comment

THE old-fashioned sewing-circle still holds its own, for, whatever implements may become familiar to feminine fingers, the needle will never be relinquished. The group shown on this page is a typical one in our home-like Canadian towns, where porch or veranda affords, in the summer-time, an ideal spot for an afternoon's sewing. Man is disposed to ridicule the sewing-circle and to declare that it is a scene of scandal and idle talk. In fact, a cynical citizen remarked, not long ago, that "a sewing-circle is a society which sews the garments of the poor and rips the reputations of the rich."

While this remark is a libel on the average group of needlewomen, it must be admitted that occasionally the discussion becomes personal. During last summer, such a company began to discuss a recent wedding, with the usual feminine comments.

"I wonder what she ever could see in him—a lazy, weak-minded creature like Jack B——. He'll never make much of a living for any woman."

"That reminds me," said a girl who dropped a centre-piece to take a scrap of paper from a work-bag. "Here's a

rude contact with the world. He will view me a rare and fragile hot-house flower which must be shielded from every rude blast, every varying change of temperature. The sun must not shine too strongly upon me nor the wind blow too keenly. He appeals to my feminine sense of dependence and to my love of being loved; but," and she shook her head soberly, "there is no use disguising the fact that his excessive care of me will prove a bore. He will always be solicitous to see that my throat is well wrapped up and that I wear my rubbers when it is damp underfoot. He will insist on deciding for me all the questions of life, whether trivial or important; what books I shall read, what religion I shall adopt and, probably, what breakfast food I shall eat. Within two years I shall be a pampered nonentity without either a will or an intelligence of my own.

"Now, I must weigh Jack in the balance. He is a dear, lovable fellow; a charming and amusing companion, but with as little sense of responsibility as a kitten. He appeals strongly to my maternal instinct. I feel that he needs my affection and in a measure, my guidance;



THE SEWING CIRCLE

Photograph by Mrs. Robert Baird, Galt

little sketch by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow which I read a long while ago and which talks about this very thing. I'm going to read it to you." So she proceeded with this small contribution to the discussion of "Life's Problems."

THERE was a lady who from her youth up had many suitors; but as the years wore on they gradually fell from their allegiance, until she awoke to the fact that of all the many but two remained. This led to some earnest communion with her soul and caused her, for the first time, seriously to consider the question of marriage.

"I'm no longer as young as I was," she remarked to herself, "and although my friends are kind enough to call me charming, their very insistence upon it leads me to believe that I should decide at once which of my two remaining suitors I had better accept."

Then she cogitated long and spent sleepless nights over the problem; but found it ever more difficult to solve.

"Billy," she argued, "is strong and masterful. He will guard me from all

but I cannot deceive myself. I shall have to bear the brunt of everything, decide all important questions and grapple with all the problems that would come to us in our mutual experience. He demands of existence sunshine and roses, a song and a jest; but in times of storm and stress he would be as a broken reed. And yet in fair weather he would be a delightful companion, and I should be a free agent with a chance to let my individuality expand and develop, for I should be the head of the house."

Now, the lady married one of these men. Which? Do you know?

AS the girl concluded the story, a sensible married woman remarked:

"I don't like those stories which have 'The Lady or the Tiger' ending. I hope the girl had some saving common-sense and married Billy, then they would settle down beautifully and be comfortable ever after."

"But what would that poor Jack do without someone to look after him?"

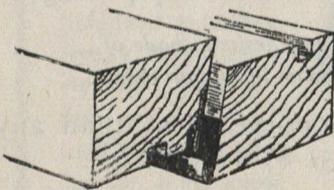
Continued on page 52

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INEXPENSIVE

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Every joint is tight because interlocked as in Cut No. 3. No friction, therefore no screech of poorly adjusted sash. In addition to all the comforts provided this device cuts down the fuel bill at least 25 per cent., and is that not worth while to-day?

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