

METAL AND WOOD
M Cleaned Quickly Thoroughly and Economically with
Old Dutch Cleanser
 MANY USES AND FULL DIRECTIONS ON LARGE SIFTER-CAN 10¢

And your mother's mother's mother? She wore hoop-skirts, and her mother told her no modest girl would dress so.

And your mother's mother's mother's mother tied her corset strings to the bed-post and laced herself like an hour-glass and wore patches and powder and used wimples and crimping pins—and her mother told her no modest girl would dress so.

And so on back to Eve. And if Eve had had a mother she would have said the same to Eve.

The present styles are undeniably immodest. They seem to us intentionally immodest. We do not approve them. The only good thing about them is that they have driven out the styles that preceded them, and will themselves be driven out by something better and wiser.

All the same we know some women who are modest enough not to wear the current styles in their extreme form, and they are not prudes, but to our mind are far prettier than those in the ultra forms of current fashion.—The Advance.

Skin Troubles on the Scalp

Skin Dried and Cracked and Hair Fell Out—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Eczema is annoying and distressing at any time, but doubly so when it gets into the scalp and causes the hair to fall out. Here is a grateful letter from a lady who was cured by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Mrs. Hector Currie, Tobermory, Ont., writes: "I was cured of a disagreeable skin disease of the scalp by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. The trouble started with itching and pain in the scalp, the skin would get dry and crack, and at times would bleed, and the hair would fall out. I tried three doctors without benefit, and suffered for three years. Reading in the almanac about Dr. Chase's Ointment, I began its use, and am now completely cured. The hair has grown again, and I am as well as I ever was. You are at liberty to use this letter, for I am glad to recommend so excellent a treatment."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has no rival as a cure for itching skin disease.

A STORY AND A TALK

The Doll-House.

By Cara A. Alexander.

Bessie Armstrong, a new-comer in the little town, stood shyly on the border of her father's lawn, looking across at her two neighbours in their play-house.

"Let's call her over, Ray," said one, "for she looks so lonely."

"Oh, Emily," responded her sister impatiently, "she is so little. I do not think that she could play with us."

"Well, let's try," said Emily, and she beckoned to the little waiting figure, and Bessie, promptly accepting, skipped over the grass.

She was little—that is, compared with Rachel and Emily, who were ten-year-old twins—but she was "big sister" to three-year-old Neddie. The big girls were making a doll-house, such a one as Bessie had never seen. It was really like a builder's "floor-plan," but was made of beautiful paper, and each sheet was fastened to the play-house floor with thumb-tacks. The "plan" greatly resembled the old-fashioned houses across the street. A long and wide strip of red paper represented the hall. On one side were two parlours, composed of squares of gilt paper. Such beautiful paper it was, Bessie could not take her eyes from it. Across the hall was a fine green dining-room and the kitchen, just back of it, was made of a piece of dull gray. The "up-stairs" was placed on the bench above. There was the same red carpet in the hall, but on one side was mother's room, all in cheery pink, and the "children's room," just back of it, was white with a pink border. Rachel objected to this arrangement. "White for children's room!" she exclaimed. "Now how long would a white carpet stay clean, I'd like to know."

"It will with my children!" responded Emily, cheerfully. "My children just love pink, and they keep their room speckless."

"Humph!" grunted Ray, and this was her only answer.

"I think I'll have a room at the end of my hall for flowers," said Emily, and with deft fingers she proceeded to shape a piece of green paper into the imaginary likeness to a bay window.

"I don't think that will look nice," objected Ray. "Why do you use green paper, and, any way, a bay window hanging out over your porch roof will not look very artistic, I'm sure."

"Humph!" grunted Emily, and then added, "Maybe I will not have any porch to my house."

Then she went on to make the other bedrooms. It was a perfectly delightful play, Bessie thought, and she was more delighted when the home-made paper dolls walked and sat around the handsome rooms. She had never known such a perfectly delightful play, and when Ray and Emily were called to practice, Bessie still stayed to play.

"When you go, put all the dolls in this box," said Ray, "for they might blow away."

Bessie sat absorbed, looking at the fine parlour carpets. It was surely the most beautiful gilt paper she had ever seen. Then her eyes caught sight of two boxes of sheets of paper. One box was all gilt, and she looked at it longingly. "They have a whole box of it," she thought. "I don't believe they would care the leastest mite, if I took the tiniest sheet of all."

But there were no tiny sheets, she found, when she turned them all over.

"I'll go home," she said suddenly, and arose, not knowing that this was the decision of her better self, which did not want her to do any wrong.

But down at the border line of the lawn she turned again. "I know they'll never care," she said decidedly, and, hurrying back to the play-house, caught out the first gilt sheet from the box, and hiding it under her apron, ran home. In her own room she spread it out on the bed, and looked at it lovingly.

"It is the beautifullest thing I ever saw," she said, and when she went

things from the other children in school, when he was very small. Everything he ever saw that he wanted, he deliberately stole."

The voices went on, but Bessie suddenly sprang up and ran to her room. He had taken things when he was a little boy, and now he was to go to the penitentiary. She wondered if they ever sent little girls to the penitentiary for stealing. Then their mothers would cry all the time, too. Oh! that would be dreadful! dreadful!

All at once little flying feet went down the stairs, and a little girl who was terribly afraid of the dark, ran across a dusky lawn, and into a dark playhouse, and carefully laid a sheet of gilt paper in a box under the bench. Then with a heart strangely at peace, she ran home. No one had seen her, no one knew it—only God. That thought flashed through her mind, and when she said her prayers that night, she asked God to forgive her, because she had broken one of His commandments.

"Here, Ray," called Emily the next morning, "here is that sheet of gilt paper that you couldn't find. Little Bessie probably was looking at it, and put it in the box with the coloured paper, so you see, it is not gone at all. You thought maybe the wind blew it away."

Then she caught sight of a pair of wistful eyes across on a neighbouring lawn. "Time to practice, girls," called mother, but Emily delayed a moment to call cheerily to Bessie:—"Do you want a doll-house for yourself, darling? You may have mine if you do, and I'll make another. Half the fun is in the making of them, so you take it all. Or maybe you do not want a bay window to hang out over your front porch."

"Oh, I do, I do. I think bay windows out over porches are too sweet for anything. And, thank you ever and ever so much."

That evening, when Bessie was going to bed, she asked: "Mother, if some one takes something once, how will he keep from being a real stealer?" (She meant thief, but she was a little girl.)

"First," said mother, "he must take back what he has stolen. Then he must ask God to forgive him. Then he must watch carefully, so as never to do it again. He must watch his eyes, for after they have seen things that belong to another, they keep looking back at them. He must watch his heart, for it will keep telling him he is not doing very wrong if he takes just a little thing; but it never tells him that the little always become big. And then he must ask God to give him a new heart—one that will never, never want to do wrong."



THE LITTLE GIRLS' TURN.
 ("Anglicans in Camp," see page 409)

down to supper, she carefully laid it in her own bureau drawer.

But some way the supper was not good. "Thou shalt not steal," came into her mind as she ran downstairs, and she could not forget the words. "I didn't steal," she said protestingly to herself. "I only took one that I knew they wouldn't want nearly as much as I want it. They have a whole box full, and I have none." But reason as she would, she could not forget, "Thou shalt not steal." "I don't believe that would be real stealing," she insisted, but, some way, her supper was not good.

It was after supper that the family went to sit on the porch, and a neighbour came over to talk to father. She was not listening to them, but suddenly she heard the neighbour say:—

"Now he goes to the penitentiary for three years. His mother cries all the time, but they say he always has been a thief, that he stole little

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