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as well as Junket Tablets. "Prepared Junket" (Nesnah), has the sugar, flavor, etc., already added. Easily and quickly made—simply stir in lukewarm milk and let stand. Comes in six pure flavors. A package makes six to eight dessert glasses of Junket.



Plain milk—Nature's most wholesome food—when made into Junket, is tempting, attractive and delicious. Junket is both *food* and *dessert*. Try a package of Prepared Junket—you will like it.

A Recipe Booklet and sample of either Prepared Junket or Junket Tablets sent for 3c. stamp. A full package for 12c.

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Pressing Clothes at Home

Pressing clothes requires time, patience and some knowledge and skill. When tailors are making garments they always press them on the wrong side; but when the garments are finished, the fabric and the shape determine whether you shall press them on the right or the wrong side.

The first precaution in home pressing is to see that your ironing board or table is well and smoothly padded, preferably with a wool fabric, and that it has an outside covering of fine and even texture that will not leave its imprint on the garment.

Wool garments usually require wet pressing on the right side. Wring out a heavy cloth that you have wet thoroughly in warm water, place it on the garment, and press it with a hot iron very lightly. Do not press the cloth dry, as that may cause the garment to show the mark of the iron or may leave it shiny. The garment itself should be damp after you have finished the pressing, and should be hung carefully where it can dry without wrinkles. Always use the iron lightly; pushing or shoving it heavily stretches and cockles the material.

The shine that comes from wear and from careless pressing often can be removed, or at least materially lessened. One of the methods is the wet pressing described above; the other is the semi-wet, with a dry cloth placed between the garment and the wet cloth. Steam always helps to remove the shine. An

"Perfectly fearful," was the candid and unblushing reply; "he wakened us a."

Two or three generations ago a similar incident was said to have occurred at Govan, under the ministrations of the well-known Mr. Thom, who in the midst of his sermon stopped and called out, "Baillie Brown, ye mauna snore sae loud, for ye'll waken the provost."

Another story of a different order from the same book is told of a young clergyman who had not been long placed in charge when rumors began to circulate about his orthodoxy. Some of his friends, hearing these reports, set themselves to inquire into the grounds for them. But they could only elicit vague hints and suggestions. At last they came upon an old woman who declared roundly that the minister was "no soun'." "Not soun'?" "What makes you think that?" "Well then," she answered, "I maun tell ye, I wass seen' him wi' my ain een, standin' at his window on the Lord's Day dandin' his bairn."

A New Religion

"Yes, I agree with you. We need a new religion. The old doctrines of 'saved and lost,' of 'heaven and hell,' of 'atonement' and 'forgiveness,' and all that, are played out. The people of to-day demand a really 'modern theology and religion.'"

The two men who were discussing the need of a new religion appeared to be well-educated and cultivated. When they parted, one of them said, with a laugh,

Well Done

By Edwin L. Sabin

Sleep, happy people of field and wood—
Bush and creeper and herb and tree—
The Master judges thy offering good
And sends His steward to care for thee.
Doff thy festival garb of gold—
Plum and saffron and glowing red—
Winter hastens adown the wold
To tuck thee warm in thy waiting bed.

Sweet thy dreams as the winds rush by
And vainly pluck at thy coverlet,
And streams are fettered, and chill the sky,
And town and country are frost beset;
Dreams full thronged with the breeze's tale,
The bee's bassoon and the ring-dove's call;
With vista of meadow and hill and vale
From bursting spring to the brimming fall.

Sleep, happy people, where all is still
Save the crow's hoarse caw and the squirrel's bark;
The sun swings low o'er the leafless hill
And short grows the moment from dawn to dark.
Sleep, 'tis the Master who bids thee rest
And holds thee fast in His loving ken,
Till the doors fly open at His behest
And April summons to work again.

additional help is a brisk brushing of the steamed garment with a stiff brush, followed by a second wet or semi-wet pressing.

Because silk scorches so easily, the safest plan is to press it very carefully on the wrong side with an iron that is slightly warm, light in weight, and preferably with no moisture. A hot iron causes it to crack and split.

Many lightweight cotton fabrics can be pressed without moisture of any kind; others require dampening. Linen requires dampening or wet pressing. If the garment is of a light color, test it with the iron in some inconspicuous spot to make sure that the pressing will not cause it to fade. Often the color will return as the fabric cools and is exposed to the light.

Sleeping in Church

Whatever one may think of the reproach which a certain vicar has administered to hatless women in church, one has real sympathy with the minister who has to deal with those of his flock who fall asleep during his discourse. In Geikie's "Scottish Reminiscences" there are one or two amusing examples of this.

One story runs that in a country church on a certain Sunday the preacher after service walked through the kirkyard with one of the neighboring farmers, and took occasion to remark to him, "Wasn't it dreadful to hear the Laird of Todholes snoring so loud through the sermon?"

"There's nothing like progress. Better drop a word to our minister. He needs to read up and get some modern ideas."

Twenty-four hours later one of those men knocked at the door of his pastor's study in the city church to which he belonged. The look on his face was not one of easy-going complacency, but a look of fear and terror and almost of despair.

The moment the minister admitted him he cried out, "O Mr. Parker! My boy is in disgrace! He writes me he's contemplating suicide! He went on a drunken spree after one of the football games, and he's been suspended from his university. I need your help. I didn't know where else to go. To think that my boy—"

The minister knew just what to say and what to do. He emphasized the great doctrine of forgiveness and redemption, and when the father went away he carried with him on his way to his son a song of hope for the disgraced boy.

On his return he was able to tell the minister that his boy, by the grace of God, was beginning a new life.

"After all," said Mr. Parker, in reply, "there's nothing like the power of the old gospel. It endures through the centuries."

"Yes," replied the father. "It is good enough for me. It is the only thing that can save the lost."

It is one thing to discuss in a fashionable club the need of a new religion; it is another to create a religion as useful as the old gospel when your own son is a sinner.