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but would be of great assistance to the community. I like the name "Guide" when applied to girlhood. It means responsibility and ambition—character.

My Sister's Keeper

From time to time in rural communities girls suddenly drop out of existence and for a time people wonder where they are. Forty of these girls left Saskatchewan country homes last year and come direct to a hospital that would shelter them during the saddest period that can come into a girl's life. Forty more girls came last year to the same hospital from Manitoban rural places. Eighty country girls directed to this one hospital at a time when there is no one to befriend them in their penniless despondency but the dear christian women of Grace Hospital. The majority of these girls are young—very young. Many of them have no mothers while others never had the motherly companionship they needed. The women in this hospital give their entire time to help these girls and their lives are a continual self sacrifice. A girl remains there from three to nine months and under the loving guidance of these Salvation Army women most of them leave the hospital determined to be useful christian women. I believe western women do not realize the assistance they might be in helping this institution. In the first place, it is difficult to find places for the mother and her little one. One of the most splendid accomplishments in this hospital is the training of these girls into home-makers. They are taught every branch of house-work, hence can leave the hospital prepared to do house work. All through western Canada farmers' wives need help. Why cannot western home makers take these young mothers into their homes when they require help? They need not be afraid of the girl's influence in the home. Some of the most beautiful christian girls I know are these young mothers that have developed into good young women under the influence of Mrs. Payne, the matron, and her staff of christian women.

No living girl stands still. She grows in one direction or another, and untrained, grows according to her strongest inclination—and along the lines of least resistance.

I have looked down deep into the hearts of girls who have come to me in despair and I have felt their prayer to the Heavenly Father. Listen! "Great spirit of God, guide a friend to me. Let me have one companion who will help me in this desert of desolation. I am hungry for the pulse of human hearts, send me a friend.

Why is the heart of a fallen girl of so little value? If I have erred in paths of right, I am but a worm for polished boots to trample on and crush. There is no hope. Those diamonds that flash on that protected woman's finger were bought with dollars dipped in my blood.

Guide me, O God, into the light of Thy love. The world is through with me and I turn to thee. Reveal thyself to me as a friend, I pray.

Ah, what is that I feel wrapped so tenderly about me—it is a cloak of love and my heart throbs with a sweet strange strength, and hope breathes a new message, in my being. I see! I feel! I know. It is the birth of the Christ in the heart of a fallen girl. Amen." Over in Grace Hospital are sixty of these girls who today mourn the loss of a friend who has brought into their hearts the peace of the Christ love. In every corner of our city, out on yonder prairie, in little houses

dotted here and there about our great Dominion of Canada, are christian girls and wives who first saw the light of salvation from the dark abyss of sin, through the efforts and love of that noble woman, Adjutant Beckstead of Grace Hospital. She was one of the noble Salvation Army women whose life ended so suddenly when the Empress of Ireland sank into the St. Lawrence. Today there are hundreds of girls and wives in Canada who remember her love and helpfulness that encouraged them to reform and become useful young women and godly wives and mothers. This week I received a letter from one of these girls in which she refers to the influence of Miss Beckstead. This is what she says and she voices the feeling of scores of others.

"The girls in the hospital must be broken hearted over Adjutant Beckstead being taken so suddenly. I feel so sorry for the inmates of Grace Hospital from dear Mrs. Payne and officers down to the girls and babies. I miss her away out here. I think every day it cannot be true that she is gone. Her kindness and sweet smile will remain in my heart and mind as long as I live. Just a short time before she left Winnipeg she wrote a beautiful letter to me. The last time I saw her she held open the door of the hospital as I left and kissed me good bye as she handed me a present. I can never forget all she did for me. She has lived and died for others. I must strive to be good for her memory. God guided me to her in my trouble and in that hospital I learned the true meaning of life. I want to help others as I have been helped to a brighter and happier life. The happiest days of my past life were spent in Grace Hospital among women who live for the highest and best in life."

Only the week before she passed on to her heavenly home she led me to the clean white bedside of a girl whom she rescued from the depths of sin. As I listened to her sweet, beautiful, tender words of love to this suffering girl I thought—"Dear Miss Beckstead, you are very near the Christ—a genuine sister of mercy." I have been with this beautiful woman from the corner of suffering girlhood to the places where help is employed, and I have watched every face brighten as she passed. The nine months old babe of a crippled mother reached out his little hands as soon as she entered the room. I remarked about it; "Yes"—she replied. "He always wants to come to me when he sees me." She knew every babe, every girl, every one who is employed in the hospital and every one there was blessed by her personality. Her great work on earth is finished and a memorial to her memory must appeal to all who honor womanhood. Over in Grace Hospital they can never turn a girl from the door and this year Winnipeg and the West have sent more than usual down the dark lane for these good women to care for. They have denied themselves of more than people know to look after these girls and financial aid is badly needed. Would it not be a pleasure for every one who reads this to send a donation to Grace Hospital in memory of this splendid Canadian woman who did so much to inspire wrecked girlhood? Were she with us today her greatest wish would be that this work increase its possibilities for those who seek shelter in time of need. I have watched the good work in this hospital and have seen girls go out full of hope and desire to be women—christian home makers.

Rahab of the Bible is a notable example of a woman rescued from shame to become the mother of a world's salvation. With our eyes on Rahab, hope springs up for all the lost and outcast world. Her life story reminds us that God would have us revise our hasty judgments about a forlorn sisterhood of fallen women. Am I not truly my sister's keeper? When she has erred should I trample her in the mire?

Growing into Womanhood

Letters come to me frequently from young girls asking for advice that mothers should give. I am grateful to know that my girl readers place such confidence in me and every letter of this kind shall have prompt, serious and confidential attention. Closer companionship between mother and daughter would prevent hundreds of tragedies in the lives of Canadian girlhood.

The Detention Home

Young girls are picked from the streets occasionally and sent to detention homes, and the feminine public weeps bitterly at the harsh decision of the magistrate. Where shall these girls go? Shall they be allowed to roam the streets to steal young, innocent school girls from their homes, and then disgrace some of our best fathers and mothers. Reporters did not write up the incident of the morality officer kindly returning a young sixteen-year-old girl to her parents—a young girl who had been coaxed away by a poisonous girl of the streets, young in years but old in vice—a girl who roams the streets in silks and jewels ready to drag the young home-girl down to destruction. This girl of the streets, methinks, is dangerous and needs to be placed in a school of detention.

In the five-penny shows where girls swarm like flies and are caught in human traps, the girl of the street fascinates the headstrong girl with her books under her arms and quickly does this power work. She runs away from home. Shall we censure the authorities for placing some of these girls of the street in detention homes? Do not think me hard-hearted. I love our girlhood and try to see the soul in the most degraded, but at the same time I shiver when I see innocent school girls—home girls—enticed by the low-minded girl free from all responsibility. I think we need detention homes.

Country Girls

Girls in the country have even more opportunities. Miss McGlashan in California is making money raising butterflies. One woman sells thousands of jars of honey every season. Bee culture gives very quick returns for the capital invested. Neatness and order are essential; and energy is necessary. Poultry raising is also a paying occupation. The most successful poultry raisers are women. Land which is too barren for anything else serves the purpose of poultry raising.

Miss Irene Hartt said in a talk to girls: "A girl who sets out to earn her own living must bear two things in mind: The first is that in every department of life she requires a great deal of push. To succeed, she must be energetic and persevering; she must not allow herself ever to be discouraged; she will be knocked down time and again as she fights her way up in the world for fame and bread. That is to make no difference. She must rise up fresher and stronger after every battle. If she takes reverses in this way she cannot help grow stronger at each one. She must never forget that no man or woman ever rose to the top without fighting every inch of the way up. Victory is always at the end of a determined fighter through life. Secondly, a girl must always remember that there's room at the top. When you choose a profession, make up your mind that you will rise to the very highest point in it. Down on the level it's jammed. The higher you go, the more breathing space you can have. In other words, the better skilled you are, the better price and position you can demand."

Doing Things Graciously

He was a busy man, and had enough to do without dealing with book-agents, but he said that he lost less time in meeting the people who came to see him than he would lose in wondering whether he had turned away some one whom he ought to see; and so it was not difficult to get into his office. Some persons imposed upon him, but most persons respected him enough to make their errand short. Moreover, he could be firm when necessary; and he got quite as much work finished in a day as did some other men who fretted more over interruptions. "It is a part of my religion," said he, "to try to help when I can. I can't help every one, but what I do I want to do graciously."

One day an odd-looking little woman came into his office. He was relieved when he learned that the little book she offered him cost only seventy-five cents. "It is your own book?" he asked, as he glanced at the title-page.

"Yes, sir," she said.

"I will take a copy," said he. "Will you honor me with your autograph on the fly-leaf?"

She was very glad to do so, and accepted the pay with thanks.

She rose to go, but the purchaser had become interested in her, and he asked a question or two which prolonged the conversation, and made it easy for her to tell her story.

"It is so pleasant," said she, "to have some one show interest. I do this to support myself, and to help my son through college. He knows that I earn the money by literary work,—he is proud of my work,—but he does not know that I sell my own book in this way. It does not sell through the stores, and—I would just a little rather he should not know that I have to canvass. He is doing all he can to help himself along. I'm afraid he would not wish me to send him money if he knew that I have to sell the book in this way. But he is such a good boy, and will make such a good man! I'm glad to do it. But it is a little hard sometimes. I don't mind it that people do not buy, but it is hard to have them refuse rudely. I don't know but it is harder to have them buy and do it ungraciously. But I bear it for my boy's sake."

The little book showed native ability, but little knowledge of what would make a book succeed. It was no wonder that it did not sell well. And the purchaser did not wonder, as he looked at it, that people refused it abruptly, or bought it with ill-concealed reluctance. The poorly printed page glowed with a new beauty when he thought of the mother working for the son; and the uninviting cover attained new dignity in the light of her sacrifice.

A week later a business acquaintance hailed him at luncheon.

"I have heard good things of you from a mutual friend," said he, laughing. "A literary woman, who called, selling books. Do you remember her? She called at our house, and my wife kept her to supper. My wife is always good to people. Well, she said it was the kindest thing that had happened to her lately except what you did. She said you bought her book, but that you said some things that had done her good ever since. She told of it with tears in her eyes. What did you say to her?"

"Nothing that I remember. But I find that it costs no more when one is doing a little thing like that to do it graciously and heartily."

The Union Bank in London, Eng.

The Union Bank of Canada, who opened a branch office in London, England, some three years ago, having found their business has grown to such an extent that their premises on Threadneedle Street have become too small for requirements, arrangements have been made for new and commodious premises at No. 6 Princes Street, in the heart of the financial district, which will give them sufficient accommodation to handle a larger volume of business. Owing to the number of branches which this bank has in Canada, their London office has proved to be a great convenience to its large clientele, and last year, for the convenience of the travelling public, a second branch was opened in the West End, on the corner of Penton Street and Haymarket, which has proved of great benefit to Canadian visitors.

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