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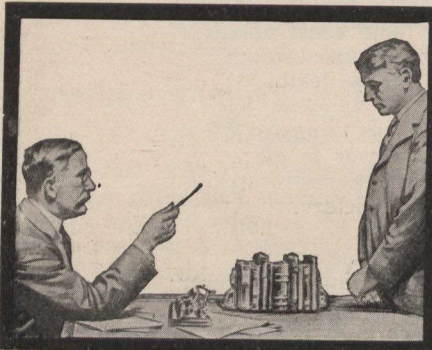
Young men and women who have used our home treatment for Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, etc., are entirely satisfied with the results. We get usually chronic cases and surprise them and their friends at the rapid manner they yield to treatment. Come in and consult us. No expense. Booklet "R" on request.

Superfluous Hair

Moles, etc., eradicated forever by our antiseptic method of electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. All foot troubles treated.

Hiscott Dermatological Institute
61 College Street, TORONTO. Estab. 1892

WANTED—Ladies to do plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time, good pay, work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for full particulars. National Manufacturing Company, Montreal.



One Thing More About Your Salary

"I've got my eye on you, young man, because I think you have it in you to become valuable to me; but you lack training—the one thing that is absolutely essential to success. As soon as you show me that you are qualified to advance—up goes your salary."

Are you like this young man—got it in you to advance, but lack training? There's a sure way out of the difficulty. The International Correspondence Schools will show it to you, and advise you, if you will mark the coupon.

IT'S TRAINING THAT COUNTS

The I. C. S. can make you an expert in your chosen line of work, whether you live in the city, village or on the farm.

During March and April 573 students voluntarily reported salary increases and promotions secured wholly through I. C. S. training.

Wouldn't you like to join them? Then, make your mark **now** for a bigger mark and a bigger salary later on.

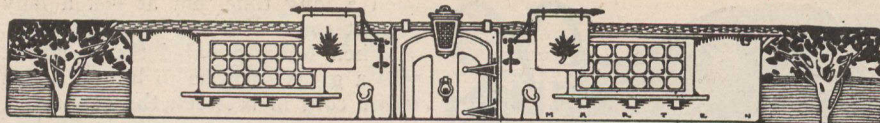
INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 1048, Scranton, Pa.

Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

Bookkeeper
Stenographer
Advertisement Writer
Show Card Writer
Window Trimmer
Commercial Law
Illustrator
Civil Service
Chemist
Textile Mill Supt.
Electrician
Elec. Engineer

Mechan'l Draftsman
Telephone Engineer
Elec. Lighting Supt.
Mechan. Engineer
Plumber & Steam Fitter
Stationary Engineer
Civil Engineer
Build'g Contractor
Architect
Structural Engineer
Banking
Mining Engineer

Name _____
Street and No. _____
City _____ State _____



AT THE SIGN OF THE MAPLE

METCHNIKOFF AND MILK.

EVERY once in a while the old story of the search for the Fountain of Eternal Youth seems to receive a modern addition. The latest deliverance on the subject comes from a learned scientist of Paris whose name, Metchnikoff, suggests St. Petersburg. This gentleman of the Slavonic syllables has attributed the longevity of centenarians living in the Balkan States to the fact that their diet consists largely of sour milk. There is a germ or a microbe in this unappetising dish which makes for a long life. Those who feast on sour milk will be preserved from grey hair and have no need to resort to dyes and restorers. But is it worth while to consume a flowing bowl of sour milk every twenty-four hours, in the hope that one's days may be long in the land? Is the game worth the diet? Would it not be better to enjoy our salads and sweets for half a century than to attain the age of one-hundred-and-ten on sour milk fare?

A Summer Girl in pink muslin disposed of the question briefly: "What would be the fun of outliving all your friends, who simply wouldn't consent to leading a sour milk life? Old age may be all right but very old age is dreadful. I wouldn't live to be ninety for anything."

So say most of us. A short life may be a merry one but a long life is almost certain to be a lonesome one. Three score years and ten are as much as most of us would care to spend on this whirling planet. Methuselah must have been an unbearable old chap, with his reminiscences of how he spent his five hundredth summer and of the failure of the crops in the year that he celebrated his seven-hundred-and-fiftieth birthday. He could not really have had much of a time during the last two hundred years of his pilgrimage and none of us need envy him his unique longevity. Professor Metchnikoff may analyse this preservative element to his heart's content but not many on this side of the Atlantic will seek to add ten years to their existence by adopting the curdled diet.

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WOMEN NOVELISTS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the CANADIAN COURIER asks: "What do you think the best novel written by a woman?" I have never been able to see why woman's work in music, art or literature should be considered apart from man's. The expression "Good work, for a woman," or "Quite strong, considering," is the sort of criticism which belongs to mediaeval times. A woman should expect no exemption from adverse comment when she undertakes the work of journalist, artist or musician. On the other hand, her achievement should be either praised or condemned without reference to the sex of the worker.

However, if I were sentenced to banishment to a lonely island and allowed to take a dozen novels as companions of exile, three of the twelve books would be by women—Emily Bronte's *Wuthering Heights*, Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice* and George Eliot's *Middlemarch*. It would be hard to tell which of the three would be most shabby at the end of the year but I believe it would be Jane Austen's quiet chronicle. To say what is the best novel written by a woman is to invite brisk discussion. Mr. Clement K. Shorter, the

English critic, declared last year in favour of *Wuthering Heights*, which is certainly a tale of storm and stress, almost incomprehensible to some readers, "in this mild land, in this mild age." The Bronte sisters are the most interesting group in English literature, for they were strange, fiery hearts which burned in the bleak Yorkshire rectory.

* * *

THE YELLOW GOWN.

PINK, blue, green and mauve will be in the background at the dances in the winter of 1909, for the yellow gown is to be the fashionable wear, even for the debutante. Yellow is a colour which is regarded doubtfully in this part of the world, although in some countries it is the hue of honour. Yellow journalism and the yellow dog have an unpleasant significance. A man uses the adjective regarding another, to express qualities that a woman would probably summarise as "perfectly horrid." Just how the nations of Anglo-Saxondom have come to regard the colour as characteristic of uncleanness it would take a Chicago professor to explain.

However, the yellow gown will probably have its admirers. It has not been without poetic sanction for we have Tennyson's *Melissa* described daintily as:

"A rosy blonde, and in a college gown
That clad her like an April daffodilly."

To certain Oriental people yellow is a sacred colour and in some provinces of China it is chosen as mourning. Blonde and brunette will be likely to test its wearing qualities and before Christmas we shall doubtless be thoroughly sick of the yellow gown.

* * *

THE WIFE OF THE STRIKER.

MOST women read that "a strike is on" with small interest in that mysterious world where capital and labour sometimes clash so disastrously. But to the wife of the striker, the news brings a chill of dread, for she knows only too well what long days of idleness may mean for the head of the little home. Drink is the commonest resort for the discouraged striker and it is a sign of advancing civilisation that the advisers and controllers in the C. P. R. strike have urged the men to keep away from the bar-rooms. It is the woman, on whom the heavier burden falls, for the man is supported by a kind of comradeship in defiance—the spirit of fight is in possession of him. But the woman has only a bewildered sense of what the trouble is about, while she has an aching anxiety about what her small family shall eat and wherewithal shall it be clothed.

* * *

BACK TO THE COUNTRY.

CANADA, as yet, is so largely rural that there are few places in which one may note the tendency on the part of the richer class to return to country life. In Montreal and Toronto, however, it is already remarked how the citizen who manages to make a little more than his neighbours loses no time in arranging for a goodly stretch of ground and a house of old-fashioned dimensions beyond the city limits. His wife tires of bridge and teas and comes to the conclusion that roses and shade trees are worth many miles of asphalt. Humanity began its chequered career in a garden and ultimately finds it the

most satisfactory sphere in the world. Cities are a disease, says a modern philosopher, and the urban fever quickly runs its course, leaving us to enjoy convalescence where the joys of the open road are free to all "Beloved Vagabonds."

CANADIENNE.

HOLLYHOCKS.

By NELLIE RICHMOND EBERHART.
The gorgeous, glowing hollyhocks
Which bloom beside our garden
walks!

They sway upon their slender stalks
Like tropic birds upon the boughs
Of forests by the Amazon,
Where morn, in silence halcyon,
Paints fervid hues to marvel on
Through noon's long, languid
drowse.

The splendid, showy hollyhocks!
Maroon and gold, their colour mocks
The butterflies in brilliant flocks
Within a web of Eastern dyes.
Yea, here in closes calm and sweet,
Awhile allured by August heat,
The tropics and the Orient meet
Beneath our Northern skies.
—Windsor Magazine.

HIGHEST RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD.

WHAT is probably the highest restaurant in the world has been opened at the Eismeer station of the Jungfrau railway in Switzerland. It is situated 10,000 feet above sea-level, close to the summit of the mountain.

The food is not cooked by means of ordinary fuel, but by electricity generated by the Lutschine Waterfall, deep down in the valley below. The cooking is done on the principle of the so-called "Papinian digester," as, owing to the rarefaction of the air at that great altitude, water boils much more quickly and would evaporate before cooking the food.

With an expenditure of thirty kilowatts of electrical energy it is possible to prepare a five course dinner for a party of 100 persons in a very short time. The guests are accommodated in a large hall hewn out of the solid rock and heated by electricity. The view from the huge window comprises mountain scenery which for grandeur has perhaps no equal in the world.

ON A PORTRAIT BY TINTORET.

An old man sitting in the evening
light

Touching a spinnet; there is stormy
blow

In the red heavens; but he does
not know

How fast the clouds are faring to
the night;

He hears the sunset as he thrums
some slight

Soft tune that clears the track of
long ago,

And as his musings wander to and
fro,

Where the years passed along, a sage
delight

Is creeping in his eyes. His soul
is old,

The sky is old, the sunset browns
to gray;

But he, to some dear country of his
youth

By those few notes of music borne
away,

Is listening to a story that is told,
And listens, smiling at the story's
truth.

—Michael Field, in "Wild Honey
from Various Thyme."