

Horrockses' Flannelettes

ARE MADE FROM CAREFULLY SELECTED COTTON.

The nap is short and close. No injurious chemicals are used.

Quality, designs, and colourings are unequalled.

If purchasers of this comfortable material for Underwear all the year round would buy the BEST ENGLISH MAKE, they would avoid the risk they undoubtedly run with the inferior qualities of Flannelette.

See the name "HORROCKSES" on the selvedge
every two yards.

ANNUAL Sale upwards of TEN MILLION
yards.

Awarded the Certificate of the Incorporated Institute of Hygiene.

Horrockses, Crewdson & Co. Limited, Manchester and London, Eng.

fixed upon her plate, but the sound had unmistakably escaped her, and I knew she was thinking of the source from which that ornamental dish had sprung. I could have wept aloud in my humiliation. As for Will, he was ominously quiet; the guests were doing the talking now. Glancing cautiously up, I saw his cheeks and eyes aflame.

We got through that first course somehow, and I rang for Mary to clear the cloth. She carried off the things decently enough, brushed the crumbs away, and then, forgetting her instructions concerning the two cloths, and the care to be exercised in removing the top one, she made a dive at the damask, and commenced to drag them off, both of them. In terror at the prospect of the exposed boxes I clawed wildly at the end next to me, determined to hold it down or die, and Will at his end did the same, while Mary, failing to take the hint, struggled to get it away from us. All would have been lost had not Will, in peremptory tones, commanded: "Leave the cloth, Mary, and bring the dessert!"

Mary vanished, while we with miserable, flushed faces, smoothed the rumpled cloths. A few minutes, and the cake—for the second time—made its appearance. Then the jelly.

"The pies, Mary," I said suggestively. "I gwine, put 'em in de oven now." "The oven!" I exclaimed. "You tell me yo'self, Miss Nelly. 'e kin brown while you eatin' de balance ob de dinner, en I'se gwine to brown 'em now."

Pent up nature could stand no more, and I burst into hysterical laughter. It was the opening that my guests had longed for; they joined me. Will, even Will, laughed in a boisterous, mirthless manner.

We struggled through the rest of the dinner, pretending to be in the highest of spirits, and laughing nervously at everything and nothing. When the cake was cut and handed, Will looked up inquiringly.



Winnipeg Girls enjoying the pleasures of the Lake

"The Radnor water, Nelly. Where is it?"

Mary had returned with some needed silver, and she instantly answered for me:

"De ham dish knock de bottle off de shelf, Mass Will, en dar ain't anudder one in de house."

A moment's awful pause, and I hurriedly invited the company to have jelly.

So ended my first Thanksgiving dinner. "After all, Nelly," said Will, pausing beside the couch and smoothing my hot forehead, after our guests had gone, "it was not your fault, little girl."

Swan Lake

Home Economics Meeting

In spite of the busy season and the many ladies in the country who expected a visit from the threshers early in the following week, the August

meeting of the Swan Lake H.E. Society was very fully attended. At this meeting there were six ladies in charge of the afternoon, a fact which was accounted for by the omission of the July programme, owing to the absence of the President and many of the members.

The first item on the programme was a reading by Mrs. H. Dodd of an excerpt from Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies*, which was listened to with the greatest attention. It is probably too well known to need any but passing reference. Mrs. Dodd had chosen the passage which emphasized the sort of education necessary to transform the girl into "the perfect woman," and which spoke of the influence our private feelings have on the building up of character, of moulding the brain as well as the body, of the way in which we can educate ourselves in both mind and habit, and of the effect which the reading of good and inspiring books can produce.

This was followed by the singing of a duet by Misses Eva Simpson and Nita Simpson, which was much enjoyed. Mrs. Harman's choice was a poem supposed to have been written by one of the pioneers of the West, and which was both amusing and instructive. It was written in an old fashioned style, which gave it an interesting narrative form, and told of the hardships of the early days as shared by a man and wife, and of the first quarrel between them, which unhappily was the last also, since it resulted in the death of the wife, an unhappy ending which seemed unnecessarily severe. This reading was thoroughly enjoyed as also was a recitation by Mrs. Clarke, entitled, "A Day Too Late," which also told a story of sadness and death, and at the same time taught a much needed lesson to everyone—never to postpone the performance of a kind action lest it come too late. The last item on the programme was a reading by Miss Vera Gordon of the steps which were taken to stop the spread of disease in Friendship Village, which paper was of such excellent practical value, that the Society suggests its being read again in early spring, with the view of adopting its suggestion of having a systematic weekly collection of all garbage and waste which is likely to prove a source of, and breeding place for, disease.

The Secretary of the Cemetery Committee also promised to call a meeting of their members to see how much work still remained to be done in the cemetery and to report the result of her enquiries at the September meeting of the Society, and the afternoon closed with the singing of the National Anthem and the serving of lunch.

Mrs. De Style—Have you tried smoking tea cigarettes?

Mrs. Van Nobby—Why, not as yet. Are they so pleasant?

Mrs. De Style—Oh, dear, no! But they are very, very injurious.

Mrs. Van Nobby—Dear me, I must order some sent up at once.