

COWAN'S

Queen's Dessert

A Pure Vanilla Eating Chocolate

Little
Miss
MAIDEN
CANADA

For our Heroes

At times during heavy bombardment the army commissariat becomes so disorganized that ordinary food is unprocurable for days.

During such times as this the value of a convenient and concentrated food that may be carried and handled easily, cannot be over-estimated.

Queen's Dessert Chocolate answers all the requirements of such a food. It is the most nourishing and wholesome chocolate manufactured. If you are unable to obtain this chocolate in your locality, write us, we will see that you get it.

Sold in 5c. and 10c. sizes.



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Clark's Pork and Beans



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labor in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY
WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

W. CLARK Montreal

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Choicest of Choice Brands to be obtained of Your Grocer

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Tea Importers and Packers

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Thrilling story of conflict on land and sea including Canadian heroism and achievement. New. Profusely illustrated. Tremendous sale. Unusual opportunity for money making. Extra terms. Freight paid. Credit given. Sample book and full instructions free. Winston Co., Toronto.

The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Her Visit Home

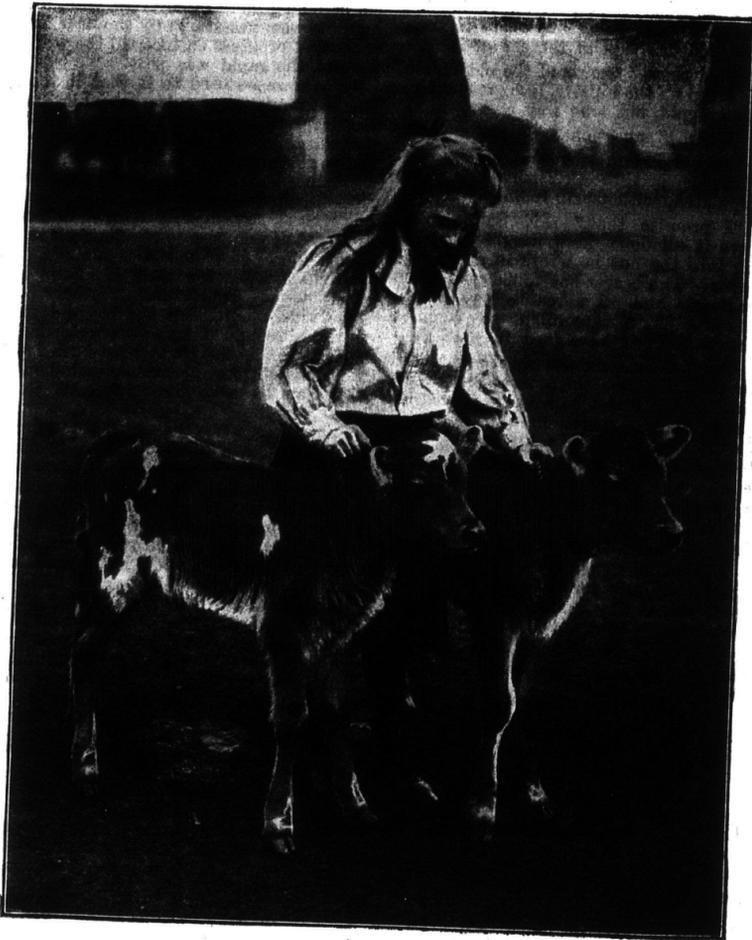
The little foreign mother tied her head shawl nervously and hastened out to the waggon in front of the barn while her husband harnessed two clumsy oxen. They were both unusually anxious as if an event of importance would soon take place. Yes, they had good reason to be excited, for their eldest daughter who had been in the city two years had written she would arrive on the morning train for a week's visit.

When the father and mother climbed up to the seat the back of the waggon box was alive with boys and girls dressed in the best suits and frocks that their mother could find in the two-roomed shack.

Two hours later, parents and children climbed over waggon wheels and sideboards and gathered in a group before

wide world, so Mary followed her mother to the waggon and climbed up to the seat, and the eyes of every wondering youngster were fixed in target attention on her white clad feet dangling half-way between the seat and the bottom of the waggon box as the team of awkward oxen lumbered slowly out of town.

Mary at home for a week was the centre of attraction to the whole neighborhood. The girls in their teens listened in amazement to her tales of life in big city homes, the streets and the fine stores. She seemed like a queen from wonderland as she sowed seeds of discontent in the fertile minds of those restless, ambitious friends of her childhood. They looked at her big white hat with its rose plume and the rose silk dress and the bracelet watch on her wrist and they, too, wanted to go to the



Maggie and Her Pets.

the station door as the train stopped, while one passenger stepped down and walked toward the surprised family. The father rubbed his eyes as if doubtful of the honesty of his vision and the mother stepped back bewildered. A tinge of disappointment clouded the faces of both. Then they realized that the lady in white boots and silk stockings was really Mary—their Mary. She held out her hand gloved in white silk, then suddenly pulled the gloves off lest the calloused hands of her mother might soil them. Her face white and pink with drug store lotions and her pencilled eyebrows contrasted sharply with the brown and red complexion of Nature's coloring on the faces of the younger ones.

For a moment all stood as if paralyzed. The evolution of the healthy immigrant girl in her old-fashioned dress and head shawl of two years ago into the artificial fashion figure of exaggerated style and boldness, was too much for the honest minds of the family to comprehend. Mary looked toward the train as if ready to return at once. But the strange, queer, disappointed feeling for the moment soon gave way under the strong bond of family attachment. For, after all, mother love is the strongest conquering power in this big,

city and become a fine lady like Mary. Mary was a domestic in somebody's home, and she had a salary of twenty-five dollars a month, but when Mary wanted to visit home she had saved only enough to pay her fare and had nothing left with which to buy little gifts for her mother and the brothers and sisters.

At the end of the week Mary returned to the city. Somehow she left her home saddened and wiser than when she came—and the seeds of discontent in the girlhood of that particular community soon grew into a harvest of restless, useless chaff that blew cityward only to be threshed and dumped in social garbage cans.

The Big Sister Movement

During the month of June an important organization in Winnipeg was started through the efforts of Mr. Billiarde, judge of the Juvenile Court; Mr. Rice, representing the Hebrew people of the Province; Father Patton, from the Catholic Church; Staff-Captain Simms, the Salvation Army man, who works in the jail and police station; and Mrs. Copeland, recording secretary of the Local Council of Women. The organization is known as the Big Brother and