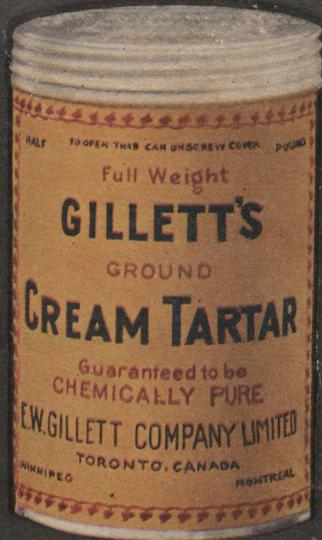
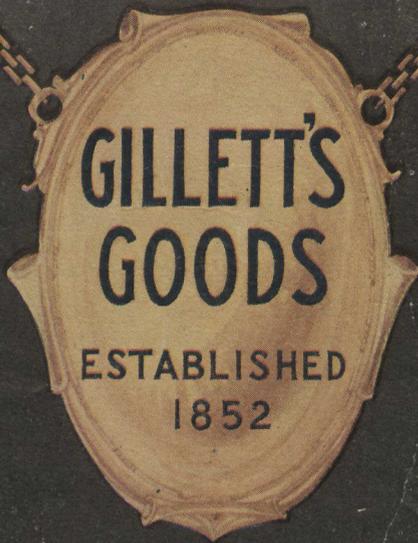


CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



AUGUST
1918

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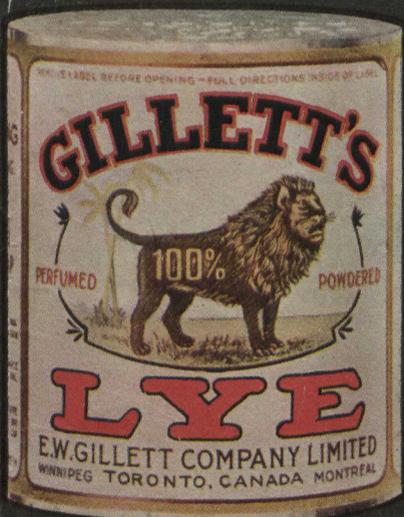


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The Canadian Home Journal

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 WILLIAM G. ROOK, President, Toronto

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The Next Issue is the Enlarged Advance Fall Fashion Number

The September Number will contain nine pages of Fashions, all carefully selected to meet the needs of women who wish to dress smartly and at the same time modestly—their chief interest being in war work rather than finery. The newest features which mark the early Autumn garments will be shown, and our readers may with confidence use these styles from which to plan their heavier clothing and remodel last year's garments. There will be nothing extreme, nothing requiring the extravagant use of either cloths or trimmings—in short, the new Autumn fashions shown in the September Canadian Home Journal will be dignified, up-to-the-minute in style and beautiful.

* * *

"THE QUEEN'S TEAR BOTTLE."

Another fairy story by Virna Sheard will appear in the September Number, complete in one large instalment. This will be illustrated by Norman Price, who has in the past so beautifully interpreted for our readers the work of Virna Sheard.

* * *

"AFTER THE WAR—SHOULD WE HAVE A FOOD CONTROLLER?"

A. Frank Reade will write on this subject in his series of articles, entitled "After the War—What?"

The view taken by some that as long as the war lasts we should not consider plans for reconstruction after its completion is, we believe, exceedingly short-sighted and unwise. Now is the time to

plan, consider and adjust to suit the changing conditions. Watch for Mr. Reade's article on this important subject.

* * *

"THE X-RAY IN DENTISTRY."

Not guesswork, supposition, or hearsay, not what we say or what the person next door says, but the actual facts as set forth by dentists and doctors constitute an article on the above subject in our September issue.

Many are suffering from various diseases which could be easily cured if they would have their teeth examined and treated. Doctors and dentists have proved this, and trace remarkable recoveries directly to the removal or treatment of diseased teeth, which in some cases looked perfectly healthy and sound. The X-ray is to-day playing a most important part in dentistry, revealing trouble at the roots of the teeth, which when discovered can quickly be cured.

* * *

"WITHOUT AN EGG IN THE HOUSE."

What would you do, if suddenly forced to bake or cook? Marion Harris Neil will tell you in the September Number a host of good things she has discovered which can be made without eggs. This is a most valuable article, and will be gladly received by all housewives who are sometimes faced with this problem.

* * *

Marion Harris Neil's second article is entitled
"OUTDOOR MEALS FOR EARLY FALL."

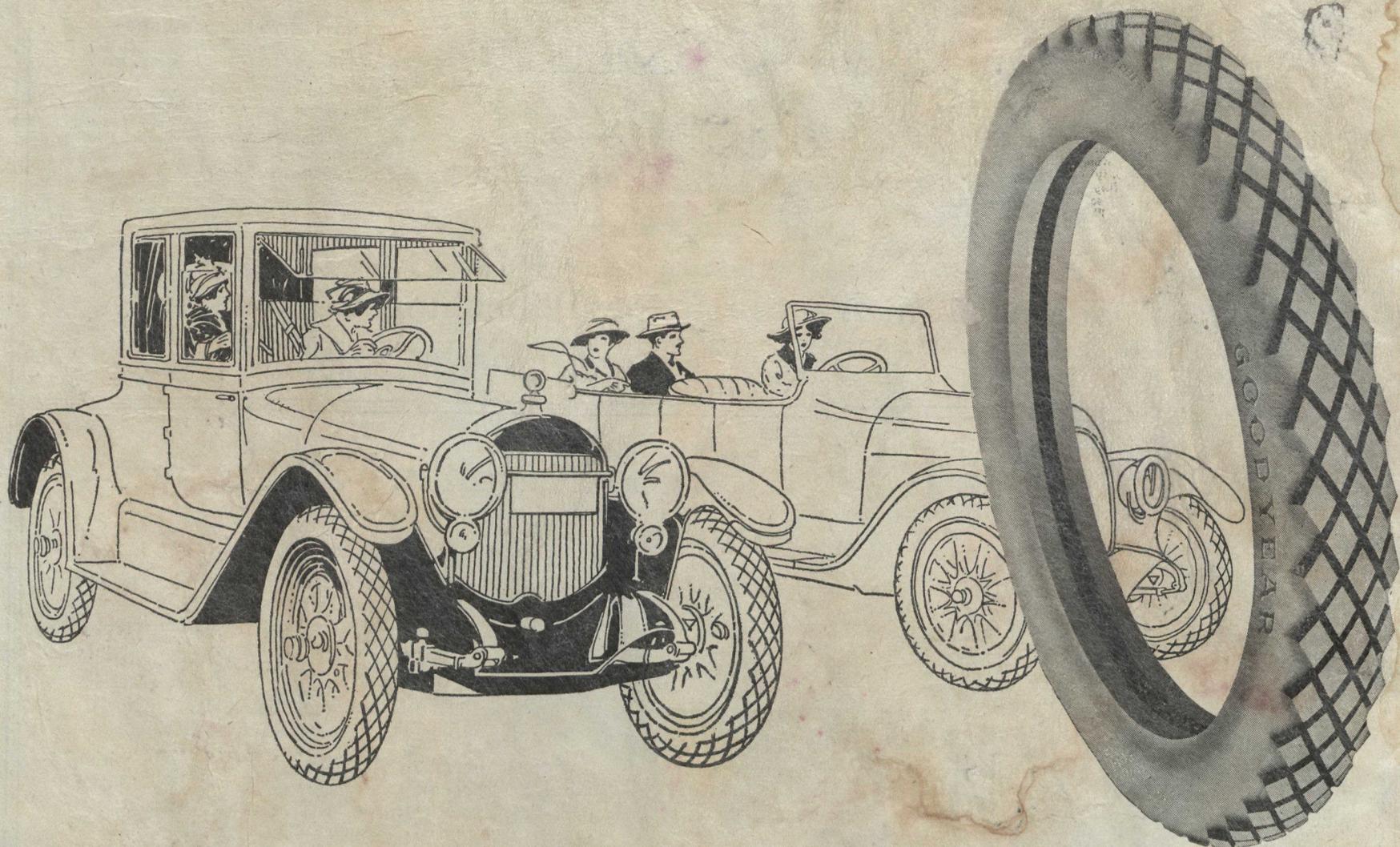


"September in the Northern Canadian Forests"

Painted by J. W. Beatty, R.C.A.

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Goodyears are Fashionable Tires, Too---

Perhaps style plays a minor part in the selection of tires--

But where fine appearance is a factor --there Goodyear Tires are first choice.

You'll notice this Fashion on all cars of extra luxury --the bigger, costlier cars; sedans and limousines. Goodyear Tires seem the natural accompaniment of a special finish; extra equipment; wire wheels.

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Because of the manifold advantages of Goodyear Tires in comfort, appearance, security and freedom from trouble, many users are led to overlook their most important virtue, which is economy. Goodyear Tires actually do cost less to use. The greater mileages they deliver in the end make their selection a matter of economy as well as preference.

**The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
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Women appreciate even more than men the advice and assistance of the Goodyear Service Station Dealer. Watch for this Emblem.

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Canadian Home Journal

EDITORIAL

August

Nineteen-Eighteen

LET THE MEN HELP. The President smiled at the visitor's apparent surprise as the figures of the exceedingly large amount of Red Cross and Patriotic work for the year were read at one of the many Women's Institute meetings held this Summer.

"Our secret," she explained, "is just that we let the men help. They were very glad to have a share in our work. I believe all men would enjoy helping their womenfolk in their war work, but they are seldom given an opportunity. We women want all the glory ourselves," she added knowingly—for the President was over seventy and she had acquired much wisdom.

"It was this way: The men raised or give the money and we women did the work, thereby accomplishing more than either could achieve alone."

Such splendid advice seemed too good to be kept within the bounds of one small meeting, so the visitor passed it on that all societies might benefit therefrom.

* * *

MORE FISH USED. The campaign to increase fish consumption is having results. In the Canadian army stationed or in training in Canada, 200,000 pounds of beef were saved in the month of May, and approximately the same amount in the month of June, by the substitution of fish. In the West a train load of flat fish every few days from Prince Rupert is sold at popular prices under the auspices of the Canada Food Board. In Toronto recently 100,000 pounds of mackerel were sold within one week as the result of a special campaign.

* * *

MORE MARKET BASKETS IN WAR TIME. What is the matter with the markets in Canada? This question is being seriously considered by the Canada Food Board, and Mr. Thomson, the

Chairman, is striving to again bring into general favor the once honored market basket.

European cities have led the world in municipal advance and their markets have figured largely in this connection. In London and Paris wholesale as well as retail public markets are conducted on a vast scale. On the North American continent the municipal market has been a much neglected quantity.

War has shed a new light on the situation, however, and instead of suffering from prevailing conditions, the market has bigger opportunities than it ever had before. What practically every family is worrying about these days is the rising price of everything from potatoes to pen-nibs. Anything that means dragging the H. C. of L. down from its lofty pedestal is hailed with acclaim. The municipal market is one way to do it and an effective way at that.

It will very likely be contended here that market prices are very rarely lower than the prices prevailing at local stores. Maybe not, but the fact remains that the market sets the scale for local prices and that in towns where there is no market the general tendency is for prices to be abnormally high. It is only reasonable

to assume that no dealer would find it paid him to sell at higher rates than the farmers on the market.

But it takes the united efforts of producer and consumer to create a flourishing market. Its success or failure depends very largely on the consumer. Where a market is dead and alive it is a sure indication that the women of the community need to have their eyes opened to the benefits of one of the best institutions that any town can have.

There is a feeling among general dealers that markets are injurious to their interests. They are—in so far as they keep their prices from sky-rocketing! This is an end to be desired by all consumers, who, after all, constitute the major part of the community.

Markets are usually operated only two or three days in the week, and they increase general trade rather than detract from it, for they bring in their wake a big influx of country people who are going to spend money while in town. Indeed, many a city in Europe has grown up round a market and it has never yet been known to retard development, while in nine cases out of ten it has had a good share in hurrying it along.

Markets do not spring to life involuntarily, however. In the early days they did, by the very nature of things. Nowadays they need the stimulus of community enterprise. Location is of the first importance. Clean, sanitary surroundings are necessary. The farmers need encouragement in the shape of co-operative townspeople who will turn out to see what they have. It is a case of give and take in marketing. The first principle is the community spirit.

How is Canada off for markets? There are five at Montreal, five at Winnipeg, three at Edmonton, two at Calgary and Toronto, and one at Ottawa, Owen Sound, Peterborough, Sault Ste. Marie, St. Catharines, Berlin, Brantford, Chatham, Fort William, Galt, Guelph, Hamilton, Kingston, London, Brandon, Regina, Saskatoon, New Westminster, Vancouver, Victoria, Moncton and St. John.

The trouble is that most of the markets in Canada need a thorough cleaning-up. They need the backing of all the people, and they need a clientele of women who put marketing in the "old-fashioned" way among the foremost of their war-time duties.

When Canada reaches the stage where she has a perfect network of well-equipped, up-to-date, live markets patronized by all and sundry, then she will have taken a big step forward in food conservation.

Expansion is rapid once community interest is stimulated and the press and moving picture companies can do much to forward the campaign. It is up to the women of Canada primarily.

The fashion has been set at the capital. Long rows of automobiles disport themselves democratically beside hucksters' carts on marketing days, and Cabinet Ministers' wives rub elbows with the humblest citizens in their hunt for fresh country produce at reasonable prices.

There are many things to be considered about it, but where markets already exist the woman who neglects them is working against her own interests and is failing to make the best of her opportunities.

OUR AIM

To publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome, and truthful.

To be a leader in thought, and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To, as far as possible, publish and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature, and their own country, with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.



Your skin needs special care in summer

to keep it soft, attractive, free from blackheads, blemishes and the coarsening caused by exposure

If summer sun and dust have begun to coarsen your skin, the special Woodbury treatment for this trouble will make it fine and soft again. For full directions for this treatment see the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

THINK how constantly your skin is exposed to sun and dust in summer. Strong sunlight coarsens its texture — irritating dust every day carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes.

Are you using the right cleansing method for your skin? Or the proper treatment to keep it fine in texture? You can live out-of-doors as much as you like, and yet keep your skin active, healthy, clear, radiant.

Take your hand mirror to the clear daylight, and examine your skin closely. See whether it is not already showing the effects of summer exposure.

If you find blackheads or blemishes, if your skin is beginning to grow coarse, begin at once to see what the right method of cleansing will do for it, and the proper treatment with a soap specially prepared to meet the needs of the skin.

Try this famous treatment for blackheads

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold — the colder the better. If possible, rub

your face for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Dry the skin carefully.

Use this treatment persistently. Make it a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the wash-cloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Treatments for all the common troubles of the skin are given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 5c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 5208 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

If neglect has made your skin sallow, sluggish, lifeless, it needs stimulating. Try the famous Woodbury treatment for rousing sallow, sluggish skins, given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap





"Granny wakened from her nap and shrieked oburgations at T. B. for an hour."

PART I.

WHEN, during our second summer at the Tansy Patch, the whiskers of one of our cats were cut off mysteriously we always blamed a small boy pertaining to a family living near us, behind a thick spruce grove. Whether we were right or wrong in this conclusion I cannot say. None of us, not even our redoubtable Salome, cared to accuse any member of this family openly. We had too well-founded dread of "Granny's" tongue. So nothing was ever said about "Doc's" whiskers, and our amiable relations with our neighbors remained undisturbed.

They were certainly a curious assortment. Salome always referred to them as "Them lunatics behind the bush," and asserted vehemently that "everyone of them is crazier than the others, ma'am." She thought it quite dreadful that Dick and I should allow the children to consort with them so freely; but the children liked them, and we ourselves found an endless source of amusement in their peculiarities. They were even better fun than our cats, we thought.

The head of the house was a handsome, middle-aged man whom we seldom saw and with whom, save on one memorable occasion, we never had any conversation. His legal name appeared to be William Conway. His offspring called him "Paw," Aunt Lily always referred to him pathetically as "My poor brother," and Granny called him "My worthless skinamulinx of a son-in-law." What his wife had called him I wot not. She had died, it appears, eight years previously, when Millicent Mary Selina Munn Cook Conway had been born. If she resembled her mother it is not probable that her bereaved spouse sorrowed as one without hope.

When Timothy Benjamin, the oldest son—better known, it may be said as T. B.—paid us a long, friendly, first call, Salome had asked him bluntly, "What does your father do for a living?"

"Nawthing, mostly," was T. B.'s frank and laconic response.

"Then how do you get along?" demanded Salome.

"My old beast of a granny has a little money. We live on that," said T. B. easily. "Folks round here call paw lazy, but he says no, he's just contented."

"Does he never work?"

"Nope. He fiddles and fishes. And he hunts for buried treasure."

"Buried treasure?"

"Yip—down on them sand-hills 'cross from the hotel. He says Captain Kidd buried millions there. He keeps a-digging for it, paw does. Says when he finds it we'll all be rich."

"Your father'd better be digging in his garden," said Salome, severely. "I never saw such a scandal of weeds."

"That's what Granny says," retorted T. B.

Salome was squelched for the time being. She thought that she and Granny could be of the same opinion about anything enraged her into silence.

Our Neighbors at the Tansy Patch

"Every one of them is crazier
than the others, ma'am" vehemently
asserts Salome, maid-of-all-work

By L. M. MONTGOMERY.

Author of "Anne of Green Gables,"
"Anne of Avonlea," and "The
Cats of the Tansy Patch."

Illustrated by
E. J. DINSMORE.

Of Mr. Conway's prowess as fisherman and treasure-seeker I know nothing, but I can testify to his ability as a violinist. When he fiddled, on his tumble-down "back stoop," on the summer evenings, the music that drifted over to the Tansy Patch, through the arches of the spruce wood, was enchanting. Even Salome, who prided herself on her ear for music, admitted that.

"It's angelic, ma'am, that's what it is," she said with solemn reluctance. And to think that lazy good-for-nothing could make it! What could Providence have been thinking of, ma'am? My good, hard-working brother John tried all his life to learn to play well on the fiddle and he never could. And this Bill Conway can do it without trying. Why, he can almost make me dance, ma'am."

That would have been a miracle, indeed! But Dick and I often did dance, on our own stoop, in time to the witching lilts of the invisible musician beyond the spruces.

In appearance Mr. Conway looked like a poet run to seed. He had a shock of wavy, dark auburn hair, a drooping moustache and a goatee, and brilliant brown eyes. He was shy or unsociable, we did not know which. At all events, he never came near us. "Jest too lazy to talk, that's all," T. B. assured us. "Paw hasn't nothin' again' yous."

The first member of the family to call on us—and

the only one who ever paid us a formal call—was Aunt Lily—Miss Lillian Alethea Conway, according to the limp, broken-cornered card she left behind. The formality of her call consisted in her leaving this card. For the rest, she stayed the afternoon, took supper with us, and then remained for the evening.

"I am not, my dear Mrs. Bruce, a soulless society woman," was her somewhat unnecessary introductory remark. She swam up the steps—she really had a very graceful walk—and subsided limply into a rocker. She wore a rumpled dress of pale blue muslin with a complicated adornment of black velvet ribbon, and her long, thin arms were encased in cream lace gloves—remarkably nice gloves, of their kind, at that. Some of Granny's money must have gone into those gloves. She had a pale, freckled face and reddish hair. Yet she was not absolutely lacking in beauty. Later on I saw her once in the moonlight and was surprised by her good looks. Her features were quite classical and if she had known how to do anything with her hair she would have been a pretty woman.

I asked her to come into the house, but she assured me she preferred to remain outside.

"I love to sit and watch the golden bees plundering the sweets of the clover," she said dreamily, clasping her lace-covered hands. Neither bees nor clover were noticeable about the Tansy Patch, but that did not worry Aunt Lily. She rolled her

large, blue eyes upon me and added,

"I adore the country, Mrs. Bruce. The city is so artificial. Don't you truly think the city is so artificial? There can be no real interchange of soul in the city. Here, in the beautiful country, under God's blue sky, human beings can be their real and highest selves. I am sure you agree with me, Mrs. Bruce."

I did, or pretended to; Salome and I knitted the afternoon away while Aunt Lily swayed idly and unceasingly in her rocker, and talked quite as idly and unceasingly. She told us all there was to be told about her family and herself. She kept a diary, it appeared.

"I must have some place to pour out my soul in, Mrs. Bruce," she said pathetically. "Some day, if you wish, I will show you my journal. It is a self-revelation. And yet I cannot write out what burns in my bosom. I envy my niece Dorinda her powers of expression. Dorinda is a poetess, Mrs. Bruce. She experiences the divine afflatus. My poor brother can express the deepest emotions of his soul in music, but I can only wield my halting pen. Yet my journal is not devoid of interest, Mrs. Bruce, and I should not object to sharing it with a sympathetic friend."

"I should like to see it," I assured her—sincerely enough, for I suspected that journal would be rather good fun.

"I will bring it to you some day then," said Aunt

(Continued on page 18.)

The Second of a Series of Articles on Reconstruction in Canada

After the War--What?

By A. FRANK READE.

The Human Problem of Reconstruction---Some Important Reforms---A New Starting-Point---Women Coming Into the New World---Judges and Officials Should Be Put Into Productive Work

WHERE shall we begin on the problem of reconstruction of Canada? That is really the chief problem at the start. The process should be very similar to that of construction, which always begins with a rough plan or sketch, a study of details, then the finished working plan, followed by the clearing of the ground, the digging of the foundation, and the superstructure. Such a programme cannot be worked out in its entirety when the project is not construction, but reconstruction; for we must bear in mind that there are some things we cannot change, no matter how desirable they are, or how eager we are for changes. The site, for example, cannot be changed. But, fortunately, no Canadian wants to change that. The geographical site on which the Canadian people live and work and love and struggle is ideal; so we may safely leave it to the poet's panegyrics and pass on to the edifice that is to be reconstructed and the grounds that are to be improved and differently laid out.

We must keep in mind always that in the process of reconstruction we are not dealing with bricks and mortar and material things, but with people; with human beings who have ideas, habits, traditions, attachments, sentiments, languages, degrees of training and skill, methods of thinking and working, modes of living and worshipping, limits of understanding and of education, as well as institutions of religion and philosophy, that must be thought of, and in some instances must be regarded with the most tender care.

The question of language is a serious one; not merely that we have in Western Canada nearly fifty foreign languages and dialects—for the people there are intermixed with English-speaking people, and are practically all, especially the young, ambitious individually to make English their common tongue—but the real language problem is massed in the Province of Quebec, where nearly a third of Canada's total population speaks only French, and does not understand what the other two-thirds are saying or writing. But the situation is even worse in the English-speaking parts of Canada, such as in Ontario, where practically none of the English-speaking people can either speak or read French. This vexed question is merely touched here because of its bearing on the broad question as to ideals for Canada, which we must now discuss.

Canadian Ideals Lead the World.

Just as the architect and builder start with a plan before proceeding with construction, so we should have some plan, some ideals, as to what we desire or intend to do.

Canada, speaking nationally, has just passed the half-century of life as a Confederation of the Provinces, and therefore should be old enough to have some settled ideas and ideals as to national life. When the Confederation was formed in 1867, the basis was: Executive authority vested in the British sovereign through his representative, the Governor-General; a general legislature or parliament for the federated provinces, charged with matters of common interest to the whole country, and composed of Senate and House of Commons; provincial governments charged with control of local matters in their respective sections. Here we have, briefly stated, British connection; a strong central government, with the sovereign's representative at its head, controlling all national matters; provincial autonomy in all matters not of general (Dominion) concern.

These were the

ideals of our statesmen fifty years ago, as to the form and method by or under which the Dominion of Canada should live and develop; and it is assuring to all Canadians, as it has been inspiring to nation-builders in other lands, to know that the Fathers of Confederation proved to be "wise master-builders." Their edifice of statesmanship, which was the first experiment in federal government, was imitated by Australia in forming its Commonwealth, and later in the Union of South Africa. It is being followed also in the organization of India. In this connection, it is worth while relating that the name of the Canadian Confederation was suggested by Sir Leonard Tilley, who, on reading the 72nd Psalm, was struck with the remarkable description of Canada's geography in the eighth verse:

"He shall have Dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."

In other words, from Atlantic to Pacific, and from the River St. Lawrence to the Arctic regions, where Stefansson is even now exploring on behalf of the Dominion Government.

Reforms Afford a Starting Point.

While Canadians may congratulate themselves on having a stable form of government with which to start their national life, there should be—and there is—a widespread desire to improve on the methods of the founders of the firm. Those old Fathers of Confederation were red-hot party politicians, and though they united for the great crisis in national life, they soon ranged themselves again on old party lines, and it has taken fifty years' time and another national crisis to bring back a union government.

But we have gone farther this time, and have abolished the chief feature of party government—the system of patronage and party pull, which vitiated the entire public service, filling necessary offices with inefficients, creating soft jobs and sinecures for party favorites, and wasting the public money most recklessly. Indeed, the example of union government has been imitated in other fields, particularly the newspaper sphere, and in many cases the two partizan papers of larger towns and cities have united. As the result of a recent case in Ontario, a small town weekly paper is able to boast that it is "the only Liberal paper in Blank County," but it is hot enough in its utterances to meet the entire county's needs.

Our ideals to-day are in advance of those of fifty years ago in respect of union government, for not only is this union to be permanent, but three important reforms—abolition of patronage, prohibition of the liquor traffic, and woman suffrage—have already sprung from the union. All these changes are

strong, radical, and in the right direction; and we may fairly take them as a starting-point for further developments along progressive lines.

Having wiped out partyism, old party methods, shallow party cries and irritating party questions, let us start on broader lines, introduce new ideas, use new terms, and get a new outlook. Let us think of Social Progress now, instead of Party Success. Let us get the true idea of democracy—the building up of the people; securing for the people a good living wage; proper housing; minimum working hours; fair distribution of the proceeds of production; the best possible training towards efficiency; a sound education that will enable them to understand social problems, so that they can intelligently take part in their solution.

Social progress must be secured, at any cost; and the social progress must be made orderly, systematic, purposeful, sure. There must be created in every member of the community—that is, in every man and woman, in every boy and girl—a deep feeling of social responsibility. Selfishness must give place to sociality; all members of the community must learn to work together for the common good; prejudices of class, of rank, of wealth, of race, of religion, must give place to broad charity, to helpfulness. The new standard of patriotism must be willingness not only to die for Canada, but to live for it—to live unselfishly, desire to help in every good work, willingness to teach what we know, to pass on to others what has helped us, anxiety to assist in removing evils, temptations, dangers, and to make our community and nation safe for democracy.

The New "Orientation."

The key-words of reconstruction are—production and service. Production means doing productive work in the best and most thrifty way, by the most efficient methods. It means the elimination of useless occupations, the turning of every man and woman to useful, productive work. It means, in the final analysis, the examination of every man's work, as to what sort it is, and the turning of unproductive work into productive channels, or else destroying it. National service is coming, that will put a stop to all confusion as to what is real service for the community and the nation, and what is wasteful, unnecessary or positively dangerous and evil.

We must get a new "orientation"—to use the new word, which is so suggestive in this connection. That is, we must turn and look in another direction. We have been taking things for granted too much. We have been doing what we have been "used to," never thinking what it was all about. We have gone to meetings of the village, town, city or county council, and have seen men sitting around the table,

and have heard them discuss community matters—the wise men of the community—never a woman. It seemed all right; it had always been so; this was a man's job; why women at such a place? (We never thought "why women?"—fact is, we took it all as a matter of course, and thought nothing at all about it.) Now comes the new orientation; we look for women around these boards now, and wonder—oh, how we wonder—that we never thought of them before. Why, these men are talking about things they don't understand at all. What do they know—the most of them, at any rate—about women's problems, such as the protection of young girls, the care of old women, mothers' pensions, the struggles of

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HONORING MANITOBA'S HEROES.

An interesting ceremony took place at Government House, Winnipeg, when Sir James Aikins, Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, conferred a number of medals on the wives and relatives of several of Canada's heroes. Two returned officers, Captain L. M. Moffatt, of the 44th Battalion, and Lieutenant T. G. Vant, 15th Canadian Machine Gun Company, were accorded the Military Cross for valor at the front. Both were wounded. In all the other cases the presentations were made to relatives owing to the death of the proper recipient. The photograph shows Sir James Aikins, officers of the Staff of Military District 10, and the recipients of the decorations, and was taken outside Government House immediately after the ceremony.

Smoked Glasses

By MARTINA GARDNER OWEN.

Illustrated by MARY ESSEX.

How One Recruit Was Added To The Army

THE effect was that of a royal October landscape, hung in the light of a blue and green tinted, north exposure, stained glass window. Children played by the hearth. The open fire beamed impartially on tangled curls and cropped boyish heads. Its crackling lent a minor accompaniment to the shrill treble of young voices. As an ideal home picture, both coloring and composition were faultless. But this masterpiece of the Artist of the Fireside was chilled by the mother's fretted, unsympathetic eyes.

"Can't you leave that tiresome paper, Evan, and put the children to bed?" she demanded petulantly. "It's seven now, and I have the dishes to do yet. Miss Grey said that she would call for me at eight o'clock, sharp."

"What for?" her husband demanded a bit dazedly, jerking his attention from an engrossing column.

"For the concert, of course. I told you about it last night," Jeanette explained testily. "Other women go out with their husbands occasionally. I never can, because I married a physician, and he may be summoned at any minute to soothe some other woman's nerves. Miss Grey offered to call for me, and sister Julia will stay with the children. So I am to have a little diversion if I can get ready in time," she finished meaningly.

Dr. Scotney started to explain that it was a man who needed him to-night, a man who was about to face the crisis of typhoid fever. Before he could frame a word, Jeanette had whisked angrily from the room. He heard the spiteful hiss of the hot water faucet and the sharp clink of silver. His strong, kindly face darkened and his hands clenched ineffectually. They relaxed as his glance fell upon his children.

"Come on, kiddies," he invited, swinging the smallest mite to his broad shoulder. "First one upstairs leads in a pillow fight."

A disapproving protest from the kitchen jangled into the laughter. It failed to soar to the heights of the nursery.

"Look out, daddy, I've got the hard pillow!" shrieked eight-year-old Roland.

Evan entered into the romp with the abandonment which is possible only to the hard-working man who has learned the value of play. After ten minutes he terminated the frolic with a quiet but authoritative word.

"We like to have you put us to bed," chirped Witch Marian as the father buttoned and unbuttoned small white garments with his skillful surgeon fingers. "Mother never has time for fun or stories. She just jerks our clothes off, tells us to say our prayers quick and to jump into bed."

"Mother is tired, dear," Evan reproved gently. "Now we'll have prayers, and then you shall each choose a story."

"O, goody," cried Harold. "Let's ask God to send daddy to put us to bed every night," he whispered to his younger brother.

Mrs. Scotney was drawing on her gloves when her husband descended the stairs, again seated himself by the library table and resumed his interrupted reading. She dropped into the opposite chair and turned the pages of a magazine idly. The lines of her face softened with the moment of rest and of relaxation.

"What have you there that is so wonderfully fascinating?" she quizzed. "Is it a serial, and is the hero about to be shot by a band of masked desperadoes? Or is it merely an account of the gymnastics of a new

germ?" "It's a current magazine with an article which describes the work of the doctors in the base hospitals, just back of the front line trenches," explained Evan. "There is a constant demand for competent medical men who have the necessary experience and the physical endurance."

"A good opportunity for some young fellow just out of college," commented Jeanette, listlessly. The subject had not stirred her to a ripple of interest.

"Why not for an older man with established practice and family?" Evan asked quietly.

"How perfectly absurd!" Jeanette flashed. "In the first place there are quite enough unmarried slackers to fill the posts. Then a married man's duty is to his wife and children. He has no right to go where, in all probability, his life will be forfeit and they will be left unprotected. Even if he should come back alive and unwounded his practice would be gone and he would have to start all over again. I should never consent to your going, and that's flat, if that is what you are hinting about, Evan Scotney." Then, briskly arising, "There's Miss Grey's ring. Call up Julia and tell her I'm off. The children might sleep safely, but it is well to guard against all possible danger. Good-bye." She touched his forehead in a perfunctory kiss. "Sorry you can't come along."

The unaccustomed silence of the house which followed her departure was broken a few minutes later by a sweet, merry voice:

"Good evening, doctor brother," it saluted. "I have been waiting patiently for five minutes for you to look up and say, 'How do you do?' I opened the

door quite noisily, too. Speaking of the value of the ability to concentrate, I could have collected all of the family silver—if that fascinating article had been long enough. May I have that paper after you go?" she requested, as she tossed her hat and coat on the sofa and fluffed her auburn hair.

"It wouldn't interest you, little sister," Evan discouraged.

"But it interests you," she persisted, "and my intellect from yours is not further removed than is Vimy Ridge from our own peaceful Main Street."

She selected a willow rocker and added a sofa pillow that made a bewitching background for her white wool dress and clear complexion.

"If Rob or Ned were only here now," Evan commented, quizzically. "Too bad to waste such tactics on an old married man," he added with an amused twinkle.

"Thirty-five is not old at all," Julia declared, serenely, displaying a daintily shod and silk stockinged foot. "You were married when you were a mere infant, that is all. There are plenty of young bachelors on my eligible list whose birthdays antedate yours. Be a good sport and let me practice some more, will you? They say that the way to fascinate a man is —"

"Don't say 'through his stomach,' I beseech you," deplored Dr. Scotney. "I have too many cases of chafing dish dyspepsia on my hands now."

"Don't jump at conclusions, goosey," Julia admonished. "I intended to complete my sentence by saying: 'To lead him to talk about himself.' How long have you?"

"Fifteen minutes," Evan calculated, looking at his watch.

"Plenty of time," she dimpled. "You are a young man, understand. You have been waiting in my parlor while I powdered my nose and crimped my hair and tried on three gowns in order to decide which is the more becoming. It was quite necessary to decide correctly, because I fully intend that you shall propose to-night, though you aren't in the secret. During the interim you discovered that magazine and found something that interested you. Curtain's up."

Dr. Scotney grinned indulgently. He was accustomed to Julia's caprices. They had amused him when she was a chubby faced child and later as a hobbled-hoy school girl. Now that she had turned overnight into a young lady they were even more diverting.

"I believe you were reading visions between the lines of your paper, Evan. Won't you tell me about them?" Julia cooed sweetly.

"Just some accounts of the medical work which is being done within sound of the roar of the big guns," Evan returned, dropping easily into the character of one of Julia's young swains. "Nothing to interest a sunnyside-o'-life girl like you."

"But it does interest me," Julia differed. "I believe there's a strain of warrior blood in my veins. The very thought of those grey, huddled heaps in No-Man's land; of the procession of stretcher bearers and of comrade's-shoulder-supported men crawling up from the trenches along paths that grow redder as they pass—well, it makes my heart beat to drum time and my eyes to see the old flag waving in the battle breeze. If I don't read and talk about things that set me to shuddering it's because I want to save my energy and my sympathy for cases of real need which I can actually help. I can do nothing for the soldiers themselves. I may be able to do something for

(Continued on following page.)



"I believe you were reading visions between the lines of your paper. Evan, won't you tell me about them?"

SMOKED GLASSES

(Continued from preceding page.)

those whom they leave behind. Suppose, my young medical student, that you really had your degree and that your mother were enough of a Spartan to bid you Godspeed. What would you do?"

"I'd enlist for active service at once," Evan vowed earnestly, entering into the play with zest. "I'd extract shrapnel and soothe from shell shock and amputate splintered limbs instead of puttering with a lot of silly women whose only trouble is that they have no real work to do; that they fritter away their days at silly teas and over senseless cards; that they never treat their muscles to actual exertion nor their lungs to pantingly breathed outdoor air."

"But you wouldn't get as much money as you get here," Julia commented, in a voice that was innocently sweet. Evan could not see the wicked sparkle in the blue eyes gazing so low-lidded at the flickering flames.

"How much can I get here?" he demanded, fiercely, forgetting the character that he had assumed. "Enough to keep up a house exactly like that of the other houses in the village. Enough to clothe and to feed my family and to pay for a few books, a life insurance and an occasional trip. Perhaps I can make enough to send my sons to college if they are worth the effort. I sometimes doubt it. Life here seems to give the present generation mental rickets. Other men's sons turn out to be namby pamby. Mine may. But they won't if they have to fight their way up, and if they have the example of a hero father. Anyway, what is gold compared to honor? Besides," he added, whimsically, "My practice will soon be ruined here. Half of the ills of life are imaginary, and they do not tarry with those who are straining muscles in the doing of things that are worth while. And it won't be long until everyone here will be too busy solving real problems on life's blackboard to play tit tat toe behind the teacher's back."

"But my sister won't let you go," blazed Julia, facing him suddenly. "She prefers to have you putter around here where she has always lived. I know all about the splendid chance which she forced you to turn down last winter, too! Medical students indeed! Mending soldiers' rent bodies and agony-seared souls is a work for healers who know life as well as medicine. You think I am only a child. At my age our grandmothers were rocking their second babies. I've read and observed and thought and I can see. Jeanette is all right at heart, but she has allowed her eyes to be covered with the smoked glasses donated by the Demon of Domestic Dullness. She wasn't always like this. I remember her wedding morning. I was only a child then. I woke to find her kneeling by the eastern window of our little room, watching the sun rise. I crept out of bed to throw my arms about her. She put her head down on my shoulder and said:

"O, Julia, I am so happy. Evan is so good, so true, so kind, my lover and my king. I want to be worthy of him. Little sister, help me always to be his inspiration, his comrade, his better self. God grant that I may never make it hard for him to do that which his honor demands."

"Now I intend to help her," Julia rushed on with the impetuosity of youth. "She would have let you join a special expedition to China to fight the Bubonic plague then. There is no reason why she shouldn't send you overseas now as bravely as the other women have sent husbands and lovers, brothers and sons. The home is in her name. There is a good bit of solidly invested money and she had a profession before she married. She is a strong, healthy young woman and the children are all safely past the teething period. She needs something to open her eyes. I am going to do just that. I shall —"

"Stop!" Evan had risen to his feet and stood as if dazed before the furious onslaught of the girl's words. Now he spoke with the voice which neither nurse nor patient, nor officious relative had ever dared to disobey.

"You will in no way interfere. You forget that you are speaking of my wife, the mother of my children. We will settle our own domestic difficulties—if difficulties there be which I do not concede. Thank you for coming over this evening." His voice had grown coldly formal. "I have an engagement now. Good-night."

Dr. Scotney stepped out into the starshine and closed the door. Could he have seen through the solid oak, instead of the silent, crushed little figure that he had left he would have beheld a thrillingly alive and vivacious young woman. She bowed triumphantly to her reflection in the glass and murmured to the daring eyed vision that dimpled back at her:

"Oh, no, you'll not interfere! You are flattened into a door mat and you will creep away and hide. You are a sly little puss and you found out just what you wanted to discover. And you will now sit down and plan some amateur theatricals with yourself as the villainess, your sister as the Awakened Wife and Brother Evan in the limelight before the final curtain as the Happy Husband."

Evan shrank from the next meeting with his sister-in-law. He could not quite remember what he had said. He was sure that he had not mentioned Jeanette's name. Yet he had the uncomfortable feeling that he had bared his soul for this slip of a girl. He knew that she was quite capable

of executing any plan, however venturesome. He had helped her through too many girlish escapades to have the slightest doubt on that score.

However, his fears were quickly soothed. Julia came over quite as often as before. She made no reference to the conversation. At first she wore such a hurt, childish expression that Evan melted. Probably the infant had not realized what she was saying. Moreover, the babies adored her, and she was so devoted to Jeanette. The doctor became quite kind in his desire to make amends for his harshness. Julia revived by degrees and soon they were back on the old familiar footing. Evan had completely forgotten the episode when a telegram was handed him some weeks later. He tore it open and found that it was from a physician in another part of the state, a man who had been a college friend of his father and who had helped Evan himself with many a bit of sage counsel when he was a young practitioner. He read:

"Come for consultation. Arrange leave practice. Stay week. Important."

Evan glanced at his watch. The express was due in exactly eighty minutes. He hurried into the living room. Julia was there, tranquilly mending. The baby played at her feet.

"Where's Jeanette?" he demanded.

"She has gone to a meeting of the club," Julia responded. "Harold and Roland are at school.

TO MY MOTHER

If I should die, grieve not that one so weak and poor as I should die—
Nay, though thy heart should break, think only this:—
That when at dusk they speak of sons and brothers of another one—
Then thou canst say "I too had a son. He died for freedom's sake."
(Unknown.)

Sister took Marian with her. Mrs. Lawton suggested that she could play with her Molly under the care of the nurse. Anything wrong?"

"A telegram from Dr. Ryall," Evan explained, hurriedly. "Important consultation. I really ought to leave on the five-forty. Can you get Jeanette by phone?"

"Yes," was the judicial response, "but it would spoil her afternoon and disturb the meeting. Why is it necessary? I can pack your bag. I always pack daddy's. Jeanette hasn't been out for an afternoon in a month, and she was anticipating such a pleasant time. There is a celebrated author present and you know that Mrs. Lawton is an ideal

DR. BELAND

Canada's Greeting Upon His Return From Europe.

By J. W. BENGOUGH.

Little Bateese, go on de garden now,
And pick de flower pure w'ite and bring to me,
Dat's for put on de botton-'ole for show
Docteur Beland is 'ome from 'cross de sea.

Pick de w'ite flower, dat's match de soul of 'im
In all de year 'e suffer grief and pain,
Weeping de bitter tear till eye is dim
For bride dat's die, 'e will not see again.

W'ite flower—dat's like de love de docteur show
De poor Belgique w'en she is trample down;
Not try for ron away from dere, Oh, no!
But, lak de hero, stay for face de Hun.

W'ite flower—dat's tell de story how he look
W'en he is prisoner of de brute de Bosche,
Lak' rose dat's 'mong de ogly blisters took—
I go and fight dose devil too, 'ba gosh!

I lak' for strangle such beast on de t'roat
Dat's murder pauvre mere and little child,
And drown de babies w'en dey'll sink de boat;
Give me de gun, Bateese, my blood is wild!

Ah! I'm old man—pas' age for armee now,
But young Canayan habitant he'll go;
De beeg young feller strong as ox or cow,
He's got de stuff, by gar, let German know!

De w'ite flower on my botton-'ole, dat's prayer
De bon Dieu bless you always, chere Beland,
And w'en Quebec boy 'e get over dere
'E'll settle wit' dose Bosche, you understand!

hostess. If Jeanette knew that you were going she would feel obliged to rush home and pack your bag and see that you had on fresh linen and a newly pressed suit. Too bad to deprive her of the afternoon's pleasure."

"That's so," Evan commented after a moment's thought. "Very well. I'll write a message for her. Pack the bag while I see Oswald and arrange for him to take over my practice. He'll be only too glad. He's having a hard time to get a foothold. Three doctors for every patient now. I'll be back in half an hour."

When Evan returned, his bag was ready and his clean linen and fresh suit were on the bed. In exactly thirty minutes he appeared in travelling trim, kissed the baby and gave Julia a note.

"Give this to Jeanette, please," he said. "Good-bye, little sister. You are a trump. Take care of my family."

He was off in a whirlwind rush for the train.

"Am afraid I have called you here on a fool's errand, my boy," the genial old doctor remarked as his guest emerged from the sleeper the

next morning. "My patient rallied miraculously. It turned out to be quite an ordinary case after all."

Evan's face showed distinct disappointment.

"Tut, lad," the doctor rallied. "You look positively sorry that the man is recovering."

Evan pulled himself together.

"It wasn't that," he declared. "But I had been looking forward to the week with you. You are always as good as a tonic and I'm feeling rather done. However, it doesn't matter. I can get the morning express."

"Now, why?" the old man demanded. "I've a chance to go on a fine camping trip and to bring a friend. Your practice is arranged for. Your wife doesn't expect you. Why not come along?"

Evan found a fresh objection for every hour of the day. Each was overruled. Next morning the two men took an early train which would end at a trail—a trail which would plunge them into the heart of the woods. Evan had written a letter to Jeanette the night before and entrusted it to Dr. Ryall. It had been posted—enclosed in a fresh envelope to Julia.

It was a long, healing week spent close to nature. They fished and hunted and trapped. There were fragrant evenings by the dancing camp fire when Evan drank in the shrewd old man's philosophy or laughed at his kindly humor. Too, there were dreamless nights on beds of balsam, and awakings to a plunge in the sparkling stream and to trout for breakfast. Mother Nature yielded the balm which she always gives to those who ask her to soothe their workaday hurts. It was with steadied nerves and with a saner outlook upon life that Dr. Scotney turned his face homewards.

At the end of the journey he swung from the train and hurried toward his office. There might be important mail. He was anxious to get Oswald by wire and to inquire about the progress of the more important cases. At the door he stopped in utter bewilderment. Jeanette, red-eyed and white cheeked, was sorting over his private papers.

"In the name of —," he began, but Jeanette rushed into his arms and burst into a torrent of weeping.

"There, there, pet," he comforted awkwardly. "What is the trouble? Has anything happened to the children?"

"O, you've come back, you've come back," she managed to gasp between her sobs.

"Come back?" he repeated, wonderingly. "Of course I've come back. What else would I do?"

He held her close until her sobs were quieted.

"Now tell me all about it," he insisted.

"You were gone when I came from the club," she began, in a trembling voice. "The children had stopped to play on their way home from school and knew nothing about you. Baby said: 'Papa say bye, bye,' but I thought you had just gone for a call. Julia was in a hurry to get home and I suspected nothing wrong. When you didn't come for

(Continued on page 36.)

MARY BRITTEN WRITES

A Second Letter to Her Sister in Canada

By SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN.

36 The Buildings,
Angel Road, N.W.

MY DEAR SISTER:

IN your last—enclosed in half a pound of marg., for which we are truly thankful, as it does seem worth its weight in gold these times—you remark I had not mentioned Flossie's young man before speaking of her getting rid of him, and I notice though smudged in places you would be pleased to hear the particulars. I will do my best as it is no secret and never was, and now F. herself agrees with me that a man with no chin has that much against him whatever size his eyes may be or good his hand-writing. From this you will see that F. has dropped the veil and no longer keeps herself to herself, which is a lot more agreeable all round.

The very first day of Flossie's going on the buses her father pointed out the likelihood. Says Alf, "That girl will be bringing a young man here off one of them Generals, ^{think my words,}" he says, and F. never denied but that was how he made her acquaintance. I believe it began with him putting her right with her change and you know how one thing leads to another when the heart is young and him a regular on her route. Soon it came to conversation and one evening, much to her surprise, he begged her to accept of a rabbit, the next day being Sunday and very tasty it was done my way with a dumpling or two and an onion. That led to the pictures, and the first thing we knew he was sitting down to tea with us and I noticed he was particularly fond of sardines. You will ask when all seemed so satisfactory why break it off and I can only tell you it has as much to do with her father as anything else. From the very first Alf thought there was something, but him being so sensitive since he was buried in France I didn't take much notice. Hard to please, Alf is now, with any stranger, which you can't blame him, seeing all he's been through and so many walking around protected.

It was Mabel began it.

"Why don't you give him a hint to cut his hair?"

she says to F., and F. replies, "I guess he's got enough to do cutting other people's," which was the first we knew of him being a hairdresser, F. not being one to tell all she knows, not by any means. She went on to pass a remark about the grapes being sour, which I needn't dwell on, sisters being sisters as the sayin' is all the world over. But Alf pricks up his ears. Alf isn't fond of hairdressers, not as a class. He says out there they're the exception and not the rule. "Well," I said, "if he was rejected on account of flat feet that wasn't his fault," I said, but Alf seemed to smell something.

Up to now, when this Mr. Pepple was there we had kept the conversation on air raids, submarines and the food controller, and I must say he expressed himself very well, though generally managing to slide the subject off on to Irene Vanbrugh or Gladys Cooper, when the details was at all horrible. He didn't seem as if he could stand them, so one evening when young George had been giving us all a regular turn with something he'd heard, ^{this} Mr. Pepple he passed his cup to change over the subject and his hand shook so it clattered in the saucer. Alf he noticed it, and presently he says to P., "What do you think about this here war?" Alf says sort of artful.

"I don't like war," says P.

"Neither do I," says Alf. "And I been there, so I know," he said. "I don't arf like war—there's a whole lot of things I like better," says Alf, "but leavin' war in general out of it, what do you think of *this* war?" Alf says.

This Mr. Pepple he straightened his collar behind where there wasn't nothing the matter with it and he replies:

"I don't see as this war is different from any other."

"Don't you?" says Alf. "Then you got poor eyes."

"Oh, father," says Flossie, "Mr. Pepple's eyes are his best feature."

"There's a kind of eye that's very good at reading the wrong sort of print," says Alf, "and there's

quite a few of them about just now," he says. "Now, what I ask this gentleman is: Do you consider the Huns is in the right?"

"I ain't considered it," said Mr. P.

"Oh," says Alf, "ain't you? Then may I ask what you 'ave been exercising of your mind on the last three years?"

"Suppose they ain't in the right what's that to you or me?" says P.

"If they ain't in the right they're in the wrong," Alf tells him. "And where there's a right and a wrong there's got to be a fight and always has been. We got to see it through."

"Not me," says Pepple.

"If we *are* going to 'Her Dream of Diamonds,' ' puts in Flossie very nervous, "I don't want to hurry you, Mr. Pepple, but—"

"No," says her father, "don't hurry the young man. I understand," he said to P., "that you were rejected for flat feet."

"Flat feet, one man business, only son of a widow," says P., "and if they wanted more I could give it to them."

"Maybe you're a Pacific," says Alf.

"Maybe I am," says P.

"Maybe you're a Conchy," says Alf, and gave him a look.

"It wasn't necessary," says Pepple, "I had me flat feet."

"Had you?" says Alf. "Got 'em still?"

"Why yes," says P.

"Then use 'em," says Alf, and opened the door to him.

None of us have ever seen him since. F. thinks he takes the Tube. Alf says maybe he goes on his flat feet.

Your affectionate sister,

MARY BRITTEN.

P.S.—The present one is cross-eyed and in khaki. He gets on splendid with Alf. F. thinks his chin is his best feature. "Yes," says Mabel, "you could take a ride on it." "To Berlin," says F. You can't down our Flossie since she's been on the buses.

THE SHERWOOD FOREST

By JEAN GRAHAM.

There is no spot in England associated with more romance of fairy lore and outlaw adventure than ancient Sherwood Forest, where the trees are many centuries old and the velvet sward is softened and enriched by the dews of many summers. To the courtesy of a returned Canadian soldier, one of our boys who went "over the top" at Vimy, I am indebted for these two photographs of "the heart of Merrie England." Of course, it is of Robin Hood that we think, when we hear of this forest



THE MAJOR OAK.

This wonderful old tree is about fifteen yards in circumference and twenty-two persons can stand inside it. All the limbs are supported by iron braces to the main trunk. The top of the tree was lost twenty-three years ago.

of the old land, and the words of Alfred Noyes come to us with their magic summoning of long ago scenes.

"Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn,
is Robin Hood asleep?
Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn,
is Robin Hood asleep?
Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen,
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—
Calls them and they answer from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the Follow! Follow!
and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by;
Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day."



WOODLAND DEPTHS OF OLD ENGLAND.

Here are seen some of the Monarchs of Sherwood Forest. These trees were considered too old for ships in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

ROBIN HOOD

Robin Hood, Robin Hood, wind your horn again,
Break the Sherwood silence, call your merrie men!

Robin, England staggers, horrible in pain;
Leave your sleepy forest, thunder down the plain.

Dim your olden glory, shame your olden skill—
Trench can never stop you, bog nor barren hill!

That is Vimy Ridge there, rising from the mud;
Vimy Ridge was captured by the British blood!

Robin, Robin, Robin, summon all your men!
God and Merrie England! take the field again!

—New York Sun.

A Talk To Mothers

NEARLY a year ago, in the Department of Baby Welfare, we discussed the subject of the best age at which to send a child to school, and in the June number of the Journal, we considered the subject of Venereal Disease.

At first glance one would not suppose that these two subjects had any connection with each other, yet I hope to show in the following paper that underneath all other remedies proposed for the relief and cure of the plague, that burdens the whole civilized world to-day, the teaching of the child is the remedy paramount that will by the mercy of God eventually deliver the world from this curse.

Those of you who read the article a year ago will possibly recall that my final conclusion as regards the right age to send the ordinary child out from home protection was to be judged by what the parents had been able to teach him or her at home. That is, a child should not be sent into the mimic world of school till certain truths concerning life, and its origin, had been truly and lovingly explained at home.

It is logical rather than Utopian to conclude that the man or woman who has been trained from infancy to understand some of the beauty of life and its beginnings, to glimpse the mystery of that Eternity from which we come and to which we go, to realize the truth of life that we carry from Eternity to Eternity, and bequeath beautified or sullied to countless generations—that such a man or woman will not wantonly wreck the life that has been given into his or her keeping.

That this is not a mere dream has been proven even now by the reverent living of those, comparatively few though they be, who have had the good fortune to have been so taught or to have imbibed from some source a pure conception of the Creator's plan of propagation of life.

A few generations of such reverent lives would cause the curse of venereal disease, and all the network of misery consequent on a wrong conception of God's Greatest Thought, to pass from the world as some of the so-called "medical" practices of the dark ages have done.

The practical question that faces the parent first, and the teacher of children second, is the best form in which to help the child to understand the truth that is his.

Much has been written and taught along this line, and a perusal of some of this, most of it painstaking, and careful work, lies within the power of every person who is able to read. It is no more difficult to understand than some of the instructions given as to the making of a child's dress, or the intricacies of the published recipes and menus for "war-time saving." It is vastly more interesting and instructive reading.

In my own experience the child itself almost invariably points out the way to help, and the path of instruction to follow; if the parent is wise and patient enough to watch for the turning of the little mind in that direction. Yes, and the parents need to be industrious enough to be ready for question or remark when it comes, and not find themselves in a suddenly embarrassed position on unfamiliar ground, or ground that has only been considered by them in the coarse or ignorant vocabulary of lazy and unbeautiful minds.

In a foot note at the end of this article I hope to append a list of some of the latest and best books on these subjects, trusting that my readers will select those that fit their particular need.

To a little child that has not been in some way injured or hurt mentally, its own beautiful little body is one of the very first things that awaken a curious interest. And right here on the part of many thoughtless people comes one of the very first sins against the child, and against God's Beautiful Thought. No baby should ever be given the ghost of a thought that any part of that exquisite little body is unclean, or unholy, or needful of concealment. Drop that poison in, and you have already turned the child's face toward the regions of death.

The contrary should be persistently taught, yes, and insisted on, in the face of much opposition and many stumbling-blocks deliberately placed by the giant Ignorance in your own and the Baby's path. You will have to watch the nurse and the washer woman, your grandmother and your best friend. But after a while your "very peculiar ideas" will be respected, and before that time your child's ideas will have taken some form. See to it that that form is clear and correct in regard to function, and nomenclature, in so far as the child can understand. Otherwise, teach him physiology and hygiene.

Little lessons from Nature probably come next, and in that the parent teacher of to-day is vastly better off than the parent of even a decade ago. Books of all grades, of great beauty of form, and so inexpensive as to be within the reach of any purse may be had at any good store or from any publisher.

Here let me say a word along the line of the purchase of literature for little children, or any children for that matter. The buying of good books, not haphazard, nor even according to the Sunday school selection, is absolutely necessary in every home. Books should be purchased corresponding to the need of each particular child, and containing the information required by each special occasion. I have in mind now one very happy ordinary home, where the young mother is ambitious that her boy should have the best in moral, and mental, as well as physical development. But every book that she requires to purchase to prepare her mind to meet the opening needs of that new mind, has to be obtained through friends, on the quiet as it were, because her husband considers the buying of books

Teaching Truths Concerning The Beginnings of Life

By
DR. LAURA S. M. HAMILTON.

on such subjects as an extravagance for people in their position. Yet you will never go into that home but what you may see a novel or new magazine lying around that he has bought for his own recreation. He has no intention of being selfish, or, mercy, *stupid!*—but let me whisper it softly, he being a man with the best intentions in the world, is both, where it comes to understanding the needs of a very little child. Could we as men and women only meet and face, and then endeavor to provide for our limitations, even as we put on an extra wrap to provide against a drop in temperature, how much more wisdom we would show.

Little lessons in hygiene, little lessons in physiology and anatomy, little lessons in Nature study, little lessons in love and reverence to God (the favorite portion of the Bible of "the man of the house"—aged six—which he found after hearing it read, laboriously read himself and then learned to recite, is the first ten verses of the first chapter of the Gospel of John). Other little lessons about the house and kitchen, when fish or fowl are being prepared for cooking. Then one day all the different parts of the puzzle will slip one by one into place, and not suddenly, or fearfully, but gladly, beautifully, reverently, tenderly, the child mind will get its conception of the whole of God's Beautiful Thought. And best of all that he himself is part of that Beautiful Thought.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully drest.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree,
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You friendly Earth! how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

The marvel to me always has been that parents deliberately, or carelessly, depute other persons, teachers, Sunday school teachers, school mates, or even chance acquaintances on the street to give to that mind which is their own creation its first conceptions of the Life Truths.

Nature works slowly and "by degrees." So does Nature's Master. The human mind does not receive readily or with good results those impressions given with sudden violence. Such are apt to be lasting or to produce results entirely different from what was intended.

Therefore, all such teaching is best done as I have described, gradually, and slowly. Let me illustrate two examples of the result of the opposite course.

The mothers in both these cases were thoughtful, cultured women, both able and willing to teach what was right to their respective children, but somehow each had missed just the psychic moment. The fathers I was not acquainted with.

In the first instance the boy was about seven years old, when his mother discovered, to her horror, that he was practicing the habit of self-injury. The child was perfectly innocent of wrong doing, but already his nerves were showing the results of the habit. He told his mother quite frankly that he had been shown how by another little boy a few years older living on the same street. This older child was the son of a somewhat prominent church officer, a man with a high, narrow forehead, and anxious large eyes, who exercised himself greatly as to the experience and regularity of attendance of his fellow church members. I subsequently discovered that his son had

instructed in a similar manner several more of his playfellows on the street, the thing being for a time like an epidemic, all traceable to the one source.

This mother, in her horror and disgust, gave her boy such a deep impression of the wrongness and awful results of the habit, that as she regretfully told me in relating the incident, she almost reduced him to nervous prostration, he being a sensitive, high-strung child, and it was months before he would trust himself for any time away from her protecting presence.

Now such an experience is painful for both child and mother, and it seems to me that the little lad might have been taught the twenty-fourth Psalm, and the need for "clean hands," obedient hands that do not meddle with sacred things, and a pure heart that "the King of Glory might come in." This, together with the knowledge that God had given him as a trust certain organs, to do a certain work in this body, that work being to manufacture fluids that would make him strong and fit and a man, that these little organs would do their work surely and well as he grew older, if he took good care of them, did not hurt or meddle with them, kept his hands clean and himself unashamed. Had the child been taught something thus tenderly and truly, no other lad could have taught him an evil habit.

The other case was one of a large family, and the little boy in question had somehow just been missed in this particular teaching. So he reached eleven years without any definite knowledge of himself. Then in the public school he came under the care of one of those truly good and great teachers who are endeavoring to make up for what parents neglect, and if it be possible to warn the little ships that set out from their harbor of dangers ahead.

It was so well known that Mr. X. instructed every boy ere he left his class along these lines that parents had come to accept it as a matter of course. In the special case I refer to the boy got "such a big dose all at once" that the shock of the knowledge almost made him ill, and the usefulness of the much needed instruction was greatly nullified by the child's unpreparedness, for which I do not think the teacher was in the least to blame.

This instance only is one of many that go to prove that such first impressions should be given slowly and by degrees in the shelter and language of home.

A peculiarity so marked that it might almost be called a characteristic of much of the literature for instruction of little children along the lines we have been considering is the elaboration of the mother function, and either complete omission of or very cryptical allusion to that of the father. Stories, allegories, and illustrations of the egg, and the work of the mother abound; the father is dismissed with a few if any words at all.

This is not fair. It may give the girls all the instruction they need. It does not do the same for the little father to be. I was brought up against this some time ago in reading a nature study story to a couple of little boys, both under seven. After listening patiently and expectantly for some time one of them looked at me and asked eagerly in regard to the making of that new baby. "Well, but what does the daddy do?" He was such a little lad I felt for an instant as if I were standing on a height, but those frank, eager eyes were fixed unwaveringly on mine. Then I made the plunge, and in a perfectly casual tone I told him. "The daddy has the little new life from God first in his keeping, and he gives it to the mother to take care of for him." It was perfectly satisfactory. We have talked about the matter several times subsequently. The logical result the following shows: We were walking, the small boy and I, along one of the main thoroughfares of the city the other day, when we met a group consisting of a huge, heavily built, muscular man, strolling with his pipe in his mouth, his hat on the back of his head, on the inside of the pavement. Beside him wearily trailed a little-slight, pale, worn woman, evidently his wife. One child dragged at her skirt. She pushed a heavy-baby carriage containing another in front of her. It was up grade, too. Her steps were very burdened, for unknown to my small escort she carried yet another "close beneath her heart." But he had seen enough. With indignation growing in his eyes he gazed at the man till at last he burst out with, "What's the matter with him? Why doesn't he help her? *They were his children first.*" A little later we met them again. Now places were exchanged, the man wheeled the carriage with one hand and carried the tired toddler on the other arm, oh, so easily. "Look, look," said the boy eagerly, as if to vindicate his sex "He is a gentleman after all."

But isn't my point proved? "*They were his children first.*" With such a knowledge as this, where were the deserted baby? Where the prostitute girl? Where the man who would "murder his own children" by wanton living, or by contracting or giving venereal disease? Is not this the solution underlying all other of the social problems of to-day? Does not the fact that public opinion permits me to write as I am now doing show that "the light that lighteneth every man that cometh into the world" is gradually penetrating our darkness, which hitherto has indeed "comprehended it not."

Nothing of the various forms of evil connected with "sins of the body" need ever be taught to little children, unless, as in the case of the child taught the evil habit, it has been thrust upon them by outside influences, and then it should be dismissed as

(Continued on page 36.)

Set the Pace in Your Own Home Town

By

EDITH HALSTED LORWAY.

Be a Leader in Your Community in the Food Conservation Movement by Holding an Educational Food Sale. This Article Will Tell You How This is Accomplished.

ONE—Two
—Three
—ready
—go! The food campaign is on! The next three months will be the crisis time of the war, as far as the food situation goes. We must produce, and we must conserve; but now here is the problem. The summer drive is also on, and the Red Cross in Europe is sending out an S.O.S. call for more ambulances and more medical supplies of all kinds. Ambulances, surgical instruments, etc., mean cold cash. Therefore all the various local branches of the Canadian Red Cross must combine the saving of food with the raising of money. How best to go about it?

There is no use arguing that in war-time people should not expect to be fed when they attend public socials. People in the cities are now pretty well educated up to that idea; but in the rural districts where there are no movies to start an idea and bright colored posters do not everywhere catch the eye, public opinion travels more slowly. So let us in these few paragraphs lay aside theories and confront practical points, two of which we must combine. At our sales of baking, etc., we think we hear someone say, "Why have a sale of baking at all?" We know of no other way to reply than to say, "Attend a few Red Cross meetings in a small town and learn how difficult it is to think of ways and means of raising money in which food does not figure as the chief drawing card." Farmers driving in from the country to a social can hardly conceive of the idea of starting upon the return drive without having had something to eat; and when the local talent is limited concerts cannot be given continuously, for the public tires easily of the same thing, even when given in aid of the Great Cause. Let us, however, return to the discussion of our two points concerning this feeding matter. Our first point is that we must waste nothing. Cakes and pies must not be cut up and placed on plates at various tables. This method of serving people is bound to entail waste, for it would not be sanitary to utilize pieces of cake or pie left on the plates. Even untouched pieces and such are more or less wasted through becoming stale. We must put into vogue the method used in many private parties, i.e., pass the cake around, cutting off each separate piece as wanted, the same with pie. This naturally makes a little more work, but must be done. Then any parts of cake left can be sold and be quite sanitary.

We now arrive at our second point, namely, that of education. Unless the military law of rationing is put into effect we cannot coerce the public. We must lead them gently, we must make war-time eating attractive, and we must make public opinion so strong against the unnecessary consumption of frosted cakes and "double faced pies"; that is to say, pies with an upper and lower crust and the unnecessary making and eating of fudges and creams that it will be considered positively bad taste for these gay luxuries of cakes, pies and sweets to flaunt themselves upon our tables in their peace time gowns. We must subdue them into wearing the sober gowns of war-time. They must lay aside their fine white coating of frosting and shiver upon our tables in their naked state of unfrosted tops. Pies must take off their top crust and benevolently smile upon us in the form of custard, lemon and pies of such cast. If the more sturdy raisin and date pies will come without their upper crust we may favor them by letting them



Everyone buys when it's for the Red Cross.

wear the beaten white of eggs or, perhaps, a little whipped cream; that is, if such pies happen to live in a farming district where eggs and cream are at present plentiful.

Lastly, what about all our gay little candies? Shall we let them frisk around full of sugar, or will we put the fudges and creams to bed till the war is over and bring out the chocolate-coated nuts and dates and dress up our molasses candies in their Sunday-go-to-meeting garb?

This educational system can best be carried out in rural districts through the free use of attractively gotten up posters and articles in the local papers;



An old Italian Hurdy-gurdy "plays" its part and brings in many dollars.

by the use of movies (if we can persuade the Government to make use of our town hall for that purpose), and last, but perhaps not least, competition sales of war-time baking; at which sale posters and bulletins should be freely used and especially should prizes be given to girls and children for war-time candies and sweets, for through the children the homes are often influenced. Attractively gotten up booklets of war-time recipes can be sold,

the proceeds to go toward some patriotic cause. Also a little booklet called "War-time Ditties for Children" containing suitable food verses for them could be sold.

It Pays to Advertise.

First and foremost we must believe in the slogan that "It Pays to Advertise." At least a couple of weeks beforehand get out your posters. Paraphrased Mother Goose Rhymes may not be the most original thing one could use, nevertheless they seem to take as well as anything. For instance, the following Simple Simon verse can be used on a poster:

Simple Simon met a Pieman out to take the air,
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman "Where is this fine fair?"
Said the Pieman to Simple Simon, "Right in Smithfield Town,
There sell we the war-time bread, old Germany to down,"
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman, "Pray say the date"
For even war-time cake like I, and that is no mistake."
Said the Pieman to Simple Simon, "Saturday afternoon,
Everything will be fresh and fine so you can't come too soon."

Posters should be made on a very large sheet of cardboard usually procurable at the printer's and someone in your town who has a talent for drawing should be able to suitably illustrate the verses. If there is no such person, the colored pictures can be cut from nursery books or magazine covers. Once you get them started ideas will present themselves.

Making the Sale Novel and Attractive.

Now let us talk about the sale itself. We must still hold fast to our idea that a prosaic subject such as the food campaign will go ahead with much more speed if the vehicle in which it travels is fed by the gasoline of novelty and attractiveness. So get the young people interested and have them wear costumes suitable for the booth to which each may be assigned.

The Bread Booths.

Let us pretend the first booth to which we come is a bread booth. The girls or women on this could be dressed in caps and aprons or even a baker's costume, with the band across the cap saying, "Soldiers of the Kitchen."

Loaves of bread can be hung all around this booth and posters can be used at the sale as well as before hand. The following are suggested:

"Brown bread hot, brown bread cold, Brown bread from the sale one day old."
"Take your brown bread hot in your puddings, muffins, pancakes, etc."

"Take your brown bread cold from our war-time sale of baking."

"HOMEMADE BREAD SOLD HERE."

Let us now move on to the cake table. There, instead of loaves of bread, we find strings of raisins, attractively festooned—for we are urged to use raisins in our war-time cake to save on sugar in the cakes and icing on the cakes. The head of this table could be dressed to represent the Queen

(Continued on page 37.)

A KING IN BABYLON

By
BURTON E.
STEVENSON.

In which the mystery grows more complex, the same gray shape re-appears, this time accompanied by another

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.)

AND then suddenly her voice stopped in her throat with a sort of gurgle, the hands which had been holding me away fell limp, a slow shudder ran through her, and I saw her eyes fix themselves in a stare of horror over my shoulder, out across the sand . . .

It was a moment before I dared turn my head . . . For an instant, I saw nothing; then, far out, a dim shape moved . . . came nearer . . .

It might have been the shadow of a cloud—but there was no cloud in the sky. It might have been a whorl of sand caught up by the wind—but there was no wind or at most a gentle breeze. It came nearer, with a strange, gliding motion, as though swept along on wings; and then my heart gave a sickening thud, for it was the same gray shape I had seen once before—in the tomb! And as I stared, it resolved itself into two shapes, moving side by side—as though hand in hand! In another moment, they reached the first group of palms and disappeared.

I knew what was in my own mind—I knew the same thought was in Mollie's. I dared not look at her; I dared not let her see my eyes; I just sat there, still holding her hand, staring at the spot where I had seen them last!

It was Mollie who stirred first.

"We must be going back," she said, and rose wearily to her feet and brushed the sand from her dress.

I didn't want to go back; I was afraid to go back; suppose that trance was ended . . .

Nevertheless I rose and followed her. There was nothing else to do.

From a little distance, we caught the sound of voices, and saw a dim group sitting around the table. Evidently they had seen nothing—but the shadows would be invisible beneath the trees. . .

I felt Mollie shiver—I shivered myself, as I strained my eyes to see who was in that group; and then I breathed a sigh of relief. There were only Ma Creel and Digby and Creel himself. Perhaps, after all there had been a cloud . . .

Creel saw us first.

"Hurry up!" he called. "We've got some lemonade!"

"Who said lemonade?" asked a voice behind him, and I saw the tent-flap raised, and Jimmy stepped out into the dim light. "Gracious, but I had a sleep!" he added, stretching luxuriously. "What time is it, anyway?"

"It is nearly eleven," said Creel.

"What!"

"Yes—you seemed so tired, we just let you sleep. How do you feel?"

"Like a new man!" said Jimmy.

My eyes had been on the other tent-flap, from the first moment. I knew it would be raised—I knew it!

"And I also!" cried Mlle. Roland, as she came toward us. "Or, at least, like a new woman! I feel as though I had slept a year!"

Jimmy was regarding her with a strange smile, but she walked straight past him, apparently without seeing him, and sat down beside Creel at the table.

"But I am thirsty!" she said, and held out her glass.

CHAPTER XXV.

CREEL had us at work at dawn next morning, and we kept hard at it all day, save for the noon siesta; but there were no such sensational incidents as there had been the day before. Jimmy and the Princess were both effective, but there was no merging of the imaginary in the real—no loss of control. It was just good acting.

And both of them seemed to be their natural selves. The girl had apparently forgotten all that

had happened the day before—though she had still that bruise on her cheek—I could see how carefully she had painted it out—and must have wondered how it came there!—and chatted with all of us impartially and more brightly than had been her habit since the journey into the desert started; while if Jimmy still believed himself to be the re-incarnation of Sekenyen-Re, he certainly gave no sign of it. And we all breathed more freely, and did our best to wipe certain disquieting incidents from our memories, and were even a little hilarious in our reaction from the nervous tension of the previous night. In a word, we were just the average motion-picture company, doing our work as well as we could, and having the best possible time on the side!

During an interval when Creel was getting a scene ready, I walked over to Mollie.

"Things look different by daylight," I remarked; "excursions through dream-land, and such like!"

She looked up at me scornfully.

"You've got a mighty short memory, Billy Williams!" she said.

"I can't make up my mind how much of it is memory and how much imagination!" I retorted. "The more I think of it, the more I am convinced that it was all imagination. We didn't really see anything . . ."

"Didn't we!" she sniffed.

"Or if we did, it was only a drifting shadow. We were all worked up, you know."

"You may have been—I wasn't."

"Mollie," I said, "you don't really believe . . . I didn't finish the sentence—it seemed too absurd to express in words. But she understood.

"Yes, I do!" she retorted. "I believe just that!"

"Well," I said, "whatever it was, it came at a most unpropitious moment. May I see you again to-night, Mollie?"

"No," she said; "I've had enough of ghost-hunting."

"I wasn't thinking about ghost-hunting," I began; but just then Creel shouted that he was ready, and I had to leave it at that.

We did the slave-market, and the way Mlle. Roland blazed back contempt and defiance when the king strolled past and looked at her appraisingly was beautiful to see. (Creel had found it impossible to work out Jimmy's idea with the means at his disposal, and had reverted to his own.) She was also superb when the eunuchs dragged her into the king's presence, and he looked her over brutally, and waved her away to the harem. The scenes that followed, where her hate changed gradually to a consuming passion, were also consummately done.

"Of course," said Creel, as these progressed, "we ought to have a palace to do these in, but I'm afraid to wait till we get home. So we will do the best we can out here—and then, if we do get home, we'll make re-takes of some of them."

"Why shouldn't we get home?" I asked, but he only shook his head.

He did wonderfully well, I thought. He had the tent, of course; and one beautiful spot near the pool served as a corner of the palace gardens; and another spot with a lovely clump of palms in the background served as another corner. Always the white-clad eunuchs were on guard; and Ma Creel and Mollie were in attendance—Mollie, the former favorite whom the new one had supplanted, and who was plotting revenge with the prime minister—Digby. We did the slavers' attack—using the native camp, this time; and then we did some caravan stuff—the slavers making off across the desert with their booty—and by that time there wasn't light for anything more, even had we been able to attempt it. We were all dead tired, but Creel was triumphant.

"Another day like this," he said to me, as we were washing up, "and I don't care what happens!"

"It doesn't look as though anything were going to happen," I pointed out. "Everything is normal again."

"Too blamed normal!" Creel growled. "To-day's scenes didn't have the snap that yesterday's had."

"No," I agreed; "nobody spit in anybody's face; nobody bit anybody, nor tried to scratch anybody's eyes out!"

"Maybe we'll have better luck to-morrow," said Creel hopefully.

"Better luck?" I stared.

"It is that sort of stuff which makes a picture, Billy," said Creel; "you know that as well as I do. I'd

have no objection to getting bitten or scratched, if it helped make a good picture. I'd welcome it! Any good actor would! I wish I had more actresses who bit and scratched and raised Cain generally when the action called for it! Hello! What's this?"

There was the tramp of feet outside, and then the curtain-flap was thrust back, and Davis appeared—very dirty and evidently very tired, but with shining eyes; and close behind him toiled six natives, carrying the gilded coffin of Sekenyen-Re, while two others brought up the rear lugging the wooden chest.

"Good Lord!" protested Creel. "You're not going to bring those things in here!"

"I am, though," said Davis, cheerfully. "I want them where I can keep my eyes on them—the coffin especially. It's too precious to take any chances with!"

"But there's scarcely room to turn around, as it is."

"I'm going to put it on my cot," said Davis. "It won't be in the way there—at least, not in anybody's way but mine—and I can sleep on the ground beside it. There's room in that corner for the chest."

Devotion to duty always silenced Creel, and he stood aside now without another word while the natives squeezed past and deposited the mummy case on the professor's cot, and the canopic chest in the corner he had indicated.

"That's all," he said, and waved them away, and then he got out his electric torch and began to examine the hieroglyphics with which the sides of the coffin were covered, quite forgetful of the fact that he was streaked with dirt and that dinner was waiting. He was fairly smacking his lips with joy. Creel's face softened as he looked at him—he understood the artist's enthusiasm.

"Come and get washed up," he said. "Those pot-hooks can wait. Dinner is ready—and you look fagged out."

"I am," Davis admitted, and snapped off his torch. "Getting that wall down was a harder job than I expected. It was like adamant—talk about Roman work—it isn't in the same class with the early Egyptian! And the tomb was like an oven!"

"Let me have your torch," said Creel; and while Davis washed his hands and face and brushed the dust out of his hair we took another look at the coffin. For the first time we appreciated its full beauty. "The face isn't in the least like Jimmy's," said Creel, as the light came to rest on the staring eyes. "I wonder how it ever affected us like that?"

I was squinting down at it, and I wasn't so sure. "Perhaps it was the way we were looking at it," I suggested. "Even now, it looks somehow as though it might change to Jimmy's at any instant."

Creel was squinting too, with his eyes curiously puckered; and after a moment, he nodded without speaking. Then he ran the light around the edge of the lid.

"Have you opened it?" he asked Davis.

"I lifted the lid and looked in, to be sure everything was all right."

"And was it?"

"Oh, yes—the mummy is there, beautifully wrapped. I'll not try to unwrap it till I get it home to the museum—it's too delicate a job."

"Then you're done out here?"

"There is still the rear wall of the tomb to open. I'll do that to-morrow."

"Oh," said Creel, slowly, "so you have quite made up your mind to open that wall, too!"

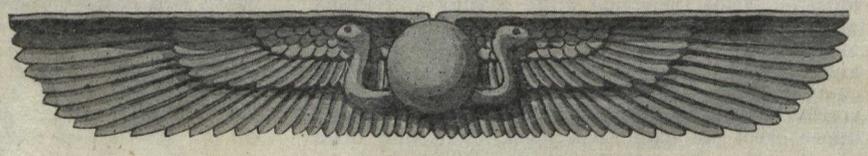
"Certainly—I thought that was understood. I was wondering if I might have Mustafa."

(Continued on following page.)

What Has Happened in the Previous Chapters

A NEW YORK company of moving picture actors goes to Egypt to film a picture which it is believed will make a tremendous "hit." Davis, an Egyptologist, joins the party at Luxor, and with an outfit of camels, donkeys, etc., they journey into the desert. While Davis accompanies and directs them, his real object is to complete excavations in certain ruins in which he believes he will find the tomb of an ancient king.

He is correct in his supposition and the tomb of Sekenyen-Re is unearthed. The plot of the picture and the real become strangely interwoven in this land of mystery and superstition, and it often remains for the old Egyptologist to give a reasonable solution of the many uncanny happenings.



A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

"What do you want with Mustafa?"
"Fact is," said Davis, "if I can't get Mustafa to help, I will have to do the job myself. I tried to set the natives at it this afternoon, and they refused. Refused point-blank. I couldn't budge them."

"What was the matter?"
"Some ignorant superstition. Perhaps they know the meaning of that sign—it is wonderful how those old superstitions persist sometimes! Anyway, I couldn't get them near that wall."

"But Mustafa is a native," Creel objected.

"He's a Copt—it isn't exactly the same thing. He doesn't believe in signs—at least not in old heathen ones. I think he reasons that a heathen sign couldn't have any potency against a Christian. Anyway, he is willing to take the risk."

"For a consideration, I suppose?"
"Exactly. May I have him?"
"I'll see," said Creel, somewhat grudgingly, and handed back the torch. "You can have him part of the day, I guess."

"Thanks. It won't be any great job to make a hole in that wall big enough to squeeze through. That's all I want."

"I don't suppose there is any use trying to dissuade you?"
"Not a bit," said Davis, briskly. "It's all in the day's work, you know. I wouldn't be playing the game if I didn't open it."

"I understand," Creel nodded. "But there is one thing—I wish you wouldn't say anything about it. My people have quieted down; I have a feeling that if they knew about this, it would upset them."

"All right," Davis agreed; and with that we went out and joined the others at the table.

"What were you men gassing about so long in there?" Ma Creel demanded.

"Davis has brought over his great find," Creel explained; "the coffin of Sekenyen-Re, erstwhile King of Upper and Lower Egypt—with the gentleman inside—at least, part of him! There is also a small box which, I understand, contains his innards."

"But look here," objected Ma Creel, "I don't fancy sleeping so near the thing. I abhor corpses."

"My dear madam," said Davis, "this corpse has been dead four thousand years, and I don't see how it could possibly harm anyone!"

"I don't see what that has to do with it," retorted Ma Creel. "It isn't any deader after four thousand years than it was the first day!"

"But this is quite a consecrated mummy, Mary," said Creel. "It is going to prove that the Bible is true!"

Ma Creel sniffed.
"As if I needed a mummy to prove that! I don't think you ought to joke about such things, Warrie."

"I wasn't joking," Creel protested. "I was merely repeating what the professor told me."

"It is true, madam," said Davis. "I hope to find, in the hieroglyphs on that coffin—perhaps also in papyrus documents inside the wrappings—proof of the sojourn of the Children of Israel in the land of Egypt."

We were all silent for a while, after that. I suppose we were all a little awed. I know I was—the thought was rather overpowering. I glanced at Jimmy and Mlle. Roland, where they sat opposite each other at the far end of the table, to see how they took it; but they seemed quite unaffected. They had taken no part in the conversation; they had gone on with the meal as though they had not heard it. Now, as I looked at them, they gave me the vivid impression of talking together. They did not so much as glance at each other, but somehow I was sure they were in communication—close, confidential communication—as though their spirits were talking, without need of words . . .

And I saw again those two shadowy shapes crossing the desert, hand in hand . . .

"Wake up, Billy!" said Creel's voice, and he gave me a startling slap on the shoulder. "Come along!"

"Along where?" I asked, and looked around to find that the others were already on their feet.

"Davis is going to show the ladies his great find. Are you coming Jimmy?"

Jimmy looked across at Mlle. Roland, a little smile twitching the corners of his lips.

"Shall we go?" he asked; and there was an undercurrent of challenge in the words.

"I certainly intend to go," she answered, rising.

Somehow I found Mollie's hand snuggled close in mine.

"I'm frightened!" she breathed as she pressed against me.

"Then don't go," I said.

"Yes, yes; I want to see it—I want to see . . ."

She stopped and drew away. But I knew what she meant; she wanted to see if that painted face really looked like Jimmy Allen.

Creel had taken the lamp from the table; Davis had produced his flashlight; the rest of us crowded into the tent after them.

I should explain, perhaps, that our tent was not divided by canvas curtains as the women's was. It was quite open, with our five cots set side by side, with just room for a small folding-chair and a bag for our personal belongings in between. Davis's was nearest the entrance, and then came Jimmy's, and then mine, and then Creel's, and then Digby's. It was on Davis's cot the coffin had been placed, and we were right on it as soon as we were inside the tent.

"Oh, oh!" cried Ma Creel. "It is gorgeous!"

And then we stood looking down at it while Davis pointed out the royal cartouche, and explained the meaning of some of the symbols with which it was covered. Mollie had pressed up closer, still holding my hand, and stood staring down at the painted face.

"Well?" I whispered.

She shook her head slightly, and I saw her screwing up her eyes; and then she gave a sudden gasp of horror—and I knew that the face had changed . . .

"Come away!" I whispered; but again she shook her head, and stood as though fascinated . . .

I looked around at the others—Davis, intent and eager; Creel deeply interested, evolving another feature perhaps; Digby and Ma Creel with furrowed brows, trying to understand; Jimmy listening with that little ironic smile, as though he knew far more about it than Davis, but found it not worth while to say so or to correct his mistakes; Mlle. Roland, close beside him, clutching his arm with a revealing intimacy; her face very white, her lips working . . .

Jimmy turned and looked down at her. "Don't you think it a good likeness?" he whispered.

I saw her close her eyes and sway forward . . .

"Look out!" I cried.
And the next instant, before I could so much as move, she crashed heavily forward across the coffin.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I KNEW that Jimmy Allen had whispered those words to test her; I knew that he felt her going, and that he could have caught her if he wished; but he never so much as moved a finger, and for a long breath, he stood quite still, looking down at her. Then he bent and caught her up with sudden fierceness, and turned and faced us, and I saw that his face was a-glow with triumph.

It was as though he had won a great victory after desperate struggle; and he stood a moment so, holding her close against him with a sort of ownership, and looking around at us defiantly.

It was Ma Creel who got her wits back first.

"Take her over to our tent, Jimmy," she said authoritatively. "We'll undress her and get her to bed. The poor thing has been worked to death." And she shot her husband an accusing glance. "Come along, Mollie—I'll need your help."

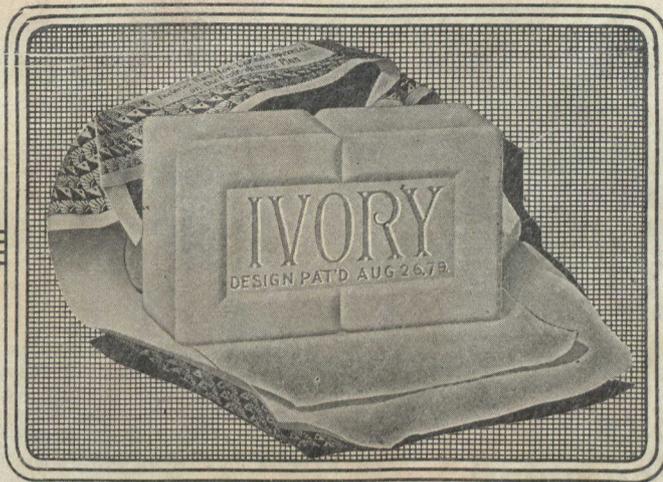
I half expected Jimmy to disregard the order, and walk away into the desert with the girl in his arms. But he didn't. Ma Creel was too matter-of-fact, perhaps, to permit of any heroics. At any rate, after the merest instant's hesitation, he walked quietly out of the tent, the two women after him.

Creel drew a long breath.

"Well!" he began, and ran tremulous fingers through his hair. "We've got to go through all that again, it seems! Do you really think it is overwork?" he asked, turning to Davis.

"No," said the latter, "I don't. It's an overwrought emotional state. These fainting spells are clearly cataleptic."

(Continued on following page.)



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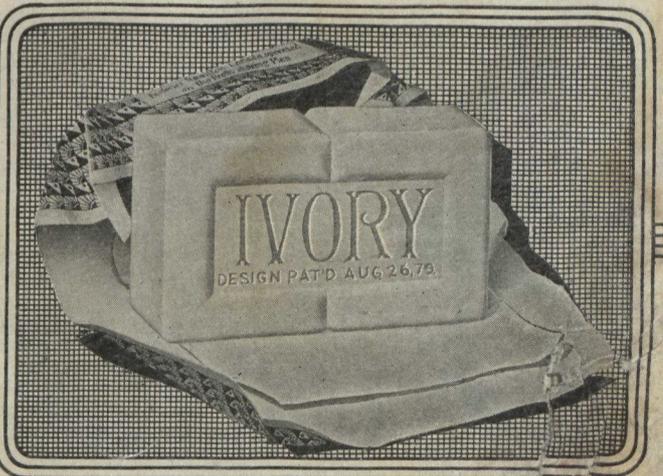
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A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

Perhaps she has had them all her life. Now she'll probably go off into a trance-like sleep again."

"It's something between her and Jimmy," I put in. "Didn't you see how she clung to him? Didn't you see him whisper to her? Didn't you see his eyes just now?"

Creel nodded.

"He's in love with her, of course," he said; "has been since the moment he laid eyes on her; and she . . ."

"Do you remember how she looked the first time she saw him?" I burst out. "You didn't get the effect of it as I did—I never saw such loathing in a human countenance!"

"She said she couldn't go on," Creel explained to Davis; "sprang to her feet and tried to get off the boat. But it was too late—the engines started just then—and she quieted down. In fact, she sort of apologized afterwards—said it was nerves, or something like that. But I have felt ever since that, away down in her heart, she hated the sight of him."

"Yet she clung to him to-night," I said, feebly.

Davis was scrabbling thoughtfully at his beard.

"Then that is what the fight has been," he said.

"And you think he has won?" asked Creel.

"He thinks so, anyway," said Davis. "But I'm not so sure."

"By George, you're right!" Creel agreed. "That girl has got the devil in her if any woman ever had! She'll strangle him in his sleep some night!"

"Yes," assented Davis, slowly, "I feel the same way . . ."

And then he stopped suddenly, for the tent-flap was raised and Jimmy came in. If he had heard that last sentence, he gave no sign.

"She's all right," he said, in answer to our look. "Sleeping like a baby. I feel dog-tired myself. I'll turn in, if you don't mind."

"I thought I would study these hieroglyphics awhile," said Davis, hesitatingly; "but if it will disturb you . . ."

"Dynamite wouldn't disturb me," Jimmy assured him; and he sat down on his cot and began to unlace his shoes.

Creel said something about having some work to do on the script, and gathered up his manuscript and took it over to the property-tent, where there was a table and a lamp. I sat down outside the tent, and got out my pipe and lighted it, in the hope that Mollie would smell it and come out; but she didn't; and at last, realizing how tired I was, I resolved to go to bed.

I found Davis, with his torch propped on a chair, bending over the coffin, intent on his study of the hieroglyphics; he greeted me with a nod so curt that it was the plainest sort of invitation to pass on. In the next cot Jimmy slumbered peacefully—on his side, I was glad to note—his back turned to the old Egyptologist. I passed on to the third cot, got out of my clothes, into my pajamas, and stretched myself out luxuriously.

It had seemed quite dark inside the tent as I came in from the bright moonlight, save for the reflected glow of Davis's torch; but as I lay staring up into the night, I gradually perceived that it was not really dark—that the wonderful night outside penetrated the canvas with a luminous glow . . .

How long I slept, I don't know; but I awoke suddenly with a start, and lay listening, with a strange sense of apprehension. I could hear some one breathing regularly at my left, so knew that Creel had come to bed without disturbing me. But from the other side I could detect no sound—and yet I remembered distinctly that when I first lay down I could hear Jimmy's breathing quite clearly. I peered cautiously in his direction; but the light was so dim, I could not be certain whether he was there or not. I might have stretched out my hand and made sure, but I dared not. Something held me back. I was afraid of what my fingers might encounter!

Beyond Jimmy's bed, I could see the coffin rearing its great shape against the open tent-flap—there was something sinister in the way its shadow fell across Jimmy's cot. Where was Davis sleeping, I wondered. Had he really rolled himself in his blanket on the ground, in order to guard his treasure? But what was it he feared? What could happen to it?

As I lay there staring at it, trying to muster courage to stretch out my hand into its shadow, it seemed to me that

its painted sides began to give out little flashes of light, and a sort of phosphorescent glow gathered above its gilded top, and hung there, gently waxing and waning. Perhaps there was a phosphorescent quality in the gilt—I had heard of such things; or perhaps . . . I shivered slightly. Where was it I had read that all decaying things possessed a certain phosphorescence?

I turned over impatiently and closed my eyes and resolved to go to sleep. Such imaginings were morbid—it was folly to give way to them. It made no difference to me whether Jimmy was there or not. Suppose he was not there—it was natural enough that he should have gone outside to smoke a cigarette, or get a breath of fresh air—yes, or keep an engagement for a meeting! Whatever the source of the phosphorescence, it was essentially the same thing, and absolutely harmless.

But there, in the silence of the night, all my senses seemed preternaturally quickened; an odor of musk and spices drifted across my nostrils; in the stillness behind me, I fancied I could detect a stealthy movement—a soft rustle, as of a woman's gown . . .

My eyes had snapped wide open again; and I lay there listening, listening; and a little stream of perspiration ran down across my temple and dropped off upon the pillow; my heart was hammering in my throat—I could stand it no longer—I turned and looked . . .

For a moment I saw only what I had seen before—the square coffin against the light of the entrance; the faint glow above it; the prickle of light along its side—and then my heart gave a sudden leap—for there *was* something else . . .

Above the coffin a gray cloud hovered—a translucent cloud, for it only dimmed the light behind it; a cloud whose edges I could not distinguish, but which nevertheless reminded me of a human form; a cloud which wavered uncertainly this way and that . . .

And then, against the light, I distinctly saw the occupant of the coffin sit up—I saw his head and shoulders coming, apparently, right through the lid; a strange white shape, but indubitably a man; and I saw him hold out his hand to the floating cloud, as though in welcome, and rise; and together they glided from the tent . . .

And then Creel and Davis were standing over me, the latter playing his torch into my blinded eyes.

"Take it away!" I gasped, and pushed the torch aside and sat up; and then from the farther cot I got a glimpse of Digby's frightened face.

"What in heaven's name is the matter?" Creel demanded. "I thought you were being murdered!"

"The mummy!" I gasped. "It—it got away—it walked right out of the tent . . ."

I saw the panic in Davis's face as he stepped quickly to the coffin and ran his ray of light over it.

"Nonsense!" he said. "It hasn't been touched."

"You were dreaming!" snapped Creel. "Go to sleep again!" and he turned away to his cot.

"I *wasn't* dreaming!" I protested hotly. "I was as wide awake as I am this minute. I saw the mummy sit up through the lid, and hold out its hand to the cloud, and they glided away together . . ."

"Look here, Billy," broke in Creel savagely, coming back and standing over me, "don't you go crazy, too! Two maniacs are all I can stand . . ."

"I'm not crazy! I saw it, I tell you . . . and there was an odor of musk and spices . . . and the rustle of a woman's dress . . ."

"There is a faint odor of spices about the coffin," broke in Davis; "there always is; and as for the rustle of a dress—well, the breeze in the palms outside would explain that."

"But it won't explain what I *saw*!" I said. "Besides, where's Jimmy?"

For the light from Davis's torch had swept across Jimmy's bed, and we had all seen that it was empty.

"I don't care where he is!" said Creel, still more savagely. "What you saw, if you saw anything, was that madman getting out of bed. Your heated imagination did the rest."

I couldn't deny that it *might* have been that; I *might* have got my perspective wrong in the darkness—but I didn't believe it. And then there was the cloud. I saw Creel's gesture of exasperation when I mentioned the cloud. "Anyhow, I think we ought to find

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(Continued on following page.)

A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

Jimmy," I said at last, realizing the uselessness of argument. "You said yourself, Professor . . ."

Davis clicked his tongue impatiently. "I know I did—even I get infected with this foolishness sometimes—it's in the air! Well, I'm willing to take a look for him—I see there is no chance for sleep until we do!"

I fumbled around and found my shoes and slipped them on.

"I'm going too," I said; and then, when we got outside, I was surprised to find Creel at my elbow.

"Three fools are no worse than two!" he muttered, but he didn't meet my eyes. "We'll find that idiot sitting under a palm smoking a cigarette. And he'll laugh at us! What the devil is that?" he added, for from the direction of the native camp the night wind bore to our ears a sound as of a low crooning.

It was little more than a murmur; but it rose and fell on a gamut of only three or four notes in a manner inexpressibly weird. For an instant Davis was as startled as Creel and I; then I saw him smile.

"The natives have got a chanter at work to keep off the evil spirits," he said. "They have been uneasy since they learned I was going to open that inner tomb."

Creel muttered something to the effect that they couldn't be any more uneasy than he was, but Davis only shrugged, and we walked on across the oasis. We saw no sign of Jimmy, and at last we came to the little slope, right at the edge of the desert, on the other side of which the natives had pitched their camp. From the midst of it, clear and piercing in spite of its subdued tone, came the chant.

And then, as we topped the rise and looked down upon the camp, we saw the chanter, squatted on his haunches, and around him the sleeping fellahin.

"Let's have a word with the fellow," said Davis. "He may have seen our man."

We threaded our way between the natives, huddled in their cloaks and sleeping soundly, evidently with complete faith in the efficacy of the chant to ward off all things evil; and then we came to the chanter where he sat, with head thrown back and eyes fixed on the heavens . . .

He turned his head with a jerk when he heard us coming, and the chant ceased abruptly; then, when he recognized us, he sprang to his feet, and replied in a bated voice to Davis's brief questions. The latter motioned us away at last, and we followed him out from the circle of sleepers. Before we had taken the second step, the chant began again.

Davis led us right to the edge of the oasis. Then he stopped and looked out across the sands.

"He says there are ghosts abroad to-night," he said. "He says they are dancing about the tombs. He says he saw them quite clearly when the moon rose; and that two from the oasis joined them . . ."

He stopped, and we all stood staring out at the group of mounds which marked the ruins. In my own mind, I had not the slightest doubt that Jimmy was over there—and that he was not alone.

"Shall we go and see?" asked Davis abruptly, and peered into our faces.

I shrank back. I didn't want to go. I regretted that I had insisted upon this wild adventure. I didn't want to see—I was afraid to see . . .

But Creel was made of sterner stuff. "Come on," he said, between clenched teeth. "If we are ever going to get to the bottom of this mystery, now is the time!"

And he started resolutely out across the sand.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IF the natives had seen us, they would have been more certain than ever that there were ghosts abroad, for, from a distance, we must have had a sufficiently weird look as we set out across the sand. Close up, we were ridiculous rather than weird, with nothing on but shoes and pajamas; and, as we looked at each other, the tension with which we had started out from the shadow of the trees suddenly relaxed.

"The ghosts will run at the first glimpse of us," laughed Creel. "They will be scared to death. They'll be out-ghosted! That wouldn't be so bad for a

comedy reel, Billy—the ghosts scared out of their wits by the people they are trying to frighten!"

Davis laughed grimly; and we plodded on in silence. I suppose Creel was turning the idea over in his mind, for he chuckled softly once or twice. And then we were at the edge of the ruins, and clambered up the first of the mounds which topped the excavation.

I don't know what I expected to see there—a *danse macabre*, or some such horror, perhaps—and I strained my eyes from end to end of it at a single glance; but it lay white and empty in the moonlight.

"No ghosts there," said Creel. "Suppose we take a look in the tomb." And he started down the stair.

The black entrance to the tomb seemed to me unspeakably sinister and threatening, but Davis switched on his torch, and he and Creel stepped through without hesitation. I followed, wondering if they were really as fearless as they seemed, or if their knees were secretly knocking together as mine were.

Davis cast the beam of light about the outer chamber, and I saw that it was piled with the debris of the wall which had masked the entrance to the corridor.

"I had to take down nearly all of it before I could get the coffin out," he said; "it was a hard job."

"How about the roof?" Creel asked. "I think it will hold," said Davis, and threw the light up over it. "Hello! There's an ugly crack!"

It was an ugly one, running from side to side across the chamber.

"I'd hate to be in here when that came down," said Creel; "or in the inner tomb. It would mean burial alive for certain!"

Davis was examining the crack attentively.

"The wall was built to brace the roof more than I thought it would be," he said. "The Egyptians must have foreseen the possibility of great masses of sand being heaped above it, and provided in this way for the extra weight. But I don't think it will come down—not for a while, anyway. Of course I could build the wall up again—but that would be an awful bother. Still, it might be worth while, if only to preserve the place."

"If you are going to work in here at all," said Creel, "you ought certainly to do it—unless you're tired of living! I'm not sure I want to go in, even for a minute."

"Nonsense!" said Davis. "It won't fall unless something shakes it," and he stepped forward into the corridor. Then he stopped suddenly and held up his hand. "Wait!" he said. "Listen!"

We listened with bated breath, but not a sound broke the stillness of the tomb.

"What was it you heard?" asked Creel, at last.

"I don't know," Davis answered hesitatingly. "Perhaps it wasn't anything—but it seemed to me there was a sort of rustling . . ."

"Like a woman's dress," I said. "I know. It's in there!"

"Nonsense!" said Davis again, and went resolutely forward.

I don't believe I should have followed, if Creel hadn't been behind me, pressing me on. I knew what was there—I knew what we should see—and every step required an effort of will, for my feet were like lead. And then my heart leaped suffocatingly, for Davis gave a sudden, sharp cry, as the torch was dashed from his hand and fell clattering to the floor. And the next instant, something brushed past me, with a rush of air, and a flicker as of wings . . .

Davis was fumbling around on the floor, swearing softly to himself; and then something clutched my arm.

"It's only me," said Creel's voice. And then, in a lower tone, "Did you feel it?"

"Yes," I said. "Something that rushed past . . ."

"Yes."

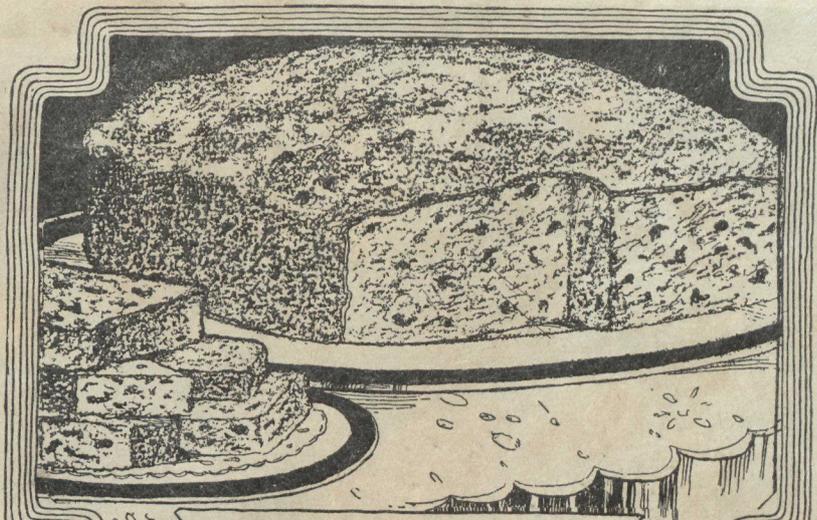
And then the light shot out again.

"Come along, you fellows!" Davis called. "What are you standing there whispering about?"

"Billy and I were comparing notes on the ghost," said Creel. "What did it look like—you must have seen it."

"I saw nothing," said Davis sharply. "There wasn't anything to see."

"I suppose you just dropped the torch," said Creel. "Let me see the back of your hand."



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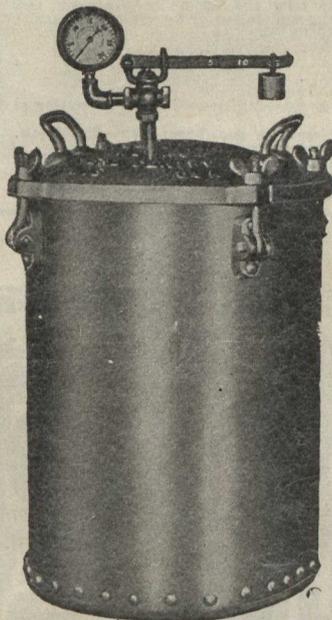
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(Continued on page 27.)

Our Neighbors of the Tansy Patch

(Continued from page 7.)

Lily, "and when you read it, remember, oh pray, remember, that it was written by a being with a tired heart. I suffer greatly, Mrs. Bruce, from a tired heart."

I did not know whether this was a physical or an emotional ailment. Salome understood it to be the former and asked quite sympathetically,

"Did you every try a mustard plaster at the pit of your stomach, Miss?"

"I fear that would not benefit a weary heart, Miss Silversides," sighed Aunt Lily. "Possibly you have never suffered, as I have, from a weary, wounded heart."

"No, thank the Lord, my heart's all right," said Salome, briskly. "My only trouble is rheumatism in the knee j'int. Ever have rheumatism in your knee j'int, Miss?"

No, Aunt Lily's knee joints were all right. In fact, Aunt Lily proved to be a remarkably healthy woman. Her wearied heart evidently found no difficulty in pumping sufficient blood through her body and her appetite, as supper-time showed, as anything but feeble.

"When I can forget what might have been, I am happy," she sighed. "I have had my romance, Mrs. Bruce. Alas, that it should be in the past tense! I once thought I had found my true soul mate, Mrs. Bruce, and I dreamed of happy, real marriage."

"What happened that you didn't get married?" queried Salome, pricking up her ears. Salome is always rather interested in blighted romances, despite her grim exterior.

"A misunderstanding, Miss Silversides—a misunderstanding that severed two fond hearts. He wedded another. Never since that sad day have I met a man who could stir the dead ashes of my heart to tingling life again. But let us not talk of my sorrows, dear friends. Will you tell me how to can peas?"

When Aunt Lily went away I asked her to come again and she assured me that she would.

"I think you will understand me—I have always been misunderstood," she said. Then she trailed her blue draperies down the hill to the wood, looking, when kindly distance had lent enchantment, quite a graceful, romantic and attractive figure.

"Did you ever hear such a lunatic, ma'am?" demanded Salome. "Her and her soul mates and her tired hearts! Her hair looks as if she'd swept it up with a broom and her nails weren't cleaned and her stockings were scandalous dirty. And yet, for all, there's something about the creature I like, ma'am."

That was the eventual verdict of our household upon Aunt Lily. In spite of everything there was a queer charm about her to which we succumbed. The same thing could be said of that absurd diary of hers, which she brought over

to us during our second summer. It was as ridiculous, and sentimental, and lackadaisical as Aunt Lily herself. And yet there was an odd fragrance about it that lingered in our memories. We could not, somehow, laugh quite as much over it as we wanted to.

T. B. was also an early and frequent caller. He was thirteen years old, in our first summer at the Patch. He had thick, fair, thatch-like hair and keen blue eyes—the only intelligent eyes in the family. He was, it developed, much addicted to creeping and crawling things; he always had bugs, toads, frogs or snakes secreted about his anatomy. The only time he ever had a meal with us a small green snake slipped from the pocket of his ragged shirt and glided over the table.

"Do you think he is *human*, ma'am?" Salome asked, with bated breath, after he was gone.

"He is a born naturalist," said Dick. "He is making a special study of ants this summer, it appears. Snakes are only a side issue at present. If he could be educated he would amount to something."

There did not seem to be much likelihood of this. T. B. himself had no illusions on the subject.

"There ain't any chance for me—never was and never will be," he once told me gloomily.

"Perhaps your grandmother would help you," I suggested.

T. B. grinned.

"Perhaps—when stones bleed," he said scornfully. "I don't s'pose the old beast has enough money. None of us knows how much she *has* got—she just doles it out. But she wouldn't give me any if she had pecks. She hates me. If there's any money left when she dies—s'posen she ever does die—Joe's to get it. He's her baby."

If Joseph—T. B. was the only one who ever called him Joe—was Granny's favorite he was not the favorite of anybody else. However we of the Tansy Patch might differ concerning the other members of the Conway family we all united in cordially detesting Joseph. He was such a sly, smug little wretch—"a born hypocrite, that child is, ma'am," declared Salome solemnly. We had no proof that it was really he who had cut off Doc's whiskers, but there was no doubt that it was Joseph who painted poor Una's legs with stripes of red and green paint one day. Una came home in tears, quickly followed by T. B. and Aunt Lily, the latter in tears also.

"I would rather have lost my right hand than have this happen, dear Mrs. Bruce," she wailed. "Oh, do not cherish it against us. Your friendship has been such a sweet boon to me. And turpentine will take it off—it can't be very dry yet."

"Jest wait till Granny goes to sleep and I'll lambaste Joe within an inch of his life," said T. B.

He did, too; when Granny awakened from her nap she heard the sobbing Joe's tale and shrieked objurgations at T. B. for an hour. T. B. sat on the fence and laughed at her; we could hear him and hear Granny also. Granny's vocal powers had not failed with advancing years, and every word came over distinctly to the Tansy Patch through the clear evening air.

"May you be eaten by pigs," vociferated Granny—and we knew she was brandishing her stick at the graceless T. B. "I'll bite your face off—I'll tear your eyes out—I'll rip your heart out! You blatant beast! You putrid pup!"

"Oh, listen to that awesome woman, ma'am," said Salome, shuddering. "Ain't it a wonder she isn't struck dead?"

But Granny was every inch alive—except that she could not walk, having what Aunt Lily called "paralactics in the hips." She was confined to a chair, generally placed on the back verandah, whence she could command a view of the main road. From this point of vantage she could scream maledictions and shake her long, black stick at any person or objects which incurred her dislike or displeasure.

Granny was of striking appearance. She had snow-white hair and dead-white face, and flashing black eyes. She still possessed all her teeth, but they were discolored and fang-like; and when she drew her lips back and snarled she was certainly a rather wolf-like old dame. She always wore a frilled widow's cap tied tightly under her chin, and was addicted to bare feet.

(Continued on page 38.)



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Remember she is surrounded on every side by busy, ambitious girls, each pursuing her own course of study and ever keeping her thought upon graduation day. Your daughter will probably become enthusiastic over music one week and write home that this is what she must study. Perhaps the next week another friend will take her to the Art rooms and relate wonderful tales of sketching expeditions and studio work, and then to learn to paint seems the supreme joy. The next week there is a recital and the pupils studying elocution and expression so arouse her admiration that she decides to study that. And so it goes. Unconsciously your daughter is finding herself, and just as naturally as the flower unfolds in the light, she slips into the course of study which she loves most after she has seen all.

This is one of the greatest advantages of boarding school. It is a little world in itself, and each girl learns to discriminate, to assert her own personality and to solve her own problems.

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The King of the Milkweed

By ETHEL BAIN.

A Story for the Girls and Boys.

"Well, of all the things to do," chattered Bushy, the Squirrel, as he watched the atom of life on the milkweed plant. "Here, stop. What are you doing that for?" he asked of the caterpillar as it busily devoured the shell of the egg from which it had just emerged. The caterpillar mumbled something, but the squirrel interrupted it. "Don't you know that it's rude to talk whilst you're eating?" It did not answer, but kept on eating until the last piece had disappeared, then turning its quaint baby face upwards, in a tiny voice it squeaked, "Now what were you saying, Mr. Giant?"

"I'm not a giant, I'm a squirrel," retorted Bushy. "You don't know what a giant is. Wait until you see Mr. Grizzly Bear, for he is a giant. But say, why did you eat your shell? My, but you must have been hungry to do that."

"Yes, I'm hungry," replied the green caterpillar. It was so plump and looked so funny with its yellow face marked with two black arches and its bright green body with its bands of black and yellow. "You ask me why I've eaten my shell," it went on. "Well, I'll tell you. I have eaten my shell so as to destroy all signs that an egg was ever laid there. That bad Ichneumon fly is always attending to everybody's business but his own, and so that he shall not know there was an egg—well, I have eaten it. I suppose instinct makes me do it. I don't know, I'm only a baby."

"Won't you catch cold with no clothes on?" Bushy Squirrel anxiously asked of the naked worm.

"Cold!" the caterpillar squeaked. "Oh, no, for in about three days I shall make my first moult and I have to make three more before I am fully grown. Perhaps if this nice weather keeps on I shall be ready to go into the chrysalis stage in twelve days, but there, I'm so hungry, do please let me eat"—and not waiting for an answer, the future butterfly began to devour the leaf it was on.

"Well, I'd rather have my cosy fur coat, than yours, for all its bright colors," chattered the Red Squirrel as he scampered away.

For the next week he forgot all about the gaily colored worm he had met, until, as he was passing by the milkweed plant one morning, he saw it again, but dear me, how it had grown. It was nearly two inches long now and the surprised squirrel watched it marching along, the long, slender black filaments which grow from the second segment, twitching nervously as it sensed a stranger near.

"Well, well," gasped the squirrel. "Well! But how you've grown. I hardly knew you."

"I know you, Red Squirrel"—the fat caterpillar squeaked, "but I haven't much time to talk now, for I'm looking for a safe place where I can change into a chrysalis."

"A chrysalis!" chattered Bushy. "What is a chrysalis?"

"A chrysalis is the case I wrap myself up in, and I sleep a great deal when I am in this stage, but all the time there's a big change going on, because I'm not a worm any longer, for I change into a butterfly."

"You a butterfly! Never!" laughed the Red Squirrel.

"Of course I'm going to be a butterfly," retorted the now angry caterpillar. "You just wait and see what happens. Come along and see where I make my chrysalis case and then you'll know where to look for me." Off he marched, and Bushy Squirrel, who is always so inquisitive, followed him.

The caterpillar was hard to please, but at last he decided to hang from a piece of jutting rock. There he began to spin his silken case. "See you again in about two weeks," he cried to the astonished squirrel, who was watching him. Soon he disappeared from view, but still the squirrel could see him wriggling about inside the silky threads.

A few days later Bushy returned to see if the caterpillar was there. No worm, but such a pretty chrysalis was hanging in the same place he had last seen his little friend. The whole body of the chrysalis was an emerald green with a gold and black belt and many dots of black and gold on the shiny green body.

"My, but he's going to be lovely," Bushy Squirrel cried as he watched the

plump case swinging gently to and fro in the summer breeze. "Why, it's only holding on by that tiny black ball. Well I never!" He sat watching it for a long time, then remembered what the caterpillar had said before he closed his case. "Twelve days," he chattered. "I'm coming every day until I do see him, only I'm sure I can't see how he'll come out of that alive." As he returned to his tree house he still wondered, but he never got any farther than wondering, for his little brain could not grasp one of the most wonderful mysteries of Nature. Every day he visited the rock and as he watched on the eleventh day he saw signs of life. "He's alive. He's alive," he cried and rushed home to tell his wife. Soon they returned and this time Mrs. Squirrel had packed the lunch basket, for she said if there was anything to see, they had better stay right there. And well for them that they did, for the next day the something that was alive in the chrysalis case was wriggling, wriggling, wriggling. They watched it closely, but it was well on to high noon before the case burst open, then to their astonished eyes there appeared something, but surely that was never the fat green caterpillar. Painfully the wonderful fly climbed out, often stopping for breath. It seemed hours before it was out of its prison, but at last it was free and slowly moving along the sunny rock spreading its gorgeous wings.

"Oh! oh!" gasped Bushy, and Mrs. Squirrel very softly and sat very, very quiet for fear the beauty might vanish. The butterfly opened its deep orange colored wings to their full width, which is four inches. Then the squirrels could see that on each of the four wings was a black border dotted with white. The black was so velvety looking that it seemed as if the edge was decked with glistening pearls. Then every vein that formed the framework of the wings was traced in black, whilst across the tip of each front wing was a black band and on this band were more lovely pearls. They noticed, too, that along the outside black border of the wings the pearly dots were all in twos. Two by two all the way round, and on the black body were more pearls near to the throat.

Slowly to and fro the butterfly moved its wings, gaining strength every minute until it seemed to poise and get ready to fly away; then Bushy, the Red Squirrel, cried, "Oh, don't go, please. Won't you speak to us?"

The butterfly was startled, for it had been so busy exercising its wings that it had not noticed the little wild folk. It turned, then cried, "Why, it's the Red Squirrel. Well, here I am again. I said I'd be ready in twelve days or so, didn't I?"

"Indeed you did," Bushy replied. "What's more, I've been watching you, and yesterday when I came you wriggled so much that I felt something great was going to happen, so I made Mrs. Squirrel come too, and we watched by you all the night."

"That was kind of you," said the butterfly, "and now you do believe a caterpillar can turn into a butterfly, don't you?"

"Sure I do, and I'll fight anyone who says it can't."

"Well, I'm going to try my wings now," cried the one-time worm. "If nothing happens, I'll come and see you, so good-bye for the present."

"Won't you tell us what your name is?" Bushy anxiously called, as the brilliant fly rose lightly into the air. He circled once then flew down and gently swept his wings over the squirrel's face. "I'm the Monarch butterfly," he cried, then, light as gossamer, he flew off and the squirrels were left alone.

That same evening as Night cast her cloak over the tired earth, the squirrels waited to see the Barn Owl as he passed their way. Noiselessly he came, and they were unaware of his presence until he spoke. "What did I tell you about stopping out late, Bushy?" The Red Squirrel laughed as he answered. "We were waiting for you, Mr. Owl, for we wanted to ask you what a monarch means"—and then Bushy told the wise bird about their little friend.

"Monarch," said the Barn Owl, "means a king."

"A king," chattered the squirrel, "he surely was a king indeed."

(Continued on page 27.)

The Girls' "Carry On" Column

By BETTY O'HARA.

Girls: Twelve Thousand Scientifically Trained Women Are Needed For Every Million Soldiers—We All Must Work If We Would Win.

The Interesting Story of Physio-Therapy

Hart House has been the centre for research along the line of functional re-education of soldiers for some time past, and so successful have been the treatments and so marvelous the cures that the Canadian authorities have now decided to place it in the various military hospitals throughout the country.

To do this it is necessary to have, as in the case of massage, a number of girls to give these treatments, and it is for this reason that many girls from all over Canada are now flocking to Hart House.

The plan for girls who are to help in this work is rather different than for many courses heretofore given. It lasts about four or five months, and is entirely voluntary except for a small allowance which is to cover your laundry and car fare. The girls must provide their own uniforms and be responsible for their own subsistence. For this reason the applicants are brought from all the hospital cities to Hart House, where they will take the course, and when finished they will return to their home towns and give the treatments in the military hospitals; which by that time will be provided with the apparatus.

These girls, as a rule, are procured through the St. John's Ambulance Brigade of the different military districts, a V. A. D. course being necessary for the completion of the course. The studies are varied and just about as difficult as one would wish. Physiology and Anatomy, with special study of nerves and muscles, is taken; kinesiology, the study of muscles; psychology and the best way to treat patients physically; at the same time not losing sight of the fact that, if the best results are to be obtained a mental interest and stimulus is absolutely necessary. A special study is made of all wounds, their nature, treatments, and the results of such. A class is also given in which the typical and difficult cases are impressed on the minds of the pupils by seeing the actual patients. Orthopedic movements are also taught to some extent, this being necessary when a soldier's wound has rendered the part affected so useless that he is unable to move it himself. To complete the study a thorough knowledge of the apparatus used is essential, and the study of this, needless to say, plays a large part in the course.

This apparatus is of a mechanical nature, the movement of which is obtained solely by the patient's own effort. There are over one hundred and fifty of these devices, each one of which is calculated to bring about the exercise and use of some particular joint or muscle of the body. Apparatus for co-ordination of movement is also a very important factor in this work. In many cases of head injuries, the brain sometimes loses the power to send the messages to the nerves and muscles; and although the part affected may be in itself perfectly normal, yet on account of the brain not functioning properly the movement is jerky and sometimes entirely gone. Sense of distance and direction of movement are

often destroyed by these brain injuries. There are three different kinds of treatment given in this re-educational work: passive, active and resistive. In passive work the operator gives orthopedic movements or helps the patient to move or exercise the part affected by moving the machine. Active—when the patient becomes stronger he moves the machine and does the exercises himself under the careful eye of the operator. Resistive—when the brake is put on the apparatus which makes the machine harder to operate, and this tends to strengthen still more the weakened part.

One splendid part of the apparatus is a foot piece, which is designed to bring back the circular movement of the ankle joint. The patient's foot is strapped in the machine which is adjusted to a larger or smaller circle, according to the power of movement of the patient. An apparatus which brings back the movement of the hip joint is another splendid invention. The man's ankle is strapped into the apparatus; he stands perfectly straight and swings his leg backward and forward

without bending the knee; this indirectly has a tremendous effect on the movement of the hip joint. Another use for this apparatus is for the knee joint, in which treatment the patient assumes a sitting posture. In this case the knee joint is bent, as he brings his leg backward and forward. This loosens the joint as well as strengthens the muscles which control all movements of the leg. The same principle applies to the apparatus of the arm and shoulder. For the co-ordinative movements a man is instructed to touch a button with his fingers and then touch different holes. You will be much surprised to know that this is very difficult for some of these men, and much hard work and patience are required to bring this simple everyday movement back to normal. The same thing with the foot. Some men cannot put their foot on a certain step or mark you have laid out for them, and the result is a jerky hit or miss movement which is painful to witness.

One case particularly interested me. It was that of a soldier who had received a wound in the head, affecting the brain. As a result, he was partially paralyzed; his speech had entirely left him and his movements when he took a step resembled those of a child just after it had learned to walk. However, he is improving wonderfully, and in time will get back the use of his limbs to a considerable extent. Efforts are now being made at Hart House to bring back his power of speech.

Often as a result of having splints on the arm or leg for an indefinite time the part becomes stiffened and useless. Treatment is given to cure this. Adhesions from scar tissue often cause trouble, and the use of the member is brought back by means of exercise with the apparatus. The difference in the result of the treatment between this and massage is: the massage feeds the nerve or muscle by increasing the circulation, but functional re-education strengthens and brings back the use of the limb by the exercise of the part affected. For this reason, both treatments are sometimes given the same patient. The idea of a dial on each piece of apparatus does much to stimu-



Uniform worn by the girls on whom the success of the new treatment of Physio-Therapy largely depends.

(Continued on page 27.)

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Pickle These Vegetables and Use Them During the Winter

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Canning, Preserving and Pickling."

Pickles Serve as a Very Acceptable Substitute for Salads During the Winter Months When Fresh Green Vegetables are Scarce and High Priced.

In the making of pickles the quality, strength and flavor of the vinegar are all essential. It is the vinegar that gives the flavor to the condiment. Vegetables and spices may be all that are desirable and be ruined in the cooking by using a cheap acid vinegar.

BET PICKLE.—One quart of boiled beets, one quart of raw cabbage, one cupful of corn syrup or honey, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of grated horseradish, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of black pepper, one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika, and vinegar to cover. Chop the beets and the cabbage, add the syrup or honey, sugar and seasonings, then cover with cold vinegar, pour into sterilized jars and seal.

Another Method.—Slice cooked beets. Put into a saucepan enough vinegar for the number of beets prepared, add one cupful of corn syrup or honey, one cupful of brown sugar to one quart of vinegar, with pepper and salt to taste, and when the vinegar is hot, put in the beets, let them remain on the fire until heated through, then seal in jars.

INDIA RELISH PICKLE.—Grind twelve apples, six green tomatoes, six mangoes, one package of seeded raisins, two cupfuls of brown sugar, four cupfuls of vinegar, one tablespoonful of celery seed, and one and one-half tablespoonfuls of salt, and cook for one hour, stirring occasionally. Pour into jars and seal.

CORN PICKLE OR RELISH.—Two dozen ears of corn, three-fourths cupful of salt, three quarts of vinegar, six onions, one red pepper, two green peppers, one bunch of celery one cupful of brown sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of corn or maple syrup, one tablespoonful of celery seed, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of powdered ginger and two heads of cabbage. Cut the corn from the cob. Put the cabbage through a food chopper with the onions, peppers and celery stalks. Put the vegetables in the preserving kettle and pour over one-half of the vinegar. Mix the sugar, syrup and spices together and add the remaining vinegar. Combine mixtures, bring to boiling point, and then simmer gently for fifty minutes. Pour into jars or crocks and seal.

MUSTARD PICKLE.—One large white cauliflower, four cupfuls of small onions, one quart of string beans, one quart of green tomatoes, two quarts of cucumbers, and soak in strong brine for twenty-four hours. Then boil these ingredients separately until tender, drain and pull the cauliflower to pieces, chop tomatoes, beans and cucumbers slightly and mix all together. Into a kettle put six cupfuls of vinegar, and when hot stir in one-half pound of made mustard, one-half ounce of turmeric powder, one-half cupful of corn or barley flour rubbed smooth in two cupfuls of vinegar. Stir until it begins to thicken, then add one-half cupful each of honey or corn syrup and brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls each of celery and mustard seeds, and one-half cupful of oil. When hot pour over the other ingredients and seal in jars or bottles.

APPLE RELISH.—Twelve apples, two onions, three green peppers, one red pepper, one cupful of seeded raisins, one cupful of brown sugar, one-half cupful of grated maple sugar, one lemon, one-half tablespoonful of powdered ginger, one-half tablespoonful of salt and two cupfuls of vinegar. Core, peel and chop the apples, peppers and onions, add the sugars, salt, ginger, raisins and lemon sliced very thin and the seeds removed. Mix thoroughly, and cook for two hours, then bottle and seal.

MUSHROOM CATSUP.—Pick over, wash and drain one peck of mushrooms, slice and put over the fire in a saucepan with one cupful of water. Cook until the mushrooms are soft, stirring often, and then press through a sieve. To the pulp add two cupfuls of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, one teaspoonful of paprika, two tablespoonfuls of mustard, one teaspoonful each of powdered cinnamon, ginger, mace and cloves. Cook for thirty minutes longer. Then bottle and seal.

Or, wash and break firm, fresh mushrooms into pieces. Put a layer in the bottom of an earthenware vessel, sprinkle with fine salt, then add more mushrooms and salt until the materials are used. Cover and put away for three or four days, stirring with a wooden spoon four times each day. Then mash to a pulp and strain, squeezing out all the juice. Cook for fifteen minutes, and then measure. To each two cupfuls of the liquor allow two teaspoonfuls each of allspice, cloves, ginger and whole white peppers, then add one sliced onion, one blade of mace, three bay leaves and one-fourth teaspoonful of paprika. Cook until thick, stirring occasionally, strain, cool and bottle. Seal securely.

LEMON PICKLE.—Twelve large lemons, one-half cupful of salt, eight cloves of garlic or two chopped onions, one tablespoonful each of powdered mace, nutmeg and allspice, one teaspoonful of red pepper, five tablespoonfuls of mustard and one-half gallon of vinegar. Peel the lemons very thinly, place them in layers with salt in a jar, and leave for one week until they are quite soft. Put them into a jar with the garlic or onions, the spices tied in a muslin or cheesecloth bag, and pour the boiling vinegar over. When cold cover securely. Keep from two to three weeks before using them. They should have a brownish, almost semi-transparent look, and the vinegar should be quite thick.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Choose very small onions for pickling. Peel them under water, and use a silver knife to prevent their discoloring. Put one quart of onions, one quart of white boiling vinegar, one ounce of white peppers, three cloves, one bay leaf, one blade of mace, one-half ounce of allspice and one tablespoonful of salt into a saucepan and bring them to boiling point, then simmer until the onions turn clear. Pour into jars and seal.

Or, peel two quarts of small white onions, add one-half cupful of salt, and allow to stand over night. Place in a colander, pour over cold water and then drain well. Tie four tablespoonfuls of mixed spices in a bag. Boil one quart of vinegar with one cupful of brown sugar for eight minutes, throw in the onions, add spice bag and allow to boil up, and pour at once into jars and seal.

CUCUMBER PICKLES.—Twenty-four cucumbers, four cupfuls of small white onions, four cupfuls of vinegar, one cupful of honey or corn syrup, one teaspoonful each of celery seeds, ginger, mustard seeds, allspice, mace, cinnamon, salt and turmeric powder. Slice vegetables, sprinkle with salt and allow to stand for one hour and then drain well. Put vinegar and spices into preserving kettle, add vegetables, and allow to come slowly to boiling point. Pack into jars and seal.

Or, select medium-sized cucumbers, wipe and pack in a stone jar. To one gallon of vinegar use one cupful of salt one-half cupful of made mustard and one cupful of brown sugar, heat thoroughly, but do not allow to boil. Pour over cucumbers while hot. Keep cucumbers under the vinegar by means of a weighted plate.

PICKLED BEANS.—Remove strings and cut one peck of beans into one-inch pieces and cook in boiling salted water, until tender. Drain the beans and save the water in which they were cooked. Add to bean liquor, one cupful of vinegar, one blade of mace, one bay leaf, and one-half cupful of grated maple sugar, allow to boil for ten minutes, then add beans and cook for five minutes longer. Pour boiling hot into jars and seal at once.

PICKLED PEARS.—Wash eight pounds of pears, but do not pare. Stick four tablespoonfuls of whole cloves into the pears. Make a syrup with two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of grated maple sugar, one-half cupful of golden or corn syrup and two cupfuls of vinegar, add spices, and a few pears at a time and cook the pears until tender. Fill jars and seal.

Gooseberries may be done in the same manner.

14C

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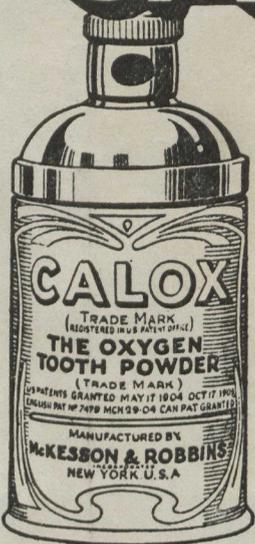
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101

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

Savory and Sweet Money Savers

By MARION HARRIS NEIL.
Author of "Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Recipes."

Summer Food Should Be Carefully Prepared

During the month of August the market stalls have a supply of carrots, beans, squash, corn, eggplant, cauliflower, beets, tomatoes, etc. The berries are nearly gone now, though a few blackberries and raspberries are still to be found; in their place we have a choice of peaches, apricots, plums, pears, apples and grapes. Salads can be had this month in abundance, and if their cleanliness can be assured they make the most wholesome food for the vacation season. If they are eaten freely with a good supply of oil they do away with the need of aperient medicine, which seems to be associated with a change of food, air and water. Tomatoes and cucumbers are quite free from the dangers which frequently lurk among the green leaves of fresh salad, and if the salad materials are limited in this way, the balance must be set right by a more plentiful supply of fresh fruit.

CABBAGE SALAD.—Remove the centre from a firm cabbage. Chop the cabbage very fine, add enough tartare sauce to hold the cabbage together and fill into the shell. Decorate with olives. Place the cabbage on a plate and surround with baked or fried beets.

For the tartare sauce, make one cupful of mayonnaise dressing and stir into it one-half cupful each of mixed chopped pickles, olives and parsley. Slice cold cooked beets, dredge the slices with cornstarch, seasoned with salt and pepper, brush over with milk or beaten egg, toss in cornmeal or breadcrumbs and bake in the oven or fry in smoking hot fat; drain and use.

POTATOES ON TOMATOES.—Wash and peel five potatoes, then boil in boiling salted water until tender, drain and scoop out the centre of each with a sharp knife. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a small saucepan, add one tablespoonful of chopped onion and fry it without browning, then add the potato pulp, four tablespoonfuls of chopped cooked chicken, one-fourth teaspoonful each of salt and pepper and two tablespoonfuls of hot milk or left-over sauce. Divide this mixture into the potatoes. Cut two tomatoes in slices, press out a little of the pulp, and stand a stuffed potato on each slice; melt a little butter substitute and brush over the potatoes with it. Place them on a greased baking tin, and bake in a hot oven for ten minutes. Serve on rounds of toasted bread and garnish with parsley.

PRUNE AND COCOANUT PUDDING.—Grease a fireproof dish. Wash one pound of prunes, and let them soak for forty minutes in boiling water. Roll out scraps of war-time pastry rather thinly and line the bottom of the dish with it. Put a layer of prunes, stoned, on the top, squeeze over a little lemon juice and add two tablespoonfuls of honey or corn syrup. Then place another layer of pastry over the top, sprinkle with coconut and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

POTATO BORDER WITH STRING BEANS AND RED CABBAGE.—Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan, add one cupful of mashed potatoes, a little salt and pepper, and four tablespoonfuls of hot milk. Cook over the fire until it ceases to stick to the spoon. Then flour a board, turn the potato onto it, and roll into a straight even roll. Arrange it in a circle on a dish and fill the centre with hot cooked string beans and garnish with stewed red cabbage. Serve hot.

TO STEW RED CABBAGE.—Trim one red cabbage, removing any damaged leaves and the hard part of the stalk. Cut it in halves and shred it finely. Then wash the cabbage carefully, drain it, and scald it in boiling water for five minutes. Drain again and put the prepared cabbage into a saucepan with two cupfuls of stock or water, add two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute rubbed into four tablespoonfuls of barley flour, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper. Put the lid on the pan and cook gently for one hour on the top of the range or in the oven. Serve hot. Red cabbage is a good accompaniment to game.

POTATO STRAWS WITH CAULIFLOWER AND PEAS.—Cut peeled and sliced potatoes into thin match-like pieces. Soak for one hour in cold water, drain well, dry thoroughly, and fry in smoking hot fat, then drain and keep hot.

TO COOK THE PEAS AND CAULIFLOWER.—Cook one tablespoonful of cornstarch in four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute for a few minutes, then add two cupfuls of boiling water, and cook until smooth,

stirring constantly, then add four cupfuls of green peas and one cauliflower broken into flowerets. Cook uncovered until the vegetables are tender, drain and add salt and pepper to taste. Serve with the potatoes on a hot dish.

BANANA AND DATE SALAD.—A delicious salad is made by combining diced bananas and dates stuffed with chopped nutmeats. Serve with mayonnaise dressing made without mustard.

Another nice salad is made from equal parts of shredded fresh pineapple and chopped celery. Mix with mayonnaise and serve on crisp lettuce nests.

COFFEE BLANC MANGE.—At breakfast time make extra coffee. Strain two cupfuls of coffee into a saucepan and allow to heat.

to cover, bring slowly to the boil and then cook gently for forty minutes. Then add two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute mixed with two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, a little pepper and two tablespoonfuls of tomato sauce, and cook for ten minutes longer. Make a bed with the barley on a hot dish, arrange the haddock on the top and pour over the sauce. Serve hot.

TOMATO AND CEREAL SOUP.—Heat two sliced tomatoes, four cupfuls of water, one sliced onion and two cloves to boiling point, then add one-half cupful of rolled oats or any cooked cereal, and cook for one hour. Rub through a colander, add one teaspoonful each of salt and sugar, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one-eighth teaspoonful of baking soda and one tablespoonful of butter substitute. Reheat and serve with crackers. One-half can of tomatoes may be used in place of the fresh ones.

NUT ROAST.—Take cooked peas and put them through a sieve or colander. Then mix them with an equal amount of chopped nut meats and season to taste. Place one-half of this mixture in a greased baking dish, and over it spread a dressing made as follows:—Pour boiling water over four slices of toast, cover and

allow to stand for eight minutes, then break it up and mix with it one-half cupful of milk, pepper and salt to taste. Cover the dressing with the remainder of the nut mixture, pour one-half cupful of milk over all, and bake for one and one-half hours. Cut in slices and serve with any preferred sweet sauce or with cranberry sauce.

Questioner.—Most any kind of fish suitable for eating may be canned successfully at home, if care is taken to use only very fresh fish and if the different canning steps are taken carefully.

CANNING FISH.

Clean the fish as you would for the frying pan, removing the bones when possible. Make a salt and water brine that will support a potato, and place the cleaned fish in this brine for thirty minutes. Remove from the brine, cut into convenient sized pieces for the jars, and pack with the skin toward the outside. Put sterilized rubber and tops in position lightly and sterilize in a hot water canner for three hours. A wash boiler containing a rack and boiling water to come three-fourths up the jars may be used as a hot water canner.

When using coarse scaled, thick skinned fishes, cut off the fins or make an incision on each side of the fin and pull it out. Make an incision through the skin along the back, another along the belly, and connect these two by a third encircling the body just behind the head, impale the head on a hook or sharpened nail driven through a plank, take hold of the skin at the angle of the two incisions at the back of the head and remove it by pulling toward the tail. Thin-skinned fishes, like herring, should be scaled, not skinned.

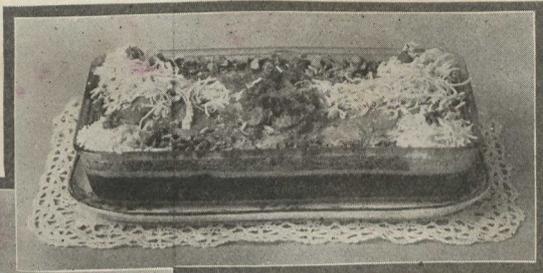
Cut off the head, remove the intestines and other organs, and take out the backbone by making a cut with a sharp knife on each side, inside of the body cavity. Wash thoroughly, taking particular care to remove the blood along the back.

Cut the fish into strips to fit the length of the jars to be used and rub with dry salt, using a level tablespoonful to each pint jar of fish. Fill the jars with the pieces packed as tightly as possible, put on the rubber rings, and place the caps on the jars loosely, so that the steam can escape. Put water in the jars. Cook in a pressure cooker for one and one-half hours after steam pressure registers fifteen pounds or the temperature is at 350 degrees F. Tighten the caps of the jars and permit cooling. Use the cooker as directed by the makers. There are several kinds on the market and Marion Harris Neil will furnish addresses of manufacturers on application.



Potato Straws,
Cauliflower
and Peas.

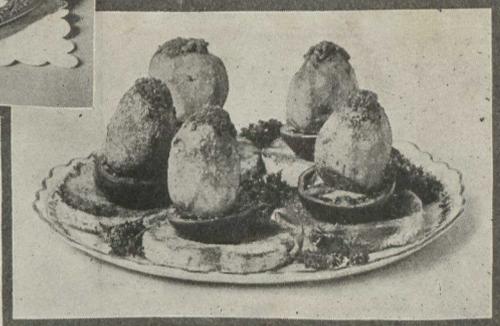
Cabbage salad.



Prune and coconut pudding.



Potato Border with String Beans and Cabbage.



Potatoes on tomatoes.

Mix two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, three tablespoonfuls of brown sugar and a pinch of salt with two-thirds of a cupful of milk. When the coffee boils, stir in the mixture, and keep on stirring until smooth and thick, then cover it closely, and cook for a few minutes longer, remove from the fire and pour into a wet mold. When cold turn out and serve with milk or stewed fruit.

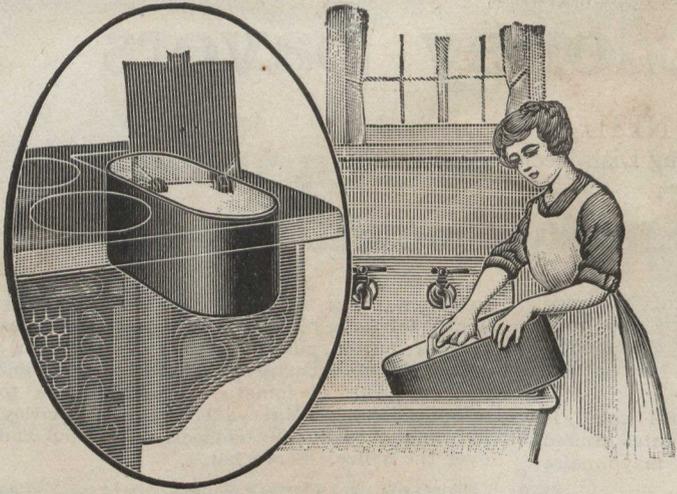
FISH MAYONNAISE.—The remains of any kind of cooked fish can be used for this dish. Divide the fish into pieces, carefully remove all the bones and dark skin. Wash and prepare one lettuce; after it is well drained season it to taste with salt and pepper and place it in a salad bowl. Arrange the fish on the top of the salad; this must be done neatly. Pour over some mayonnaise dressing. If liked, a layer of mayonnaise may be put between the salad and the fish at the time of preparing the dish. Garnish with slices of cooked beets and gherkins.

PINEAPPLE CUSTARD.—Cut one medium-sized ripe pineapple into small pieces and cook it in a saucepan with one cupful of water and two cupfuls of corn syrup or honey. Let it just simmer until the syrup is thick. Strain two cupfuls of scalded milk over the well-beaten yolks of three eggs and then stir over the fire until it thickens, but do not allow to boil again. Pour it into a bowl and when cooled add the pineapple and syrup. Allow to get quite cold, then fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and serve.

BEANS EN CASSEROLE.—Soak over night two cupfuls of beans. Cook next day until tender, then drain and mash. Grease a casserole or fireproof dish, in it put a layer of the beans, then a layer of stuffing, made of two cupfuls of breadcrumbs or cornmeal, one-fourth cupful of melted butter substitute, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful each of pepper and powdered sage, and moisten with one cupful of hot water. Over the stuffing put a second layer of beans, dot with butter substitute and bake in a moderate oven until well browned. Serve with brown or tomato sauce.

SMOKED HADDOCK WITH BARLEY.—Wash, drain and boil in boiling salted water one cupful of barley; when soft drain the barley, and put it in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of butter substitute, cover and keep hot.

Remove the skin and bones from a good-sized smoked haddock, cut the fish into neat pieces and put them into a baking tin with just enough milk



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This Ideal City-Country School Re-Opens September 11th, 1918.

93

Fish—A War Time Food

Recipes from the Fish Exchange, Boston, Mass.

Use the Sea Food and Conserve the Land Products.

Fish is an ideal summer food, giving strength without unnecessary warmth. In warm weather the food problem is vastly different from the same problem in cold weather. During the latter period, foods should supply the body with heat, while in the summer months a food which gives the least possible heat with the requisite amount of nourishment should be selected.

During the cold weather, the average digestion will look after itself, but when warm weather sets in even the man with a steel armored digestive apparatus must beware. This is the reason that many persons practically become vegetarians during the summer.

There are few persons, however, who do not feel the need of one hearty meal a day, and to such fish is to be recommended. Sea foods aid instead of impeding the digestion.

Because of the many different ways in which it may be served, fish may appear on one's table either as a "heavy" or "light" food. Plainly fried, baked, or broiled, or served as a salad, no more easily digested food of great strength-giving qualities can be found. Served in other manners, it is heavy enough to satisfy a gourmand, without, however, putting his stomach and temper out of gear. Again, fish is an economical food. Summer, as a rule, is a greater drain on the household purse than winter. Even though fewer meals be eaten, and meat, that expensive commodity, be eaten more sparingly and seldom, the bills seem to mount. Vegetables are somewhat costly, and fruits even more so. To meet the hundred and one expenses which summer—even a summer in the city—entails, the housewife must keep a sharp eye on her food bill.

Out of a pound of fish she can make a delicious luncheon dish, and if she be clever, have enough left for a salad for supper, or, if the evening be cool, for a warming chowder, which will take the chill off the evening air.

It is generally acknowledged that meats, if used at all, should be consumed most sparingly during the warm season. Inhabitants of torrid countries live on fish, fruit and vegetables, relying on the fish for the muscle-making elements.

To cook fish properly does not require the understanding of any mystic art, nor any particular trouble. But it does require knowledge. Like all simple matters, it is enough when you know how. Incidentally, there is hardly any variety of food susceptible to so many variations of cooking as fish. A cod, for example, may be fried, baked, boiled, planked, made into patties, salads, and served in a hundred ways. In food value, and in taste, it is equally satisfactory whether served fried, plain, or made into an elaborate dish.

In purchasing fish, the housewife should remember that a pound of many varieties of fish will feed as many persons as twice that quantity of most varieties of meat, many varieties of fish having a particularly high nutritive value.

By a little careful study of her local markets, the housewife should be able to keep track of the fluctuations in the prices of the different varieties of fresh fish, and take advantage of them.

BAKED SALMON.—Salmon may be baked, broiled or boiled. The New England Fish Exchange cook book offers the following suggestions for cooking the fish:—

Take salmon steaks weighing about one pound each. Place these in a buttered saucepan with four cupfuls of stock, four tablespoonfuls of butter and salt, pepper, grated nutmeg, parsley, and any other herbs desired. Let come to a boil, then cover and simmer for thirty minutes. Drain the fish. Thicken the liquid with flour and cook for ten minutes. Then add two yolks of eggs. Spread a layer of mashed potatoes in a greased oval baking dish. Remove skin and bones from salmon and place the steaks on the potatoes. Cover with potatoes, pour some of the sauce over all, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and bake in a moderate oven until a light brown.

BOILED SALMON.—Rub the fish with a little salt, tie it in a cloth and boil slowly for three-fourths of an hour. Serve with egg or caper sauce.

BROILED SALMON.—Sprinkle slices of salmon with chopped parsley, mixed herbs, salt, pepper and olive oil. Ar-

range on a well greased gridiron and broil over a clear fire, basting occasionally with oil seasoning. Serve with a white sauce.

GRILLED HALIBUT, NEW STYLE.—Take one slice of halibut, about one pound, pour over it a little oil, season with salt and pepper, place on a greased broiler and cook for eight minutes on each side. When nice and brown, arrange on a hot platter and pour over the following sauce. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one-fourth teaspoonful of dry mustard, and salt and pepper to taste.

BAKED FINNAN HADDIE, CLUB STYLE.—Boil a finnan haddie for eight minutes and then cut it into small pieces. Place the fish in a greased baking dish and cover with a Welsh rabbit sauce. Sprinkle over with grated cheese and bake until brown. Serve hot.

BAKED OYSTERS.—Open me fresh oysters and leave them in the shell. Put a small piece of butter on each oyster and then a slice of bacon about one inch square on the top of each one. Sprinkle a few cracker crumbs over them and place in a hot oven for six minutes. Serve at once.

BOILED CODFISH.—Cover a three pound fresh codfish with well salted fish stock and let cook for thirty minutes, without boiling; then take out the fish and drain it well. Lay it on a hot dish and garnish with sprigs of parsley. Serve with a cream parsley sauce separately.

HOW TO MAKE A GALLON OF FISH STOCK.—Pour three quarts of water into a saucepan, add a handful of salt, one-half glassful of vinegar, one carrot sliced, one onion sliced, half a handful of whole peppercorns, one bunch of parsley, three sprigs of thyme and three bay leaves. Bring to boiling point and simmer for fifteen minutes. Cool and use when needed for various methods of cooking fish.

STEAMED MUSSELS.—Wash and clean the required amount of mussels thoroughly; place them in a closely covered saucepan or kettle after adding a cupful of water for every half peck of mussels. Boil from ten to twelve minutes or until they are all well opened. Strain the broth and serve the mussels on a large, hot platter. Serve them with melted butter, and a cup of the broth to each person. Remove the beards, and eat the same as steamed clams. One-half peck of mussels will serve five people.

STEWED EELS.—Skin and clean the eels; cut them into short lengths and lay them in cold water for thirty minutes. Put them into a saucepan, add enough water to cover them, and cook them slowly for thirty minutes, or more, according to their size. A large eel may require one hour to make it tender. Drain the fish well, cover with white sauce, seasoned with paprika, lemon juice, onion juice, salt and chopped parsley. Simmer for five minutes and serve hot.

FRESH CRAB FLAKES A LA TOKIO.—Cut a green pepper, a red pepper and six mushrooms into thin shreds. Stew in a little butter until tender, add two cupfuls of cream and boil for five minutes, then add one pound of fresh crab flakes. Season to taste with salt, paprika and melted butter. Arrange a border of mashed potatoes on a hot dish, pour the fish mixture into the centre and bake in hot oven until brown. Serve hot.

LOBSTER, BUNGALOW STYLE.—Melt six tablespoonfuls of butter, add two teaspoonfuls of finely chopped onion and cook until brown, stirring constantly. To this add two teaspoonfuls of flour and stir until well blended, then pour in gradually one cupful of stewed and strained tomatoes, well seasoned with salt and paprika, and bring to boiling point. Now add one and one-half cupful of cooked lobster meat cut into small pieces. Serve very hot in the lobster shell.

BAKED BLUE FISH, HOME STYLE.—Wash one medium sized blue fish, split it and remove the bones, then cut the fish in six pieces. Into a baking pan put four tablespoonfuls of butter, one onion chopped, and one-half cupful of chopped celery. Place in the fish, pour over a little melted butter, season with salt and pepper and bake for ten minutes. Now add the strained juice of one lemon and one cupful of canned tomatoes. Bake for fifteen minutes and serve hot.

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And so it goes until you come to Model 90 and then you discover this important fact back of the great number now in use;

Model 90 has been purchased because it *combines all five* of these essentials for complete satisfaction.

True, in many cases its quality *appearance*, big-car stylish design, and distinctive color scheme primarily influenced purchasers.

Again, in many, many cases it is the

performance of Model 90 that makes it first choice. As a matter of fact, performance is its major virtue.

It is not only the things Model 90 *does*, but the *way* it does them, that makes Model 90 owners so enthusiastic—

The way it consistently meets every driving need day-in-and-day-out, through congested traffic, over steep hills, in fair or bad weather, and for short or long rides, proves its adequacy for every motoring need.

A large number of Model 90 owners when asked the reason for their choice have mentioned *comfort* first.

When you have inspected this car and driven and ridden in it, you, too, will understand why comfort accommodations have contributed so much to Model 90's fame.

Service is not listed among a car's specifications, and by service we do not mean the service the car gives alone, but the service that the dealers and factory behind the car are ever ready and able to give.

In making a survey of the reasons for the popularity of the Model 90 car, seldom has its moderate *price* been mentioned first—

Yet, even if it were lacking in some of the five advantages it *does* combine, its price still would warrant its great popularity.

And to-day, above all else, a car must be *economically* efficient.

Five points of Overland superiority:

Appearance, Performance, Comfort, Service and Price

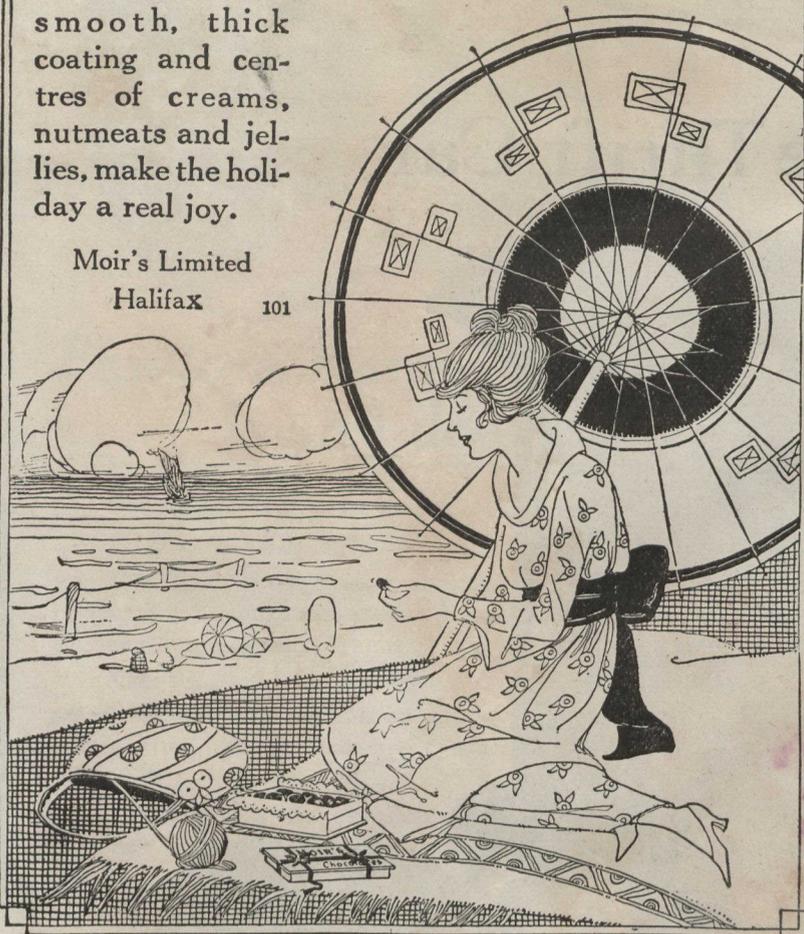
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A Puzzle For August

By TOM WOOD.

Hidden in the words of the speakers, in the first four pictures, may be found the names of four CITIES, which have become famous in connection with the great war.

Numbers 5 and 6 represent "Square Words," i.e., four words of four letters each. Guess what each little picture represents, place in proper order and they will read the same from the top down, and from left to right. Can you guess the words?

1 "cheer up Hal! mama is never at a loss to know how to mend things - I spect a hair pin will do it all right!"
"My hair is broke in pieces!"

2 "Did you read that article about the treatment of prisoners in Germany?"
"No, I seldom read anything likely to narrow my feelings when I am powerless to help!"

3 "What an exquisite blossom!" Meta exclaimed. "I have never seen anything like it before - and what a delicious perfume!"

4 "I hate so to mar Nellie's happiness tonight, but they have wired for her to come home at once."
"What is the matter dear?"

5 "That is the most good all-around boy in the school!"

6 "A single person or thing" What is it?

Find the name of a river in France.

Find another river in France, often mentioned.

Find the name of still another, never-to-be-forgotten French river.

Find the name of a river in France, made sacred by what many saw there.

Also give the words you can make, using the letters in "Something."

Two prizes will be given, first one dollar and fifty cents, and second one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy.

All are eligible to compete in this contest. Answers must be received before August 31st to be included.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF THE JUNE PUZZLE.

- 1—Saskatchewan. 5— R I N G 6— L E A F
- 2—Quebec. I D O L E C R U
- 3—Regina. N O T E A R U M
- 4—Chatham. G L E N F U M E

First prize is won by David Scott, 43 Rosebery Avenue, Ottawa, Ont., and the second by Jean Love, 15 Charles Street West, Toronto.

Address all answers to The Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto, Canada.

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(Continued from page 21.)

late the effort of both patient and operator, as by this method the progress of each day's work is plainly visible.

While in Hart House the girls give treatments under the supervision of the instructresses, one for the arm and one for the leg treatments. The girls, however, when they are sent out to the various hospitals, are put on their own resources and are obliged to detect at once where the trouble is, whether it exists in the lower arm or upper arm, or if the trouble is a paralysis of some nerve received through a brain injury. It seems a very simple matter to be able to put a man in a machine and ask him to swing an arm back and forth. It is. But it is another proposition to keep a patient keyed up to the top notch of interest day in and day out, and to be able to put your finger on the cause of the trouble, if the best of results are not forthcoming. This is the work of the girls who are taking the course of physio-therapy, and if you could only see the interest the patients take in the work and the marvellous cures that have been effected, you would have little doubt as to the benefit of this treatment, for, although it has exploded many old ideas, it has even in this short time proved its worth.

The girls at present wear navy blue uniforms and the same colored veils with white collars and bands. This, however, is subject to change, as it is now the intention to have the girls who take this course connected with the St. John's Ambulance Brigade.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Would you please tell me if V.A.D.'s are sent from Canada to England? What are the expenses of the course? What are the requirements of an ambulance driver for overseas service? I especially wish to go overseas.

GORE BAY.—Yes, V.A.D.'s are sent from Canada overseas. The average cost of a V.A.D. course is \$2.50. This varies, as it depends on the number in the class

to a great extent. If you wish to drive an ambulance overseas it will be necessary to qualify as a V. A. D. nurse and go overseas in that capacity and do nurse's work. If, however, when you get there you can prove your capability as an ambulance driver and have some knowledge of automobile mechanics and there is a vacancy in this department, you stand a splendid chance of getting a position as ambulance driver. This is the only way this can be accomplished, as up to the present time there has been no call for Canadian Ambulance drivers to go overseas.

I can drive a car, and I would love to work with the Women's Ambulance Corps. I would like to know what would be required of me.

DEAR LEBILA.—There is no Women's Ambulance Corps in Canada. That is, the Government is not yet taking girls on for that work. If, however, you would like to drive an army car, you would like to become a driver of an R.A.F. car. They are now taking girls on for that work. You must know how to drive a car and have some knowledge of road repairs, and be able to pass the test in driving set by the Royal Air Force. It will be necessary to come to Toronto to take this position. The wages, however, will enable you to live comfortably. I am sending you by mail the address of the department of the R.A.F. to which you may apply.

Is the V.A.D. course a correspondence course or a series of lectures given locally? Does this course guarantee work in a military hospital or overseas work? Please send information as to where the course is obtainable.

SUMMERLAND, B.C.—The V.A.D. course is a series of lectures given locally. The fact that you take this course does not absolutely guarantee work in a military hospital in Canada, but if you produce first-class letters of reference, you have the same chance as any other girl. As

to the overseas work, you must serve a certain length of time in Canada and prove yourself capable before you are sent overseas. I am sending you the address of the provincial secretary for B.C. He will give you any information as to the classes given in B.C.

The people in our town are interested enough in the war, but we want to start something to get everyone to work to help the Red Cross. What could you suggest?

DEAR WAR WORKER.—A splendid plan was worked out in one of the cities of the United States a while ago. Everyone brought some rubber article and placed it on a block in the main street. Automobile tires, hot water bottles and rubber in all shapes and forms found refuge there. This was sold and the proceeds given to the Red Cross. An enormous amount of money was procured, and it was a most exciting and interesting procedure. Try it and see.

What do you think a club of twelve girls could do for the soldiers who are returned? We live in a small town, and we are forty miles from the nearest military hospital.

DEAR GIRLS.—Why not start a canning kitchen in your town? In this way you could preserve hundreds of jars of fruit, and send it to the military hospital nearest you. You have no idea how tired the returned soldiers get of the hospital diet. It seems to lack the pleasing varieties they are used to.

NOTE.—Space does not permit the printing of more of the many questions which have come in to Betty O'Hara. She is answering all, and will gladly reply to still more of our girls' letters sent to her. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you wish a personal letter.

THE KING OF THE MILKWEED

(Continued from page 20.)

And so it is, the Monarch butterfly or "King Billy," as it is often called, is very regal looking and stands out amongst its kind, by being one of the few butterflies that migrate, for in the

fall of the year the King Billies get together in clouds, then wing their way to the southland returning north the next season. Do you know King Billy? Shall I tell you where to find the eggs and caterpillars? You will have to look carefully for the eggs are so tiny, but you will find them on the broad, thick leaves of the milkweed plant. In color they are a pale green and cone shaped and always you will find them on the middle rib of the leaf. Often you will see the King Billy sipping nectar from the flowers of the golden rod, for this flower is one of his favorites. Can you find him? Won't you try? Then you will see and learn for yourself the wonderful life story of one of Mother Nature's children, for she is always waving her magic wand over the earth and changing the ugliest of worms and grubs to things of living beauty.

A KING IN BABYLON

(Continued from page 17.)

He turned Davis's hand over and directed the light of the torch upon it. Across the knuckles was a livid welt.

"Just like mine," he said. "No doubt that same stone fell out again!"

Davis snorted.

"I struck my hand against the corner of that pillar," he said.

"What was it brushed past us?"

"There wasn't anything brushed past us."

"Yes, there was; I felt it—so did Billy. It darted past with a rush of air . . ."

And then suddenly Davis threw back his head and laughed.

"I remember now," he said; "I did see the ghost—caught just a glimpse of it before the light went out."

"Well?" Creel demanded.

"Well," said Davis, "it was flying around the pillars, and it looked to me uncommonly like a bat. It may, of course, have been a ghost in disguise!"

(To be continued.)

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Keep a packet in your pocket or purse for a tasty tidbit between meals, at work or play. Send some in every overseas parcel.

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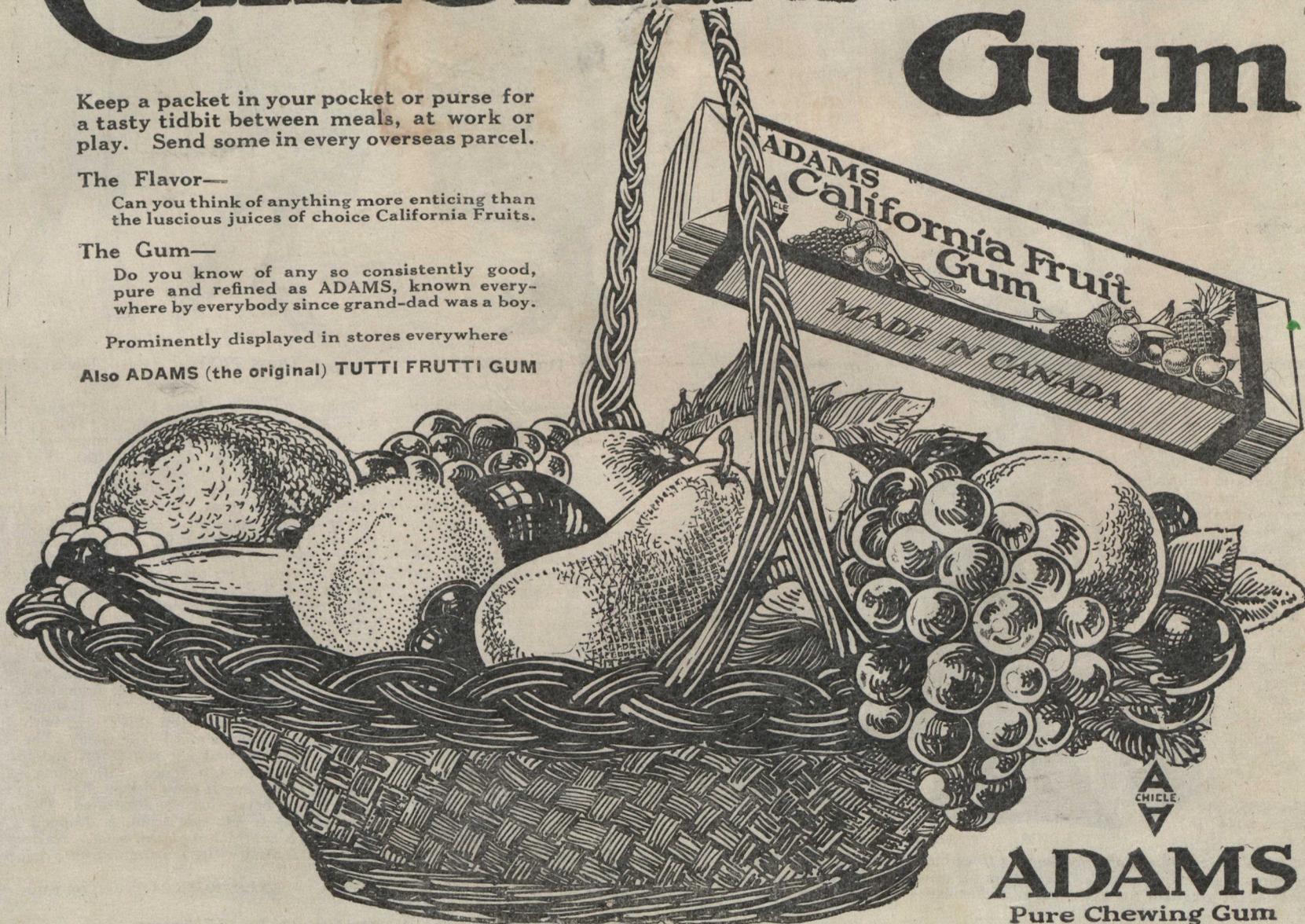
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Prominently displayed in stores everywhere

Also ADAMS (the original) TUTTI FRUTTI GUM



For Morning and Afternoon Wear in Town or Country

7815—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 1 7/8 yard 40- or 45-inch organdy. No. 7854—Ladies' Sleeveless Overblouse or Sports Coat (20 cents). Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 36, 40, and 44 bust. Medium size requires 1 7/8 yard 54-inch rose-color wool Jersey—1 1/8 yard white wool Jersey for collar and revers. No. 7688—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires for skirt with inserted pockets 2 1/2 yards 44-inch plaid worsted. Width at lower edge about 1 7/8 yard. The ideal Summer sports frock consists of a white voile or organdy blouse, a sleeveless sports coat or overblouse of Jersey or satin, and a simple skirt of plaid worsted or of sports satin. The overblouse may match the skirt in color, or when the skirt is of plaid material the overblouse may match the dominant tone of the plaid. This blouse slips on over the head, and is tucked on the shoulders front and back. The overblouse is in drop-shoulder style, falling slightly over the shoulders, and the fronts may be turned back only to the waist-line, or they may be turned back as illustrated to the bottom of the overblouse and faced with contrasting material. The skirt is a two-piece model closing at left side, and with inserted or hanging pockets. At foot of page the overblouse is shown again with embroidery squares No. 12444, blue or yellow, 15 cents.

7799—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 40-inch voile or Georgette crepe—2 1/2 yards wide, 8 yards narrow file lace banding—2 yards velvet ribbon—7/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. No. 7688—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires for skirt without pockets 2 1/2 yards 40-inch voile or Georgette crepe. Width at lower edge 1 7/8 yard. The simplicity of line is featured on the Summer frocks, they are nevertheless very dainty and charming, and fashioned of the new voile and other cotton fabrics they are quite inexpensive. The trimming for these frocks may consist of tucks or insets of lace, and file is particularly attractive when combined with voile. While this frock is a one-piece model, it may be shortened as illustrated to form a redingote effect worn over a separate skirt. Below the girdle the redingote may be seamed together, or it may be open at the sides as worn here, the edges finished with a facing, and trimmed with lace insertion. The dress closes at the back, and is gathered slightly on the shoulders in front which is always a pretty style for sheer fabrics. Plain sleeves may replace the flowing sleeves illustrated. The dress may be worn with oval collarless neck, or it may be open low in front showing a vest. The skirt is a plain two-piece model closing at left side seam.



Blouse 7815
Sleeveless Overblouse 7854
Skirt 7688

Dress 7838

Dress 7820

Dress 7709

Dress 7897

7690—Ladies' Tucked Blouse with Peplum (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 36-inch voile. 1/2 yard organdy for collar and cuffs. Very smart to wear with separate sports skirts are these peplum blouses, many of them like this model in panel style with fine tucks front and back. The closing is arranged on the shoulder and at left side-front under a tuck. A two-piece circular collar finishes the round neck, and gathered sleeves may replace the flowing sleeves.

3/4 yard 36-inch white voile for overcollar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1 7/8 yard. For informal Summer wear nothing is more serviceable than the gingham frock. The entire dress may be made of check gingham, or, as in this illustration, the long-waisted body section may be of the check gingham, while the skirt is of plain gingham matching the check. The fronts of the waist roll back in revers attached on the shoulders to a square collar, and the front opening of the waist is filled in with a vest of white voile which is joined to a collar of white voile which overlays the gingham collar. Provision is made in the pattern for long sleeves should these be preferred to the short ones illustrated.

7820—Ladies' One-piece Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 44-inch tricotine—1/4 yard 27-inch black satin for collar—3 1/2 yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1 5/8 yard. For cool days in Summer in the city as well as the country a simple dress like this of blue serge or gabardine is very useful. The dress buttons in front, the closing to be continued to the top of the standing collar, or if preferred, the fronts may be rolled back and the collar worn flat. The front of the dress is gathered below a square yoke, and the sleeves may be shortened. Two rows of wide silk or Hercules braid on the skirt relieves the plainness, but this is not absolutely essential to the good style of the dress. The fronts are slashed for inserted pockets.

7709—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 6 1/4 yards 45-inch organdy—5 yards file lace—7/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1 3/8 yard. The fashionable irregular lower edge is displayed on this frock, both in the long-waisted body section and in the tunic. The closing is on the left shoulder and left side-front, and instead of the neck-line illustrated, a V neck with rolling collar may be selected. Full-length plain sleeves may be substituted for the flowing sleeves that are illustrated. Over a two-piece skirt closing at left side seam, is dropped a three-piece tunic which is attached to the waist. Narrow frills of organdy alternating with file banding form a dainty trimming.

Overblouse 7854
Embroidery 12444

Blouse 7690

7838—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yard 36-inch check gingham for waist—2 1/2 yards plain gingham for skirt, cuffs, and collar—

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

Afternoon Frocks of Graceful Lines for Stout Women

7878—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. No. 7677—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 5/8 yard. The costume in medium size requires 6 yards 36-inch white voile—2 1/2 yards 36-inch check voile—1/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Plain and check voile in combination make adorable Summer frocks, and for these pastel shades of blue, pink, yellow, or lavender with white may be selected. The blouse closes on the left shoulder and under the left arm, and is somewhat in jumper style draped toward the underarm. A pointed collar finishes the V neck, and the sleeves which are sewed into the armholes of the underbody, may be in three-quarter flowing style, or long one-piece models gathered to two-piece cuffs may be chosen. Completing this dainty frock is a two-piece skirt closing at left side seam and with a two-piece gathered tunic. The tunic may be open front and back, it may be closed all around, or have draped sections at sides.

7858—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards 44-inch navy blue serge—9 1/2 yards braid. Width at lower edge about 2 5/8 yards. This frock of blue serge shows the new long-waisted effect. The center-front and back of the waist are in panel style, extending up to form a deep yoke. Under the girdle is joined a three-piece side-plaited skirt with straight lower edge. The waist closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front, and three-quarter length sleeves with turn-back cuffs may replace the long ones.

7872—Ladies' Blouse (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 7886—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt (25 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. The costume in medium size requires 6 3/4 yards 36-inch printed voile—1 yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe—3 yards filet lace—3/8 yard 27-inch taffeta for girdle—7/8 yard 36-inch lining. Figured and printed voile and Georgette crêpes are among the most attractive of the Summer materials, and are very fashionable for afternoon frocks. Daintiness is given to this model, which is very becoming to stout women, by the trimming of filet lace banding and white Georgette. The blouse is open in front to show an inset vest with V or square neck. Two styles of collars are provided, and the sleeves are perforated for shorter length. The blouse closes at the side-front, and is mounted on a sleeveless underbody with high, square, or V neck. Very attractive in style is the skirt which displays the modish tunic to be made with a plaited apron panel front and back, or if preferred, the tunic may be introduced at the sides only omitting the plaited panel. The foundation skirt is a two-piece gathered model closing at left side-front.



7743 — Ladies' Tunic Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 3/4 yards 36-inch tan voile—5/8 yard 27-inch white voile for collar and cuffs. No. 7688—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2 5/8 yards 36-inch voile. Width at lower edge, about 1 7/8 yard. Long graceful lines are given to this frock of pale tan voile by the tunic which is attached to the blouse under the cord girdle. It is plaited in front below a square yoke, and for the long gathered sleeves with deep cuffs, flowing sleeves in three-quarter length may be substituted. The tunic may be made with irregular or straight around lower edge. It is worn over a simple two-piece skirt closing at the left side seam, and with inserted or large hanging pockets. Coarse machine-stitching makes an attractive finish. This stitching should be done with coarse silk floss, and may be in the same shade as the tan voile of the dress, or it may be old blue, or rose-color. The thick silk cord girdle is a new suggestion, and is very attractive. It may be bought complete, or silk tassels may be sewed to silk cord.

7863—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 6 1/4 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1 7/8 yard wide and 2 3/4 yards narrow filet lace—1 1/2 yard velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1 5/8 yard. These redingote frocks work out very attractively in sheer fabrics like Georgette crêpe and chiffon voile. White Georgette crêpe is selected for this model with trimming of filet lace and black velvet ribbon. The waist opens in front over an inset vest with V neck, and a soft fulness is thrown over the bust by the gathers on the shoulders in front. Quite smart in style are the long sleeves gathered to deep cuffs, but for these may be substituted short sleeves with turn-back cuffs. Over the two-piece skirt which is gathered at the back, is arranged a tunic that forms an apron panel effect front and back. The skirt closes at left side seam.

7592—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yard 40-inch black Georgette crêpe—1 1/4 yard white lace—5/8 yard white Georgette crêpe—5/8 yard 36-inch satin for piping—7/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Into the



armholes of the underbody the sleeves are sewed, and the blouse armholes are finished with a piping of satin. A band of white lace is applied to the underbody showing through the Georgette crêpe of the blouse.

7818—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 3/8 yards 44-inch Poiré twill—3 1/2 yards 36-inch taffeta—1/2 yard 40-inch white Georgette crêpe for vest. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. The long lines of this frock of wool and taffeta adapt it particularly to the figure that is inclined to embonpoint. The tunic may be pointed or straight, and is mounted on a two-piece skirt closing at the left side seam.



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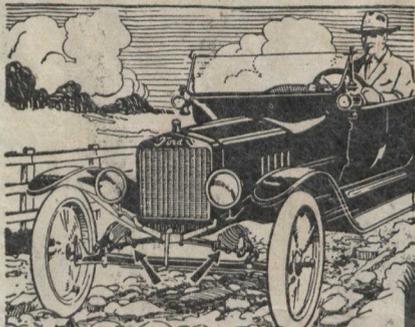
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Dress 7739
Emb. 12413

Dress 7698

Dress 7902
Emb. 12461

Dress 7625

Dress 7576
Emb. 12377

7739—Misses' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 12 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 3/8 yards 44-inch white organdy—7/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Embroidery No. 12413, blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents. Summer-time frocks will be largely of cotton fabrics, among which organdy holds first place for afternoon wear, in white or pastel colors. Very simple and girlish is this model with plain gathered collarless blouse closing at the back, and with long or short sleeves.

7698—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 1/2 yards 36-inch plaid voile—1 1/2 yard white voile—7/8 yard 36-inch net for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1 5/8 yard. The tunic falling in deep points in front and shortening up toward the back is a most attractive feature of this charming frock of plaid voile. The waist closes on the shoulder and under the left arm, and is in jumper effect, worn over a front-closing underbody into the armholes of which the flowing sleeves are sewed. Another style of sleeve slashed at the elbow is provided in the pattern. The skirt is a two-piece gathered model with straight lower edge.

7902—Misses' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 6 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—6 yards wide, 7/8 yard narrow, filet lace banding—2 yards ribbon for girdle. Width at lower edge about 1 3/8 yard. Embroidery on collar and cuffs No. 12461, blue or yellow transfer, 20 cents. For afternoon social functions Georgette crêpe frocks are highly favored in white, flesh-color, and biscuit, and filet lace makes a dainty trimming. The blouse is in jumper effect, closing at shoulder and underarm, and the flowing sleeves are sewed into large armholes. The back of the waist has extensions carried around in girdele effect in front. Attached to the front-closing underbody is the two-piece gathered skirt which closes at left side seam, and on this is mounted a one-piece gathered tunic.

7625—Misses' Evening Dress (20 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 3/8 yards 44-inch organdy—2 3/4 yards wide and 4 yards narrow satin ribbon. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Charmingly youthful is this evening frock of lilac organdy with apron tunic over a draped skirt.



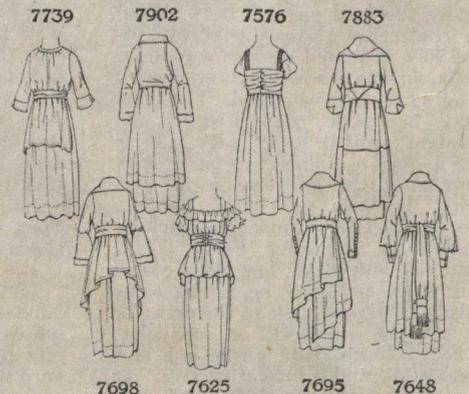
Dress 7695

Dress 7883

Dress 7648

7576—Misses' Evening Dress (20 cents). Three sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 3/8 yards 44-inch organdy for bodice and trimming—1 3/4 yard 10-inch lace for sleeves and shoulder draperies. Width at lower edge 2 yards. Embroidery No. 12377, blue or yellow

transfer, 15 cents. The draped bodice of flesh-color satin gives a charming touch of color to this frock of white organdy, and the satin is used for the ruchings, the upper one in festoon style. No pattern for these.



CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

Just What Girls and Boys Need for Vacation Time



Child's and Girls' Cape 7419

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7866 Scallop 11854

7419—Child's and Girls' Circular Cape (15 cents). Six sizes, 4 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 44-inch check cloth— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 44-inch plain cloth for collar, revers, and belt— $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch lining. Instead of the open neck and large collar illustrated, this cape may close to the neck with a standing collar as a finish.



Child's Overalls 6069

7836 — Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch percale— $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch linene for collar and trimming. Scallop No. 11854, blue or yellow transfer, 10 cents. The waist closes in front, the two-piece skirt at left side.

Apron 6765 Scallop 11659

Blouse 6281 Trousers 7877

Girls' and Juniors' Middy Blouse 7248 Girls' and Juniors' Skirt 7244

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7875

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7817

Boys' Suit 7884

Boys' Suit 7846

Petticoat 7826

Petticoat 7774

Petticoat 7329

Slip 7821 Scallop 11659

Child's Coat 7367 Scallop 11979

Coat 7808

6069—Child's Overalls and Guimpe (15 cents). Seven sizes, 1 to 8 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch batiste

for guimpe— $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch galatea for overalls. The overalls close on the shoulder, and the guimpe sleeves may be

long or short; the short sleeves with turn-back cuffs.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 41

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

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The patriarch Abraham and the apostle Paul, John Wycliffe and Christopher Columbus, Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln, Florence Nightingale and Clara Barton, were "citizens of the world."

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Conservation and Education Were Outstanding Topics at Quebec Convention

The fifth annual convention of the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs met at Macdonald College on June 12th and 13th. Sixty-four members were in attendance, representing all but two of the thirty-seven clubs.

In the absence of Dr. Harrison at Petawawa, the delegates were welcomed by Prof. Lochhead, who said that he was glad to welcome them for two reasons at least; first, that they represented the new spirit in the progress of Quebec, and secondly, because of their potential power as an organization representing the rural women. He commended the clubs for their war work. One of the finest things in this war had been the service of women, who, in a spirit of self-effacement, had done wonderful service in every kind of work. He hoped that there might be some means of organization whereby the women of the towns might aid the rural women, bringing about a better understanding and raising the standards of living in both town and country.

Mrs. Yeats, of Dunham, replied to the address, and believed that the clubs were realizing more deeply the significance of their motto, "For Home and Country," and that not only in their more individual work as homemakers, but in the broader duties relating to the school and community, and now more particularly since the granting of the franchise, women must study and strive to prepare themselves for the great opportunities that were theirs.

Mrs. N. C. Macfarlane, demonstrator to the clubs, then read her report as follows:

The year 1917-18 has been for the Quebec Homemakers' Club one of marked activity and progress. The clubs recognize

as never before the importance of their object, not only in respect to the home and community, but to that larger collection of homes and communities—the nation. "The object of the Homemakers' Clubs shall be to study the most scientific way of conducting home work in order to economize, strengthen and preserve the health of the family; to discuss the best expenditure of money in order to secure the highest conditions of home life; to provide better financial, social and intellectual advantages for farm boys and girls and yet keep them on the farm; to carry on any line of work which has for its object the welfare of home or community life."

In connection with the first clause of this object, the club members are making every effort consistent with doing their share of the necessary war work to become more thoroughly acquainted with the subjects of food and food preparation, the school lunch, sanitation, medical inspection, household financing and the better arrangement of work in order to save time and energy. The studies in respect to foods have been well supplemented with practical demonstrations, that on canning being especially appreciated, as a factor not only in preventing waste, but by insuring the housekeeper a means of having a supply of fresh fruits and vegetables throughout the year, a most important one in maintaining the health of the family.

To aid in the matter of food control, the secretaries of the clubs have been placed on the mailing list of the Canada Food Board, and all important items from the Canadian Food Bulletin are read and discussed by the clubs for the purpose of fulfilling the demands and requests of the office as intelligently as possible. When any announcement is not fully understood, the secretary is requested to write directly to the office for information. Constructive and not destructive criticism is the object of the clubs. Forty practical demonstrations on the making of meat and wheat substitutes were given to the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs and other organizations by Miss Babb, assistant demonstrator. From their previous studies along the lines of food and nutrition, the clubs were well prepared to use the advice and instruction given to the best advantage, and reports show that the demonstrations were of real help to the housekeepers in their efforts to aid in conservation and substitution. This year the clubs are planning a gardening campaign, from which we hope to hear results at the next convention.

The many applications for literature from the Circulating Library on the subject of household accounts proves that the second phase of our aim is not neglected and that we are awakening to our responsibilities as consumers. Let us repeat once more that it is more important to teach a woman

how to spend a dollar wisely than to tell her to save it, for wise spending is the truest conservation, and we can only spend wisely when we have a knowledge of food values, textiles and household furnishings, nor should we neglect to make a comparison in our budget between the amount spent for material comforts and that spent for the higher things of life, such as education, both mental and spiritual, of the children of to-day, who are to be the citizens of to-morrow.

The School Fair work, which will in the long run greatly help to keep the boys and girls on the farm by arousing their interest in and creating a greater respect for the professions of homemaking and agriculture, received even more than its usual share of attention, many of the clubs assisting with the prize list and doing a great deal to encourage the children

lining. One sees a vision of days after the war, when this same spirit of patriotism will be directed toward the improvement of the schools and other essentials to the welfare of the rural community.

Last year an appeal was made that an effort be put forth to induce every woman in each vicinity where there was already a club to become a member and thus declare herself an ally of those who had banded themselves together under the motto, "For Home and Country." The reports show an increase in membership of 210, but there is still much to be done. We recommend that the clubs make a list of the women in their respective districts, in order that they may keep before them a constant appeal for their help and support in this work. The aim of our society is such that, if fully understood, no woman in any district can afford to

do without us, nor can we afford to do without her. It was also advised that at least two meetings a year be devoted to subjects relating to education, that the men of the community be invited to attend and, whenever possible, leading educationists be invited to address these meetings. The reports show that there has been a great deal more co-operation between the men and women in the rural work, but very little was reported in respect to meetings suggested.

Owing to pressure of work due to war conditions and the increase of School Fair projects, no organization work could be planned by the demonstrator, and the five new clubs organized this year owe their existence largely to the efforts of individual club officers and others interested in rural work, who succeeded in interesting the women of these districts to the extent of calling

ing a meeting, at which the demonstrator and the officers of leading clubs were given an opportunity to present the aims of the organization.

In this coming year we feel that considerable time must be set aside for further organization. In the opening years of the war, Red Cross and other obvious forms of patriotic work absorbed the attention of people so completely that for a time it was almost forgotten that the Homemakers' aims were as truly patriotic as those of any other society. Our efforts along this line usually met with the remark: "Oh, the war will soon be over, and then we shall concentrate our efforts on the home and community." But the war has gone on, and the events of the past year have made it plain to the most skeptical that the homemaker has a large, distinct and important part to play in deciding the issue of this great struggle. The three important factors in the winning of this war are man-power, sufficient food, and money. In these days of conservation of food, clothing, everything, in fact, that will provide for our armies overseas and money to buy Victory Bonds, the nation turns to the homemaker. She is ready and eager to do her part, but alas she has been untrained for her profession. In the majority of cases she knows as little of food values as the clerk from the store knew about military drill. When the civilian is asked to serve his country in the capacity of a soldier, he is put under competent officers and thoroughly drilled for his work. Is it demanding too much that in future our homemakers be drilled for their work—the homemakers who have in their charge the army of the coming generation, whose duty it is to build up a strong and united Empire? In the meantime we have organizations such as the Homemakers' Clubs, upheld and supported by the Schools of Household Science. With these clubs it should be a matter of duty to extend their influence and do all possible to assist the homemakers of the Province.

The problems of homemaking, which involve all the important questions relating to conservation to-day, were studied by our clubs and similar organizations in other provinces before the demands of the war made food control necessary. As a natural result, we were already prepared to co-operate in a practical way with the authorities of the Food Board.

Here in our Province the Homemakers' Clubs were the first organizations to receive practical demonstrations on school lunches; one of the most important types of conservation, viz., conserving the health of the child; the canning of fruits and vegetables and the making of meat and wheat sub-

(Continued on following page.)



BINBROOK, ONTARIO, WOMEN'S INSTITUTE.

This Institute has adopted a Belgian ^{hill} and is keeping two prisoners of war in addition to the regular ^{Red} Cross and patriotic work.

to exhibit at the fairs. The Macdonald College demonstrators to the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs, co-operating with the Government demonstrators and the Macdonald College demonstrators for rural schools, gave nearly four months of their time to this work. Sixty-eight practical demonstrations on bread-making, cake-making and canning were given in the schools at various centres throughout the province. The School Fair Cookery Bulletin was revised and a new edition published.

It is now three years since the Homemakers' Clubs in Pontiac County, believing that the girls should have an equal opportunity with the boys for instruction in school fair work, arranged that demonstrations be given in the schools. At that time very few fairs were held in the province, but the work has increased so rapidly that the demonstrators to the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs find that in the past year they have had to encroach on the time which should have been devoted to club work, and as both are of equal importance, we hope that sufficient help may be obtained to sustain each.

The Travelling Libraries established in October, 1914, were called in and checked over. No books were missing and no damage was done other than the ordinary wear and tear to either books or cases. The library records showed that in all 520 books had been loaned since that time to the members. We urge that clubs which have not already made use of the Travelling Library should place their names without delay on the waiting list. These libraries contain the standard works on household science subjects and every homemaker should make an effort to do some reading along these lines every year. We note with pleasure that the clubs at Stark's Corners and Wyman are starting libraries for the use of their own clubs. We suggest that they arrange to have their librarian's name on the mailing list of the Publication Departments at Washington and Ottawa, in order that they may receive the list of monthly publications and add to their library anything which may be of value to them. Many of these bulletins are inexpensive, and contain a vast amount of information in an easily digested form.

The reports of the respective clubs show no diminution of effort in regard to Red Cross and other patriotic endeavors. The value of the work done, together with the amount of money contributed, represents a total well over \$4,000.00. Despite the deep gloom of the war cloud, when one reads a report showing how a small group of a dozen or more busy rural women, who rise with the sun and cease not their labors until long after its going down, have raised two hundred dollars for Red Cross purposes and knit numerous pairs of socks as well, it is impossible not to see the silver

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from preceding page.)

stitutes, the last named being put on even before the Food Pledge Cards were issued. All this is not merely for the sake of idle boasting, but that we should truly appreciate the work we are doing and its place in the making of the nation. In these days of stress and mighty endeavor, we, as an organization, should not fail to play our part. It is requested that every club make itself responsible for one organization meeting, and arrangements be made for such as early in the year as possible.

The Homemakers' Clubs' petition to the Government requesting a yearly grant was presented again this year by Mr. William Hodgins, member for Pontiac County. Letters were sent to the representatives in the counties in which we have organized, requesting their support for this petition. Encouraging replies were received from Messrs. Hay, Vilas, Mercier and Bissonette. The Minister of Agriculture has offered us a grant of ten dollars to each County Executive, but for this year only on receipt of a short report. This grant, though not as much as we hoped for, is encouraging, inasmuch as it shows recognition of our object on the part of the Government. Our progress toward a permanent provincial grant seems slow, but if we continue to do good work, our efforts will, I am sure, ultimately bring us success.

Last year we bade good-bye to Miss Fisher as head of the School of Household Science. This year we greet Miss Hill, who takes, as you may see, the same deep interest in our welfare as her predecessor, often sparing members of her staff to assist in the work.

Since our convention was held last June the franchise has been granted to the women of Canada. The rules of the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs forbid the discussion of religion and politics from the narrow standpoint of creed and party, and we are determined to stand by this rule, but the leaders are fully awake to the grave responsibility involved in this new order and shall endeavor to meet it by preparing studies along general lines of Civics and Government.

The first address of the afternoon was given by Miss Robina Stewart, R.N., Johns Hopkins, who read a paper on the "Conservation of the Child." Miss Stewart, from her wide experience, gave much valuable information in relation to the child welfare movement, its importance and its methods of work, following this with practical advice in regard to the necessity for the care of young children. The delegates felt that they had gained many new ideas in regard to this matter of such vital interest.

The next speaker was Mr. Desilets, of the Department of Agriculture, Quebec, who explained the work of the Cercles de Fermieres, the organization among the French-speaking women corresponding to the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs. It was felt that the aims and work of the two organizations were practically identical, and that much could be gained by each from a better mutual knowledge and co-operation. Both Mr. Desilets and Mlle. Anctil, of the Montreal French Technical School, who followed with further explanations, expressed their desire and hope that such co-operation could be brought about.

At the evening session Prof. McCready, of the Resources Committee of Ontario, spoke on "Education for Country Life." He believed that the reason the educational system of to-day was unsuited to the rural districts was because the people there did not demand a better one. He stated the probable reasons for this apparent indifference, and proceeded to outline a form of education, both for the one-teacher school and for the more desirable consolidated school, which he believed would meet the rural need, and urged the clubs to do all in their power to improve their school conditions. A brief discussion followed, led by Miss Drummond, of the Macdonald College High School.

After the session, Miss Hill held a reception for the delegates and members of the staff in the Main Apartment, where a pleasant social time was enjoyed and refreshments served by the graduating class in Household Science.

The following day, in Room 117, Miss Zollman gave a very practical and much-appreciated talk and demonstration on Dressmaking and Remodelling, showing how to choose and alter pat-

terns, test and prepare materials, cut, construct and fit garments, afterwards giving many valuable hints on combinations and adaptations in the remodelling of old garments.

The members then proceeded to Room 101, where Miss Kirby illustrated in a very capable way the preservation of fruits and vegetables by demonstrating the canning of beans, beets, tomatoes and rhubarb. Methods of drying were also clearly explained, and a number of samples of canned and dried products were on exhibition.

Instead of proceeding to the dining-room for lunch, the members returned to Room 117, where the Household Science students had prepared for each a school lunch. Each delegate opened her package and spread out its contents, then went to a table, where she was served with a cup of tea, which she took back to her place. This novel form of demonstration was apparently much enjoyed, and the lunches served seemed amply satisfactory.

In the afternoon, Miss Hill, in charge of Mrs. MacFarlane, was taken up with the discussion and passing of resolutions previously drawn up by the Provincial Executive and further reports of branch clubs, a number of members leaving the meeting early in order to visit the barns, where Prof. Barton conducted them through to see the cows at milking time and to visit the horse stables and the piggery.

The last session was held in the Assembly Hall in the evening. Mrs. MacFarlane introduced Miss Canon, of Cornell University, who has charge of the rural study clubs of New York State. Miss Canon outlined the growth and work of these clubs, whose organization is similar to that of the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs. The special work done by the study clubs during the war was explained and the fact emphasized that, because they were organized and had previously studied household problems, they were ready to act effectively when the emergency arose.

Miss Hill, in giving a resume of the convention, spoke of the way in which the two leading topics, Conservation and Education, had been carried out, and touched briefly on the main thoughts of the different speakers. She then dwelt on the outstanding features of the convention as it had appeared to her from listening to the addresses and reports, and said she felt that throughout it all ran the keynote of co-operation and a community spirit which showed itself in the work done in the past and planned for the future "for Home and Country."

Food Conservation.

Literature published by the Canada Food Board was sent to many of the secretaries of Ontario Branch Institutes, where summer meetings were held, for distribution to those in attendance. The chairman of the Board, Mr. H. B. Thomson, made a special appeal to the officers and members, quotations from which will be found below:

"On the occasion of your summer meeting, I want to thank you for your splendid co-operation with us and also to urge upon you the necessity for continued and even greater efforts than in the past. The food supply of our Allies is still dangerously low. Their cereal supplies are almost exhausted, and this continent has already shipped all its surplus. Amounts which will be available from more distant countries cannot possibly be large. Our own remaining supplies are small, and from them we must still share with our soldiers and Allies. The Mother Country and our Allies are also calling upon us for largely increased exports of meat, cheese, butter and other fats, and we must not fail them. The necessity for conservation is more urgent even than at any time heretofore. The next two months especially will be an exceedingly critical period, and we must do our utmost to support those who are 'bearing the brunt' of war sacrifices.

"In order to save wheat, the Canada Food Board has made arrangements for the milling of large quantities of corn flour, barley flour and other substitutes, and these are now available in ample quantities to meet domestic demands. No excuse should be accepted from dealers, because they can obtain plentiful supplies from the millers. The Women's Institutes can do more than almost any other agency in the Province to encourage the use of these substitutes. Fish, also, is available in large quantities if the demand for it can be

so stimulated and organized as to make it practicable for local dealers to handle supplies of fish and offer them to consumers at only a moderate advance over wholesale cost.

"Another extremely important way in which the Women's Institutes can give invaluable leadership in rural communities is by encouraging utilization to the utmost extent of vegetable gardens. Great quantities of vegetables have been grown this year in all parts of Canada. These represent an important food resource, of which we should take the fullest possible advantage. As the fresh vegetables become available, they can be used in making a wide variety of appetizing, nutritious and healthful dishes. They are an important addition to our food supply, and their use will mean a large saving in those foods which are required overseas.

"The gardens will do much more than provide for present requirements. The surplus production should be canned, dried or stored, and thus made available during the fall and winter months. By so doing, every housewife can contribute to the attainment of the final victory. This work should be promoted and encouraged by Institute workers. There are many other ways in which you can help, but these will vary in different places, and your own organization can find many opportunities for food service.

"Co-operation of the organized women of Canada is required to-day as at no other time in our history. This is a time when the woman in the home can do vital war service. Well-fed soldiers will win the war. Such is our slogan. Let us see that provision is made to the limit of our power for feeding not only our soldiers, but also our civilian Allies overseas."

ONTARIO REPORTS.

Extract from a report of the clinic held under the auspices of the Emo Women's Institute, following medical inspection conducted by Dr. MacKenzie Smith, of the Women's Institute Branch:

"The good done by the clinic cannot be expressed in words when we consider the amount of suffering the thirty-seven children operated on have been saved from. I have asked a number of mothers about their children since the operations, and the answer invariably is: 'He seems a different child.' No sore throats and no colds. We had no trouble conducting our clinic, and not one patient gave us an anxious moment after the operation.

"Again thanking you, I am,

"Yours respectfully,

"Mrs. Geo. A. Locking."

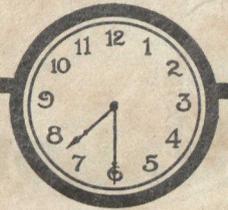
The Zurich Institute is planning some special work along the line of school improvements. The members are striving to make the school a more home-like place, considering the fact that so much of their children's time is spent in the school.

North Bruce Women's Institute Meeting a Big Success.

At the annual meeting thirty-eight representatives were present from the different Branches in the District, with the exception of the Branch at Tobermory. The reports were one and all exceedingly good. Of course, patriotic work was predominant, being naturally the first care of the women, but they showed their earnestness of effort and willingness by giving a good deal of attention to other matters, such as food conservation, medical inspection in the school, school gardens, libraries, etc. It would take too long to give a report of all the activities.

Our Lion's Head Branch had the best financial report. The president, Mrs. Hacking, stated that they make a systematic canvass each month of residents of the town for Belgian Relief and Red Cross work. All lunches are cut out and all non-patriotic socials barred. Just lately they have been holding a series of meetings in the town hall, where addresses are given by persons who can authoritatively give information and answer questions called up by war-time problems, such as "Do the soldiers really get the socks?" This is a question often asked. The first meeting of this kind was so good the Institute was asked to "carry on," and addresses have been given on "Peace at the Present Time," "Salvage of War," and other subjects.

Spry Branch hit on a bright idea for beating the middle man out of his profit. They bought a fleece, and are having the wool made into yarn, which it is



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(Continued on page 35.)

Consolidated Financial Statement of the National Council, Y.M.C.A. of Canada

CANADA - ENGLAND - FRANCE

The National Council of the Y.M.C.A. herewith presents a complete statement of its finances for the year 1917, covering its entire service Overseas and in Canada.

The Executive Committee of the Council arranged last November to have a complete statement for the year 1917 ready for publication before the recent Red Triangle Fund Campaign, but owing to conditions arising out of Military operations in France, this has been unavoidably delayed. It is presented now at the earliest date that existing conditions have permitted.

The portion of the following statement which concerns England and France has already been submitted to the Overseas Military authorities. Audited statements of the funds handled have been submitted to the Militia Department at Ottawa and for the past two years regular accounting has been made as well to the authorities in England and in France. In addition to the regular audit in France, the canteen business is checked every month by the Military Field Cashiers, to determine the amount which is paid to Military units as indicated in the Expenditures. Printed copies of the audited statements are posted up in the huts for the information of the soldiers.

The General Operation Account shows on the one hand the entire receipts of the National Council; first, from the gross sales of its Military canteens in Canada, England and France, and second, from subscriptions received during the year. On the other hand, there is shown the entire expenditures for the year, including, first, the cost of the goods sold in

the canteens and, second, the expenditures connected with the entire service which is carried on under the direction of the National Council.

The Balance represents the excess of receipts over expenditures. Of this the sum of \$118,351.43 was the balance at the National Headquarters at Toronto and the remainder was Overseas. This balance at the end of the calendar year represents the amount available to carry on operations until the time of the campaign in 1918. While the financial statement is drawn up on the basis of the calendar year, the receipts from the campaign of one year have to serve until the campaign of the next year. The above balance at the National Headquarters was by April 30th, just before the new campaign, not only used up but changed to a deficit of \$237,930.13. This deficit was, however, offset by the balance overseas, which has to be maintained there as a working balance to carry on operations.

The item of \$240,524.86 is a special amount which had to be expended for the purchase of canteen and other supplies in Canada for shipment to France. Beginning with June, 1917, on account of the scarcity of supplies in Great Britain, much of the purchasing formerly done there had to be transferred to Canada. The long period of time required for the shipment of these supplies to France involves the continuous employment of a large sum. The amount expended for this purpose, as at December 31st, has had to

be treated as an expenditure and placed in a Reserve Account against the merchandise in hand. It is, however, a possible asset and will, when realized upon, be devoted to other forms of service to the soldiers when it is no longer required to maintain the service in France.

It was possible to provide for this expenditure only because the amount asked by the National Council in 1917 was oversubscribed by more than the amount required just at the time the Canadian Purchasing had to be undertaken. But for this it would have been necessary either to borrow this large amount or greatly curtail the service in France.

It is to be remembered that the goods at the front in France, where the greater part of the stock is carried, are subject to enormous risks. The English Y.M.C.A. in the German offensive of March and April suffered losses in huts and canteen supplies of nearly One Million Dollars. In the more recent offensive the American Y.M.C.A. has suffered losses nearly as large, and the National Executive have deemed it a matter of prudence to be prepared to meet a similar loss if it should fall on the Canadian Y.M.C.A.

The National Council has from the first declared the policy of devoting to the service of the soldiers whatever balance remains in the Military Fund at the close of the war. This policy has been made known to and accepted by the Overseas Military authorities. The need for the Y.M.C.A. service will continue all through the period of demobilization and the plan of the National Council is to use whatever balance then exists to keep up the efficiency of the service to the soldiers during that important period.

The National Council of the Y.M.C.A., under which the Military Work is conducted, is a representative body of the various Y.M.C.A.'s throughout Canada, but it has no authority over or financial responsibility for any local branch. The funds which it handles have no connection with those of any local branch of the regular Y.M.C.A. It wishes to make clear, therefore, that the funds which are acquired in or subscribed for the Y.M.C.A. Military Work have not been and will not be used in connection with the regular work of any of these branches, but will, according to the policy already announced, be kept in the Military Work and devoted exclusively to the service of soldiers.

The service represented in the expenditures of the accompanying statement covered at the opening of the present year, 96 centres of operation in France and 76 in England, including all regular camps and units, base camps, convalescent camps, hospitals, railway troops, cavalry, London and Paris, and forestry units from the north of Scotland to the south of France.

There were on the Overseas staff 133 Secretaries carrying honorary commissions, 50 of whom were at the expense of the Y.M.C.A. for pay and allowances and the remainder at the expense of the Government. There are also a considerable number of other ranks, non-commissioned officers and men, detailed to the Y.M.C.A. staff by the Military authorities. A number of these, who are given non-commissioned rank because of special responsibility, are at the expense of the Y.M.C.A. for the extra pay over that of their regular rank. Civilian help is also employed where required and where circumstances permit.

In Canada the soldiers are served in 38 centres, including camps, barracks, Red Triangle Clubs, hospitals, naval stations and on troop trains. This has required approximately 100 Secretaries, who work on a civilian basis and are entirely at Y.M.C.A. expense. There is also required a considerable staff of employed helpers, exclusive of the committees of ladies who render their service free.

The scope and variety of the entire service, in so far as expenditures can reveal them, are indicated in the accompanying statement.

Signed on behalf of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.

G. H. WOOD,
Chairman.

F. L. RATCLIFF,
Chairman of Finance Com.

CHAS. W. BISHOP,
General Secretary.

General Operations for the Year ended 31st December, 1917

RECEIPTS

| | | | |
|--|--|--------------|--------------|
| Operating Balances brought forward from 1916:— | | | |
| (a) At National Headquarters..... | | \$ 6,730.22 | |
| (b) In England and France..... | | 59,963.43 | |
| | | | \$ 66,593.65 |
| Remittances from Canada in 1916 received Overseas in 1917..... | | | 123,606.67 |
| Gross Canteen Sales: | | | |
| In Canada..... | | 153,544.03 | |
| In England..... | | 594,763.21 | |
| In France..... | | 2,233,990.09 | |
| | | | 2,981,797.33 |
| Subscriptions received in Canada: | | | |
| Ontario and Quebec..... | | 765,227.55 | |
| Western Provinces..... | | 226,826.16 | |
| Maritime Provinces..... | | 134,736.48 | |
| Interest earned..... | | 4,601.42 | |
| | | | 1,131,391.61 |
| Subscriptions received Overseas: | | | |
| France..... | | 14,328.93 | |
| England..... | | 3,821.11 | |
| Interest earned..... | | 2,397.74 | |
| | | | 20,548.09 |
| Adjustment of Exchange between Canada, England and France..... | | | 5,716.62 |
| | | | 329,853.97 |

EXPENDITURES

| | CANADA | ENGLAND | FRANCE | TOTAL |
|--|---------------|--------------|----------------|----------------|
| Cost of Goods sold in Canteens..... | \$ 103,683.67 | \$462,890.46 | \$1,801,912.22 | \$2,368,486.35 |
| Transportation and Transport Equipment for Canteen Goods..... | | 7,753.96 | 13,168.72 | 20,922.68 |
| Loss from Damaged Goods, Fire, Shell Fire and Submarines..... | | | 33,386.01 | 33,386.01 |
| Canteen Equipment..... | 2,131.25 | 15,202.21 | 14,159.95 | 31,493.41 |
| Administration of Canteen Service, including Warehouse expenses..... | 7,214.45 | 2,340.44 | 8,058.12 | 17,613.01 |
| Huts, Hut Equipment, Tents and Decorations..... | 18,312.80 | 103,418.29 | 121,031.11 | 242,762.20 |
| Percentage of Canteen Sales given in Cash to Military Units for Extra Rations, Comforts, etc..... | | | 71,587.28 | 71,587.28 |
| Free Distribution of Drinks, etc., including Service to Wounded..... | | | 84,807.08 | 84,807.08 |
| Free Distribution of Athletic Supplies and Prizes..... | | 12,179.31 | 39,509.20 | 51,688.51 |
| Free Distribution of Stationery, Magazines, Religious and other Literature..... | 9,009.45 | 24,103.92 | 37,061.81 | 70,175.18 |
| Free Cinemas, Concerts, Lectures, Pianos, Music and Gramophones..... | 5,100.36 | 35,019.24 | 60,254.23 | 100,373.83 |
| Automobile and Transport Equipment and Maintenance..... | 1,925.85 | 8,700.35 | 23,189.34 | 33,815.54 |
| Supervision of Military Camps (Canadian figures include Salaries)..... | 14,456.66 | 4,043.29 | | 18,499.95 |
| Administration Headquarters including Office Expenses (Canadian figures include Salaries)..... | 14,106.52 | 8,777.40 | 4,544.82 | 27,428.74 |
| Pay and allowances of Overseas Secretaries, not on Government pay; extra pay and rations of non-commissioned officers and men on Y.M.C.A. staff Overseas; wages and board of civilian help Overseas, and salaries of Secretaries in Military branches in Canada..... | 40,976.68 | 47,640.03 | 33,509.54 | 122,126.25 |
| Rents, Rates, Heating and Lighting..... | 5,766.82 | 10,469.43 | 15,828.34 | 32,064.59 |
| Office Equipment..... | | 3,204.27 | | 3,204.27 |
| General and Sundry Expenses including Travelling, Postages, Telephones, etc..... | 16,913.78 | 7,333.03 | 2,731.65 | 26,978.46 |
| Interest and Exchange..... | | | 448.85 | 448.85 |
| Information and Records..... | | 874.41 | | 874.41 |
| Educational Work..... | | 7,532.69 | | 7,532.69 |
| Hospitality League Work in London..... | | 973.33 | | 973.33 |
| Expenses of sending workers Overseas..... | 5,327.60 | | | 5,327.60 |
| Amount paid to the British Y.M.C.A. for work among Canadian Soldiers..... | | 35,797.50 | 35,797.50 | 71,595.00 |
| For work among troops in Mesopotamia..... | 5,400.00 | | | 5,400.00 |
| Cash paid in Canada for Purchases of Canteen and other supplies for France, still in transit..... | | | 240,524.86 | 240,524.86 |
| For work in Military Barracks, Hospitals, Discharge Depots, on Troop Trains, etc.— | | | | |
| In Ontario and Quebec..... | 28,535.18 | | | 28,535.18 |
| In Western Provinces..... | 27,350.31 | | | 27,350.31 |
| In Maritime Provinces..... | 15,753.62 | | | 15,753.62 |
| For work on Transports, in Munitions Plants and Internment Camps..... | 14,463.25 | | | 14,463.25 |
| Naval work at Halifax..... | 9,640.04 | | | 9,640.04 |
| For work with Boys on Farm Service..... | 9,573.91 | | | 9,573.91 |
| | | | | \$3,795,406.39 |
| Advertising, Printing, Organization and Collection Expenses in connection with Financial Campaigns..... | | | | 54,243.00 |
| For General Work of National Council, part of which is Military Administration and the remainder National supervision of Territories, Boys' Work, Student, Industrial and Railroad Departments, funds for which were subscribed in conjunction with Military Funds by agreement of regular contributors..... | | | | 64,155.62 |
| Balance of Receipts and Expenditures carried forward to 1918, of which \$118,351.43 was at the National Headquarters, Toronto..... | | | | 415,848.87 |
| | | | | \$4,329,653.97 |

AUDITOR'S CERTIFICATE

We have audited the books, vouchers and accounts of the National Council Headquarters at Toronto, and of the Central Territorial Division, for the year ended 31st December, 1917, and have been furnished with the audited statements of the Maritime and Western Divisions of the National Council for the same period. We have also been furnished with the Annual Statement for England for 1917, duly audited, and the Annual Statement for France for 1917 with the auditor's Certified Statement for the six months to June 30th. Owing, we understand, to Military restriction on civilian travel between England and France, it was impossible for the auditor to go to France and complete the audit to 31st December, 1917. We have agreed the Canadian and Overseas statements with the above General Statement, which combines them, and, according to the books and statements furnished, the above statement in our opinion, correctly sets forth the operations of the National Council at home and overseas.

OSCAR HUDSON & COMPANY,
Chartered Accountants.

Toronto, July 3rd, 1918.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 33.)

expected will not cost them more than about one-third the present price of yarn.

The Colpoys and Mar Branches both had splendid patriotic work reports. The Colpoys Bay Branch have sent socks and Christmas boxes to their boys, had concerts and bazaars for Red Cross, sewing class and lunches. Mar, besides knitting socks and sewing, have a mite box, sent Christmas boxes and contributed to the W.C.T.U. fund for hot chocolate for the firing line.

Patriotic Food Show at the Industrial Exhibition, Toronto.

The readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, who may attend the above Exhibition, should not omit a visit to the Patriotic Food Show Building. Food conservation and substitution are of vital importance to those who are serving their country in their own homes.

It will be of interest to know that Macdonald Institute, Guelph, has charge of the exhibit of fats, sugars, rations and also war breads; the Household Science Department of the Toronto University will demonstrate with fish; the Women's Institute Branch will have charge of the fruit and vegetable exhibits, where not only will the various ways of preparing vegetables be emphasized, but also the canning and drying of the same.

The demonstrators will be in their respective circles from 9 a.m. until 9 or 10 p.m., and information on the above mentioned exhibits may be obtained.

BRITISH COLUMBIA REPORT. Surrey Institute Studies Bees.

On June 5th the members of the Surrey Institute met at Mr. Hugh's Apiary, where they enjoyed a demonstration on bee keeping. This is an industry peculiarly suited for women, and one which the majority of women who have attempted it have made a success. Certain sections of British Columbia are ideal for bee culture. It is, therefore, gratifying to see the proportion of Institutes that are bringing this industry to the front; no more patriotic action could be taken at the present time.

Kaslo listened to Mr. Keen, Speaker of the Provincial Legislature, on "Guardianship of Children and Minimum Wage for Women." Mrs. Norman gave

a talk on "Canning and Preserving," Miss Hayes, "Strawberries, and How to Can Them." Sooke met, and discussed "Home Can-

ning." Canning clubs could be inaugurated in the districts to the great benefit of all. This is a line of work that the women's clubs of the United States have taken up to the mutual benefit of the country and city.

Tappen Women's Institute met on June 5th. Topics for discussion were:

"British Columbia Laws," and "Some of the Little Things that Help to Build Character." The members of the Institute all over British Columbia are showing in no uncertain manner a determination to know and understand "Laws," and the object and result of "Laws."

McLAUGHLIN
VALVE-IN-HEAD
MOTOR CARS

McLAUGHLIN Light Six

**Light in weight yet
powerful and efficient
in performance**

Model E-6-63 develops more power per pound of car weight than any car on the market.

The gasoline consumption is extremely light. The tire mileage is very high.

A genuine McLaughlin six cylinder valve-in-head motor car at

\$1460. f. o. b. Oshawa, Ont.

Subject to advance without notice.

The McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO. Limited
OSHAWA, ONTARIO

BRANCHES LEADING TO DEALERS EVERYWHERE

E-6-63

Nurses Everywhere Use CASH'S WOVEN NAME TAPES



FOR
**Identification
Purposes**

also for marking all linen, woolen and knitted garments, and thus insure them against loss. Woven on fine Cambric Tape, in fast colors and sold by leading Dry Goods and Women's Notion Stores.

Prices:

| | |
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| 24 doz. | \$4.00 |
| 12 doz. | 2.25 |
| 6 doz. | 1.50 |
| 3 doz. | 1.00 |

Write for Style Sheet.

J. & J. CASH, LIMITED

Room 52, 301 St. James St., MONTREAL

EE SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE EE

THE DOCTOR: "Ah, yes, restless and feverish. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right"

EE STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS EE
Contain no Poison

"Silver Gloss" Starch

In 1 lb. Packages and 6 lb. Enamelled Tins.

FOR HOME LAUNDRY WORK

For more than 60 years, the favorite laundry starch, particularly for fine fabrics.

MANUFACTURED BY - THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED, MONTREAL



Keep Baby's Woollens Soft and Sweet

Even little garments are dear now—you must make them last, and of course you want them always soft and comfy for the important wee person.

The little woollens need never shrink a thread—never stiffen or grow thick—not after repeated washings if you cleanse them in the pure, creamy Lux lather. It's so simple to whip the delicate Lux flakes into a rich suds—so simple to squeeze the suds through the little garments—then take them out absolutely sweet and clean and fresh.

Lux harms nothing that pure water may touch.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

LUX



From the Front of Every Soldier's or
Sailor's Home should be displayed the
Canadian Service Flag

Every Mother, Wife, Daughter,
Sister, Brother or Son

Should wear a Service Flag Pin and write letters
on Service Flag Stationery.

The Registered and Correct Service Flag has Red
Border, White Panel, Blue Maple Leaves—Red
Leaves for those who have fallen.

One Maple Leaf for each of your loved ones gone
to serve for Home and Country.

*Beautifully Enamelled Gold Outline Service
Flag Pin, 50c.*

*Silk Service Flag, suitable for hanging in
your window, \$1.50.*

Box of Stationery, Embossed, 50c.

Order to-day from your dealer or write us direct.

Canadian Service Flag Company

57 Queen Street West, Toronto

Teaching Truths Concerning The Beginnings of Life

(Continued from page 12.)

a "mistake" as rapidly as possible. To guard little children from stories of wrong and horror by which they are terrified, or their minds fouled by adults or other children forms no small part of the parents' task.

We pass on from this to the methods of instruction of older boys and girls of the period of adolescence. With the development of their own bodies comes the application of the various truths as you have been trying to teach them from Nature or in allegorical form. Let the application be most tenderly and beautifully; let it be in connection with flower-life, with colour, with sunshine and gladness. Give them the thought of fullness, of development and the greatness of the trust that God their Father-Creator has put into their keeping.

Then slowly and carefully, without shock or tale of horror, point out that from the beginning of the ages it has been the Arch-Enemy's plan to spoil or destroy any or all of God's beautiful work, and against this, God's most beautiful thought, he levied his most vigorous onslaught. Show them how the breaking of law brings its own punishment, and the slighting of a trust is sin. Never let them have to say in awful bitterness of soul, as they view a broken, ruined life, when their years are but few, "This would never have happened if Mother and Father had taught me about such things, but they did not, and I did not know."

There occur to me, as I write, several instances, and that these are personal experiences will possibly be forgiven me when I say that, as such, I can vouch for their absolute accuracy.

Many years ago, before the thought of studying medicine had come to me at all, I had the good fortune to read Mary Wood-Allen's little books, which are classics for this teaching. I was so glad to find someone who put into language the thought of the beauty of God's work for which I was trying so hard to find expression. Thus, when other girls but a few years younger came to me with their puzzling questions, I told them eagerly and as well as

I could the story as it had come to me, always in connection with flower life and beauty.

I count it among my great blessings to have had some of these girls come back to me in later years. Three of them, now happy married women, have at different times said to me somewhat as follows: One said, "I never think of the birth of a baby or of marriage relations except in connection with a flower; you told me about it that way, you know." Another, a trained nurse before her marriage, said: "I can see you yet, sitting there with a flower in your hand, explaining things to me, and then warring me so earnestly against possible dangers I might meet."

The third is a mother of a number of children. All may be called "better babies," because each was deliberately planned for and greatly desired.

One day, in chatting to her, remembering that she had been a motherless girl, I said: "How did you ever get such sane ideas about all these things?" She turned a pair of surprised eyes on me. "Why, you told me all I ever knew about them." "I! Why, my dear, how could I have told you, when I did not then know myself?" "Not the actual facts," she replied, "but you set my thought in that direction, and the rest was easy to follow out."

That is it—the thought set in the right direction, and all is well. And, oh, my readers, wasn't it worth while? It was unpopular then, and rather peculiar, but even that was of no moment when one considers the harvesting.

The books written by Dr. Winfield S. Hall are cheap, simple, scientifically true and adapted to all ages:

"The Mother's Reply," "An Open Letter to Parents"—For mothers of young children.

"The Doctor's Daughter," "Life's Story"—Young girls.

"Life Problems"—Older girls and young women.

"John's Vacation," "Strength of Ten"—Young boys.

"Chums"—Older boys and young men.

"Sex Hygiene"—Parents and adults.

Smoked Glasses

(Continued from page 10.)

dinner and when you weren't here by ten o'clock and there was no message I began to get worried."

"No message!" interjected her husband. "But I left a letter with Julia. She knew that I went to consult with Dr. Ryall."

"Then why didn't she tell me?" besought Jeanette, piteously. "She just hinted things and we found that you had taken your bag and that Dr. Oswald had your practice and I remembered what you had said about going to the front and we thought that you had gone there and were never coming back. We decided not to tell anyone, not even father and mother, for a week, but just to say that you were away on business and if there was no word by that time—" she broke down again.

Evan was still too bewildered for more than an inarticulate murmur.

"You may go now and I'll bid you Godspeed," Jeanette consented, dabbling her eyes with a crumpled ball of wet linen. "I realized the truth as I lay awake in the dark. I would have given worlds for the touch of your hand." She took it up now and pressed it against her wet cheek. "Or even for the memory of a farewell unshadowed by anything except the sorrow of parting. Perhaps God will be good and send you back to us. But if it is necessary that you sacrifice your life for the greater good—"

"I've been reading and I know that many a life is saved and many a boy kept from becoming a permanent cripple, because the surgeon is on the spot and has the nerve and the skill to act quickly. You may be instrumental in sending hundreds of other men back to waiting wives and mothers and babies even if you never come home to us. I dreamed last night of the boys who were undergoing operations without chloroform . . . and who were calling for their mothers . . . over in those hospitals which are so close to the

firing line that no woman is permitted to enter."

"I can't understand Julia," ejaculated Evan, with a guilty fear that he did understand. "I'd like to shake the little wretch. You must have been in torment for a week while I was—"

"Some surgeons use the knife for cancer instead of permitting the victim to suffer for years," observed a cool, clear voice at the doorway. "This seems to be the proper cue for the entrance of the heartless and designing maiden." Julia's burnished hair was wind-tossed and her cheeks glowed from vigorous outdoor exercise. "Come on, Witch Marian," she added to the wee mite by her side. "Run and hug papa and then aunty will tell you a fairy story."

Papa, returned, had charms, but one of aunty's fairy stories would have demoralized the following of the Pied Piper himself. Julia ignored the fusillade of questions and accusations which were hurled in her direction and calmly extended her arms to the child.

"Once upon a time, Witch Marian—" the voice was low and musical, but there was a penetrating quality about it which made it perfectly audible above the exasperated voices of the other two. Evan saw that he must listen or resort to physical violence. He chose the former alternative.

"There lived a grey fairy and a green fairy and several pretty little rainbow fairies," the tale continued. "Now the grey fairy was once a beautiful sea shell pink fairy, but when all of the little rainbow fairies came and when she found herself in her own little house o' dreams she was so busy that she neglected her own gossamer soul dress and it became drabbed and soiled. Then she was the grey fairy."

Jeanette was listening intently. "The green fairy was the grey fairy's sister," the voice crooned on. "She was just the naughtiest fairy ever! She

(Continued on following page.)

Set The Pace In Your Own Home Town

(Continued from page 13)

of Hearts and the following jingle used on a poster:

"The Queen of Hearts she made some cakes in a war-time day. A Knave of Hearts he thought those cakes to steal away."

"T YOU COME AND STEAL AWAY ONE OF OUR WAR-TIME CAKES?"

"In return for which we will steal away a few of your pennies to help—" (name of cause for which sale is being given).

The Candy Booths.

Without any decoration the candy booth is, of course, attractive to children. Nevertheless let us trim it a bit. Popcorn balls hung by bright red ribbons are appropriate for this inasmuch as we are urged to corn instead of flour, and molasses instead of cane sugar. At each corner of the booth place tins of corn syrup and honey—(these being advocated as the best of substitutes for sugar). The recipes of war-time candies are easily obtained either from the various magazines or from the Educational Department of the Food Board at Ottawa. All lovers of chocolate will be glad to know that there is plenty of chocolate and cocoa, and we are urged by the Government to use more freely this nutritious food. The chief change in our war-time candy is, instead of chocolate cream to have centres of dates, cherry, nut, etc. Therefore, the following lines are suggested for the chocolate poster:

Give me quick a chocolate cream, that's what I used to scream, But give me now a chocolate nut and sweetly then I'll beam.

The following is suggested for the molasses poster:

Molasses candy is sticky and good, Molasses candy is yellow Molasses candy is best of the bunch, fit for a good little fellow.

The Pie Booth.

The only difference that one can really make between war-time pies and peace-time pies is in the matter of crust. For instance, serve a deep apple pie instead of an ordinary pie and sell custard, lemon, etc., pies. Really the best way to do with pie is to substitute and use puddings made with bread crumbs, and what is really better than a "Brown Betty Pudding"? While these puddings could hardly be sold at a bazaar still the housewives of the community will be able to make dishes appropriate for the table and the following poster could be used:

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his war-time pie, He took one bite as if by right, and said: "What a good boy am I."

Many attractive decorations could be used for this table.

War Ditties for the Little People.

Now let us come to an interesting booth where are sold little booklets, "War Ditties for Children," and a booklet of war-time recipes. If you have a branch of Girl Guides in your district you might get them to compile these booklets.

The best way to present this to them would be to have a competition between the different patrols, awarding the prize to the patrol handing in the best recipes. The captain and the patrol leaders between them can design and make the appearance as attractive as possible. If you have no Girl Guides in your district, this is a form of patriotic work which would probably appeal to any group of girls.

Appropriate sayings or verses can be scattered throughout the book, as, for instance, in the "Hints on Gardening" section: "Live close to Nature for great content."

Our "War Ditties for Children" we must make just a dear little book, for which you would gladly part with at least fifteen cents. It would hardly pay, of course, to have these little books printed, but perhaps you could get someone who would be generous with his time to typewrite them off; and if the girls are still good-natured, they could help to make attractive little covers, as well as help to compile the jingles.

Please, dear reader, do not smile at our samples for these ditties, for the writer does not come from a poetical family, but we feel sure that when you make up the real book you will be able to think out better verses yourself. The following is merely suggested to put on the poster for the booth at which these little books are to be sold:

Jingles, jingles to the children tell; It honestly will help grim hunger to quell.

"WAR DITTIES FOR CHILDREN" SOLD HERE.

Needless to say, we will jot down only a few ditties, but the verses given for the various posters, especially the ones for the candy, might also be used.

A SONG OF BREAD.

Mary, Mary, do you always eat white bread? Or do you buy for you brown bread.

WISHING.

I wish the sugar mountain ever so high, with the children sigh; And I wish somewhere I'd find a whole pile of ships, Or perhaps I'd whistle them from bamboo chips.

Then with you I'll take a trip across the deep, blue sea, And say to French children, "These cakes are good for me; I've far more to eat than is good for me, they say, So let's 'divvy up' and hold old Bill 'at bay."

Now, dear reader, what are you going to do about this war-time sale of cooking? Will you not take the initiative in your district, or if you have neither the time nor strength to do it yourself, interest some friend who has, and make the conserving of food attractive as well as practical. You know from your own experience that if a thing becomes stylish, so to speak, the rank and file of people will fall into it quicker and with more spirit than if they read volumes of books on the same subject or listened to the most oratorical speeches. Make it "the thing" in your district to serve unfrosted cakes and war-time candies only. We emphasize again—make it stylish!

The old saying is still true that "great oaks from little acorns grow," and small ideas sown here and there through rural communities (for of such communities is Canada largely composed) will soon mount up to a mighty wave which will sweep from "the Atlantic to the Pacific"; and surely every housewife wishes to be riding upon the crest of that wave, holding firm over her heart, for the sake of her boys in France, her merit badge of a "Soldier of the Kitchen."

Smoked Glasses

(Continued from preceding page.)

was always playing pranks and pulling curls and getting into all sorts of mischief.

"There was a king fairy, too, with a heart of gold. But the grey fairy had forgotten that he was a king. She couldn't see his heart nor his crown. Nothing but his everyday, brown robe."

"Was there a dragon?" demanded Witch Marian, wriggling onto her knees and putting both dimpled hands on aunty's shoulders.

"Yes, and he was such a funny dragon," twinkled Julia. "He had a queer name, too. He was called the Dragon of Domestic Dullness. 'Course you never heard that name before. And (Continued on page 41.)

AN IDEAL SUMMER OUTING.

The Provincial Government of Ontario earned the gratitude of all lovers of out-of-doors when it set apart, in 1893, nearly two million acres of heavily timbered land starred with beautiful lakes and winding streams, as a preserve for the wild things and a recreation ground for the people. They called it Algonquin Park. Away up in the "Highlands of Ontario," 200 miles north of Toronto, 170 miles west of Ottawa, and two thousand feet above the level of the sea, this lovely region remains to-day unspoiled, a perfect refuge for the creatures of the forest, and an ideal camping ground for the sportsman and business man. The Grand Trunk operate hotel and log cabin camps, which offer first-class accommodation in this wild and rugged playground. Illustrated descriptive literature may be had for the asking. Write C. E. Horning, D.P.A., Toronto.



"Your Beauty Ladies"!

"Ladies your beauty depends on the toilet preparations that adorn your dressing table—choose them carefully. Buy the soap that is pure—the Scents that are natural in their fragrance—the Creams and Powders that are soothing.

Those bearing the name VINOLIA are best and purest of all.

VINOLIA LIRIL SOAP

is made from sweet soothing vegetable oils—and the delightful essences of sweet flowers—gathered fresh and fragrant from Nature's gardens and forests.

Vinolia Liril Soap is white before adding the perfume—but the Violet Essence changes the colour to a natural brown.

All Druggists sell Vinolia Liril Soap. 10c a cake

THESE WILL PLEASE YOU

- Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste 25c. Royal Vinolia Face Cream 25c and up. Vinolia Face Powders 50c and up.

VINOLIA COMPANY LIMITED

London TORONTO Paris 202



Turnbull's "M" Bands For Babies

Are a necessity for every Infant from the date of its birth

They are made only of the softest and purest Australian Merino Wool, finely knitted, thus keeping the baby warm and comfortable.

The tapes, which are attached to the tabs front and back of the "M" bands, and go over the shoulder, carry all the strain of the diaper, absolutely preventing any stretching of the garment.

The diaper is pinned to the tabs, which not only provide a firm hold for the pin, but due to the support given by the tapes keep the diaper snugly in proper place, no matter how active the infant may be.

Put up in sanitary boxes in sets of three. Price \$1.50 per box.

Sold by the best dry goods shops or direct by mail.

Send for a box to-day—giving age of Baby

The C. Turnbull Company of Galt, Limited GALT, ONTARIO

Advertisement for PEERLESS POULTRY FENCE, featuring a wire mesh illustration and text: 'A Real Fence—Not Netting. Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best. Send for catalog. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing. Agencies nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory. The Banwell-Hezle Wire Fence Company, Ltd., Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.'

Advertisement for ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE: 'TORONTO A RESIDENTIAL AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS CANADA. FULL ACADEMIC COURSE, FROM PREPARATORY TO HONOUR MATRICULATION. —GAMES—SWIMMING. Mrs. George Dickson, President Miss Florence Neelands, B.A., Head of Senior House Miss Marjory A. Ford, Head of Junior House School Reopens Tuesday, September 17th. Miss Isobel G. Brown, Principal Calendar sent on application'

—and here
is another
economical
hot weather
delicacy
by Mrs.
Knox



Knox Butter Scotch Rice

Wash one-third cup rice and cook until nearly tender in a double boiler with two cups of milk, scalded, and one fourth teaspoonful salt. Meanwhile cook together in a shallow pan one cup of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of butter until it gets very dark brown, but not burnt. Add to this the rice and milk and finish cooking until the rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak one envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in one-half cup cold water until it is softened and then dissolve it in one cup of hot milk. Strain into the cooked rice mixture and turn into a cold, wet mold.

MRS. KNOX'S Book on "Food Economy" contains many more delicious and inexpensive recipes for cool, summer dishes like the one above—most of them made from little odds and ends of meat, vegetables and fruit that are ordinarily thrown away. She has prepared this book to help the patriotic housewife keep her pledge to Mr. Hoover and at the same time to serve low-cost foods that are appetizing and nutritious. Every recipe approved by the Food Administration. Send for a copy. Free for your dealer's name and address.

CHARLES B. KNOX GELATINE CO., INC.
Dept. G., 180 St. Paul St. W., Montreal,
Quebec.

KNOX

SPARKLING
GELATINE

Be Prepared!



BOY SCOUTS

THE importance of the Boy Scout movement was never so strongly realized as it is to-day, when "National Service" is on everyone's lips. The Boy Scouts' motto—"Be Prepared!" has made every Scout especially fit to render true "National Service" in any emergency.

If your boy is not yet a Scout, get him interested now—during the school holidays. Neither you nor your boy will ever regret it. More than 95 per cent. of the Boy Scouts in Canada wear the MILLER Official Boy Scout Uniform. If you want to be correctly equipped, then order a MILLER Official Uniform or get your Dad to give you one. In many towns there is a dealer who sells the MILLER Official Uniform—if not in yours, we will supply you direct. Don't accept a makeshift substitute.

Send for Free Scout Book

We have a Special Scout Book containing the latest rules and laws, also useful information about signalling, scouting, etc., which every scout should have.

Send for your copy to-day, FREE

The Miller Mfg. Co., Limited

44-46 York Street, Toronto, Ont.

Makers of complete Official Scout Equipment, Choir Gowns and Duck Specialty Clothing.

Our Neighbors at The Tansy Patch

(Continued from page 18.)

It was war to the hilt between Granny and Salome from the start. Granny attacked first, without the slightest provocation. Salome had gone through the spruce wood to call the children home to dinner. Perhaps Granny found Salome's expression rather trying. Salome always did look very well satisfied with herself. At least, something about her seemed to grate on Granny's nerves.

"Yah!" she shrieked vindictively, "your grandfather hanged himself in his horsestable. Go home, jail-bird, go home."

Outraged Salome was too much overcome to attempt a reply. She came home almost in tears.

"Ma'am, my grandfathers both died most respectable deaths."

"You mustn't mind what Granny says, Salome," I said soothingly.

"Indeed, ma'am, nobody should mind what a lunatic says. But it is hard for a decent woman to have her grandfathers insulted. I do not mind the name she called me, ma'am, but she might respect the dead."

Granny respected nothing on earth. T. B. who, although he hated her, had a certain pride in her, told tales of her repartee. On one occasion a new minister had stopped on the road and accosted Granny over the fence. He was young and callow, and perhaps Granny's eyes disconcerted him, for he certainly worded his question rather inanely.

"Can you tell me, madam, where I am going?" he asked politely.

"How should I know where you are going, gosling?" retorted Granny. Then she had burst into a series of chuckles which had completed his discomfiture. The poor young man drove hastily away, crimson of face—"looking like thirty cents," declared T. B. with a relish.

On another occasion Granny routed an automobile. One, filled with gay hotel guests, had stopped at the gate. Its driver had intended to ask for some water, but Granny did not allow him to utter a word.

"Get out of this with your demon machine," she yelled. She caught up the nearest missile, which happened to be her dinner plate, and hurled it at him. It missed his face by a hair's breadth and landed squarely, grease and all, in a fashionable lady's silken lap. Granny followed this up by a series of fearsome yells and maledictions, of which the mildest were "May ye never have a night without a bad dream," and "May ye always be looking for something and never finding it," and—finally—"May ye all die to-night. I'll pray for it, that I will."

The dismayed driver got his car away as quickly as possible and Granny laughed loud and long.

"My old Granny's the limit," declared T. B.

If Joseph was Granny's favorite, poor Charity was her pet detestation. Charity was the oldest of the family; she was eighteen and a good-hearted, hard-working creature. Almost all the work that was done in that house was done by Charity. Consequently, she had little time for visiting, and her calls on us were few. She was a dark, rather stocky girl, but had her share of the family's good looks. She had dusky red cheeks and a very pretty red mouth. Granny vowed that Charity was "a born fool"; Charity was very far from being that, but she certainly did not possess very much "gumption," as Salome said. She had no taste in dress and went about one summer wearing an old rose gown with a bright scarlet hat.

"Oh, if only something would happen to one of them, ma'am, before they dislocate my eyes," groaned Salome.

One day something did happen. A glad Salome told us of it.

"Charity Conway won't wear that dress again, ma'am. Yesterday when she was going to church she found a nest of five eggs in the field. So she put them in the pocket of her petticoat and when she got to church she forgot all about them and sat down on them and the dress is ruined, ma'am. It is a good thing, but I am sorry for poor Charity, too, for Granny is mad at her and says she won't buy her another dress this summer."

PART II.

If Charity came to see us but seldom, Dorinda made up for it. Dorinda was a constant guest. Dorinda was sixteen and Dorinda wrote poetry—"bushels of it," so said T. B.

The first time Dorinda came she

wanted to borrow some mutton tallow.

"I have chapped hands and I find it difficult to write poetry with chapped hands."

"I should think you would, miss," said Salome; but she got out the mutton tallow.

Dorinda bored us to death with her poetry. It really was the most awful trash. One line, however, in a poem which Dorinda addressed to the returned soldiers of the Boer War, always shone like a star in our family memory.

"Canada, like a maiden, welcomes back her sons."

But Salome thought it was indecent!

"If there was only a herd," sighed Dorinda.

my suggestion by a word. L." "Yes, yes," said Dorinda, with dignity, "only inspires me by a wood pool."

I cannot remember the names of all Dorinda's poems. Some of them were, "Lines on a Birch Tree," "Lines to My Northern Birds," "A Romantic Tail," and "Lines Written on a Friend's Tansy Patch."

Dorinda was stout but very good-looking. She had magnificent hair—great masses of silky brown curls. She always dressed it beautifully, too. But, like all mortals, Dorinda was not satisfied.

"I wish I was sylph-like, Mrs. Bruce," she sighed. "A poetess should be sylph-like."

The relations between Dorinda and Aunt Lily were not as cordial as their common addiction to literary pursuits might pre-suppose. There was some antagonism between them, the cause of which we never knew. But it resulted in T. B. hating Dorinda with an unbrotherly hatred and deriding her poems unmercifully.

One little white blossom of pure affection bloomed in the arid desert of T. B.'s emotional life. He loved his Aunt. She sympathized with his pursuits and, in spite of her lack of idealistic ways, was not afraid of his snobbishness. T. B. would not allow Granny to abuse Aunt Lily.

"How did you stop it?" queried Salome, anxiously.

"The first time she opened her tongue loose on Aunt Lily I went up to her and bit her," said T. B., coolly.

"You ought to bite her oftener," said Salome, vindictively.

"There ain't none of the rest of us worth standing up to," said T. B. "Granny's tough biting."

T. B. figured conspicuously in Aunt Lily's diary. She seemed to centre her maternal affection in him.

"I wish I could educate T. B.," she wrote, "but alas, I am poor. How bitter a thing is grinding poverty! My poor brother is a genius, but he makes no money. And I fear he will never find the treasure he seeketh. Like myself, he is misunderstood and unappreciated. My beloved T. B. lacks many things which should pertain to youth. I patched his best trousers to-day."

Many of T. B.'s speeches and exploits figured in the diary.

"For, perhaps, in spite of all, he may be famous some day," wrote Aunt Lily, "and then this neglected diary, written by a woman whose hopes in life have been blighted, will be of inestimable value to a biographer in search of material. I have noticed that the boyish pranks of great men are of surpassing interest. I could wish that T. B. used less slang. But English undefiled is seldom heard to-day. Alas, for it! I feel that T. B.'s association with the refined family who are now sojourning at the Tansy Patch may be of great help to him."

I don't know that we "helped" T. B. very much, but Salome tried to do him good in a spiritual way. She was much horrified to find that T. B. was a skeptic and prided himself on it. Accordingly, Salome took to lending him books and tracts and bribing him to read them, with doughnuts. One of them was the "Memoir of Susanna B. Morton"—an account of the life and early death of a child of extraordinary piety. Salome used to read it and weep over it Sunday afternoons. T. B. enjoyed the book, but scarcely, I fear, in the way Salome desired.

"Ain't Susanna a holy terror?" he would say to me with a grin. T. B. had a sense of humor and that book tickled it.

Una, too, told him sweetly that she meant to pray for him; but this roused T. B.'s dander instantly.

"You ain't! Don't you dast! I won't be prayed for," he shouted.

"Oh, T. B., aren't you afraid of going to the bad place?" whispered poor Una, quite aghast.

"Nix on that"—contemptuously. don't believe there's any hell or heav either. When you die that's the end you."

"Wouldn't you like to go on livin' asked Dick, who enjoyed drawing T. out.

"Nope. There's no fun in it," said the youthful misanthrope. "Heaven's a dull place from all the accounts I've heard of it. I'd like a heaven full of flies and ants and things, though. There'd be some sense in that kind."

How are your ants coming on?" I queried.

T. B. was transformed in a moment. He sat up, eager, alert, bright-eyed.

"They're durned int'resting," he claimed. "I sat all day yesterday watching their doings in that nest behind the garden. Say, but they're quite some little cusses—some of 'em like to start a fight 'bout any reason, fair's I can see. And some of 'em are cowards. They gits so scared they just double themselves up into a ball and let the other fellow bang 'em round. They won't put up no fight. Some of 'em are lazy and won't work. I've watched 'em shirking. And there was one ant died o' grief 'cause another ant got killed—wouldn't eat—wouldn't work—just died. Tell you, I wish humans was as interesting as ants. Well, so long. I must be getting home to dinner."

Always in the winter, which we spent in our town home, the children kept up a correspondence with T. B. He wrote very interesting letters, too, allowing for eccentricities of grammar and spelling. Aunt Lily wrote me wondrous underlined epistles, full of sentiment, and Dorinda sent us a poem every week—on "Memories of Other Days" or some kindred subject. We often wondered what life must be in the house beyond the spruces in winter, when Granny must perforce be cooped up indoors. Salome shuddered over the thought of it.

It was not until our fourth and last summer at the Tansy Patch that we were ever asked to partake of a meal in the Conway establishment. One day, not long before our final departure, T. B. came over and gravely handed us a formal invitation, in Aunt Lily's handwriting, on a soiled, gilt-edged correspondence card. We were asked to supper the next evening at seven o'clock. Salome got one, too.

"Surely, ma'am, you'll never try to eat a meal in that house!" she exclaimed. "Why, I have heard that they've been known to mix up cakes in the wash-pan, ma'am. And remember the dog and the soup, ma'am."

"But they threw the soup out," said Una.

"I think Mr. Bruce and I must go," I said. "I do not want to hurt Aunt Lily's feelings. But you can please yourself about going, Salome."

Salome drew a deep breath.

"I'd rather go to supper with the king of the Cannibal islands, ma'am," she said. "But if you are determined to go, I'll go too, and we'll all be poisoned together."

I really believe Salome was curious. She wanted to see what sort of meal "them lunatics" would put up.

We all got a surprise. The Conway supper table was as pretty a one as I have ever sat down to. The linen was spotless. The china and silver old and good—evidently relics of Granny's palmy days. The decorations of ferns and wild flowers were charming, and the awful lamp, with its hideous red globe, which stood on a corner table, cast a very becoming rose-light over everything.

"You see, we can put on style when we want to," said T. B., slyly.

All the family were dressed up for the occasion. "Paw" in a dark suit and white shirt, was handsome and presentable. Aunt Lily for once had her hair done nicely and she and the girls, in their pretty muslins, looked quite charming. Even Granny had on a new black silk and a fresh cap; and, if she could only have held her tongue, might have passed for a decidedly handsome and aristocratic old dame. But that Granny could not do.

"I hope you've got more in your head than you carry on your face," she said when Dick was introduced.

Having said that, however, she behaved herself quite well during supper.

(Continued on following page.)



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ed about it too, in s
heart and blighted life.
discovered that the bridegroom
was a common-place farmer living near
the hotel.

"He's no beauty," T. B., informed us, and Granny twits Aunt Lily with it. But Aunt Lily says she'd marry him if he was as ugly as a gorilla because it is his soul she loves. I dunno nawthing about his soul, but he's got the dough and he's going to educate me. Aunt Lily told him she wouldn't have him if he didn't. I'm going to live with 'em, too. Say, won't I be glad to get away from Granny's tongue and Dorinda's poetry? It makes me feel young again."

"How on earth will that woman ever keep a house, ma'am?" said Salome. "I pity that poor man."

"He is very well able to keep a servant," I said, "and I have always had a suspicion that Aunt Lily is not by any means as die-away as her looks, Salome. The woman who arranged that supper table must have something of what you call 'gumption.' Anyhow, everybody is so well satisfied that it seems a pity to carp."

"Oh, I like the creature and I wish her well, ma'am," Salome rejoined, with a toss of her head. "And I'm glad poor T. B. is to have his chance. But say what you will, ma'am, George Black is marrying into a queer lot, and that is my final opinion, ma'am."

Aunt Lily meant to give up keeping a diary, so she informed me.

"I shall not need it," she said. "I can pour out my soul to my husband. I have put the past and all its sadness behind me. Will you help me select my bridal suit, Mrs. Bruce? I did want to be wedded in a sky-blue gown—the tint of God's own heaven, Mrs. Bruce. But George says he would like a plain dark suit better and I believe that a wife should reverence and obey her husband. I am no new woman, Mrs. Bruce, and I believe in the sacredness of the conjugal tie. The secret of life is devotion, Mrs. Bruce."

"I'm very glad you are taking T. B. with you," I said.

"I could not dream of leaving him behind, Mrs. Bruce. My heart is knit to his. I trust that in my home his surroundings will be more uplifting than they have hitherto been. In an atmosphere of calm and joy I feel sure that he will develop, Mrs. Bruce."

The next week Aunt Lily and T. B. went to the new atmosphere of calm and joy and we departed regretfully from the Tansy Patch. As we drove away in the still evening we heard "Paw" fiddling gloriously on his stoop; and as we turned the corner of the road and passed the house Granny shook her stick at us with a parting malediction. "May yer potatoes always be rotten," she shrieked.

But—"Paw's" fiddle followed us further than Granny's howls, and our memories of our Tansy Patch neighbors were not unpleasant ones.

"When all is said and done, ma'am," was Salome's summing up, "them lunatics were interesting."

THE END.



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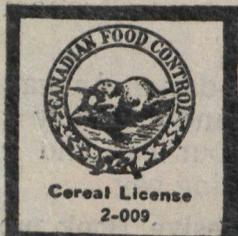
Why not bunch
 unties in a group, and
 two able-bodied and bright-brained
 judges who would go about to the
 towns and villages and hold court when
 cases require them? And as for
 sheriffs, registrars and all the other
 officials, why not have a central office
 in the district formed by the group of
 counties, and man (or woman) it with
 enough officials to do the work well,
 and send the surplus officials off to dig,
 or plow, or make boots, or do something
 productive and useful to the com-
 munity? Better still, why not set these
 well-informed and experienced officials
 to teach the older scholars in public
 and high schools the nature of our civil
 and social life and institutions, so as
 to give them broad ideas of citizenship?
 Also, why not get these officials to give
 public addresses on community life in
 its various phases, explaining the rela-
 tion of the village or town to the
 county, and the county's relation to the
 Province, and the relation of the Pro-
 vince to the Dominion, and so on. Such
 officials would be the most competent
 persons to speak of these things from
 practical and official experience, and
 they would thus add interest and value
 to school and community life. The
 money now spent on them in salaries
 and fees would be productive in the
 most important sense by improving
 citizenship and social conditions in the
 community.

How to Develop Leaders.

Leaders are needed in every com-
 munity; but leaders already exist, in
 the persons of the clergymen, doctors,
 lawyers, town and city officials, manu-
 facturers, merchants, school-teachers,
 labor advocates, retired men and women
 who have had wide reading and experi-
 ence of life. All these should be
 utilized for social instruction and guid-
 ance. Members of Provincial Legisla-
 tures and Dominion Parliament also
 should be leaders in all such matters as
 these; and if the people were really de-
 siring of knowing about social, political,
 economic and other questions of direct
 concern to every community, they could
 obtain the services of these legislative
 leaders. By such activity, carried on
 in debating clubs, social centres, com-
 munities and groups, the people would
 have developed from among themselves
 men and women who could with profit
 handle any ordinary subject of discus-
 sion for the benefit of the public. Sing-
 ing and dramatic representation of
 historical events, pageants of local in-
 terest, and all such forms of entertain-
 ment and enlightenment as could be
 utilized, would develop the talents of
 the community in a surprising manner,
 and bring about reconstruction and im-
 provement on the safest and sanest
 possible lines.

Let us think reconstruction; let us
 desire it and determine on it, and let
 us begin to practise it in our own per-
 sons and circumstances, remembering
 that a community, a city, a nation, the
 world, is made up of individual men and
 women, and the characteristics, the
 habits, the training, the ideals of each

(Continued on page 42.)



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Smoked Glasses

(Continued from page 37.)

ing about him was, that in-
ting people's heads off with
p ax as a good and proper
ld, he went growling around
a pair of smoked glasses
's nose. Then they couldn't
et ahead of them and the
i looked muddy and they
o walk right into the dread-
that the dragon had made
and break their necks."
listeners exchanged guilty

out king fairy," wheedled
patting aunty's cheek lovingly.
es Well, he wanted to go
y cause the moonlight was getting
e and because a trumpet had
ounded and it was calling all of the
other king fairies to a place where the
dew hung in crimson drops and where
there were mighty deeds to be done.
The grey fairy wouldn't let him go,"
the narrator proclaimed audaciously.
"She had bound him to her with a gar-
land of blossoms, and hidden among
the roses and the lilies was a strong
steel chain. He had a heart of gold
you remember, so he wouldn't break
the chain and go away and leave her
and all of the little rainbow fairies
weeping behind."

"Did the grey fairy like pale moon-
light?" demanded the small listener.

"Yes, 'cause the smoked glasses kept
her from knowing that it was pale,"
explained Julia. "The naughty green
fairy found out all about it and she saw
a chance to make mischief. She sent a
butterfly to a nice old wizard. Under-
neath the butterfly's wing was a letter
written on a rose leaf. He agreed to
help and he coaxed the king fairy out
into the green woods and there he lost
his smoked glasses. The grey fairy
didn't know where he was. The naughty,
wicked, mischievous, meddling green
fairy made her think that he had broken
the garland of roses and steel, and had

unfolded his wings and had sped away
to the land where the trumpet was call-
ing. She cried and cried so hard that
she broke her smoked glasses, too.
Then she could see that the moonlight
was pale and that her dress was grey
instead of shell pink and that the king
had a crown and heart o' gold."

"And what happened?" wondered
Marian.

"Why, when the king fairy came
home and when they both found out
what the naughty, wicked, meddle-
some green fairy had done they were
both so angry that they tore her dress
and broke her crown and pulled the
feathers out of her wings and threw
stones at her and drove her right out of
fairydom. I s'pect she is running and
crying yet," with a naughty twinkle.
"And then they hunted up the old
dragon and he gave them each a nice,
new pair of smoked glasses and they
lived where the moonlight was pale
forever after."

"They did not," differed Jeanette,
vehemently. "The grey fairy got back
her pink dress and she sent the king
fairy to the land where the trumpet
was sounding and where the dew drops
hung in crimson drops."

Evan looked down into his wife's
eyes.

"I believe there are cookies in the
pantry," enticed Julia. "Let's run,
Maid Marian, and see who can find
them first."

THE END.

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in egg. ble
canning.

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if the canning of our fish, meats, fruits
and vegetables is to be successful, be-
cause the steam "gets" the spores in
the interior of the contents of the jars
or cans. A great many vegetables, and
all meats require a pressure of 250 de-
grees Fahrenheit for perfect steriliza-
tion, and the only way this can be at-
tained is with steam under pressure.
The high temperature at which the
products are canned is a safeguard
against danger of spoiled goods. The
steam pressure canner saves fuel, time
and labor. This utensil can be used
over an open fire, and only a small
amount of fuel is required.

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g. No.
and Juniors' Side-plaited
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Size 10

drilling. —Girls' Apron (15 cents). Five
6765 2 to 10 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/4
yard 27-inch calico. Scallop No. 11659,
blue or yellow, 15 cents. No. 7811—
Child's Bonnets (20 cents). Four sizes,
1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1/4 yard
27-inch calico—1/2 yard dimity.

7817—Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20
cents). Five sizes, 8 to 16 years. Size
12 requires 5 1/2 yards 28-inch crepe.

7875—Girls' and Juniors' Dress (20
cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size
6 requires 2 yards 32-inch plaid ging-
ham—2 1/4 yards 32-inch plain gingham.

7884—Boys' One-piece Suit (20 cents).
Five sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires
2 yards 36-inch percale—1/2 yard linen.

7846—Boys' Suit (20 cents). Three
sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 1 1/2
yard 36-inch white lawn for blouse—
1 1/2 yard 32-inch check gingham.

7826—Child's and Girls' One-piece
Petticoat (15 cents). Eight sizes, 1 to
8 years. Size 3 requires 1 yard 36-inch
batiste—2 yards 4-inch embroidery for
ruffle.

7774—Girls' and Juniors' Two-piece
French Petticoat (15 cents). Six sizes,
6 to 16 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards
36-inch nainsook.

7329—Girls' and Juniors' Empire
Petticoat (15 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14
years. Size 8 requires 3/4 yard 36-inch
lawn for waist—1 1/2 yards 20-inch em-
broidery.

7821—Child's and Girls' Princess Slip
(15 cents). Eight sizes, 1 to 8 years.
Size 2 requires 1 1/2 yard 36-inch batiste.
Scallop 11659, blue or yellow, 15 cents.

7367—Child's Double-breasted Coat
(15 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 5 years.
Size 4 requires 3 1/2 yards 27-inch pique.
Scallop No. 11979, blue transfer, 15
cents.

7808—Child's Coat (20 cents). Four
sizes, 1/2 to 3 years. Size 3 requires 2 3/4
yards 36-inch crepe de Chine.

Use a Steam Pressure Cooker For Your Canning

By MARION HARRIS NEIL.

How many of our readers make a
practice of canning beans, corn, peas,
spinach, asparagus, egg plant, turnips
and rhubarb? There are many people
who have tried to can vegetables the
same way as they can their fruit, i.e.,
by the open kettle cooking method.
And because their beans, peas and corn
have spoiled, they have given up trying
to can these succulent green vegetables.
Until a few years ago very little had
been known about the real cause of this
resistance of peas, beans and corn, in
particular, to the sterilizing effect of the
open kettle cooking that housewives
have used so successfully for fruits.
But scientists have ascertained that the
trouble is caused by bacteria, which



No. 1017—
Ladies' Cro-
cheted Hat



No. 534—
A Jaunty
Knitted Tam

Knitted and Crocheted Hats and



No. 526—Girls' Polo Cap
No. 527—Knitted Sweater
to Match

Pictorial Review Knitting
Directions, No. 526. This
comfortable polo cap for the
schoolgirl is knitted in the
same stitch as sweater No.
527, and is fin-
ished with a
large tassel.

Directions,
Nos. 1017,
534, and 530
include di-
rections for
sweater to
match.

Pictorial Review
Crochet Directions
No. 1017. This is a
charming crocheted
hat with the brim
held in shape by
a single wire. The
crown and part of
the upper side of the
brim are made from
yellow Shetland floss
while the remainder
of the brim is white.
An ornament com-
posed of wool and
beads decorates the
left side.

Pictorial Review
Knitting Directions,
No. 534. Knitted on
two needles this at-
tractive tam is made
with double Shet-
land floss.

Pictorial Review
Knitting Directions,
No. 527. A fancy
rib is employed in
knitting the main
part of this sweater
(at left) with plain
knitting or garter
stitch for cuffs, panel
and collar. The model
was made with shell
pink knitting
worsted. Three cro-
cheted buttons and
loops fasten the
sweater at side-front.



Pictorial Review Knitting
Directions, No. 538. A coat
sweater with kimono sleeves
for the girl of twelve years.
The model, which is of white
knitting worsted, has a small
round collar.

Crochet directions Nos.
1017 and 1018—15 cents.
Knitting directions Nos.
526 and 527—15 cents.
Knitting direc-
tions Nos. 534 and
535—15 cents.
Knitting direc-
tions Nos. 537 and
538—10 cents each.
Knitting direc-
tions Nos. 530 and
531—15 cents.
Knitting directions
No. 543—15 cents.



No. 530—Ladies' Knitted Tam

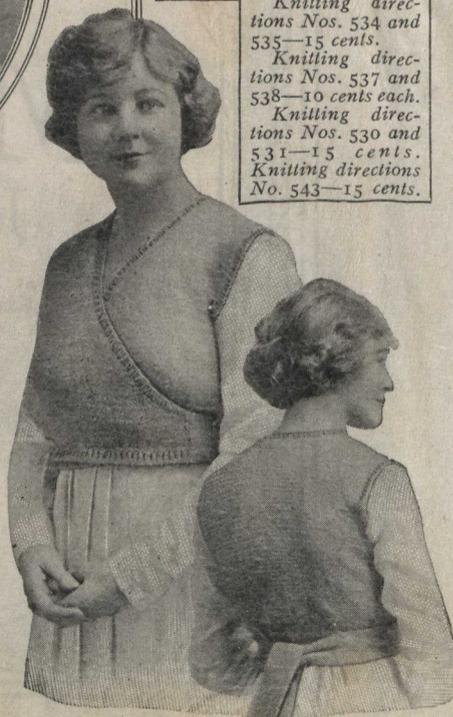
Pictorial Review Knitting
Directions, No. 530. Quite unique
is this tam with a band of ribbing
running up to the center of the
crown. A pair of tassels are
fastened to the center of the
crown by a twisted chain. Shet-
land floss is used to make this
tam, the crown of which is knitted
on No. 4 amber needles.
It is a circle with a band of
ribbing at one side and stitches
are lifted around the edge of
the crown on No. 12 steel needles,
and the ribbing continued around
the entire tam.

Pictorial Review Knitting Di-
rections, No. 537. For the chilly
moments when only a light wrap
is required, nothing could be
more pleasing than this shoulder
wrap with cuffs (at left).

Pictorial Review Knitting Di-
rections No. 543. There have been
many short sleeveless sweaters
but this cross-over model (at
right) which ties in the back is
quite new. It is of Shetland floss.



No. 537—A Knitted Shoulder Wrap



No. 543—A Knitted Cross-over Sweater
Front and Back Are Illustrated

For knitting and crochet directions send the
listed price and a stamped and addressed en-
velop to the Embroidery Department.

ave
can no.
ancient excuses. All of us at
peel potatoes and wash dishes have
scrub pots this year, but when we
through this three-times-a-day task you get
into the hands and nails a little sk, rub
cream from a jar that ought to be kept
right over the kitchen sink. Then wipe
them dry.

Of course no one attempts to cut their
cuticle any more. It was never done
successfully at home, always leaving
ragged edges, which meant hang-nails
and consequent annoyance. Nowadays
you use a cuticle remover. You simply
wrap a piece of absorbent cotton about
an orange stick, dip it in this liquid and
in a few minutes you can rub away all
the excess cuticle which has grown
about the base of the nail.

After The War--What?

(Continued from page 4)

man and each woman go to make up
the mass. So the question of recon-
struction becomes intensely personal,
and the question of what ideals Canada
should have may be put in the first per-
son and asked by each reader: "What
is my ideal of reconstruction for my-
self, taking myself as a type of what a
Canadian—and hence what Canadians
as a people—should be?" Such a ques-
tion should be fruitful of good and
great results. It would make the reader
a real, earnest reconstructionist, to start
with—and that would be an immense
gain for the cause of reconstruction,
because it would mean that the prob-
lems were being pondered, read about,
planned for, talked about, and urged on
others by the reader. Thus the reader
would become a magnetic centre, at-
tracting others of like mind; also a
dynamic centre radiating vibrations to
those in his or her little group of in-
timates, and gradually widening out to
the community. If we could have such
dynamic centres scattered all over Can-
ada, what a large mass of sentiment in
favor of reconstruction could be de-
veloped! The thinking, talking, writing,
planning and actual doing of recon-
struction work would prepare the minds
of the masses of the people for changes
many and radical.

IDEAL VACATIONS FOR GOLFERS.

Golfing on links swept by the pine-
scented breezes of the Northland is one
of the attractions which is drawing an
increasing number of visitors from all
parts of the continent to the territory
served by the Grand Trunk Railway in
the "Highlands of Ontario." In the
Muskoka Lakes district are three excel-
lent golf courses—an eighteen-hole
course at Beaumaris, a nine-hole course
at the Royal Muskoka, and a nine-hole
course at Rosseau. In the Lake of Bays
region are the Norway Point Golf Links,
a delightfully situated course, within a
few minutes' walk of the Wawa Hotel.
Fishing, boating and bathing may also
be enjoyed at these beautiful summer
resorts. Illustrated descriptive litera-
ture and all particulars may be had on
application to any Grand Trunk Agent,
or to C. E. Horning, D.P.A., Toronto.

...upation of
 ...enjoying an
 ...popularity.
 ...see ladies busy
 ...es, producing socks
 ...for the soldiers and in-
 ...or use in their own home

...ation could be more suitable
 ...than to knit, whether from
 ...patriotism, economy, or both?

...mitless are the things you can make
 ...t of knitting needles and a few balls
 ...beautiful Monarch Floss.

...his beautiful yarn—Monarch Floss—is a
 2-ply yarn, made in our own plant by expert
 spinners from a very fine grade of Australian
 wool. It is uniform in size throughout every
 inch of its length and of a beautiful soft
 texture, giving the garments made from it a
 softness, elasticity and finish that you will
 be very proud of indeed.

Ask Your Dealer For Monarch Floss



Monarch Floss is Made in 30 SHADES

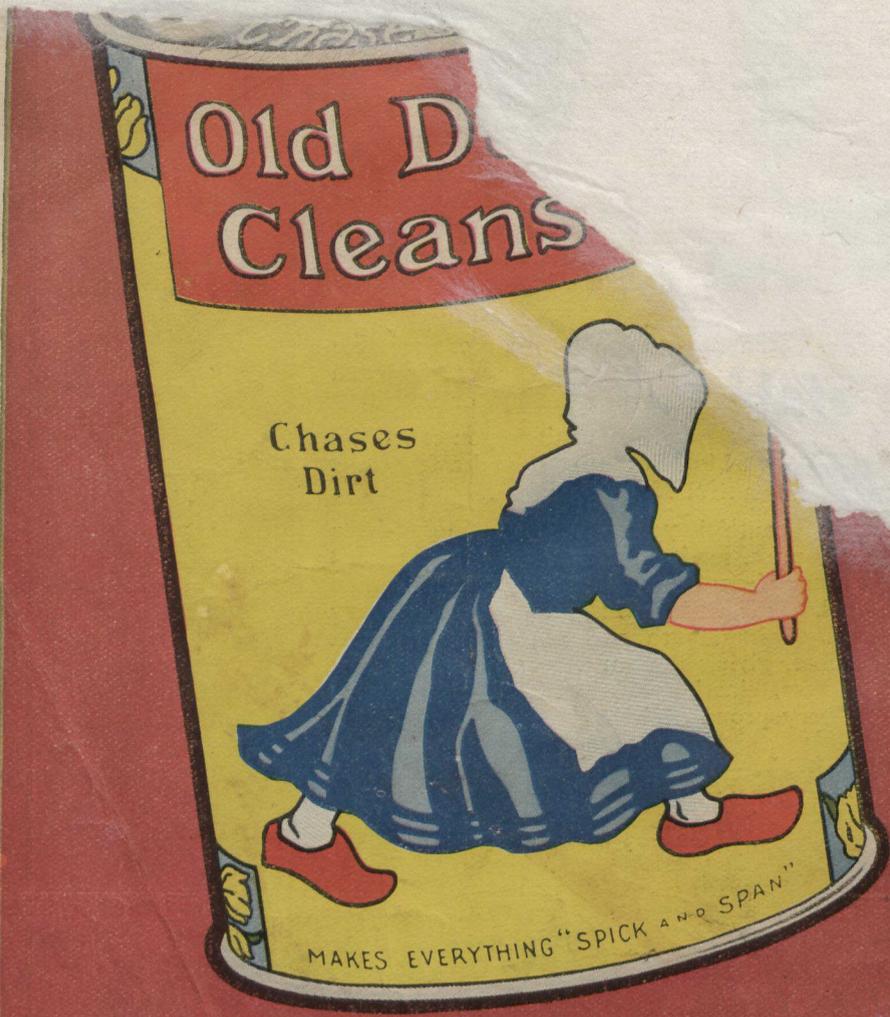
And put up in one-ounce balls. All good dealers carry a full range of this popular yarn. They can also supply you with "Monarch Down." This is recommended where a heavier yarn than Monarch Floss is required. Like Monarch Floss, it comes in 30 shades, put up in convenient one-ounce balls.

MADE IN CANADA BY

THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY LIMITED

Head Office: Dunnville, Ontario. Mills at: Dunnville, St. Catharines, St. Thomas, Ont., and Buffalo, N.Y.

Manufacturers of Ladies' Silk Knitted Coats, Men's, Women's and Children's Worsted Sweater Coats, Fancy Knit Goods, Hosiery, etc. Also "Monarch Floss" and other Hand Knitting Yarns suitable for Soldiers' Sox, etc.



Old Dutch saves
work, worry, time
and money in the
kitchen. Cleans
all utensils quick-
ly, thoroughly,
hygienically.



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