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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



JUNE JUNE BRIDES' NUMBER PRICE

1911

Published by THE CANADIAN WOMEN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., Limited

59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA

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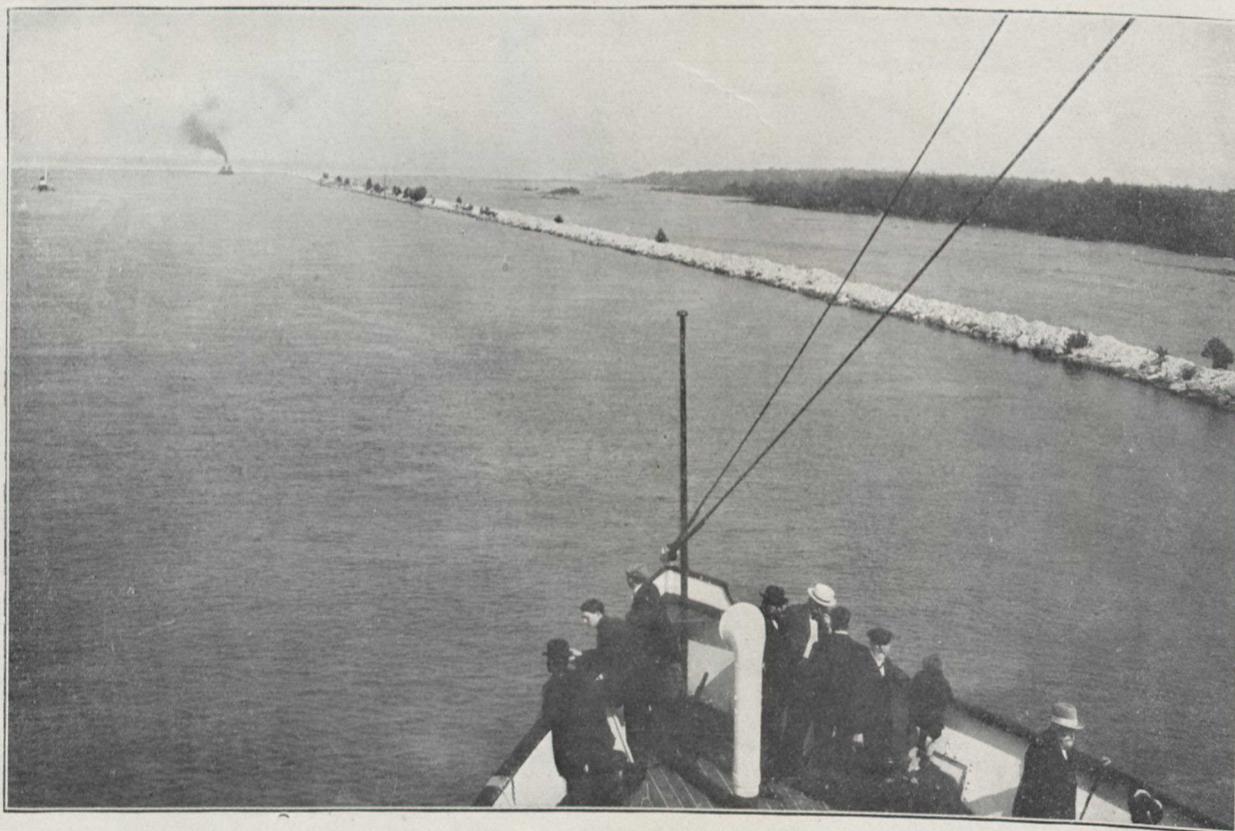
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA

Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

EDITORIAL CHAT

THE CANADIAN SERIAL, promised to our readers some months ago, is introduced to you in this number as "The House of Windows." Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, who has been familiar for years to Canadian readers as a writer of charming verse and short stories of unusual quality, has achieved in this serial her most imposing production. In fact, "The House of Windows" is a novel in design and extent, and this publication is to be congratulated on securing the serial rights. The story is one of absorbing interest, and we shall not be surprised if some of you become too impatient to wait for the end and write to us demanding larger installments. A good serial is not easily obtained; since, in these days of many magazines and a multitude of short stories, a narrative which is continued from month to month must possess unusual dramatic merit, and be of such an "enthralling" nature as to hold the reader's interest. We are, then, decidedly fortunate in having secured such a story from one of Canada's best-known writers, and we assure you of months of exciting entertainment in following the adventures of a most beautiful and mysterious heroine.

OUR BRIDAL NUMBER comes to you with the opening of the most beautiful month of the year, which has come to be associated, more than any other, with the gladness and brightness of bridal scenes. The matter of wedding gifts and their appropriateness you will find discussed in a most helpful way. "Helen Ball," a Toronto journalist, to whom many a perplexed correspondent turns for help, advises you as to the many small details concerned with the most important ceremony of life, and Miss Doyle tells in bright and amusing fashion of the "business" of writing up weddings—a side of the ceremony which is not the least important to those interested. Then we have a beautifully illustrated article on the flowers which should adorn such an occasion, by Mr. Geraghty, who is a professional authority on the subject. Every woman is interested in this topic—whether she be a bride or a mere bridesmaid, and we are sure that these articles will be carefully scanned.

OUR WOMEN'S INSTITUTES are widening their activities from month to month in such a manner that it is most difficult to keep up with their ambitious strides. We should advise all our readers to take an interest in this department, as it contains papers on subjects of general interest, as well as on those of immediate concern to the farmer's wife. The movement is attracting much attention in the West, where it is proving a social bond much needed in a vast community of comparatively small population. We are always glad to hear from the new Institutes. It is with regret that we are obliged to refuse group photographs. These are of merely local interest, do not "reproduce" well, and are, therefore, not available for journalistic use. We should be pleased, however, to receive photographs of any special scene or gathering.

THE HOUSEHOLD EXCHANGE is a department dealing with small matters of domestic management which should be of concern to the housewife. We do *not* wish recipes for that department, unless they are of an unusual nature. If you know of any particularly dainty dish or of any unusually palatable pickle we should be glad to publish the recipe in the exchange. But the ordinary cake or pie belongs to the culinary conceits column and may be retained there. We require for the household exchange brief articles of about two hundred words in length, for which payment will be made. Nearly every woman has her own "particular" way of accomplishing certain household tasks. It may be some bit of wisdom handed down in her family for generations, which will be of interest and inspiration to some one else. We are sure that our large circle is in possession of many such "hints," which would prove of general service.

OUR TRAVEL NUMBER will come to you next month, with a variety of delightful features. There will be the "story" of the greatest hotel supply on this revolving globe, the dining-car service of the C. P. R. You will be surprised and interested by this most informing account of how the railway "ways and means" committee keeps the traveling public supplied with square meals, not to mention afternoon tea and coffee and rolls. It is catering on a magnificent scale, and women readers will be deeply interested in learning how the "table is kept up" as the international trains are flying across the continent. Summer is our great travel season. In this strenuous age everyone needs change of scene and rest, and the summer holiday is no extravagance—merely the wisest economy. Everyone needs it—the mother most of all—and we hope that our travel number will furnish more than mere information—will inspire some of you to seek much-needed change and renewed vigor in one of Canada's many spacious playgrounds. The fiction for that number introduces two new names to our readers—Mrs. A. Bell and Miss Elizabeth Richardson. The former has written a most readable and human story in "Mrs. Jim's Holiday." Every tired woman should read it and smile and then hand it to her husband, with an injunction not to miss a paragraph. Miss Richardson has contributed a charming tale in "Orchard Lodge—and Nan." There will be two travel articles, by Dora Ridout and Louise Belmont. The former's "Women as Campers" is most interesting and practical, and Miss Belmont tells us of a girls' trip as far north as the Pas.

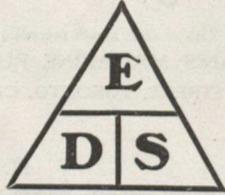
OUR ILLUSTRATIONS have always met with your favor. You will probably, then, be interested to know that we have secured the services of one of Canada's best-known artists, Mr. C. W. Jefferys, as illustrator for Mrs. MacKay's serial. With such work from our own writers and artists, we may well claim to be the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

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Special Features Beginning IN JUNE NUMBER

1. A new department of menus for dinners and luncheons, with receipts for the many new dishes. They are splendidly illustrated from photographs to show the attractive way of serving and table arrangement.

2. "A Honeymoon in Hiding," a serial story by Mrs. George de H. Vaizey. Did you ever know or hear of a young couple who discovered at the last minute that their wedding trip money had disappeared? It is very amusing—to other people.

3. "The House of Windows," a serial novel by Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, one of the most brilliant of Canada's short story writers. Mrs. Mackay has won numerous prizes in competition, she is a most welcome contributor to all of the best magazines in Canada and the United States, but we have secured her first novel. "The House of Windows" has the qualities which have made her short stories so popular—originality of expression, ability in description, the knack of vividly picturing characters. The story deals with the often little realized dangers to girls in commercial life, and sustains a high pitch of dramatic action.

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Volume VIII

TORONTO, JUNE, 1911

Number 2

The Wedding Gift

WEDDINGS may be said to claim all seasons for their own. Yet, the month of June shows that it is the favorite time of the year for bridal scenes. In the cities one might almost know the first day of the opening summer by the white-ribboned cabs and the stretch of awning in front of the churches. The "June bride" has come to be regarded as the bonniest bride of all, and the very fairest roses of the year belong to her.

The days are disappearing for the public mention of presents as "numerous and costly"; but the display of wedding gifts is one of the most interesting features of such events. The cynics have uttered many jests over the insincerity and sham of the wedding gift, insinuating that it is purely a social "debt" which most of us pay with an inward grudge. We would be slow to admit this; yet too often the wedding gift is chosen without sufficient regard for the bride's taste and circumstances. This indifference shows that the giver is without the ideal friend's tact and remembrance. A bride who had received many costly gifts turned from them to a comparatively trivial present, saying: "This is just what I wanted—and she has even remembered my favorite color."

It is the little touch of personal regard or consideration which makes the final appeal to the one who is favored. The dainty piece of china, with a note of friendly wishes, the dish of silver, chosen with a discriminating care, mean far more than the most imposing gifts. The wedding guests should be friends, not mere acquaintances, and each gift should bear some hint of the giver's individuality. Then, in the coming years, it will recall the early friendship, with a fragrance as of "rosemary for remembrance."

* * *

Montreal's Infant Death-Rate

IT is generally admitted that Canada is in need of a larger population. We have an immense Dominion in area, with hundreds of "vast, empty spaces," waiting for the households which are to turn them into farms, villages and towns. We need more immigrants and our government is doing its best to attract the right class of settlers.

It is strange, then, to read that Canada's largest city, Montreal, has an infant death rate amongst the highest in the world. Dr. Louis Laberge of the Medical Health Office of Montreal, stated recently to a reporter that the rate of infant mortality in Montreal is higher than in any other city of any civilized country, and that two thousand five hundred lives might be saved in that city annually, were the proper care taken. Thus, there are thousands of helpless infants whose lives go out through ignorance, neglect and infamous conditions. The philosopher may reflect that it is better such lives should be cut off than that they should come to maturity in vice and misery. Such conditions, however, are a confession of failure in civilization, and until our metropolis awakes to realize the serious nature of this problem we need not be so insistent on the necessity for newcomers.

"We talk of bringing the best that Europe can give into this country, and the government spends large sums of money to do it," said Dr. Laberge, "and yet they do nothing to build up a nation of strong and home-born Canadians. They give grants to the Anti-Tuberculosis people, and these societies deserved such grants, too. But why cannot something be done to save the lives of our very, very young children? Montreal is one of the worst

spots in Canada. There is no doubt of that. It may be one of the worst on the continent, I have not the figures. If the people would only realize the awful havoc that is annually wrought they would rise up and demand that these helpless infants be given a fighting chance.

"We have a commission for the conservation of our natural resources, but we have no commission for the conservation of our greatest force, a strong, healthy, well-built people."

* * *

Banishing the Fly

WHEN scientific authorities set out to investigate health conditions in New Orleans and to banish the deadly little mosquito which carried the poison, there were many who doubted and sneered. However, the scientists worked and searched and finally the scourge of yellow fever departed.

Now the campaign against a pest has been turned in the direction of the house-fly, and those who have regarded this small creature as a necessary evil are being convinced of its threatening nature. No evil is necessary—even though it be as small as the house-fly. Its presence means dirt and bad house-keeping, and, the sooner we recognize the fact, the healthier and daintier the home surroundings will become. "Fly specks" will be considered a veritable mark of the beast and the family meals will not be disturbed by the presence of this buzzing nuisance. Absolute cleanliness must be observed if it is to be kept at a safe distance. Screens on windows and doors are essential, and it is better to pay their price than to endeavor to meet the expenses of doctor and nurse. Flies in the summer mean typhoid in the autumn, and then we are wise too late.

Health and beauty alike demand that our homes be destitute of the house fly. Both for the sake of appearances and the sake of sanitation it must be sent to join the carrier of yellow fever.

* * *

The Girl Graduate

THE month of June is not altogether, or exclusively, the month of the bride. The graduation exercises seem more important to the college girl than even the marriage ceremony, and her gown for the event is quite as carefully planned as the more elaborate wedding garb. "Leaving school" is such a conclusive step to the girl, while the older woman knows that graduation merely means entering the larger school. It has been said so often that "school days are the happiest of all," that we have almost come to accept the statement as fact. Certainly, the school-girl or the college student in this land of opportunity has a life of happy endeavor with no worries beyond those which belong to the assigned essay or the next recitation, and you will not see a pleasanter sight than the graduating groups which brighten the closing days of June.

A great change has taken place in the education of woman during the last quarter of a century. She has entered the universities, devoted herself seriously to degrees in arts and has come creditably through the ordeal. The question as to co-education is by no means settled, but the Canadian girl, if she desires it, may have quite as thorough training as her brother receives. Yet there is no danger to the home in all this academic ambition on the part of woman. The domestic sphere will always possess overwhelming attractions for the majority of women.

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

ILLUSTRATED BY C.W. JEFFERYS

CHAPTER I.

IN the bustling stores of Angers & Son, the ribbon counter, so lately the storm centre of a throng of struggling shoppers, was slowly resuming its normal aspect. The shimmering piles of ribbons which had collapsed under the onslaught of frenzied women were being deftly rebuilt by the weary clerks. Order was emerging out of chaos, and something like neatness reigned once more in the glass cases and on the open shelves. In a word, the Bargain Sale was over, for the day.

It had not been an ordinary, one-day-a-week Bargain Sale—far from it. The clerks, standing knee-deep in paper from the unwound bolts of ribbon, were proof enough of its exceptional nature.

GREAT SEMI-ANNUAL SALE.
SACRIFICE OF ALL RIBBONS WITHOUT
RESERVE.
EVERYTHING SLAUGHTERED!
o to 5 DAILY.

This had been the announcement of the hand-bills, and apparently the demand for slaughtered ribbons had been bloodthirsty, for now the clerks were straightening up, knee-deep, so to speak, in corpses of the slain.

"My! But I'm tired! Say, don't some of them give you a pain?" asked Miss Eden winding baby ribbon.

"Who?" Miss Twiss paused in her winding of pyramids to stifle a yawn.

"Those bargain women! Their eyes—horrid!"

"Gracious! I have no time to watch their eyes. It takes me all my time to watch their hands. Did you see the gay one in green try to sneak a bolt out of the fifty-cent division? Pretty nearly did it, too. Oh, Miss Brown, while you are up that step would you mind handing me down that top box?"

Miss Brown obligingly handed down the box.

"All their eyes look alike," went on Miss Eden. "Greedy—I should say! They make me sick."

Miss Twiss yawned again. "I've enough to make me sick without bothering about eyes," she began, then as a belated but impatient customer tapped sharply upon the glass, "No, madam, I am sorry. The ribbon sale was from nine till five. This ribbon is now seventy-five cents a yard. My, didn't she look mad," she added, as the disappointed one moved away.

The other clerks giggled. They were tired, some of them to the verge of exhaustion, but they were so used to the sensation that it left their general interest in life quite unimpaired. Miss Brown, who was a new girl, looked blue about the lips, and once she said, "Oh, if I could only sit down!" emphasizing the *down* despairingly.

"Well, you can't," said Miss Twiss. "And don't slouch your shoulders. Straighten up! Here comes Slippers."

Slippers, otherwise Mr. Harcourt Flynn, the floorwalker, had the reputation of not standing any nonsense. He considered slouched shoulders nonsense; girls behind a ribbon counter should be straight and alert. Therefore, as he passed, all the girls' shoulders miraculously straightened and they became very alert indeed.

"And yet he isn't a bad sort, really," whispered Miss Twiss, reflectively. "He acts like that for the same reason that he waxes his moustache: thinks he needs it in his business."

"Miss Twiss!"

Miss Twiss jumped, for she had not noticed that Mr. Flynn had paused beside her, and his voice was stern, unmistakably the voice of one who has discovered some nonsense, and will not tolerate it. "Miss Twiss, why is this baby carriage here?"

Miss Twiss leaned over the wide counter.

"Why, it's a go-cart!" she said stupidly.

"Why is this—er—go-cart here?"

"I didn't know that it was there, Mr. Flynn. It is so small that I did not see it. What a tiny one!"

"It's size," said Mr. Flynn, "is not important. Why is it here? I think this is your department, Miss Twiss?"

Miss Twiss flushed. "Did any of you girls see a lady leave this go-cart?" she demanded of her subordinates.

Three of the girls shook their heads with decision, but Miss Brown, the new girl, seemed to hesitate.

"Do you know anything about this, Miss Brown?"

"Yes, I saw the woman leave it," she admitted, adding "I did not know that it was not permitted."

The floor-walker frowned. There had certainly been some nonsense here! He pulled one end of his waxed moustache severely.

"I think this is your department, Miss Twiss," he continued with elaborate sarcasm. "Miss Brown

is new, I believe, but apparently she has not been instructed in her duties. This go-cart—"

The go-cart, finding itself the centre of interest, seemed suddenly to wake up. A feeble wail issued from it. Mr. Flynn stepped back so hastily that the girls tittered. This was *lese majeste*, and the manner of the floorwalker became more awe-inspiring than ever. He consulted his watch.

"It is now," he remarked, "just five minutes off closing time. Miss Twiss, you might ask Miss Brown at what time this go-cart was left here."

"At two o'clock," answered the new girl, speaking for herself. "I noticed a woman leave it, but then the rush began, and I forgot about it. It is screened, as you see, between the two counters. I naturally supposed that she had taken it away again."

Mr. Flynn glanced once more at his watch. "What Miss Brown supposes is not material, Miss Twiss. I need hardly point out that it was your duty to have informed her of the rules. Young ladies, it is not necessary for me to tell you what the presence of this go-cart means." His tone was frigidly polite, but they all felt that someone had been guilty of nonsense, and that he wasn't going to stand it.

"It means desertion, I suppose," said Miss Twiss. She knew in her heart that it meant also dismissal for her, or at least the losing of her place as head of the ribbon counter.

"Exactly; you will at once report the matter at the office."

Mr. Flynn replaced his watch. Miss Twiss bowed. She knew what reporting at the office meant, but she had her pride, and would have gone without a word had not Miss Brown interposed with an excited question.

"What will they do? Where will they take it?" She asked of the floorwalker. The majesty of Mr. Flynn was surprised at the question, but he answered as befitted his dignity.

"Don't know, I'm sure. That's hardly in my department."

"They'll take it to the police station, of course," volunteered Miss Eden.

"To the police station—that little mite of a baby? Oh," with a sudden impulse, "I don't think they need do that! I will—I mean, I think I know who left the baby. She didn't intend to desert it. She—I'll take it home to her myself."

Mr. Flynn was surprised. He was also suspicious, but above all, he was desirous of having things go smoothly in his department, and this seemed an easy way out of an awkward situation. He looked for a moment at Miss Brown's flushed cheeks (her lips were not blue now) and shrugged his shoulders. Then as the clang of the closing bell rang through the store, he gave his verdict.

"Very well, Miss Twiss, as Miss Brown is willing to take the responsibility of returning this—er—go-cart, you need not report the matter at the office. See that it does not occur again."

He moved away, and the girls in a sudden flutter began hastily to spread their dust cloths over the reconstructed pyramids. They looked at Miss Brown out of the corners of their eyes. Had she not been a new girl, they would have descended upon her in an avalanche of questioning, but ribbon counters have their etiquette, and the young ladies felt that they did not know Miss Brown well enough to question her. They felt quite at liberty to show their disapproval of the mystery, however, by a certain aloofness of manner shown in the flirt with which they spread their dust cloths and extricated their skirts from the entangling corpses of the slaughter sale. Miss Brown, still rosy with suppressed excitement, volunteered no information. She spread her dust cloths rapidly, and hurried away to put on her coat and hat.

When she had gone the girls gathered around the tiny go-cart, and a chorus of exclamations broke forth.

"Oh, what a little one!"

"It must be starved!"

"Whatever did Brownie tell that lie for?"

"What do you suppose she is going to do with it?"

"You don't suppose she really knew—"

"Hush! here she is."

Miss Brown came hurriedly up, and for the first time, peeped under the little black cover of the go-cart. She appeared to do something for the comfort of its inmate, for the tiny thread of wailing ceased. When she looked up there were tears in her nice blue eyes.

"Girls," she said, as if upon impulse. "I may as well tell you—I don't know a thing about the woman. I saw her when she wheeled the go-cart up—and I'll never forget her face. It was such an ugly face. It was like—well, it was just ugly. She looked poor and half-starved. Of course she meant

to leave the baby! Look at its eyes—it has been drugged! But I just couldn't let it go to the police station. I'm going to take it home with me."

The girls, all friendly now, gathered closer.

"Oh, say!"

"How spunky of you!"

"Well, I declare!"

"But," said Miss Twiss. "Can you—"

"Yes, I can, somehow. You know my sister is always at home. She is blind and very lonely. This will be just what she needs. Of course I would be afraid to risk it if I had only what I can earn, but we have a little. We get along quite nicely." She laid her hand in its cotton glove resolutely upon the handle of the go-cart.

Little Miss Eden pushed herself to the front of the group.

"Oh, Brownie," she said, "I think you're great! And say—can't we all help? May we call and see it? Why can't we have a departmental baby? Say—"

"Hush!" interrupted Miss Twiss. "You'll give it away if you talk so loud! Look, here comes Slippers!"

CHAPTER II.

AT the time of the ribbon sale, made memorable by the finding of the baby, the great departmental stores of Angers & Son occupied one solid block of the best business property in the city. Three sides of the block were lined with plate glass windows, displaying everything from a sauceman to a Paris gown; the fourth side was lined with delivery autos, each bearing the simple legend, "Angers & Son." The same name was carved in the stone over the main entrance and stamped upon every bit of paper and every bag or box in the great stores, and yet, as a matter of fact, Angers did not exist, neither was there any such person as Angers' son.

Once there had been both Angers and his son, and they had owned the stores and piled up the wealth it made for them. But it is just the same old commentary upon life that the store should be there, a firm and strong reality, while both Angers and his son were memories. All that remained of them was their name, and that remained because it was an asset. None knew just who stood behind the name of Angers & Son—that is to say, the people who were most concerned did not know. The clerks in the store did not know, the floorwalkers, the managers of departments, the buyers, the superintendents, did not know. To them all, there was no higher up than Mr. Davies, the general manager. If Mr. Davies knew, he did not tell. He always spoke of the "higher up" as "the Board"; from which everyone guessed that Angers & Son was really a syndicate; and guessed wrongly.

There is no reason why the reader should not be taken into the secret, however; the truth was that Mr. Adam Torrance held Angers & Son in the hollow of his hand. Mr. Adam Torrance had been a rich man before he had bought out the stores from the trustees of the Angers estate; he was now a very rich man, even in a city of rich men, and was daily becoming richer. He was young, too, to be so rich, only thirty-four—almost a boy! If the stores had known about him they would have been delighted. It is certainly more pleasant to be owned by a young and fine-looking proprietor than by a Mr. Davies, who is middle-aged and ugly, and a Board which is simply nothing at all. In the old days there was a legend that Angers & Son had sometimes inspected the stores personally; had known the heads of departments by name, and been acquainted with the superintendents, but none remembered whether these things were so. Certainly, Mr. Davies knew everyone and everything, and his eyes were everywhere, but Mr. Davies was simply an employe, at the head of other employes; and as for the "Board," it seemed to have neither eyes nor ears nor any real existence. One could not, for instance, see it driving a four-in-hand or speeding a motor car and say, "See, there goes the Boss!" or point to its palatial residence and remark carelessly, "The old man does things in style, eh?" But these, and many similar pleasures the stores might have had if they had only known about Mr. Adam Torrance.

The Torrance residence alone would have furnished a mine of inexhaustible interest for the stores if a justifiable personal connection could have been established. The feudal spirit is alive in many of us yet, and although we would feel it meaningless to acknowledge it, the man to whom we give our service is not quite as other men. He must always be a little more or a little less. After all, there are only a few hundred years between the peasant gazing upon the castle of his over-lord with feelings of loyalty or envy according to his nature and the clerk passing by the modern palace of his

employer and eyeing it with the self-same feelings begotten of the self-same nature. "What wonderful changes the years make," we often say, but once in a while we wake up to the realization that years do not make so very much difference after all.

Fortunately or unfortunately, all of these natural interests in an employer's affairs and worldly state were denied the clerks of Angers & Son. They read daily in the papers of the things which Mr. Adam Torrance (and particularly Mrs. Adam Torrance) did and left undone, but they did not gasp or thrill or care a penny about it because the link which united all their little interests to the big interests of the Torrance family was invisible. So that when, just a week before the ribbon bargain sale, a terrible blow fell upon Adam Torrance and his wife in the kidnapping of their six-months' old baby, Elice, the case as reported by the papers was read and forgotten by the stores in an hour. There are so many sensations in the papers nowadays. Of course, if the stores had known that the lost baby belonged to the stores things would have been different. In that case the stores would have hummed and thrilled with interest and sympathy; every clerk worth his salt would have turned immediately into an amateur detective, and it is just possible that—but there is nothing more futile than discussing things that are just possible!

As a matter of fact Adam Torrance and his poor little wife did not think of the stores at all when the agony of their great loss came upon them. They thought of nothing day or night except Elice, little baby Elice, who had just begun to be troubled by a first tooth. The circumstances of the kidnapping were, according to the newspapers, "shrouded in impenetrable mystery." They, the papers, decided that the crime was "another of those base and cruel reprisals of the poor upon the rich which defy our methods of detection, and remain a blot upon the fair name of our country." Apparently it was not a case of capture for ransom. Eagerly the frantic parents waited for some word from the kidnapers, and as the suspense grew more terrible Adam Torrance let it be publicly known that he would pay. In spite of the fact that he was bound to a league of millionaires who had sworn (for the better protection of their children) that no ransoms would be paid to kidnapers, he let it be known that he would pay, nor indeed did those others seek to dissuade him. Human nature, touched in a vulnerable place, is apt to make light of contracts. In a week, to be exact, upon the day after the bargain sale, Mr. Torrance capitulated entirely, sent a notice to the papers begging for news of his lost daughter, and offering to pay anything in any way the kidnapers might demand.

"Make it as broad and as strong as possible," the white-faced young father told the silent reporters. "I'll do anything to get the baby back. I think my wife is dying. The baby will certainly die if it is not getting good care—what can these dastardly villains know about a baby? The police tell me to wait—wait—I'll not wait—the child may die while I'm waiting. Tell them to bring her back and I'll give them anything."

More than one of the reporters turned away and fumbled with the leaves of his notebook so that he might not see the agony on the poor fellow's face, and when they were in the street again they exploded into lurid comments upon the cowardly miscreants who had caused such misery.

The stores read all about it in the evening papers and also made comments, warm, but more detached, and wanted to know what our boasted civilization is coming to anyway if a man's own children aren't safe in their own nurse's arms.

"It seems to me to be a pretty lame story put up by that nurse," remarked Mr. Harcourt Flynn (otherwise Slippers) as he washed his nice white hands preparatory to sitting down to dinner in his apartments.

"Yes," said Miss Flynn. "Yes, it's lame, but if she had known more about it she would probably have had a better story."

"H'm! perhaps."

"So the paper says, anyway. They say she wept and wrung her hands and said that she had nursed babies for twenty-five years and such a thing had never happened before."

"Well, she'll have some fun getting another baby to nurse," said Mr. Flynn, grimly. "She left that child longer than she admits, depend on it. What puzzles me is why they don't come out after their money? Says he's willing to pay, doesn't he?"

"Rather."

"It's queer," continued Mr. Flynn, "that there should be such a fuss about some babies when there're so many lying around that no one has any use for. In a big store like Angers one see things."

"What things?" asked his sister curiously.

"Oh, things. Human nature, you know. Some women seem just to hate their children."

"Oh, I guess they don't mean it."

"Don't they? Well, there was a case of desertion yesterday at the ribbon counter."

Miss Flynn glanced quickly at the paper.

"Oh, it didn't get in the paper. Trust your brother for that!" Mr. Flynn smiled easily. "I wouldn't do me any good to have that kind of thing happen in my department. 'Gainst the rules (he pronounced it "rulls"), you know. So I was glad enough when one of the girls said that she knew the woman who left it and offered to take it home."

"But if the baby was really deserted, how could the girl have known the mother?"

"I thought of that myself," admitted Mr. Flynn, reflectively, "but she said she recognized her, and she ought to know. It isn't necessary to go behind that."

"Well, it seemed very queer."

"Lots of things are queer. Did you say dinner was ready, Amelia?"

"How big was it?" asked Miss Flynn abruptly.

"How big was what?"

"The baby, of course."

"How in the world should I know how big it was?"

Miss Flynn sighted. "Poor mite!" she said. "But if the young girl knew the mother perhaps it wasn't deserted after all."

"Perhaps it wasn't."

"Was it a boy or a girl?"

"Really, Amelia, what do you think I am?"

"Just a man, I suppose," said Miss Flynn, crossly. "You are thinking now twice as much about your dinner as you are about that poor deserted child."

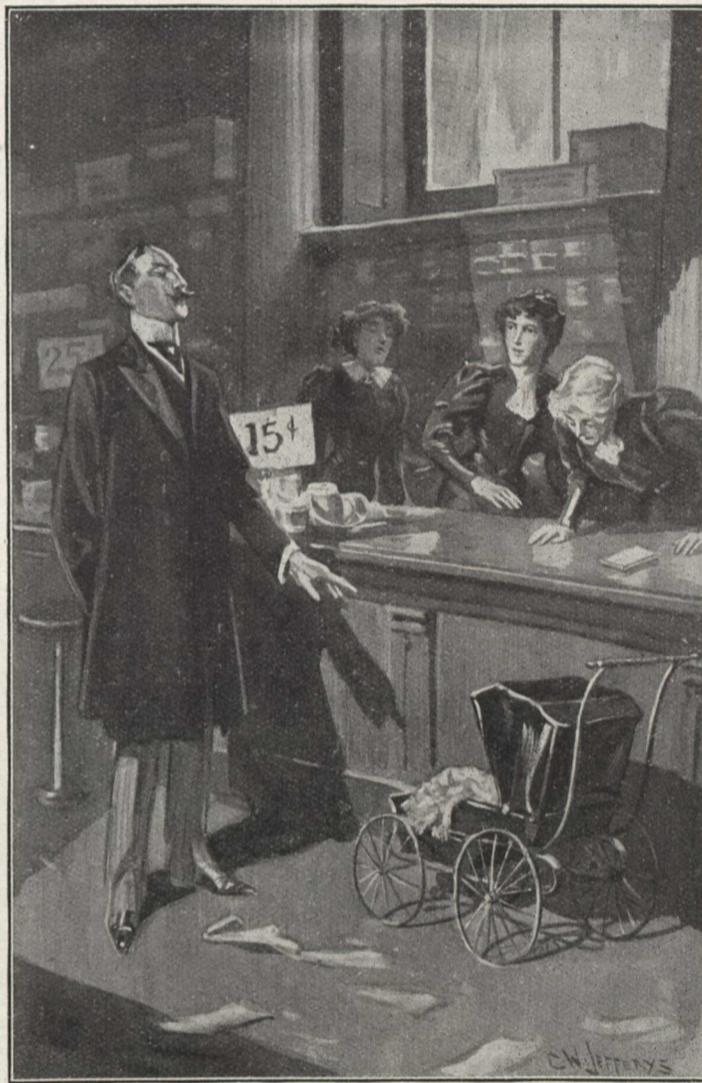
"If you would do the same, my dear, the potatoes might not be quite stone cold!"

"Miss Flynn lifted the covers from the tureens. "If I did not know better, Sam," said she, "I would think that you were absolutely the most heartless—"

CHAPTER III.

MR. THOMAS ALEXANDER BURNS had already walked up and down Brook Street thrice, and was walking down for the fourth time when, about the middle of a block, he almost ran over Miss Eden, walking up.

"Well, I declare, it's Mr. Burns!" said Miss



"Miss Twiss, why is the baby carriage here?"

Eden, using the pleasant formula, which always implies that one might possibly be someone else.

Mr. Burns, thus convinced of his own identity, lifted his hat, and for no apparent reason, blushed.

"I am trying to find a number," went on Miss Eden, drawing a slip of paper from her purse. "It is number 1620 Brook Street; Miss Brown's lodgings, you know. This is Brook Street, isn't it? I don't suppose you can tell me where she lives?"

"Oh, it ought to be quite easy to find the number," evaded the astute Mr. Burns. "It is not quite dark yet. Wonderful how these autumn evenings linger." He cleared his throat. "Number 1620, you say? It ought to be somewhere hereabouts, a few doors farther east, I fancy." All this with such a fine air of detachment that one must have been sharp indeed to have guessed that he had already passed number 1620 six times (three times up and three times down), and knew to a yard exactly how far they were from it at the present moment.

"I am going to call to see the baby, you know," said Miss Eden, confidentially. "Of course, as you are a friend of Miss Brown's, you have heard about the baby? Most of the girls have called already, but this is my first free evening, not that one can help much, but it is a friendly thing to do."

"Most kind, I am sure," agreed Mr. Burns, and then, as if upon sudden impulse, "I wonder, now, if it would be the friendly thing for me to call too?"

Miss Eden, who was really a rather stupid girl, looked surprised, but murmured that she was sure that Mr. Burns' call would be appreciated.

"Seeing that I am so close," added Mr. Burns.

"Why, yes."

"And as I happen to be going in that direction in any case?"

"I am sure it would be very nice," said Miss Eden. She had had the impression that Mr. Burns had been going in exactly the opposite direction when he had met her, but that was his business; nevertheless, it seemed to her, not knowing Mr. Burns' peculiar state of mind, that he was making a lot of fuss about a very little thing.

It was quite dusk when they reached the house which they sought. So dark that the facility with which Mr. Burns deciphered the number was little short of miraculous. Miss Eden, who had good eyes also could not see it at all.

"But I am sure it is the right house," she told him. "See all the windows. It is a regular house of windows! I recognize it from the description Miss Twiss gave me. Do you know Miss Twiss, the tall, dark girl with the big mouth? You'd like her! I'll introduce you some time. Say, isn't this a funny house?"

"Does Miss Twiss know Miss Brown well?"

"Not what you would call well. You see, Miss Brown is new. But she called to see how the baby was getting on. That's how she knew about the house. We can't see very well now, it is so dark, but Miss Twiss thinks Miss Brown is lucky to live in such rooms. It used to be quite a swell place when this part of the city was fashionable. Then it was a girl's school, until all the land around it was built up. That accounts for the number of windows."

"By Jove, it looks as if it were nearly all windows."

"Yes, bay windows. The idea was to give the school-girls lots of light, I suppose. Miss Brown told Miss Twiss that they make it very cold in winter, and ordinary curtains never look right, they are so high. Hist! someone's coming."

The door before them opened with a jerk, disclosing a bare-looking hall and a forbidding-looking personage with a large nose.

"Who do you want?" asked the personage abruptly.

"Do the Misses Brown live here?" asked Miss Eden, politely.

"Third-floor-back, on the left. You don't need to ring at this door. This hall's for everybody. The names are pasted on the wall." She pointed to a framed cardboard which was covered with names to which certain directions were attached.

The callers, however, did not wait to fathom its mysteries. Third-floor-back-to-the-left was sufficiently explicit, and they found their way easily to a door which bore upon a neat white card, "The Misses Brown."

At their knock there was a slight commotion behind the door, a laugh, and the noise of something being hurriedly pushed away. Then the door opened a trifle and Miss Brown's face appeared.

"Oh, Miss Eden, come in! We are just—Oh, Mr. Burns, I didn't—excuse me a moment."

In a sudden panic she partly closed the door again, and more sounds of confusion added to the red upon Mr. Burns' already embarrassed countenance. It was only a moment, however, and then the door was thrown hospitably open.

"Do come in!" said Miss Brown. "It was the baby's bath that was in the way. We had it on two chairs, and one of the chairs was against the door, and it nearly tipped. You needn't be afraid to sit on the chairs; they are quite dry."

"We thought," began Mr. Burns, "that we would call in to see how the baby was."

"I just couldn't sleep for thinking of that baby," declared Miss Eden. "I think it is the most romantic thing! But Mr. Burns needn't pretend that he was thinking about it, he just happened to meet me in the street and I reminded him."

Mr. Burns was gallantly understood to murmur "Not at all." (Luckily the windows of the Misses Brown did not look directly out upon Brook Street.)

Celia Brown smiled brightly at her visitors. Here in her room she seemed very different from the pale, quiet-looking girl of the ribbon counter at Angers. True, even there she had a certain attraction, else why the effect already produced upon the susceptible nature of Mr. Burns, but here one noticed for the first time that her hair was wavy and soft, her eyes were clean and pleasantly serious, and her lips no longer pinched and blue-looking. Her expression, too, was different; more alert, humorous, changeable, more human, in fact. Behind the counter she had a certain tired and anxious prettiness, and looked perhaps twenty-five, if not more. At home her prettiness glowed and blossomed, and one saw that she was certainly not yet twenty. This transformation bewildered while it enchanted Mr. Burns, but Miss Eden took it as a matter of course.

What did surprise Miss Eden was the wonderful comfort of the little room. Here at least the high narrow casements if the old-fashioned bay window had been manager successfully for the curtains which were of some dainty figured stuff, had been made to fit, and were surmounted by a graceful valance of the same material. This and a covered window seat with cushions, took away from the excessive height, and made what in most of the rooms was an eyesore into a pleasing lounging

A HONEYMOON IN HIDING

The Fascinating Adventures of a Romantic Honeymoon

By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY

CHAPTER I.

"ONLY another day! I can't believe it. This time to-morrow you will be my wife. You will have a wedding-ring on your finger, and a Mrs. to your name; you will be Mrs. Pat Hilbert, and little Gwen Nugent will be no more. Bless her little heart, she was a sweet thing. But Gwen Hilbert—Gwen Hilbert will be just a thousand times sweeter. I'm going to love her a thousand times more. Don't I wish it were three o'clock to-morrow afternoon when all the frustration was over, and we were safely started on our honeymoon!"

"I don't. Not I. It's my very own wedding, and I'm going to enjoy every moment of the day. I've the prettiest dress, and the prettiest bridesmaids, and the prettiest presents that ever were seen, and it you were a polite bridegroom you'd have interrupted me before now to say that I was the prettiest bride. And I'll simply love walking up the aisle and seeing all the people craning and staring just for the privilege of seeing *Me*, and seeing you standing there waiting, and feeling that it's really and truly true at last, and we are going to be married! The service part itself is solemn, but you and I are so perfectly, utterly one, that it's a beautiful solemnity, for we are only longing to be bound. How will you feel when he says: 'I do now pronounce them man and wife,' and the organ peals out, *Tum—tum—te rum tum tum tum?*" Gwen's right hand strummed an impassioned bar from the "Wedding March" on her lover's knee. "I've sat listening to it so many times—from a back pew—feeling so flat and dull, knowing that I had to go home to darn stockings and eat cold mutton for dinner, but this time it will be for me, that glorious crash of sound—for You and Me, and I'll be the bride coming floating down the aisle, with my veil thrown back, smiling at the back pews out of my beautiful new world. Oh, I'll love it; I'll love it. And you, poor dear, you might as well love it too, and be'aisy. Nobody'll look at you. You'll be hidden by my veil and my train and my flowers, and no one will give you a second thought. It's Gwen Nugent's day. Exit Gwen Nugent in a blaze of glory. She's going to marry a doctor; a poor, struggling, unknown G. P., and be good and industrious ever after. Amen. Kiss me at once!"

The prospective bridegroom obeyed expansively, and with admirable despatch. Then he rumbled his hair and sighed, and said:

"Yes. Poor! that's the deuce of it. I can't help worrying about the house and wondering if we have done right in undertaking such a big rent. I can't bear to think that you may be tight, and have to do without things you have been accustomed to. If the practice does as well as we expect, we ought to be pretty comfortable in a few years, but this furnishing business is horribly expensive—and just for the moment—"

"I know. We've got to look at every sixpence before we spend it, and turn it over several times and reflect seriously if threepence wouldn't do instead. Who cares? I don't. We shall have each other, and piles of new clothes, and a houseful of new old furniture, and all the pots and pans and brooms and brushes and uninteresting etceteras spick and span, so that the cook won't have to say every second day, 'I shall require a blacking-brush and two new saucers.' (That's the way the money goes). And if you grumble about your food, I can always retort that you *told* me to be economical. Did you call in at the house to-day as you passed? How is its dear little self?"

"I did. It is looking wonderfully straight and settled. The boxes you sent in are locked up in the storeroom, and I've got the key on my bunch. I've written to the police to keep a sharp lookout, and asked them to warn the neighbors on both sides that the house is empty. It's insured, too, against fire and burglary, so I think we have taken all precautions. The maids are to go in two days before we arrive, aren't they? Sure that's enough?"

"Quite! There's nothing to do but to dust and stoke and get in provisions. I'll pick out the knick-knacks myself. Cousin Emily has been badgering me to let her do it. As if I would! People are so officious about a new house; especially unmarried cousins; they are capable of arranging the whole thing while you are away, and expecting you to be pleased and grateful. That's why I insisted upon getting everything ready before we leave. They think we are mad not to leave a caretaker in charge, but I know what *that* would mean, cousins popping in from morning to night, fussing and 'improving,' and I won't allow anyone to improve my own home but its own mistress. We had quite a scene on the subject; they thought I was very ungrateful, and to appease them I had to agree that they should look in once or twice as they were driving past, just to 'see that all was right.' They have a key, but I don't think they will attempt any alter-

ations now. I'm longing to get into our own house, Pat. You are going to have a house of your own, Pat. And a honeymoon. Do you realize it? Do you tremble? It's commonly agreed that a honeymoon is a most critical and disillusionising experience. I've read reams about it in the magazine pages of newspapers. 'For the first time these two young people find themselves left alone to their own resources, the rain falls, the wind howls against the panes of the country hotel. A feeling of deadly *ennui* possesses the groom.' Pat! I shall kill you if you are possessed by a feeling of deadly *ennui*."

Pat laughed, a ringing, self-confident laugh. "So you may. You have my full permission. My honeymoon is going to last all my life, and feel too short when I get to the end. As to this preliminary canter, darling, we'll have all the fun we can out of our fifty pounds, and I leave it entirely to you to settle how it's to be spent. We'll be reckless and extravagant, and blow it in a week, or we'll be careful and provident, and eke it out for a month; but when it's finished, back we come. We can't afford to spend any more just now. I fancy you and I can contrive to get a fair amount of happiness out of fifty pounds and our own resource. Eh, little bride?"

"Oh, Pat!" cried Gwen, sighing. "Isn't it a heavenly world?"

CHAPTER II.

PAT and Gwen Hilbert had been married for exactly two hours and three-quarters. Their heads were thrust out of the door of a first-class railway compartment, the window of which bore a label reserving it for their exclusive use. They were occupied in waving adieu to the best man, and in regarding with benign patronage the scurrying masses of miserable, ordinary people on the platform who were *not* starting off on a honeymoon.

"Excursion or something!" volunteered the best man vaguely. "But you're all right, anyway. Boxes in the second van at the back. Ta-ta! Bless you, my children. Bear up."

Pat showed his straight, white teeth in the most beaming of smiles; Gwen screwed up her little nose in a saucy grimace; the sun shone full on their faces, and showed them so young, so handsome, so radiantly happy and content, that they seemed the habitants of another world from the careworn figures on the platform. And so in good truth they were. Then, with a jolt and a roar, the train glided out of the station, and the honeymoon was begun. The newly-married pair seated themselves, and smiled rapturously into each other's faces.

"At last! We're off! We've left them all behind. I've got you all to myself. Hurrah! Mrs. Hilbert, I love you. You're the nicest married woman I've ever met. You looked adorable in church. I'm not sure that you don't look more adorable now. Is that a 'going-away gown'? Will it be described in the papers? Will it say, 'the bride wore a dress the color of her eyes, with trimmings the color of her hair, and jolly little lace fixings at the throat, and a long, curly feather that tickled her husband's cheek?'"

Mrs. Hilbert laughed and tossed the aforesaid feather in the air.

"It has been exciting. Such a lovely day, and such crowds in the church, and everyone so kind. I have enjoyed myself. I wish it were all coming over again. Did I really look nice? It was so aggravating being inside the veil and not able to see. Did you hear any remarks as we came out of church?"

"What sort of remarks?"

"Oh—h—about *me*! Nice remarks—people saying I looked pretty, or anything like that? I heard nothing but one great long 'Oh—h!' There was a man at the gate taking snapshots. I do hope we shall see them."

The bridegroom shivered.

"I hope we don't. Like his impudence! About fifty people have told me that I was a lucky fellow, and every man in the church was blue with envy, but I was too much taken up with you to listen to stray remarks. It's just as I said, Gwen Hilbert is a thousand times lovelier and dearer than Gwen Nugent. Take off your glove and show me your ring. I want to see how it looks."

Gwen complied with a smile, and then, with sudden remembrance, held out her hand towards him.

"Look. The bracelet. Mrs. Maddison gave it to me at the reception. Brought it in her pocket, and slipped it on when she shook hands. Wasn't it sweet of her? Isn't it a pet?"

"Turquoise and diamonds. Very pretty indeed. What a pile of jewelry you have. That reminds me—I had a present too—a cheque from Bremner. It arrived last night, and I put it in my pocket-book

with the rest. Something more to add on to our honeymoon fund, darling. I'll hand it over to you to spend in some of your beloved old furniture shops. There are always lots of them about in holiday places. You shall go and buy something the first wet day, when you want something to do."

"Pat, you darling. May I really? How lovely of you! I'm simply longing for a bureau—a really old one—to put in the den. What's the matter?"

"Er, nothing. I am just—I thought I put—"

Pat frowned slightly as he thrust his hand into one pocket after another, and brought it out empty. He rose from his seat and stood stretched to his full height, a tall, supple figure diving that impatient hand now here, now there, a second, a third time into the same pockets, while the frown deepened on his brow. "Where *can* it be?"

Gwen smiled with easy reassurance. "Poor boy, what piles of pockets! It must be dreadfully confusing to be a man. Let *me* feel. No, it certainly isn't there. You must have put it in your bag."

"I never—" began Pat emphatically, then checked himself, and turned to lift his crocodile handbag from the rail. His face grew perceptibly paler, it grew paler still when a few moments' hurried turning over of contents revealed no signs of the missing book. "No; it's not here! *Gwen!* It can't be—I can't possibly have lost—"

"No, no, dear. Don't get flustered. Think. When did you have it last? Have you paid anything this morning?"

"I gave Masters five pounds for our fares and small expenses. Here's the change." He thrust his hand into a trousers pocket and drew out a promiscuous jumble of coins. "I had it this morning. I put Bremner's note besides the others—two twenty-fives. I remembered distinctly putting it in my pocket. *By Jove!* He sat down on the seat with a sudden thud, as if a devastating remembrance had robbed his muscles of their power. "I remember now. A man knocked against me in the crowd. I thought it was an accident, a seedy-looking fellow with a hatchet face, a pickpocket, no doubt. He apologized and cut out of sight. He's got it, Gwen! For a ducat he's got it. He spotted us, no doubt, and guessed I should be worth plundering. It's gone. Our fifty pounds—the money for our honeymoon."

"Wait a minute, darling; wait a minute. Don't take the worst for granted. Is there nowhere else you can look? No other pocket; no other bag? You are *sure* you didn't give it to anyone to keep? People are not always *quite* responsible on their wedding mornings—I did the silliest things. No? But then, even at the worst, dear, didn't you take the numbers of the cheques?"

Pat started; a light flashed in his eyes, then hopelessly flickered out, while the red stained his cheek.

"Er—yes, of course. I always do. But, you see, the dickens of it is, as a matter of fact, I wrote them in the pocketbook itself."

"I see," said Gwen demurely. She pressed her lips together, but the corners twitched, and the next moment she burst into a peal of laughter.

"So much for your methodical business habits. Oh, Pat, you unfortunate creature, what a handle you *have* given me! Never again will you dare to accuse *me* of carelessness. And you have not the least idea what the numbers were, or any way of such lots of money lately, poor dear, haven't you? What a mercy you did, and that there wasn't more left in the book. Don't look so miserable, dear. If it's gone it's gone, and it's no use grizzling."

"How can I help it? Think what it means. I could kill myself. It's enough to make anyone miserable. How you *can* laugh!"

"Of course I can laugh. It's my wedding day, and I couldn't be miserable for fifty times fifty pounds. If you can, I'm very much annoyed. What's fifty pounds when you've got a wife?"

"Darling!" There was a rueful not in Pat's voice. "It's just because of the wife that I want it so badly. I couldn't have a honeymoon without a wife, but now it looks precious like having the wife without a honeymoon. If the money has gone, Of course, I could wire to the bank for more, but—"

Gwen shook her head.

"No, certainly not. We made up our minds that we must not draw any more. Whatever we do, we must not begin our married life by being reckless and improvident. You've spent far more money than you expected on furnishing. That's my fault, but I don't repent it. When you mean to live with things all your life, they ought to be good and congenial, and those dear old tables and cabinets are going to be real friends to me, but I won't let you make any more holes into your poor little capital. You shan't draw another penny piece."



"But our honeymoon. Can you bear to give it up? We shan't have any honeymoon."

Gwen tossed her head; the light of battle shined in her eyes.

"I'm going to have it. It's my very own honeymoon, and nothing in the world shall take it from me. Nothing can, so long as you love me, and are kind. We haven't as much money as we expected—very well, then, we'll have to change our plans. We'll use our wits and think of something we can do which will cost a quarter as much, and be four times as nice. That's easy. Everything is easy when you are just married to the very nicest person in the whole big world. Kiss me and smile, and don't dare to look grumpy, or I shall think you have married me for my fortune—fifty pounds a year and a grand piano—and fifteen silver bon-bon dishes. That's better. Now you look more like yourself. Let's turn out your pockets and see how much worldly pelf we still own between us."

Gwen took a tiny purse from her pocket as she spoke and rained the contents on her lap. Pat dived into his trousers pocket and added his quota to the store; dived again and produced two sovereigns and two first-class return tickets to —, which done, Gwen proceeded to add up the combined amount.

"Three, five, six—six sovereigns in gold, one in silver, that's seven. Seven pounds—four shillings—and eightpence. How much can we honeymoon for seven pounds four shillings and eightpence? How much does it cost to live in an hotel?"

"Getting on to a pound a day per head, in the swagger ones, that's to say, like the one which we're bound for to-day. The cheaper ones will do you for ten and six. Even so, with the extras that always crop up, we could only last out for three or four days. It's hopeless to think of it. It's the most confounded hard luck I ever heard."

"Dear boy, it might be worse. Millions of people have honeymoons on less than that and manage to be happy and comfortable."

"I suppose they do, for a couple of days at Margate or Southend, and then make straight for home. I don't care a hang about other people. I'm thinking of ourselves. "What in the world shall we do?"

"Wait," cried Gwen breathlessly, "wait."

She sat bolt upright in her seat, her lips pressed together, her eyes wide and intent. One saw at a glance that something had been said which had brought with it an inspiration, which she was engaged in turning over in her fertile brain. Her husband watched her; his face full of tender regret. His little wife, who was beginning her trials and disappointments so early. Seven pounds for a honeymoon! Great Cæsar's ghost!

"Pat!" cried Gwen breathlessly. "Why shouldn't we 'make for home,' instead of a big formal hotel?"

Her face shone with happy anticipation, but so far from being infected by her enthusiasm, her bridegroom's voice rang with horrified reproach.

"Gwen! Go back? To town? Back to the fuss and bustle and the whole crowd of relations flocking round us, questioning, advising, interfering. How can you? It would be hateful!"

"It would indeed. I quite agree. You don't understand what I mean. Listen now, and don't interrupt. You won't agree at first, men are such conventional dears, but if you think it over, you will see its points. What do we want most of all? To be alone together, far from the madding crowd. I've always been so thankful I wasn't born a grandee who was so fated to go off for a honeymoon accompanied by a maid and a valet, to stay at a mansion 'kindly lent for the occasion,' crammed with other menials, all employed in staring and taking notes. Even in an hotel there are waiters. How could we have cosy little meals with waiters standing behind our chairs, and handing dishes with a basilisk calm, while you ask me if I take pepper, or I ask you how many pieces of sugar—and we blush and upset our wine. The couples have the best of it who are quite alone. Pat, it's impossible to pay board and lodging out of seven pounds; let's cut the lodgings and go home. Listen! Listen! This is what I suggest." She drew nearer to him, fixing him with her eyes, holding upward a dramatic hand. "To-morrow morning we hie back to town, carrying the simplest things we possess, packed in two handbags, leave our heavy luggage in the left-luggage office, take a cab to the corner of the road, and steal softly into our house by the back door. That back door is going to be our salvation. How thankful we ought to be that we have

not only an 'airey' like so many town houses. There's nothing down that lane but other back doors and the doctor's stable. It will be easy to run the blockade, and once inside the rest is easy. You said yourself that the house looked wonderfully in order. All the absolute needfuls are there, and the rest we can do without. And there we'll be, and there we'll stay—a pair of Babes in the Wood, lying *perdu* in their own house, while all the world supposes them to be miles away, and there'll be no one to stare, and no one to quiz, and I'll cook your little meals, and you'll brush my little boots, and we'll play at love in a cottage, and it will be just the loveliest, most amusing game that ever was played. Well?"

Her husband smiled at her with fond admiration. It was a mad scheme, of course; quite, quite mad and impracticable, but there was no denying that it had its points. His expression brightened; his voice held a lingering regret.

"You romantic little schemer! I don't care one rap where I am, so long as I am with you. That's the one point that matters, but it's impracticable, dear. There are a dozen things. Fires, for instance. Couldn't have a fire, because the smoke would give you away. All very well to talk about

may be the largest city in the world, but have you ever tried avoiding anyone in it? I have. You run bang into him at the next corner."

"In the West End. Yes, just so. But we'd avoid the West End, and spend our time in the London that's as far away from Hyde Park as John o' Groat's House, or a good deal farther. We'd get into a taxi at the corner, and whirl out of the danger zone, and then—then we'd be in a new land, among new people, and see all sorts of interesting places and things that no born Londoner knows out of a guide book. We'd go to theatres where the stalls cost a shilling, and dine in fascinating restaurants for eightpence a head, including wine; or if we were tired we'd taxi back with an armful of plunder, and spend a cosy evening in our rooms. Don't make any more objections, Pat, if you love me. I'm so in love with the idea. I—I really am beginning to be glad you lost that money. It's going to be the most original honeymoon that was ever spent."

"A honeymoon in hiding!" said Pat softly. He made no further objection, but took his wife's hand in his, and held it firm and close. "I—I don't believe there's another girl in the world who would have been such a brick. Arrange it as you like, darling. I don't care. So long as I'm with you."

CHAPTER III.

THE honeymooners had been two days established in their own house. They had flown back to town winged with horror at the surprising inroads made in their small capital in twenty-four hours' sojourn in a fashionable hotel, and had succeeded in raiding their lawful dwelling with unexpected, almost disappointing, ease. A taxi conveyed them to the corner of the street, where they had divided company, Pat making boldly for the front door, prepared with an explanation of his mission, if by chance he were intercepted *en route*, while Gwen waited trembling at the corner, attired in an inconspicuous blue serge costume, with a motor veil swathed closely round her head. Each carried a tightly packed handbag, supplemented, in the bride's case, by a basket of provisions, while the bridegroom's pockets bulged wide, and beneath the flap of his coat lurked a quart bottle filled with paraffin oil. He felt as if every eye in London were focused upon him as he ascended the steps of his own house and turned the key in the lock, but in reality no single person troubled to cast a glance. The opposite neighbors had their windows tightly swathed in Nottingham lace, and took far more interest in the Fiji mission than in the inhabitants of the surrounding houses. The old maid to the left was confined to bed with a cold; the large family to the right were engaged in their own pursuits; the policeman was pacing the extreme end of his beat; the pedestrians saw no cause for suspicion in the innocent spectacle of a young man opening a door by means of a latch key. Pat dropped his impedimenta on the nearest table, and hurried down the passage to find the key of the back door, and give admittance to his waiting spouse.

"Welcome home, Mrs. Hilbert by the back door!" he whispered gaily, and they danced an impromptu gavotte along the passage.

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home! Mustn't all the dear little chairs and tables be pleased to see us?"

Under Gwen's able management the empty shell of a house soon attained comfort, so far at least as two rooms were concerned. The spare bedroom, in which various boxes had been locked away, could still remain locked by day, hiding all sign of occupation; and by way of sitting-room, choice fell upon a small apartment on the second floor which had been destined to be used as a general writing and work room, for the use of both husband and wife. Two considerations prompted this choice; in the first place, the room was situated on the second floor, thereby a few minutes' grace would be vouchsafed to its occupants if the officious relations carried out their threat of paying a surprise visit to the house; the second, and almost more important reason lay in the fact that one entire end of the room was filled in by a fixture cupboard, which would offer a convenient hiding-place from an attacking force.

A former tenant had erected this cupboard; may his tribe increase! It was divided into three partitions, the centre, filled with deep, capacious shelves, the two side spaces left open, and sur-

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"The next moment she burst into a peal of laughter."

meals, but how can you cook without fires? And neighbors? Neighbors would hear sounds, and give the alarm. And lights? The gas is not turned on. Can't get it turned on without giving away the show. We'd be run down in a day."

Gwen rolled her eyes to the hat rack in dramatic impatience.

"The denseness, the stupidity of men! They've no invention in them. We wouldn't have a fire, stupid. I can do all the cooking that's needed on the little oil stove I had in my diggings, and warm myself at it into the bargain. You'll have to turn up your coat collar and go out for oil, while I keep guard at the back door. In days to come, when you are court physician with a handle to your name, you'll love to think how you smuggled in that oil. You'll be prouder of it than any of your honors. The neighbors will be too much engrossed with their own affairs to listen for odd noises: we mustn't make odd noises, anyway. Everybody is agreed that there is no light so pleasant and becoming as candles. So much for that. What's the next objection?"

"What could we do? Supposing, even, that all went right in the house, how could you propose to pass the time? The moment we stepped out of the door, we should meet every single soul we knew, or had ever met. There'd be a fatality in it. London



A HOUSE FOR SALE

The Wonderful Influence of Ideas and Red Paint

By T. R. GAINES

The brass sign read:

DENNIS CORRIGAN
IDEAS
Third Floor

"This is the place, Molly," whispered the tall, lanky man to the trim little woman who accompanied him. The couple had come to Toronto to interview Mr. Dennis Corrigan.

They pushed open a door, entered the elevator at the end of the hallway and were speedily landed on the required floor. Right opposite the elevator was the office of the man whom they had come to consult. A hurried whisper, and they were in the office of the great genius who had an idea to suit every trouble. A trim stenographer tripped over the green carpeted floor and asked how they could be served.

"We want to see Mr. Corrigan," replied the man. "All right, sir," said the stenographer. "Fill in your name and address on this card, also the nature of your business, and you can see Mr. Corrigan in a few minutes." The couple seated themselves, and the man started to fill in the blank card which the girl had given him.

Name—Carl C. Henderson.

Address—Oshawa, Ontario.

Nature of Business for Interview—Sale of a house.

"Now, my girl," said Mr. Henderson, "try to get us an audience as soon as possible."

In a few minutes the closing of a door leading from the private office to the outside hallway was heard. Almost simultaneously, with the exit of the previous client, the stenographer returned and beckoned the couple to advance, and a moment later they were ushered into the private sanctum of Mr. Dennis Corrigan. A clean-shaven, almost corpulent man was seated near a large desk. He gave a quick glance upwards when the Hendersons entered. "Be seated," he said, "and let me know briefly how I can be of service to you."

Mr. Henderson coughed once or twice and stammered something. Seeing a look of annoyance cross the face of Corrigan, he suddenly blurted out, "Mr. Corrigan, I can't tell you what we came here for, but Molly—I mean Mrs. Henderson—can."

The eyes of the idea man rested approvingly for a few seconds on the pretty face of the lady, and he said, "Go ahead, madam, I am listening."

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, my husband bought a house about two years ago in Oshawa. We paid a reasonable price for it. At the time we bought the house, my husband had a grocery store at Picton, Ont., which we have since had to dispose of owing to the illness of Mr. Henderson. Now, Mr. Corrigan, my husband is fully recovered, and has an opportunity to buy back his store for \$4,000, that's the amount he paid for his house. All our capital is entirely gone, and our only asset is the house. Since my husband's recovery—two months ago—we have spent more than \$50 advertising the house, but cannot get even a person to make us an offer."

Mrs. Henderson paused a moment in her recital and in a faltering voice continued, "And, Mr. Corrigan, I have to tell you the worst part of the whole affair. If my husband cannot sell the house by Monday next, the store will be sold to someone else, and here it is Tuesday morning, and only these few days left. Oh, Mr. Corrigan, please help us, won't you? We heard through a friend that you are a wonderful man. That's why we came here, as a last resort." Mrs. Henderson began to sob, and her husband looked mighty uncomfortable.

Mr. Corrigan rose to his full six feet of sleek manhood, and turning to Henderson, said, "Now, my good man, get your wife composed, and take her home, and you will hear from me in a few days. By the way, my fee is \$100 for every case I undertake, but as you have explained your circumstances, I will not demand payment until Monday next after I sell your house."

"Mr. Corrigan," cried Mrs. Henderson, "are you really going to sell the house?"

"Not a doubt in the world about it," was the answer. "You can expect me out next Friday to look over the property, and probably on Saturday the sale will be made."

Stammering their heartfelt thanks the Hendersons were ushered out, and Mr. Corrigan seated himself at the desk to await another impatient client.

The following and successive days of the week,

the leading newspaper in the town contained the following "ad." in the personal column:

"An ideal home for sale at a tremendous sacrifice. House is admirably situated in Oshawa. A newly-married couple would find it a regular little paradise. For a family it would prove equally splendid.

"For an aged couple to pass the evening of their life, no finer place could possibly be had.

"The house and grounds will be sacrificed for \$5,000. Sickness alone makes this bargain possible. Address at once for appointment to see the house, Home Sweet Home, *Daily Record*."

Promptly the following Friday a red auto drew up in front of the home of Mr. Carl Henderson. Mr. Dennis Corrigan alighted, and stepped briskly along the gravel walk that led to the front door. A sharp ring at the door-bell brought a speedy response in the person of Mrs. Henderson. She was gowned in a neat and most becoming frock which seemed to suit the critical inspection of Mr. Corrigan.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "We feared you had forgotten us, Mr. Corrigan. Have you got a purchaser for the house?"

"Not yet, madam," was the reply. "But I must look over the premises and see what requires to be done."

"What do you mean, Mr. Corrigan? You cannot improve the house except by a fresh coat of paint, and as it happens, the house was painted very recently."

"I will explain in a few minutes, madam," was the reply. "Meanwhile, give me ten or fifteen minutes to investigate and I will lay my plan of campaign before you."

The puzzled little woman returned to her domestic duties and wished her husband would soon return and try to find out what the strange Mr. Corrigan was trying to do.

The idea man rapidly surveyed the house and grounds. He held a large notebook in his hand and made copious notes from time to time. Meanwhile, Mr. Henderson had returned, and was informed by his wife of the strange procedure of Mr. Corrigan.

When finally his canvass of the premises was completed, Corrigan joined the Hendersons on their sunny veranda.

"Good morning, Mr. Corrigan," said Henderson, as he advanced with outstretched hand.

Salutations having been heartily returned, Mr. Corrigan seated himself and, producing his memorandum book, began to read from the notes.

"The first thing we will start on," he said, "is the house. It is all right, the location is good, but it needs sprucing up. In its present condition it is unsaleable, but inside of a few hours we will have it in a saleable shape. The grounds are in a bad condition, the trees are uncared for, and you must confess it kills the good points of the house. I firmly believe it is on account of the surroundings of your home that you were unable to get a purchaser. By the way, Mr. Henderson, what is that green fruit on those two big trees over there?" Corrigan pointed to the trees in question, which Henderson defined as "sour wild apples."

Mr. Corrigan paused a moment, and turning to Mrs. Henderson, exclaimed, "Now, madam, we must get busy. Bring a paper and pencil and write down the things we need to make our sale a success."

In a moment, Mrs. Henderson returned with the writing implements and wonderingly proceeded to write down the list of the things which Mr. Corrigan read off: One can of red paint, one paint brush, two barrels of ripe red apples, three hammocks, two garden swings, a quantity of potted plants, a parrot, and a large cage.

"What in the world do you need the red paint for?" asked Mr. Henderson.

"You'll see," said Mr. Corrigan, "the judicious use I can put the paint to, so get a hustle on, as it is nearly noon, and have all these things here as quickly as possible. I presume you will have to buy the paint and apples, but the rest of the stuff you can borrow from your neighbors, and if you pick up half a dozen porch chairs and an invalid chair as well, they would prove mighty useful."

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson exchanged frightened glances. There was no doubt in their minds that Corrigan was crazy, but as he had extricated their dearest friend, Mr. Muzzle, from a serious scrape, each inwardly determined to see it through, and trust the idea man to win or lose. Mr. Henderson wended his way to town to make the necessary purchases, and Mrs. Henderson was soon interviewing her neighbors in a quest for chairs, swings, plants, parrot, etc.

Mr. Corrigan had autoed away, promising to return at 4 p.m. sharp to complete his laying out of the grounds. Right on the hour he was back, and a scene of indescribable confusion met his gaze. The grounds were covered with potted geraniums and

other plants, and a large variety of porch chairs were scattered around. Three hammocks were tangled up in an old-fashioned invalid chair and on the veranda several canaries were chirping merrily. Mr. Corrigan smiled with gratification. He knew that he had the material. All that was necessary now were the finishing touches.

"Come here, Jim," he shouted to his chauffeur. "Get into these overalls. We have two hours of hard work ahead of us." The chauffeur swung himself to the ground, took off his coat and got into the overalls.

Just at that moment Corrigan heard a shrill feminine voice shouting, "I've got it, I've got it! Mr. Corrigan, I've got the parrot!" Mrs. Henderson was advancing swinging a big cage wherein repose a gaily-plumaged bird. "Oh, Mr. Corrigan, I had such hard work to get him. You know, this is the only parrot around here. He belongs to old Miss Jones, who loves him like a brother, and I had the job of my life to secure him for a day."

"You have done well, Mrs. Henderson. We can arrange things very nicely now, and I can assure you of making a sale to-morrow at a higher price, too, than you expect; but here comes your husband."

When Mr. Henderson joined them, his face was expressionless. He could not make head or tail of the proceedings. The pot of red paint and the barrels of apples puzzled him especially. The smiling face of his wife when she greeted him, was exceedingly satisfying. The confident air of the idea man was equally assuring, and as he did not ask for any further details he did not receive any.

"Now, Mr. Henderson, said Corrigan, "if we sell the plants and birds with the house, can you arrange it with the owners?"

"No! No!" exclaimed Mrs. Henderson, "not the birds. I can easily arrange the chairs, plants and hammocks, but Miss Jones would never get over the shock if I sold her parrot."

"Well, then, it is settled. The birds will be returned, but all the other stuff must go. Now," continued Mr. Corrigan, "I want to know if you wish to dispose of your furniture with the house. If so, tell me your price, and I will make a clean sweep of the whole business, including the borrowed things as well."

The Hendersons consulted together and finally announced that \$1,000 would be acceptable to them for all the paraphernalia inside and outside of the house. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Corrigan," said Henderson, "but what use can a barrel of apples and a pot of red paint be in selling a house?"

"That is my secret, Mr. Henderson," said the idea man, "but I can assure you it will be the main help in the sale." Mr. Henderson shook his head and sank back into one of the borrowed porch chairs.

"Mrs. Henderson," said Corrigan, "it will be necessary for you to remove your belongings at once, and leave the house in my possession."

"Leave the house! What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Your home will be sold, lock, stock and barrel, to-morrow, and you both must clear out at once; so pack your trunks, and I will take you in my auto to a hotel, where you can stay until I bring you the price of the house." Half an hour later, the Hendersons were safely located in the hotel, both wondering how it all was going to end.

When Corrigan joined his chauffeur a little later, he found considerable order had been produced from the chaos. Hammocks were swung from the trees, green, red and white porch chairs were artistically distributed on the walks and porch, chirping canaries in gay-colored cages were hanging from various points of vantage, and potted plants were effectively landscaped. "Good work, Jim, good work!" exclaimed Corrigan. "It is easy to see you are not an amateur in sprucing up real estate for sale. By the way, Jim, where did you put the parrot?"

"In the parlor," said Jim. "He jabbered such a lot of rubbish, I couldn't stand it no longer, so I locked him up in the parlor."

"Jim," said the idea man, "fetch me a ladder, while I open the red paint."

The ladder was soon on the scene. Corrigan placed it against the branches of one of the wild apple trees. "Here, Jim, take this paint and brush and let me see how nicely you can doctor up these green things and make them look ripe and luscious. I will unload the real apples and proceed to plant them."

A few minutes later Corrigan rolled a big barrel of apples under the tree where Jim was doing his painting.

"Keep up the good work," shouted Corrigan. "That tree certainly looks the real thing. These painted apples actually make my mouth water."

It did not take very long to fix up the second tree, and instead of miserable green apples, the trees were loaded with tempting, rosy fruit. Scattered all over the ground under the trees were scores of real

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MR. DRAKE'S TREASURE



How a Ghost Guarded the Jewels

By MR. JOHN K. LEYS

Author of "By an Unseen Hand," "Held in the Toils," etc.

WE had only been three months married when the blow fell. The senior partner in the firm that employed me died; the business was amalgamated with that of a rival concern; there was a general readjustment of men and posts; and the result was that I lost my billet.

I knew by bitter experience what it was to haunt the London offices in search of work, hungry and despairing; and if it had not been for Mary I should have given way to despair. She was far braver than I, partly, perhaps, because I had "been there," and she had not.

Of course, I set myself to find a new berth of some kind, but I had an inward presentiment that I would not succeed. I did not succeed. Day by day our little stock of money melted away; each day I grew a little thinner, a little shabbier.

One poor little asset I had, rather uncommon among London clerks—a working knowledge of Hindustani. This I had picked up from my ayah—I was born in Delhi—and thinking that it might come in useful some day I had improved my knowledge of it as I grew older.

But Hindustani was a drug in the market, and subsequently I discovered that scarcely any clerks are engaged to go to India nowadays.

At last one morning, while searching the columns of the *Daily Trumpet*, my eyes lit on the words I had despaired of ever beholding—"One with knowledge of Hindustani preferred." I shouted for joy, made a spring at Mary, kissed her rapturously, and with scarcely a word of explanation, and no breakfast, rushed out of the house.

Mr. Timothy Drake I found to be a short, stout, elderly man about sixty years of age, with a shock of iron-gray hair that rose straight up from his forehead like a ruff, an all-round set of whiskers, a brick-like complexion and a fiery eye.

He greeted me in Hindustani, and I replied in the same language. A few questions and answers in the same tongue, and when they were ended Mr. Drake frowned and fell into a brown study.

Presently he aroused himself.

"Good, so far," said he. "And now, what can you do? Anything beyond making entries in ledgers and writing formal business letters?"

"I once managed a tin mine in Cornwall for a few months," I answered, diffidently.

He snorted contemptuously.

"I want a man to be sub-manager on a tea plantation, under supervision, of course. Tin and tea are not quite the same thing."

I sorrowfully admitted that this was true, and hinted that I was not too old to learn.

He did not seem to hear me.

"Any objection to going up country?"

"Not the least," I answered.

"There is one thing I should warn you of," said Mr. Drake, slowly, looking me full in the face. "The natives with whom you will be brought into contact are extremely superstitious. They have their own magic, and they are rather fond of practising their arts on white men they may wish to get rid of. I don't say there is anything in it, mind you, and I don't say there isn't. But I have seen some queer things myself"—here Mr. Drake's voice dropped to a whisper—"very queer things indeed. Now—"

"Oh, I'm all right as far as that goes, sir," I interrupted confidently. "I haven't an ounce of superstition in my composition."

"Do you mean that?" asked Mr. Drake, suddenly leaning forward in his chair.

"Certainly I do."

"Then perhaps you wouldn't mind helping me in a little bit of private business which requires some nerve."

"I should esteem it a pleasure," I answered promptly.

He smiled grimly.

"I doubt whether you will think so if you undertake it," said he. "The case is this:

"My grandfather, who died a good many years ago, held an important post in the East India Company's service; he seems to have been a bold, resolute and unscrupulous kind of man. He lived nearly all his life in India, and came home to enjoy the money he had made, forgetting that his time for enjoyment had fled, never to return.

"He was reputed to be a very wealthy man, but his wealth consisted principally of precious stones, how obtained we had better not enquire.

"He died at an advanced age, and the curious thing was that his jewels seemed to have predeceased him. They could not be found anywhere. Some thought that the old gentleman (who was not of an amiable disposition) had thrown them into the Thames sooner than let his heirs have them; some

real object of my journey on Thursday, for I did not wish to alarm her superstitious fears.

I left with her all the little money we had and reached Waterloo on Thursday afternoon without a penny in my pocket. But that did not matter. Mr. Drake was waiting for me, a large black bag in his hand, and of course he paid all expenses.

It was already dusk when we reached the lonely, retired, remote village of Shipford. The church lay nearly a mile off within the confines of a park; and on our way from the station Mr. Drake enquired the way to the sexton's cottage.

"The old man was unwilling to let me keep the keys all night," said Mr. Drake, as he emerged from the cottage, "but I told him that I wanted to inspect the church early in the morning and could not be troubled to send back for the keys, so he let me have them. And what is more, I have learned the exact position of my grandfather's coffin. It lies at the end of the second shelf on your left as you enter the vault.

A walk of something under a mile brought us to the village inn, where Mr. Drake engaged a room for each of us. Having ordered dinner he proposed that we should take a look at the church in the fading light, and so be to some degree familiar with the ground when we visited it at night.

As we set out the rain began to fall steadily and drearily. Not a soul did we meet by the way. The church lay in a hollow, almost concealed by the surrounding trees. We opened the vestry door and peeped in, but came away at once, leaving the door on the latch.

I had no umbrella, and by the time we got back to the inn I was pretty well soaked through. I shivered with cold, and felt faint for want of food. A plentiful dinner cured the latter evil, but did not dry my clothes, and the fire, though cheerful enough, was not strong enough to take the damp feeling out of my garments.

About ten o'clock we went upstairs, but my employer told me I had better not go to bed, and I sat shivering in my fireless room for more than two hours.

A little after twelve Mr. Drake put his head inside my door and beckoned to me.

"I think they are all asleep now," he said in a whisper; "we had better be going."

Leaving the inn by a back door which led into the stable yard, we were soon in the street. I carried the black bag, and Mr. Drake carried the umbrella. It was still raining.

When we got to the wicket gate that led into the park, Mr. Drake stopped and lit the lantern.

Our midnight walk through the plantation was inexpressibly dreary. Mr. Drake went first, his umbrella in his right hand and the lantern in his left, while I toiled after him, carrying the bag with tools.

Twenty minutes' walk brought us to the lych gate. We entered the church, and Mr. Drake went at once to a flagstone in the north-west corner, in which was embedded a large iron ring.

It took all our strength to raise the stone, but at last we got it up on edge, and, peering down, saw a flight of steps leading into the darkness below.

"Give me the lantern," said Mr. Drake. "I will go first."

At the foot of the steps was a massive oaken door

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MR. TIMOTHY DRAKE

said his favorite Hindoo servant had stolen them and taken them back to India; many declared that they had never existed.

"But they were all wrong. Only a few days ago I discovered, among a lot of old family papers, a memorandum in my grandfather's handwriting stating that he had instructed his Hindoo servant to put them in his coffin and bury them with him. And he added that his spirit would watch over the treasure, and that a frightful punishment would befall any one who should attempt to remove them.

"Now, of course, such a threat is a thing that neither you nor I, nor any sensible man would dream of paying any attention to. Still I confess, meddling with the bones of the dead, even for an innocent purpose, is not a thing I like, especially in the case of an ancestor of my own. But if you have no such scruples, I should be greatly obliged for your help."

"You are most welcome to any help I can give you," I responded promptly. "I don't think people have any business to have jewels buried with them if they wish their remains to be undisturbed. I suppose the coffin will have to be opened?"

Mr. Drake moved uneasily in his seat.

"Unless it has fallen asunder with age."

This opened up a rather gruesome prospect, but having pledged my word to give what help I could, I faced it "in imagination" without moving a muscle.

"The coffin lies, I believe, in a vault under Shipford Church—at least I know we have a family vault there, and my grandfather's body will be there too, I have no doubt."

"When do you wish me to go down and see it?" I asked, rising from my chair.

"This is Monday," answered Mr. Drake. "Suppose we go together on Thursday afternoon? I will bring a lantern and all the necessary tools, and pay you five pounds as soon as the job is done.

He dismissed me with a nod, and I went home in a state of great, though repressed, excitement. I had already decided that I would not tell Mary the



MARY



CHARLIE



With Respect to His Friends

How an Old-Fashioned Policy Paid

By BETH PORTER SHERWOOD



"THERE now, I'm all done. I've hunted everywhere from cellar to attic. At your request I've ripped his mattress all to pieces, but I've had my labor for my pains. I'm sure it's not in the house. You can continue the search out-of-doors, if you want to, but as I said before, I'm through."

Without turning toward her husband, whose approach she had heard, and not heeding his warning "ahems," Mrs. Simpson made known her decision and went on gathering up the fragments of a dismantled mattress.

"Um, ah, yes, here's Susan, Lida." Mr. Simpson jerked out the words at last as if he feared something might be added to his wife's declaration of independence.

With an unwonted flush on her usually serene face, plump, easy-going Mrs. Simpson wheeled around to greet her caller, a slender, plainly-attired woman, whose dark, resolute eyes widened with surprise as she viewed the littered apartment and disordered dress of her sister-in-law.

"Oh, I didn't know you were here, Susan," she apologized, extending a limp hand. "I don't know what James brought you in here for, anyway," a note of irritation creeping into the usually gentle drawl. "He knew the place wasn't fit to be seen. Come out into the sitting-room and take off your hat."

"I can't stay, Lida," explained Mrs. Duncan, as she followed her hostess from the room. "Walter was going over to Smith's for some more clover seed, and I came along to see if you'd lend me Laura's skirt pattern."

"Yes, you're very welcome to the pattern, if I can find it, but," hesitatingly, "I've been so upset lately with your father's death and—everything, I hardly know where anything is."

"What?" began Mrs. Duncan, then stopped, withholding the question she felt she had no right to ask.

"Well, really, I suppose there's no reason why you should not know, and I'm sure I'll be glad to talk about it to someone besides James. There's a lot of money missing."

"A lot of money," repeated Mrs. Duncan, incredulously. "Whose?"

"Your father's. He did not tell us anything about it, you know his way, and we never knew anything about his business only what he had a mind to tell us, and that wasn't much. When he made over the rest of his property to us he kept that little place in the village till last fall, when he sold it for two thousand dollars. Five hundred dollars he put in the bank for Laura, but what he did with the rest the Lord only knows."

"I've done positively nothing since his death but look for that money, and I declare I'd be glad to know he gave it to somebody; for it's just worrying my life out. I suppose he—he didn't—" she stopped and looked questioningly at her visitor.

With a faint smile Mrs. Duncan shook her head. "You mean did he give it to us? Indeed he didn't. He never forgave me for marrying John instead of the rich old man he had picked out for me. I never expected him to leave me anything; though it would be very acceptable just now, when Walter has his heart set on going to college, and John's brother Will talks of going West. If he does John would like to buy the old Duncan homestead; but I'm afraid he can't," she finished with a sigh.

"Well, it's too bad," sympathized Mrs. Simpson, "but I have thought sometimes that if you hadn't been so independent your father would have been more friendly than he was. I think he softened toward you at the last; and there were some things of your mother's, some old-fashioned ornaments and a number of odds and ends, that I know he wanted you to have. I put everything into his trunk, and set it out here."

She rose as she spoke, and with her guest, went over to the trunk and lifting the lid, together they stood looking down into it.

"Are you sure the money is not in the trunk, Lida?" asked Mrs. Duncan.

"Oh, yes, we've looked thoroughly. We've even tried if it had a false bottom or sides. I think very likely he's given it to some charity or lost it in some speculation. Anyway, it would have saved us a lot of trouble if he'd have told us what he did with it."

As her sister-in-law was speaking, Mrs. Duncan took from the trunk a large, old-fashioned album with a spray of tarnished metal lilies-of-the-valley sprawling across the crimson cover.

"I am glad to have this," she said, opening it.

Then her dark eyes snapped, and her cheeks flushed indignantly as she looked at the arrangement of the photographs.

"Why, father must have been crazy! He always used to hate pictures of people like that," she cried, holding toward her companion the open album with its photographs of kith and kin strangely intermingled with those of the most incongruous characters.

"Your father wasn't to blame for that," defended

Mrs. Simpson, her color rising slightly as she spoke. "Minnie Burke was visiting here last fall, and she and my sister Nell got those dancers and prize fighters and such like, out of some pictures the boys had. They had great sport over it," she added, not noticing her companion's indignation. "They do look funny. Your grandmother, so stiff and shocked-looking, alongside of that sport; and your grandfather by that actress. And see your father's picture. It seems as if his hair is rising with horror at being beside a chorus girl. Oh, you'll think I am as bad as the girls, for laughing at them," she finished, apologetically.

Mrs. Duncan turned the remaining leaves rapidly; her lips setting themselves in a straight line. Then she snapped the book shut and tucked it under her arm as if to protect the pictured faces of her kindred from further insult.

"Did father see them, and what did he say?" she asked.

"He never said a word, but I know he didn't like it, for he took and put the album on the table in his room, and it's been there ever since."

"I wonder some of you did not take those things out when you knew he was displeased."

"Oh, he had more time than anyone else, and if he was satisfied with it, the rest of us ought to be," replied Mrs. Simpson indifferently.

"Well, when I get them home I'll fix them up and I'll burn those creatures," declared Mrs. Duncan. "That is," she said more gently, as if ashamed of her heat, "if none of you wants them."

"The boys are tired of such things now; you may do what you like with them."

"Mamma, come out and stop papa from digging up my garden," begged Laura, a girl of fourteen, who came rushing into the room.

"What does he want to do that for?" questioned Mrs. Simpson.

"He says grandpa worked about the garden so much it would be the most likely place for him to hide that money. I wish the money was in Jericho. It makes me tired to hear about it," she avowed, pettishly.

"Laura," reproved her mother, "what will your Aunt Susan think of you?"

The girl turned and took her aunt's free hand in both her own. "You wouldn't like your pretty garden dug up, would you, Aunt Susan?" she said, ingratiatingly.

"I certainly would not," returned Mrs. Duncan, smiling down into the girl's velvety brown eyes; "maybe your mother can stop him."

Laura laughed shortly. "Papa's just like grandpa. When he takes a notion to do anything he'll do it or break something."

Together they followed Mrs. Simpson to the garden, and heard the animated discussion concerning the digging.

"Now just listen to mamma," exclaimed Laura, impatiently. "After all, she wants the digging done just as much as papa does."

"They're going to lift the plants without disturbing the roots, and they'll put them right back, so it won't hurt your garden hardly at all, Laura," explained Mrs. Simpson, conciliatingly, as she joined her daughter and Mrs. Duncan. "Here, let's sit down and rest and watch them for a few minutes, Susan," she said, pulling forward a chair for her guest; and seating herself. "I'm tired enough to sit awhile, anyway."

She leaned forward, her arms upon her knees, and watched her husband and the man lifting Laura's plants with not too great a measure of success, as the soft loam fell away, leaving the roots exposed, and causing Laura to moan in distress over the destruction of some favorite plant.

By and bye there was a sharp sound as a spade struck some metallic object. Mrs. Simpson straightened up, and looked at the men, in whose faces excitement was plainly depicted.

"It's nothing but an old tin kettle, I know," declared Laura, positively. "Just before grandpa was taken sick he sunk it, filled with water to keep those new lily roots damp."

A little heave, a disgusted grunt, and out it came, as Laura predicted; a tin much disfigured with rust and punctured with many holes.

The man laughed, and threw a sly glance at the interested spectators upon the piazza, but Mr. Simpson, with a grimace set to his jaw, only delved the deeper. Again there was a sound, as his spade struck some object, but it had not the metallic clink of its predecessor. Again and again, and soon a flat surface was laid bare, and the men, enlarging the hole, lifted out and placed upon the ground a fair-sized box.

"If the money's in that it must all be in pennies," giggled Laura, who, with her mother, arose and ran down the steps.

In a moment the lid was pried off, and a quantity of what proved to be clothing, mildewed and earth-stained, was exposed to view. One by one they lifted

out the neatly-folded garments and laid them on the ground.

"Ah, that's where they went to!" exclaimed Mrs. Simpson involuntarily.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Simpson, shortly.

"Those are some old dresses and things of your mother's. They'd been about the house for years, taking up room and gathering dust, and I gave them to old Mrs. Green. I wondered that she had never used them. I did not think your father would ever miss them; but he did, and he has bought them from her, rather than that she should have them. Well, I never." She shook her head over such inexplicable conduct, and returned to the piazza.

"It's like father," said Mr. Simpson, turning to his sister. "Do you remember that old overcoat of our grandfather's that mother gave to a tramp and father gave him five dollars for it and then burned it?"

Mrs. Duncan smiled. She remembered the intense, if sometimes unreasonable, loyalty of her father to the memory of his kindred; and her thoughts turned to what must have seemed to him the desecration of the photographs.

At that moment a frank-faced athletic-looking young fellow drove into the yard, and Mrs. Duncan went forward to meet him.

"Have you room for a trunk, Walter? I am taking home some things of my mother's," she explained.

"Lots of room. I can take Laura, too," he said merrily to his cousin, who came running to greet him. "Can you? I'll go and ask mother, and I'll just stay away till they get my garden made up again. I hate it the way it is now," she said vehemently, stamping her foot.

In a moment she returned. "Mother says if you'll wait a moment she'll go too, and get those verbena plants. She thinks now is a good time."

"All right; tell her to hustle," he answered gaily.

A little later they drove away. Walter and Laura perched upon the trunk, the matrons occupying the seat.

Upon their arrival at the small, though trim, little cottage, with its neatly-kept lawn and garden, Mrs. Simpson and Laura, accompanied by Mildred Duncan, went to look at the growing plants; and Jamie, Mrs. Duncan's youngest child, hastened forward to greet his mother.

"Uncle Will's been here," he said excitedly, "and he's going West next week."

She looked past the boy to his father, who had been helping Mildred nail up a climbing rose. He smiled and answered her unspoken question.

"Bradley will have the old place," he said, with assumed indifference. "Will offered it to me for a thousand dollars. It is really worth a good deal more, but he might as well have said a million. What have you got there?" he asked abruptly, not wishing to dwell upon an unpleasant subject.

"Father's old album," she replied, "and really, I am almost ashamed to have you see it. It came the nearest to making me angry of anything I have seen in a long while."

"What is it?" he questioned, looking puzzled.

"I suppose that's because they have all those fancy people with them," remarked Laura coming up. "Mamma thought that was funny, and papa just laughed."

The golden sunlight streamed through the fresh, young leaves of a wide-spreading maple, and the soft, warm breeze of early summer strayed about them as Mrs. Duncan seated herself upon the steps beside her husband and opened the old album.

With quick, impatient fingers she drew out the objectionable photographs and threw them on the ground; then more gently she began to take out the pictured faces of her loved ones, when her husband checked her movements with an exclamation that brought all the others to the spot.

"For heaven's sake, Susan, what is that?"

"Why, I believe it's money!" she exclaimed; her hands trembling with excitement.

From the space between two large photographs she carefully extracted the strip of colored parchment. With flushed cheeks she continued her investigation and drew out, one after another, fifteen one hundred-dollar bank notes. Attached to the last was a slip of paper upon which was written: "To the person who has enough regard for our relatives to want to see them in decent company, and who does not think it such a mighty joke to pair them off with such filth, I present the money placed in this old album, to be used as he or she wishes.—James Simpson."

"That means you, all right, Susan," said Mrs. Simpson, with her usual placidity, "and I believe your father meant it for you all the time. Well, I'm glad the money has been found, and I am really glad you've got it, Susan, and I know James will think just as I do about it."

THE BRIDAL FLOWERS

A Consideration of the Floral Features of the Wedding

By GEORGE M. GERAGHTY
Of Dunlop's, Toronto

THERE are two months in each year that are particularly given over to brides—June and September. Why these months are claimed by the fair brides can hardly be explained, but for the florist no better months could be selected. June brides are especially fortunate as regards the floral embellishment necessary to all smart weddings. All kinds of flowers are plentiful, and the expense much less than in the winter months.

The most important thing after the gown is the bouquet, and it is here that the real art of the florist comes into play. It is very easy for anyone to "bunch" a few flowers, tie them with a ribbon and call it a bride's bouquet, but to so arrange the same flowers that they will at once become a part of the gown and be the finishing touch to the costume requires not an education in making bouquets, but a "knack" of knowing just "how." The bride's bouquet should be made light and "airy," the handle should be small, and when "showered" the shower should be graceful and in keeping with the flowers used.

The two smartest bouquets are the "Empire" shower, which is carried in the hollow of the arm, and the Marie Antoinette, or round bouquet, to be carried directly in front. The Empire is made to come to a point, and lie flat against the gown, not to project in front, as is sometimes seen when made by florists who have not the "knack." The shower falls gracefully to the hem of the gown, and the whole bouquet should not weigh over a pound. This is an important item when you consider that the effect of a heavy bouquet is to add to the fatigue of the bride.

The Marie Antoinette is made after the style of the old-fashioned bouquet of our grandmothers, only the flowers are arranged loosely, the handle is very small and easily carried in the hand. This bouquet can be made of valley (as illustrated) or roses, sweet peas or other small flowers may be used. It is used with or without the shower, although for formal church weddings it is better with the shower. The very light, airy, graceful effect is easily seen in all these arrangements.

The Louis XIV. is a different effect, and is made only to carry in the arm. This is for less formal and home weddings. The same style is also made, using valley and roses combined.

Next after the bride's bouquet comes that of the maids and flower girls. Here there is more of a chance for individuality, but in all cases the flowers should be as near the color of the gown as possible, in which case the ribbons should be a perfect match or else the flowers should be a sharp contrast. In the latter case the ribbons should match the flowers perfectly. Baskets made of crushed straw hats, empire staffs, shepherd's crooks, etc., may be used, but it depends mostly on the number of bridesmaids attending. When only one or two are in attendance the arm bouquet is the best; but if four or six then baskets, crooks, etc., make a smarter effect. The illustrations of baskets are designed for flower girls, the one with handle to be carried on the arm, and the other with ribbon to go over the shoulder and hang at the side. The decorations at the church and house may be as elaborate as the purse of the bride's family will allow; but the quiet but effective style is at all times the best. The place at the home set aside for receiving should be the principal decoration at the house, and the rest of the house be but a continuation of this. The smartest this season is the colonial canopy, made very stately and with a shower effect hanging over the fair occupant.

The bride's table comes next, and here only white flowers should be used, and the arrangement light and graceful. The custom of having a huge wedding cake as a centre is fast disappearing, this

article being placed on a small table at the rear or close to the bride, and its former place of honor being occupied by well-arranged flowers, either low or very high, so that an unobstructed view of all may be had by the bride. When more than one table is used the remaining ones should have decorations to match the bridesmaids' flowers. But care should be taken to arrange them so that the effect upon entering the room should be a blending of color, the darkest near the door, and blending in to the pure white of the bride's.



Flowers and Fancies

AT the country wedding, where it is difficult to obtain cut flowers, the decorations from the home garden may be made most attractive. An apple-blossom wedding in May is one of the prettiest sights imaginable, when the fragrance of the pink-touched sprays fills the orchards of the land. Then the bride of June has such a wealth of roses to adorn the occasion, with color and perfume, for most of us still believe that "the queen of all the flowers that be" is the rose.

A pretty bride in an Ontario town whose baptismal name is Lillian has chosen her name-flower with ferns for the floral adornment. There will be lilies, lilies everywhere, with a shower bouquet such as Titania herself might covet. The bridesmaids are to wear pale green with lilies, and the bridal table is to be centred with a huge basket of this fragile bell-like flower.

There is, too, the marguerite wedding, when the white-petalled, yellow-hearted flower, so significant of simplicity, is used to decorate hall and drawing-room and the scene of the bridal repast. Although the marguerite is not without its charms, it is rather stiff to use in any but the most conventional decoration. For flower girls, it makes a charming bouquet, and is most effective when combined with ferns.

The note in all modern floral decoration seems to be a careless grace of effect, which is in pleasing contrast to the former stiffness, which prevailed in the days when the bridal bouquet resembled a cauliflower set in a fringe of lace paper. The naturalness of the present floral scheme at a wedding is its chief charm and renders the scene one of fragrant loveliness.

There are many old sayings and superstitions in connection with weddings, which are often carried into the floral decorations. One of these showed itself in the fashion of suspending a horseshoe in roses or white carnations above the bride and bridegroom. A bride who was mindful of the old maxim that a bride must wear "something old and something new; something borrowed and something blue" wore a wreath of forget-me-nots, from which the bridal veil descended in soft and sweeping folds. Orange blossoms were for many years considered the only fitting flowers to crown the bride's hair; but their place has fairly been usurped by roses, although many brides prefer to have no floral adornment whatever for the hair.

The horseshoe has been referred to as a "luck token" in floral decoration. Probably the most frequently-used design is the bell of roses and lilies, which always suggests the glad peals of bridal music. An extremely pretty and suggestive design is the lover's knot in flowers, daintily fringed with smilax.

The flowers which are associated with the wedding scene are only a symbol of the good wishes and tender thoughts which follow the fair bride.

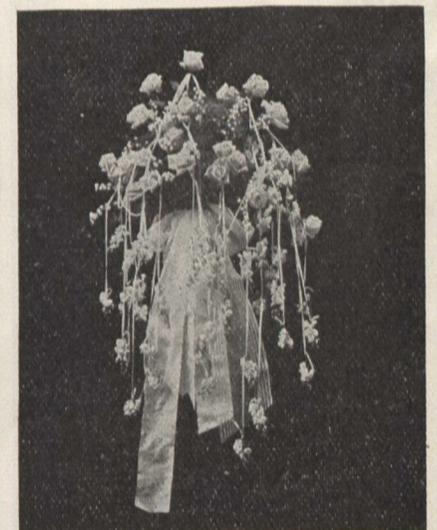
"Fling open the rose-hung portals,
Set the gate of happiness wide;
If the whole world loves the lover,
It kisses the feet of the bride."



BASKET FOR FLOWER GIRL
Marguerites can be used to good effect.



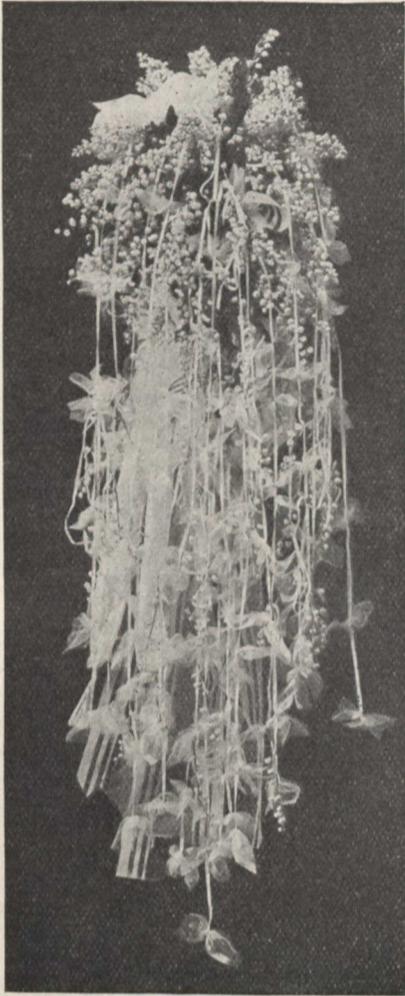
MARIE ANTOINETTE
Orchids, lily of the valley and ferns



LOUIS XIV
Made for informal or home weddings



BASKET FOR FLOWER GIRL
The ribbon to be placed over shoulder.



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The most Popular of Brides' Bouquets. Carried in the hollow of the arm.



BOUQUET FOR MATRON-OF-HONOR
Bouquet for Matron-of-Honor made up of sweet peas and maidenhair fern.

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ALL ABOUT BETTY'S WEDDING

By HELEN BALL

BETTY was going to be married. It was all very wonderful. She felt as a being apart from ordinary mortals. She was going to be married. The sunshine laughed it to her in the morning as she jumped out of bed, and dew-eyed poked her head between the frilly muslin curtains for a deep breath of the fresh morning air. If it was raining, then each raindrop chattered of the thrilling news to all the other drops as they pelted the window pane. And as for the birds, you never heard such a chattering. The whole world must surely know, and was standing on tiptoes of excitement, impatiently waiting for the great day of the wedding itself.

And yet it wasn't after all, so much the fact that she was going to be married, but that she was going to marry Tom. Dear, big, plain, everyday Tom, whom she had known since her pinafore days, and who had always been her hero.

It seemed almost sacrilegious that she must come down out of her clouds, and give serious thought to mundane matters. For when in fancy one is walking hand in hand with their dearest and best, through an endless garden of roses, through a world all sunshine, it is cruelly prosaic to have to descend to matters of dollars and cents. But bless you, there was the trousseau to be thought about, and pretty as it may sound, rose petals never make up satisfactorily into wedding gowns, and pretty frocks and lingerie, however filmy, need more than happy thought and sunshine to get them put together.

However, though Tom is quite sure that she is an angel, Betty is really a girl after all, and so, of course, she became vastly interested in her trousseau. There were no hundreds of thousands of dollars floating airily about waiting to be spent with a lavish hand. The trousseau must come out of little over a hundred dollars, and come it did. But I must tell you all about it.

As I say, Betty came down to the earth, earthy, with a wholesome determination to make the most of her dollars. This, of course, was a good many weeks before the day set for the great event. By dint of doing a little each day, the house linen had been completed weeks before, and Betty, a very sensible young person, firmly resolved that while her trousseau was to be such as to make the heart of other maidens yearn to go and do likewise, yet she was not going to let it monopolize her last few precious weeks of girlhood days.

And so began the business. In the first place she bought none but good materials, and not many. A satin wedding gown, a pretty summer silk, a tailored suit, a delaine (one of those pretty bordered materials), a chiffon veiled blouse to wear with the suit, a soft grey marquisette with smart touches of royal blue, three tub dresses, a cotton voile, a fine white lingerie frock, several blouses, and there you have the list of her dresses. Most of these she made herself with the assistance of mother and sister, for kimona styles are the simplest things in the world, and are so very much the vogue, while skirts take next to no material, and as little time.

She didn't rush in headlong. She invested in a pattern for each style, and followed the directions, with the result that her dresses fitted perfectly. Her lingerie was—no, not hand-embroidered, for eyes and nerves being of more vital importance, she wisely decided on pretty little lace and embroidery edges, except for a couple of sets which she had accomplished by easy stages through the winter.

Of course there were all kinds of little extra things, some of which came as gifts from girl friends, as, for instance, a dainty pair of ribbon bedroom slippers in pale pink satin. Don't you know the kind? You get ribbon about three inches wide, sew it around the sole, gather in about the ankle with an elastic, and finish with a tiny rosette, and they are the daintiest things possible. A frivolous little rose-sprigged muslin negligé was another gift, representing perhaps seventy-five cents, but a dream with Valenciennes lace and pink ribbons. To match this was one of the new fascinating boudoir caps.

Another friend had embroidered a set of eyelet collar and cuffs which were wonderfully acceptable, and yet

another had embroidered two linen belts. Then there was a crepe kimona edged with satin ribbon, a white linen parasol which was embroidered with Copenhagen blue polka dots of graduated sizes, and dozens of other little things, such as Dutch collars, jabots, and so on, too numerous to mention.

And, by the way, this maiden had tabooed showers. She had vivid recollections of her own experiences in this direction, when as one of the invited guests, she was gaily asked to come and bring a pair of silk stockings, or maybe a Coalport cup and saucer for the bride elect (luxuries which Betty had never been able to indulge in for herself). So, as I say, she had made her friends promise not to give any of these extravagances for her. Well, yes, there were two exceptions, but they were such original and inexpensive showers that she could not possibly object, and in fact, was delighted with them. One was a recipe shower. For this each guest was asked to bring her very choicest recipe. A little leather-covered book was provided by the hostess, and in this, with due ceremony and solemnity, each girl in turn transcribed her particular recipe, ending with her signature. On the first page of the book was written the following verse:

"Whatever you happen to think of our looks,
We're sure you'll acknowledge we're very good cooks."

In several instances the maidens had cleverly written their recipes in verse. You can guess how Betty values the book, and what a treasure such a book would be to any young housekeeper.

The other shower was a sachet shower. The girls had been warned to bring odd scraps of silk or pretty muslin with them, as well as their needles and thimbles, and on their arrival they were provided with wadding and sachet powder, and a dozen dainty little sachets were the outcome of a jolly afternoon. Of course, the hostess on this occasion had made very sure beforehand of Betty's preference in sachet powder.

Then early one sunny afternoon, when Betty was contentedly stitching on the machine and humming happily to herself, twelve maidens suddenly appeared on the scene, and with great chattering, announced that they had come in the capacity of sewing girls, the price for their work to be a cup of tea and some bread and butter, no more, no less. And regardless of chatter, you would be amazed at the work which they accomplished. Two working together, made a shirt waist. Another two made a white linen skirt. Two more were generally useful taking out tacking cotton, while the remaining six hemmed a dozen serviettes which had arrived from an aunt in Ireland.

And such plans as were made that afternoon for the wedding itself. It was to take place at Betty's home, the rambling old house where the high-ceilinged rooms had echoed to Betty's footsteps from the time when with uncertain little soft-slipped feet she had first learned to toddle across the floor. Here she had lived in her little girl days, and here in this home so dear to her, she was to be married.

"What flowers shall we use, Betty?" asked one maiden.

"I don't quite know," said Betty, hesitating. "Daisies would be pretty."

"Daisies are sweet," announced a second girl, "but do let us think of something more original."

"Lilac is pretty," volunteered another.

"Oh girls, I know," exclaimed a prospective bridesmaid. "Wouldn't apple blossoms be lovely?" At which Betty and eleven other maidens gave little squeals of delight.

And so it was decided that this was to be an apple-blossom wedding.

Immediately they fell to planning the bridesmaids' frocks, for though but two of the number were to claim that honor, all were deeply interested and bubbling over with suggestions.

The wedding was to be very simple, and the girls' dresses were planned accordingly, and here is the result of the cudgeling of thirteen active brains. The frocks should be of the finest and sheerest of white lawn, almost as sheer as ninon, only not so expensive, made up with fine lace over the palest pink soft silk. They would be slightly low-neck, a dainty fichu of the lace-trimmed lawn (quite the latest decree of Dame

Fashion, by the way), leaving a small V in front. The sleeves would finish just above the elbow, and the fashionable high-waisted effect would be in evidence, while one of the new girdles or sashes of the palest pink satin ribbon would complete the dress. On their heads they would wear those coquettish little lingerie caps of the lawn, finished with pleated lace frills and a tiny wreath of apple blossoms, and they would carry baskets of real apple blossoms, the handles tied with saucy up-standing pink satin bows.

Betty, of course, was to don her white satin gown and long flowing veil, while her flowers must be lily-of-the-valley.

And then such plans as ensued for the decorations. Apple blossoms must be everywhere, apple blossoms and ferns which the girls agreed to gather in from highways and byways. The bay window would be a mass of ferns, while a trellis work of the apple blossoms would reach to the ceiling, forming an arch under which Betty and Tom with throbbing hearts would stand. The mantel-piece would be hidden with the flowers. Then an aisle would be formed, by attaching white satin ribbon to either side of the trellis, and continuing it to the door through which Betty would enter. Here the ribbon would be fastened to wands topped with huge bows, and held by two little girls in frocks similar to the bridesmaids'.

The piano would be completely screened by branches of the apple blossoms, so so that one would scarcely guess where the music came from.

As for Betty's other arrangements, perhaps you would like to hear of them. The dining-room where the dejeuner was to be served was to be lovely with white lilac. It was decided to have the one centre table for the bridal party, with small tables surrounding, since it was so much more restful to sit down. Some of these tables were to be arranged on a veranda opening from the dining-room. Nothing grand or worrying was planned for the dejeuner itself, for that would keep the busy mother in a ferment of anxiety, since it was impossible to have a real caterer for the occasion. There would be chicken salad, dainty cress sandwiches, stuffed olives, salted almonds, coffee, lemonade, macaroons, the wedding cake, ice cream, candy, and glace fruits (which can be prepared by dipping strawberries, little cubes of pineapple, and pieces of orange, in boiled sugar and water).

Then the maid of honor and the best man must needs be instructed in their duties; the wedding invitations must be issued, and as Betty was a particular little lady about details, these must be of the best.

Further, she insisted that the night before the wedding there must be a rehearsal, and though it aroused a gay rebellion amongst the ushers, who suddenly felt all awkward hands and feet, the autocrat prevailed, for, as she said with a laugh, "That is exactly why I want to have the rehearsal, for of all the hopelessly trying things, a wedding where no one knows what they should do, is the worst."

And so the great morning arrived with a burst of sunshine which lasted throughout the day. I must tell you how pretty it all was. The drawing-room was a mass of blossoms, the little girls in their pretty frocks were standing guard at the door; two white satin cushions were arranged for Betty and Tom to kneel on, and the guests were all expectancy. The dear old white-haired clergyman with Tom and his boon companion and best man, came down the aisle formed by the ribbons, and a few moments later in came the two ushers, then the two bridesmaids, dainty visions in pink and white, and lastly, with her father, came Betty, a dream of loveliness in her white satin gown, her sweet face misty beneath the veil.

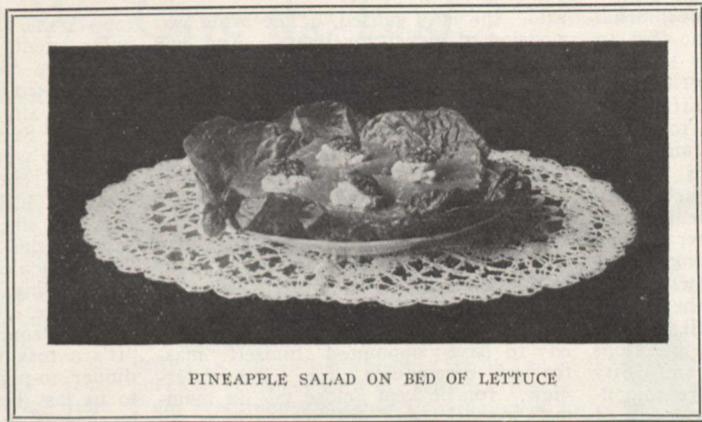
When the ceremony was over, after all had heard Tom's proud "I will" and Betty's soft voice making her responses, after the ring had been placed on her finger, and they were really and actually married, then the bridal party, this time headed by Tom and Betty, came down the aisle again, and as the older guests saw the look of great happiness on the two young faces, there was a sudden mist in their eyes, while in their hearts they silently invoked blessings on the two youthful heads.

JUNE LUNCHEONS

PREPARED BY
MARY H. NORTHEND

THE June hostess has little left to desire in the way of occasions, flowers for decoration, and choice of menu. What with weddings, school commencements, and the departure of friends for extended travels, there is frequent demand for a June luncheon.

Fortunately for the housewife of moderate means, she may entirely dispense with the services of a caterer in planning the refreshments and table decorations; for a little time will permit her to make



PINEAPPLE SALAD ON BED OF LETTUCE

her arrangements beforehand. Here is a pleasing menu for a light and simple lunch:

- Strawberry Cocktail or Unhulled Strawberries with Powdered Sugar
- Cream of Spinach Soup or Clam Broth with Whipped Cream
- Meat Croquettes
- Olives
- Peas and Eggs
- Pineapple Salad on Lettuce
- Tiny Baking Powder Biscuit
- Strawberry Ice Cream
- Salted Nuts
- Angel Cake
- Coffee

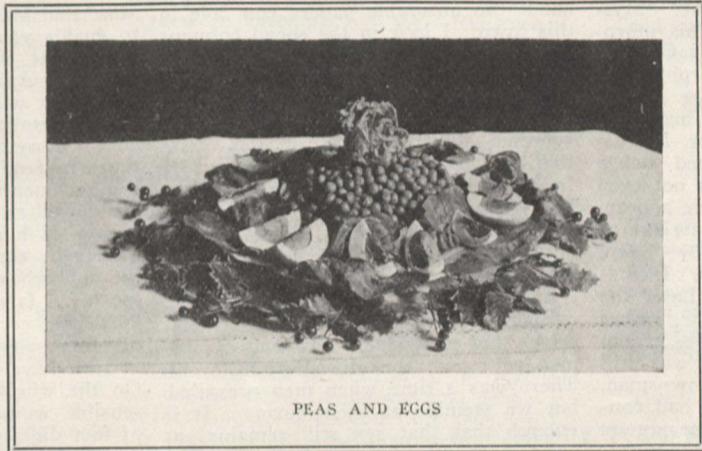
The table can be made beautiful by suspending a great silk-rose from the electrolier above it, with a few real rosebuds and leaves, and narrow rose-colored ribbons. For the centrepiece, stand a tall glass vase in a shallow glass platter, and mass roses in both. Glass baskets of roses look well upon two of the corners. Place cards can be painted with wild roses in any pattern.

The choice offered in the first item on the menu is due to the fact that strawberries vary in quality. Only freshly-gathered and perfect berries are fit to serve unhulled, with powdered sugar. If very good berries can be obtained it is a good plan to serve the very finest of these in their natural state for the first course, and keep those whose appearance is less pleasing, although their flavor is unimpaired, to be crushed for the ice cream. If none of the berries are perfect, it is best to substitute strawberry cocktail for the unhulled berries.

STRAWBERRY COCKTAIL—Mash a quart of fresh, ripe strawberries fine; add the juice of a sweet orange and three pints of cold water. Let it stand three hours, then strain it over three-fourths of a pound of pulverized sugar, and stir until thoroughly dissolved. At serving time, half-fill punch glasses with shaved ice, pour the fruit syrup over it, then stand the glasses in deep glass saucers and bank with crushed ice.

CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP—Cook two quarts of spinach for thirty minutes in boiling water. Drain, chop, and rub it through a sieve. Add three cups of the liquid in which it was cooked, four cups of white stock, and heat to the boiling point. Then thicken with one-third cup of flour rubbed smooth in one-fourth cup of butter. When this boils up, add two cups of boiling milk, and season with salt and pepper.

In case that spinach is difficult to procure, I have suggested the substitution of *Clam Broth*. To prepare this, wash with a brush one-half peck of clams, changing the water at least three times. Put the clean clams into a kettle, with three cups of cold water. Cover them tightly, and steam until the shells on the top are widely opened. Strain this liquor, cool it, and clear it. Reheat when about to serve, turn it into bouillon



PEAS AND EGGS

ture of egg well beaten, with two tablespoonfuls of milk, then in cracker crumbs for a second time. Fry in deep fat and drain on unglazed paper.

PEAS AND EGGS.—This is the month when tender green peas are in market. A dish of these looks very appetizing when surrounded by a garnish of lettuce and hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters lengthwise. Stuffed eggs served in this way are even better.

PINEAPPLE SALAD—Use one slice of Hawaiian pineapple for each guest, one black date, and lettuce. Place each slice of pineapple on a crisp lettuce leaf, cut the dates in strips and put them on circles of fruit. Cover with this French dressing: Two table spoonfuls of oil, one half table spoonful of lemon juice, and mustard, salt and pepper to taste. Just before serving, mix an equal quantity of double cream whipped stiff and dry. Heap a spoonful upon each salad, and crown it with a walnut meat.

TINY BAKING POWDER BISCUIT—To one quart of sifted flour add one-half teaspoonful of salt, two and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, one large lump of butter size of a large walnut; sift all these ingredients together until they seem like meal; add enough sweet milk to make a good dough, roll out on a floured board, and cut with a very small round cutter. Have the dough about

one and a half inches thick. Bake in a buttered pan, in a quick oven, for fifteen minutes.

STRAWBERRY ICE CREAM—Use any good recipe for ice cream. For each quart of the mixture, allow one pint of hulled berries, the juice of a half lemon, and a half cupful of sugar. Crush the fruit, add lemon juice and sugar, and stand it aside for an hour, stirring it often. Then rub it through a fine sieve, or strain through cheesecloth if you want to keep the seeds out, and add to the mixture when in the freezing can.

A very pleasing way of serving strawberries with ice cream is to keep the two separate. Make a rich vanilla cream, and serve it on one side of a tea plate, with very fair and perfect strawberries heaped upon the other side.

ANGEL CAKE—Beat the whites of eight eggs until they are frothy; add one teaspoonful cream tartar, and beat again until the eggs are stiff; then add gradually one cup sugar. Fold in three-fourths cup flour mixed a pinch of salt and sifted four times. Add three-fourths cup flour mixed with a pinch of salt and sifted four times. Add three-fourths teaspoon vanilla. Bake about fifty minutes in an un-buttered angel cake pan. When it has risen and begun to brown, cover it with a buttered paper.

WEDDING TABLE—Our illustration shows a very attractive wedding table. The strips of white ribbon which hang from the chandelier and the bell which hangs in the centre are wound with asparagus fern and pinks. Pinks and baby's breath are around the cake and also the airship, which shows the couple in its interior. Cupids and bows and arrows are shown at each plate.



WEDDING TABLE

cup, and add a spoonful of whipped cream on top.

MEAT CROQUETTES.—Take bits of cooked lamb or veal, chicken or turkey, and put them through the meat chopper. Mix with a highly seasoned, thick, white sauce. Put in a little celery, chopped fine, or if this cannot be procured, season well with celery salt. Add a well-beaten egg. When the mixture is cool, but not cold, form it into little pillows. Dip these in seasoned cracker crumbs, then in a mixture



THE 1847 GIRL

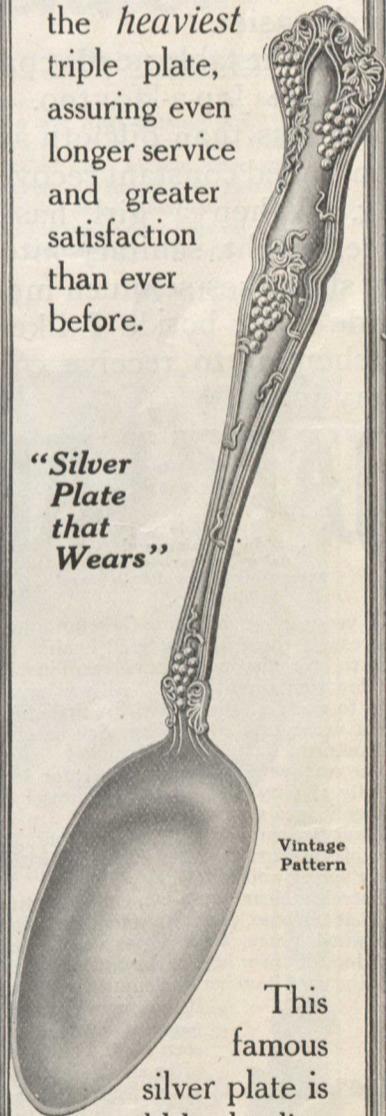
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WRITING UP WEDDINGS

By LUCY DOYLE



Please, Ma'am, Have You Any Jap-a-lac? I Can't Keep House Without it—

I'm very particular about my kitchen and with no disrespect to the girl who was before me—you'll excuse me for saying it—it's about time yours was fixed up.

The pantry shelves need a coat of Jap-a-lac badly. It will not only make them look nicer, but being like enamel they're cleaned so much easier.

And the table needs coats of white Jap-a-lac, too. It costs less than oilcloth and don't need constant recovering. When a girl has a nice, bright, sanitary kitchen, she takes so much more pride in it; beside I like a kitchen fit to receive company in.

JAPALAC

Made in 18 colors and natural (clear)—renews everything from cellar to garret.

If you can get me some Oak Jap-a-lac, I can restore these old battered chairs. No need to buy new ones—they'll seem just like the day you bought them. All you have to do is to wash off the dirt with a little bit of warm water and some soap, dry carefully and refinish.

The woodwork on the refrigerator looks awfully shabby, but in ten minutes I can change it into a new ice box.

What else can you use Jap-a-lac for? My last missus varnished her furniture with it every spring and fall.

There's a clear Jap-a-lac, called Natural, for that purpose, and it's a splendid thing for hardwood floors, too. Dries very quickly and doesn't show heelmarks or footprints at all. She used it on her linoleum as well—kept it like new all the time—and if you could have seen her old bath-room after a half day's work with white Jap-a-lac on that tin bath tub—her husband thought she'd ordered an enameled one. She went over the woodwork of course, and then silvered the pipes and the radiators with Aluminum Jap-a-lac.

Where can you get it? Olit's sold everywhere. Thank you, ma'am. I'll have a lot of it sent up right away.

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MANY girls who yearn for journalistic life fondly imagine that society reporting must be the ideal newspaper work. "Oh! you write up all the weddings. How delightful that must be. I should just love to do it," cried a gentle young thing, fairly bubbling over in her enthusiasm to start then and there. It seemed cruel to disillusionize her. The facts appeared anything but attractive beside her dreams of the joy of daily witnessing white-robed visions plight their vows before flower-embowered altars to the strains of sweet music. For, after all, to keep in touch with the matrimonial intentions of a city of three hundred and fifty thousand requires nothing more romantic than the combined temperament of a female detective and a book agent. You first find your victims, then—extract the information.

"Why, I thought people just wrote out accounts of weddings and sent them to the papers," says a surprised reader. Some do, we may inform her, but as frequently they merely send them to their own particular paper, the others are forced to look after themselves. Again a paper must be sure any such matter is thoroughly correct. For that feather-brained personage, the practical joker, loves nothing so well as a wedding to show what he can really do. Woe betide the innocent editor who, on receiving a notice, without further investigation, announces that: "Mystical mass was solemnized this morning at St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church for Miss Bridget Murphy and Mr. John Ulster." The latter gentleman, a prominent Orangeman, may turn up later with blood in his eye, looking for the scoundrel who published such a slander about a man who was not even engaged. Some years ago there appeared a lengthy account of the marriage of two young people of a nearby town, well known in Toronto society. Included was a list of the guests. Later the editor of that sheet had a rather interesting interview with the groom of the story whose wedding was still a year distant. A fellow townsman, with whom he had quarreled, had concocted the whole affair. The guests mentioned, by the way, were prominent residents of the negro colony in addition to a few of the town's most notorious characters, who were then doing time in the local jail.

It can readily be seen from these instances why a newspaper assigns to one individual the task of personally looking after any such events. A daily minute scrutiny of all the papers for announcements of engagements, presentations or "showers" is only the beginning of her work. Sometimes no addresses of either bride or groom are available, and then it is the reporter requires to become a veritable Sherlock Holmes. In time, perhaps, she may develop a wonderful sixth sense that leads her directly to the scene of a bridal festivity, but until that appears eternal vigilance is her only motto.

One absolute qualification for such work is tact. It is always well for her when meeting ladies of uncertain age to ask them if they are the bride's sister, never blurt out: "Are you the mother of the bride?" If she runs across that most irritating feminine type, the lady who shrinks from publicity, but all the time is wild to get into print, she again has to exercise great care. When even church members solemnly assure her they will send an account of a wedding to her office the next day and it fails to turn up, she must still continue to be a perfect lady. If when she enters the stately mansions of the *nouveaux riches* and hears a supercilious voice say, "Oh, see here, mamma, it's always well to be nice to those people," she must smile sweetly on the feminine members of that household and pick her prettiest phrases for their frocks and frills.

But there are some amusing characters met in the daily round that vary the monotony of the various "pretty" or "quiet" affairs. Ushered one day into the drawing-room of an unpretentious looking place by a bustling buxom lady, we proceeded to get a few simple details of her daughter's wedding. Mamma, however, grew restless. She seemed to feel that the meagre information she was imparting was not going to do her Mamie justice. "You know," said she, "we were thinking of writing this up ourselves. We saw such a pretty description in a paper. It

said," the lady paused, "The bride was a vision of girlish loveliness.' And, you know," a most insinuating pause, "My Mamie's only eighteen, and so pretty." We're afraid after Mamie's mother saw our humble account of the proceedings she must have developed as deadly a hatred of the modern press as a certain Englishman we once encountered. Calling one afternoon after a morning wedding at a house, a dapper little man with a most important air escorted us to the mother of the bride. Still clad in her festal finery, she looked tired but oh! so happy. The little man seemed to have appointed himself master of ceremonies, for the interview, for he kept close tab on mamma's remarks and did not hesitate to correct her if she erred in the material or shades of the various gowns. He rather irritated us, and we paid no attention to him, until in a piqued voice, with positively no regard for his aitches he piped up: "I guess you don't know who I am?" We confessed our ignorance. "Oh," said he, "do you remember about two years ago, readin' that waiter at a down town hotel had fallen heir to a fortune, at 'ome, of £6,000." Still further acknowledgments of our ignorance. He drew himself up in a most impressive manner. "H'm 'im," he declared. We remained unsubdued, and he went on rapidly: "Yes, h'and right 'ere I should like to say a few words about the miserable papers you 'ave in this town. I look in the social columns and see that Miss Thingabob is a-summerin' at 'Amilton, and that Mrs. Thingame is a-spendin' the week-end at 'Anlan's Point, but"—with a look of supreme disgust—"look at me. 'Ere I've been touring Europe with my wife for the last two years a-spendin' money like water, buyin' 'er the most expensive gowns and jewels. When I come back 'ere, where do I come in? I am not even mentioned." It was no use trying to pacify that troubled soul.

Brides may well congratulate themselves that newspapers now employ women to report the all-important event. There was a time when men prevailed, but we tremble at their daring. It is enough that that sex still remains as printers to mangle our choicest collection of adjectives. Try to imagine the feelings of a bride who sees herself in print as arrayed in "navy satin with tulle veil and orange blossoms." It never strikes a mere man that "ivory" is the word. Is it not enough to make even the haughtiest social editor cringe when she listens to the expression of the wrath of a bride's mother whose violet costume is translated "violent." But what can you expect from a man whose idea of "union" is "union"? However, victims of these trifles should forget their own troubles in sympathizing with the poor bride for whom the printer skipped a line of copy and informed the public that she was "gowned in a tulle veil with orange blossoms, and carried white roses."

Perhaps the most agonizing moment of a wedding reporter's day is to find herself in a street car beside a strange female who is declaring to a companion that she has tired herself out hunting for a wedding present for Henry's cousin. The reporter pricks up her ears. "Has she Henry's cousin's name on her list?" Hark! Perhaps she can discover something more. Perfectly shameless, she listens. But no. That aggravating woman does not deign to mention the poor bride by her rightful name, and the W. R. sits and squirms. If there is such a thing as mental wireless telegraphy she will try that. She concentrates all the powers of her mind on Henry's wife. It is useless, the car stops, and the lady disappears, and the mystery will never be solved.

But the climax of everything is reached in June. That word which suggests such a wealth of beauty and joy to most mortals spells only hard work to the faithful wedding reporter. The same tradition which upholds Wednesday as "the best day of all" makes the month of roses the favorite one for brides. It is then matrimony becomes a perfect obsession with the wedding artist. Does she spy a cab? She eagerly cranes her neck to see if it bears white ribbons. If it does, she must instantly find out from whence it came or whether it is going. Does she discover an awning before a church or house, or confetti scattered on the ground, chills pervade her entire sys-

tem if she has not heard of that particular event. The writer had a wierd adventure one night when on her way home about half past ten. A strangely familiar air floated out from a nearby church. Surely she knew those notes. Ah! they were the bridal march. Some organist rehearsing for a coming wedding. A little investigation next morning and she had an item which had escaped the other gatherers of news. These incidents, however, come under the heading of "luck," and are somewhat rare. Unceasing toil has a more familiar sound to the reporter's ears. "It's a toss-up between a bath and my dinner to-night," said a fellow-sufferer to us last June. We had had only one meal since the night before at that time, so we spared a moment to commiserate with her.

One Wednesday in June may mean from twenty-five to thirty matrimonial events that are of interest to the general public. The mere "writing up" is a light task. You simply have to vary the monotony by trying to say the same thing in twenty-five different ways. Your first trouble is in finding them out. Then you have to interview the people. Here is where you receive a liberal education. A young newspaper woman after eighteen months' experience, declared that her work in that time had taught her more than an entire college course and a year abroad. We quite believe it. If you realize that one purpose of education is to enable you to know your fellow beings better, then you can readily understand her statement. You have to come in contact with people at the crises in their lives to really know them, and surely a wedding is one of the crucial times in feminine existence. There are some women who recognize the fact that weddings, as one of three important events of human life, can quite legitimately be considered news upon which the public has some claim. The press is too big a factor of modern existence to be denied certain privileges. You read of other people's joys and sorrows, they in turn have a right to know of yours. On the whole, the reporter meets with sensible women who, with the matter-of-fact dignity of a man, give her the required information without equivocation or false modesty. But ask some women for information about their daughters' weddings and they almost faint. Or if it be a bride, she may be gently coy. "Oh, nobody wants to know anything about poor little me." "Oh, no, I couldn't think of giving any information." Then the poor reporter nearly has to use forceps to extract the desired details.

"But I never read the weddings. That's one part of the paper I never look at," says the strong-minded woman, in her most decided tones. Then possibly she will proceed to give you such a minute account of the obnoxious details that you might almost believe that she now and then did take a sly peek at them. The writer met a lady of this type two years ago, when an unusually large wedding had stirred Toronto almost as much as do the international matches of American heiresses in their home cities. Happening to be out to dinner a night or two after the event, we were almost surrounded by an animated feminine group eager to hear more of the entrancing details. Just then the gentlemen came in. "I cannot see why the papers went to such length with that wedding the other day," said one. "Nor I," exclaimed the lady who had just been most eager to know each little detail. "I thought it perfectly ridiculous." In the face of this, how can an editor ever make up his mind what people really do want? They say one thing and mean another. It was the good old country editor who knew what the people liked. There the bride was always described as "the fairest of this village's many fair daughters." She always looked charming in a beautiful and recherche creation." Her father was never anything less than "one of the most prominent and esteemed citizens." The wedding guests never failed to partake of a sumptuous repast from a festal board amid magnificent floral decorations, and "the happy couple" were invariably "the recipients of many beautiful and costly presents." After all, a city is often only a collection of small towns filled from the surrounding countryside. Perhaps this fact explains the popularity of the personal item in the journalism of the day.



What Shall We Give the Bride?

By MARGARET LAING FAIRBAIRN

PERHAPS you have been asked to Miss Priscilla Pink Primrose's wedding, "just like me"—that's the way that nursery dialogue goes, isn't it? where the grand climax is reached when one says, "I saw a donkey," and the other says, "Just like me," and perhaps you have been wondering what on earth you can give her, "Just like me."

It is quite a problem, I grant you, especially at this time of the year, when so many of one's friends are June brides. One's choice is hampered by very many considerations. Firstly, there is the one of expense. That is not in the least complex, but it is quite formidable. Secondly, you have to think of what will suit the bride's taste and future circumstances. For instance, she might dote on a Russian samovar or a grand piano, but as she is going to live in a tiny house on the outposts of civilization, and as the transportation over the last fifty miles has to be in wagons, the useless bit of brass would be a bit of foolishness and the piano an impossibility.

Thirdly (this sounds like a sermon, but don't be alarmed!), it seems to me there should be something of yourself about every gift. Now, the little bride may admire a certain kind and style of ornament, which you know violates every canon of decorative art, hence it would really be immoral of you to bestow any of it on an unsuspecting mortal who may one day arrive at your advanced stage of aesthetic culture, even if she would like it at the time.

There it goes, you see. The difficulties increase at every step. It may relieve you a bit to have your mixed perplexity analyzed and have a grain or two of advice thrown in.

Perhaps it would help you if I were to tell you a few of the presents Priscilla has already received; at least it would eliminate some from the list you may be contemplating. I called the other afternoon and the little lady took me into the room where they were all set out.

There were times as we went over the gifts when Priscilla's fever was expressionless. I knew what that meant. Loyal little soul that she is, she was not going to let me see how her gorge rose at the sight of some of them! At such times she praised the generosity of the giver, and passed over the gift without saying much. It must be a great strain on the coming housekeeper with her vision of a faultless house and everything in the best taste, to have to be thankful for things which she abhors.

In the collection there was an elaborate tea kettle with spirit lamp that was as clumsy and ugly as it must have been costly. I could guess just how it had been bought. Mrs. Auto Mobile is fond of Priscilla, and decided at once when she knew of the wedding, to spend a certain amount on the gift. She went to Ruby Hall, looked at the kettles, and decided on the first one that was about the right price. She has seemingly no aesthetic sense, so the combination of three different metals did not offend her, nor the iron stand that takes up as much space in the room as an arm chair; instead of being a snug little affair for the table, she was satisfied that the job of selection was over, and never gave a thought to the bride's point of view. Heigh ho! To think of all that waste of good money!

There is just one gleam of hope, though. Mrs. Auto Mobile may think to say to the bride—she is a kind-hearted woman when she is not too pre-occupied with her own affairs to take in an idea—"Now, my dear, if there is anything else at Ruby Hall you would like better, don't hesitate to change this. I shan't mind it in the least, and neither of us believes in luck, do we?" That would be a way out.

A few other things that are going to give the bride a good many bad half hours, are a gaudy table lamp for electric light (if the club that gave it had only consulted me I would have suggested an umbrella as at least offering a safe choice); a huge mission chair from her great-aunt, who is vastly pleased with the bulk of her gift and its cheapness (it was a bargain); a pair of pictures which are poor reproductions

of great pictures cheaply framed, and a gilt chair, suitable for a Louis XV. drawing-room, but not the simple living room Priscilla plans.

Another gift with a question mark after it is a fine Eastern rug, from her brother Tom. He goes to Europe once a year for his firm and has an unlimited complacent confidence in his own taste, so this is his choice. He is so perfectly satisfied with his selection that I am sure tender-hearted Priscilla will never hint that the pattern is grotesque and the colors, beautiful as they are in themselves, will be quite out of harmony with the scheme she has settled on. It is about the ugliest Bokhara I ever saw.

This makes me think of a story of Anstey's, I cannot recall its name, in which a bride-elect (it is in England, of course), returns from a visit to find that her fiancé had planned a surprise for her. He, with his sister's help, has furnished the pretty little house they had taken. Every last thing was impossible, for the young man's family were not of the enlightened in things of art. Oil-cloth masqueraded as inlaid wood, figured paper as stained glass, the paintings were bargains and the furniture after the worst mongrel design of modern times.

The girl was too kind-hearted to dampen her lover's boyish delight in his own taste and ingenuity, but she pined away in secret over the prospect of life in this nightmare, and only a fire which burned the whole house and its contents saved her from either an early grave or a broken engagement, I forget which.

But to come back to Priscilla. You may think my criticisms are in bad taste, but remember I am telling you this in confidence, and feel I can be frank.

The thing that seemed to be the matter with so many things was that people were trying to trick you into believing the present cost more than it did, and the giver had evidently been thinking almost altogether about himself—oftenest the offender was "herself"—and very little about the person to whom he was giving. He was either too lazy or too selfish or too stingy, or too self-opinionated to find out the bride's taste.

But you must not think all these wedding gifts were misfits. Dear no! There was the cabinet of silver given by the groom's family and the dinner set by the only rich relative Priscilla has, who let her make her own choice. There was the row of jam pots filled with amber-colored grape fruit marmalade that Mrs. Younghusband made. She has two babies and tiny flat to look after, and no maid, and a small income. She said, for her part she hated fancy things that were no use, and only cluttered up the house, so she thought she was safe in giving something that wouldn't be in the way. She was all right.

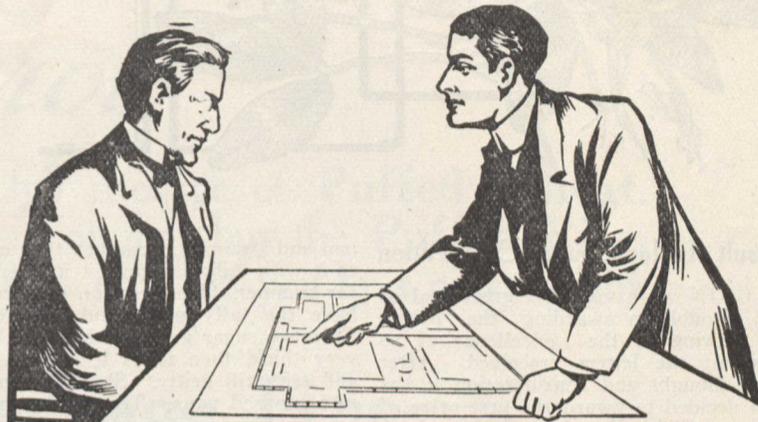
Then there was the thoughtful aunt, who, remembering her own tired arms after wielding the broom, sent Priscilla a vacuum cleaner.

But the thing Priscilla made the most fuss over was a big print kitchen apron. The old lady who gave it said it was made after a pattern which the Duchess of No Castle gave her when she was a housemaid in the Old Country, and she is firmly convinced it has for that reason special virtue. Every stitch of it was sewed with such delight that it was for Priscilla, and the color (it has blue sprigs) was chosen because John said once it suited her. The old lady has the early Victorian idea that a wife should try and find favor in the eyes of her lord. "It is the usefulest of all my presents," the bride-elect tells her old friend.

On the principle of "Biddy O'Grady and the Colonel's Lady" having much in common, all new brides must feel much the same delightful thrill concerning their new possessions, and also are apt to have occasionally the same feeling of surfeit whether in the case of Lady Melinda, the daughter of a thousand earls, to whom royal princesses and duchesses present strings of pearls, diamond tiaras and wonderful ruby and emerald jewels, or only plain Mary

Continued on page 40

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add to the joy of the living in half a million Canadian homes

BISCUITS



☐ Give the young folks plenty of CHRISTIE'S BISCUITS during the joyous living season. Because they are crisp, light, nourishing and always pure.

☐ Thousands of Canada's particular housewives are constantly advertising the PURITY and QUALITY of CHRISTIE'S BISCUITS. Hundreds of them visit our big, bright, clean factory every year and THEY KNOW.

☐ Why endanger the health of your children, madam, when these delicious and toothsome delicacies can be provided in abundance at a trifling cost.

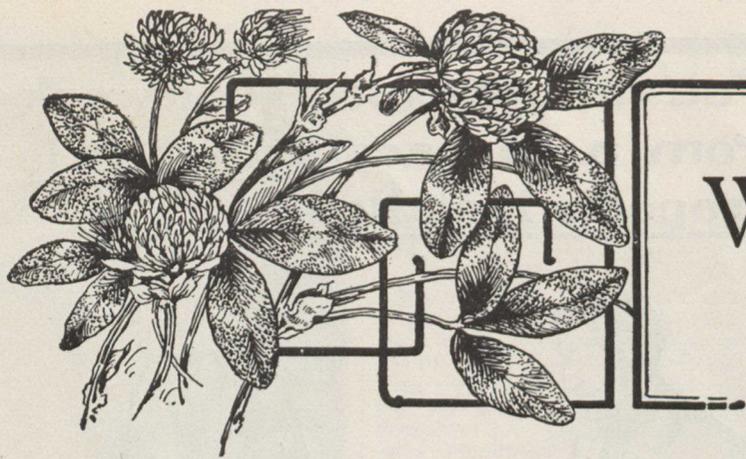
☐ CHRISTIE'S BISCUITS are known from ocean to ocean as "The Purest of all Pure Foods." They are DECIDEDLY good for young and old alike.

☐ When you want the best biscuits, "Plain or Fancy," "Sodas or Sweet," always insist on Christie's. Most grocers handle them.

☐ And remember this: "There is a Christie Biscuit for every taste and they all taste delicious."

☐ If you cannot get them at your Grocer's let us know.

Christie-Brown & Company, Limited
 (TORONTO) 459



With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Result of Maple Sugar Competition

AGAIN we have had a great deal of trouble in awarding the prizes, owing to the excellence of so many of the letters received. After much thought and consideration it has been decided to award the first prize of \$3.00 to Elsie Slomskie, Williamsford, Ont., and the second prize of \$2.00 to Mae Henry, Holyrood, Ont. There is really very little difference in merit between the letter that won second place and five or six others. We might with justice have awarded a dozen third prizes, had we been able to do so. Elsie Slomskie's letter gave the best picturesque description of sugar-making, and Mae Henry's the best bit of humor. The eight, nine, and ten-year-olds again did splendid work. Another interesting competition will be announced shortly; and we hope it will be as popular with the Juniors as the two others have been.—Cousin Clover.

Maple Sugar Letters

Thornbury, Ont.

Dear Cousin Clover:

About the fifteenth of March the warm, balmy winds begin to blow, and the farmer knows it is spring, and time to tap the maple trees.

He gets the buckets ready, and cans for gathering the sap. A sleigh is got out and horses hitched on to it, and he starts out. He drills a hole in the tree a suitable height for the bucket. He then puts a spile in the hole and hangs a bucket on it.

In a day or two he comes along to see if there is enough sap to boil, and if there is, he drives around to the trees and gathers it in large cans and draws it to the camp, where it is put to boil into syrup. It takes quite a while to boil, as the sap is like sweetened water. After it has the first boiling at the bush it is taken to the house, where it is again boiled and purified. It is then ready to sell or to put away for your own use. We tap about three hundred trees.

I will tell you about a day when I asked a few girls to enjoy a taffy pull. There were six girls asked, and all were present. We went to the bush for an hour or two and watched the men. We drank sap and warm syrup. We all went to the house, where I made taffy and maple sugar. It was good, and we all enjoyed it. The dog came along and we gave him some taffy, and it was fun to see him eat it. We then played games, and then had tea, and I drove them all home.

FREDA DINSMORE.

This is to certify that my daughter, Freda, wrote this letter unassisted.—J. Dinsmore.

* * *

We are getting such a lot of good letters about maple sugar. Yours is a very nicely expressed one. It must be fun to make it, and it is the sort of fun that people in the city never enjoy. You forgot to tell your age.—C. C.

Mountain View, Ont.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I will write to you about making maple sugar. In the month of March grandpa gets his axe, auger, spiles and buckets, and goes to the woods to tap the trees. With his axe he cuts a piece of the bark off the trees and bores a hole in the trees, then drives in the spile, and hangs on the bucket. In a couple of days grandpa, Harold and I go to the woods to tap the trees. What fun we have running from tree to tree getting the sap! Grandpa then puts it in the pan on the arch, and lets it boil till thick, then he takes it out of the

pan and strains it. Grandma then cleanses it with milk and puts it in glass jars for summer. The best fun is when we have the taffy pulls, and lots to eat. To make sugar grandma boils the syrup very thick, then takes it off the stove and stirs till gritty. She then puts it into greased pans. This is the fun we have making maple sugar.

Auntie takes the HOME JOURNAL, and I enjoy it very much.

BESSIE I. SAYERS

(In fourth book, 10 years old).

This certifies that Bessie wrote this letter without any assistance.—Mrs. G. E. Sayers.

* * *

Yes, you all get lots of fun with your maple sugar, Bessie. What else do you do in the country in the spring? Write and tell us.—C. C.

Leith, Ont.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I have never written to your page before, but thought I would try your competition on "Maple Sugar."

Johnny Raymond was a city boy who had never been in the country. One day when he was coming home from kindergarten, his mother called to him to hurry. Johnny was cross and did not want to hurry, but when he saw his mother smiling, with an open letter in her hand, he thought it must be something very nice, so he began to run very fast indeed. In a few minutes his mother had Johnny on her knee, and was telling him that she had got a letter from his grandma, who wanted him to go to her country home in the Easter holidays. At this Johnny's eyes opened very wide, and he clapped his hands with glee.

As soon as the holidays began Johnny went to his grandma's. She lived about two miles from a store, and her little grandson soon began to long for candy, and she told him if he was a good boy all day he could go with his cousins to the bush the next day to make candy. Johnny thought it very queer to make candy in the bush, but he was a good boy all day, and grandma let him go.

He and his cousins went in the big sleigh to the bush, where they at once began tapping the trees. Johnny watched all the performances gravely, but when they lit the fire he was afraid. They made a lot of it, and Johnny said it was every bit as good as city candy. When he got home he privately told his mother there was nothing so good as maple sugar.

Wishing the page success.

JESSIE B. RUTHERFORD (age 10).

Certified by Mrs. M. Rutherford.

* * *

There are plenty of city boys like Johnny Raymond, who have never seen maple sugar made, Jessie. You, too, write a very good hand indeed, and we hope to get more letters from you.—C. C.

Belleville, Ont.

Dear Cousin Clover:

My father taps about 350 trees with a $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch bit, and drives in a tin spile, on which the buckets hang. The buckets are covered with a tin cover to keep out the rain. He has an arch built in his shanty on which the evaporator sits. It boils very quickly and clean, as it is strained three times before getting hot. He has a large galvanized tank on a sleigh, which they drive through the woods, and gather about forty pails of sap at a time. This they run into a vat which has a pipe and siphon to lead it into the evaporator as it boils. He has a saccharometer, which tells when the syrup is thick enough for syrup and

sugar. When the sugar is done it is stirred till cold enough to put in cakes.

In olden times my great-grandfather tapped this same bush. They had to watch out for wolves, and carry firebrands at night. He used to tap with an axe, and have a wooden spout and troughs. They gathered with pails hung from their shoulders or hauled by an ox team. They boiled in a big iron potash kettle hung from a sweep pole. Later they used the tapping gouge and wooden spouts of cedar or sumac bobs, and boiled in large tin sap pans. They next got sheet iron spiles, and then our small tin ones with which we can tap small trees, as the holes soon grow over.

They used to make a good deal of sugar, but now we find a better sale for syrup. We only sugar-off for parties, when we have a great deal of fun, as we take our dinners and cook them there.

I am sending you a snap of one of our sugar parties.

KETHA LLOYD (age 13).

Certified by Mrs. S. Lloyd.

* * *

Thank you for your interesting letter, and also for the snapshot, which I think we shall be able to use. We would be



CHUMS

glad to receive more snapshots from our readers; they add so much interest to our page. I do not think I ever saw your name before anywhere. It is a curious and pretty one.—C. C.

Concord, Ont.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and I enjoy very much reading the Journal's Juniors' page. I live on a farm about three miles from a large sugar bush. One day I went to visit my chum, whose father owns the bush. She showed me the evaporating vat, and the sap going in it like sweet water and coming out a rich syrup, and then being boiled again into sugar. She then gave me a taste of the sap, syrup and sugar. We then played hide-and-seek about the trees, and I looked into the pails, as there was a pail attached to each tree to catch the sap, and saw it dropping into them.

Wishing your page every success.

HELEN WHITE (age 13).

This is to certify that this letter was written by my daughter, Helen, without any aid from anyone.—George K. White.

* * *

Another girl with a very pretty handwriting. Thank you for your letter, Helen, and come again.—C. C.

Cairo, Ont.

Dear Cousin Clover:

Mamma takes the HOME JOURNAL, and I am always very much interested in

reading the letters appearing on the Juniors' Page. In the February number I noticed that your friends were going to write this time on maple sugar.

I live on a farm and pity the people who never have the chance of seeing made, or getting, the real maple sugar.

On a bright February or March morning the men and boys go out to a sugar maple, and if the sap will run, the delighted boys come back and get the sap pails, spiles and brace and bit. They are then off to the woods, and by use of the brace and bit a hole, nearly an inch deep, is bored in the hard maple. Then the spile is hammered into the hole, and on it hung a pail to catch the sap.

If the sap runs well it will soon be time to boil down. Then the men gather it up and put it in the evaporator or kettle. At first it tastes rather sweet. After boiling a couple of hours it forms a syrup. Then some of it is taken out, but the rest, which is left boiling, soon becomes a delicious taffy. If sugar is preferred, the syrup must be boiled even longer than that with which the taffy is made, but when boiled enough it must be stirred into sugar.

Some tap six hundred or even one thousand trees, and make a great deal of saleable syrup. That made in the kettle is the better and darker, but those who have a large bush have an evaporator.

This is all I know about maple sugar, so will close, wishing the Junior's Page every success.

I remain, yours respectfully,

EDNA M. WALL.

The above composition was written by my 12-year-old daughter Edna unaided.—Mrs. C. J. Wall.

This is a very good description of sugar making, and a beautifully neat letter. Come again, Edna, and write about anything you like.—C. C.

Florence, March 16th.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the HOME JOURNAL, and seeing that the competition for now is "Making Maple Sugar," I thought I would try and write one on it.

We have a sugar bush of about two hundred and fifty trees. This year we tapped them about the last of February. The sap has run pretty good. The way we gather the sap, we have an old sleigh, and put a barrel on it, hitch a horse to it and go around the woods emptying the buckets into the barrel. When we put it into the barrel we strain it through cotton and bring it up to the shanty, and as it is rough going through the woods it is comical to see Dick (the horse) go over the bumps and try to keep the sap from spilling.

After we get it to the shanty we again strain it into a tub fixed up on a shelf and a self feeder which consists of eight pipes fixed into the arch where the fire is, and by the time the sap reaches the pans it is boiling. We then have to boil it for a long time to get it to maple syrup, and longer to get it to taffy and sugar.

One day last week we invited a number of our friends over to the bush to sugar off, and after the sap got to syrup and was cleansed the men took it out of the pan and boiled it out in the open woods in an iron kettle, and it soon turned to taffy, and after we ate some taffy we stirred it constantly until it turned to sugar. We all enjoyed ourselves, and are glad when sugar-making time comes around.

I am, your friend,

ELLA B. CHILDS (age 13).

Composed and written by Ella Childs, unaided.—Mrs. F. Childs.

* * *

Thank you for your good wishes,

Continued on page 45

Let Us Buy the Breakfast Tomorrow

Permit us to buy—and give to you—a full package of **Puffed Wheat**. Present the coupon below at your store. You may buy the **Puffed Rice**, but let us buy the **Puffed Wheat**. Let us treat you to a new delight.

A Full-Size Package Free

Myriads of people who enjoy Puffed Rice don't know how Puffed Wheat tastes. To correct this lack we are making this offer to ten million homes this month.

Puffed Rice was invented first. And, as most of you know, it fairly captured the country. The demand for these crisp grains—puffed to eight times natural size—came faster than we could make them.

Four people in five, at the first taste of Puffed Rice, gave it first place among the ready-cooked cereals.

Puffed Rice thus became the sensation. Never had a cereal been made half so enticing. Now we want you to know that Puffed Wheat—which came later—is also unique and delightful.

The Curious Process

Prof. Anderson—who invented these foods—thought that rice alone could be so expanded without being blasted to

pieces. For the grains are puffed by a steam explosion—by being shot from guns.

The raw grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. That heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes enormous.

Suddenly the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. The grains are shot out puffed to eight times normal size. Every food granule is blasted to pieces, so that digestion acts instantly.

Yet the kernels of rice keep their natural shape. The coats are unbroken. The gigantic grains—porous, crisp and delicious—look like magnified rice.

Exploding Wheat

Then Prof. Anderson tried the same process on wheat.

His aim was to make whole wheat wholly digestible. To break up the food granules as cooking or baking only begins to do.

And the dream came true. Almost the same process brought the same result as with rice. The world's premier grain became twice as digestible as it ever was made before. A wheat food was created, far more enticing than any other wheat food known.

Now we are asking ten million homes to try it—all at our expense.

The Vast Difference

Puffed Rice—as a girl said—suggests fairy wafers, ready to melt in the mouth. Puffed Wheat suggests toasted nut meats.

Puffed Wheat has the greater flavor. Some people like it better than rice for mixing with berries, bananas, etc.

Some people mix Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. The blend, they say, is much better than either.

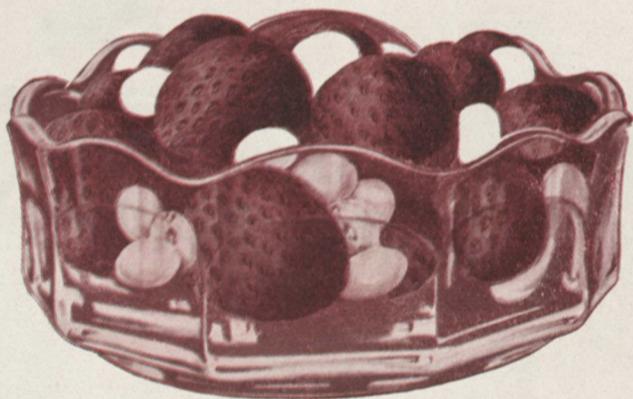
And all people like variety. In every home, Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice should be alternated.

We Pay the 10 Cents

Now, on the verge of hot weather—when these ready-cooked cereals are most desired—we invite you to try them both. If you will buy the Puffed Rice we will buy the Puffed Wheat.

Take this coupon to your grocer and pay him 15 cents for a package of Puffed Rice. He will give you with it a package of Puffed Wheat—price 10 cents—charging the Wheat to us.

This offer has never been made before, and will never be repeated. Accept it now. Cut out this coupon, lay it aside, and present it when you go to the store.



June's Imperial Breakfast

Berries With Puffed Wheat

Mix Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice with your berries. They belong together—as nuts belong with raisins.

The crisp, nut-like grains and the tart of the berries make a delicious blend.

For summer suppers, serve the puffed grains in a bowl of milk. They are crisper than crackers and four times as porous as bread.

For breakfast, serve with cream and sugar. For dinner, serve as a garnish for ice cream.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in extreme West*
Puffed Rice, 15c

15 **Sign and Present to Your Grocer**
Good in United States or Canada

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name _____

To the Grocer

We will remit you ten cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.

The Quaker Oats Company
 Peterborough, Ont.

Address _____

Date _____, 1911.

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1911. Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1st.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

The Quaker Oats Company



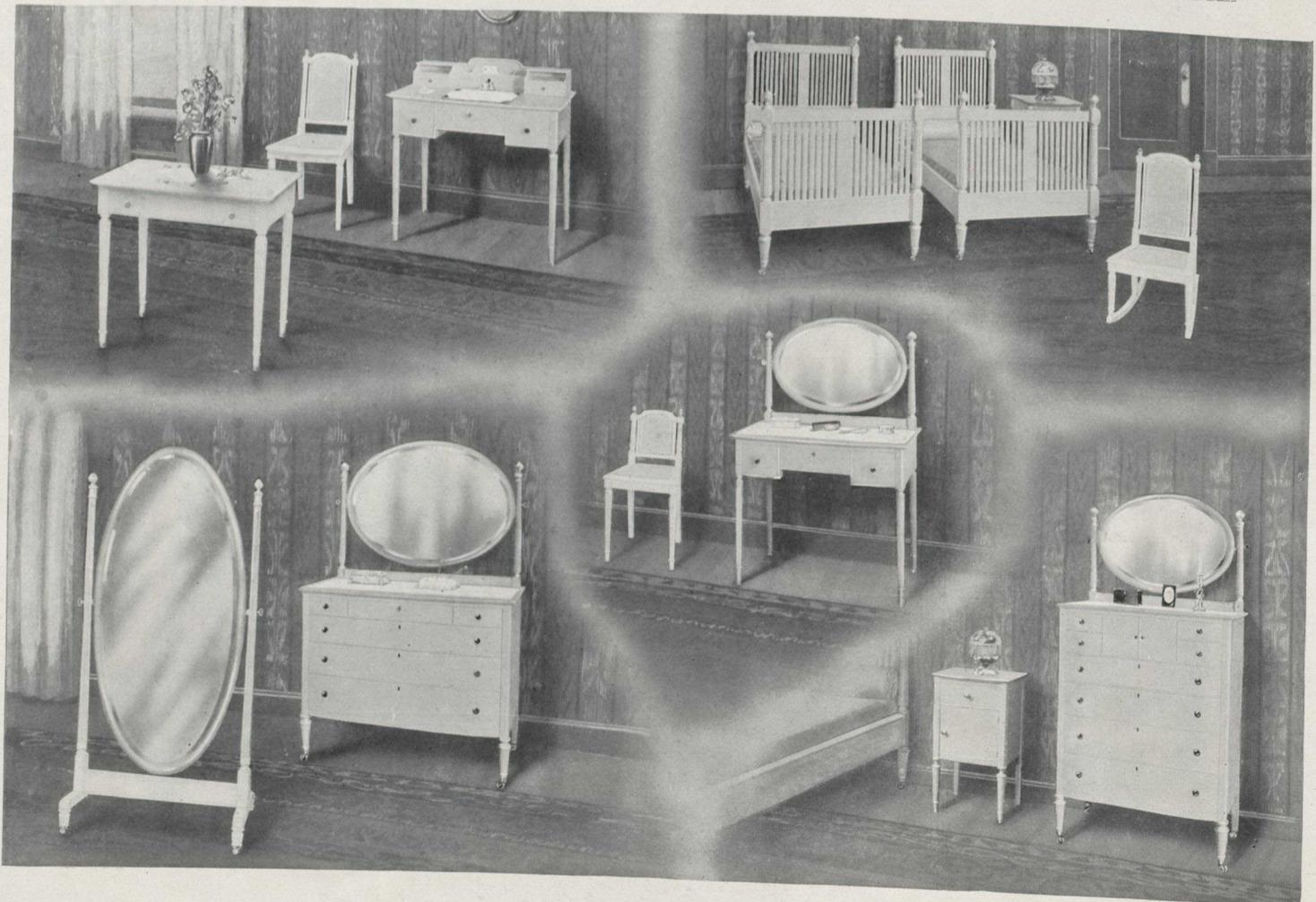
PERIOD FURNITURE

In another page of this issue is an interesting article on "PERIOD FURNITURE." On this page we illustrate a complete Dining-room and Bed-room Suite in "Period Style." The Dining-room Suite is a reproduction of that famous designer, Thomas Sheraton. His designs were always well proportioned, and extremely graceful in appearance. Straight tapered legs and broad inlaid lines, were among the most prominent features of his creations. The wood principally used was Mahogany. The Bed-room Suite illustrated is Louis XVI. Period. While the lines do not follow that period minutely, it has the turned and fluted legs and standards which are the principal features of that period. Everything is well-proportioned. At this season of the year when enamelled furniture is so much in demand, nothing more serviceable nor better value can be had. We finish it in White, Ivory or French Grey Enamel. Make inquiries at your dealers or let us hear from you.



TORONTO FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA

MAKERS OF THE BETTER MAKE OF CANADIAN QUALITY FURNITURE.



Latest Suggestions for Embroidery

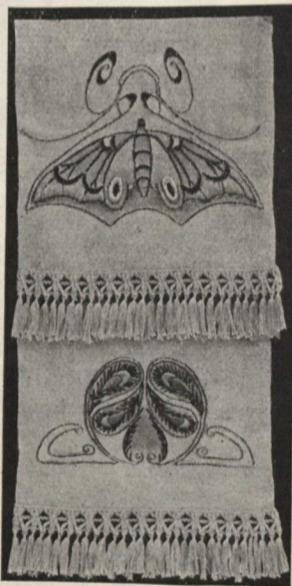
THE fashionable peasant waist is shown in an absolutely new form, and this hand-embroidered variety is one of the most attractive models. The easy manner in which these waists are made up is responsible for their tremendous vogue, and these garments will be worn throughout the summer months, and the word comes from Paris that they will be continued into the fall sea-



No. 90—Kimona Waist
Stamped on Marquisette, \$1.25
Stamped on Voile, 75 cents

son, as they are so dainty it would be hard to find any waist to replace them.

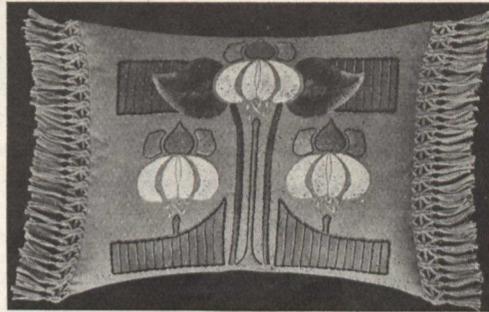
All manner of designs and embroideries are shown for these waists: Bulgarian, Oriental, pastel colorings are all attractive, but the most popular embroidery is the French knot beading, which is so successful an imitation of the fashionable bead embroidery which has been so much shown lately. Couching stitch is combined with this, and the finished effect is very beautiful. The description of the pictured waist will enable any woman to embroider an equally handsome one. The design is stamped on white marquisette, and embroidered in a combination of white, coral and black silks. Rope silk is used for this embroidery, as the cotton threads do not produce a satisfactory result. The bands are couched with three strands of white Rope silk caught down at regular intervals with the coral shade, the leaves and scrolls are outlined with black rope silk, the dots are embroidered in solid padded satin stitch with white, outlined with the coral shade, and the remainder of the design, consisting



No. 2473—Tinted Butterfly Scarf, 75 cents
No. 2574—Tinted Conventional Scarf, 75 cents

of leaves and scrolls, is filled in with French beading. This is a new manner of working the well-known French knot; the perfect bead imitation is obtained by twisting the silk once only around a coarse crewel needle, then pass the needle through the back of the goods and bring up where the next dot is stamped; this produces a small flat bead effect which will not pull or loosen from the material. The all-white embroidery for waists has had its day, and all the newest of the imported models show beautiful combinations of colored silk embroidery.

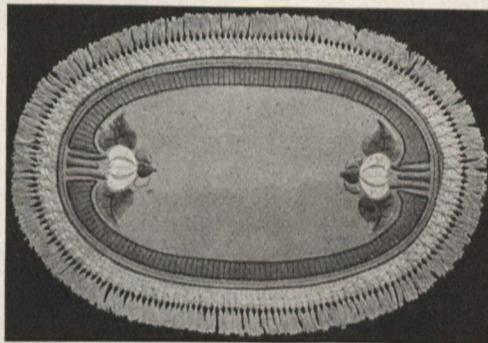
Lingerie gowns are this season embroidered from these dainty designs, the material being stamped along the selvedge with band designs matching the kimona waist. These can be made up in any preferred manner. The favorite method is to have a two-piece skirt with either one or two bands embroidered. One of the newest ideas is to apply a band



No. 2636—Tinted Cushion Top, 60 cents.

of soft satin on the lower edge of the color matching the embroidery; this forms an effective finish for such a gown, and has the added advantage of keeping the edge from being soiled. These gowns dry clean beautifully, and a dainty summer gown may be produced from these inexpensive materials which will rival any of the expensive embroidered models shown in the shops.

New ideas for household decoration are always eagerly looked for, and two beautiful designs for scarfs are pictured below. Both these scarfs are embroidered on heavy Russian crash, its artistic natural shade forms an admirable background for the rich coloring of the embroidery silks. The butterfly design is tinted in gold and yellows and blacks, and is effectively embroidered with rope silks matching these in shade, the design afterwards being couched with black and Japanese gold thread, which show up the design beautifully. The second design is suggestive of peacock feathers, and the tinting is in shades of gold, blue, brown and green, and is embroidered in these shades as in the butterfly scarf, the whole design is couched with Japanese gold and black silk, and a handsome Russian fringe



No. 2636A—Tinted Oblong Centre, 90 cents

finishes the ends of these scarfs, which are 18 inches wide and 54 inches long.

We illustrate a beautiful oval centrepiece and oblong cushion to match the mission design, which is beautiful in its simplicity, has a stencil design which is embroidered in white, shaded with pale green, dark green, gold and black. The designs are tinted on a neutral linen shade, and the lily forms are heavily padded and worked over and over in satin stitch, afterwards being outlined with black. The remainder of the design is couched with black and Japanese gold thread and handsome Russian fringe edges these beautiful designs, which are admirably adapted for use in a living room. These tinted designs are so effective that it is hard to find anything more beautiful.

An effective cushion for a den is the "home" design, which is effectively tinted on a grayish crash, and the design is quaint and artistic. The letters should be embroidered in solid padded satin stitch with black rope silk, and the remainder of the design is simply outlined in blues, brown and greens. This cushion is also finished with another variety of Russian fringe.

The oblong cushions are extremely fashionable at present, the objection has been made that it is difficult to find cushion forms to fit these; it is not necessary, however, to have special forms to fit; use the ordinary square pillow form, taking out some of the filling on one side and they will be found to pack into shape without further trouble.

Rope silk to embroider any of the above designs can be had at 50 cents per dozen, also Russian fringe to finish the centre, and cushions at \$1.10 per yard.

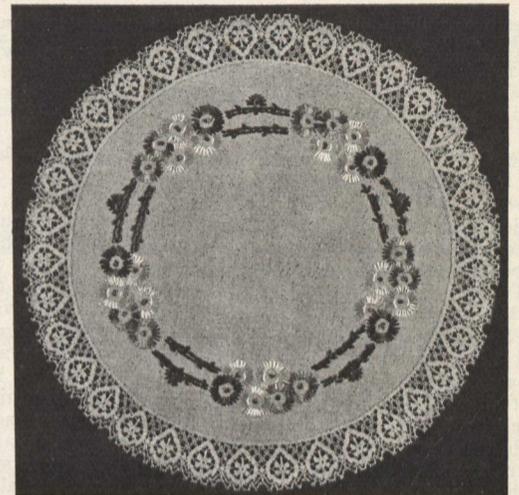
If these goods cannot be procured from your dealer, address Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Montreal, for further information. Department "L."



No. 1,102—Tinted Cushion Top, 50 cents

SEND AT ONCE

— 35 CENTS —



For eight skeins of ART EMBROIDERY SILK

which is sufficient to embroider a 15 inch CREAM LINEN CENTRE PIECE,

stamped for the fashionable Mille Fleur or Thousand Flower Embroidery which we will give you FREE and sufficient Cream Lace to edge this beautiful Centre Piece;

ALSO A DIAGRAM LESSON which will enable

any woman to do this embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send to-day, as this generous offer is good for a short time only.

This offer is made to convince every woman that BELDING'S ART EMBROIDERY SILKS are the best made.

Send 10c for a copy of Belding's Needle & Hook Book which contains all the latest suggestions for art embroidery.

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MONTREAL, P.Q.



HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 12 cents each. Send cash to PATTERN DEPARTMENT, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 59-61 John Street, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. Patterns are mailed from our Toronto office the same day as order is received. PAPER PATTERNS TWELVE CENTS EACH POST PAID.

A Smart Gown and Frock

SELDOM has any season offered so many lovely materials as this one. Embroidered fabrics are especially varied and especially smart. In the illustration are shown a gown of linen embroidered with eyelet embroidery and a young girl's dress of embroidered batiste.

The linen gown shows several new and distinctive features. The side gores of the skirt are cut in sections that overlap, giving a trimming effect. The front and back gores are trimmed with the prettily shaped portions applied over them. The skirt can be finished with a high or natural waist line. The blouse is of an exceedingly available sort. It can be worn just as illustrated or over a guimpe, as preferred. It is adapted to the entire gown and to wear with odd skirts, and the coat suit. It can be made from fancy material, as in this instance, or from plain material embroidered or beaded. The two tucks over the shoulder mean becoming fullness. There are only the under-arm seams that are extended to the sleeves.

For a woman of medium size the blouse will require 1 3/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 1 1/4 yards 36 or 44; for the skirt will be needed 6 1/2 yards 27, 5 yards 36 or 3 3/4 yards 44, with 5/8 yard 36 or 44 for the trimming portions.

The pattern of the blouse, 7003, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust, or of the skirt, 7010, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist.

The young girl's dress includes the new overblouse with short tunic that is so fashionable and so attractive. It is worn over a plain five-gored skirt. The

tunic can be made of the length illustrated, or cut to the top of the trimming, or again shorter, as best suits the wearer. It is cut in one piece, with the overblouse, and the making of the garment means the minimum of time and labor. The five-gored skirt can be made just as illustrated, or with a band joined to the lower edge, as shown in the back view. It can be finished with a belt or cut to the high waist line. The model is a charming one for the embroidered batiste illustrated, and with the trimming of banding it makes a most attractive frock. It also will be found available for foulard and for similar materials, for linen, pongee, in fact, for almost every seasonable fabric.

For the 16-year size the blouse with tunic will require 3 3/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 36 or 44, with 3 1/2 yards of banding; for the skirt will be needed 5 1/2 yards 27, 4 yards 36 or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with 2 3/4 yards of banding.

The pattern of the blouse with tunic, 6963, and the pattern of the skirt, 6896, are both cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

A Smart Gown of Silk Voile

SILK voile and silk marquisette make exceedingly beautiful summer gowns and this one is trimmed with satin and with heavy lace. The blouse is one of the new ones made in peasant style, but with a shaped lower portion that is especially well adapted to contrasting materials. It can be made with square neck, as illustrated, or with a yoke, making it high as pre-

ferred. The circular skirt is a simple one that can be made either long or short. In this case, it is faced with satin, above which is arranged a band of lace. The sash that is worn at the waist line adds a smart touch. Attractive, and even elaborate as the gown is, it really is a simple one to make, for there are no sleeves to be sewed into the armholes, and only two seams to be sewed up after the upper and lower portions of the blouse are joined. The skirt can be made in one piece or in two, with a seam at the front.

The blouse can be made with or without a lining, and when the lining is used, it can be finished with or without under sleeves that extend below the elbows in three-quarter length.

For the medium size the waist will require 1 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 1 yard 36, or 7/8 yard 44, with 3/4 yard of all-over lace and 3 yards of

lutely plain, trimmed with the applied band that is placed well above the lower edge in conformity with the very latest decree. No prettier combination or effect could be suggested, but the model is one that can be utilized in numberless ways. It could be made from colored linen with collar and cuffs of contrasting material, and the skirt left plain, or the skirt and coat could be either braided or embroidered. It could be made of linen with collar and cuffs of silk and with a plain skirt, and it could indeed be treated in many ways. Black on white, and black on color are exceedingly fashionable this season. Collar, revers and cuffs of either black satin or moire velour would be handsome, and they can be sewed to the coat or attached by means of buttons and buttonholes on the under side. The trimming at the lower edge of the coat



Coat Pattern No. 7020
Skirt Pattern No. 6982



Waist Pattern No. 6969
Skirt Pattern No. 6809

banding; for the skirt will be needed 5 1/4 yards 27, 4 1/2 yards 36 or 3 3/4 yards 44 inches wide, with 2 3/4 yards of lace banding and 2 yards of satin for the band.

The pattern of the waist, 6969, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust, or of the skirt, 6809, sizes 22 to 32 inches waist.

A Suit of White Linen

WHITE linen trimmed with fillet lace makes an exceedingly smart combination, and this suit is one of the prettiest possible for summer wear. The coat is in the height of style, yet quite simple, and the skirt is abso-

can be used or omitted, as liked. Braiding continues to be smart and the coat could be braided round the lower edge and over collar and cuffs, while the skirt is braided with one or two bands to make an exceedingly handsome costume. Also the model will be found a good one for pongee, for serge and for all seasonable suitings.

For a woman of medium size the coat will require 4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards 36 or 44, with 3/4 yard of wide and 2 3/4 yards of narrow banding; for the skirt will be needed 5 1/2 yards 27, 3 1/2 yards 36, or 2 3/4 yards 44, with 2 1/2 yards of banding.

The pattern of the coat, 7020, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust, or the skirt, 6982, sizes 22 to 32 inches waist.

The Collarless Blouse

HANDWORK is the dominant note on many of the spring models of blouses. Voile and marquisette are perhaps the newest form in which lingerie blouses appear. The cool durability of these open-mesh fabrics is appealing to the one who is planning an outfit for summer wear. Most of the new blouses are of the simplest styles. The kimono blouse is the pattern most generally used. It is made collarless for those who have pretty throats, and the courage of their con-



Waist Pattern No. 7003
Skirt Pattern No. 7010

Waist Pattern No. 6963
Skirt Pattern No. 6896

victions. This same type can be worn with adjustable guimpes.

There are many ways of employing hand embroidery on lingerie blouses. The square meshes form excellent guide lines for straight conventional patches of different colored threads. A cream voile with a yoke outlined in three shades of blue, for instance, is a delightful color scheme. Tan, golden brown, and yellow are good tones to combine on ecru marquisette. Red, too, in small dots, graduated in size, forms a very effective decoration for white blouses. Cross-stitching, to form little flowers or conventional forms, is easily applied on these square meshes. This method of decoration is most effective when two or three different colors are combined to give the effect of the German embroidery or old time samplers.

Embroidered Marquisette Gown

EMBROIDERED marquisette is one of the handsomest, as well as the most fashionable materials of the season. This gown shows it with all-over embroidery, and is exceedingly smart and dainty. The full-length panel gives the long, unbroken lines that are so becoming as well as fashionable, while at the sides and back the skirt is plain and hangs in straight lines. The blouse is cut in one with the sleeves. It can be made just as illustrated or with high neck, as preferred. The model will be found an excellent one for many materials and for many uses. Treated as in the illustration it is a very dainty and an elaborate gown. Made from simpler materials, with panel of the same, it would assume quite a different aspect. It would be found adapted to linen and to foulard, to batiste and to lawn, and indeed to all simple materials. Eyelet embroidery is especially well liked just now, and a very attractive gown could be made by using that material for the blouse, the panel and the upper portions of the skirt combined with flouncing in matching design. The blouse and the skirt are joined by means of a belt, and both are joined to the panel. The closing is made invisibly at the back. The gown can be made in walking or round length.

For a woman of medium size will be required $7\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36, or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44, with $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 18 for the panel, 2 yards of wide and 6 yards of narrow banding.

The pattern, 6987, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure.

Gowns in Princess Style

GOWNS that are made in semi-princess style are among the most fashionable possible. Here are two that are exceptionally graceful and attractive, one of which is designed for young girls and for small women.

The older woman's gown, shown on the figure to the left, is especially well adapted to combinations of material. In this instance, it is made of foulard, combined with satin and trimmed with banding, but it can be utilized in almost numberless ways. It would be very charming made of dotted muslin, combined with eyelet embroidery, it would be very pretty made from striped marquisette combined with messaline, and it is indeed adapted to a wide variety of uses. The neck can be made square or high, as liked.

The blouse is made in the peasant style, cut in one with the sleeves and the portions are joined beneath the trimming. The skirt is made in three pieces, and the contrasting material is applied over the lower edge. When high neck is desired, the yoke is arranged under the blouse and stitched to the neck edge. Blouse and skirt are joined by means of the belt.

For a woman of medium size will be required $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44, with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 for the trimming portions, 8 yards of banding and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 18 for the yoke and collar.

The pattern, 6997, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure.

The young girl's frock is made with the high or Empire waist line, and with peasant sleeves. In this case, the material is mercerized mull, and the trimming is valenciennes lace banding, while the yoke portion is embroidered in a simple design. Treated in this way the dress is adapted to summer dancing parties and occasions of the kind, but it could be made from foulard or from thin silk, from crepe de chine or from marquisette and become quite different

in effect. Foulard always makes a useful dress for this season of the year, and many of the patterns are exceedingly youthful in effect. One of these with banding in harmonizing color would make a most practical frock that could be utilized for afternoons and indeed for many occasions. Embroidered marquisette or voile with cluny lace would be exceedingly smart and handsome. Color with white is much liked this season, and the dress could be made just as illustrated of white voile or any similar material, with the embroidery worked in blue or pink or pale color.

For the 16-year size will be required 8 yards of material 27 inches wide,



Dress Pattern No. 6987

$5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 44, with 19 yards of insertion and 2 yards of edging.

The pattern, 7019, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age. The embroidery pattern, 417, includes various sprays of forget-me-nots.

For This Season

BLACK pongee coats and white serge coats with touches of black satin are quite new.

The predominance of Coronation blue and flamingo shades for trimming is very pronounced.

The wool satin cloak is considered the proper thing for automobile and street wear. Wool-back satin is a soft uncrushable material that will give good satisfaction. These are made with Raglan sleeves with a five-inch cuff. Flat collar and long, large lapel effect in this line is good.

Separate wash coats are quite popular. The length is 54 inches, and the colors most wanted are white and tan. There will no doubt be a great many of these coats worn this summer over white dresses, this combination being looked upon as more desirable than the wash coat suit.

One of the characteristics of undershirts this season is the scarcity of frills, thus conforming to the styles of outer garments. Soft silks are used in many pastel shades of pink, Nile green, helio, and peach, and all shades of blue, ranging from dainty sky and turquoise tints to the new coronation shade.

The Middy suits are the big feature of this season. The interest in this

garment is attributed to the influence of the new Canadian navy. Whether this is true or not, the fact remains that the sailor suit is going to be very much in evidence during the coming season. All manufacturers report their orders are coming in splendidly for this smart garment.

For small girls the Buster Brown and sailors are generally shown, while a novelty, known as the Coronation dress, is being shown. This garment is made in blue serge, trimmed with the Coronation colors and buttons. This style of garment will no doubt be well taken, and has an attractiveness which has much to commend it. Sailor suits with the introduction of Coronation colors are also among those to be shown. Cream serges with trimmings of sou-tache braids and satin are in evidence, as are the serviceable shepherd's check in black and white.

Black and white silk marquisette is a high novelty in silk dresses. Sometimes the material is veiled. However, the popular material is silk foulard, and the novelty note is sounded by the border effects. Plain black satin dresses with the girde and high waist effect are also featured. Silk foulards with messaline fronts are another high novelty. Such novels are piped with messaline. Small neat effects in black and white are good in foulards, and the color, which is sure to be the hit, is silver grey. The retail displays of silk foulards are bewildering in their variety. Big spots in foulards are doing well. Wash silk dresses are also strongly represented. Striped messaline is seen everywhere. In fact, an outstanding feature is the prevalence of stripes.

Preference for White

IT appears that this is to be a white season after all, despite the fact that color has so largely invaded the lingerie costume. Nevertheless, white wool-satin costumes are to be much worn, and many of them will be all-white, made in the strictest tailored fashion, with large embroidered arrow-heads, now developed into a decoration, or embellished with the very wide basket weave braids. These very wide braids are used most effectively, and on one costume the entire back and front of the coat were fashioned of length-

wise strips of such braid. It is a smart new feature, capable of great development, for revers are faced with it, and straight panel sashes made of it. Other white costumes of the silken sort are made of pongee, charmeuse and Canton crepe. Frequently those of white wool-satin display the contrast of a discreet allowance of colored velvet, in black, king's blue, empire green or coronation purple, but the all-white, although more trying, is rather better style. Then, too, the tourist coats of white basket weave are distinctly smart, and white wool costumes in diagonal basket weave, storm serge—or any of the coarsely woven woolen fabrics—in addition to the white corded mohairs and Panamas, will contest the field of interest. Most of the tourist coats are made on the straight model with rounded fronts, and all of the decoration is concentrated on the wide collar, which is sometimes brought down in a point in the back, ending in a tassel, and showing a wide crossover in the front, ornamented with showy frogs. A novelty in a black and white tourist coat had a shoulder cape in front, which formed the sleeves, and created the entire full-length of the back—a most unique conceit.

Girl's Dress

THE frock made with straight flounces is always a pretty one for little girls. This model can be made elaborate or simple as it is treated in one way or another. In one illustration, it is shown made with two flounces of embroidery and with bretelles, while the neck is cut square. In the back view it is shown with two flounces and bretelles, but with high neck and long sleeves. The model is just as successful treated in one way as in another, so that there are really two dresses in place of one. All the materials that are used for little girls' dresses and that are thin enough to be tucked or gathered are appropriate.

The dress consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse is made with front and back portions that are tucked to form a yoke. When a square neck is desired, it is cut out on indicated lines. The short sleeves are finished with bands, the long sleeves with deep cuffs. The skirt consists of a five-gored upper portion to which one straight gathered flounce is



Dress Pattern No. 6997

Dress Pattern No. 7019
Embroidery Pattern No. 417

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attached. The upper flounce is arranged over the foundation.

The quantity of material required for the ten-year size is 5½ yards of flouncing 15 inches wide, with 1½ yards of plain material 36, and 3 yards of banding to make as shown in the large front view; 4¾ yards 27, 4 yards 36 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide to make of plain material.

The pattern, No. 7005, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Bust Measurement Underwear

It is interesting to note that one large firm manufacturing ladies' knitted underwear have adopted the system of marking their garments with the size of the bust measure instead of the ordinary numbers. This makes possible an exact fit, and should prove a decided convenience.

Child's Dress

THE simple little frock that closes at the side of the front is a favorite one this season. This model will be found pretty for all seasonable materials. It can be made from the heavier linen, poplin and the like, and also from the thinner lawns and batistes. It can be worn with or without a belt. In the illustration, blue linen is finished with bands of white embroidery, and



Pattern No. 7005

with white pearl buttons. If liked, the neck can be made high and the sleeves long.

The front and the back of the dress each are made with centre and side portions, and the centre portions are lapped over on to the side portions. The sleeves are made in one piece each, gathered and finished with bands. The trimming is arranged under the neck edge and under the edges of the sleeves.

For a child of four years will be required 3 yards of material 27 or 36 inches wide, or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard of embroidery to trim, as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 6994, is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Child's Dress

LITTLE children are always prettiest when dressed in simple frocks. This one can be shirred and worn with a sash, to give the long-waisted or French effect, or it can be left plain as shown in the back view. Treated in the two ways, it is so essentially different that it practically means two dresses instead of one. The shirred dress made of lawn, lace trimmed, and with a sash, as in the illustration, is an exceedingly charming little frock for afternoon wear. The plain dress made as shown

in the back view is suited to simpler materials and to morning occasions. The dress is made with front and back portions and with a round yoke. The yoke can be cut out to form a round neck or made high with a collar. The sleeves are cut in one piece each, and



Pattern No. 6994

can be made either short or long. When the dress is shirred it is stayed with a straight band of the material.

The quantity of material required for a child of two years of age is 3 yards 27 or 36 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yards of insertion and 2 yards of edging.

The pattern, No. 7014, is cut in sizes for children of six months, 1, 3 and 4 years of age.

Home or Tea Gown

THE pretty, graceful gown that is adapted to afternoon tea as well as to general home use belongs in every wardrobe. Here is one that gives the fashionable empire line that is graceful and becoming, at the same time that it is quite simple. It can be made from silk, or from net or marquisette over silk, and become a tea gown; or it can be made from lawn or batiste or from albatross and become a simpler home gown. In either case, the lines are charming and attractive. The sleeves can be gathered into bands or left plain, as preferred.

The gown is made with the body and skirt portions. It is fitted by means of



Pattern No. 7014

shoulder and under-arm seams, and there are wide tucks over the shoulders. The lower portion is plain, and the band of trimming conceals the joining. The sleeves illustrated in the front view are gathered into bands, those shown in the front view are gathered



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into bands, those shown in the back view are left free and finished with trimming applied over their edges.

For the medium size will be needed 8 yards of material 27 inches wide, 6 yards 36 or 44, with 3/4 yard 27 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern, No. 7007, is cut in sizes



Pattern No. 7007

for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inch bust measure.

House Jacket

THIS is the season when house jackets are in demand. This one is absolutely simple, while dainty and attractive in the extreme. The sleeves and the body portion are cut in one and the labor of making is slight. The tucks are laid in a novel way, and give a yoke effect at the same time that they provide pretty fullness. This jacket is made of batiste with trimming of



Pattern No. 7006

banding, but the model will be found a good one for all the materials that are used for garments of the sort, silk, albatross and the like, as well as the washable ones. For trimming can be used banding or contrasting material. The jacket is made with fronts and

back. The tucks are laid on indicated lines, and the trimming is arranged over the shoulder seams as well as over the edges.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 2 1/2 yards 27 or 36 inches wide, 1 3/4 yards 44, with 4 yards of banding for the trimming.

The pattern, No. 7006, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

Corset Cover - Petticoat

COMBINATION under garments are preferred to every other sort just now, when slenderness is the great essential to fashion. This one that combines a corset cover with snug fitting short petticoat is a favorite, and a deserved one. The corset cover is just full enough to be pretty beneath thin hips. All the materials that are used for underwear are appropriate, but this garment is made from batiste with trimming of lace and frill of embroidery.

The garment consists of corset cover and petticoat. The corset cover is made with fronts and back. The skirt is made in five gores. The two are joined by means of a belt and the corset cover is closed at the front and the skirt slightly to the left of the front. The corset cover can be made with little shield sleeves, or without, and the arm-



Pattern No. 7011

holes finished with beading, as preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 1/2 yards 36 or 3 3/4 yards 44 inches wide, with 3 3/4 yards of embroidery for the ruffle, 2 1/2 yards of banding, 3 3/4 yards of beading and 3 3/4 yards of edging.

The pattern, No. 7011, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

The Fad for Lace

LACE gowns, lace coats, lace tunics, lace overwaists, lace scarfs and mantles—lace abundant is going to make a prominent part of the summer's wardrobe. All kinds of laces are in use—very heavy ones and the daintiest and filmiest. Some of the newest heaviest laces are works of art in themselves, and one finds it difficult to classify them. They are not cut work, neither are they what we have been accustomed to think of as lace. Some of the new bandings in particular which are going to be used, not only on linens and cottons, but with silks and satins, are so thick and bold in pattern that they will make effective trimmings or else very ugly ones. There will be nothing tame about them.



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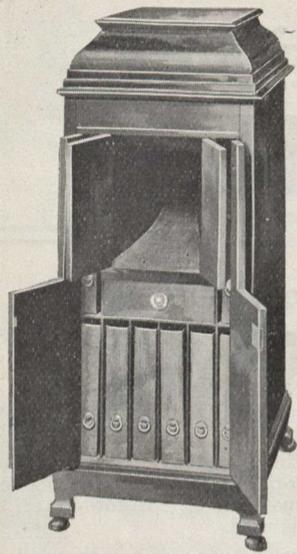
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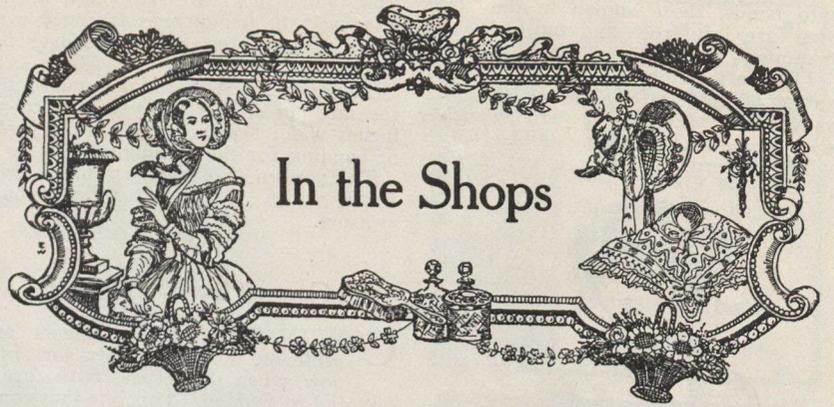
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IN the smart blouse soft filmy materials such as chiffons are used in veiled and draped effects. One of the models seen was made on a foundation of fine white point d'esprit with a bolero effect of American beauty silk and the whole waist veiled with grey chiffon. Other colors used in this style are king's blue veiled with black, and emerald green with navy. Another novelty feature along this line is a waist with a large bow of colored silk in the centre of the front under the veiling.

At present the black and white blouse is exceptionally smart. Fine white and black stripes trimmed with folds of American beauty, king's blue, coral and Paddy green silks with velvet baby ribbons and buttons.

In waists of wash materials there are models in both the tailored and lingerie effects. Tailored waists incline to embroidered fronts and to the regulation shirt waist order with stiffened collars and cuffs. Allover embroideries are being indulged in for waists this season, and many attractive peasant types are noted. With the embroidery is frequently combined heavy lace of the Irish crochet or Cluny variety. Waists of this style are cut on kimono lines. Jumpers are still with us, and shown in a variety of materials and styles usually worn in self color with the suit or skirt, of which it forms a part. Marquissette waists are the most popular this season. They are made up in simple effects embroidered in heavy colored embroideries or beaded with porcelain beads in artistic and attractive designs.

The popularity of waists makes the belt a necessity, and the newest samples are very attractive.

Many kinds and styles are shown, and I often wonder who has the courage to wear some of the more eccentric ones that are for sale. The newest and prettiest, of the same material as the Paisley bags, are lined and piped with leather, with buckles of the material. But patent leather is in high favor, and almost every woman will have a belt of it in her collection. These are varied in style: wide, narrow, straight and shaped; some showing an underbelt of contrasting leather, cashmere or antique gold tissue, the leather being cut away in geometrical forms. There are wide crush belts for the long-waisted girl and narrow, shaped ones for the short-waisted one; the latter, of necessity, have to be bought the correct waist measure. Checkerboard effect is made by interweaving black and white patent leather. Then there are white kid belts covered by gold embroidery. To match the skirt, dress and handbag they are made of suede or moire in various colors. The buckles are not very conspicuous; they generally match the belt or are very simple in design.

For elderly women a plain black silk elastic belt, a relief from the overjetted, overdecorated models shown in profusion, has a simple but beautiful gun metal "New Art" buckle, such as would please the most fastidious taste.

Parasols show a greater variety than usual this season, but whether the variety adds to the charm is a debatable question, for many of the novelties are odd without being beautiful, and on the whole the more familiar shapes and simpler details seem more attractive than the radical innovations. The parasol in plain heavy silk of modish coloring, with handsome but severe stick, is always popular, and really nothing looks better for ordinary summer purposes. This spring it appears in all of the loveliest new shades, and the taste for vivid but beautiful color noticeable throughout fashion's province finds expressions in parasols too.

Colored covers veiled in black net, marquissette, lace or chiffon, and lace often have black jet beaded handles, and one finds these handles too upon the absurd parasols of black velvet which were used, but the black velvet is more attractive than any other. Lin-

ings for the velvet may be contrasted or in the color of the velvet.

Lace parasols seem to enjoy a revival of their former favor, and in many cases lace is combined with embroidered linen or muslin.

The handkerchief parasols are comparatively new, and bid fair to be a summer favorite. The big squares overlie each other in such a way that there are eight handkerchief points for the eight ribs of the parasol, and usually only the top square is lined, so that four of the points are thin and transparent.

Some of the smartest of the new parasols are decorated with hand-painted floral designs in delicate colors. Others have applique and insertion of lace. A few are beaded.

Emerald and salad greens, the modish reds and cerise shades, the deep rich violets and purples, the king's and French blues, all figure in the plain parasol covers, and the handle may be a simple affair of natural wood, a carved and painted semblance of flower or bird or animal, or a beaded design. Many beaded handles are used on the parasol sticks, the jet heads being especially liked, though in case of a colored parasol the handle is often studded with colored stones matching the cover.

Just a passing word as to footwear; for dress-up occasions a satin top shoe combined with kid is the right thing to wear with a satin or satin-trimmed dress. Shoes with velvet tops are very much the mode, and shoes with patent leather vamps and cloth tops, especially when the color of the cloth tones in with the skirt just above it. Black satin pumps are new for afternoon wear, and for women whose ankles turn easily there are those with straps of patent leather kid. For every-day wear tan calf models will be much worn.

Corsets are being designed in a more and more practical manner. Several of the latest models have real, practical merit—the new two-piece garment, for instance. A brassiere top garment is designed to be worn with a long-hipped corset that is short above the waist. The corset though coming so far down over the hips is not boned very much deeper than former models; but the strong material used, coutil or batiste, extending beyond is kept in place by the four garters, and holds the flesh smoothly in place without compressing any part in a way dangerous to the health.

The brassiere, which means a sort of brace, is a separate garment made of strong material, fitting smoothly over the chest, bust and shoulders, and drawn down over the corset top, thus preventing an unsightly ridge. The lower part of this garment is sometimes lightly boned, and it has several ways of being adjusted.

There is a decided change in the style of corsets, because proper lines cannot be produced in a dress fitted over old style corsets. Low busts and longer hips are the features of the new style, and this feature is correctly said to be the most comfortable and desirable that has yet been shown in a corset. The natural lines of the body have been aimed at in the new models, and because of this fact they are easier, and show off the figure better, and are sure to be welcome. The narrow hip and easy, but well defined waist line give the figure a well-corseted appearance, and with the low bust and low cut underarm much freedom is given to the upper part of the body, all in accordance with the soft easy styles in dress this spring. While corsets are much longer over the hip, the chance for stiffness is eliminated by the fact that the new styles are boned just over the hips, leaving the rest of the garment without stays. It is known as the long, loose skirt.

With the introduction of these new features the styles of corsets can be counted on as being well settled for a time. English coutilles and batistes are the materials mostly used.

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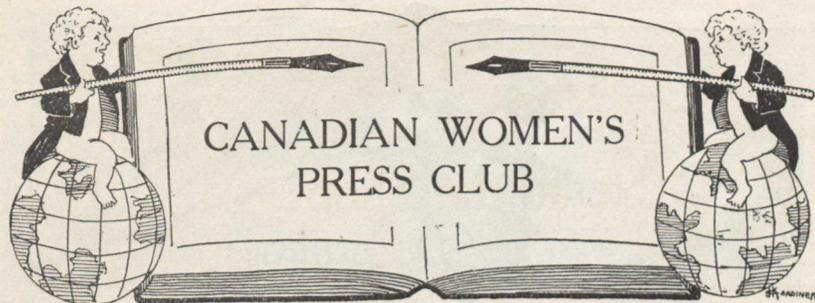
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Ask your grocer for a 20 lb. bag of **ST. LAWRENCE GRANULATED**—also sold by the barrel and in 100 lb. bags.

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MONTREAL. 32



At its April meeting the Toronto Branch of the C.W.P.C. presented Miss Marjory MacMurphy with a gold wrist watch. Miss MacMurphy was the founder of the Toronto Branch of the club, and it has been very largely owing to her untiring interest and enthusiasm that the branch has come to its present extremely flourishing condition. Miss MacMurphy is leaving early in May for England to write a series of articles on the coronation for the Publishers' Press, a Canadian newspaper syndicate, with head offices in Montreal. The articles are to be published in a number of the leading papers throughout Canada, and are being looked forward to with great pleasure. "Good luck and a good time, Madame President!" is the wish of every member of the C.W.P.C.

The annual membership fee of the C.W.P.C. (\$1.00), becomes due on June 1st, and should be sent to the treasurer, Miss Jane Wells Fraser, 60 Bond St., Toronto.

Have you one of the C.W.P.C pins? They may be had from the treasurer for 50 cents each.

The recently organized Port Arthur branch of the C.W.P.C. held an inaugural meeting in the Y.M.C.A. parlors, where a charming afternoon was spent with a few invited guests. Miss Sara Stafford, author and compiler of Indian legends, is president of the club, and Mrs. G. H. Slipper, who was a member of the editorial staff of the Fort William Daily Times-Journal from 1900 until the present year, when she joined the staff of the Port Arthur Evening Chronicle, is the secretary. Miss Belle Dobie, one of the club's new members, joined the C.W.P.C. through the Port Arthur branch.

Miss MacMurphy, Mrs. Fairbairn, Miss Fraser and Mrs. Snider had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Stafford and Mrs. Slipper at luncheon in the Little Blue Inn on the day following the executive meeting of the Women's National Council, held on April 18th and 19th. Mrs. Slipper attended the meetings of the executive, representing the president of the Port Arthur Women's Council. Miss Stafford was in Toronto on her way through to New York, where she expects to spend some time.

The Thunder Bay Branch of the C.W.P.C. sends an announcement to the JOURNAL that it has changed its name to the Port Arthur and Fort William Branch of the C.W.P.C. The names of the officers and members of the Port Arthur and Fort William Branch are as follows: President, Mrs. J. M. Sherk, Editor Women's Dept., Fort William Morning Herald; Miss Sadie Stewart, Women's Dept., Fort William Times-Journal; Mrs. F. B. Knight (Miss Helper), Children's Corner, Port Arthur Daily News; Mrs. A. G. Seaman (Jennie Allen Moore, of "Around the Hearth," in Canadian Home Journal); Miss Alice Stewart, Daily News, Port Arthur; Miss Melville Thompson, formerly Miss Elsie Vigers, Ambrose St., Port Arthur; Mrs. Barrie, Court St., N. Port Arthur; Miss Alice Read, vice-president for Ontario and Quebec of the C.W.P.C., Editor Women's Dept., Port Arthur Daily News.

Miss Blanche R. Hume, of Woodstock, Ont., is to represent Rod and Gun at the Canadian Alpine Club camp to be held at Sherbrooke Lake, near the Great Divide, in July and August, and will write for that magazine's Alpine Club Department. Miss Hume joined the C.W.P.C. at its last annual meeting held in June, 1910.

The annual meeting of the Toronto Branch was held at the Brown Betty Tea Rooms on March 30th. The following officers were elected by acclamation: President, Miss Jane Wells Fraser; vice-president, Miss Edith Macdonald; secretary, Miss Estelle Kerr; treasurer, Miss Gina Fairlie; executive, Miss Marjory MacMurphy, Mrs. A. G. H. White, Miss Doyle, Miss E. P. Weaver and Miss Lake. The Toronto Women's Press Club spent a very happy and successful year under the presidency of Mrs. Snider, and look forward confi-

dently to a year of equal success and enjoyment under the presidency of Miss Fraser.

Mrs. Simpson Hayes and Mrs. Hughes, of Winnipeg, sailed in May to spend some time in Great Britain. Both ladies will be in London for the coronation.

Items intended for use in the C.W.P.C. Department of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL should be sent in by the twentieth of one month to appear in the issue of the JOURNAL two months later. Thus copy for the June number should be sent in by the twentieth of April.

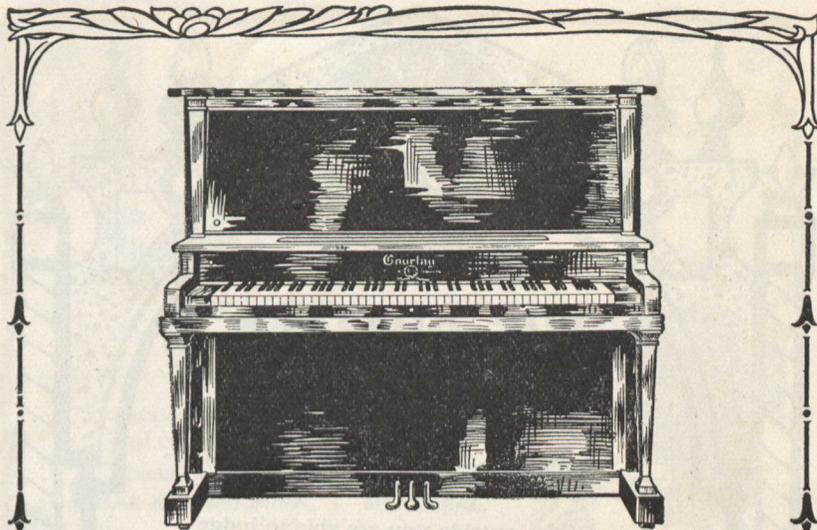
The Toronto Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club intends publishing for next Christmas a book of selections for every day in the year from the works of Canadian authors. The book is to be entitled "Canadian Days." The proceeds from the book are to be devoted to a fund for the benefit of the club.

"Canadian Days" promises to be a very attractive little book. It is hoped to secure permission from seventy-five representative Canadian authors for the use of extracts from their writings. Indeed, the consent of a large majority of these writers has been secured already. The selections show Canadian literature in many of its most interesting as well as charming aspects, and it is believed that the book will help to give Canadian writers a wide and justly earned publicity. The book is to be published in Great Britain as well as in Canada. The editorial committee, Miss MacMurphy, Miss Warnock and Miss Fraser, have been greatly encouraged by receiving many encouraging and delightful letters from Canadian authors, who so far, without exception, approve warmly of the idea of "Canadian Days."

The new member who makes her bow to the C.W.P.C. this month is Miss G. C. Mary White, of Kingston, who is after all, not a new member, but an old one returning to the fold. Several years ago Miss White entered the Press Club, while Society Editor of the Kingston Whig, but, as she says, "As I never seemed able to attend meetings or otherwise be of any use, I dropped out. The scene has changed since then, and Miss White has for some time been on the staff of Church Life, and the Ontario Churchman," a weekly and monthly paper, respectively, and for the last ten months has been sole editor. Finding she was only a little in arrears, she elected to re-enter as an old member rather than go through the formalities of a new application. Miss White is filling a responsible position calling for peculiar literary qualifications.

The future Governor-General of Canada, an ex-Governor-General and three royal princesses were in the audience when Miss Agnes Deans Cameron lectured two months ago on "British Columbia Beckons," at the Imperial Institute for the benefit of the British Women's Emigration Society, and the Girls' Friendly Society. Lord Strathcona was in the chair, and spoke a few words in appreciation of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, and of Miss Cameron herself.

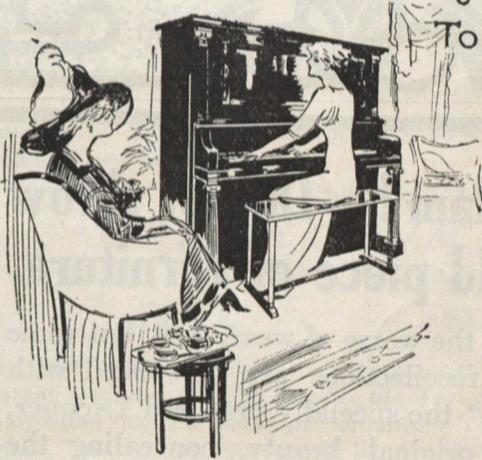
Mrs. Fairbairn, secretary of the C.W.P.C., fills an exacting position with a gracious tact and a scrupulous attention to details, which justify the choice of the club. Indeed, Mrs. Fairbairn must possess a large share of secretarial talent, as she holds that office in the Heliconian Club also, one of Toronto's most flourishing societies, which includes women writers, artists and musicians. Mrs. Fairbairn has been a member of the staff of the Toronto Star for several years; for which she conducts one of those valuable "information" departments. Her special articles on art have been widely read. Her study at the Philadelphia Academy has given her technical equipment for this class of writing, and she is seldom absent from Toronto art exhibitions. Her home in Weston is a most cheery household, brightened by the presence of five charming daughters.



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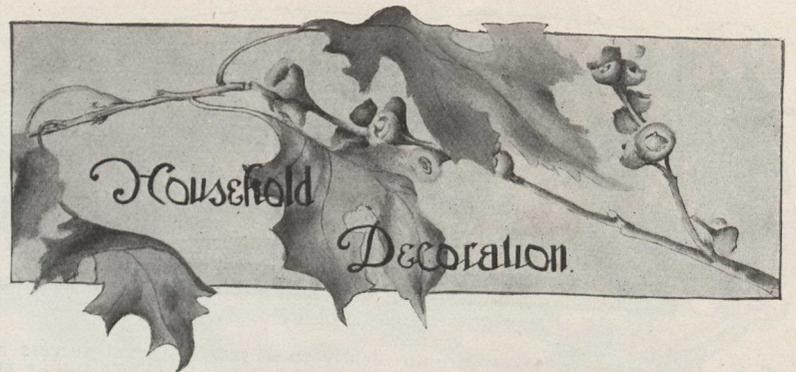
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By JESSIE E. RORKE

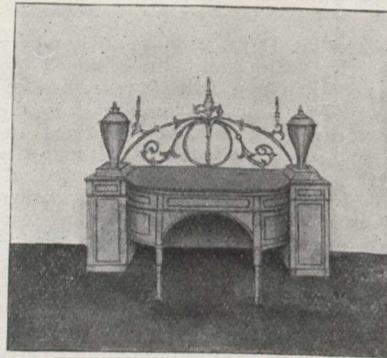
OF the various woods which are used in the making of furniture and for interior finish probably none is more popular at the present time than Circassian walnut, and certainly few are more expensive. This is partly due to the fact that it is comparatively rare and difficult of access, partly to the unusual beauty of its figure, tones and texture which would make it valuable under any circumstances.

The wood is hard, but easily worked, and has an open grain, appearing coarse or fine according to the cut. The wood at the heart is a dark brown and the sapwood a softer, more delicate shade

plain hardwoods unless very old and dry, and has the advantage of not being inclined to split and sliver. The curly or figured mahogany, of course, requires more time and care than the plain, and what is known as crotch mahogany, the figure in which frequently presents an end wood for the surface, is sometimes trying and difficult for the worker, but not more so than oak or maple cut in the same way. Mahogany differs from most woods in that it does not warp or shrink under any conditions of weather, use or age. It is beautiful, hard and durable, and in no other wood are these qualities found combined with large size, uniformity of grain and richness of color and figure. The effect of age is only to mellow and add to the beauty of its coloring. It is seldom that the highest perfection of figure, color and texture are found in one log, but the purpose for which the wood is to be used may decide which of these is the most important consideration. It is possible to obtain a very beautiful finish with mahogany, as it does not have alternate hardness and softness of grain which makes an even polish difficult to achieve with so many woods.

The mahogany tree grows with a trunk sometimes fifty feet in length, and up to twelve or fifteen feet in diameter. The exact length of time that a tree requires to reach maturity is not known, but, as it changes little during the ordinary lifetime of a man, it is supposed that it would not be less than two hundred years. There are no mahogany forests, the individual trees being more or less separated among other varieties. In some places they are found growing high up in the crevices of the rocks and forcing a way among them for their roots until large pieces are split and broken away. The seed is winged, and it is supposed that it is carried by the wind to these high locations. The best quality of the timber, however, grows in more fertile soil, and the softer varieties come always from swampy land.

The supply of mahogany is obtained from Mexico, Central America and the West Indian Islands and Africa. The West Indian Islands give the smallest but the heaviest and most beautiful wood. It is known as Spanish mahogany, and is greatly used for veneers.



CELLARET SIDEBOARD
By Sheraton, 1793

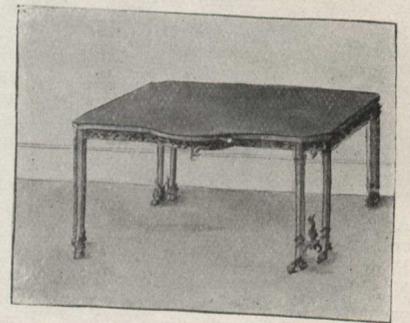
of the same color. The figure is usually very fine. Circassian walnut grows throughout southern Russia, the finest trees being found in the Caucasian Mountains, and is shipped from the shores of the Black Sea. This is not accomplished without difficulties, as the roads are poor, and facilities for transporting the logs are insufficient. It is shipped in the log and sold by the pound or ton, instead of by actual foot measure. Manufacturers have sometimes paid as high as seven hundred and fifty dollars for a single log.

It is only in recent years that teak has been used in America to any extent, but in Europe the highest grade of bank fixtures have long been made from it, and in China and some parts of the Orient it has been in use for a thousand years at least, and is greatly prized for furniture, shrines and small wooden idols. The blackwood furniture of that part of the world has become famous, and is made from Siam or Java teak. Teak is also found in India and the Malay Peninsula. It is the most expensive wood which is known, being valued at about two hundred and fifty dollars per thousand feet. This will prevent its being used to any very great extent, but it is well suited either to cabinet-making or use as interior trim, being a hardwood that takes a beautiful polish. It has been greatly used in shipbuilding and for backing armor plates in ships of war, as iron which comes in contact with it does not rust.

Some of the antique pieces of teak-wood furniture are rarely beautiful, and collectors give very high prices for them. The most charming of them are usually of Chinese or Japanese manufacture, and are always elaborately decorated, the carving sometimes having required months or even years for its completion.

Rosewood is chiefly used in the making of furniture. When first made up and polished it is most attractive, but with age the color fades, and the wood becomes dull and lifeless in appearance. It is grown chiefly in Brazil and the adjoining countries, but a poorer quality comes from India and Honduras.

Mahogany is one of the most satisfactory of the woods which are used in decorating. In its early history it had the reputation of being hard to work, but this proved to be a mistake; it is not more difficult than most of the



SIDEBOARD-TABLE
By Chippendale, 1753

Mexico gives the largest timbers. The African trade has developed almost entirely since 1890, but has reached very large proportions. There are no saw-mills in the mahogany-growing countries, the trees when cut down being squared by hand. Native labor is not expensive, but the results from hand labor are necessarily much less than are secured from the modern methods employed in this country. Transporting the logs to the nearest waterway too is often a matter of much time and labor, as undergrowth has to be cleared away, hollows filled and bridges constructed before a suitable road can be made through the dense tropical forests. Oxen are used for this to haul to water, and from there the timbers are rafted down to the larger streams, where they

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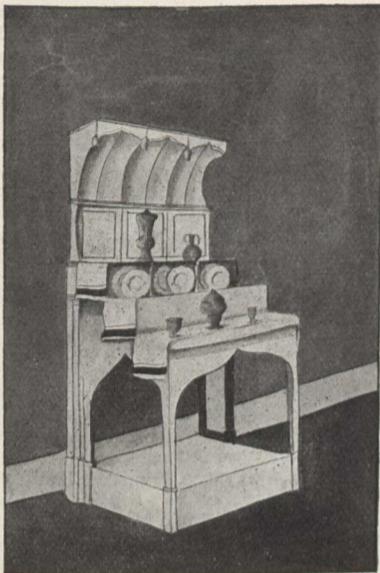


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are made into bigger rafts and sent to a loading port.

It was the Dutch who first established oak as one of the leading furniture woods, but its advantages were soon recognized by the architects and cabinet-makers of other countries. It is a hard wood, very durable, and of good figure and texture, and, like mahogany, grows more mellow and beautiful in tone with increasing age. Over forty kinds of oak are native to the American continent, about ten being found in Canada, of these white oak, black and red, are best suited to interior finishing and furniture. These all take a handsome finish, but the black and white oak are preferred to the red as the wood is less porous.

So many different finishes have become popular in oak that it is difficult to keep the distinctions between them



DRESSOIR OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY, WITH "CARPETED" SHELVES

in mind, but none are more beautiful than the quarter-cut, or even the plain oak, in the natural finish, when the grain is well brought out. Quarter-cut oak, as its name implies, is obtained by sawing the log in quarters, and then sawing the boards from these across the grain, thus securing the beautiful cross-grained figure which gives it its charm. Fumed oak has an advantage over most of the finishes as the result is not attained by a stain, but by fumigation from chemicals, hence the color is in the wood and improves with time instead of fading or wearing off. The color is a rich nutty brown. Golden oak has been very popular. In the lighter shades it makes up prettily, but the deeper tones are not so good. It is a brownish color with a golden tint, the markings showing lighter than the ground. Weathered oak is not really a finish—it is little more than a stain, and lacks durability, as does the Flemish. It was an attempt made by modern designers to achieve by means of a stain the depth and softness of coloring of the antique oak furniture, and for this reason is more suited to the heavy old-fashioned styles. Early English is a finish, but it begins with a filler, and preserves the character of the wood. Malachite and Tyrolean oak are both finishes, with a shade of green. But any alteration that only gives variety without adding materially to the beauty of the wood, rarely has a lasting popularity.

The supply of oak comes mainly from the United States, and as this is diminishing while the demand is increasing, it seems likely that the gradual rise in price will continue.

Bird's-eye maple is used to a limited extent for bedroom and other furniture, and sometimes for interior finish. In many of our forest trees certain individuals have a tendency to produce curly, wavy, and irregular fibres. In the maple this curly grain is distributed uniformly throughout the wood of certain trees. The reason for this is difficult to determine, but it is possible that differences in soil and the amount of obtainable nutrition may be responsible.

Birch was little used either in the manufacture or furniture or in interior trim, until the increase in value of the better grades of oak, walnut and mahogany made some substitute a necessity, but it quickly found a place for itself, and rarely masquerades under the name of mahogany, as it so frequently did at first. When properly stained, filled and finished, it is quite as handsome as plain mahogany, and the sheets of veneer when the grain is convoluted or curly, are not excelled

in beauty by any other wood. It holds its finish well, and is as substantial as mahogany. It is found in plentiful supply throughout Canada.

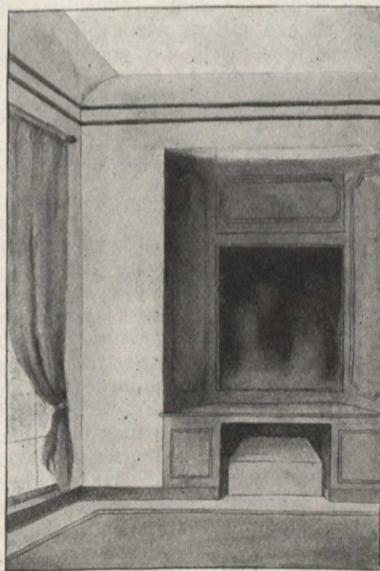
Red gum, or "satin wood," as it is sometimes called, has also found a place as a cabinet wood from much the same reasons as birch. Some of the manufacturers speak most highly in its favor.

The sideboard, though it did not appear under its present name until the eighteenth century, has in varying forms been one of the most important features of the dining hall or apartment since the earliest times. When we first read of the buffet it was often merely a temporary erection—a framework of the simplest kind without any ornamentation, but covered with the richest materials and decorated with elaborate gold and silver plate. It was sometimes placed in the inner space of the table, which was spread in the shape of a horse-shoe, the guests sitting on the outside, while the servants waited inside the circular space.

A little later we find the buffet provided with drawers and cupboards, and the dressoir come into use. This differed from the buffet in being intended solely for the display of the plate, and was provided only with shelves which were arranged as a series of steps. The number of these was regulated by etiquette—royalty might have four or five, the nobles three and others only two. The old-fashioned kitchen dresser, with its shelves holding plates and dishes set upright against the wall, was a direct descendant of this dressoir.

During the Tudor and Jacobean period the sideboard was known as the court cupboard, and was often most beautifully carved, and later, decorated with inlay of ivory or ebony. The livery cupboard of this same time, which has sometimes been confused with the court cupboard, was not a sideboard, but a sort of temporary pantry from which the food might be arranged and served. During this period, too, porcelain became more common, and cups and vases are frequently mentioned as being displayed with the gold and silver plate.

In the early part of the eighteenth century we find the sideboard table, a simple table standing on four legs with a straight side against the wall, and the front usually curved or rounding. These were decorated with either carving or inlay. Chippendale shows a number of drawings of these sideboard-tables in his book of designs, and Heppelwhite first introduced a type very similar to this, but provided with drawers, and having a knife box at either



EMPIRE SIDEBOARD, 1816

end and a mirror above. A Sheraton sideboard of 1793 has a cupboard as well as drawers, and has pedestals at either end, with conveniences for heating plates. Another Sheraton design of 1803 has a simple arrangement of shelves above and cupboard below, and suggests a combination of the buffet and dressoir of mediæval times.

The Empire sideboard was fitted into a special niche in the wall, and was very simple in construction, having a large mirror above, and the sideboard proper consisting of two pedestals and a top. The wine cooler was placed in the space below, and similarly decorated.

The modern sideboard really dates from these designs of the latter part of the eighteenth century, as no important changes have been made in its style or use since that time. Those in use at the present time are either reproductions or variations of these styles.



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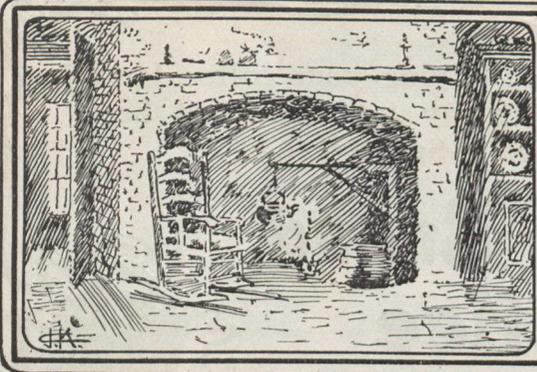
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AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

Opinions are things of indifferent hue, For instance, two men, strolling homeward at two, One sees the moon green, while the other sees blue.

Opinions are bought and sold, too, for a fee, But most of us give all such sentiment free, With which, understand, you're not bound to agree.

OPINIONS

I HAVE a page of them in one of my scrap albums. They are all my own, were bought and paid for, and printed in a magazine not now published. The three best each month were awarded a prize, and given to the readers, and these all won prizes, but that fact does not call upon you to agree. We were restricted to two hundred words, so we had to "bile it down," and make each word count. We could not afford to expatiate on our subject, just make it as short and terse as possible. June, month of roses and of birds, is an opportune time to air those long-sealed opinions, as most of them bear directly upon the questions which are bound to be mixed up in the marriage problem sooner or later, so we will answer first, and in the words of the essay, the one which asks, "How old should a man be when he marries?"

"A man who marries between twenty-five and thirty is saved from many a snare and pitfall. Until then he has been so busy acquiring an education and preparing for his vocation that marriage has been an unimportant consideration. Of course he has had his boyish infatuation, and sundry innocent love affairs, which he has survived; and as a result his experience has ripened, as regards the value of female charms and qualities, and rendered him more competent to select a wife.

"But now the question presents itself in a new light. Providing his income is sufficient, he would like to lay the foundation for future happiness by making for himself a home. Unconsciously, a man pictures an ideal wife, based on the appearance and virtue of mother, sister or friend, and happy is he if he can bestow his whole-hearted affection on the girl of his choice and install her in his home as true mistress of his happiness ere he has become the tool of some heartless coquette, or ruined his faith in womankind by trifling flirtations. If a 'happy marriage is the making of a man,' he is truly blessed who wisely launches on the sea of matrimony before he becomes cynical."

That was written quite a few years ago, but "I'm of the same opinion still." Men, as a rule, do not marry as young as they used to, nor women either, for that matter. Many reasons are given for this: some claiming that the fault lies with the girl, who has so many avenues whereby she can earn an independent living, or the one who wants to begin where her parents are leaving off; in other words, have as good a home and be supported as her father is able to supply after years of accumulation. Other reasons contain blame for the men, who are too fond of their own pleasure to be tied to a home, and who spend their earnings so recklessly they never get far enough ahead to ask a woman to share their fortunes. Be that as it may, I cannot solve it, but I venture a matured opinion that no vocation in life for a woman is to be compared, for settled happiness, to laying the foundations of a home with the man of her choice, and the one she delights to honor with her heart and her hand, providing always, well—that is—if they continue to live up to the ideals each has inspired in the other, and keep love's altar fires burning brightly.

My opinion of what constitutes an ideal wife! Here you have it: "When I get a wife," said a boy relative

of eighteen, "there must be nothing false about her, no false hair, or teeth, nor any make-up in her figure." With double those years' experience, and knowing how our opinions change, I could afford to smile. His remark had the true ring, however. Let there be nothing false in the ideal wife, let her character be pure and above reproach, and her heart true and steadfast."

"Many men of many minds' covers the question of height, complexion, color of eyes and hair, as well as the 'style' and disposition, but the ideal wife must be genuine, sterling, home-loving and faithful. We would picture her as having equal intelligence with her husband—not necessarily along the same line—giving him first place in heart, children second, and holding his affections by the strength of her own confiding and sympathetic nature. She would interest herself in all that pertained to her husband, especially his home welfare, making everything so bright and cheerful that it would be a veritable haven of rest and enjoyment. She would grant him liberty to sometimes disagree with her opinions, and never be found guilty of nagging."

My page of "Opinions" failed me when I considered one on ideal husbands necessary to give a hearing on both sides, so I enlisted the services of an unmarried friend, who has been trying to manage her father, and a number of grown-up brothers, to obtain her opinion as to the *rara avis*, in the shape of an ideal husband she would construct from the faults and excellencies masculine she had been dealing with. I restricted her as to length, in order to be fair, and here is what she handed me: "Ideals are peculiarly individual things, and my ideal husband is recognized in the first place by his love for me as an ideal woman, and that love based upon friendship and perfect understanding, and the understanding that which looks beyond the superficial 'me' that family, friends, and the outside world call by my name, and reaches my inmost self, which is revealed for him alone. He knows, too, that which is just as important, when and how to put into words the things a woman loves to hear. He will tell me I am the most beautiful woman in all the world, and I will know that he believes I am. He will be a modern, enlightened man, who is a companion, a co-worker, a homemaker with his wife, not a fault-finding, selfish, pleasure-seeker, leaving his wife to her own devices, merely dropping around like other boarders for his room and meals.

"Do our opinions coincide? Yes; we like the same types of people, the same music and pictures, the same kind of chairs and wall paper, and have similar ideas on dress, money matters, and the training of children. And where we differ, our perfect understanding shows us the reason so plainly that difference does not begin to spell disagreement."

Dear girl, I hope he will come your way, for that sounds like a very "live-with-able" man! (I guess, "mebbe them kind is skeerce," though). The keynote is struck in two words—perfect understanding—for the husband who honestly endeavors to understand his wife, who sometimes looks at things from her viewpoint, who is the tender teacher rather than the harsh critic, the loving guide before the petty fault-finder, will reach to the inmost self of the woman he loves.

"You cannot teach with chiding, With harsh rebuke and blame, Without a word of tenderness Low-spoken with the name."

In our home one evening a man said: "I have been reading a book, and I wish you would tell what this means. A woman asks her promised husband, 'Will you be good to me?' I do not ask, will you be kind to me, or will you

love me, but will you be good to me?' Now, for heaven's sake, what did she want? If he loved her, and was kind to her, what in the name of goodness was she talking about?"

Therein lies a secret, one that is unexplainable to thousands of people, because there is nothing in their natures that appeals for that demand, that nameless something which calls for a response in the other heart, a perception of some fine sense of intellectual comprehension that binds their souls together, a sort of wireless telegraphy that sends its waves of emotion surging to the mind with which it is in harmony. That was the meaning evolved for me, but to the man enquiring it remained a mystery quite inexplicable.

Which is the superior being, man or woman? "Talmage says, 'I deny to man the throne intellectual, I deny to woman the throne affectional.' I endorse that statement, which embraces much, for intellectual equality implies that woman can fill any position requiring mental calibre as capably as man. In the world of art and literature, of politics and business, woman can take her place side by side with man. She has proven that she possesses the ambition and energy to rank in the professions, and the tact and ability to climb the ladder of success in business. Taking the virtues, in love she is just as constant, in friendship just as true, in danger she is brave, and in trial her fortitude is equal to man's own.

"Woman's bodily strength is inferior to man's, but her powers of endurance compensate for that, and what she may not be able to perform by physical feats in labor she accomplishes by steady perseverance. Woman is equal to man, because under the same difficulties, the same rugged virtues are exhibited, except, perhaps—well, did you ever wait upon a sick man? Listen:

"Patience is a virtue, possess it if you can; Often found in woman, seldom in a man."

That's rather hard, but you see I had to copy it exact, but will atone by saying that I have seen men "with the patience of Job," and women that were very sad failures. I believe, though, that patience is more the natural attribute of woman, and it is wisely ordained, for so much of the training of the children devolves upon her. Their noise and questions disturb a man who thinks the mother talks too much; he would soon "settle the racket." He assumes a severe expression, and silences them with a threat, perhaps a cuff, thus securing a brief respite, then gives himself credit for superior management, forgetting that the mother has double talking to do in order that her little ones may be taught right from wrong, so she gives the explanations, the whys and the wherefores which very few men would have the patience to impart.

Here is the last of my prize opinions, asking, "Should men talk about their business to their wives?" The answer, "That depends upon the men, also upon the wives. If a wife has her business faculties and keen perceptions, and able to grasp a situation, yes; but if she possesses none of these characteristics and shows little or no interest, why no, decidedly. A man who thoroughly understands his business, in nine cases out of ten, dislikes to enter into an explanation of all the details, while one who has no head for business himself is not likely to profit by any advice his more business-like wife could propose." "Again, there are men who owe their

success in life to the shrewd calculations of their wives, while others have lost the chance of their lives, by obstinacy on a wife's part. I believe that a woman should have sufficient knowledge of her husband's business to understand her financial position, knowing when to spend and when economy should be exercised. She should also be acquainted with his desires regarding the disposal of property in event of his death. I think, too, she should be consulted about new undertakings, but would spare her from entering into the minutiae of most business matters in consideration of the multitudinous family and household cares devolving upon her."

The question of finance in a home is important, and should be solved soon after "the hanging of the crane," or difficulties are almost sure to arise. The wife should be provided at stated intervals with the amount necessary to cover household expenses, and not made to feel her dependence by asking for every cent she is obliged to spend. Yes; I know all about the clinging vines and the sentiment which is supposed to be mixed up in their appeal for money, but the practical girl of business, who has handled her own earnings for years before marriage, sees only mortification in the asking. It should not be her duty, no, her privilege—say rather her hardest obligation—to petition for money. It should be apportioned, thus encouraging her to be business-like, and allowing her to exercise the prerogative every woman enjoys, that of "robbing Peter to pay Paul," meaning that she saves a dollar here to expend it there, deriving pleasure in scheming, economizing and devising to make ends meet. Yes, men; talk business to a wife who has skill in that line herself, but I will admit that there are exceptions, where it would be unwise to hand over a man's wages or salary to a wife who is extravagant and foolish in spending it, but I refer to the rule and not the exception.

Opinions and advice usually go hand in hand, so here's to the newly-wed couple! Young man, may that "dearest, sweetest girl" you now fondly call wife, be able to fulfil all the exalted ideas you have formed of her, making your life complete. She is not an angel, nor even perfection, as time will reveal, neither are you. There will come days when everything will seem to go criss-cross. Little vexations and misunderstandings will arise, but explain them away. Do not let long silences exist, both hearts grieving, and then bridge it with a sigh. If you quarrel, set it straight, apologize, be reconciled, otherwise an impassable gulf may form in the darkness and the quiet. Remember a tender word carries great weight with the little woman, and praise sometimes throws gigantic obstacles aside and tunes her heart to singing.

And you, little girl, who have lost your identity in your husband's name, and have left your home and friends for his sake, here's that you will never have cause to regret your union with that wonderful man, the ideal of your dreams, whom you proudly call husband. Your path will not be all roses, but do not be too exacting in your claim for the delicate attentions and compliments he has been bestowing upon you. Somehow men do not realize that the heart of a woman goes on craving for the little tendernesses. They don't mean to hurt; just remember he is only a boy grown up, great baby, perhaps, dependent upon you for his happiness, and needs mothering and petting occasionally. May your honeymoon last always!

Ontario Women's Institutes



GEORGE A. PUTNAM
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO



Is the World Growing Better?*

By NELLIE FISHER

IS the world growing better? Why, certainly! No one but a pessimist of the deepest dye would dream of denying it. Take up any one of the daily papers, and what do you see? Death, destruction and disaster, says one. Yes, certainly, for the world is wide and ill news travels fast. But because those things are noted is it not a very sure sign that those are the extraordinary events of life? The ninety-nine honest men may not be mentioned, while the rogue and his roguery are commented upon. The hundreds of trains which pass over the lines every day are not noted, but when the wreck comes the whole world hears of it.

These are not the only things one sees in the daily papers, either. A few days ago there was a notice to the effect that a German concern had bought up practically the whole output of radium from England for a number of years. It is to be used in experiments by German scientists and physicians for the betterment of mankind—one of the issues of the physicians being the cure of cancer. If that can be effected, what a boon to humanity!

Another thing noticed not long ago was that there are now in Canada and the United States one hundred thousand trainmen who dare not drink liquor of any description, because the companies have absolutely forbidden it on pain of dismissal. It would be better certainly if the men abstained of their own free will, but the fact that they deny themselves at all means comfort for their families and self-respect for themselves, and when a man loses his self-respect he makes neither himself nor the world any better. While speaking of liquor, consider for a moment its twin evil, the cigarette. It is no news that hundreds of business and banking houses refuse to employ any man or boy who uses cigarettes, because he cannot be trusted. That may not be a very humane motive, but it certainly is good for the boy, and incidentally, for the race.

Glance for a moment at the strides of science. One can look in no direction without seeing the results of applied science. Not one of us does a day's work without in some way using the result of science, and our work is becoming less laborious and more elevated, if it is done properly. Would that not make the world some better and brighter? And we are only at the beginning of the unfolding.

Another thing is higher education. Can a nation whose minds have been trained for years ever sink again to the level of the illiterate? Take China, for instance. When our ancestors were with Abraham and Isaac herding sheep on the hillsides of Ur the Chinese were a cultured and cultivated people. After that they apparently went to sleep, holding what they had, but gaining nothing, for centuries. But now that China has awakened, the Western world may well look to her laurels, for an educated Chinaman or an educated Hindoo is one of the most keenly intellectual creatures on the face of the earth; and when they have once grasped the facts and force of Christianity and science the world will make unparalleled progress.

Following higher education, especially among the women of the Anglo-Saxon nations, we find a great reaching out, a great restlessness, and a desire to do anything and everything. Many people deplore this, but that is really not necessary. We women are merely finding our level. We have proved that there is nothing under the sun that we cannot do, and I think now we will be willing to do what we can do best. "Each soul can do his best thing easiest," and common sense is coming to the rescue, and every year we are taking up more and more of the work for which

we are specially and naturally fitted. In our own little corner the Macdonald Institute at Guelph, and the technical schools have been among the chief helps in our unfolding.

One hundred years ago a girl's education consisted of a little French, a little Italian possibly, and a little piano playing and singing, but not enough to be of any benefit to them. That would have been vulgar. A man's education consisted in reading the Greek and Latin classics, and making poetry. May we not be thankful for the escape? How can this whole reaching out and lifting up help improving the mental, moral and physical atmosphere of the whole world?

Many people consider there is one great blot on the banner of womanhood of to-day in the suffragette movement. But that, too, is just a part of the reaching out, and a part with which we will some day have to grapple. I really believe, though, that the movement is one which we Canadian women, from our very environment, do not and cannot understand. Our conditions are altogether different from the conditions of the women of England. I have been told on what seemed to be good authority that a woman in England is the virtual property of her husband or father, and until she is forty years of age cannot appeal to the courts for protection or anything else, except through the nearest male relative. Also, that any money she may earn for the support of herself or her children may be lawfully claimed by the husband. If that is the case, are they not fighting in a good cause? We may not approve their methods, but they say they are desperate, and perhaps we would be too, under similar circumstances.

Personally, I am not anxious for the franchise, although I know it is coming. The responsibility will be heavy, heavier because womanhood is not educated up to a wise use of the ballot, and until she is, will blindly follow any leader. If the franchise were restricted, instead of being enlarged, and every man forced to pass an examination in common decency before he was allowed to

And what is the result in our homes? Not one room in the whole house is too good for the family; the sacred parlor has disappeared never to return; the new house is built on the rules of sanitation, and is built with the deliberate intention of securing every available glint of sunshine. The value of pure water and fresh air is beginning to be understood, while the bathroom and the kitchen are two of the most carefully-planned rooms in the whole house. Books and plants and useful things made in beautiful design, comprise the decoration. In short, it is a home.

Another sign which points to the fact that the world is improving, and which follows the home very closely, is the proposed church union. Twenty-five years ago it would have been an impossibility for even three of the churches to think for one moment of laying aside any prejudice for the general good. It is a tremendous question even now, but the first cord has been drawn and we are a little closer together than we were before, and destined to become still closer. I firmly believe that the time will come when all the Christian churches of the earth will be one church, for no matter how far we have drifted apart, the fundamental principle is in all cases the same, and the power of unity is all the time becoming stronger, while the power of isolation weakens.

We have another instance of that in the Hague Tribunal. When nations will sit down together to discuss international questions instead of calling out their armies to fight them out, may we not well feel that the dove of peace has been floating by and has dropped an olive leaf.

Did you ever think that the Lord's Day Alliance and the struggles of labor and capital are all along the same lines? In olden time capital was a grinding master and labor a groveling slave. Then labor discovered his strength and, like the slaves of the South, became intoxicated with his power. Bitter scenes followed, but both Capital and Labor is being educated and lifted. Labor is learning that his chief strength

of ancient Rome, and we are now making the first feeble efforts to control it. These are a few of the blemishes left for our generation to abolish.

Is the world growing better? How can it help but be when there have been such men and women in it as Jane Addams, who has given the whole of her life to the study of the unfortunate of the slum; as Florence Nightingale, who has made horrible war one shade less horrible; as Dr. Barnardo, gathering in the child waifs of the city of London and giving them a chance of life; as Judge Lindsay, who after years of toil succeeded in establishing the Juvenile Court; as Eva Ballington Booth, who waits outside the doors of the great prison and from "the door of hope" starts the unfortunate on a fresh lease of life; as Abraham Lincoln, hated and reviled, who died that his colored brothers might have their freedom; as the missionaries, who labor in their far-away fields with such wonderful results that the cry now is more, more, more: more teachers, more schools, more hospitals, more doctors, more literature, more everything.

Is the world growing better? Just one little incident. A few days ago in the daily press there appeared a suggestion regarding the Canadian part of the coronation gift of the Georges and Marys to our king and queen. Instead of giving them something which they did not need it was suggested that the money be spent in equipping an agricultural college in India to teach the Hindoos how to overcome the horrors of famine. It may come to nothing, but would such a suggestion have been possible fifty years ago?

Following Fashions*

By HATTIE ORCHARD

HOW far should we follow the fashions? This question seems almost superfluous among a company of women such as we have in our Institute, who certainly have sound judgment enough not to be carried to any extreme in the matter of fashion. We will consider the subject as applied to dress, though the Goddess of Fashion rules in many other things, such as the architecture and furnishings of our homes, the manner of entertaining our friends, the appointments and menu of our tables, and, in fact, almost every detail of our lives.

There are three persons who have a common interest in constant change of dress, the manufacturer, the dressmaker and the wearer. The first two need no explanation. They want to sell the commodities they produce, and frequent changes of style insure a perpetually renewed demand. Without such changes people would go on wearing their old things much longer, and since there would be no inducement to buy new ones, so long as the old served the purpose, economy would suggest the use of the most durable materials. The purveyor business would shrink accordingly, as the fashions, which compel people to get new things, keep it going.

How, then, about the third party concerned—the wearer—whose interest is not to be always obliged to buy new things? It looks as if the fashions were devised for the benefit of the manufacturer, and the dressmaker, who conspire against the wearer. The answer to that is that there are wearers and wearers—those who set the fashion, and those who follow it. The former are women, who, for one reason or another, desire to attract attention, and be conspicuous. An indispensable means to this end, to most of them, is novelty in dress, which distinguishes them from the crowd. They are partners with the trade; they set the fashion. Other women follow, and here comes in a curious bit of psychology. The leaders of

INSTITUTE MEMBERS ENJOY THE HOME JOURNAL

We will always try to increase the circulation of the JOURNAL, for we do appreciate it very highly.

CORA WIGLE, Sec.-treas., Essex, Ont.

We enjoy the pages of the HOME JOURNAL very much; every part being so helpful and splendid (is the only word that will describe all I think of it). I hope that it will enjoy the interest of all Canadian women.

MARY E. ROSS, Sec., Woodville, Ont.

I have sent you four more names, the president subscribed a year ago, and another lady sent her own name, so you see our ladies appreciate your journal. All new members are asked at the first to subscribe, as the rest of us want every one to get a good book and enjoy it as we do.

MRS. L. M. GIBB, Sec. Lucasville Branch.

vote, the women might stay at home in peace knowing that all would be well. It is the ballot power of the men of the uneducated, unprincipled class which is making all the trouble. Because the educated womanhood of England has seen the need, especially of her poorer sisters, and has risen to their aid, is not our question of the advancement of the world answered? Could it have been done one hundred, fifty or even twenty-five years ago?

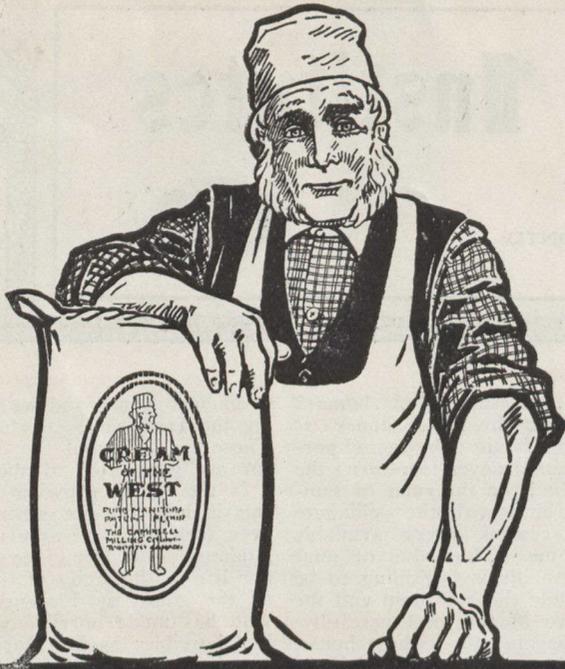
Another improvement following higher education is simpler living and simpler dress. Is that not a blessing? That follows because the rules of hygiene are so much better understood, and because educated women have the courage of their convictions in following them.

is in self-control, and Capital that his chief concern is man's humanity to man. Each is learning his lesson rapidly, and when it is learned that phase of the work of the Lord's Day Alliance will be completed.

There are still blots on the world, certainly, but the fact that we are waking up to the necessity of action is surely a healthy sign. Opium and other drugs have been a curse for years. We are just beginning to cope with them. The white plague has been demanding its yearly toll for centuries. We know now how to overcome that, and are making it possible for our poorer brothers and sisters to do the same. The white slave traffic has been devouring the innocent since long before the days

*A paper read at a meeting of Burlington Branch.

*Read last March at a meeting of Stroud Branch



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fashion lead in order to be conspicuous; their example is gradually followed, until the fashion is established, when every woman has to adopt it for the opposite reason, in order not to be conspicuous.

Our personality should be considered. To follow fashion blindly is no sign of good taste, but to adapt fashions to your own needs, and to express your own personality through them will show both thoughtfulness and good taste.

What a woman lives, she will express. That a gown is really an indication of character, innocence and beauty cannot be uppermost in the minds of those who are following some of our present extreme fashions; for these call attention to the physique—a thing no really modest woman desires to do. It was said, when the directoire gowns were in fashion that Queen Alexandra would not allow her court ladies to wear them. And one who has made a study of French fashions, says that exclusive French ladies do not wear what are known to the world as Paris fashions.

We should have our own standard as to what is right and fitting for our own particular sphere of life. If our wardrobe must of necessity be limited, we should be all the more particular to avoid extremes of fashion, and to choose colors and styles best suited to our face, form and age. Simplicity is always in good taste, and can never be overdone. Besides, we do not tire of a simple, suitable costume so quickly as of something in a more extreme style. Where there are many demands on the pocketbook this is a consideration. It scarcely pays to spend time and strength in filling the pocketbook, only to empty it at fashion's shrine.

Our health and comfort are also to be considered, and some of the freaks of fashion would almost necessitate a change of our anatomy every season, which cannot be either healthful or comfortable. Any physician would tell us of the danger of compressing the organs by tight lacing, and throwing the body out of its natural poise by high-heeled shoes.

We have given the matter of fashion altogether too important a place in our lives, to the exclusion of higher, better things. We appreciate the advantage of labor-saving inventions in the home in order that we might have more time to devote to the cultivation of the mind. But how much time and physical and mental energy do we spend studying and discussing the various fashion magazines, the catalogues and the clothes of all the women we meet, and in planning, buying, making or having made, our own clothes? Of course, it is our duty to ourselves and to others to look as well as we can on the means we possess, only bearing in mind the admonition, "Be ye temperate in all things." After all, we can make no hard and fast rules, but each must be a law unto herself.

Book by Laura Rose

MISS LAURA ROSE, of Guelph, is the author of "Farm Dairying," which should be in every country household. Miss Rose is demonstrator and lecturer in dairying at the Ontario Agricultural College of Guelph, and is therefore eminently qualified to write such a volume. The fifty-two chapters deal comprehensively with the various topics included under such a heading, from "The Cow Stable" to "Diseases Common To Cows." While this book is of especial interest to those on the farm, it contains many good hints for the city home also, and the chapter on milk dishes may be read with advantage by all. The book is thoroughly and attractively illustrated, is up-to-date in the scientific sense, and is written in a clear and terse style, which puts the reader in possession of the desired information without waste of time or terms.

It is published by A. C. McClung, of Chicago, and may be obtained by writing to Miss Rose, at Guelph. The price of the volume is \$1.25, with ten cents for postage.

Special Announcement

SERIES OF SUMMER MEETINGS, 1911.

FOR the benefit of the general membership of the Women's Institutes we are this month printing the full list of meetings to be held during the summer series. While the officers will be expected to thoroughly advertise the meetings by sending our special announcements and through the local press, we beg to request that the mem-

bers generally notify those who have not yet become identified with the work to attend the meetings.

Afternoon sessions will, for the most part, be held at 2 or 2.30 o'clock, and evening sessions at 8 o'clock. The officers of the Institutes concerned, however, have the privilege of choosing the exact hour, and making local announcements accordingly. "Aft." indicates an afternoon session only; "Eve." an evening session only. At other places it is expected an afternoon session will be held, and possibly an evening session. Readers are referred to local announcements for full particulars as to speakers, subjects, hour of meeting, etc.

Division 1.—Mrs. W. B. Ferguson, Stratroy, May 29 to July 4; Miss E. Robson, Ilderton, May 29 to June 7; Miss R. A. Walsh, Orono, June 19 to 23.

WELLAND—

Stamfordaft.	May 29
Allanburgaft.	" 30
Quaker Roadaft.	" 31
Wellandaft.	June 1
Crowlandaft.	" 2
Willoughbyaft.	" 3
Bowen Roadaft.	" 5
Ridgewayaft.	" 6
Humberstoneaft.	" 7

MONCK—

SmithvilleJune	8
Rosedeneaft.	" 9
Fenwickaft.	" 10
Wellandportaft.	" 12
Wingeraft.	" 13
Canboroaft.	" 14
Dunnvilleaft.	" 15

HALDIMAND—

Canfieldaft.	June 16
Yorkaft.	" 17
Caledoniaaft.	" 19
Cayugaaft.	" 20
Decewsvilleaft.	" 21
Gillaft.	" 22
Clanbrassilaft.	" 23
Springvaleaft.	" 24
Garnetaft.	" 26
Jarvisaft.	" 27
Erieaft.	" 28
Sanduskaft.	" 29
Nanticokeaft.	" 30
Cheapsideaft.	July 3
Selkirkeve.	" 3
Rainham Centreaft.	" 4

Division 2.—Dr. Margaret McAlpine, Toronto, May 29 to June 7; June 12 to 22; June 26 to July 4; Dr. L. S. M. Hamilton, Toronto, June 8, 9, 10, 22, 23, 24.

LINCOLN—

Niagara-on-the-LakeMay	29
Queenstonaft.	" 30
Jordanaft.	" 31
Beamsvilleaft.	June 1
Grimsbyaft.	" 2

SOUTH WENTWORTH—

Winonaaft.	June 3
Stoney Creekaft.	" 5
Hannonaft.	" 6
Binbrookaft.	" 7
Blackheathaft.	" 8
Glanfordaft.	" 9
Tapleystownaft.	" 10
Ancasteraft.	" 12
Jerseyvilleaft.	" 13
Mt. Hamiltonaft.	" 14

NORTH WENTWORTH—

Waterdownaft.	June 15
Millgroveaft.	" 16
Kirkwallaft.	" 17
Fredltonaft.	" 19
Sheffieldaft.	" 20
Orkneyaft.	" 21
W. Flamboroaft.	" 22

NORTH BRANT—

St. Georgeaft.	June 23
Glen Morrisaft.	" 24
Paris Newaft.	" 26
Tranquilityaft.	" 27
Cainsvilleaft.	" 28
Onondagaaft.	" 29
Langfordaft.	" 30
Brantfordaft.	July 3
Middleportaft.	" 4

Division 3.—Miss Helen McMurchie, Harriston, May 29 to July 4; Mrs. E. B. McTurk, Lucan, June 9 to 14.

WEST ELGIN—

Ionaaft.	May 29
Duttonaft.	" 30
Rodneyaft.	" 31

EAST KENT—

HighgateJune	1
Guildsaft.	" 2
Botanyaft.	" 3
Thamesvilleaft.	" 5
Crotonaft.	" 6
Wabashaft.	" 7
Kent Bridgeaft.	" 8

WEST KENT—		Nelsonaft June 1
Ebertsaft. June 9	Kilbrideeve " 2	Georgetownaft. " 3
Irwinaft. " 10	Norvalaft. " 5	Ballinafadaft. " 6
Valettaaft. " 12	Actonaft. " 7	
Quinnaft. " 13		
Tilburyaft. " 14		
NORTH ESSEX—		SOUTH WELLINGTON—
Comberaft. June 15	Arkelleve. June 8	
Staplesaft. " 16		CENTRE WELLINGTON—
South Woodsleeaft. " 17	OspringeJune 12	Coningsbyaft. " 13
Maidstoneeve. " 19	Erinaft. " 14	Hillsburgaft. " 15
Maidstone Crossaft. " 20	Marsvilleaft. " 16	Ortonaft. " 17
Oldcastleaft. " 21	Belwoodaft. " 19	Bethanyaft. " 20
	Cumnockaft. " 21	Metzaft. " 22
SOUTH ESSEX—		EAST WELLINGTON—
Essexaft. June 22	Arthuraft. June 23	Damascusaft. " 24
Amherstburgaft. " 23	Kenilworthaft. " 26	Mount Forestaft. " 27
Harrowaft. " 24	Connaft. " 28	Cedarvilleaft. " 29
Kingsvilleaft. " 26	Colbeckaft. " 30	Monticelloeve. " 30
Cottamaft. " 27	Grand ValleyJuly 3	
Leamingtonaft. " 28		
WEST KENT—		Division 7.—Mrs. Horace W. Parsons, Forest.
WheatleyJune 29		
Port AlmaJuly 30		
Cedar SpringsJuly 3		
EAST KENT—		WEST YORK—
Morpethaft. " 4	Mimicoeve. May 29	Islingtonaft. " 30
	Westonaft. " 31	Thistletonaft. June 1
	Eliaaft. " 2	Mapleaft. " 3
	Woodbridgeaft. " 5	Kleinburgaft. " 6
Division 4.—Dr. Annie Backus, Aylmer, May 29 to July 3; Miss H. Gowsell, Foxboro, May 29 to July 3.		PEEL—
		Mono RoadJune 7
		Palgraveaft. " 8
		Mono Millsaft. " 9
		Altonaft. " 10
		Belfountainaft. " 12
		Cheltenhamaft. " 13
		Bramptonaft. " 14
		Maltonaft. " 15
		Port Creditaft. " 16
NORTH OXFORD—		SOUTH WATERLOO—
Princetonaft. May 29		Ayraft. June 17
Drumboaft. " 30		Central Dumfriesaft. " 19
Plattsvilleaft. " 31		Cedar Creekaft. " 20
BrightJune 1		Branchtonaft. " 21
Casselaft. " 2		Galtaft. " 22
Braemaraft. " 3		Hespeleraft. " 23
Embroaft. " 5		Prestonaft. " 24
Harringtonaft. " 6		New Dundeeaft. " 26
Lakesideaft. " 7		
Kintoreaft. " 8		NORTH WATERLOO—
Thamesfordaft. " 9		Wellesleyaft. June 27
		Linwoodaft. " 28
		Hawkesvilleaft. " 29
		St. Jacob'saft. " 30
		ConestogoJuly 3
		Winterbourneaft. " 4
		Floradaleaft. " 5
SOUTH OXFORD—		Division 8.—Miss M. V. Powell, Whitby, May 30 to July 6; Miss R. A. Walsh, Orono, June 14 to 17.
Beachvilleaft. June 10		
Curriesaft. " 12		
Burgessvilleaft. " 13		
Norwichaft. " 14		
Tiltsburgaft. " 15		
Folden'saft. " 16		
Mount Elginaft. " 17		
NORTH NORFOLK—		SOUTH BRANT—
GuysboroJune 19		OshwekenMay 30
Courtlandaft. " 20		East Oaklandaft. " 13
Delhiaft. " 21		ScotlandJune 1
Delhiaft. " 22		Mohawkaft. " 2
Simcoeaft. " 23		New Durhamaft. " 3
Windham Centreaft. " 23		Cathcartaft. " 5
		Burfordaft. " 6
		Falklandaft. " 7
EAST ELGIN—		SOUTH PERTH—
SpringfieldJune 24		Tavistockaft. June 8
Lyonsaft. " 26		St. Mary'saft. " 9
Mapletonaft. " 27		Sebringvilleaft. " 10
Aylmeraft. " 28		Staffaaft. " 12
Bayhamaft. " 29		Mitchellaft. " 13
Bayhamaft. " 29		
Lutonaft. " 30		NORTH PERTH—
Grovesendaft. July 3		HamsteadJune 14
		Listowelaft. " 15
		Listoweleve. " 15
		Milvertonaft. " 16
		Milbankaft. " 17
Division 5.—Mrs. Jean Joy, Toronto, May 29 to June 12; Mrs. M. Norman, Toronto, May 29 to June 3; June 12 to 29.		WEST WELLINGTON—
		Palmerstonaft. June 19
		Draytonaft. " 20
		Rothsayaft. " 21
WEST LAMBTON—		UNION—
Petrolleaeve. May 29		Teviotdaleaft. June 22
Oil Springseve. " 30		Cliffordaft. " 23
Brigdenaft. " 31		Drewaft. " 24
Colinvilleeve. June 1		
Osborneaft. " 2		SOUTH GREY—
Lucasvilleaft. " 3		Aytonaft. June 26
Wilkesportaft. " 5		Hanoveraft. " 27
Thornhurstaft. " 6		Elmwoodaft. " 28
Beecheraft. " 6		Louiseaft. " 29
Rutherfordeve. " 7		Holsteinaft. " 30
Oakdaleeve. " 8		Robbeve. July 3
		Dromoreaft. " 4
		Durhamaft. " 5
WEST MIDDLESEX—		SOUTH PERTH—
Appinaft. June 9		Kirktonaft. July 6
Napieraft. " 10		
Kerwoodaft. " 12		
Strathroyaft. " 13		
NORTH MIDDLESEX—		
LoboJune 14		
Coldstreamaft. " 15		
Beechwoodaft. " 16		
Ailsa Craigaft. " 17		
EAST MIDDLESEX—		
Wellburnaft. June 19		
Thorndaleaft. " 20		
Cromptonaft. " 21		
Harrietsvilleaft. " 22		
Hyde Parkaft. " 23		
NORTH MIDDLESEX—		
Lucaneve. June 24		
Moorevilleaft. " 26		
Greenwayaft. " 27		
Sylvanaft. " 28		
Parkhillaft. " 29		
Division 6.—Dr. Jennie Smillie, Toronto, May 29 to June 8; June 16 to July 3; Dr. L. S. M. Hamilton, Toronto, June 12 to 15; Mrs. Kenyon Lett, Cobourg, June 23 to July 3.		
HALTON—		
Trafalgaraft. May 29		
Palermoaft. " 30		
Burlingtonaft. " 31		



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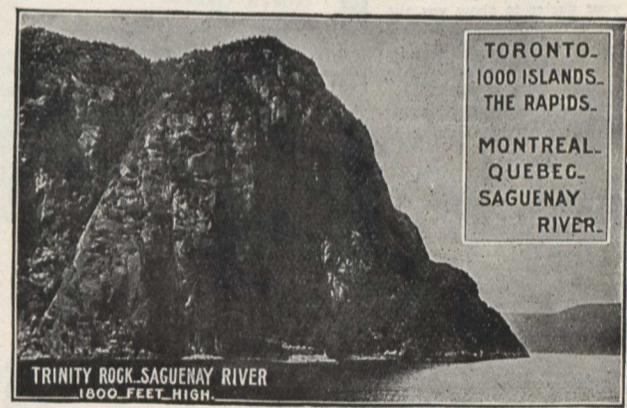
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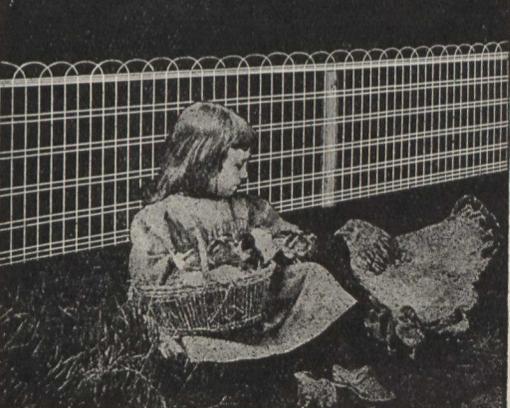
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Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.

Division 9.—Miss M. Hotson, Parkhill; May 29 to July 4; Mrs. E. B. McTurk, Lucan, May 29 to June 6.

WEST HURON—

- Goderichaft. May 29
- Holmesvilleeve. " 30
- Londesboro " 31
- Blytheve. June 1
- St. Augustineaft. " 2
- Winghamaft. " 3
- St. Helen'saft. " 5
- Kintailaft. " 6

SOUTH BRUCE—

- Lucknowaft. June 7

CENTRE BRUCE—

- Ripleyaft. June 8
- Bervieaft. " 9
- Kincardineaft. " 10

EAST HURON—

- Belgraveaft. June 12
- Brusselsaft. " 13
- Waltonaft. " 14
- Ethel " 15
- Molesworthaft. " 16
- Jamestownaft. " 17
- Bluevale " 19

SOUTH BRUCE—

- Teeswater June 20

EAST HURON—

- Gorrie June 21
- Fordwichaft. " 22

SOUTH BRUCE—

- Mildmayaft. June 23
- Walkertonaft. " 24

CENTRE BRUCE—

- Paisleyaft. June 26
- Chesley " 27
- Williscroft " 28

VEST BRUCE—

- Port Elgin June 29
- Arkwrightaft. " 30
- Tara July 3
- Allenford " 4

Division 10.—Miss B Gilholm, Bright

CENTRE GREY—

- Dundalkaft. May 29
- Hopeville " 30
- Badjeros " 31
- Maxwell June 1
- Eugeniaaft. " 2
- Flesherton " 3
- Priceville " 5
- Vandeleur " 6
- Kimberley " 7
- Markdale " 8
- Williamsford " 9
- Walter's Falls " 10
- Rocklyn " 12
- Heathcote " 13
- Clarksburgeve. " 14

NORTH GREY—

- Meafordaft. June 15
- Annan " 16
- Brookholmaft. " 17
- Kembleaft. " 19
- Desboroaft. " 20
- Keadyaft. " 21
- Kilsyth " 22

NORTH BRUCE—

- Hepworthaft. June 23

NORTH GREY—

- Clavering June 24

NORTH BRUCE—

- Park Head June 26
- Wartonaft. " 27
- Colpoys Bayaft. " 28
- Mar " 29
- Hope Bayaft. " 30
- Lion's Headaft. July 3

Division 11.—Miss E. Smillie, Toronto, May 29 to July 6; Dr. L. S. M. Hamilton, Toronto, May 29 to June 5.

DUFFERIN—

- Orangevilleaft. May 29
- Blount " 30

- Camillaaft. May 21
- Whittingtoneve. June 1
- Laurel " 2
- Bowling Green " 3
- Shelburne " 5
- Keldon " 6
- Corbetton " 7
- Horning's Mills " 8
- Honeywood " 9

WEST SIMCOE—

- Everett June 10
- Avening " 12
- Creemore " 13
- Duntroonaft. " 14
- Singhamptonaft. " 15
- Batteau " 16
- Sunnidale Corners " 17

SOUTH SIMCOE—

- Stroud June 19
- Churchill " 20
- Coulson's Hillaft. " 21
- Bradfordaft. " 22
- Newton Robinsonaft. " 23
- Ivy " 24

EAST SIMCOE—

- Crown Hill June 26
- Shanty Bayaft. " 27
- Hawkestoneeve. " 28
- Orilliaaft. " 29
- Ardreaeve. " 29
- Warminsteraft. " 30
- Coldwateraft. July 3
- Waubasheneaft. " 4
- Victoria Harboraft. " 5
- Midlandaft. " 6

Division 12.—Mrs. F. W. Watts, Clinton.

CENTRE SIMCOE—

- Randolphaft. May 29
- Wyebridge " 30
- Wyevale " 31
- Elmvale June 1
- Allenwoodaft. " 2
- Silver Mapleaft. " 3
- Crossland " 5
- Phepston " 6
- New Floss " 7
- Edenvale " 8
- Minesing " 9
- Daltoneve. " 10

SOUTH MUSKOKA—

- Port Carling June 12

CENTRE MUSOKA—

- Ufford June 13

SOUTH MUSKOKA—

- Bardville June 14
- Bracebridgeaft. " 15
- Muskoka Fallseve. " 16
- Reayaft. " 17
- Zephyreve. " 19
- Baysvilleaft. " 20

CENTRE MUSKOKA—

- Uttersoneve. June 21
- Allansvilleaft. " 22

NORTH MUSKOKA—

- Aspinaft. June 23
- Ashworth " 24
- Ravenscliffe " 26
- Silverdaleeve. " 27
- Brunel " 28
- Birkendale " 29
- Dwight " 30

CENTRE SIMCOE—

- Lafontaine July 3

Division 13.—Miss B. Millar, Guelph.

NORTH YORK—

- Nobletonaft. May 29
- Schombergaft. " 30
- Laskayaft. " 31
- Kingaft. June 1
- Newmarketaft. " 2
- Queensvilleaft. " 3
- Keswickaft. " 5
- Mount Albertaft. " 6
- Vandorfaft. " 7
- Auroraeve. " 7

EAST YORK—

- Thornhillaft. June 8



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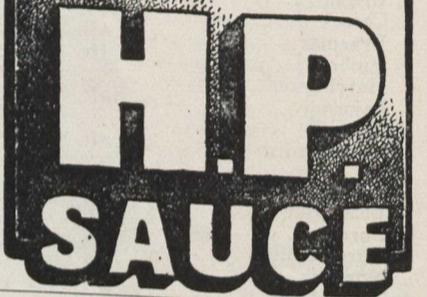
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H.P. appeals irresistibly to those who look for distinctiveness of flavour in their sauces.

H.P. is a treasure to those whose appetite is uncertain or flagging.

H.P. is highly nourishing, and a great help to digestion—

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It is a solid, fair and square proposition to furnish a brand new, well made and well finished cream separator complete, subject to a long trial and fully guaranteed, for \$15.95. It skims one quart of milk per minute, warm or cold, makes heavy or light cream and does it just as well as any higher priced machine. Designed for small dairies, hotels, restaurants and private families. Different from this picture, which illustrates our large capacity machines. Any boy or girl can run it. The crank is only 5 inches long. Just think of that! The bowl is a sanitary marvel, easily cleaned, and embodies all our latest improvements. Gears run in anti-friction bearings and are thoroughly protected. Before you decide on a cream separator of any capacity whatever, obtain our \$15.95 proposition. Our own (the manufacturer's) twenty-year guarantee protects you on every American Separator. We ship immediately. Whether your dairy is large or small, write us and obtain our handsome free catalog. Address,

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East Toronto	June 9	Valentia	June 24
Scarboro Junction	" 10	Sonya	" 26
Highland Creek	aft. " 12	Manilla	aft. " 27
Agincourt	aft. " 13	Linden Valley	" 28
Box Grove	aft. " 14	Cambray	aft. " 29
Markham	aft. " 15	Islay	eve. " 30
Stouffville	aft. " 16	Woodville	July 3
		Lorneville	" 4
NORTH YORK—			
Kettleby	aft. June 17	Division 16.—Miss L. Rose, Guelph.	
NORTH ONTARIO—			
Goodwood	June 19	SOUTH LEEDS—	
Sandford	aft. " 20	Lansdowne	May 29
Zephyr	" 21	Seeley's Bay	aft. " 30
Gamebridge	aft. " 22	Delta	eve. " 31
Brechin	aft. " 23	BROCKVILLE—	
		Athens	June 1
SOUTH ONTARIO—			
Claremont	eve. June 24	SOUTH LEEDS—	
Brougham	" 26	Newboro	June 2
Whitevale	aft. " 27	Westport	" 3
Pickering	aft. " 28	SOUTH LANARK—	
Columbus	aft. " 29	Perth	aft. June 5
Brooklin	aft. " 30	Maberly	" 6
Whitby	aft. July 3	NORTH LANARK—	
Shirley	eve. " 4	Lanark	June 7
NORTH ONTARIO—			
Altona	aft. July 5	NORTH LEEDS AND GRENVILLE—	
		Merrickville	aft. June 8
Division 14.—Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Pleasant, May 29 to July 6; Miss May Allison, London, May 29 to June 10.		SOUTH LANARK—	
		Carleton Place	aft. June 9
WEST DURHAM—			
Kendall	aft. May 29	NORTH LANARK—	
Orono	aft. " 30	Almonte	eve. June 10
Newtonville	aft. " 31	Clayton	" 12
EAST DURHAM—			
Charlecote	aft. June 1	SOUTH RENFREW—	
Garden Hill	aft. " 2	Northcote	June 13
Elizabethville	eve. " 2	Burnstown	aft. " 14
Port Hope	aft. " 3	CARLETON—	
Bewdley	" 5	Galetta	eve. June 15
Bailieboro	aft. " 6	Antrim	aft. " 16
Millbrook	aft. " 7	Carp	" 17
Manver's Station	aft. " 8	Stittsville	eve. " 19
Mount Pleasant	aft. " 9	PRESCOTT—	
Springville	" 10	Vankleek Hill	aft. June 20
WEST NORTHUMBERLAND—			
Cobourg	June 12	DUNDAS—	
Elmvale	" 13	Winchester Springs	aft. June 21
Grafton	aft. " 14	Morewood	aft. " 22
Fenella	" 15	Chesterville	aft. " 23
Rosenearth	eve. " 16	STORMONT—	
		Finch	aft. June 24
EAST NORTHUMBERLAND—			
Warkworth	aft. June 17	GLENGARRY—	
Codrington	eve. " 19	Maxville	June 26
Wooler	aft. " 20	Martintown	aft. " 27
Smithfield	aft. " 21	DUNDAS—	
Dundonald	aft. " 22	Morrisburg	aft. June 28
Castleton	aft. " 23	SOUTH GRENVILLE—	
Brighton	aft. " 24	Maynard	aft. June 29
Menie	" 26	Division 17.—Mrs. W. Farley, Smithfield; Mrs. Kenyon Lett, Cobourg, May 30 to June 6.	
PRINCE EDWARD—			
Wellington	aft. June 27	EAST VICTORIA—	
Bloomfield	aft. " 28	Omeme	aft. May 30
West Lake	aft. " 29	Bobcaygeon	eve. " 31
Cherry Valley	aft. " 30	Dunsford	aft. June 1
Pictou	aft. July 3	Cameron	aft. " 2
Gilbert's Mills	aft. " 4	Pleasant Valley	eve. " 3
Mountain View	aft. " 5	Fenelon Falls	aft. " 2
Rednersville	aft. " 6	Burnt River	aft. " 5
		Kinmount	aft. " 6
Division 15.—Mrs. Thos. Shaw, Hespeler, May 29 to July 4; Mrs. E. Hobson, Mount Elgin, May 29 to June 5; Mrs. J. Muldrew, MacDonald College, Que., June 27 to July 4.		HALIBURTON—	
		Minden	aft. June 7
FRONTENAC—			
Inverary	aft. May 29	Haliburton	aft. " 8
Westbrooke	aft. " 30	Irondale	aft. " 9
		Gooderham	" 10
AMHERST ISLAND—			
Stella	aft. May 31	NORTH HASTINGS—	
LENNOX—			
Adolphustown	aft. June 1	Bancroft	June 13
Conway	aft. " 2	L'Amable	eve. " 14
		Fort Stewart	" 15
EAST HASTINGS—			
Melrose	aft. June 3	NORTH PETERBORO—	
Belleville	" 5	Clydesdale	aft. June 17
		Mt. Julian	" 20
WEST HASTINGS—			
Wallbridge	aft. June 6	Northern Meetings in 1911	
River Valley	aft. " 7	THE meetings announced in Divisions 18, 19, 20 and 21 are held under the auspices of the Farmers' and Women's Institutes of the riding concerned. The hall, or other place of meeting, indicates the place of meeting for the afternoon session of the Farmer's Institute and the joint meetings of the Farmers' and Women's Institutes to be held immediately following the regular afternoon sessions of the two Institutes, or in the evening. See local announcements for information regarding place of meeting, speakers and subjects chosen.	
Frankford	eve. " 7	Division 18.—Mrs. J. E. Brethour, Burford; Mr. George H. Farmer, Steelton.	
Chatterton	aft. " 8	EAST PARRY SOUND—	
EAST HASTINGS—			
Roslin	aft. June 9	Burk's Falls	May 29
Tweed	" 10	Magnetawan	" 30
NORTH HASTINGS—			
Madoc	aft. June 12	Midlothian	" 31
Queensboro	aft. " 13		
Eldorado	" 14		
Wellman's Corners	" 15		
Springbrook	aft. " 16		
Marmora	aft. " 17		
EAST PETERBORO—			
Norwood	June 19		
Warsaw	" 20		
WEST PETERBORO—			
Lakefield	June 21		
WEST VICTORIA—			
Lindsay	eve. June 22		
Little Britain	" 23		

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Doe Lake	June 1
Emsdale	" 2
Sundridge	" 3
South River	" 5
Rye	" 6
Powassan	" 7
Trout Creek	" 8
Granite Hill	" 9
Golden Valley	" 10
Arnstein	" 12
Loring	" 13

EAST NIPISSING—

Calvin	June 15
Mattawa	" 16

TEMISCAMINGUE—

Haileybury (Buche Tp.)	June 19
New Liskeard	" 20
Milberta	" 21
Hillview	" 22
Uno Park	" 23
Hanbury	" 24
Thornloe	" 26
Earlton	" 27
Hilliardton	" 28
Tomstown	" 29
Heaslip	" 30
Charlton	July 3
Englehart	" 4
Clover Valley	" 5

Division 19.—Mrs. M. Woelard, Toronto; *Anson Groh, Preston.

EAST MANITOULIN—

Little Current	June 1
Sheguindah	" 2
Green Bay	" 3
Budges	" 5
Manitowaning	" 5
Hilly Grove	" 6
Tehkummah	" 7
South Baymouth (women) aft.	" 8
Sandfield (men, aft.), joint evg. meeting	" 8
Silver Bay (Big Lake)	" 9
Mindemoya	" 10
Carnarvon	" 12

WEST MANITOULIN—

Grimesthorpe	June 13
Billings (Kagawong)	" 14
Gordon's	" 15
Barrie Island	" 16
Poplar	" 17
Silver Water	" 19

ST. JOSEPH ISLAND—

Marksville	June 22
Stone	" 23
Kentvale	" 24
Richard's Landing	" 26

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WEST NIPISSING—

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Webbwood	" 2

EAST ALGOMA—

Walford	June 3
Iron Bridge	" 5
Sowerby	" 6
Livingstone Creek	" 7
Little Rapids	" 8
Alma Heights	" 9
Cloudslee	" 10
Port Lock	" 12

NORTH SHORE ALGOMA—

Desbarats	June 13
McLennan	" 14
Lidstone	" 15
Bar River	" 16
Sylvan Valley	" 17
Echo Bay	" 19
Garden River	" 20

CENTRE ALGOMA—

Tarentorus	June 21
Base Line	" 22
South Prince	" 23
West Korah	" 24
Goulais Bay	" 26

WEST NIPISSING—

Warren	June 28
Sturgeon Falls	" 29
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Port Arthur	" 3
Slate River	" 5
Hymers	" 6
South Gillies	" 7
O'Connor	" 8
Conmee	aft. " 9
Kakabeka Falls	eve " 9
Murillo	" 10
Dorion	" 12
Ouimet	" 13

WABIGOON—

Barclay	June 15
Dryden	" 16
Glegoland, S. H.	" 17
Oxdrift	" 19
Mannitaki	" 20
Eagle River	" 21

KENORA—

Kenora	June 22
Jaffray	" 23

RAINY RIVER—

Sleeman	aft. June 27
Stratton	" 28
Shenston	aft. " 29
Barwick	" 30
Klondyke	aft. July 3
Emo	" 4
Barnhart	" 5
Big Fork	aft. " 6
Devlin	eve. " 6
Burriss	" 7
Isherwood	aft. " 8
Crozier	eve. " 8

Kingsville Anniversary

THE Kingsville Branch of South Essex Women's Institute celebrated their third anniversary on Feb. 25th by an oyster supper for the members and their husbands. About two

hundred ladies and gentlemen were present. After supper a splendid programme was given by the members. It consisted of readings, recitations and music.

Mrs. J. H. Coatsworth, the president, gave a splendid address on "Institute Work." This paper will be published in full in the columns of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Mrs. Hoodless Memorial

THE amount donated to the Mrs. Hoodless Memorial Fund, up to and including April 1st, was \$411.51. The March contributions were: Preston, \$2; Milverton, \$2; Central Dumfries, \$1; Jamestown, 15c; Damascus, \$1.20; Phelpston, 50c; Murillo, \$1.15; Beachville, \$1.50; Minden, \$1; Weston, \$1; Hymers, 50c; Gordon, \$1.60; Plattsville, \$2; Marden, 50c; Avening, 85c; Melrose, \$2.

Campden (Union), \$2.50; Shetland, 50c; Desbarats, \$1.50; S. Macaulay, \$2; Dromore, \$1.50; Sonya, \$1; Conway, \$1.10; Bowen Road, 80c; Eugenia, \$1.25; Fort Stewart, \$1.00; Starkville, \$1; Victoria Square, \$4.85; Mimico, \$2; Mitchell, \$1.30; Wilton Grove, \$3; Conmee, \$1.50; Georgetown, \$3; Irwin, \$1; Bowling Green, \$1.

Burford, \$2; Seeley's Bay, 35c; Colbeck and Monticello, \$2; Glanford, \$1.95; Tara, \$1.15; Antrim, \$1.00; Sheffield, 75c; Fenelon Falls, \$1.02; St. Jacobs, \$2; Hepworth, \$1.30; Aberarden, 50c; Merrickville, 90c; Brunel, 60c; Palermo, \$2; Lyons, 40c; Brampton, \$2; Botany, \$1; Drumbo, \$1.60.

Castleton, \$2; Vandeleur, 80c; Hillsburg, 80c; Stella, \$2; Emo, \$1.50; Uno Park, 75c; Port Credit, \$2; L'Amable, 25c; MacLennan, \$2; Mount Pleasant, 50c; Meaford, \$1.20; Tavistock, 90c; Kilbride, \$1.50; Blyth, 80c; Ayton, \$5; Hillview, \$1.50; Delta, 35c.

Gosfield, 50c; Quinte, \$2; Grimsby, \$1; Kemble, \$1.80; Ethel, \$1; Manotick, \$2; Streetsville, \$1.30; Strathroy, \$1; Creemore, 85c; York Road, \$2; Rockwood, 80c; Warren, \$2; Mount Julian, \$2.05; Freelon, \$1.70; Teeswater, 75c; Mount Hamilton, \$1.20; Onondaga, \$1.45; Pelham Centre, 50c; Milberta, \$1.35; Richard's Landing, \$1.10; Cathcart, \$1; Humberstone, \$1; Cherry Valley, \$2; Millbank, \$1.35; Queensboro, \$1; Allenwood, \$1.25; Foxboro, \$2.

Two Meetings at Brussels

THE February meeting of the Brussels Branch of Women's Institute was held in Mrs. N. B. Gerry's pleasant parlors. President Mrs. John Robb was in the chair.

Mrs. D. B. Moore read a splendid paper on "The Evils of Fault-finding." She advised us to look to home, as it is better to find out one fault of our own than ten of our neighbors. Her paper gave excellent instruction from start to finish to guard against this evil habit.

Miss Stella Gerry rendered a piano solo, which was much appreciated. Miss Hazel Lowery gave a humorous reading, entitled, "Entertaining the New Minister," which was quite amusing.

Miss Nora Maunders read a carefully prepared paper on "How To Live Within One's Income," showing that the first essential is the laying down of rules by which we govern that income, as the happiest homes are those that are systematic. Miss Maunders advocated the keeping of a carefully itemized account of expenses, and the setting aside of a part of our income for certain uses, as in this way we soon find out how much it is costing us to live, and how much we can save.

Miss Gerry, with Miss Pryne as accompanist, favored us with a well-rendered solo.

At the March meeting Mrs. (Dr.) Oaten gave an instructive and deeply interesting address on "The White Slave Traffic." Mrs. Oaten is a pleasant, fluent speaker, thoroughly master of her subject, and those who were privileged to hear her will never forget her discourse on this theme, and the strong appeal she made to mothers at the close.

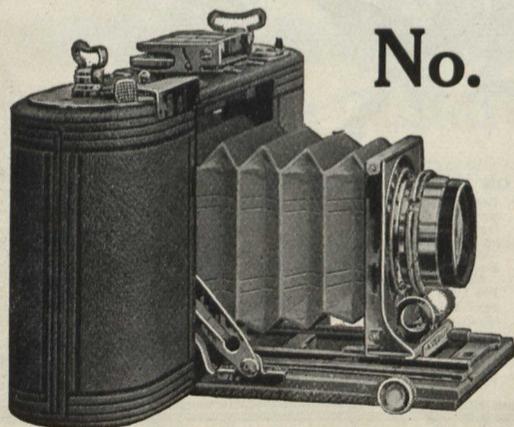
The meeting was enlivened at different stages by instrumental duet by Mrs. Thomson and Miss McLaughlin; solo by Miss Marjory Strachan; instrumental by Miss Bryans, and recitation by Miss Alice Wilton. The ladies of the Institute served a liberal supply of confectionery at the close. A cordial vote of thanks was passed to Mrs. Oaten for her splendid address, and a resolution of sympathy to Mrs. D. Robb in connection with the demise of her highly esteemed husband.



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THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

Continued from page 7

place. There was a round table with a moss-green cloth in the centre of the room, the old-fashioned chairs were upholstered in green, a green rug half covered the floor, which was painted to match, and the paper was pretty and quite in keeping. The room, which had once been large, was now divided by a board partition which did not quite reach to the ceiling. Not an abode of wealth, surely; but to Miss Eden, who knew the rooms of many girl clerks, it displayed a home-like comfort which was surprising. "If only I had a room like this," she thought. "I could invite—" then her thoughts strayed off to what Miss Brown had said in the store about "having a little" and she sighed. Some girls were so fortunate!

"The baby is perfectly fine!" said Celia Brown. "Look how the little monkey has pulled my hair! She did that when we were bathing her. Ada's is worse than mine. Ada is getting her ready for bed. You may see her for a moment before she goes. You don't know, do you, just *when* a baby of her age ought to go to bed?" She looked anxiously at Miss Eden, and even at Mr. Burns, who tried not to blush.

"How old is she?" asked Miss Eden, importantly.

"Well, naturally, we don't know, she hasn't any teeth yet—"

"Can you tell their age by their teeth?" asked Mr. Burns, much interested. The girls giggled.

"Oh, no! But—yes, I suppose you can, in a way. It tells you in books when they get their first one. I must get a book. Oh, Mr. Burns, you are in the book department. Do you know of anything?"

Mr. Burns, who prided himself upon his exhaustive knowledge of his stock, brightened up. "Why, yes, there are several. I remember one that we are often asked for, 'Children; Their Mental and Moral Growth.' Then there is 'What To Do for Baby,' and 'The Infant's First Year,' and 'From Cradle to School,' and 'Handy Helps for Homes' (there is a lot about babies in that), and 'The Young Mother.' We are often asked—" Here Miss Eden giggled, and Mr. Burns came to a full stop. Celia, however, was not laughing. "I think 'What To Do for Baby' and 'The Young Mother' would be best," she mused. "I'll run over to your department at noon to-morrow and look at them. Are they very expensive?"

"Not at all expensive. In fact, they are my present to the baby—if you will be so kind."

"Another present for baby!" interrupted a new voice. "Oh, Celia, if everyone is going to give her presents we shan't have anything to give her ourselves."

The speaker, who came rather slowly into the circle of light, was a tall girl of rare and touching beauty. Enough like Celia to be known as her sister, she was Celia glorified and set aside from ordinary life. To give an idea of her charm is hard, for to tell of the sweet oval of her face, her masses of brown hair with curling tendrils, her perfect mouth, delicate nose and great mysterious eyes leaves the main secret still untold. A stranger would scarcely have guessed that she was blind, a friend would never forget it.

"My sister Ada," said Celia quietly. "Ada, Miss Eden and Mr. Burns. They have called to see how the baby is getting on. Is she asleep?"

"Not yet, just going. Listen! There she is. She wants me back. I'll bring her in for a moment—but she must not be kissed or giggled over or she won't sleep."

The callers solemnly promised not to kiss or giggle, and with much delightful flutter the baby was produced. She was a very little baby; unnaturally little, Mr. Burns thought; "just too dinky for words," according to Miss Eden. She lay quite still in Ada's careful arms, surveying the glances bent upon her with calm disdain and sucking a wrinkled thumb.

"You shouldn't allow her to do that," said Miss Eden, rebukingly.

"I think she is beginning to get a tooth. One of the girls gave her a rubber ring, but she won't have it, and she has to suck something, don't you, darling precious? Isn't she lovely, Mr. Burns?"

Mr. Burns, whose eyes were fixed up-

on the glowing face of the blind girl, could scarcely find words to express his admiration. In fact, so incoherent was he that the child's proud foster parents were justly offended, and the baby itself began to howl.

"She's hungry, poor dear," explained Ada. "Does the dearest darling want its bottle then? Oh, I can't tell you how relieved we were to find she had been a bottle-baby!"

"By Jove!" said Mr. Burns, startled, "whatever would you—" but Miss Eden interrupted hastily with, "Do you give her milk or food?"

"Oh, food, we can't depend on the milk." But at this the baby howled in real earnest, and was hastily taken back to bed.

"How wonderfully your sister minds her!" said Miss Eden, watching the disappearing forms of baby and nurse. "And now, won't you tell us all about it? I am dying to know. It's just like a romance. Did she have a locket around her neck or anything? Have you any clue?"

"No," said Celia gravely. "There wasn't anything like that. She isn't a story book baby. Anyone could see that she had been ill-cared for and perhaps half-starved. Her clothes were the poorest of poor; the go-cart a rickety second-hand affair which practically fell to pieces on the way home. She is just a poor little deserted baby, someone that nobody wanted."

Miss Eden unaffectedly wiped away a tear with her cotton glove. "Isn't it dreadful! And there wasn't anything with her at all?"

Celia hesitated and then said frankly, "Yes, there was a note. A horrible note; I will show it to you and then I am going to forget all about it. We found it pinned to her dress."

Crossing to an old desk at the other side of the room she took from it a folded piece of rather dirty paper and handed it to Mr. Burns. With the girls looking breathlessly over his shoulder he held the paper to the light and read in sprawling and illiterate characters these words:

"She was one too many. Her father won't keep her, and I can't. She ain't been named yet."

Mr. Burns in a sudden impulse of indignation struck the piece of paper with an emphatic finger. "By Jove, that's cool! A case of cold-blooded desertion if ever there was one!"

"Horrible!" agreed Miss Eden. Celia, blushing, snatched the paper back. "I think I'll burn it."

"No!" Mr. Burns' tone was one of startled protest. "You mustn't do that, you know." For a moment he had an impression that all women were fools (except, perhaps, that lovely blind girl who had come into the room like a vision.) "You see, that paper is evidence. You never can tell when it might be wanted. If you do not want the little one ever to see it, hide it; but one doesn't burn evidence, you know. By Jove, no!"

Celia wavered. She considered Mr. Burns rather a pleasant young man, but his sudden tone of authority inclined to give offence. Nevertheless he was a man, and perhaps in this case he represented the masculine point of view, and at any rate if the paper were securely hidden it could do no harm.

"Very well," she said, "but it seems cruel to keep it. Poor baby. Well, she shall never want for care and love here."

"And, oh," added Miss Eden, "how she will love you both when she knows!"

Celia's pretty mouth set itself firmly. "She shall never know," she declared. "You read in the note that the baby had not been named. We are going to name her, Ada and I. Did you know that we had a baby sister of our own a year ago? She died, with our mother, when she was two weeks old. She was to have been called Christine. This little one need never know that she is not our real little sister, Christine Brown."

Mr. Burns' honest countenance beamed with admiration at this proposal, and as for Miss Eden, her feelings compelled her to jump up and kiss Celia at once. "You dear thing," she murmured.

"It would be too dreadful to have her live to find out that—well, what the

letter says," said Celia, "and of course if she knew she was merely adopted she would never be contented without some knowledge of her own people."

Mr. Burns nodded sagely. "You're right there; still I would not destroy the letter," and then he made a remark very like the one which Mr. Harcourt Flynn had already made that evening. "Things are sure uneven," he mused. "Here is someone throwing away a perfectly good baby, in a manner of speaking, and up there at the Torrance house they are going crazy over the loss of one."

Celia and Miss Eden assented vaguely. They were not vitally interested in the woes of the Torrance family. The rich gain little sympathy in trouble from their poorer neighbors.

Then the whole subject was forgotten in the deeper interest of listening to Ada singing a lullaby on the other side of the partition.

Presently another tap came to the door and, with a finger on her lips, Celia tip-toed across to open it.

It was Miss Martin, of the ribbon counter, come to see how the baby was, and behind her peered the prim but kindly face of Miss Amelia Flynn.

Celia gave a startled exclamation. "Oh, Miss Flynn!" she said. "How did you—"

"I didn't, my dear. I just guessed. Mr. Flynn doesn't know and does not need to, unless you ever wish to tell him yourself. A man can be very blind when he wants to be." She gave Celia a little reassuring pat on the arm. "But I just sensed how it was, and I couldn't rest easy until I had seen that baby!"

CHAPTER IV.

AT the moment when the baby worshippers at 1620 Brook Street were hushing their voices while Ada sang the new little Christine Brown to sleep there was fresh dismay in the Torrance home on Amberly Avenue. Just what had happened the frightened servants hardly knew, but the mistress of the mansion had passed from hysterical weeping into deathlike stupor, and back again into hysterics, and the master had come downstairs with a face so ghastly that they dared not question him. He was now shut up in the library with a detective, and so far not one of them had plucked up courage to listen at the door.

Indeed, the detective himself was startled out of his usual placidity by the sight of his client's face. Adam Torrance, the distinguished, the debonaire, looked like an old man. His shoulders stooped. The hand he offered shook like an aspen. "What is it?" asked the detective anxiously. "Have you news at last?"

"News? Yes—All the news that there ever will be. The search is ended, Johnson. My child is dead!" "Nonsense! What possible purpose—"

Adam Torrance raised his hand. "You know that I have always been afraid that this was not a case of kidnapping for money," he said quietly. "I had no reasons to give, but I felt that it was so."

"But you said that you had no enemies?"

"None that I knew of—none who would do that! But a man in my position must have enemies of whom he does not know, and it seems that I have had one enemy at least, a cruel one." His tone was so controlled that the detective marveled. "Read this," he went on, handing him an envelope. "It is all that we shall ever know."

The detective took the envelope eagerly—at last there was a clue! It was an ordinary envelope, not too clean. It had come by post, stamped the previous day, and contained a single sheet of paper. The paper was of the cheap ruled variety, with nothing to distinguish it in any way. The writing on it was blurred and sprawling—either the production of a good writer trying to write badly and succeeding very well, or a poor writer doing his best to be legible and succeeding but poorly. From the general sloppiness of the letters, it was more probably the latter.

This was the letter.

"Mr. Torrance,

Sir.—You and your father ruined my father and us. My girl had to go into Angers' store. I was sick and couldn't help. She couldn't make enough to live. She was so pretty, and pretty girls get hungry just like ugly ones. She's dead now and a good thing for her she is. I don't need to speak plainer. You and your stores killed her and worse. I've lived to pay you back and I've done it. I found out that you

was Angers & Son, the devil that owns the stores that don't pay a living wage. We're even now. You'll never see her again. She's dead. I've paid you out."

"Horrible!" The detective's ruddy face had paled. "But you surely have not taken this at its face value?"

Adam Torrance, who had sunk into a chair, made no reply for a moment, and then, without looking up, "I think I do, Johnson," he said. "Don't you?"

"No, certainly not. That is—er—" the detective hesitated. "Of course, I can't say definitely, off-hand. It seems too awful. Who is this woman?"

"She doesn't say," listlessly.

"But—was there anyone—"

"Whom my father and I ruined? Probably. In the way of business some always go to the wall. I believe we have always tried to act honorably, however. I think that neither he nor I ever willingly ruined anyone. As to the other—what she says about the girl—"

A look of horror came into his tired face—"that can't be true, can it, Johnson? I admit that I have never interfered very much in the management of the stores, but once I remember reading something about inadequate wages being paid to girls, and I spoke about it to Davies. We went into things—a little, and he convinced me that we were paying what we ought according to profits; but it seemed very little. I told him, then, never to employ any girls but such as had their own homes and something else to depend upon, so as to avoid the possibility of that—that sort of thing. I gave positive orders."

Johnson touched the letter with his fingers. His detective instinct began to assert itself.

"This girl, apparently, had a home," he remarked. "If we are to accept the letter, she lived with her mother—that would come within your orders all right."

The other man's face seemed to grow still whiter. "My God, I never thought of that! And the mother was ill—an added expense—and—oh, horrible!"

"Probably the whole thing is a fake."

"Do you think so—candidly?"

"Can't say off-hand. It must be looked into."

"You have no clue whatever?"

"None. It was done the slickest I ever saw. If that woman did it she's a wonder! And yet if she'd been watching her chance—perhaps it was done easier than it looks. That nurse, she may have left the baby longer than she said, and babies are so much alike, and there are so many of them. A change of dress and—there you are!"

"Do you think any person would write like that for—for a joke?"

"Not unless the person were a fiend," promptly.

"Nor do I. And that is why I—oh, I—I believe it, Johnson!"

The detective turned away under pretence of re-examining the letter.

"If it's a fake," he said, slowly, "its probable that the one who wrote it is a little shy in the upper storey. I've seen revenge letters like this before. They generally come from those who are hardly responsible. That would account, partly, for the cunning of the thing. Does—does Mrs. Torrance—know?"

"I've told her that I have reason to fear that the child is dead."

The detective made no comment.

"She fainted. But on the whole I think the strain is lessened. If our child is dead—at least no harm can come to her. She is beyond harm now—" His head sank into his hands again, but he aroused himself. "Do all you can to find out the truth," he said, "and let us know—soon! Johnson, how do you account for the fact that she knew about Angers & Son?"

"Can't say. Perhaps she shadowed Davies. Perhaps she found out by accident."

"I must find out. I must sift all that she says about the stores. If it is true, then Davies—"

"Davies is a good manager, Mr. Torrance. You may be unjust. You are hardly fit to judge just now, if you will permit me to say so. If there are reforms needed, make them, but don't take things by hearsay—find out first, Mr. Torrance, *find out first!*" The detective's tones were so earnest that they surprised himself. It was not often that he permitted himself to offer a client advice not strictly in the line of business, but Adam Torrance seemed to be in a state of mind in which men do unreasonable things. It would be too bad, thought Mr. Johnson, if he should turn Socialist or anything like that.

(To be continued)

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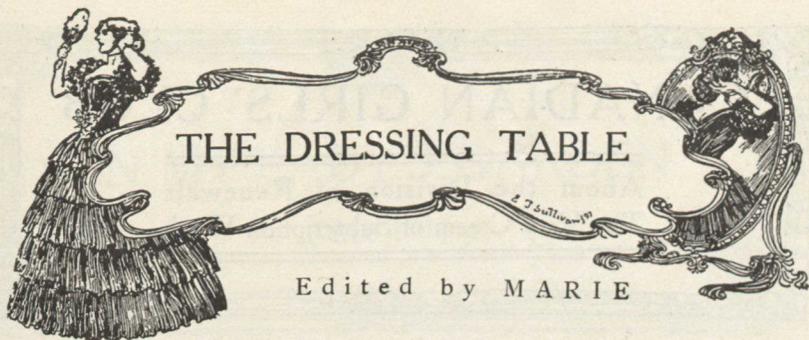
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THE DRESSING TABLE

Edited by MARIE

Bridal Faces and Brilliant Days

"What is so rare as a day in June
Then, if ever come perfect days."

IT would indeed be a tired, sorry, pitiful, unhappy little bride who would not be lovely in her radiance on a glorious June bridal morning.

Not long ago I was asked what qualities I thought contributed most to a person's charm. After thinking seriously of many charming persons I know, I decided that a radiant face as well as many of the reasons for it, were responsible for the epithet being applied to them.

You will notice that the society columns very often describe the brides as radiant, and if the poor bridegroom were accounted anything at all on that particular day, he too, would be described as radiant, for people in love so often have that quality, which no doubt is a good reason why "All the world loves a lover." Marriage would not so often be considered a failure if in later years the bride would keep herself so dainty and radiant that her husband need not go down street alone to look at the new electric lights nor into the darker streets to find brighter eyes than the ones he left at home. Neither would the husband miss the radiance at home if he sometimes carried through the door a happy, entertaining disposition and clean, wholesome appearance even without a bulging pocket or a bunch of flowers to call forth the answering smile in the little woman's eyes.

No matter, wife and mother, how tired you are, three times a day, before meals, open your window to Jerusalem, Rosedale, Parkdale or the nicest view you can find, sit very straight before it, and for ten minutes take deep, deep breaths that expand the entire lungs. Inhale slowly through one nostril and exhale just as slowly and gradually through the other. You will soon learn how, and understand too, why it adds to your beauty, health and happiness. Do not hold the breath too long at first. You, too, tired hubby, get off the car within a block of home and take similar exercises somewhere between the gate and the front door. If your work has been sedentary walk home or the latter part of the way instead of riding, and then before entering the house take the same exercises. Wife and husband both will consider themselves so lucky for having drawn such matrimonial prizes.

For fear my unmarried readers may think this is a letter on "How To Be Happy Though Married," I shall tell you of a young woman in whom I should like to cultivate radiance, but you say, "How can you? She looks and acts dull, has dull eyes, a poor complexion, a mouth that turns down at the corners, besides being stoop-shouldered." First she must stand erect and take the breathing exercises as before described, and add a couple periods to each ray. Now look, her figure is improving, she is getting some color and brighter eyes. Next I shall say to her. Wake up! Be interesting and interested. Listen to that story as if you cared to, even if you do not. You may hear something amusing or interesting or both, then smile, if you can't laugh, but be sure your teeth are clean. Do not expect always to be entertained; try entertaining some bored-looking person. For your poor complexion look over our advertising columns for the names of reliable firms that make face creams.

Now the mouth. The mouth that turns down at the corners, that is almost the greatest hindrance to charm and radiance. Well, I want to tell you a great secret. First put on your nicest street dress and hat; then sit quietly in your own well-aired room while you read the funny anecdotes in the C. H. J. or anything else worth while, after which take a walk down street, keeping the corners of your mouth turned up all the while. Smile at the newsboys, also those pretty children. Think of the funny stories, and

keep those corners up, and when you get home count the number of people who looked pleasantly at you, and you will laugh aloud.

I was almost forgetting to say that if your lips are colorless or too pale you can get rouge grease sticks, which are quite harmless, yet make the lips red and dewy as June roses, but again let me say, always buy cosmetics at a reliable place, and do not be too stingy.

Naturally, if you want people's interest in you to last you must cultivate an actually pleasant attitude towards them. From even a selfish point of view you will be repaid; still, don't be selfish.

So here's to health and happiness of the lovely June brides and their brave lovers.

MARIE.

As I have been ill and away from home for several weeks, many of the letters received since March remain unanswered. However, I hope those who do not read their answers in these columns have received them before this time by mail.

Answers to Correspondents

TRIX OR COUNTRY KID.—Read answer to "Polly" in May number. Write also to the Hiscott Dermatological Institute for their booklet on Development, etc. I think you will find in that what you need. If you do not, write again. I will help you all I can.—MARIE.

ANXIOUS GIRLIE, C. B.—Have written you personally regarding the samples for dresses, etc. I think your proportions very good, unless you prefer to be somewhat stouter. The letter above might help you.—Sincerely, MARIE.

JUNE BRIDE.—Have the low shoes if your ankles are not weak. Would not advise patent leather, as it is very warm in summer. Have some thin stockings and heavier ones for cool days. Dark blue, tan and black and white are the most popular colors this summer. White dresses are always pretty, so are foulard silks. You do not describe clearly enough regarding where you are going, and so on. (2) Write again and draw a sketch of that ill-shaped nose. Don't you think the C. H. J. patterns lovely?—MARIE.

A LOYAL CANADIAN.—Good creams and cosmetics will neither spoil the skin nor make hair grow on the face. Read the article in May number on bathing. Bathe frequently, but do not stay in water too long. As you are young, a simple cold cream or Vinolia Vanishing Cream will prevent the chafing. Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder is supposed to be very nice. I am writing to you regarding other matters.—Yours, MARIE.

ANSWER TO SNOWBIRD.—Too bad you have waited so long for an answer, but you understand why, now, do you not?

Blue, grey, tan, white, and green but bronze, and some shades of pink, also bright red ought to be becoming. There are many suitable styles of dress with patterns shown in the C. H. J. Wear your dresses to your boot tops. Stripes and straight lines will be coming to you. You might braid your hair at night in order to make it a little wavy, then if your face is not too round, make plaits and wind around your head. You are not too old to wear bows of ribbon on your hair. Tan and green, blue and white or cream, two shades of pink are always pretty together. Write to the Hiscott Institute for their book on treatment of the hair.

CONSTANT READER.—For the excessive perspiration under arms bathe those parts with a weak solution of alum water or clear alcohol, afterwards dusting with Vinolia Talcum Powder, which is said to be very good. Take an entire cold bath every morning. If you catch cold, easily, simply sponge. Do not drink anything hot, such as tea or soup. Pleased to hear from you again—MARIE.



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From the waistline the skirt is made in nine gores below the waistband to the flounce. This insures a perfect fitting skirt over the hips, giving a soft, clinging effect to the upper part of the skirt. Above the row of Val. insertion, which divides the top part of skirt from the flounce are five rows of pin tucks, and at the bottom of flounce there are eight rows of wide tucks 3/4 inch each.

There is a character about this neat dress that will distinguish it from the gaudy low-priced garments so deceiving in many illustrations. The illustration showing this model is perfect and truthful, and can be placed in the class that will only be found in the most exclusive wearing apparel stores of New York and Paris.

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CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB

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Dear Fellow Club Members:

I am about to admit you into one of the innermost secrets of the subscription department—promise you'll not tell! Renewals are the "easy money" of subscription work. You get just the same rates on them, and they are so easy to get, no explaining of the magazine, of its different departments, of its aims and aspirations. Nearly all of these subscribers fully expect to renew, but have just delayed for any one of a hundred reasons.

Usually these names are sent to our good solicitors to cheer them along. Now do you think your honored secretary was going to sit idly by and not get a share of these for the club members? *No siree!* I have a number of these to go out, and quite a few to places where there's no club member at present, so I want every girl reading this, who has a speck of desire to earn pin money for herself, to write and find if I have not some renewals for her. Perhaps some former members of the club, who for one reason or other have not kept in touch with us, are now in a position to start in again. I'll welcome you all.

A lot of our members own goodly lists of renewals, subscribers secured last year (of course we never give these away to others), and you couldn't buy such a list from them. One young "pedagogue" writes:

"Dear Miss —

"Back home again, you see, and really I've been looking forward to getting busy again for the Club. These eight orders have just about used up all my blanks; please hurry some more on to me. Do you remember how you kept assuring me last summer that I would find my renewal list a blessing—it is proving all you claimed for it. I am going over the list very leisurely, and usually get two or three names of possible new subscribers from each renewal. I call on them at once. Why, if I just stuck to my list of old subscribers I believe I could earn \$7.00 or \$8.00 a day, but I am going to build up five times as big a list. That will please you will it not, mine secretary?"

"Very sincerely,

"K. N. R."

If one can judge from just ordinary, matter-of-business letters, I believe that few women's organizations have a higher degree of interesting personality than our Girls' Club. Mostly the members are just writing about business, yet interesting ideas, expressions, enthusiasms constantly creep in. Perhaps not many of you have the experience of writing to many friends whom you have never met, and having to picture their characters from letters alone. Face and form are of so little importance besides character. I often wonder if in many cases I do not find a more interesting personality than their face-to-face acquaintances. Did you see, or read "Green Stockings," in which Margaret Anglin was playing here in Toronto a few weeks ago? It is a very laughable comedy, with some psychology thrown in. The eldest daughter of the house already has had to wear "green stockings" at two weddings; two of her younger sisters having been married before her. Her family, though depending on her for their comforts, leave her out of their pleasures, until she herself almost believes in her insignificance. Then she announces her pretended engagement to an officer in South Africa, and the general interest and attention she receives develops her attractive personality. She becomes the most admired and popular member of the family. So I wonder if some members, repressed by their surroundings, do not show me more of their real character.

I can see, or at least I imagine I can see, a very marked development in some of our earliest members since I learned to know them two years ago. I often wonder what enthusiasm or change in conditions has made the difference. I wonder if the work for the club has not done its share, for if one really tries to make the most of its possibilities it must have a good deal of influence. You cannot come into close

contact with many and new people without developing ease of manner and self-reliance, getting new interests and enthusiasms and quickening observation. You learn to be many things to many people, and the more interest you take in the doing of it, the more interesting you become to people. The expectation of being received with cordiality and treated as a personage has the happy faculty of securing just that treatment. Success develops confidence, and confidence more success.

Can you endure staying indoors these days, with the sun so very shining and yet not a very hot shine, the wind so soft and the turf so springy. I really envy all of you who can be out-of-doors. I would love to be gossiping around the porches with old acquaintances, and making new friends. Have you ever noticed how much easier it is to get acquainted in this kind of weather, everyone is so bubbling over with pleasure in everything. You meet them with smiles and they greet you with smiles, and oh, it's subscription-taking weather. Now, if you have read so far, I hope I've so interested you in the club, and that you are already so interested in the JOURNAL, that you'll sit down this moment and tell me you want to join us, earn some money, and make the JOURNAL the best-known magazine in Canada. But if you don't feel that you can get even so many as a dozen or so subscribers, I hope you will get just one new subscription and send it to me, wishing us success with the GIRLS' CLUB.

Very sincerely,

SECRETARY.

What Shall We Give the Bride?

Continued from page 17

Smith, round the corner, with twenty-one pieces of cut glass.

Of course it was shocking, "looking a gift horse in the mouth," and all that sort of thing, but just think of the terrible condition of mind she must have been in, the extremes she was driven to, before she took such heroic measures! When I meet her, I shall certainly have a heart-to-heart talk and say I secretly sympathize with her, though openly obliged to condemn.

Really, you know, the beginning of this custom of giving wedding gifts is such a beautiful, kindly, neighborly one that once we go back to first principles and the right point of view all this worry and bother to both giver and receiver would disappear. Strange, though, that a custom intended to be a help to the young people should result in being one of the greatest hindrances to carrying out their own designs.

In those far-off days when life was simpler and belongings few and necessary, and comparatively costly, if a young couple decided to set up house-keeping, it was an important event in the community, and one in which every person took an interest. The bride's household linen was always ready—it had been a-preparing almost ever since she was born instead of being bought the last week before the wedding. Kindly neighbors and affectionate relations gave of their store to help out the rather meagre furnishing with which the young couple started, furnishings, though, that were substantial and were likely to outlast their owners. They gave as they knew was needed, and they gave with hearts overflowing with good will to the young lovers!

After all, this fashion has not died out nor the good will ceased to exist. It has only been temporarily overlaid and lost sight of by the complications of living and the multiplication of the things we think we ought to have, and perhaps sometimes we have forgotten, "For the gift without the giver is bare."

That brings me back to what I started with: Have you decided what to give Priscilla?

"No hard, rough hands for dat bride"

Aunt Salina

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IN MY LADY'S GARDEN

FOR 1911

Vines and Climbers

By A. B. CUTTING

AN excellent vine for ornamental purposes and one that is not appreciated as it should be is the grape vine. It grows rapidly, and is graceful in habit. It is an excellent subject for training over stumps, fences, outbuildings or for training upon a trellis for a screen. Wild grape vines may be used, or any of the hardy cultivated varieties. The latter furnish not only shade and beauty, but also luscious fruit. Grape vines grown for ornament, however, cannot be expected to produce as good fruit as those grown specially for their grapes. The systems of training and trimming are different.

The common Virginia creeper (*Ampelopsis quinquefolia*) performs more efficient work than any other vine, in covering with rapidity and perfection old stone walls, banks and any large objects that need herbaceous covering. It soon affords plenty of growth and shade. Its rich autumn coloring is especially attractive. This vine needs some support upon which to climb. One of the same type that clings to itself is *Ampelopsis hirsuta*. It is hardy, and is just as serviceable as the former.

The Japanese ivy (*Ampelopsis tricuspidata*) clings firmly and covers walls densely. It is called also Boston ivy. On a wall, its foliage masses together like shingles on a house, one leaf over the other. In this respect it is not in a class with those vines that are planted for their naturalness; it is too formal. The Japanese ivy is tender when young and requires protection. It is best to plant three-year-old vines.

The clematis gives a number of species that have beauty of form and flowers. Among the best of these are *Clematis Jackmanii*, large-flowering, purple; *Clematis Henryi*, large-flowering, creamy-white; and *C. paniculata*, small-flowering, white. The two first-named

shade. It grows a little slowly at first, but eventually reaches a great height. The flowers are pipe-shaped.

In the climbing roses we find a quality of excellence that is not equalled by any other climber. They are the leaders for bloom. They require a rich clay loam soil, well-drained.

HERBACEOUS CLIMBERS.

The common hop (*Humulus lupulus*) is an old-time favorite, and makes an excellent arbor or screen plant, but is subject to insects. It grows best from cuttings of the shoots, as, when grown from seeds, the particular varieties or strains are not strictly reproduced. The Japanese hop (*Humulus Japonicus*), which is treated as an annual, grows readily from seed. The foliage is streaked and splashed with white. It has a distinct charm in its great hanging hops. Sow the seed outdoors about the end of May.

The cinnamon vine or Chinese yam (*Dioscorea divaricata*) will do well in protected locations. It bears small clusters of white flowers that have the odor of cinnamon. It is a pretty vine to train over a trellis or around a window.

ANNUAL CLIMBERS.

Probably the most popular vines among the annuals is the sweet pea. To have the best satisfaction purchase named varieties. The ordinary mixtures seldom give the best class of bloom. Sweet peas require deep, fairly rich soil. Dig a trench about ten inches deep, at the bottom of which dig in some well-rotted manure, and pack down fairly firmly. Fill the trench with good soil within two inches of the surface. Then make a shallow opening about three inches deep the whole length of the trench. In this sow the seed about one or two inches apart and cover with soil, leaving a slight depression when the ground is raked over the peas. When the plants are three inches high, they may be thinned to six inches



A VINE-CLAD COUNTRY HOME.

Photograph by Prof. H. L. Hutt

are poor growers in some soils and locations.

The Japan or Hall's honeysuckle (*Lonicera Japonica Halliana*) is a valuable climber. The flowers are white, and change to yellow. It blooms in fall. A variety of the woodbine, *Lonicera Periclymenum Belgica*, has yellowish-white flowers that are bright red on the outside. It is vigorous and blooms all summer, but requires some winter protection.

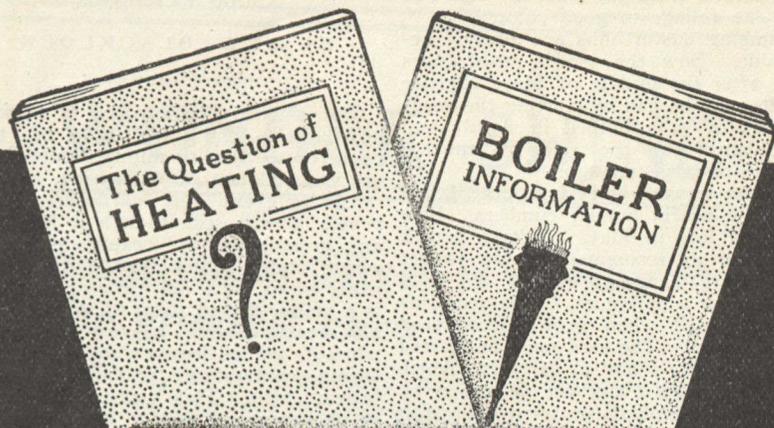
One of our most beautiful climbers that we have, but one that is somewhat difficult to start, is the Chinese wistaria (*Wistaria Chinensis*). A warm soil and a sunny position are the conditions most desirable for the production of flowers. The flowers are purple. The plant needs protection in winter.

An excellent vine for porches is the Dutchman's pipe (*Aristolochia macrophylla*), as its great leaves afford dense

apart. Give the plants plenty of water at the roots, applying it at least once a week during hot weather. With wire netting, brush or ordinary twine, make a trellis upon which the vines may climb. Sow sweet peas as early as the ground can be worked in spring. When they commence to bloom pick off the blossoms every day to help prolong the flowering season.

The common morning glory, the Japanese morning glory and the moon flower make good climbers. They do better in localities that do not receive the direct rays of the sun all day. About the end of May is early enough to plant morning glories out-of-doors. Start seeds of moon flowers indoors or in a hotbed about the middle of April.

The wild cucumber (*Echinocystis lobata*) is effective for covering a trellis quickly. Sow the seed in rich soil. Give the plants plenty of moisture. A posi-



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tion shaded from the noonday sun will hold the foliage in good color.

Climbing nasturtiums are always acceptable. Sow the seed out-of-doors soon after the middle of May. Earlier results may be had by starting the seeds indoors or in a hotbed in April and transplanting to the open when the plants are large enough.

Scarlet runner and hyacinth beans are very useful annual climbers. Sow the seed late in May. Make a trench for them as recommended for sweet peas. Give plenty of water.

Although a perennial, *Cobea scandens* succeeds well when grown from seed as an annual. The seed must be started indoors or in a hotbed early in April. Plant outdoors about the second week in June. The plants prefer a light, rich soil. The flowers are cup and saucer shaped, and greenish purple.

Gourds are excellent annual climbers. They produce blossoms profusely, and the curious fruits hanging in clusters add novelty and attractiveness to the garden. They are grown somewhat in the same manner as squashes and cucumbers. A better way is to start the seed in the house in April and transfer the plants to the open when the right time comes. Good results may be obtained, however, by planting the seeds outside. Give them a location that is fully exposed to the sun.

Gourds must be trained on some support, such as fences, trellises, arbors and summer houses. A rustic effect may be produced by allowing the gourds to run over a dead tree. Go to the woods or fields and find a small tree or old top. Nail on this in irregular fashion any old sticks or limbs that are available. Unless you intend to give the larger varieties particular attention in the way of support when they attain their size, it is advisable to use the smaller sorts so that they will not be damaged in case of a wind storm.

The only real way to control insects and fungous diseases in the garden and on fruit trees is by means of spraying. The solutions can be prepared at home or they can be purchased in commercial form.

Be sure and have a strawberry bed, if only one row twelve feet long. Fresh berries from one's own garden are a luxury. Providing that a good variety is grown, they excel those sold at stores.

Good Perennials

By M. E. BLACKLOCK

Continued from last month

The Garden Heliotrope (*Valeriana officinalis*).—The tall stalks of this plant, crowned with minute white flowers and redolent of cherry pie, are familiar to every old gardener. Many people love it still, though it has not any great claim to beauty, but it is sweet, and a little clump of it, with many of us, stirs old memories. There is a yellow-leaved form of it, *Valeriana phu aurea*, which is very attractive when its golden leaves come up in early spring, contrasting prettily with the brown earth. This variety appears to be as hardy and easy to manage as the other. Cats love valeriana, and will lick the earth round it until it has quite a polished surface, before it comes up.

The Scarlet Lychnis (*Lychnis chalcedonica*).—The "Jerusalem Cross," as this is sometimes called, is, perhaps, as brilliant a scarlet as there is to be found in herbaceous plants. It is a little coarse and weedy in growth, but for a large garden it is not to be despised, as it blooms from June to August, and even later, if not allowed to seed, and its tall scarlet-crowned branches are very showy. It is long-suffering, and will thrive anywhere and for anyone. There is a handsome double form of it, of comparatively dwarf growth, but it is difficult to get true to name, and not nearly as robust, but it is well worth growing.

Bachelor's Button (*Ranunculus acris*, fl. pl.).—The double buttercup still has charms for most people—the flowers are so plentiful, so pure a yellow and so double, with the elusive fragrance of its wild progenitor, that we give it a place in both our hearts and our gardens. If it is to do its prettiest it must be given a rich, moist soil. The flowers will then be much larger than they usually grow, and there will probably be a second crop towards the fall. It is increased by division, is perfectly hardy, and very easily grown.

Jacob's Ladder (*Polemonium caeruleum*).—The leaves alone of the Jacob's Ladder are ornamental, and the blue flowers with their prominent yellow stamens are decidedly pretty. The white-flowered form of it (*P. c. alba*) is also very attractive, but by far the prettiest of the genus is *Polemonium reptans*, which is a really charming spring flower, coming in May or early June, when its slaty-blue pendant blossoms are most welcome additions to the garden. Any

of these Polemoniiums are easily grown from seed, and are adjustable to any soil or location.

The Scarlet Bergamot or Oswego Tea (*Monarda didyma*).—No modern hardy garden can afford to do without this dear old sweet-leaved plant, or at least the new form of it, catalogued as *Monarda didyma*, var. "Cambridge Scarlet," which is truly a royal flower. Bergamot is not pleasant as a cheap perfume—as it used to be used quite frequently years ago—but the delicate fragrance of its leaves and stems, as one brushes against them in the garden, is deliciously sweet and refreshing. The flowers of the Cambridge Scarlet variety are much larger than those of the type, and rise tier upon tier into very handsome spikes; the color, also, is a little more brilliant. Bergamots are inclined to spread, but not to any injurious extent, as the offshoots root from the surface of the ground downwards, and are easily uprooted. Cultivation is simple.

Common Monkshood or Wolfbane (*Aconitum napellus*).—The rich blue flowers of this old-time favorite with their peculiar helmet-shaped cowl, are very handsome, and the deeply-cut leaves quite attractive. Considering the very poisonous nature of the roots, and possibly of the leaves also, it is strange that it was so frequently grown where little children could get at it—they are so fond of putting everything they see into their mouths—and yet we have had no tragic tales handed down to us of disaster, from its presence in the gardens of our forefathers, nor do we hear of any from the modern use of it, and of the very beautiful new varieties now grown—so, perhaps, children instinctively leave it alone. To those who are not afraid of this dangerous trait, the following varieties can be very highly recommended: *A. autumnale* var. *Fisheri*, has leaves as bright as if varnished, and has flowers of an exquisitely soft blue, in October; it is particularly welcome, as it comes when few flowers are left. *A. Wilsoni* is a handsome new species from China; it blooms in September, and is a specially fine variety, with large blue flowers. *A. napellus tricolor* has pretty blue and white flowers in summer. *A. volubile* (the climbing monkshood), has glistening dark green leaves and soft violet blue flowers; it blooms in August and September; this plant has a peculiar twining growth, and will reach a height of eight to ten feet. Monkshoods will thrive in any good rich soil, and require no special care. They are perfectly hardy.

Dwarf Fruit Trees

By PROF. W. SAXBY BLAIR

WHEN we speak of dwarf fruit trees we mean any variety of orchard fruits which does not reach full size; they do not for some reason reach the normal size of the variety under average climatic conditions.

A tree may be dwarfed by top or root pruning, thus preventing it from attaining normal size, or through checking its growth by some mechanical injury preventing free passage of sap from root to stem, or by propagating on dwarfing stock.

The dwarf trees purchased from nurserymen are the result of the latter—grafting or budding on a closely related species which naturally make slow growth, and are dwarf in habit. Trees which show weak growth in stem and branches have a correspondingly weak root growth, and this slow root action accounts for the dwarfing. In other words, only so much nutritive material can be supplied the top by the root, and a dwarfing or lessening of normal growth must result.

Dwarfing may result in a measure from a poor mechanical union between stock and bud, or scion. Propagating fruit trees by grafting is done by cutting off the plant we graft into, which we call the stock, just above the first root, and into this the variety we wish to propagate, made up of a short branch containing two to four buds called a scion, is inserted. The part above this union will always be similar to the variety we have taken the scion from, and the root will always be the same as the original tree from which it was developed; that is, there is no mingling of the characteristics of the stock or scion, the union is simply a mechanical one. In budding only one bud is inserted, rather than a branch with several buds. The union between stock and scion is much better with some varieties than others, and a poor union, while tending to still further dwarf, may result in a short-lived tree.

To dwarf apple trees, the paradise apple, a dwarf-growing variety, obtained principally in France, is used.

Dwarf pear trees are obtained by propagating principally on Angers quince roots, obtained also in France.

The peach is dwarfed by budding it on the Myrobalan plum. The American plum is also used.

The plum is dwarfed by propagating on the sand cherry, various forms of which are found distributed throughout the northern states from Maine to Colorado. The *Prunus Besseyi* is the best for this purpose.

These dwarf trees may be branched close to the ground, or the top formed with a trunk two or three feet tall.

In order to keep dwarf trees to the desired form, some annual pruning to shorten the growth and remove superfluous branches will be necessary.

The great advantage of the dwarf-growing trees over standard varieties is that they occupy less space, and will come into fruiting early, usually after the first or second year from planting. This makes them desirable for suburban planting where fruit is wanted at once, without having to wait several years. The trees may be set from six to eight feet apart, and thus 20 to 25 trees may be set where only one standard could be planted to advantage.

It is necessary to adopt a system of cultivation similar to that given standard trees if best results are to be obtained. The soil about the trees should be cultivated in the early spring as soon as the ground is dry enough to work and kept loose and friable to a depth of two or three inches by frequent working until the first of July, when further cultivation should cease. This treatment supplies best conditions for growth in the normal season, and proper ripening of the wood, which is very important, in order to prevent winter injury.

Fertilizers should be applied in the early spring. Annual manuring heavier than five pounds per square yard of well-rotted manure is not advisable. If complete fertilizers are used two to three ounces per square yard will prove ample.

Dwarf trees, like the standards, require a properly drained soil. If the soil suffers from excessive moisture, drainage should be provided.

Any variety we may wish can be dwarfed by propagating on dwarf roots. The list offered by the majority of nurserymen, however, is not large, for, owing to the demand being limited, a large stock is not carried by them.

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Labelling Plants

By M. E. BLACKLOCK

WITH the influx of new plants, of which everyone gets a few each spring, and some a great number, the old question of how to label them comes up, so that their identity may not be lost. The small wooden label, or paper tag, soon succumbs to the weather, so it behooves to get something permanent as soon as possible. To have a plant and not know its name is rather stupid; don't you think so? Certainly it is extremely aggravating to anyone asking for so simple a bit of information to be told that the label is lost, and the owner does not know what it is; there is little real excuse for this except laziness or indifference. For permanent labels for herbaceous borders

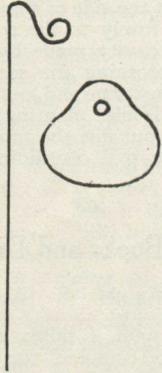


Illustration No. 1—Zinc label to attach to wire. The label used at the Agricultural College, Guelph. Use galvanized wire at least 3-16 of an inch thick, and allow 2 feet to a label; the tags are 2 1/2 inches wide by 2 1/4 inches deep.

there is nothing like zinc. In "The Book of the Iris," by Mr. R. Irwin Lynch, he gives excellent directions for label making. He says: "A good label is made with wood with wire legs, but for a cheap and durable label, not too obtrusive, I recommend zinc, written upon with a suitable ink. A label that costs little, and will preserve the writing easily legible for twenty-five years is not to be despised. Labels of zinc will do this if written upon with a solution of bichloride of platinum, 16 grains to the ounce of distilled water. In this ink put a few drops of hydrochloric acid and any ordinary film of tarnish or dirt will be eaten through as the writing goes

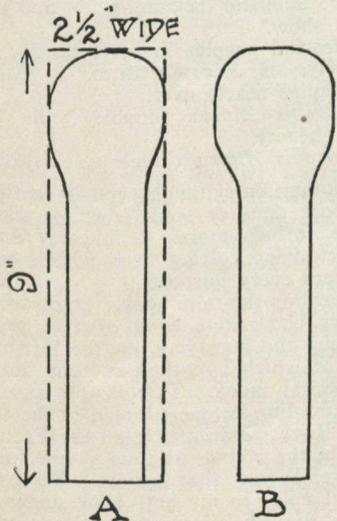


Illustration No. 2—Block of wood and nail to make the groove. A shows the label marked out on a strip of zinc. B shows the label finished with groove in the shank.

on. The color of the ink is orange, but when it touches the zinc a deep, dead black should appear. Use the best brand of zinc, and insist upon its being delivered in paper to avoid all the tarnish possible. A quill pen should be used to write with. As soon as the ink is dry a thin coat of the very best carriage varnish may be laid on by the finger, and when this is dry, the label is ready for use. The one drawback is that if the coat of varnish disappears and is not renewed, it may be necessary to wet the label in order to read the name." I have tried this plan and found it work splendidly—labels made five years ago are just as good as when put in, and bid fair to last the other twenty years. The platinum ink is an expensive little luxury, and is not very easily procurable, but it is worth getting, not-

withstanding the cost of 75 cents for half the receipt, for even this small quantity will write far more labels than most people require, and if tightly corked will last for years. Mr. Lynch says nothing about the effects of bad varnish, one lot of which rendered about fifty labels useless for me, until it was removed, as it covered the writing, after very short exposure to the weather, with an opaque film, but with the very best carriage varnish it is a decided success, and ever since using it I have showered blessings on Mr. Lynch's unconscious head for the suggestion. For tall plants, such as peonies, the wire stake with the swan neck, on which swings the label, such as they use at the Agricultural College at Guelph, is the most useful (see illustration No. 1), but it is rather expensive when you use labels by the hundreds, as unless you get galvanized wire the rust from it falls down the face of the label and renders it illegible, and galvanized wire thick enough to be firm is not very cheap. So for most of the smaller plants I use a label made after Mr. Lynch's pattern (see illustration No. 2). To make these get a sheet of strong zinc—a piece four feet by three feet costs 50 cents in Toronto, and this will cut into three strips nine inches wide by 48 inches long—by ruling a line from side to side the zinc is easy to cut straight with a pair of tinsmith's "snips" (a useful tool that no house is complete without). The next step is to cut these long strips up into small ones 2 by 2 1/2 inches wide, ruling these also to get them straight; this will give you eighteen pieces 2x1/2x9 inches, and one three inches wide—nineteen labels each of the three strips, 57 in all, and costing rather less than one cent each. Next make a cardboard model (the shape of the label in illustration No. 2) to mark round each one, so that the curves may be even and cut out carefully with the snips, being careful to leave no rough edges. The next part is to strengthen the shank of the label by making a groove in it; for this you need to cut a groove in a piece of thick wood, as long as the shank of your label, lay the label on the wood and lay a long nail about the thickness and length of a lead pencil on the zinc and hammer it until it makes the desired groove in the zinc. In writing labels I put the name of the plant, the date and year, and from whom purchased. In this way you can easily find out whose plants are the most satisfactory, otherwise where one buys a thing is often forgotten—when there is room on the label I often add a brief description; this helps one to ascertain if it is true to name.

Woodstock, May 6th, 1911.

The Editors,
"In My Lady's Garden,"
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editors:—I was very much interested in the Spring Garden Number of the JOURNAL, and because I have only recently become the proud possessor of seven rose bushes, particularly pleased with the article on roses by Mr. MacKendrick. Seven hundred roses! Think of it! And I have only seven. I was rather gratified, however, to note that out of the seven, four are among the twelve mentioned by Mr. MacKendrick as being the best among his seven hundred. A few days ago along came a man who gave it as his opinion that my roses would not do well on account of their situation.

At the back of my lawn there is a board fence running north and south. On the east side are the roses, two Ramblers, close against the fence. About two feet out from the fence are the Duke of Teck, General Jacqueminot, John Hopper and Mrs. John Laing. Besides, I have two on the south side of the veranda, a crimson Rambler and a Dorothy Perkins. Can you tell me whether the roses on the east side of the fence are likely to be a failure on account of their situation? The soil is good and they will have every attention.

Yours truly—

I see no reason why your roses should not be a success. The Ramblers might grow better if they were space on a trellis to give them air space between the bushes and the fence.—Editor.

A clustered group of the globe artichoke, at each end of the recess, by the wall, makes a handsome decorative effect. The leaf is slenderly long, deeply lobed, of a beautiful texture and color. It is ever so much handsomer than a group of cannas.

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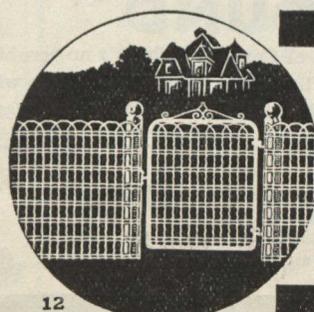
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The Family Fruit Garden

By G. D. BLACK

MANY families do not have and enjoy home-grown fruits because they have become discouraged by failure on account of improper planting. Many mistakes of this kind have been made and would sometimes seem laughable, were it not for the serious disappointment of the planter. A neighbor who had bought black raspberry plants in the spring, asked us in August to go and examine them. He said they were all dying. He had planted the crown of the plants six or eight inches below the surface of the ground, and the new growth had been unable to force its way through the soil. The portion of old cane that is usually left on the plant to facilitate handling had naturally died at the usual time.

Another party went to the opposite extreme by setting his grape vines so shallow that the middle and upper series of roots were left dangling in the air. Another man said that he had probably killed his with kindness, by placing a quantity of barnyard manure around the roots when planting them. Many failures of this nature could be cited, but the following rules, which have been successful with experienced planters, will be of more value to the amateur:

1. Never expose the roots to the wind or sun until they become dry.
2. Place the roots in the ground in their natural position.
3. Never place anything except good, moist soil in contact with the roots when planting.
4. Firm the soil well to the roots by tramping with the feet.
5. Keep the surface of the soil loose and free from weeds so as to conserve the moisture in the soil.

If these rules are strictly observed by the planter, he will be reasonably sure of success, and a good growth will result. If the garden can be located so as to have it in a few long rows, it can be more easily cultivated, and most of the hoeing which deters many from having a good garden can be avoided.

While waiting for the trees to become of bearing age, the young orchard can be used to advantage for growing small fruits, sweet corn, potatoes, vegetables, etc. Apple trees should be planted in rows, running north and south if possible, so that the trunks of the trees and the ground will be shaded during the heat of the day, and not closer than fifteen to twenty feet apart in the row. There should be at least two rods space between the rows and the same distance to other trees adjoining the orchard on the east or west. A good, thrifty tree four or five feet high is better for planting than a larger size. It is a mistaken idea that a large tree will come into regular bearing sooner and at the same time make a good, thrifty tree.

Unless it is raining when ready to plant, keep the roots of the trees wrapped in wet blankets, or cover them with moist soil, and take them out one at a time as soon as you are ready to set it in the ground.

Trim off any broken or bruised roots just before putting them in the ground. Dig the hole large enough so that the roots may be placed in the natural position. Never bend them. Where trees are liable to root-killing by severe freezing when the ground is bare, they should be planted from six inches to a foot deeper than they grew in the nursery, unless the ground is low and wet. Then they had better be mounded up to this height or more for several feet around the tree. This deep planting will cause the tree to grow new roots above where it was grafted, and they, being of the same hardy variety as the tree, will be able to withstand severe freezing.

Cover the lower roots with two or three inches of moist surface soil. The subsoil that is dug from the bottom of the hole contains very little plant food. Work the soil among and under the roots with the hands and then firm well with the feet. Be sure that the soil is packed well under the roots as well as on top. It is not necessary to use water when planting if the soil is quite moist. Fill the hole nearly full and tramp hard again, and finish with fine, loose soil without tramping. If you lean your tree slightly to the south it will probably be perpendicular when large, as the sun causes it to grow toward the north. If each tree is not pruned as soon as planted, in proportion to its roots, you may forget and not know how much to prune each tree later. The limbs should not be left closer than about six inches on the body of the tree, and pruned back half or two-thirds of their length. Do not cut back the center growth.

Plum and cherry trees should be planted closer than apple trees, as they do not grow so large. Many advise planting plum trees in the chicken yard. Cherries do best where the soil is not naturally wet. Berry bushes, such as currants and gooseberries, may be planted in the apple tree row, as they do best in partial shade and do not harm the trees until they begin bearing. They should be planted three or four feet apart in the row and deep enough so that the crown, which is the place where the roots are united to the tree or plant, will be about four inches below the surface when the ground is leveled. Always firm the soil well to the roots, but be careful to cover the crown lightly with loose soil until the new growth is a few inches high, when the ground may be leveled up when hoeing. Many black raspberries have been ruined by neglecting this precaution.

Plant grape vines from six to eight feet apart. Holes in which to plant them should be eight to ten inches deep and about two feet in diameter. Shorten the roots to ten or twelve inches and place in the bottom of the hole like the spokes of a wheel and proceed as in planting trees. The top of the cutting from which the vine has been grown should be a little below level with the top of the hole. Cut most of the vine away, leaving only a few buds and drive a stake or four-foot lath beside it to which the new growth may be tied the first season.

Plant strawberries eighteen or twenty inches apart in the row and have the rows

three or four feet apart. A hundred plants will set a row about ten rods long. The ground should be well firmed and smooth as a floor, as in no other way will you be able to set the plants at just the right depth, which is very important, so that the top of the crown from which the leaves start is about half an inch below the surface. We make the holes for setting strawberry plants by putting a spade about six inches in the ground with a slightly rotary motion, making the opening at the top about two inches wide.

Take hold of the plant with the crown between the thumb and fingers and with a swinging motion, as you place it in the hole, the roots will be spread out in the shape of a fan. This is much better than leaving the roots in a bunch as when planting with a dibble. At the instant the plant is in place, a pressure of the foot at the side of the hole will cause the earth to hold the roots in position. Then with all your weight on the heel of your shoe, tramp twice at the side of the hole so as to pack the soil firmly to the roots and entirely fill the cavity made by the spade. Finish by smoothing the surface of the soil and keeping it fine and loose by shallow cultivation. While planting, the roots of the plants, but not the tops, should be kept wet in a pail containing about an inch of water.

Note Books and Diaries

By M. E. B.

TO begin with, I think it is a mistake to combine the two; you need both. I have had a note book for years; a diary only four seasons, but I am sorry I did not keep a diary before, as its usefulness is obvious, especially in arranging a perennial border to get a fine effect. When you can refer to your diary and see just when a plant blooms, what are its contemporaries, its predecessors, and what comes next in order, the rest is simple. To illustrate, I will give the notes from my 1909 diary for a day or two:

May 22nd—

Gathered last of daffodils.
Mertensia virginica waning.
Polyanthus in perfection.
Pulmonaria maculata in full bloom.
Lamium maculata, ditto.
Lilac buds unfolding.

May 23rd—

Lily of the valley in perfection.
Trillium grandiflora turning pink.
Phlox amoena at its loveliest.
P. subulata beginning to make a show.
Iceland poppies in perfection.
Alyssum saxatile, ditto.
Tulips nearly over.
Arabis alpina (double) in full beauty.
Arabis alpina (single) nearly over.

Another entry might consist entirely of work done or seeds sown. Lack of space forbids more. I find a small pocket diary costing here fifteen cents answers every purpose.

Now for the note book. I got an ordinary blank note book of 152 pages, opening the long way, on the left-hand side of which I marked and cut an alphabetical index. This is the way I use it: For instance, I read in the *Garden Magazine* an article on the *Eremurus*; in the course of time I will forget where I saw that article. To avoid this I enter in my note book under the letter E: "E. *Eremurus*. See *Garden Mag.* Sept. '06, page 72."

Another time I see something in a book or magazine that I do not own; we will say on *pæony* nomenclature; so under the letter "P" I enter: "P. *Pæony* Nomenclature. In *Weekly Florists' Review* for June 28th, '06, page 342, Mr. C. Ward says," etc., and I would enter what is useful to me from his paper. I make it a point always to underline the subject of entry; then you need not skip a line between each subject. If in copying an article, say, on *pæonies*, some good varieties are mentioned in the body of the article, I always underline the names, so that to see if there is anything mentioned about a special variety, the eye has only to run over what is underlined, and it can be found at a glance.

One more entry will suffice to show how useful is such a note book. I find under "C" the following: "C. *Campanula latifolia*. Saw this at Queen Victoria Park, Niagara Falls, 6th July, '06. A lovely white campanula, very large drooping bells, deeply cut into points, looks like a glorified *C. punctata*."

In noting anything I always give the authority if I know it, because the value of a note, say, on spraying, or pruning, or anything else, depends largely on whether the person quoted really is an authority on the subject.



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JOURNAL'S JUNIORS
Continued from page 18

Ella. You Juniors can all help to make the page a success by writing good letters for it. Come again.—C. C.

Joyceville, March 31st, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I am going to write you a letter about maple sugar and how it is made. Well, so far this season, it has not been good sugar weather, because it froze hard at night, and the days were cold and stormy.

The first thing they do to make maple sugar is to tap the trees, and then they put a tap in the hole and hang a bucket under it. Then when these buckets fill they gather the sap and boil it down in a big cooler. They boil it down till it comes to a nice syrup. They also can boil it down till it becomes a sugar, which is called maple sugar, which is very nice to eat. There are quite a number of maples in the eastern part of Ontario. I like the maple tree best of all trees we have in Canada, because the leaf of this tree is the emblem of our country. I now think I have told you all I know about maple sugar, so hoping my letter will reach you in time, and wishing your Juniors' Page success.

I remain,
LORNE HITCHCOCK.

This letter is written by my 10-year-old son Lorne, unaided by anyone.—Mrs. James Hitchcock (mother).

* * *

Your letter came in time, Lorne. It is bad news for everyone that the sugar has not been much good this year. Let's hope it will be all right.—C. C.

Creemore, Ont.

Dear Cousin Clover:

In the spring of 1910 my two friends, Jay Woods, Carl Chapelle and myself, decided to make maple sugar.

We first got permission to tap in a bush about half a mile from my home. This bush includes an island, on which we wished to tap. To get to this island we had to cross a stream about three rods wide, which is known as the Mad River. To cross this we walked over a tree which had fallen across, and was hanging on another tree on the island.

We borrowed a sugar kettle from another farmer. We hauled it to the river on a sleigh and then floated it across the river. To do this we put a rope on the kettle and threw the other end of it across. We then began to pull. Being the spring of the year the water in the river was high. When we got it about half way across it filled with water and sank. When we finally got it over we scoured it with brick and then put a fire under it and boiled some water with soda in it to clean it. After an hour's boiling we considered it clean.

We had about fifty trees tapped. To gather the sap we used a sleigh with a tin tank having a screw top. When the snow left we used a cart instead of the sleigh.

When we boiled we roasted potatoes in the fire, which tasted good. Some of our chums frequently came to taste our syrup, of which we made about five gallons.

I do not know when I had more fun, and I think I will try it again this year.

Father likes the *Scientific American*, and mother and I enjoy your Journal.

MERVYN J. M. WATSON.

The above is Mervyn's own effort. His age is 13 years.—Mrs. Archer Watson.

* * *

A very good letter. Why is that river called the Mad River, I wonder? It must have been quite exciting, getting across on a tree.—C. C.

Glanworth, Ont., March 31st, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I have been reading "With the Journal's Juniors" in the *CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL*, and decided to write for the competition on maple sugar.

Mostly everybody is fond of maple

syrup, but there are plenty of people that have never seen it made. We have a neighbor that makes every spring, and I have watched with care the work this spring. It must be a warm spring day for sap to run, and the eleventh of March being such, Mr. White, our neighbor, thought it was time to tap the trees, so he hitched the team on a stoneboat and took the sap pails and pans down to the woods. He went to each hard maple tree and would bore a hole in it with a half-inch auger, about three-quarters of an inch in, and slanting a little up, into which he would drive a spile with a hook on it and hang on a pail.

The sap ran well, and in the afternoon we helped to gather it. We used the same stoneboat with two barrels on it, and when we got them full, drew them to the sugar camp, where it was boiled to syrup.

The fireplace is two walls built of brick, about two feet apart, and two feet high, with iron bars put across the top to rest the sap pan, which covers it all over, and so on one end there is a big pipe for a smoke pipe.

The sap is boiled down in the pan until it is syrup, and while it is hot strained through a fine cloth and then put in jars.

When Mr. White makes sugar he boils the syrup down until it gets thick, and while it is hot he stirs it to sugar and puts it in little pans to mould.

Sometimes we have a sugar off, or taffy pull.

MARY GLENN (age 13).

This is to certify that Mary Glenn has done this herself.—Wm. Glenn.

* * *

I am one of the plenty of people who never saw maple sugar made, but after reading all the Juniors' letters I feel as if I knew all about it.—C. C.

GWEN GRAHAM: We were very glad indeed to welcome you among our Juniors, and thank you for your nice little letter. We could not print it, because it was written on both sides of the paper. Come again.—C. C.

Micksburg, Ont., March 20th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the *CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL*, and like it fine. As soon as it arrived Friday the first thing I did was to look at the Juniors' Page, and seeing a competition for letters on maple sugar, I thought I would tell you about the time when I had the opportunity to see maple sugar made.

Last spring, when I was visiting friends in Prescott, which is a great maple sugar region, we learned that a neighbor was going to make maple sugar, so we got permission to accompany him. I will tell you presently how maple sugar is obtained.

It is got from the sap of the maple tree. The trees are tapped in the spring, when the days are warm and the nights frosty. This helps the flow of the sap. The sap is obtained by boring a hole in the tree a slight distance from the ground. A bucket is then placed under it with a trough attached, or a sap yoke, as it is sometimes called. This catches the sap.

The sap is then taken to a receiver and well strained, and then put into a boiler. At first it is like sweetened water, but after being boiled for some time it begins to thicken, and then begins to sugar, it is then stirred continually. This is known as sugaring off.

I have written you all I know about maple sugar, so I must close now. Wishing your Juniors' Page success.

I remain, yours truly,

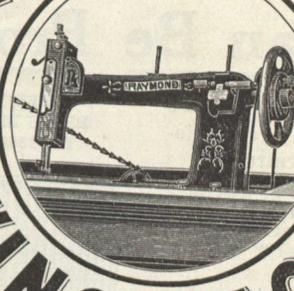
BEATRICE BURGESS (age 10 years).

I certify that Beatrice wrote this unassisted.—Mrs. W. H. Burgess.

* * *

This is another letter written very nicely indeed, and very neatly. All the Juniors who live in cities will be able to learn everything about maple sugar. Write to us again, Beatrice.—C. C.

CANADA'S BEST; THE RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE



PUT UP IN HANDSOMELY FINISHED GOLDEN OAK. Send for prices to the Manufacturers.

IT DOES PLAIN OR FANCY WORK. SEWS PERFECTLY FROM THE LIGHTEST TO THE HEAVIEST GOODS.

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A plate of Clark's Chateau Brand Concentrated Soup and "lots of bread" make a great dinner or supper for the little folks.

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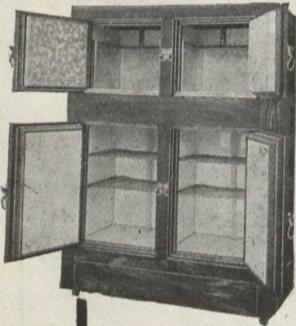
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31

GIVE THE BRIDE THE BEST REFRIGERATOR MADE IN CANADA!



The "ARCTIC"

"Twill last a lifetime and is guaranteed to be absolutely perfect.

Outside Cases are solidly and tightly framed oak.

Inside Linings of 1-16 white opal glass, all corners cemented glass to glass. No open cracks to collect dust, rust or corrode.

Floors are inlaid white tile.

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Moderately priced. Write for complete information at once to

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EMBROIDERY OUTFIT FREE

Artistic letters for marking linens, 2 complete alphabets 1 in. and 2 1/4 ins. high, can be overlapped, forming monograms; Shirt Waist set, centre pieces, doilies, petticoat border, designs for towel ends, pillow scarfs—25 full size designs—poucette and stamping preparation included, given for one new subscription to Canadian Home Journal on our special offer of

7 MONTHS FOR 60c.

The 7 issues starting with June contain Mrs. Mackay's splendid novel, "The House of Windows."

The Secret of Conquering Fat

The ancient Greeks and Romans, notwithstanding their indolence and habits of luxury, never became fat. They knew how to avoid it, and they knew full well that fat is a foe to health and symmetry of form. But they did not take internal remedies. They knew a different process—a process that partook of the nature of the bath and that invigorated and built up the body while it kept the flesh hard and firm and healthful as it should be. Their secret has long been sought. Scientific men the world over have tried to find the formula used so successfully by the ancients, but they have failed. The result is that thousands of people who realize the danger of superfluous flesh, but know full well the penalty they must pay if they reduce it by dieting or the use of internal remedies, have preferred the flesh to the danger, with the result that they have lost all symmetry of form and the youthful, buoyant activity that belongs to those who are physically right.

But what scientific men have failed to do a girl who makes no pretensions to science has accom-

plished. She has succeeded in compounding a preparation that, applied externally to any part of the face or body, makes superfluous flesh disappear and leaves the skin smooth and firm and without wrinkles. It is pronounced by those who have used it successfully the most wonderful thing of its kind in the world. It can be used by any one without the knowledge of their most intimate friends and with little inconvenience and no loss of time. You eat what you please, drink what you please, pursue your habits of life in the usual way, but reduce your flesh rapidly, comfortably and surely.

Full information and a handsome descriptive booklet will be sent free to any fleshy person upon application to Mae Edna Wilder, Dept. 193E, Rochester, N. Y.

In the past fleshy people have richly deserved the sympathy of their fellowmen; in the future if they continue to carry a burden of superfluous flesh after this wonderful discovery they deserve no sympathy and will get none.

IN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

MR. DRAKE'S TREASURE

Continued from page 11

studded with rusty nails. This, with some difficulty, he opened, and putting the lantern into my hand, he motioned to me to go forward.

"The one at the end of the second shelf on your left," Mr. Drake whispered in my ear, and retreated to the door of the vault while I advanced.

Suddenly I stopped, while my heart gave a leap in my breast. I had heard distinctly the sound of a groan in the farther end of the vault.

"Is anyone there?" I called out in as manly a voice as I could muster.

The reply was another groan fainter than before.

"There's someone in there," I said to Mr. Drake, in a voice that I tried to keep free from tremor.

Without stopping to think what I was about to do, I set the lantern on the floor, took a few steps forward, and raised the hammer. At that moment the sound of groaning, now quite unmistakable, reached my ears. It seemed to come from the coffin which I was about to destroy.

I will not deny that I was horribly frightened. My muscles seemed to contract, and my hair to stiffen. But my terror came too late to spoil the force of the blow. The iron hammer was already in the air. It fell, almost of its own weight, on the foot of the coffin, and the decaying wood fell apart at once. Another groan, this time so faint that I could barely hear it, all but turned me from my purpose, but I caught sight of something dark just inside the footboard of the coffin, and with a spring I clutched it. It was a metal box about ten inches long by five in breadth, and perhaps three inches deep. Grasping it in my right hand I fairly ran out of the vault, which was already empty, for Mr. Drake had retreated to the other side of the door, taking the lantern with him.

In a second or two I was up the steps, and stood shivering by the yawning hole, while Mr. Drake waited to lock the vault door behind him. Soon he rejoined me, and we left the church together.

We opened it together in my bedroom when we got back to the inn, and such a blaze of color I had never seen in my life as that which the candlelight reflected from the interior of the box. All manner of precious stones seemed to be there—diamonds, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, opals, stones of all sizes, stones cut and uncut, besides strings of large pearls in cotton wool.

My memory of what happened next is dim and confused. I must have undressed somehow and got into bed, for I came to myself in the darkness, parched with thirst, yet unable to rise and find water on account of dreadful pains that racked every joint and limb.

Then I lost consciousness and knew nothing more for three days.

At the end of the third day I came to myself and found Mary bending over me. Her eyes were red with crying, but full of love and joy at seeing that I knew her.

"Where am I, darling?" I whispered, "and how did you come to be here?"

"They telegraphed for me, for in all your delirium you were always crying out for me, and they got an address from an old envelope in your pocket. The landlady has been extremely kind."

"And the money, Mary? How are we to pay the hotel bill?"

"I found a letter addressed to you. There was a five-pound note in it."

"Yes, I remember that Mr. Drake promised me five. But that won't be nearly enough."

It was nearly a fortnight before I was strong enough to attend to business; and then I learned to my astonishment that Mr. Drake had left the inn on the morning after our recovering the treasure. He had left a letter for me, or rather a few hasty lines scrawled at the moment of departure.

"Have just received wire sent on last night from London. Must leave for Holyhead and Dublin. Shall be away for some days. Please take the box with all its contents intact to my office in Little Britain as soon as possible. I enclose £5 as promised. Yours, J. D."

"Good gracious, Mary!" I exclaimed, "has that infernal box been here all this time?"

"There is a rusty tin box here," my wife answered, "the landlady told me your friend had left it for you."

"Why couldn't he have taken it with him to Dublin? What a responsibility!"

"A responsibility? What do you mean, Charlie?"

"Open it, dear, and you will see."

She did so, and drew back with a cry at the wealth it contained.

When we returned to London we took a cab at Waterloo and drove straight to Little Britain. With a good deal of pain and difficulty I climbed the long stairs.

Mr. Drake's office door was locked. I wanted to see him badly, for more reasons than one; and I knocked and kicked at the door in impotent rage.

The noise drew the attention of the caretaker, who came down the creaking stairs and confronted me.

"Do you know when this man, this Mr. Drake, will be back?" I cried.

"He won't be back no more," said the woman tranquilly. "He gave up his key and quit day afore yes'tiddy."

"But he can't have gone for good!" I cried. "Is the office empty?"

"As empty as my 'and, sir," said the woman, with a chuckle.

"What are we to do, Mary?" I asked, when we had reached our humble lodgings. "The man must be a lunatic. I never heard of such behavior in my life. And how are we to pay what we owe the landlady of the Red Cow?"

"Don't worry about that, Charlie," said Mary, firmly. "If you worry, you will be taken ill again."

An advertisement for Mr. Drake was inserted for three days in succession, but no result followed.

On the evening of the fourth day we had nothing in the house, and we were both faint from hunger.

"Give me that box, Mary!" I cried sternly.

"No, Charlie!—No!"

"Give me that box," I repeated.

Before she had time to answer, a knock came to the door, and the next moment Mr. Drake stood before us.

"Have you that box?" he cried. "Ah, it is there, I see! And the jewels—are they all there?"

"Every one of them, sir," cried Mary, before I could reply.

"And why did you not bring them to my office?" he demanded, sharply, turning to me.

"I did. I took them the first day I was able to travel. I had a bad attack of influenza, and lay at the Red Cow for more than a week."

"And in the first place let me tell you those jewels are all imitations."

"What! All of them?" cried Mary.

"Every single one of them."

"But how could sham jewels be found—where we found them?"

"Why not? I put them there myself, the night before."

"Listen to be, and I will explain," said Mr. Drake. "I am getting to be an old man. Nearly all my life I have lived in India, and I longed to come home and end my life among English meadows. But I could not leave India for good till I had found a man I could trust to act in my stead."

"My 'alter ego,' I told myself, must have three qualities. He must know the language; he must be impervious to superstitious fears, for the natives (most of them devil-worshippers or no better) are up to all sorts of tricks."

"Such as you practised on me, sir?" I put in.

"Oh, you mean the groaning. Yes; I flatter myself I am a very fair ventriloquist. Sounded quite dreadful, didn't it? And of course the third point was that my man must be scrupulously honest."

"But it was no easy task to find such a man. I took a couple of rooms as an office on purpose to have a place to interview applicants. I engaged several, one after another, and devised various expedients for testing their honesty. One after another succumbed; and I was not a bit surprised when you did not turn up with the jewels."

"Thank you very much, sir," I observed sarcastically.

"I didn't know you then, you see," said Mr. Drake tranquilly. "Now I do. Will you take the position of assistant manager of my plantations in Dar-

jheeling—passage paid, five hundred rupees a month, and bungalow—to be manager next year with eight hundred a month? That suit you? That's settled, then. Here's ten pounds on account. Good-night."

A HOUSE FOR SALE

Continued from page 10

apples, which the barrels had contained. It was almost dusk when the work was completed.

"Now, Jim," said Corrigan, "get a hustle and have a big supper, as you are to sleep on the premises to-night, and be careful none of the bad boys in the neighborhood steal your nice apples from the trees." Bidding his employe good evening, Corrigan entered his auto and raced back to the city.

The next morning the idea man was at his desk wading through a big pile of mail which had come in response to his "ad." in the *Daily-Record*. His experience quickly separated the wheat from the chaff, and presently five letters only were on his desk, the balance consigned to the waste paper basket. One letter in particular was lovingly fingered by Corrigan. He read it over quickly, then slowly re-read it; the third perusal was a lingering drawnout study.

"I guess this is my man," murmured Corrigan, "but Kitty's opinion will be worth while in this matter." Pressing a button on the side of his desk brought the trim, smiling stenographer to his side. "Give me your opinion of this letter, Kit," said Corrigan.

Toronto, Aug. 27th.

Home Sweet Home, *Daily Record*.

Sir or Madam:—The writer is in the third stage suggested in you ad. My wife and myself need a little home with some grounds sufficient to plant flowers and fruit.

We are particularly desirous of locating in Oshawa. Can pay spot cash if the house is satisfactory. I mean business, so call at once one Carl Schmidt, 51 King Street west, Toronto.

"Really, Mr. Corrigan," observed Kitty, "it seems to me Mr. Schmidt is the right man, so I would advise prompt connections."

"That's the way I feel about it, Kit, so put a sign on the office door, 'Out of Town Until Monday,' and get into your things, for I need your services in winding up the sale."

Kitty had her hat and dust-coat on in a few minutes. Locking the office door, they got on the elevator, and a few seconds later they were on the street.

"Now, Kitty," said Corrigan, "I want you to go at once to the house in Oshawa and get Jim fixed up on the invalid chair on the porch. Remember, he is your invalid father, and you are his only daughter, and it almost breaks your heart to leave your happy home, but your father's lungs are badly affected, and it is necessary to remove him to the mountains at once."

"Impress on Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt that your only regret is leaving your dear little home—and, by the way, Kit, recommend the brand of apples which grows on the premises. You will find a goodly number of choice ones scattered under the trees, so let Mr. Schmidt sample them to his heart's content. Now Kit, are you wise to my scheme? If there is a hitch in sight, ask questions." Kitty's sly wink and confident smile hardly needed her confirmations that the idea was bully, and would surely succeed.

Leaving Kitty to proceed to the depot to take a local train to Oshawa, Corrigan seated himself in his red auto and headed in the direction of King Street. Stopping at 51, which proved to be a superior type of boarding house.

Corrigan handed the landlady the envelope which contained the reply to the advertisement with his name under it. In two or three minutes footsteps sounded in the hall, and a moment later Mr. Schmidt entered the parlor. Advancing with outstretched hand, Corrigan greeted the gentleman. In spite of his name, Mr. Schmidt did not suggest colloquially or otherwise any Teutonic peculiarities. He spoke English excellently, and seemed to Corrigan's expert eye, a mild-mannered, home-loving, middle-aged German-Canadian. "Do you know, Mr. Schmidt," said Corrigan, "that I had hundreds of replies to that ad. in the *Record*, and I selected yours from all others as the one who would appreciate this place, but I want you to understand right at the beginning I have no interest whatever in the house. My solicitude for a motherless girl and con-

sumptive father led me to take up the sale of the home. I know nothing, only the house and grounds seem like a little fairyland to me, and the ridiculously low price which the owners are willing to take for it stamps it as a bargain of a lifetime."

"When can I see the house, Mr. Corrigan? Mrs. Schmidt and myself are anxious to move in right away. We are tired of boarding, and would like to make a home right away."

"The owners are just as anxious to move out as you are to move in," answered Corrigan, "but of course it will be necessary for Mrs. Schmidt to see the house as well as yourself, so if you bring her along, my auto is at the door and I can drive to Oshawa in an hour."

"That's a good idea, Mr. Corrigan, I shall go at once and bring Mrs. Schmidt down. We will take great pleasure in accompanying you to Oshawa."

After quite an interval Mr. Schmidt returned with his wife. Introductions being over, Corrigan mentally sized up the lady, and decided that she was entirely governed by her husband's opinion.

During the run to Oshawa Corrigan found time to keep his visitors interested in the surrounding country. He pointed out that Oshawa was an ideal home site, that it was increasing in value yearly and, although the Hendersons' house was some distance from the town, it was in the direct line of growth, and in a few years would be worth much more than the \$5,000 which was the price asked by Corrigan, an increase of \$1,000 over the Hendersons' valuation.

The morning was ideal. It was very warm, yet with breeze enough to exhilarate the occupants of the auto. When at last the house was reached, the Schmidts leaped lightly to the ground and, following Corrigan, advanced up the gravel walk hand in hand like school children. Reclining in the invalid chair on the veranda was Jim, alias Henderson. His daughter (Kitty) was holding his head and administering a drink as he had just got through a spasm of severe coughing which was, as it was intended to be, quite audible to the occupants of the auto.

"Good morning, Mr. Henderson; good morning, Miss Kitty," said Corrigan. "I have brought you some visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schmidt. They are interested in you, and will purchase your home if they like it."

Kitty advanced and shook hands with the visitors. She acted her part so well that Mrs. Schmidt was immediately won over by her grace and charm. Her

beauty and modesty seemed to make a hit with Mr. Schmidt.

"No wonder, little girl," he said, "that you are anxious to have your father away from here. It must be an awful trial for a little girl like you to be alone with a sick man."

"Now, Miss Kitty," said Corrigan, "show Mrs. Schmidt through the house while I point out to Mr. Schmidt the good features of the grounds."

Arm in arm, Kitty led Mrs. Schmidt away to inspect her little bedroom, which she said was dear to her because it was formerly her mother's.

Corrigan lost no time in pointing out the merits of the place. "You know," he said, "Miss Kitty is a wonderful little gardener. In addition to taking care of her poor father, she cultivated all these beautiful plants; she tended and watered them daily, and you can see for yourself how they have thriven under her expert care. Sample one of these fine apples," and Corrigan handed Mr. Schmidt a specimen he had just picked up from under the tree.

At that moment Mrs. Schmidt and Kitty appeared at an upper window. Mrs. Schmidt called out to the gentlemen below: "You greedy fellows, knock down some of the apples for us."

"Plenty of good ones on the ground, my dear," said Mr. Schmidt. "Look out now, I am going to throw you some."

Kitty deftly caught the big apples, one of which Mrs. Schmidt proceeded to sample. If Mr. Schmidt was pleased with the apples, his wife was doubly so. "Kitty," she said, "this is a lovely spot, and I hope my husband will buy it, for we could be so happy here."

Meanwhile, Corrigan and Mr. Schmidt approached the sick man, who up to this time had kept remarkably still, not uttering a single word. "Mr. Henderson, how do you feel?" enquired Corrigan. "Not so well this morning," was the reply. Mr. Schmidt was then introduced to Jim. He enquired compassionately regarding the extent of his illness.

"By the way, Mr. Henderson, what a fine lot of canaries you have here. How does your daughter find time to care for them all?"

"Those are not our birds, sir," answered Jim. "I love to hear them warble, and when I feel a bad turn coming on me, Kitty goes to the neighbors and borrows the birds for a little while."

"What is that unearthly squeaking I hear in the house?"

"It is a parrot, sir," said Jim. "I love to hear them talk, and when the pain in my lungs has got me awful bad I send Kitty to old Miss Jones for a loan of her Polly."

"Please, sir," a small boy's voice piped shrilly, "please, sir, my mother sent me for our canary and porch chair which Mrs. Henderson borrowed yesterday."

Corrigan wheeled round and coolly said, "Hello, Willie, Miss Henderson will be down in a moment and give you back the bird which she got this morning. While you are waiting, run out to my auto and jump in and sit down until I call for you."

"Please, sir, my name is not Willie, but I will be awful glad to sit on the

driver's seat in the auto," and he trotted away.

Corrigan realized that more visitors would arouse the suspicions of Schmidt and prevent a sale, so turning to him, he said, "Come, let us join the ladies and learn if your wife is as pleased with the house as we were with the grounds."

Seated in the parlor, listening excitedly to Miss Jones' parrot, were Mrs. Schmidt and Kitty. "Carl, dear, this is a wonderful bird. I wish he were mine. Just listen how nice he can talk."

"Now, Mrs. Schmidt," said the practical Corrigan, "does the house suit you?"

"Yes, indeed," was the answer. "I am pleased in every way."

"I am pleased also," said Mr. Schmidt, "but excuse us for a few moments. We want to talk it over." The outcome of the Schmidts' conference was the purchase of the house for \$5,000.

"Now, about the furnishings?" said Corrigan. "You might as well take the whole outfit. Come out here on the lawn and see the lovely plants and things. You surely wouldn't want them disturbed. Mrs. Schmidt complimented Kitty on the charming arrangement of the plants along the front of the house. 'What price would you take for the lot?' asked Mr. Schmidt."

"Ask your father, Kitty," said Corrigan. "Tell him to name the lowest price for spot cash."

Kitty went over to the invalid chair and had a short consultation with the invalid. When she returned she announced: "Father wants \$1,500 cash for everything, but this does not include the birds, which were loaned."

Mr. and Mrs. Schmidt exchanged glances. "We will accept your father's offer, Miss Kitty. Draw up a bill of sale at once and let us conclude the business."

"Before we sign," said Corrigan, "I must get Kitty's guardian. You know," and he leaned confidently towards the Schmidts, "you know that Kitty's father is incapable, and she is in charge of her aunt and uncle, who stop near by. In fact, the property is in their name, so I will run the auto down to the hotel where they are stopping and bring them here."

Corrigan strode quickly over to his auto. Proudly holding the seat down was the boy who wanted a porch chair and a canary.

The Hendersons were elated when Corrigan told them of his good luck. "It was a hard job," he added, "so don't have anything much to say, or you might queer the sale, and by the way, remember that the young girl who is helping me is your niece Kitty."

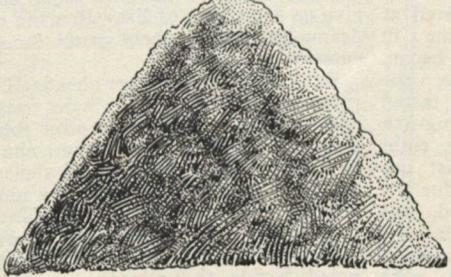
When the Hendersons reached their home, the transformation effected by Jim amazed them. The apple trees loaded with the red fruit especially affected Mr. Henderson.

At last the bill of sale for house, grounds and furniture, was signed, sealed and delivered, and a cheque for \$6,500 was safely deposited in Mrs. Henderson's handbag.

Acting on the advice of Corrigan, Mr.

Continued on page 54

Remember the "Automatic" "Blows" as well as "Sucks" which no other Hand Power Machine does.



No. 1. 4 Quarts of Dirt.



No. 2. 1 1/2 Quarts of Dirt.



No. 3. 1 1/2 Pints of Dirt.

A Vacuum Cleaner Test

The "AUTOMATIC" The Greatest Cleaner



Here are three piles of solid dirt.

PILE No. 1 (4 quarts) was pumped out of one strip of carpet by the AUTOMATIC.

PILE No. 2 (1 1/2 Quarts) was removed by another well-known vacuum cleaner.

PILE No. 3 (1 1/2 Pints) was also pumped out by a well-known suction cleaner. Each cleaner was given a perfectly fair test under exactly the same conditions.

The AUTOMATIC removed nearly three times as much as the next best and more than five times as much as the second best.

This simply shows the difference in cleaning power between the powerful but easy running AUTOMATIC and other vacuum cleaners.

Every AUTOMATIC is sold with the positive guarantee to clean carpets, rugs, upholstered furniture, mattresses, pillows, etc., cleaner than any hand power machine on the market or we will refund your money.

The AUTOMATIC removes every atom of dirt, moths, microbes of every kind, leaving the carpets and all household furniture as fresh, bright and clean as new. It is easy to operate and so well made that we guarantee it for twenty years.

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Write for our free circular which tells you why the "AUTOMATIC" is the best.

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give the magic touch of deliciousness to all meat dishes, soups and chafing dish cookery.

4 Cubes, 10c. 27

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E511

Two New Serial Stories start in this issue, you should read them both.



A HONEYMOON IN HIDING

Continued from page 9

rounded with hooks. Gwen's quick eye at once grasped the strategic possibilities of this retreat, and on the first exciting sortie into the wilds of London, insisted upon buying a couple of strong bolts, the which Pat fitted up inside the two cupboard doors, completing his labors by boring holes in inconspicuous portions of the panels.

A hiding-place for themselves having now been secured, the couple next applied themselves to solving the problem of "cutting their traces," and to this end Gwen instituted what she was pleased to call a "fire drill," in which each was apportioned special tasks, and trained to perform them in the quickest possible method. In the middle of a cosy little meal she would suddenly throw up her hand, hiss the word "Fire!" in a stage whisper, and presto, the machinery would be set in action. Pat would dart noiselessly at the Beatrice stove, kindliest and most unobtrusive of friends, extinguish it with a turn, and lift it bodily into the bottom of the centre cupboard. Next, the tray with all its contents would find a place on a shelf above, the key would be turned in the lock, and his pipe and tobacco rescued from their latest hiding-places. In the meanwhile Gwen would deftly range the chairs against the wall, rip off tablecloths, smooth the cover of fancy work which, like the pipe, was invariably to be found in a new position. These sweeping movements effected, the conspirators would promptly dive into their respective corners, bolt themselves in, and gasp with relief. It was astonishing how quickly the transformation could be accomplished. After two or three of these drillings the cosy, inhabited little den could be reduced to an empty shell in something under a minute and a half, and surely, even if by bad luck the invaders made straight for this room of all others, it would take longer than this to open and shut the front and vestibule doors, traverse the hall, and mount the first flight of stairs.

With regard to meals, interrupted or peaceful, two days' experience had proved the infinite superiority of a picnic over the solemn formality of hotel repasts. The principal repasts of the day were partaken in one or other of those delightfully economical Italian restaurants which abound in fashionable London, while the preparation of the home meals was largely aided by such modern conveniences as coffee machines and egg boilers which, with other of the less valuable wedding presents, had been stowed away in boxes in the spare room. As for the bacon for the morning repast, it could be procured at any large store, and carried home in a greasy paper; wafer shreds of bacon, sliced by a wondrous machine, the which tasted as never bacon had tasted before, served hot from the frying-pan on the top of the Beatrice stove, right on to the plate itself. Breakfast under such conditions was a feast for the gods. Afternoon tea, if needed, was equally easy to accomplish, while before the return home, the invaluable Thermos bottle could be filled with soup, and a cup of bouillon be in readiness if perchance the pangs of hunger made themselves felt during the evening.

So far the honeymooners left assured that their presence had remained absolutely unsuspected. There was little traffic in the narrow passage on which the back door debouched, and, given the preliminary precaution of listening, and peering through the cracks of the door, one could be practically sure of successfully running the blockade. Gwen had artfully placed some article of furniture before the respective windows of the rooms in occupation, so that there should be no danger of either she or her husband showing themselves at the windows in a moment of forgetfulness. No smoke emerged from the chimneys, no noise was permitted which could penetrate through the dividing walls.

For the first few days Pat hardly dared to talk above a whisper, or Gwen

to tread otherwise than on the tips of her little slippers, but nothing grows more rapidly than a sense of security, and after three or four days of peaceful retreat, a general slackening of caution was observable in the camp. Pat whistled, and chanted snatches of unclassical ditties, as he performed his toilet. Gwen's laugh rang out in its old, clear trill. Nobody thought about them; nobody cared. The best hiding-place in the world was in the heart of the great city.

According to pre-arranged plan, the happy hunting grounds of the honeymooners were those far-off districts which exist but as names to the dwellers in Mayfair; and among these the "East End" soon took a foremost place. The crowded, cosmopolitan East End, with its booths, its fairs, its markets, its slums, its palaces, its winding lanes, so strangely un-English in aspect, its great thoroughfare with its towering hospital, cutting a broad line from east to west. It was an unknown world, a world full of grim struggle and suffering; full also of kindness, courage, and a delightful leavening of humor. The songs of the East End—who has heard them in their native element without delight? The barrel organs make their refrains familiar in more rarefied circles, but it is not until their words are heard chanted by a chorus of factory hands that their full flavor can be appreciated. From a moral standpoint they are far superior to those in favor farther west: virtue is indeed rampant in many of the refrains, and the unvarying themes run in copy-book form on such old-fashioned virtues as love, courage, and filial affection.

It was Gwen's enjoyment in these musical effusions which prompted her to make a suggestion to her husband as they sat over dinner one evening in a little Italian restaurant not a hundred miles from Holborn, consuming some of the best-cooked food which can be procured in London, accompanied by a blue-red wine which was almost as strikingly bad.

"Pat," she cried suddenly, "I want to go to a theatre—an East End theatre—to-night. Something thrilling and exciting. Does one book seats for East End theatres? Could we book here? Would they be advertised in the papers?"

"Theatre!" he responded obediently. "Certainly. Capital idea. I haven't a particularly extensive acquaintance with East End theatres, but I believe they are nothing if not thrilling. They don't advertise in the *Morning Post*, but I'll ask the waiter; he is sure to be able to give us some sort of list. Roaring melodrama would be about your fancy, I suppose?"

But Gwen shook her head. Draw-room comedy was her passion, and when a thin and blurred sheet was produced, she chuckled with delight at the sight of the titles of the two leading plays at the moment holding the favor of eastern London. "Cissy, or Love's Devotion," promised an intellectual treat, but its attractions paled beside the allurements of "The Wild Girl of the Family."

"Oh, oh! I've such a fellow-feeling for her. Pat, I can't bear my life a moment longer, if you don't take me to see 'The Wild Girl!'"

But, after all, "The Wild Girl" was postponed until another night, for the waiter, witnessing Gwen's excitement, came forward with a thrilling suggestion. Perhaps the lady would like to see a competition at a music hall? There was one announced for to-night at the National East End. He could declare from past experience that it was the "most amusing, and"—with a shrug of the shoulders—"amiable also, of a good intent. The proprietor of the hall had the white heart, and the competitions were arranged for the benefit of the young girls of the factories, in whose circumstances madame could believe that a five-pound note would represent a fortune. It was to gain a five-pound note that to-night's competition would be held."

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THE GIRL GUIDES

WE, the Girl Guides, are a parallel organization to the Boy Scouts.

Our aims and ideas are the same, but the practical working out of the theme is different. We both want to "be prepared" and to "do our duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call us," and we guides know that our state of life must be a womanly one; so there is no idea in our heads of being "imitation Scouts." We do not want it to be said of us that we are "Beings who have ceased to be ladies and are no gentlemen," and we realize that a woman's place is not to be either the plaything or the mimic of man. But without sacrificing any of our womanliness we can, like the Scouts, cultivate ideals of honor, chivalry, and endurance, not only endurance of body but endurance of mind. Patience, courage, and good temper can be gained by keeping our Guide Law (which varies from the Scout Law only in the matter of singing instead of whistling), and doing our daily "good turn."

The president of the movement, Miss Agnes Baden-Powell, sister of the Chief Scout, has told us that the 31st chapter of Proverbs describes the ideal Guide: "Strength and honour are her clothing. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness."

So, in our training we study practical things that are going to be of use to us all our lives. We know if we go West, or even go much outside the cities, we *must* know how to do things for ourselves, be able to bake our own bread and make our own butter, and cook and sew and paint doors and mend furniture—in fact to be able to turn our hand to anything about the house. Then we want to learn to be able to find our own pleasures. So we have musicians' and artists' and naturalists' badges to work for, and, as we know it is no good to be prepared in mind and not in body, we go in for swimming, gymnastics, and out-door games.

Then, knowing that war is a possibility, and that accidents are every day happening, we give a lot of our time to ambulance work. Indeed, we might say that it is our specialty. If there is war we do not want to keep men who might be fighting doing work that we can do just as well—if not better. So we want to show our patriotism by learning now, in time of peace, what will make us of practical use in case of invasion. We want to be able to find the wounded after a battle and give them first aid. Then we learn:

SIGNALLING.—So that we can call the ambulance and show where the wounded are.

TRANSPORT OF WOUNDED.—We have to know how to move the wounded to hospitals, and how to improvise stretchers and ambulances.

FIELD HOSPITALS.—We have to learn how to pitch tents and shelters, and to convert barns and churches into hospitals.

COOKING.—We want to be able to heat water and make soup and tea on the field. So we learn how to light fires and cook in the open as well as in the house.

NURSING.—The lives of the more severely wounded men may depend on our knowing exactly how to look after them. A "Nursing Sister's" badge is to us what a King's Scout is to the boys: to get it we have to have badges for ambulance, hospital nurse, matron, cook, and laundress.

This does not mean that should war come we expect to step forward as a comic opera chorus of Red Cross Heroines. What we aim at being able to do is to furnish a band of trained, disciplined women, who have learned to obey orders, if there is one in authority to give them, and can act on their own initiative if there is not.

To come down from our aims to our organization. We have the patrol and troop system of the Scouts. Our law is the same. We make the same promises—on our honor of loyalty, obedience, and helpfulness. But here our difficulties begin.

We have Captains instead of Scout Masters.

BADGES.—Our badge is a trefoil instead of a fleur de lis.

PATROL NAMES.—We call our patrols after flowers instead of animals, and wear the flower embroidered as a crest instead of having a patrol call. We wear patrol colors the same as the boys do. We can be almost any flower we like. The Scarlet Pimpernel, I believe, is a favorite with those who have read the book.

TESTS.—Tenderfoot.—Tie three knots, know the composition and history of the Union Jack, and know the Guide Law.

II. Class.—Tie six knots, paint a Union Jack, and run (scout's pace) half a mile in three minutes, or make a signalling flag and track a mile in twenty-five minutes. Lay and light a fire, make a bed, know one Morse alphabet, know how to stop bleeding, and bandage a broken limb.

I. Class.—Have twenty-five cents in the savings bank. Be able to cook a simple dish, know first-aid bandaging, know simple hospital nursing, know the history of their town and be able to act as a guide to visitors, know the whereabouts of fire, police, and ambulance stations, and train a tenderfoot, if required.

UNIFORM.—Navy blue dress with pale blue neck handkerchief; shoulder knot of patrol color on left shoulder; haversack white with red cross; stick or light staff, badges on left arm. The patrol leaders wear two white stripes on left arm, the corporals one white stripe on left arm. Gauntlet gloves.

LOCAL COMMITTEE.—To start the Guides in any new district a small committee must be formed who will be responsible to headquarters. They must register the local company and then apply to headquarters for an affiliation certificate. The uniforms, crests, badges, etc., can be got in Toronto. Any further information can be obtained from Miss Marjorie Jarvis, Capt. I., Toronto, Canadian B.P.G.G., 112 Bedford Road, or from Miss E. Cooper, 730 Spadina Avenue, Secretary Central Committee Canadian B. P. Girl Guides. Requests for affiliation should be made to the secretary at headquarters, Miss Margaret Macdonald, 116 Victoria Street, London, S.W., England.

Concerning Fires

THE only way to avoid the terrible catastrophe of a fire is to exercise eternal vigilance. A Chicago paper says in sarcasm:

Take an ordinary parlor lace curtain. Hang it at any window which does not open on a court. The window must be near a gas jet. Light the gas jet. Any time after the first of March open the window so a March breeze can blow in. Then leave the room. Return in about half an hour and the fire will be ready.

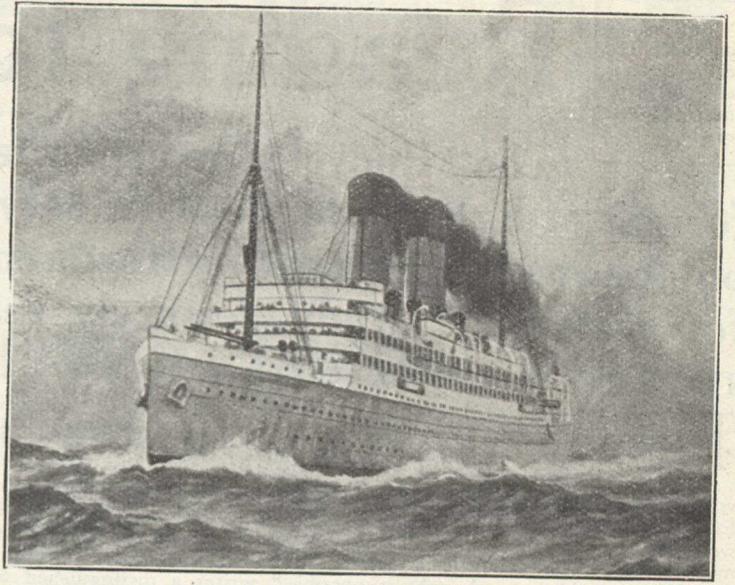
Unless you wish to have a demonstration of this particular recipe a fire captain here warns people to take careful precautions during this month. Last March, said he, we had twelve fires started by lace curtains which resulted in a \$6,000 loss.

"Through the remainder of the year we have on an average five lace curtain fires each month.

"It is one of the things firemen cannot understand, why women should be so careless with lace curtains. The average woman seems to have no conception of distance. She sees a gas jet all aflame within five feet of her window and then she is surprised if the wind carries the lace curtain into the fire.

"The months of spring are the worst of all. During the winter people have their windows closed much of the time. In the summer the gas jet is not alight so much of the time, but just as soon as the weather begins to get warm and the windows are opened slightly the lace curtain fires begin.

"The only way to prevent is not to hang lace curtains in any room where there is a gas jet that is sometimes lighted. I have known instances where a curtain, borne on the breeze, reached up and caught afire from a jet in the centre of the room and close to the ceiling."



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THE employment of India paper for the Encyclopaedia Britannica has revolutionized all preconceived ideas of an encyclopaedia—heretofore regarded as a series of bulky volumes to be referred to only as a matter of necessity. The new format of the 11th Edition (each volume but 1 inch thick) renders the books so light and thin, and in the Full Flexible Sheepskin or Morocco bindings so delightful to hold, that the work for the first time in its history belongs to the category of books that may be read in an armchair, merely for the pleasure they will afford.

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Some Suggested Courses for Systematic or Occasional Reading

Literature and the Arts

A course of reading under this general heading would have for its object the development of the critical faculties and the faculties of intellectual and artistic interest and appreciation. In this direction the 11th Edition is beyond question the most authoritative of guides. Every division of the subject is covered in a series of exhaustive articles, each by an acknowledged authority, constituting collectively a contribution which alone would make the new edition notable among works of its kind.

This course would include a study of the many hundreds of articles on the world's

- | | | |
|----------------------|---------------------|-------------------------|
| National Literatures | Legends | Sculpture |
| Poetry | Folk Lore | Architecture (70 pages) |
| Drama | Music | Literary Biographies |
| Opera | Painting (40 pages) | Literary Forms |



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Each volume of text averages 960 to 1,060 pages. The whole work contains between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 words.

There are 40,000 separate articles, 7,000 illustrations in the text, 450 full-page plates (many of them colored) and 569 maps.

The work is based on a new survey of the whole field of human knowledge, and the information is brought up to the Summer of 1910.

There were more than 1,500 contributors to the 11th Edition (representing 21 countries), including 599 members of the teaching staff of 81

Universities, 168 Fellows of the Royal Society and 47 Officials of the British Museum. The editorial staff numbered 64.

The whole work was written and edited at one time, nothing being printed until the text was practically finished. This ensured proper editorial supervision of the work as a whole to the end that the earlier articles should be as up-to-date as the later ones.

Exploration and Adventure

This course would take up the fascinating study of the world's great explorations and the bolder forms of commercial adventure, the harder callings and forms of sport, and the opening up of new territory. It would include:

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|--------------------|----------------|---------------------------|
| Lives of Explorers | Flight | Shooting |
| Famous Voyages | Submarines | Whaling |
| First Discoveries | Pearl Diving | Prospecting |
| Mountains | Orchid-Hunting | Lighthouse Building, etc. |
| Aeronautics | Big Game | |

Home and Foreign Travel

This course would consist of articles or parts of articles which would help the reader to lay out tours combining with recreation some plan of special observation—historical, geological, agricultural, industrial or artistic. All these features of every country in the world are amply described in the new Britannica.

Reading for the Householder

There are hundreds of up-to-date articles in the new Britannica which will be found of the greatest practical use to those who have undertaken or are about to undertake the management of an independent home, such as those on

- | | | |
|-------------|-----------|-----------------------|
| Building | Carpentry | Insurance |
| Sanitation | Lighting | Adulterations |
| Ventilation | Medicine | Master and Servant |
| Heating | Hygiene | Landlord and Tenant |
| Furniture | Rent | Fire Prevention, etc. |

Reading for the Country House

Country life, in all its aspects of work and play, is fully dealt with in the new Britannica in articles on every conceivable subject connected with it, such as:

- | | | |
|-------------------|--------------------|----------------------|
| Agriculture | Outdoor Games | Drainage, Irrigation |
| Horticulture | Bee-keeping | Fishing, Shooting |
| Forestry | Dairy-Farming | Hunting, Sailing |
| Fruit and Flowers | Veterinary Science | Indoor Games |
| Poultry, Cattle | Horses, Dogs | Country Houses |

Beautifying the Home

Most women have a natural faculty for interior decoration, but the instinct needs to be supplemented by study. The following are suggestions for a course of reading in the new Britannica in this relation:

- | | | |
|---------------|--------------------|------------------|
| Decorations | Ceramics | Etchings, Prints |
| Old Furniture | Painter Work | Silverware |
| China, Glass | Embroideries, Lace | Indoor Plants |
| Wood Carving | Rugs, Tapestries | Plaster Work |

Indoor and Outdoor Amusements

Every known game, indoor as well as outdoor, ancient and modern, is described in the new Britannica. Here is a rich resource for the days or nights when outdoor amusement has to be foregone. There are in the work no less than 257 articles on Sports and Games. Only a few can be noted here.

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|--------------------|----------------------|---------------------|
| Backgammon | Children's Games | Gymnastics, Hockey |
| Billiards, Pool | Cock-fighting | Riding, Tobogganing |
| Boxing, Chess | Dancing | Skittles |
| Cane Fencing | Dominoes | Yachting |
| Cards (Every Game) | Draughts | Tennis, Polo |
| Charades | Fencing, Foils, Golf | Racquets, etc. |

Natural History

There are no less than 980 articles (including biographies) on Botany alone in the new Britannica, and the Zoological section is equally full. The following subjects are suggested for a course of reading:

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|-----------------|-----------------|---------------------------|
| Botany, Plants | Fishes, Insects | Mendelism |
| Arboriculture | Bacteriology | Distribution |
| Mammals | Biogenesis | Comparative Anatomy, etc. |
| Reptiles, Birds | Evolution | |

The Study of Character and Achievement

Where, better than in the 9,000 biographies of both dead and living celebrities in the new Britannica, could one become acquainted with the lives and characters of the world's great men and women? And what absorbing accounts these biographies contain of human energy, perseverance, heroism, philanthropy, piety, self-denial, patriotism and creative power! A course of biographical reading in the new Britannica would be selected from the lives of:

- | | | |
|--------------------------|----------------------|------------------|
| Nation Builders | Engineering Pioneers | Poets, Novelists |
| Founders of Religions | Ship Builders | Painters |
| Founders of Philosophies | Inventors | Sculptors |
| Makers of Navies | Physicians | Composers |
| Makers of Armies | Explorers | Etc. |
| Financial Pioneers | Makers of Cities | |

Wholesome Reading for the Young

This would be a course designed to illustrate Romance and Drama in the Field of Facts. It might include the numerous articles on the marvels of nature, on natural history, on machines, on ships, on explorers, on dramatic episodes in history, etc., etc.

- Marvels of Nature:
- Beasts, Birds, Fishes and Insects:
 - Communities, Wars, Structural Work, Migration, Spreading Disease
 - Among Mankind, Destroying Crops, Substitutes for Speech, Natural Weapons, Defensive Coloration, Duels, Powers Acquired in Domestication, Speed.
 - Machines of Power and Delicacy:
 - Looms, Steel-making Plants, Pneumatic Tools, Calculating Machines.
 - Microphones, Syrens, Printing Press, Hydraulic Press.
 - The Infinitesimal World:
 - Bacterial Life, Microscopic Revelations.
 - Dramatic Episodes of History.
 - Men's Furthest Journeys:
 - Remodeling the Earth's Surface:
 - Dams, River Deflections, Ship Canals, Tunnels, Irrigation, Artificial Harbors.

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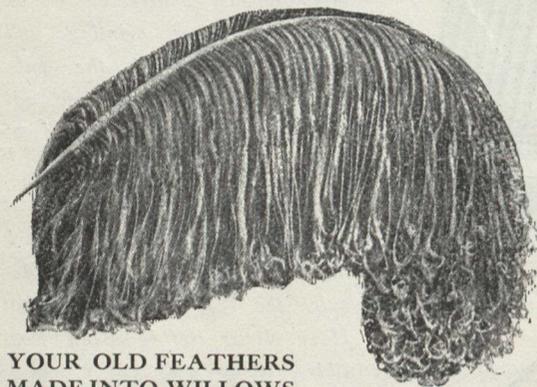
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Solving The High-Cost Problem

Eat simple, nourishing, inexpensive foods and you will be the gainer in health and pocket. The high protein foods, meats, etc., cost the most, are the hardest to digest and hence the least nutritious in the long run. Cut out heavy meats and soggy pastries for a while and eat

SHREDDED WHEAT

Biscuits, the ready-cooked, ready-to-serve whole wheat food—steam-cooked, shredded and baked in the cleanest, finest food factory in the world.

Try Shredded Wheat for breakfast for ten days—served with milk or cream. Easily digested. Keeps the stomach sweet and the bowels healthy and active.

Also deliciously wholesome when eaten in combination with stewed or fresh fruits.

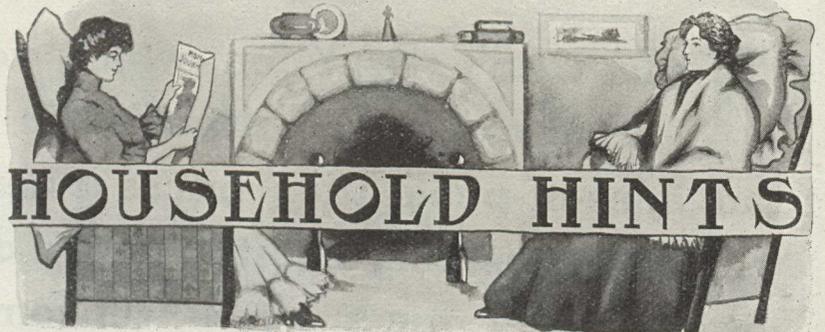
Triscuit is the crisp, tasty Shredded Wheat Wafer—delicious for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalade. Toast in the oven before serving.

Made by

Canadian Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ont.

D64

IN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



HOUSEHOLD HINTS

The Afternoon Nap

A NAP in the afternoon is by no means a waste of time, if it be regularly taken by the busy house-mother. She may feel she has no right to such an indulgence and may refuse to yield to tolerance, claiming that she is never tired until the right time for going to bed at night. If, as is usual with many a farmer's wife, her day begins at 5 o'clock and is hardly over before 10 in the evening, she should by all means lie down in a darkened room and close her eyes for an hour in the mid-afternoon. The first three or four days sleep will elude her, but if she persists, drowsiness will steal over the brain and she will find that the oblivion of sleep will give her new strength to carry her cares cheerfully. Do not wait until the physicians order you to seek sanitary springs, but take your rest cure at home before you reach the breaking point. If you are young, the afternoon nap will help you preserve your beauty. If you are old, it will help to make you young again.

Meat Preservatives

NEW light has recently been thrown on the value of boric acid as a meat preservative, by an English investigator, who finds that while in the proportion usually used it retards all germ growth to some extent, the effect is principally manifest upon the harmless germs, and upon those germs that cause disagreeable odors, while the most dangerous germs, such as the typhoid bacillus, and the bacillus which produces inflammation of the intestines, are scarcely influenced. Meat not treated with boric acid will in a comparatively short time give off odors warning against its use. The boric-treated meat may give off no such odors, even when containing exceedingly dangerous germs. In other words, meat poisoning is much more likely to happen with boric-acid meat than with meat not so treated.

Made from Handkerchiefs

A PART from their more obvious use, pocket handkerchiefs can be turned to a variety of uses. So simple even a child can be set to work and find pleasure in accomplishing the task is the making of afternoon tea cloths. Children are especially fascinated if some of their own special handkerchiefs are employed, and never look upon the stitches as drudgery. Four handkerchiefs are required, and they are kept apart by strips of insertion and the finishing touches are put by sewing on a border of lace to match the insertion. For a large size tea cloth nine handkerchiefs could be used in three rows of three. The same kind of handkerchiefs makes a useful and elegant mob cap, which the housewife who values her tresses should don when she engages in dusty work. Mark a circle nearly as large as the handkerchief, and machine along it the edges

of a folded piece of fairly wide tape. pass a draw string of narrow tape through the fold and draw it up. Tie a bow with long ends so that it can be spread flat when laundered.

Large-sized handkerchiefs of the Prunella make can be turned to account in making an apron of good size for housework, yet of such dainty appearance that it need not be doffed for visitors. Use two handkerchiefs. Cut one in half straight across and sew the cut edge to the other one. Cut off the opposite border of the whole handkerchief and turn it to account for the band. Cut the remaining half of the handkerchief into bib and pocket, and, if possible, arrange also for shoulder straps.

About the House

TO clean neglected lacquered brass wash it gently in lukewarm water, rub with cloth dipped in equal parts of vinegar and lemon juice, and then polish with dry leather.

To clean and restore ebonized wood use a mixture of equal parts of powdered pumice stone and linseed oil. Rub carefully the way of the grain and polish with a dry, soft cloth.

Blows and falls are constantly made too light of in the nursery. After a bad fall or a blow on the head it is always a safe thing to let a child be quiet and lie down for a time.

A simple dessert is made by lining sherbet glasses with lady fingers and filling up the centres with frozen whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with peach pulp or home-made wine.

To prevent any shade of blue from fading, soak for two hours in a pail of water to which one ounce of sugar of lead has been added. Then be sure to dry well before washing and ironing.

Iced Coffee.—To four cups of clear, strong coffee add two cups of scalded milk and one-half cup sugar. Mix well, cool, and place on or near the ice. To serve, pour over shaved ice in glasses.

Cold tea is excellent to use in cleaning grained wood. Apply with a soft rag, rubbing only a small portion at a time, and polish immediately with a clean flannel rag before it has time to dry.

Blanc mange is very attractive when moulded in the form of snowballs and placed upon beds of green and red jelly. Send to the table with decorations of whipped cream flavored in some appropriate way.

A simple remedy for sick headache is a drink made by squeezing the juice of a lemon into a half glass of cold water, adding a pinch of sugar and a half teaspoon of baking soda. Drink while it is effervescing.

Grape juice is good for an invalid. Put two tablespoonfuls grape juice in a wine glass with a little shaved ice, add the white of one egg which has been beaten to a stiff froth. If the juice is too tart, add a little sugar.

To keep outdoor brass bright, clean the brass as usual, then rub it carefully over with a soft cloth dipped in vaseline, and afterwards polish with a dry duster. This will keep it from tarnishing quickly, even in the dampest weather.

**VERANDAH
AND
LAWN
SWINGS
AND
SEATS**



THE STRATFORD

ENJOY YOUR SUMMER

Children and Adults can have more solid enjoyment and comfort during the Summer in our Swings or Lawn Seats than can be obtained in any other way.

They can be used by the "stay at homes" or at your Summer home.

Stratford Swings and Lawn Seats are the rain-rust proof, never get out of order kind. It will surprise you to know how cheap they can be delivered to you.

Send for new illustrated booklet "G" and we will tell you of many ways to enjoy your summer.

STRATFORD Mfg. Co., Limited
STRATFORD, CANADA



Recipes for Summer

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM 1/4 box Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Juice of half a lemon. 1/4 cup cold water. 1/2 cup sugar. 1 cup strawberry juice and pulp. 1 1/2 cups double cream beaten solid.

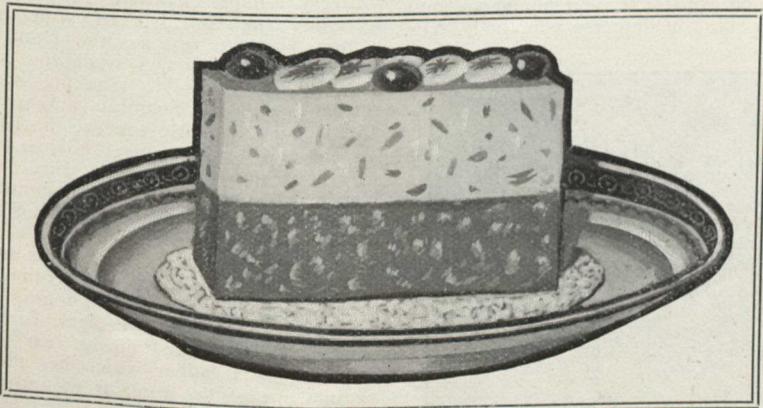
Soften the gelatine in the cold water five minutes and let dissolve by standing in hot water; strain into the strawberry and lemon juice; add the sugar and stir until it is dissolved, then set into ice water and stir until the mixture begins to thicken, fold in the chilled cream. Turn into a mold lined with strawberries cut in halves, and when chilled turn from the mold. Garnish with fresh



berries and leaves. Prepare Bavarian creams with other fruits, as pineapple, raspberry, grapes, oranges, etc., in the same manner. Pineapple juice and pulp must be scalded before the gelatine is added to it.

BANANA DESSERT 1 pint lemon jelly. 1/4 box Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 1/2 cup cold water. 3 tablespoonfuls sugar. 1/8 teaspoonful salt. 1 teaspoonful vanilla extract. 2 cups milk. 2 eggs. 2 bananas.

Make a pint of lemon jelly, using one tablespoonful gelatine, one-half cup cold water, one cup boiling water, three tablespoonfuls sugar and the juice of two lemons. Pour into square mold and let stand until firm. Make a boiled custard with the yolks of the eggs,



sugar and milk, and add one tablespoonful gelatine soaked in one-half cup cold water. Remove from stove and fold in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth, salt and vanilla extract. When beginning to set, add sliced bananas, and pour over the lemon jelly. Serve with cream.

APPLE OMELET A very tasty dish is apple omelet. To make this stew six large apples and, while still hot, beat smooth with a silver spoon, adding one tablespoon butter, six tablespoons sugar, half teaspoon vanilla and a touch of grated nutmeg. When quite cold add the beaten yolks of four eggs, then fold in the whites beaten stiffly. Put in a deep dish which has been buttered, and bake in the oven until nicely browned.

SOFT WHITE FROSTING Put the white of egg on a plate, add a few drops of lemon juice and a little water. Stir in confectionery sugar until it is of the right consistency to spread. The more water used the softer the icing will be, and one egg takes about one and one-fourth cupfuls of sugar. If beaten instead of stirred, it is not so creamy.

LUNCH BISCUITS Add one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little warm water to one cupful of sour cream, and add this liquid to two cupfuls of whole wheat flour with one-half teaspoonful of salt, and two tablespoonfuls of finely-chopped almonds. Mix quickly and lightly. Roll out a half inch thick, cut with small biscuit cutter.

WAFFLES Add two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder to two cupfuls of sifted pastry flour, with one-half teaspoonful of salt. Beat the yolks of two eggs light, add to one and one-fourth cupfuls of milk, and add the liquid to the flour, beating until smooth and light. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff, dry froth and add to the batter with one tablespoonful of butter, melted. Bake in waffle iron.

Note that one tablespoonful of butter, melted, is a different thing from one tablespoonful of melted butter—the former measuring more than the latter.

Book of Home Menus
FREE Write for it Today



Showing "What to Serve," and "How to Set and Decorate a Table," illustrated in colors. Learn how to reduce your living expenses; how to save work, time and bother with a

1911 "CALORIC"
Patents pending
Fireless Cookstove

You women who do housework—kitchen work—every day or once in a while, whoever you are; wherever you are ought not to let another day go by without ordering one.

They are furnished with the following new exclusive features:

Removable Oven; enamelled inside and out, absolutely non-rusting, easily cleaned. Fitted with an aluminum cover having an

Adjustable Draft; permitting regulation of moisture in oven in connection with

Adjustable Steam Valve; dry heat is obtained for baking without raising the cover to allow steam to escape. When stewing or boiling the valve automatically releases excessive steam.

Condensation Channel; which largely prevents the condensing of water in the bottom and on sides of the oven casing.

Adjustable Basket; for baking two pies, cakes or other articles. Radiators are adjustable to any desired position within the capacity of oven.

Other equally important features are explained in catalogue which will be mailed free.

With the "Caloric" most all cooking for the family table can be done better, more thoroughly, more wholesomely, more nutritiously, richer in flavor, and at less cost, and with less expenditure of time and work than is possible with any other method, winter and summer.



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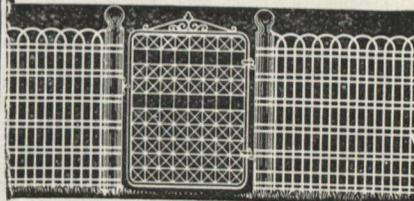
which explains and clearly proves how these seemingly impossible things are accomplished. The "Caloric" is guaranteed to do all we claim. Made in 15 sizes. Each complete with full set solid aluminum utensils and cloth bound 160 page cook book.

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Strength and Service

That's what you get in Peerless Gates—the strength and service that keep them swinging evenly on their hinges year after year. They won't warp or sag because the frames are made of heavy, steel tubing, electrically welded into one solid piece.

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We manufacture lawn, poultry and farm fences and gates. We build them so they will last long and give the most satisfactory service. Our standard of quality is high, and we stick to it firmly. You can always depend on Peerless goods. Write for full particulars.

THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., LTD.
DEPT. C, WINNIPEG, MAN., HAMILTON, ONT.



UPTON'S
PURE
ORANGE MARMALADE

with toast, rolls or wafers and a cup of coffee, makes a satisfying and nourishing light lunch. Try it.

The marmalade is absolutely pure, containing specially selected Seville oranges and best quality granulated sugar only.

Ask your grocer to send you a jar.



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Daily service is operated between Detroit and Cleveland, Detroit and Buffalo; four trips weekly between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac Island and way ports; three trips weekly between Toledo, Cleveland and Put-in-Bay.

A Cleveland to Mackinac special steamer will be operated two trips weekly from June 15th to September 10th, stopping only at Detroit every trip and Goderich, Ont., every other trip. Special Day Trips Between Detroit and Cleveland, During July and August. Send 2 cent stamp for Illustrated Pamphlet and Great Lakes Map.

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But That's Another Story



A Large Appetite.

OF sporting offers made by the large eaters of old, that made to Charles Gustavus of Sweden when he was besieging Prague is worthy of recall. A peasant offered for the king's amusement to devour a large hog then and there. General Koenigsmark, so runs the tale, suggested that one with such an appetite ought to be burned as a sorcerer, on which the peasant said to the king: "Sir, if your majesty will make that old gentleman take off his spurs, I will eat him before I begin the pig."

* * *

General Order.

A FRENCHMAN was teaching in a large school where he had a reputation among the pupils for making some queer mistakes.

One hot day he was talking to a class which was rather disorderly. What with the heat and the troublesome boys he was very snappish.

Having punished several boys and sent one to the bottom of the form, he at last shouted out in a passion:

"Ze whole class go to ze bottom!"

* * *

The Unfortunate Part.

We have harried the germs, in spite of their squirms, and have slain the same in their lair;

We are after the fly with the baleful eye, and the 'skeeter must say its prayer;

We have purified wells, and killed off Smells that have risen unto the skies, But in spite of our toil, and the water we boil, the public ups and dies.

We have swept the streets, screened fruits and meats, we have had milk pasteurized;

No bacillus thrives upon human lives which we've properly sterilized;

The insidious bug in the barber's mug we have given a rude surprise, But what's the use?—some screw is loose—the public ups and dies.

In the days gone by no "swat the fly" was the usual summer sign;

But it somehow fell men lived as well—their lives were as yours and mine;

So something's wrong with the germ fiend's song—what it is we can't surmise,

But the truth remains that, in spite of our pains, the public ups and dies.

* * *

A Classification.

TWO women on a train, seated together, held each a covered basket. From one a faint shuffling noise proceeded; while from the other came, now and then, an indignant purr.

The conductor came by.

"Dogs ain't allowed on this train," said he.

"This is a cat," protested the owner of the purring basket.

"Makes no difference—dogs ain't allowed," repeated this stolid logician.

"Must I get off, too?" enquired the other woman, "I have a turtle in this basket."

"No, ma'am, turtles is insects, but cats is dogs."

* * *

A Long Drive.

"YOU must have struck it rich, old man. I see you in this taxicab every day."

"It isn't that. You see, one night I told the chauffeur to drive me around until I told him to stop. I fell asleep, and when I awoke I had not got enough money to pay his bill. So I've got to keep on riding in it until I die."—*Wind-sor Magazine.*

* * *

Cute Peddler He.

THE genuine Yankee peddler passed out of existence with the creation of the "notion store," but he was a most interesting character, astonishingly sharp and frequently amusing.

One such appeared in a general store in a Southern town on one occasion, deposited his pack on the floor and remarked to the merchant:

"I guess I couldn't drive a trade with you, colonel?"

"I reckon you calculate just about right," was the decided reply of the merchant, who had had dealings with Yankee peddlers on previous occasions. "Get out!"

"Oh, well, don't get riled up—no harm done. Now, just look at this dozen genuine razor strops, easy worth \$3.00—let you have 'em for \$2.00, colonel."

"I wouldn't touch any of your trash—you get out!" the merchant declared.

"Well, now, colonel, I always like to do some business in a place. Tell you what, I'll bet you \$5.00 that if you make an offer for them strops we'll make a trade."

"I'll go you," said the merchant, "and," he added, when the stakes had been put up, "I'll give you a quarter for the strops."

"They're yourn, colonel," said the Yankee, pocketing the wager.—*Chicago Tribune.*

* * *

Room for More.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND was urging one of his Senatorial friends to help the church with his presence, but the Senator declined to be a regular churchgoer, giving this reason:

"One finds so many hypocrites there."

"But there is always room for one more," said the genial prelate, as he gripped the hand of his statesman friend.—*Washington Herald.*

* * *

And She Knew.

A WISE woman once said that there were three follies of men which always amused her. The first was climbing trees to shake the fruit down, when, if they would wait long enough, the fruit would fall itself. The second was going to war to kill

each other, when, if they only waited, they would die naturally, and the third was that they should run after women, when, if they did not do so, the women would be sure to run after them.—*Atchison Globe.*

* * *

Timing the Eggs.

BRIDGET—"Please, mum, will ye lind me yer watch fer ter bile ther eggs?"

Mistress—"Why, Bridget, you have a clock in the kitchen, haven't you?"

Bridget—"Yis, mum; but the clock is slow, mum."—*Lippincott's.*

* * *

Remembering the Maine.

A TORONTO family were sitting about the hearth reading in the evening when a son spoke to the father.

"The Americans claimed, didn't they," he asked, "that the battleship Maine was blown up by the Spaniards? And didn't the Spaniards claim that the ship blew up from within?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Now that the Americans are at work raising the boat, what will they do if they find when they get her to the surface that she was blown up from within?"

"Let her sink again mighty quick."

* * *

Hygiene That Failed.

THEY say that the reaction and afterglow of cold morning baths are an infallible cure for neuralgia," said Mr. Shivers.

"Cold water, right out of the tap?" cried Mrs. Shivers.

Mr. Shivers smiled a superior smile.

"It is not one freezing plunge, but a gradual immersion, while you slowly count six. Like this: One, and you put in one foot; two, you put in the other; three, you sink on one knee; four, you kneel on both; five, you plunge in your arms; six, you immerse your body. Yes,

I shall certainly try it to-morrow morning."

Slowly and reluctantly, at the appointed time, Mr. Shivers crept from his warm bed, silently casting a look of reproach on his smiling spouse, and into the bathroom, and after a time she heard him say:

"O-o-onne! Ouch! Oh! T-wo-o. Ow, ow, ow, ow! Th-th-th-three!" followed by a blood-curdling yell, and a tremendous splash. Then there was a succession of agonized yells, and what Mrs. Shivers at first took for a streak of lightning flashed out of the bathroom, plunged into bed and rolled itself tightly up in the sheets.

"Why, Jeremiah!" gasped Mrs. Shivers.

Mr. Shivers simply glared and shivered. "Woman!" he roared, when he had controlled his chattering teeth, "did you put that lump of soap in the bottom of the bath on purpose?"—*Tit-Bits.*



A House for Sale

Continued from page 47

and Mrs. Henderson were also speeding to the city in a taxi hired in a local garage. They arrived just before noon in time to cash the cheque at the bank.

The Schmidts' parting from Corrigan was very cordial. "Remember," they said, "you have a standing invitation to visit us at any time. We are going to pack our trunks and will take possession of the house this afternoon. I should like to ask you as a personal favor to ask Miss Kitty to stay with us for a few days until we get accustomed to the house. You know, she can keep her father if she likes."

About 4:30 that afternoon the Schmidts arrived with their maid. Kitty was delighted with their invitation to remain a couple of days. Her father had gone a couple of hours before.

At that moment Corrigan's auto arrived. The Schmidts noticed a burly, red-faced man was at the wheel. If anyone had told him it was the consumptive invalid whom they had pitied so much, they would surely have demanded explanations, or perhaps their money back.

Corrigan's cheery greeting over, he glanced around and said, "Mr. Schmidt, you are monarch of all you survey. The birds are safely returned, including the parrot. The sick man is on his way to recovery I hope. I will leave you now to enjoy the comforts of your new home. You can rest assured from the bottom of my heart, I wish you long life and happiness."

Shaking hands cordially with the Schmidts and giving Kitty's hand a gentle squeeze, he lifted his hat and quickly walked to his auto. "Hit it up for the city, Jim. Old Henderson gave me two five-hundred dollar bills. That means the King Edward for ours to-night."

At daybreak the next morning a burly, red-faced man cautiously entered the grounds of the Schmidt's home. He seemed familiar with the place, for he went to a large shed in the rear and brought out a ladder which he placed against one of the apple trees and proceeded to strip off every painted apple. He treated the second tree likewise. Every one of the apples were placed in a large bag, which he staggered away with and dumped into a muddy river several blocks away. A second visit cleared all the apples from off the ground.

Five minutes after the man had left, Kitty's screams awoke the Schmidts. "Mrs. Schmidt," she shouted, "A lot of bad boys have stripped every apple from off the trees. See the ladder they left where they climbed up."

Mr. Schmidt tried to cheer Kitty up by saying, "Never mind, dear! We will have a nice new red crop next year," but Kitty knew better. Exactly a year later, Corrigan received the following letter from Mr. Schmidt:

Dear Mr. Corrigan:

Just a few lines to let you know we are more than delighted with our home. Also that the standing invitation for your visit is still open. Our apple trees were robbed last year the day after we got the house, and to my astonishment, this year the trees yield only little sour green fruit instead of those delicious apples which were one of the most potent factors in my deciding to buy the house. Can you give any reason for this?

With best wishes from Mrs. Schmidt and myself,

Sincerely yours,
CARL SCHMIDT.

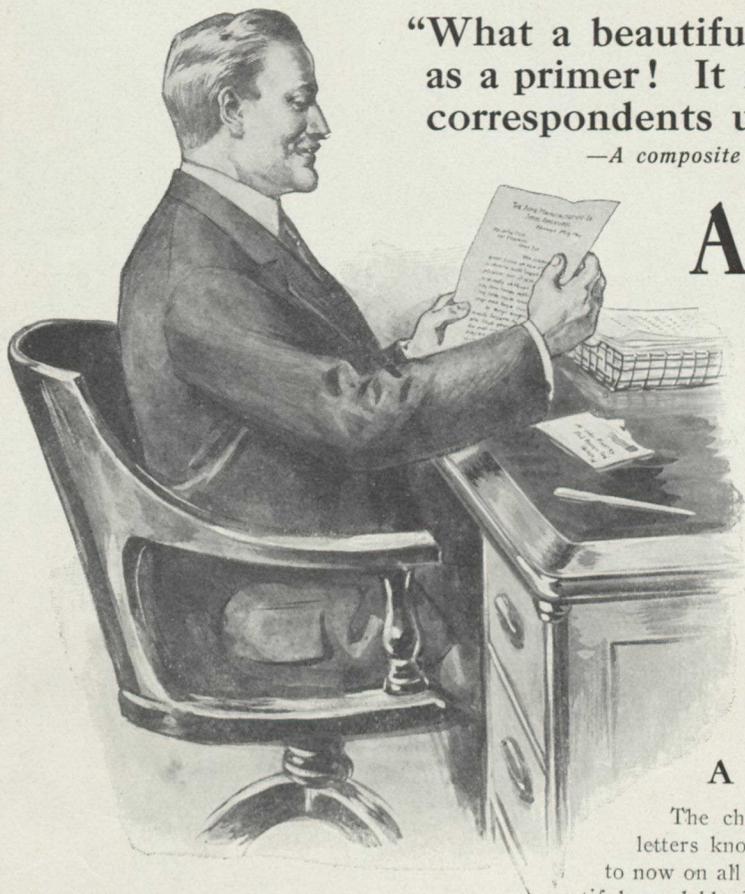


"GIVE OVER, ROLEY; CAN'T YOU SEE THE PANSIES ARE LOOKING?"

It's Printype!

"What a beautiful typewritten letter—as plain as print—as easy to read as a primer! It must be the new Oliver PRINTYPE. I wish all our correspondents used The Printype Oliver Typewriter!"

—A composite quotation from ten thousand business and professional men on being introduced to Printype



ALL eyes are watching Printype. Its attraction is irresistible. Its beauty and grace, in a typewritten letter, are alluring, attention-compelling. Printype has come to stay. Although absolutely new to *typewriting*, its counterpart—Book Type—has been used on all the world's presses since the printing art had its inception.

Yet Printype was an inspiration. It is simply a dream come true. It is the Oliver ideal of perfect typography applied to typewriter uses.

We had brought the machine to its maximum of efficiency. We had added, one by one, a score of great innovations. There remained but one point in which it did not excel its several excellent rivals—and that was *the type itself*.

Then came the inspiration which meant nothing less than a *revolution in typewriter type*. We would design and produce a new typewriter type face, conforming to the type used in newspapers, magazines and books.

We did! It's here! It's PRINTYPE!

Printype is not an experiment. It represents the crystallized experience of centuries. It is, in all essentials, the type that meets your eye when you read your morning paper, your magazine or your favorite novel.

Now that Printype is an accomplished fact, and such a tremendous success, the thought occurs to thousands, why didn't typewriter manufacturers think of it years ago? The same question was asked, by other thousands, when we introduced *visible writing*, over ten years ago.

A Long Step in Advance

The change from the old-style thin outline letters known as Pica Type, universally used up to now on all standard typewriters, to the new, beautiful, readable Printype, is one of vast significance.

It means relief from the harmful effect on eyesight of the "outline" typewriter type. For Printype is as easy to read as a child's primer.

It means less liability of mis-reading due to blurring of outline letters, whose sameness frequently makes the words run together. Printype letters are *shaded*, just as Book Type is shaded.

Printype letters maintain their separate characteristics.

It means less danger of costly errors due to confusing the numerals. No possible chance of mistaking 3 for 8 or 5 for 3—each figure is distinct.

It means a degree of typographic beauty never before known in typewriting. Printype is artistic, distinctive, refined, and immensely effective.

And now, because of its *newness*, it has the enhanced charm of *novelty*.

How Printype Leaped to Fame

The reception of Printype by the business public has been more enthusiastic than we had dared to expect. We withheld any formal announcement until the machine had been on the market for one year.

Personal demonstrations were its only advertising. The resulting sales were stupendous. Printype letters soon began to appear among commonplace old-style correspondence. Wherever received, these mysterious, distinctive, beautiful letters awakened immediate interest. Business men began asking each other, "What's that new kind of typewriter that writes like real print?" Users of Printype Oliver Typewriters were besieged with such enquiries. Thus the fame of Printype grows, as day by day its beauty and utility dawn on the business world.

Printype Conserves Eyesight

The manifold merits of Printype are a constant source of surprise. Aside from its intrinsic value in raising the artistic standard of correspondence, its benefits in conserving *eyesight* make its use of the most vital importance. Printype is restful to eyesight. It delivers its message in the most easily readable form.

The constant reading of thin outline letter typewriting plays havoc with the eyes. It sends thousands to oculists and opticians whose eyes need *rest* more than medicine or glasses.

A comparative test of Printype and ordinary typewriting will win you to *the type that reads like print*.

Address Sales Department

The Oliver Typewriter Company
743 Oliver Typewriter Building, CHICAGO

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"17-Cents-a-Day" Offer on
Printype
OLIVER
Typewriter

The Standard Visible Writer

You can buy the new Printype Oliver Typewriter—our latest model, the No. 5—on the famous "17-Cents-a-Day" Purchase Plan. A first small payment brings the machine. Then you save 17 cents a day and pay monthly. No matter what make of typewriter you are using, you can turn it in on your first payment.

If the Penny Plan interests you, check square in coupon and full details of the generous offer will be sent promptly.

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To supply the widespread demand for Printype information we have issued a special book.

We will gladly send you a copy, together with a *letter written on The Printype Oliver Typewriter*. This letter will reveal the great fundamental advantages of the new face of type which has created such a sensation. The coupon or a letter or postal will put all the facts in your possession.

Press the Button for Printype Demonstration

Our great sales organization enables us to make an improvement of this character *immediately and simultaneously available to the public*. Press the button and see how quickly an Oliver Agent will appear with a "Printyper," ready to tell you all about it and write several Printype letters for you.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
743 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please send Book, "A Revolution in Typewriter Type," and a Specimen Letter in Printype.

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If Interested in "17-Cents-a-Day" Plan
Place a Check in Square

(117)





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Your greatest resource is health and the conservation of your health includes the preservation of your teeth by the regular use of such a dentifrice as

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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Cleans---preserves---polishes deliciously and antiseptically.

Different from other dentifrices in its delightful flavor and double efficiency. Not only a germ-destroyer, killing decay-germs when you use it, but also so lastingly antiseptic that it keeps the mouth in that sweet, clean, non-acid condition that counteracts germ-growth.

Delicious---Efficient

Colgate's is the antiseptic, anti-acid cream, delicious without the presence of sugar, efficient without "grit," and all that is beneficial without any injurious effect. The dentifrice which proves that a "druggy" taste is not necessary to efficiency.

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