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# THE AUTUMN FASHION NUMBER



# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER, 1910

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OF THE  
MARSHEs

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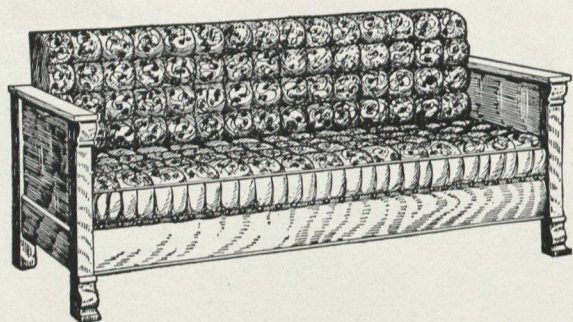
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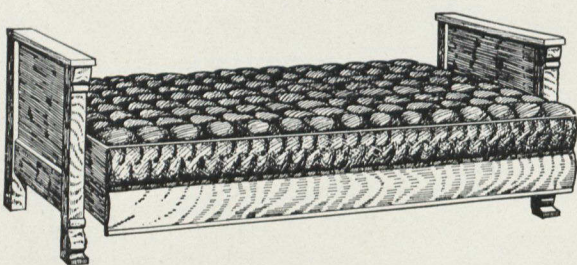
# A COUCH—A BED—A WARDROBE



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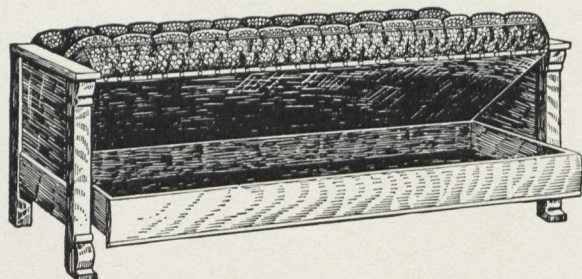


# CHATHAM DAVENPORT BED

The centre illustration shows the Chatham as a bed. Two metal catches release the back, which folds over in line with the seat, giving you a soft, comfortable bed measuring 4ft. wide by 6ft. long. The resiliency and "give" of the springs ensures peaceful, quiet sleep. Just think what a convenience this is if a friend of yours drops in over night or comes to stay with you on a holiday—you can turn the couch into a comfortable roomy bed within a few minutes.

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**LOW PRICE** You can buy the Chatham Davenport Bed for just the same price as you would pay for an ordinary sofa. We will ship it direct to your home from our factory, or you can buy from our nearest dealer. After you've had the Chatham a little while, you'll find it so convenient and comfortable that you'll forget the small price you paid for it. If it will suit you better you can arrange to pay so much down and so much a month. Write to-day for free booklet



**The Manson Campbell Co., Limited, Chatham, Ontario**

Ten Cents  
a Copy

The Autumn Fashion Number

September  
1910

# Canadian Home Journal

## MORE ABOUT OUR CELEBRATION

**A** little thought when we announced our birthday celebration that it would receive such spontaneous support from our readers. Almost every mail brings us letters from persons interested in making the celebration a success. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the women are joining heartily with us, and if they continue as they have started there will be little doubt as to its success.

Perhaps you missed reading the announcement in our August issue about the good things we are to have on our fifth anniversary. If you have overlooked it just look up your August copy and read it.

Lack of space in this issue prevents us repeating everything said about the celebration. New developments since we published the last issue has enabled us to add some additional good things to those promised in our August number.

When we announced our new serial by one of the best Canadian authors, we did not expect to also secure the serial rights of Mr. Oppenheim's latest story, "Jeanne of the Marshes." However, our efforts were successful, and the opening chapters appear in this issue. A friendly word of advice from one who sat up most of the night reading it is to read it and tell your friends about it.

We have secured two new stories from Mrs. I. E. McKay. They are both good and will appear in our next issues and, by the way, the new Canadian serial is by the same author, and is acknowledged to be the best story ever written by a Canadian author. You may be impatient to read the first chapters, but just wait, the good things in this life are usually those we have to wait for.

Many of those sending us letters accepting our invitation to take part in our fifth anniversary comment on the clean, wholesome reading matter in each issue. There is a growing feeling of resentment

among the better class of women at the class of reading matter in some foreign publications. There are some things a parent should tell a child when alone that are not in good taste to discuss in a magazine. Our readers need have no fear that anything of that nature will appear in the Canadian Home Journal. We are publishing a letter from one of our subscribers that voices what we believe to be the opinion of thousands of Canadian women. Read it over and let us hear from you.

Have you accepted our invitation? We want you to help us celebrate. Mind you it is not necessary to send us a present—it's the other way about. We will send presents to all who accept the invitation to help us celebrate our fifth anniversary. Just turn to page 32 of this issue for particulars.

There is no doubt in our mind as to every Canadian woman being anxious to advance the interests of Canada. This can be done in an effective manner by inducing your friends and neighbors to read Canadian publications. The present is Canada's growing time, and if we are ever to become a great nation we must work together and help build up Canada for Canadians.

This large sixty-page issue is one we feel proud of. We want you to read it carefully and let us know how we can still further improve it. The suggestions we

receive from our readers are of the most value to us in making plans for the future.

Now, I will ask you frankly, have you a friend that is not now reading The Canadian Home Journal? If you have, then help us to roll up the 40,000 readers by November 1st.

There are thousands of women in Canada that at present do not know the true value of this magazine. If we can send a sample copy to any of your friends tell us and we will send one free.

*William G. Rook*  
President

August 10, 1910.

MR. WILLIAM G. ROOK,

President of The Canadian Home Journal, Toronto.

Dear Sir:

I have read in the August journal your appeal to subscribers to help celebrate the fifth birthday of The Canadian Home Journal. It will be a pleasure for me to help in any way that I can. Though I have only taken the Journal for six or seven months, I feel I'm rather a young member to dictate or criticize if anything in the Journal displeases me, and yet that is what is asked of us on page two in the August number. Being a Canadian, I'll take the greatest interest possible in our own journal.

There are one or two suggestions I would like to make, i.e., the original ideas of the members for new ways of doing things throughout the house. Let us call this department "Exchange Ideas," "Original Ideas," or "Suggestions"—something instead of "What Other Women Have Found Out," which would be too much like copying from the Ladies' Home Journal.

Another suggestion—DO NOT let any member or any person start a department on "How Shall I Tell My Child," such as has been done by the Ladies' Home Journal. Their page on this subject in the July number is positively repulsive, and if anything like that is ever started in our journal, I, for one, am done with it. But from my Journals that I have read, I'm sure they will never stoop to such degrading and UNNECESSARY information. Even the cover picture on the L. H. J. July number is "silly." I trust there will never be anything like it shown in our Journal.

Could you tell me if I could procure a copy of our May number cover? I should like to have one (without advertisements). Enclosed find stamp for reply. I have written several of my friends to learn if they will become subscribers to our Journal, and expect soon to send in their subscriptions.

If there is anything that I can do for the Journal, from my home in the far West, I should like to be commanded. I have a kodak, and if any snapshots from here would be of interest I would send some.

Wishing the Canadian Home Journal a very, very happy birthday and continued success, I remain, a sincere friend of the magazine,

Mrs.....

## Stop, Madam! Do not throw out that old piece of furniture.

It's marred and the worse of wear, true, but some of your fondest recollections are associated with it. "Lacqueret," the specially prepared Lacquer, will restore its original beauty, concealing the mars and blemishes of wear and tear and making it as good as new. The next best thing to a new suite for any room in the house is a coat of "Lacqueret"—the wonderful furniture renewer.

Our free booklet, "Dainty Decorator," tells the story of "Lacqueret"—the home beautifier. A post-card brings it. Interesting and informing. Write for it to-day.

Leading Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret."

**International Varnish Co.**  
Limited 2362  
TORONTO—WINNIPEG



# LACQUERET

HOUSEHOLD LACQUER

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## ARTISTIC, SANITARY and FIRE-PROOF

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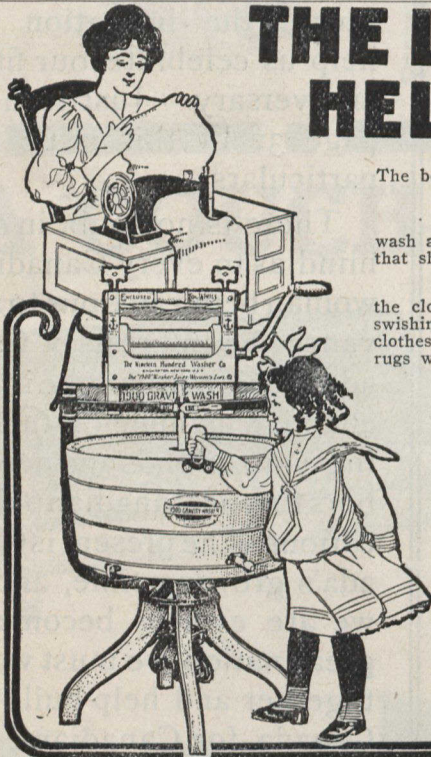
You should read our interesting booklet, "Interior Decorations in Metal." A post card will bring it.

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wash a tubful of clothes in SIX minutes and the garments will be cleansed better in that short time than a strong woman could do it by hand in an hour or more.

**NO RUBBING, PULLING OR TEARING**

the clothes remain stationary, while the tub swings to and fro, up and down, thus swishing the water in every direction and squeezing it through the meshes of the clothes. Won't injure the finest laces and lingerie, yet will wash heavy blankets and rugs with ease and rapidity.

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We are the only people on this continent that make nothing but washing machines and that are willing to send a washer on ONE MONTH'S TRIAL FREE to any responsible party—WITHOUT ANY ADVANCE PAYMENT OR DEPOSIT WHATSOEVER. We ship it free anywhere and pay all the freight ourselves. You wash with it for a month AS IF YOU OWNED IT. Then if it doesn't do all we claim for it ship it back AT OUR EXPENSE. This proves our faith in his machine.

**IT COSTS YOU NOTHING**

to find out how IT PAYS FOR ITSELF. Shall we send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. Or, if you want further information about the BEST Washer on the market, write to-day for our handsome booklet with half-tone illustrations showing the methods of washing in different countries of the world and our own machine in natural colors—sent free on request.

Address me personally, H. J. D. BACH, Manager  
**THE 1900 WASHER CO., 355 Yonge St., TORONTO, CANADA**

The above free offer is not good in Toronto and Suburbs—special arrangements are made for this district

Look for This Label on the Tub  
None genuine without it



Any Woman's Club  
GETS  
A Vacuum Cleaner  
**FREE**

Club together in sending your subscriptions to Canadian Home Journal and receive a high grade cleaner free of cost, with choice of hand or electric type.

Ten women can satisfactorily own a cleaner together for only a few hours work each week will keep your house clean. You will never know perfect cleanliness until you use a vacuum cleaner, which removes the dust instead of sweeping it into carpets and beating it into upholstery and pillows.

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**You Can Not Afford NOT To Have A Vacuum Cleaner On These Terms.**

Write us for description of cleaner and number of orders required—then talk to your friends.

Especially attractive offers to the first clubs to earn one.

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**CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL**  
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## KODAK SIMPLICITY

marks every step. No dark room for either developing or printing and better results than by the old methods. Ask your dealer or write us for the two free booklets: "Tank Development" and "The Velox Book".

If you do not finish your own pictures, insist on the use of Velox by the man who finishes them for you. A good negative is worthy of velox; a poor negative needs Velox.

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TORONTO, CANADA

WHEN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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### "SWAN" FOUNTPEN

The same pen too—a year, five years, ten years or even twenty years. You'll say you would rather pay ten times the sum than be without.

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The "Swan" is comparatively new to Canada—if any difficulty, write for nearest dealer to

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Floral drops without alcohol. Containing in concentrated form the natural aroma of freshly cut flowers taken directly from the bloom. One drop is sufficient to produce an odor not to be distinguished from the flower itself that will last for weeks. Prepared in three odors—Lily of the Valley, Violet and Rose. Thousands of flower blooms are required to produce one ounce of "Pearls of Flowers" hence the secret of its preciousness. This is what you have been looking for.

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The Perfect  
Washer



Our "Champion" is easily the champion of all washing machines.

All cogs and machinery covered. Lever and High Speed Balance Wheel operating together simply cut the work of washing to the lowest possible point.

Don't think of buying a washing machine until you have seen the "Champion". If your dealer can't show it, write us for booklet. 76

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Everyone says I'm a bouncing fat-baby and Doctor says it's due to

## NEAVE'S Food for Infants

Neave's will make your baby a merry, laughing youngster—a plump little man with strong, sturdy limbs—full of life and promise.

Neave's has been building such babies for more than 80 years in England and in fact, all over the World. It is recommended and ordered by the best Physicians.

Sold in 1 lb. air-tight tins, by all druggists in Canada.

Manufacturers:—

JOSIAH R. NEAVE & CO.  
Fordingbridge, Hants, England.

A FREE TRIAL OF NEAVE'S

We want Canadian mothers to just make a trial of Neave's and if you send your address to our agent, mentioning that you saw the offer in The Home Journal, he will mail free to you a sample tin as this world-famed Food, together with a valuable little book, "Hints About Baby."

Write now to Canadian Agent Neave's Food  
EDWIN UTLEY -- 14 Front St. East,  
TORONTO.

Turn to page 32  
and read the whole  
page carefully,  
it will surprise you



# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Volume VII.

Number 5

10 Cents per Copy

\$1.00 per Year

NOTICE—Subscribers in sending in change of address should give the old as well as the new address. Please notify promptly if your Journal does not reach you.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1910.

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## EDITORIAL CHAT

OUR NEW SERIAL is by an author whom you will be sure to like. Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim is one of the best known of modern English novelists and is deservedly popular, as "something happens" in every chapter. Yet it would be entirely unjust to call his narratives "sensational" in the objectionable meaning of that adjective. They are exciting, but wholesome, and never "leave a bad taste in the mouth." The story which we have been so fortunate as to secure, "Jeanne of the Marshes," is one of Mr. Oppenheim's best efforts in fiction and we are sure you will all follow with breathless interest the fortunes and misfortunes of Jeanne and her sweetheart—who have the proverbial ill-luck of true lovers. Later on, we shall publish a Canadian serial by one of our most widely known writers.

OUR PURE FOOD ARTICLES have, we believe, been of interest to many of our readers. The summer season and early autumn are pre-eminently the months for "putting up" fruit and vegetables. The aroma of autumn always bears a hint of grape juice or tomato catsup. Those who have not the opportunity or the time to look after all these tasks for themselves will be glad to read of just how the work is done on a large scale in one of our most extensive factories. The E. D. Smith establishment at Winona is situated in one of the finest fruit districts in Ontario, with the experimental fruit farm belonging to the Government at Jordan Harbor, not many miles away. In our October number there will be an article on this factory, written by Miss Anna Lake of *The Globe*, who is a reliable authority on matters of this nature, and whose articles on "The Size of the Loaf" created a discussion which reached thousands of households.

HOUSEHOLD DECORATION is a subject which appeals to all our readers and, although we have in the past endeavored to meet the demand for information on its various branches, we have had no special department for its discussion. Beginning with the October number we shall have a page devoted to the subject, conducted by Miss Jessie E. Rorke, who has several times contributed such matter to this journal. Miss Rorke will be glad to conduct correspondence on subjects connected with household decoration and we hope our readers will make extensive use of the page.

OUR JUVENILE READERS are asked to read "Cousin Clover's" announcement in this issue and to try for the prizes offered therein. We want every small person among our circle to send in letters dealing with what he or she would like to see on that page. Any of you who have a story to tell about your animal pets or your school adventures must regard "Cousin Clover" as a friend who will always be glad to hear from her young readers.



## The Standard of Piano Construction

The question of quality is the only one which should be considered when buying a piano.

The beauty and permanency of tone—delicacy of touch—superiority of materials and workmanship—are synonymes of quality.

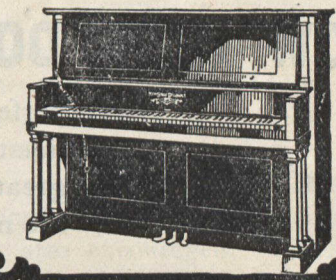
The recorded judgment of eminent musical experts is—that the New Scale Williams quality is the standard of piano construction.

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You will find our new Catalogues of vital assistance in selecting the best piano for your home. We will send these free on request, and also explain our plan of easy payments, if you care to purchase a New Scale Williams Piano in that way.

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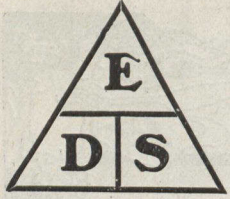
## WINDSOR TABLE SALT

"Windsor Table Salt is the salt for us. We pay our money for good salt—made right here in Canada—that every one knows is absolutely pure.

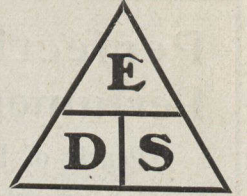
We certainly won't pay fancy prices for an imported salt with a fancy name."

Windsor salt is all salt—pure, dry, dissolves instantly, and lends a delicious flavor to every dish.

IT'S  
15  
WINDSOR



# DON'T PRESERVE FRUIT



## It's a Waste of Time and Money

*Doing down fruit is the one thing that makes a woman dread the summer*

**UNNECESSARY WORK** Why should a woman buy sugar and fruit, waste her time, and ruffle her temper, to clean, stew, boil and wash, over a hot stove all summer long from the time strawberries come in until pears go out, and in the end have some of her fruit go bad.

**DOES NOT PAY** Preserving is an expensive job. If the women would count up the cost of material, fuel and time, and not even count the worry, they would find that the preserves cost more than good preserves can be bought for any day in the year. They can buy just what is wanted and have no trouble about it being right.

**MORE SATISFACTORY WAY** Most women take a pride in telling their guests that the fruit she is serving is of their own preserving. A more satisfactory way and a cheaper way in the long run is to serve E. D. S. preserves. They taste better than the average preserve and most particular women know now that E. D. S. on a package is a guarantee that the contents are of the best and that they were made by the largest and most sanitary fruit preserving company in Canada.

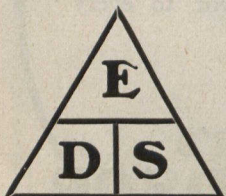
**HOW IT IS DONE** Winona, where the large E. D. S. fruit preserving kitchens are located is the centre of the garden of Canada. The fruit used is hand picked and selected for its being perfectly sound, just ripe, and the proper variety to give the right flavor. Fruit picked for shipping must be picked a little on the green side to stand shipping, it ripens in the crate but even with the greatest care it is often partially decayed before the housewife can preserve it. E. D. S. preserves are made from fruit that ripens just where it grows. That's one of the secrets of their high quality.

**IN SPOTLESSLY CLEAN KITCHENS** It's a comfort to know when eating something you have not made yourself that it has been prepared by someone just as clean as yourself, in a place spotlessly clean and free from the objectionable odor, refuse and other unmentionable things often seen around a place where they are not particular and clean. E. D. S. kitchens have been built for the purpose they are used. They are equipped with the latest cooking devices and every inch of the floor, walls and ceiling is as clean as the plate from which you eat your meals.

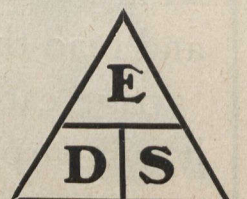
**GOOD FOR YOUNG AND OLD** E. D. S. preserves are so pure (made only from fresh ripe fruit and the best sugar) that they can be served to persons young and old. Their flavor is such that often when everything else is refused as being tasteless they are eaten with pleasure.

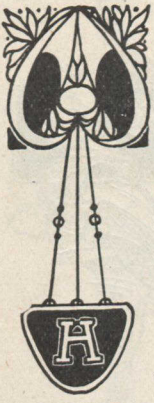
**SOMETHING GOOD FREE** E. D. S. goods can be purchased at most first-class grocers. If your grocer does not keep our goods, write us direct, sending your grocer's name, for a sample bottle which will be sent free. Just send 10c to cover cost of mailing and we will send sample by return mail.

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PRESERVES, JAMS, JELLIES,  
MARMALADE, GRAPE JUICE*



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ONTARIO**





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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CANADA

Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

#### The Lady With the Lamp

DURING the month of August, there passed away, at the advanced age of ninety, one of the most famous women of the Nineteenth Century, Miss Florence Nightingale. Perhaps there is no department of feminine activity which has known such marvellous development in modern times as that of nursing. It is, indeed, a great transformation, since the days of the dishevelled and bibulous "Sairey Gamp" to the neat and scientific trained nurse, who fights more than half the battle, in the case of the modern patient. It is a far cry to those cruel Crimean days, when the men in the hospital at Scutari had neither care nor help, when it seemed as if England had forgotten entirely the men whom she had sent out to fight. Miss Nightingale's heart was stirred to sympathy, and, with a band of noble women, she set out for the foreign hospital, where the soldiers soon had cause to bless her name. Longfellow's poem on "The Lady With the Lamp," telling of her midnight passing through the wards of the wounded, will long be remembered as one of the sweetest tributes which a poet has paid to womanly worth.

For the last fifty years, Miss Nightingale has devoted herself to her chosen calling, showing, even in her days of decrepitude, a deep interest in the progress of professional nursing. She also devoted her means and the nation's tribute, to this work, so near her heart, and left a record of a life singularly given to the service of humanity.

One of the greatest results of Miss Nightingale's Crimean mission was the attention drawn to the necessity for educated and well-bred women in this work. In the early part of the last century, the women who were in this profession were too often ignorant, untidy and even cruel in their treatment of their helpless charges, deserving fully the depiction given by Charles Dickens. In the present day, especially on this continent, we find women of the highest intelligence and finest breeding, entering with enthusiasm on this profession. It is pleasing, to notice in this connection, the high place won by Canadian nurses, who are accorded by the New York authorities a position of which their native land might very well be proud, and of which we may hear more.



A BEAUTIFUL HOME—SUMMER RESIDENCE OF J. J. WRIGHT, ESQ., NIAGARA

#### The Fall Fair

THE days are approaching, when the fall fair, in both city and township, becomes an all-absorbing topic. How we have all rejoiced in childhood days over the "pop" and the pumpkins, to say nothing of the purple balloons! The development of Canada may easily be traced in the progress of the "fair," and its present prominence is an indication of how the various exhibitions have assisted in making known the resources of the country and the revolution in industry.

In the National Exhibition at Toronto, we see the best that is being produced in all departments of invention and industry. But the country fair is no less important, in its own sphere, and should receive the support of the whole community. The women of the neighborhood, especially the members of the women's Institutes, can do a great deal towards making the local exhibition a success by taking an interest in its advancement and endeavoring to make the aesthetic features a finer attraction.

#### A Present for the Playgrounds

MISS McCORMICK of Chicago, who, some years ago, bought "Oaklands," a beautiful hillside residence in the northern part of Toronto, has lately shown her appreciation of her adopted home by giving ten thousand dollars towards a playground on

Cottingham Street, a section which sadly needs such a provision for juvenile recreation. The cry which continually comes up from all the crowded sections of our cities is, "Give us a place to play!" It is beginning to dawn upon the civilized community that it is cheaper to provide clean amusement for the children than to support jails and penitentiaries. Nothing is truer than the old homely proverb: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." It is easier and more worth while to prevent the fall than it is to raise the fallen. Boys and girls must have an outlet for the natural desire for fun and wholesome amusement, or there comes a resort to that which is unhealthy or demoralizing. Miss McCormick has set a good example, and it is to be hoped that other citizens will follow in the path of playground generosity.

\* \* \*

#### The Boy Scouts

I N keeping with the movement for providing healthy development of the rising generation, is the formation of bands of Boy Scouts. There are sensitive souls who are eternally on the lookout for militarism and who are so afraid that this movement means an encouragement of this spirit. It is nothing of the kind. In fact, it would be impossible for us to have in Canada such a spirit as is manifest in Germany or Russia. All that is best in the militant ideal is found in the organization of the Boy Scouts, while nothing that would encourage the spirit of idle defiance or mere bravado is to be discovered. General Baden-Powell, the founder, is now visiting Canada, with a band of the English boys, of whom he is virtually commander.

The virtues, inculcated by the principles of this movement, are those of cleanliness, industry and obedience. Discipline is strictly maintained, yet a spirit of comradeship is also encouraged. We hear frequently in these days of the vanishing of chivalry and the absolute disappearance of the old-time reverence. This age is hardly so lacking in desirable qualities, as its critics would aver, and it is pleasing to observe that a deference to age and a courteous attitude towards weakness are part of the Boy Scout training.

An exceedingly valuable precept is to do at least one kindly or helpful act every day. Those who saw the review of fifteen hundred Boy Scouts in Toronto last June, when the Chamberlain Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire presented them with standards, have no doubt as to the efficiency of the young members of that organization, or as to the valuable work being accomplished by the Boy Scouts. It has been frequently deplored that so few men enter the profession of teaching. Will not such training as that given the Boy Scouts supply the alleged deficiency of masculine influence?

The objection is frequently made in these days that boys are too much under the control of women teachers, and are therefore in danger of losing those qualities which are desirable in manhood. While we do not insist that Canadian boys are perfect beings, we think that they will compare favorably with the younger masculine generation of any other country. Most of them receive their education in public schools, where the majority of the teachers are women. Hence the proof of the training may be found in their character. However, if there be any danger to the boy in the constant guidance and discipline of women teachers, such a movement as the formation of the Boy Scouts will tend to counteract what a writer in the United States has called "The Feminisation of Education." Boys will enjoy the semi-military form of this instruction, and will find in the "officers" those who understand thoroughly boyish needs and aspirations, and who are anxious to develop in the youth of the land the essential virtues of manliness.





# OUR MUSIC PAGE



## An Old and Popular Song

### Alice where art Thou.

Romance.

Words by W. Guernsey.

Music by J. Ascher.

Andante con espressione.

VOICE.

PIANO

1. The birds sleep ing  
2. sil ver rain

gent ly, Sweet Ly-ra gleam eth bright, Her rays tinge the for-est, And  
fall ing, Just as it fall-eth now, And all things slept gent-ly! Ah!

all seems glad to-night, The winds sigh ing by me, Cool-ing my fever'd  
A lice where art thou! I've sought thee by lake-let, I've sought thee on the

brow, The stream flows as ev er, Yet A - lice where art thou! One  
hill, And in the pleasant wild-wood, When winds blew cold and chill; I've

year back this e ven, And thou wert by my side;—  
sought thee in for est, I'm look-ing heav'nward now;—

And thou wert by my side; Vow ing  
I'm look ing heav'nward now; Oh! there

'mid to love me, One year past this e - ven, And thou wert by my  
the star-shine, I've sought thee in for-est, I'm look-ing heav'nward

side, Vow ing to love me, A - lice, what e'er might be-  
now, Oh! there a mid the starshine, A-lice, I know art

tide  
thou.

1st Verse. 2nd Verse

2. The

Fine.

DO

### A Musical Reminiscence

IN a recent issue of the *Toronto Star Weekly*, "Walther" told of some old programmes, mentioning that of a concert given in St. Lawrence Hall, Toronto, in 1860, upon the Monday evening preceding the grand ball held in honor of His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, (the late King Edward VII., who was visiting Canada at the time). Among the names appearing on the programme was that of a Mr. J. B. Davis, who sang "The Death of Nelson" and also sang in the duet "On to the Field of Glory!" Mr. Davis, it seems, is still living in Toronto, and, although eighty-three years of age, is keenly interested in musical affairs.

James Boyd Davis, says the sketch, was born in County Caven, Ireland, upon the 10th of April, 1828. He attended Trinity College, Dublin University, and came to Toronto in 1847. One of the text-books which was used by the students of Dublin University was an edition of the Latin poet Horace, edited by the Rev. John McCaul, LL.D., and great was the surprise of Mr. Davis to find upon reaching Toronto that the same Dr. McCaul was the president of the university here, then known as King's College. Mr. Davis entered as a student at this latter institution and after attending for a few terms he registered at Osgoode Hall, where he graduated as a barrister.

He was the possessor of a fine tenor voice, and took part in many of the musical events of Toronto's early history. Mr. Davis remarked to me that his first speculation was on a ticket to Jenny Lind's concert when she sang in St. Lawrence Hall in the fall of 1853. The price of admission was ten shillings, and long before the time announced for the sale of tickets to take place the citizens were thronging the outside of Nordheimer's store, the window shutters of which were put up and the door strongly barricaded to keep back the crowd and to allow the applicants to enter in batches. The tour of the Swedish Nightingale in America created a similar sensation at every city. At her initial concert in New York the privilege of first choice of a seat was put up at auction, and was purchased by one Genin, a Broadway hatter, for five hundred dollars.

### A Canadian Vocalist

MDME. EDITH GREY-BURNARD, whose photo was printed in a recent issue of the *Courier* as a "Type of English Beauty," is a niece of Sir Frederick Burnard, late editor of *Punch*. Mdme. Grey-Burnard is now in London, settling her affairs, but hopes to return to Toronto in September, when she will be available for professional engagements. Her voice is a true and beautiful soprano and she is also a teacher of recognized merit. She is a delightful conversationalist and always ready to recount anecdotes of Sir F. C. Burnard, known so well the world over as author of "Happy Thoughts" and "More Happy Thoughts." Mdme. Grey-Burnard has a brother living in Toronto, Mr. Burnard of Burnard & Spain, which makes it very delightful for her socially. Mrs. Burnard was well known in Ottawa prior to her marriage, as she was Miss Muriel Church, daughter of Dr. Church, a leading physician.



# Patricia the Beautiful Shopper

## A Tale of the Canadian Border

By C. M. STOREY

Illustrated by LESTER T. AMBROSE



PATRICIA had a genius for shopping. She shopped in season and out and did it as fervently and gracefully as she skated or played tennis. The values she always got in exchange for her dollars and dimes were marvels. Her friends called her "Patricia the Beautiful Shopper," accentuating the last word by reason of certain alleged, well developed tendencies peculiar to others, who, like Patricia, live in border towns. She knew naught of tariff regulations, but had a border etiquette that was all her own and so charming and all-conquering that never an officer of His Majesty's customs cast so much as a glance of suspicion upon her as she crossed and recrossed the line.

But the course of true shopping doesn't always run smooth any more than that of love. Mollie O'Byrn's wedding was but three days away and not a thread of Maltese lace could Patricia find with which to adorn a new gown for the happy occasion.

of Maltese laces? Wythe stores are sure to have plenty and the ice is safe all the way there and back. Do you understand? You're to go to Wythe and go at once."

Almost before she had finished her monologue, Patricia was covering the distance that lay between her and the little town of Wythe several miles up the river and across the channel.

The ice was peerless and groups of skaters were making the most of it for such a splendid area of ice was unusual.

Almost opposite Wythe, where the river runs wider, and an occasional island with its frosted hemlocks and mournful pines adds interest to the winter scenery, a bit of a village clustered around a willow fringed bay, and sent out a quartet of the merriest, happiest girls on skates that gladsome afternoon. For a couple of hours they glided along with all the rapture of enthusiasts then they, too,

"Teddy says she's a dream. Blue eyes, pink and white complexion, and masses of copper-colored tresses, guiltless of rats or store puffs."

"Fudge!" grunted the Practical One, "that's not my idea of a woman inspector. It's not at all business-like. Pink cheeks and red hair, ugh!"

"Copper-colored," corrected the Engaged Girl. "It's all the same thing, only one's prose and the other's poetry," she insisted.

"You're altogether too critical, my dear. Teddy says she's one of the most energetic and business-like women he has ever met."

"Teddy's judgment forsooth! I'll reserve mine till I've met her face to face."

"From store to store they went, shedding adjectives and exclamation points at every counter, spending just fifty-three cents in all including twenty cents for marsh-mallows to be toasted later in the evening in honor of the Visiting Lady.



PATRICIA THE BEAUTIFUL SHOPPER

She tried to persuade herself that something else would do, but clouds of filmy Maltese kept arising to obscure that something else.

Meanwhile, the river was completely frozen over and the glistening ice was irresistible. For miles the frozen surface flashed back the sun glints. Small fleecy clouds were driven along by "the shepherd wind," and the frosted air was clear and crisp as an icicle. But the Beautiful Shopper was not thinking of these things as she practised a new figure the Oracle of the rink was teaching her. She was thinking of that impossible Maltese. Two or three false strokes and a sudden pause indicated an idea and possibly a decision on the part of the skater.

"Patricia, you're a *non compos*. You're worse. You're a dunderdolt in the superlative degree. Where does this shining pathway lead, save to the Mecca

forsook the ice for the lure of Wythe's bargain counters as women will.

On their way up town the Engaged Girl was making scathing comments upon the strange ways of governments and their border policy in particular. She was saying:

"In my humble opinion, smuggling, if it must be called by such a vulgar name, is woman's special proper sin and she ought to be indulged in it. It may be burdensome at times," and she laughed meaningly, "but it is never a grievous sin and it never be-smirches one's reputation."

"That's right," agreed the Practical One, "and she's absolved the instant she passes the line of inspection—successfully."

The Engaged Girl was very much interested in her subject and had more to tell for she continued:

As they came out of the Marsh-Mallow Fair, Patricia, with her skates hanging across her arm, passed them and entered an adjoining store. The Willow Bay girls looked interrogations at each other.

"The Woman Inspector," suggested the Engaged Girl.

"I really do believe it is," said the Romantic Girl.

"She's exactly like Teddy's description. She sure is a dream."

"Did you notice," quoth the Practical One, now almost persuaded, "that she followed us from store to store, and every place she asked to be shown Maltese lace, as if she couldn't get it at almost any store, instead of trying them all. It's a wonder we didn't recognize her before."

"Oh, I've heard that's the way they do it," ex-

claimed the Romantic Girl, greatly excited and over-looking the final remark. "Won't it be great if we've been shadowed? That's what they call it. I've always longed for a real experience and now I believe I'm about to realize my heart's desire. I've a notion to be magnanimous and assume the entire fifty-three cents worth of merchandise, marsh-mallows and all. O-o-o; O-o-o the delicious quavery little thrills are starting in already at my collar-bone."

"You'll have another kind of thrill when you read in the local society notes that four young women, for we're not going to let you have the experience all to yourself, were detained for smuggling, their names being withheld out of regard for their families who are eminently respectable," commented the Practical One.

"Meantime," said the Engaged Girl, "I'm starving. I'm as shop-worn as a remnant sale. There's a tea room not far from here. Let's go and get something to refresh the inner-woman, and perhaps Copper Tresses will lose sight of her quarry."

Scones and coffee tasted good to these shop-worn skaters and they sat chatting gaily over what they really believed to be an adventure.

Meantime, Patricia, wholly unconscious of the "delicious quavery thrills" her resemblance to a supposed customs official was creating, exploited a forlorn hope in a fancy goods store and came out as destitute of Maltese lace as she had entered.

"And now for home," she thought, "but I feel that next to Maltese lace, a sandwich and a cup of coffee would be the best thing for me in my dejected condition. The Tiffin Inn must be along here some place. Oh, yes, there's the sign with its almond-eyes ladies regaling themselves with Oriental tid-bits. It's too tempting to be ignored." So she followed the Willow Bay girls into the Tiffin Inn and an Oriental costumed waiter showed her to a seat at a broad-topped tabourette with another person sitting at the opposite side of it—the Visiting Lady. The other three sat at an adjoining table within conversation distance.

"Why, how often I've met those girls this afternoon. I wish I knew them. They look so jolly. I wonder if they're Maltese hungry too," and she smiled faintly as she thought of her fruitless search.

The three at the table across the aisle tried to appear interested in irrelevant matters and not to giggle when the situation became too intense or when the Practical One suggested, *sotto voce*, eating the marsh-mallows and saving the duty on them.

The Visiting Lady, unaccustomed to the usages of public tea rooms, where people sit elbow to elbow and in silence drink the most sociable beverages permitted to gentle-women, felt embarrassed, and in the sweet innocence of her inexperience, resolved to venture a commonplace remark.

The fragrant coffee was stimulating and Patricia liked to talk; so she responded graciously and these two strangers talked of as many things as girls possibly could in fifteen minutes—except shopping. The Visiting Lady adroitly managed to avoid this pertinent subject. When the quartette arose to go Patricia included them all in a farewell smile and bow, as she sat sipping her coffee.

"It's later than I thought," said the Beautiful Shopper, as she buckled her skate strap and looked at the sun dipping into a golden glow in the west. I've half a mind to go over to Willow Bay and have supper with Mollie and go home by train. It's the only chance I'll have to see her before the wedding day. She'll be delighted to see me I know. Yes, I'll go."

The stores at Willow Bay were small and inconsequent, but as she passed them Patricia could not resist the temptation to pause and look in the windows. Before one of them a smothered exclamation escaped her. She disappeared within and a saleswoman fished a card of lace out of the marked down odds and ends in the window. "It was ordered for a trousseau," she explained as if to apologize for its presence, and when Patricia emerged from that inconsequent little shop, she was the happy possessor of the coveted Maltese lace.

In ten minutes she rang Mollie O'Byrn's door-bell softly, for Patricia hated door-bells to be rung like fire alarms.

It was opened by a cheery-faced young woman with her outdoor wraps on; toque and sweater, skates still hanging across her arm—the Visiting Lady once again.

"Oh," exclaimed Patricia, "I did not know we were to meet so soon again, but I'm pleased. I hope you are too."

The Visiting Lady didn't look quite certain that she was, and while she hesitated Patricia continued:

"It was so late that instead of going home, I decided to come over and have supper with Mollie. Won't you please ask me in?"

Mollie, recognizing her friend's voice, appeared and when the greetings were over presented the Visiting Lady as "my little cousin who has come all the way from Alberta for my wedding."

The Visiting Lady was beginning to be conscious of a dawning light although she could not tell whence it came, and Mollie was becoming mystified by her cousin's strange manner.

"Why, child, what's the matter?" she asked. Then the Visiting Lady began to laugh. "There's a ridiculous mistake Mollie, dear," she said, "this is the Woman Inspector I've been telling you about."

Then followed a babel of explanations and laughter and in course of time, supper. As they sat at the table, chatting after the meal was over, the telephone rang and the cousin from Alberta was wanted. When she returned, another mirth-provoking explanation ensued:

"You see it was this way," the other Engaged Girl explained from her end of the line, "we were

talking about an inspector being sent and I was called from the room when I returned Teddy was describing someone whom I thought was the same person. But it wasn't. It was his new secretary, and there isn't any woman inspector at all. Weren't we deliciously fooled?"

"That all goes to show what a guilty conscience and a vivid imagination can do," said Mollie. "Let's toast the marsh-mallows."

## Santa Filomena

This poem by Longfellow celebrated the unselfish deeds of Florence Nightingale:  
When e'er a noble deed is wrought,  
When e'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp—



MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.  
Study by A. T. Clark

The wounded from the battle-plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain;  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that hour of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened, and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.

## Old Brown House

By WINNIFRED WESTCOTT

THE evening air is laden with the perfume of mignonette and rose, as we pass around a curve in the winding country road. Down a little hill, over a small bridge of hewn timbers, and along

by a grey, crumbling stone fence or low wall. Over it wild creepers are growing, creepers with odd, little, blue flowers, and spikes of waxy berries. Beyond it lies an orchard of ancient, gnarled apple-trees, mixed here and there with a lower pear or plum tree, their rough, twisted branches almost hidden beneath a wealth of fragrant beauty. They show no signs of pruning, and about their roots the mullein-stalks stand thick.

Just above the trees, and a little further back, there is a sloping red roof, thickly overgrown with clinging grey moss, green at the eavetroughs, where the water stays longest. Through the trees glimpses may be seen of the immense stone chimney, out of all proportion to the rest of the house. The stone here, like that in the wall, looks as though it would tumble down were it not for the strong interlacing ivy that has crept up, reaching to the little attic window, then to the roof, and finally now waves its tendrils aloft, a far stronger thing than the house it shelters. The front door opens on a veranda, and this, too, is covered with green, the roof with moss and the posts with ivy. Even the low step is not bare. Creeping Charlie has forced its way here and has taken root in the cracks of the floor.

Old, forsaken, but picturesque and lovely, the house is set in its background of orchard and garden. Roses in profusion, hollyhocks, primroses, bachelor buttons, plox, all the old favorites are growing in rank luxuriance, showing spears and shafts of red and gold and blue through the varying green of the foliage.

Through the orchard runs what has once been a gravel walk, now only a line where the bushes from either side lean over and gently touch. So quiet and beautiful the old place is, we are loath to leave it.

But as we drive farther along, just around the next bend in the road, there appears on the same farm an up-to-date, precise brick residence, and we feel that we know the story. The little, old, romantic house has been abandoned for the modern one, "with all conveniences," and no beauty.

Long ago, in the fifties or sixties, a youth with his face full of promise and power, and a girl with a look of content in her eyes, came to the little house. Here they planted the hollyhocks and the tiger-lilies, and set out the lilacs and the rose-bushes. Here children's feet pattered over the veranda and round to the well. But now that youth is resting in the churchyard, and the girl has closed her eyes beside him. The children are scattered. Quarrelling for the farm, now valuable, they have each taken what they could get, and have departed. The oldest son has the place now, and it is his brick house that stands so bare, with not even a hawthorn bush to make it a home.

Some day we are going back, just at twilight, when the shadows from the veranda posts are long, and the last rays of the sun are reflected back as gold from the little panes.

The calm and beauty and peace and quiet that cling to the old house are balm for the weary soul, tired out with the constant strife of action, but when we pass the brick house up on the hill shut your eyes tight, lest the vision of the little, old, brown house be marred.

## Little Stories of Great Men

By JAMES CHALMERS, THE MISSIONARY

JAMES CHALMERS was born in the Old Country a long time ago, in 1841. Until he was fourteen, I suppose, he was much like other nice little boys, and no one ever thought he would grow to be one of the heroes of Christianity. But when he was fourteen, he read a letter written by a brave missionary in the Fiji Islands. And after that, young as he was, his one thought was how he could help the heathen.

For some years, while he was growing up, he studied and trained. When he was about twenty-three, he and his young wife left England, and sailed for an island called Raratonga, a long, long way off in the southern part of the Pacific Ocean. In those days, sea voyages took a long time; often many months were spent in making a journey which is made now in two or three weeks. And Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers did not reach Raratonga for a year and a half after leaving England! A whole book could be written about their adventures on the sea. Their ship was wrecked, on Savage Island. And a pirate captain called Hayes took them on board his ship, and at last carried them to Raratonga, where they stayed for ten years working at the mission station and teaching the natives. Then they were sent to New Guinea.

Ask your teacher to show you New Guinea on the map. It is a great big island, inhabited by many wild and fierce tribes of savages, many of whom were, and still are, cannibals and head-hunters. A man's dignity and wealth, among these people, were counted by the number of enemies' heads which he had cut off and hung up in front of his house! Yet James Chalmers went about among them fearlessly, going from village to village in a canoe, teaching the tribes and turning them from their evil ways. He made real friends of them, and found their good points, that they were often kind, intelligent, modest and polite. He had countless narrow escapes from death. He was never, for a single day, out of danger, but he called it the "pepper and salt" which gave zest to his work. And sometimes very funny things happened, as well as dangerous ones. In his book, "Life and Work in New Guinea," which I hope you will read one day, he tells about his boots, and the wonder they caused the people of Orokolos.



A FAIR HARVESTER DRIVING A BINDER

## Some Aspects of the Harvest in Western Canada

### *The Consideration of an Interesting Field*

By W. J. J.

IN the days when I was very young, schoolmasters used to teach geography categorically. One place was noted for its manufactures, another for its mineral wealth, and in this way I learned that "Western Canada was noted for its wheat." Having missed the fervid enthusiasm of the boom days, and descended on the Slough of Despond that succeeded, this made up the sum total of my, and most people's, information. Since that time the great region beyond the lakes, with its immense resources has forced itself on the notice of every intelligent human creature in Eastern Canada, and forced itself entirely through the medium of its harvests. The great fact of monumental harvests has stood behind and supported all the advertising and the big words uttered about it, and the school has now become a very minor avenue through which knowledge of Western Canada is conveyed. It is in the air everywhere; the Eastern press is full of it, and the subject is often on people's tongues. Children prattle of it, and mothers feel a vague disquiet when they see their older nestlings stir their wings restlessly whenever it is mentioned.

As long as harvests endure, the West will go ahead. It is the one dominant fact that underlies, interpenetrates and explains all others. The harvest has planted cities and towns all over Western Canada, and has supplied the means of subsistence to close on a million people. The tales of men who have homesteaded in the West, founded comfortable homes on no capital but industry, and attained prosperity, are stories indissolubly connected with the harvest. Fairy tales of advances in real estate values are made possible by it, and indeed, the whole business organization of the West depends mainly upon it. The history of the West in the supreme analysis is a succession of harvests, and the fat years and the lean years trail along for better or worse behind them.

The story of Western harvests has been often told, and yet, like a certain other oft-told tale, it never grows stale. It is too vitally connected with the means of subsistence of millions of people, both in this country and the old. On both sides of the Atlantic the amount of grain produced in a harvest, and the price paid for it, is a matter of breathless interest, because, to some extent, it influences life wherever lived. Take the 120,000,000 bushels of wheat, which was the amount of the Western wheat crop last year, and realize that on a sober estimate if two-thirds of it reached Great Britain, this would

supply every man, woman and child in the British Isles with three loaves of bread. Three loaves now, and the surface of Western Canadian possibilities has been scarcely scratched! Does this not justify optimism? In addition to this the flour mills of Western Canada are kept busy, and every resident supplied with bread the year round. But wheat is by no means all, and on a conservative estimate the harvest last year comprised as well upwards of 160,000,000 bushels of oats and 30,000,000 bushels of barley. The aggregate area sown to all grains last year was 12,161,348, of which only 6,859,608 acres was devoted to wheat, or over 12,000 acres less than the previous year. In both oats and barley, the areas sown show heavy increases, and they will probably be greater still next year.

The work of gathering in the harvest on a Manitoba or Saskatchewan farm consists of cutting and stooking the grain and then threshing from the stook. In Northern Alberta, after stooking, the grain is stacked, and threshed from the stack whenever a threshing outfit can be obtained. Saskatchewan is the greatest wheat producing Province, and a description of the life on a typical farm there would be most representative of the West; but, on many Alberta farms conditions are much more on the pioneer order, and so they offer more picturesque material for journalistic purposes. There, too, one can see better what part the woman bears in bringing in the harvest each year.

For the purposes of this article I engaged a farm laborer on a farm a short distance from Edmonton, rented by two young Englishmen. They both had been used to considerable ease and comfort at home, and so the conditions of living to which they have been accustomed here is the more surprising. Those who have seen the inside of the average shack in the West, run by bachelors, will know that the following is a cheerful picture of comparative comfort alongside many of them. The shack was divided off into three sections, the larger section in front being a general utility room, fulfilling functions usually belonging to a kitchen, dining-room, sitting-room and drawing-room. For the piano there was—luxury of luxuries—a gramophone, from which, whenever the yearning for the delights of "dear old London town" grew too strong, they could hear "Stop Yer Ticklin' Jock," some music hall hits of last year, songs by Caruso and others. For furniture there was a table littered with dishes—not always clean—and the re-

mains of the last repast. The average male mind, even when of fastidious taste, soon gets to consider the frequent cleaning of dishes and their storage in a cupboard, as useless labor. "They would only need it again after the next meal," is the inward comment, and so things go from bad to worse inside of the house because of this application of a principle which in the stable and on the farm the same men would not tolerate for a moment. Two wooden chairs, more or less uncertain on their legs, two rocking chairs and a dilapidated sofa, tool boxes, a worn out broom and six shelves of well-worn books by the best and better authors, completed the tally, with the exception of a small cooking stove, a coal stove and fragments of charred wood lying by them. The windows were curtainless, the floor was swept once a week, on Sundays, the well-water, undrinkable until boiled, and, except for the books, there was nothing cheerful about the place. No wonder its occupants, after a hard day's work, would grow grumpy, retreat into sour silence to mentally contrast their hard days and lonely nights with lively times they had been accustomed to, the one in Birmingham and the other in London. There is little room for surprise that when their reflections found the level of speech it should take the form of uncomplimentary references to the country. "It is a dog's life," "There is no society worth the name around here," "This is a country for hard work and no enjoyment," "Make a success here? Of course a man can, but at what a cost! It isn't worth while to cut yourself off from all that makes life worth while, simply to be well off when you're about fifty years old."

I suggested to one of them that all these things would undergo a marvellous change if a woman's hand entered into the work of the farm. But this brought only an oblique answer to the effect that he would consider himself a callous-hearted scoundrel to bring his mother and sisters out to such a place. Marriage he scoffed at. His ideal was an English maiden, unversed in the ways of the world and men, soft-hearted and feminine throughout.

"These women around here know too much," he told me. "They can harness a horse, drive, or use an axe as well as a man. They know all about the work on the farm, and, if you go there, will talk about chickens, cows, horses and crops just like a man would. They can talk prices, and know all about market conditions. Now who would want to get married to a woman like that. If you did marry



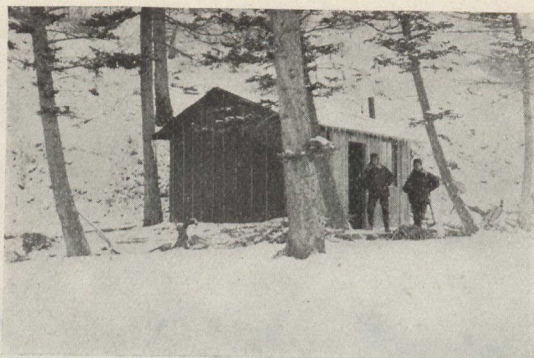
BLOWER FILLING RACK WITH STRAW



STUFFING STRAW INTO THE ENGINE



BAGGING THE WHEAT FROM A SEPARATOR



AFTER HARVEST, BACHELORS TAKE TO A LUMBER CAMP



CLEARING AN ALBERTA HOMESTEAD



LOOKING FOR A HOMESTEAD

her, she would consider herself your equal in every respect. She wouldn't look up to you or respect you the way a wife should."

"Just the kind of woman for a pioneer country," I interpolated.

"Oh, that's right enough. They work hard, keep their houses clean, and so on. You would understand if you visited them what I mean. They haven't got the little ways that make a woman womanly, that make a man like them."

"If it's blandishments you are after," I assented, "no doubt you will find what you want most in England. Our women here have dropped the arts and wiles, along with the idea that it is of paramount importance that they should marry *some* man, *any* man. Such things are only the resources of the weak."

Some point was given to this conversation by a visit we paid in company to a neighbor. He had been married nine years, and he and his wife eight years ago moved to their present place, together putting up the little shack in which they live at present. The wife is a slight, frail woman from Ontario, with large, lustrous eyes, a winning smile, and a manner at once modest and enthusiastic. Her house was a model of neatness, the swarms of flies that back in our own shack found ample asylum, were here conspicuous mainly by their absence, and the few rooms were arranged prettily and with a great effect of cheery home comfort. She herself was dressed very neatly, and, as my companions said, no one ever found her any other way. After dinner—for she would have us stay—the conversation drifted the way I hoped it would, and we learned much about their early struggles. They were both, evidently, devoted to each other, and all the more for the experiences they had shared in common. Their first winter they lived entirely on the proceeds of wood he drew into Edmonton, and sold at \$1.85 a cord. Every year she had worked with him at harvest time, and often had been his sole help. They would rise at five o'clock, she would milk twelve cows and prepare the breakfast while he did the chores and they would be in the field before the whistles at Edmonton announced seven o'clock. They would both pitch on to the load until it was too high for her, when she got on top and he pitched to her. Then she pitched from the load while he stacked. They would stop work at eleven, drive to the house where she would prepare dinner while he fed the horses. Back again at one, they worked hard till five, when they returned, milked the cows, did the chores, had supper, an hour or two of leisure and then retired. They used to build three stacks and a half with 1800 sheaves in each stack, in two days, they claimed, and their evident pride and delight in these reminiscences was good to see. It was almost unbelievable to me that this little woman could possibly have gone through toils like these that would try the strength of a strong man.

Then she took us out and showed us over their new house, a large, brick, three-storeyed house standing out aggressively behind and a little above the old house, as if for purposes of comparison. That house, the furnace in the basement, the triple trick lock on the front door, the graining on the panels, the wallpaper in the different rooms, the arrangement of pantry, kitchen and dining-room for convenience, the telephone, the bath room, the ventilating system, the roomy bed chambers, the fine views from the garret windows, the balconies; with what pride and almost fondling delight did she show them all to us! There wasn't a point overlooked, not a detail of the architecture which escaped her. She knew it all and loved it all, for the eight years of patient toil she and her husband had invested were bound up in that house. And that is not all. There will be more toil, and hard toil, but delightful toil, too, for there are more palaces in the air to be realized in the years to come, and the most immediate of these is a trip to Europe. When we were leaving, my companion asked Mr.— if he would lend him 100 sacks to help them in their threshing. He said, "Yes, certainly I will, but there is a lot of wild oats on your place, and I want you to turn everyone inside out and pick it clean of every wild oat and weed seed before you return them. I am bound to keep them off my place." It is easy to see why he has been a successful farmer.

To my surprise my friend was enthusiastic over Mrs.— and yet given a fair chance he will always repeat the sentiments I have credited him with earlier. What is one to believe?

\* \* \*

The work of the women on a Western farm generally covers the house, the chickens, the dairy, and, where they have them, the pigs. Their departments generally prove profitable in themselves, besides saving the men an immense amount of work. In the harvest time this allows the men longer in the fields, gives them satisfactory meals, well-prepared and free from unsightly accessories, and makes them satisfied with their condition. Apart from aesthetic

and sentimental considerations, apart from the refining and softening influence of women on men, this is woman's place in Western Canada—in helping bring in the harvest. When there is insufficient help, or funds are running low, quite often they also render valuable assistance in the field. But this will be their part less and less in the days that are to come, and the other will be their part more and more. In the meantime, men and women—pioneers together—will lay the foundation of the prosperous days to be.

### Editor's Note

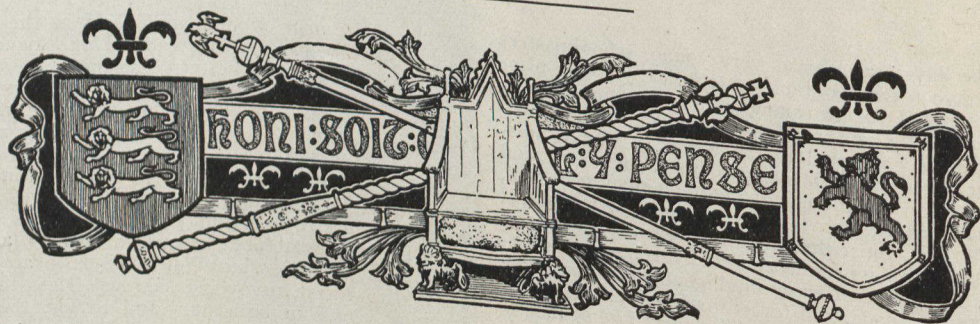
THE above article will be of special importance to our readers at this season when the western harvest is the great centre of Canadian speculation and interest. The Premier's western tour has been taken at a time when agricultural conditions may be observed to greatest advantage, and the following items relating to his progress may be quoted:

Speaking from his car at Ponoka, Sir Wilfrid briefly reiterated his welcome to the new-comers, of whom there are many in that district, and urged them to contribute by energy and effort to the future of their Canadian homeland.

At Lacombe, where a stop was made to enable the party to visit Alberta's experimental farm, the Premier addressed himself especially to the women. He found no agitation for women suffrage, but he

had been proud to notice the important part the women of the west were performing in creating a country of happy and contented homesteads. He appealed to them to keep the standard of Canadian life high and to inspire their husbands and brothers to take an active and intelligent interest in civic and national affairs. Superintendent Hutton conducted the ministerial party in an auto trip of inspection over the experimental farm, covering a half section and three years old, rejoining the train west of the town. The farm is modelled on the lines of the older eastern institutions and is situated in the Lacombe Valley, the richest portion of Alberta. The Provincial Government is enthusiastic over the results being attained.

A reference to climatic conditions in winter elicited from the Premier a sparkling eulogy. "For my part," said he, "I have no fault to find with the Canadian climate. Some few years ago Rudyard Kipling, the Imperial poet, referring to Canada as 'Our Lady of the Snows,' caused some critics to find fault with the title. I approve the appellation. The climate of Canada is the glory of Canada. It is the climate of Canada which puts the bloom upon the cheeks of the better half of the audience before me. When I rise on a winter morning and see the smoke rising in the atmosphere one hundred feet above the chimneys, perpendicularly in the clear, cold, still air, I know what it is that makes our men strong and our women beautiful."



## Afternoon Tea with the Queen

MOST of us, even those who never expect to enter Buckingham Palace, have more or less curiosity concerning royal teas and receptions. This account, by M. A. P. refers to the entertainment offered by Queen Alexandra, but is nevertheless of interest to the feminine world, which always desires to know how the hostess entertained.

Of all royal entertainments, afternoon tea at Buckingham Palace is quite the most informal and least ceremonious. It is served, on ordinary occasions, in the Queen's boudoir in Her Majesty's personal apartments, unless the party is exceptionally large, when it is served in the beautiful apartment known as the writing-room, but which is really a drawing-room.

The Queen, during the London season, invites at regular intervals a few favored friends to afternoon tea; the invitations are written by Her Majesty, and guests are "asked" to come and not "commanded," as is usual in an ordinary invitation from royalty; though, of course, a lady honored with an invitation from Her Majesty regards it in the light of a command.

Guests are asked to come at half-past four, and are expected to arrive punctually. If the Queen is present when a guest arrives, the latter curtsies to Her Majesty, and is then asked to sit down by one of the ladies-in-waiting. But, as a general rule, the Queen does not come into the room until her guests have assembled. All rise and curtsy when Her Majesty enters the apartment, but beyond this necessary mark of respect to the Sovereign's Consort, there is no ceremony.

If the guests are few, the Queen shakes hands with each, but, if there are more than three or four, Her Majesty simply bows before she sits down.

Tea is served by two grooms of the chambers. The service generally used is of Sèvres china that belongs to the King's Sèvres collection, the bulk of which is at Windsor Castle. The teapot, sugar-basins, and cream jugs are of old Georgian silver, and are very massive in design. When only two or three friends of Her Majesty are present, the Queen sometimes pours out tea herself, but more commonly this office is performed by a lady-in-waiting, and the tea and cakes are handed to the guests by two other of Her Majesty's ladies.

Servants are not called upon to wait when tea is served in the Queen's personal apartments. In the summer months Her Majesty sometimes has tea in the gardens at Buckingham Palace, in the afternoon. On such occasions the guests are rather more numerous and the meal more elaborate, ices, strawberries and cream and champagne cup being served with it, and the royal servants are, of course, in attendance.

When other members of the royal family are asked to afternoon tea, the guests are always limited to members of the household and the wives of Queen's guests, but the Sovereign's presence makes no difference in the informal character of the gathering; the guests rise and curtsy when the King enters, but do not remain standing.

Of course, Her Majesty's guests at afternoon tea are all in the immediate entourage of royalty and thoroughly familiar with the atmosphere of the court, and there is no more awkwardness or restraint among them than there would be at a small gathering of intimate friends in any degree of society. At these exclusive little entertainments Her Majesty talks quite freely about the doings of the court and her plans for the immediate future, and she likes to hear from her friends any news of the doings of the general society.

Sometimes the Queen's guests will learn from Her Majesty of a coming royal visit, or possibly a royal engagement, long before the news is officially announced to the public. Naturally, all such information is imparted in confidence, to violate which would be as grave a breach of honor as it would be for a member of the government to divulge a cabinet secret. The secrets of the cabinet are, indeed, not more jealously guarded than the secrets of the court; both are known to several people, but they practically never leak out before the proper time.

Her Majesty is occasionally entertained to afternoon tea by some of her intimate friends. On such occasions the Queen's hostess must deny herself to all other callers, with the exception of members of the royal family, whilst the Queen is with her. If other callers happen to be in the room when the Queen arrives, it is etiquette for them at once to take leave of their hostess.



## HOUSEHOLD DECORATION

THE autumn months are generally a season of preparation for the stern, cold days which are to come. There are usually several rooms to be re-papered or refurnished. There are summer rugs and hangings to be put away, and cosier winter equipment to be secured.

There are also table appointments to be considered, and in connection with this subject it may be well to reflect upon the words of a Canadian authority on "Housecraft" who remarks:

It is a far cry from the handsome, dignified appointments of the dinner-table in a home that for generations has sheltered the descendants of some family of distinction, to the glittering array of distressingly new, gorgeous, but rather heterogeneous articles acquired with ill-considered haste by the inexperienced home-maker or that have, perhaps, been bestowed on a young couple in the form of wedding presents by friends of every degree of taste and judgment. Better by far the bare simplicity of cheerful poverty, unpretending but honest than the sham grandeur which in the shape of elaborate electro-plated ware, "near china," or cut glass, and fallals of one kind or another disfigure so many dinner-tables in modern middle-class homes. The eye quickly wearies of a confusion of bright colors, intricate patterns, and unusual designs, and turns gratefully from such an inartistic welter to the unstudied effects that in the truly tasteful home seem to compose themselves as a matter of course by the mere necessary juxtaposition of articles at once beautiful and serviceable.

Thus, for the guidance of beginners in housecraft, or those in doubt, it may be laid down as an axiom that mere decorative details or accessories for the dinner-table should be carefully shunned, while all possible care and taste should be lavished in the direction of making its necessary features beautiful and dignified.

With handsome, heavy napery, cutlery of the best quality and simplest forms; china of a recognized design or period, in which colors and gilding are used rather sparingly than otherwise; glass that is crystal-clear, not necessarily "cut" to death; a bowl of pleasing shape or a few slender vases filled with sweet flowers; graceful or massive candlesticks of silver, or in the mellow Sheffield plate—this is all the equipment necessary for the proper celebration of the most formal rites associated with the ceremonious service of the evening meal.

Those who wander far from this standard of severe simplicity rarely achieve satisfactory results. Artistic enjoyment is not derived from what dazzles the eyes but only from what charms and soothes them. The aim, therefore, of all good housekeepers should be to strive for dignified effects in the dining-room rather than for merely showy or surprising ones.

A WRITER for *The Gentlewoman*, in discussing good taste in household decoration, remarks:

It is in curtains, walls, carpets and draperies that the real opportunity for the display of good taste begins, and it is just here where mistakes are oftenest made.

In the matter of wall decorations there is little to be said; for America has the finest and the most artistic wall papers in the world.

And the combining of the plain papers in the soft, dull colors with the bright flowered patterns is carried out in the homes all over the land in a fashion which is not equalled in any other country. The damask papers, rich and thick almost as the real brocades which they are made to imitate, make wall coverings for the salon and the reception rooms which it takes a close observer to distinguish from the expensive silks which are so much in fashion in France for the panelled walls.

The fashion of dividing off the walls into panels like so many pictures is, by the way, an almost wholly French custom. The French salon is divided into so many panels, between which there is wood carving, or a stucco which imitates it. After this each panel has its appropriate picture, and usually, before it sits a certain chair or other piece of furniture. This gives a stiff, formal look to the average French salon which is much criticized by strangers, and with reason.

In the matter of ceilings, it is the Italians who, of all the civilized people of the earth, have

the handsomest and most elaborately decorated ones. The French put in a lot of stucco in artistic patterns, but they usually leave these white. But the color-loving Italians have inherited their taste for gilded and painted ceilings from their old masters, from Raphael and Leonardo. The churches in Italy have in the ceilings masses of gilding and paintings in gorgeous colors. So that the ordinary Italian house painter or decorator is perfectly capable, with a few strokes of the brush, of turning the commonest ceiling into a pleasing picture of sky and flowers, in which the color scheme is most artistic.

We have taken up this idea in many of our wall papers, and now we have charming ceilings which come ready for putting up, and which give a much warmer, more pleasant effect to a room than the old-fashioned white ceilings. All shades of green, in the treatment of walls, are in such vogue at present that the rest have been pretty much neglected. The two dangerous rivals of the greens are the dull blues in several tones, and the Venetian reds. The green color scheme for interior decorations of all sorts undoubtedly comes from England, where it has attained its highest state of perfection. Some of the Londoners go to the extreme of painting their front doors a bright green or even red, and this is being followed in Colonial houses in America. And the stranger, passing through the miles of dull-looking brick houses, which seem never to have had a coat of paint, is startled, here and there, by seeing a bright green door peeping out, with perhaps a bright red one next door. It shocks at first, but,

on the whole, it gives an idea of good cheer within.

The thing which the visitor sees first on entering a room is the window. For it is in the dressing of the windows that one may best gauge the calibre of the hostess. And here, again, the American woman has much to be thankful for. For, however attractive the French windows opening in the middle for the full length, as they do, they are very difficult to drape and arrange.

The American style, besides letting in much less cold and draught, is altogether more accommodating when it comes to the subject of the curtains. With a drapery across the top, the arrangement can be a fixed affair, whereas the drapery for the French windows must always have cords to pull it back in order to open the windows ever so little. Unless, indeed, one resorts to that system current in France of building out the canopy at the top to permit the window to open inside of it.

I once knew an old French lady in America who, although she had lived in the country for thirty years, always bumped her head against the raised window sash when she tried to look out of doors. And in France the American can never get used to the pulling of a half dozen pairs of cords before they attempt to open the window, and even if they do not bump their heads they tear the curtains on the corners of the windows, and get into a temper at the "unpractical French."

Any properly dressed window should have not less than three pairs of curtains and draperies not counting the blind, which makes four. The first one which goes over the glass can be of any thin material not to shut out the light, or it may be tinted so that any desired tone may filter into a room. Raw daylight for a reception room is not desirable.

French women are fond of putting pale pink tulle or net over the window pane. Net is the most practical, as it washes and is not expensive. If it fades it can easily be dipped. The next curtains are also white, open in the middle, and draped back. These are oftenest of lace, or a combination of lace and muslin or tulle. But there is such a rage for net at present, the nets, both in white and creams, are being worked out into delightful patterns for the second pair to the window.

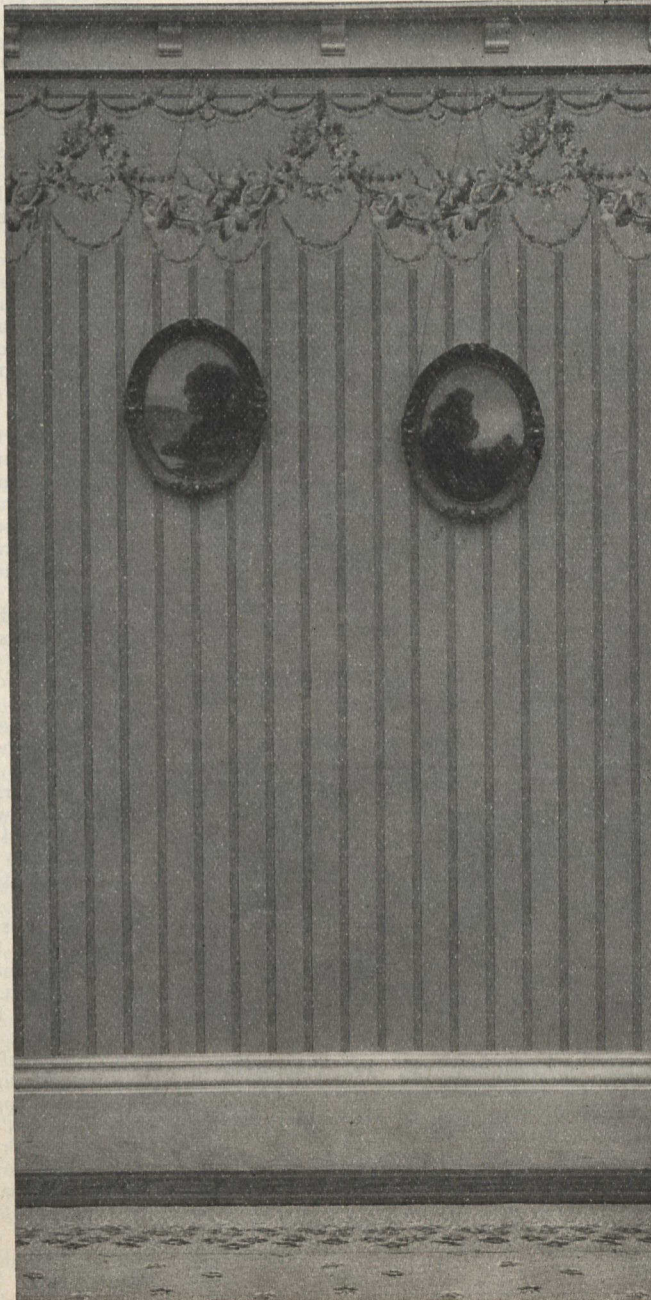
This is done in Paris in various ways, either in wash ribbons, tone on tone or in colored ribbons. The patterns are applied on the tulle in bow knots, into flower designs and in art patterns too numerous to mention. Some snappy ones are done in the creton flowers cut out, or in the much-revived toile de jony, which is much the same thing, only handsomer. It is sometimes only the top of the curtain which is thus treated, leaving the lower portion loose and light. Net in some form or another has for the moment almost completely ousted the old conventional lace curtain, which for modern grace is considered much too heavy and stiff.

The third pair of curtains is, of course, the drapery, which must be in keeping with the rugs, or carpets, and with the furniture of a room. It is practically only this third pair which cost anything. A drapery should be selected which is not stiff. The handsomest of all is the silk damask in raised patterns of the same tone, and these lined with a soft plain silk.

At present there is a furore for applique curtains, which were first brought out by Liberty of London. A sort of rep silk, which may be part cotton, is usually employed in light, or the art colors, and on to these are applied the tortuous patterns in another color of a darker shade generally, or in a darker tone of the same shade.

But in the selection of curtains, or rather, most of all of the draperies, the room to be furnished must be considered, and also the kind and color of the wall decorations. The curtains of all the windows in a home should be made as far as possible to look alike from the outside, but here the likeness ceases.

For decorations in the sleeping rooms the canopies for beds are important. The old style affair which covered the bed in such a way as to hinder the free passage of the air is, of course, not to be thought of. There is such a thing as placing a curtain around the back and head of the bed against the wall, which gives much more the look of luxury and finish than a bare wall, and which in no way interferes with the hygienic arrangement of the room.



THE "RIENZI"—A DAINTY WALL PAPER.

# A FOLORN VICTIM

## The Tragedy of a Drunkard's Wife

By GEORGE EDGAR GULLEN

IT was early after dinner one frosty winter's day. I was sitting in my office in the little Ontario town of Bradford. Who I was, and why I was there, you, gentle reader, might easily have discovered had you been sitting beside me—that is, provided you were sufficiently endowed with learning and patience to read the notice, painted in black characters, upon the frosted pane of my office window. The characters would appear backwards and upside down of course (as the world and life itself might, if you were ill enough to consult me). There, without intending to do so, I have told you who or what I am. Yes, I'm a modern medicine man, and I might as well tell you that that notice upon my office window reads thus:

DR. J. B. EDGAR  
OFFICE HOURS—  
8—9 a.m.  
1—2 p.m.  
6—8 p.m.

That is what I was doing that wintry afternoon, spelling out the sign upon the window, waiting for the patients who seldom came. So I had waited day after day. So am I waiting still. Bradford is provokingly healthy. I looked wearily at my watch—one-ten. Only ten minutes of that tedious hour gone. How could I idle the time away? I snapped my watch shut viciously, and picked up a newspaper.

Just then the office-door bell rang sharply. I threw the newspaper upon the table standing in the corner, sat down hastily before my desk, and snatched from the shelf a dust-covered, and ponderous volume on fevers, written by the very learned Dr. Pillbody of Spokane. I heard Joe, my handy boy, answer the ring. He came towards my office, through the outer hall, oh! so slowly. "Wise boy that," I muttered. Yes, some one was actually with him. Just as the door slowly opened, I reached up with one hand for a bottle of salts, while with the other I kept open my place in the stiff volume before me.

"The Rev. Mr. Sinclair," announced Joe. I dropped the bottle I held, and it broke upon my desk. (I didn't care. The salts were stale anyway.) I allowed the weighty book to turn its own stiff pages at its own free will, and swung around in my chair.

"Hello, Sinclair," I cried, perhaps a little too familiarly, for he was my pastor; just newly arrived at that; had been with us but a week. However, "Sin," (as we used to call him) and I had been at Varsity together, back in the dear old college days; and of course that made a difference—didn't it?

"Do you want a physic, sir?" I asked, in mock "seri-voce." (That's bad Latin, but I don't care. You may correct it, reader, if you can.)

"Oh, no," smilingly replied the Rev. George Sinclair. "I just thought I'd drop in for a few minutes and see you at your work."

Then he laughed, the rogue! See me at my work, indeed! I expected no work to do, and I believe he knew it, too.

Then the bell rang again. I could have shouted "Eureka." I didn't; I just looked as indifferent as I possible could. My eyes, however, nearly burned a hole in the ceiling as I waited for Joe to open that door. Would the boy never come!

"Mrs. Silverthorne," piped Joe's voice at the open door. You are thinking, I know, kind reader (if ever I have any, and that the Lord only knows), that this "announcing business" was an innovation in a country-town doctor's office. So it was. That was one reason why I kept Joe. He was a Bradford boy, and knew everybody and his brother, about town. The "announcing business" I thought would be a drawing card. It didn't draw very much, however, but I had always kept it up, and I do still.

I stood up as the lady entered. Yes, though dressed very humbly, anyone could see she was a lady. Her hair was almost white, though her face appeared too young for such a token of extreme old age. But her eyes! they held you; they haunted you; they made that choking feeling come up into your throat. They were beautiful eyes, to be sure; but they were more than that; they were so expressive! They told a whole life's story to you in a look, and oh! such a sad story.

Sinclair, who also had risen at the lady's entrance, looked at her curiously, and, I suppose fearing he was intruding, withdrew silently into another room.

I gave Mrs. Silverthorne the medicine she asked for. Her heart was weak, some medical men would have said. I knew it had broken years ago; but, broken or not broken, she had forced it to its painful task, day after day, through all those years. She felt she had to live. She had her duty to perform. But now her duty, she felt, was about done; and each day her heart grew weaker as her desire for heaven and rest grew stronger. I knew I could do her no permanent good; and, I believe, she knew it, too. She suffered a good deal of pain at times, and I tried to ease it for her as much as I dared.

As Sinclair heard the outer door shut, upon her departure, he returned to the office. I saw the questioning look upon his face, so, without waiting for him to ask his question, I said, "All right, old man! Sit down in that easy chair and I'll relate to you the story those eyes of hers tell."

"You remember Jack Silverthorne, Sin, who graduated at Varsity in 188—?"

"I do," he replied briefly, with a look of wonder coming into his eyes.

"Well, Mrs. Silverthorne, the lady whom you saw in my office just now, is his widow. He is the story of those eyes. But—by the way, you shouldn't have run away just now. You should have allowed me to introduce you. She's one of your parishioners now. You surely saw her sitting in church last Sunday morning? She sat near the front on your left. Her daughter, Alice, was with her. I warrant you saw the daughter, the prettiest young lady in all Bradford."

"Yes, yes," said Sinclair, "but go on with your story."

So I continued. "Silverthorne and I were both of us born in this town; and we grew up here together. My father was the merchant of the town; Silverthorne was the only son of Bradford's only lawyer. Nellie Maynard (the lady whom you saw just now) was my predecessor, Dr. Maynard's only child. Her mother died when she was but three years of age—Maynard never married again.

"Silverthorne, senior, and Dr. Maynard were great cronies. They drank together; (for both drank heavily, but no one ever saw either of them the worse of liquor); they played chess together up in the village reading-room; they went canvassing Tory votes together, and died, finally, within a week of each other.

"My father was of old Puritan stock, and too straight-laced to be on very familiar terms with either Maynard or Silverthorne. However, in our boyhood, Jack Silverthorne and I were great friends—quite the David and Jonathan style, until—well, wait and learn.

"Nellie Maynard was the brightest, prettiest and most popular girl at school, both at the public school, and later at the high school. Jack was taller and handsomer and cleverer, too, than I; good-natured, a general favorite in and out of school. It was only natural that he and Nellie should early be very friendly, since they were so well matched, as the old ladies say, and their fathers were such close friends.

"I thought I loved Nellie, too, at that time and consequently my high school days were rather unhappy ones. But the passing years have helped me a little." (Sinclair's eyes softened. He had often asked me, jokingly, why I had never married. I had never told him until now.)

"We three, Nellie, Jack and I, matriculated in the same spring. I left for Varsity the next fall; but John remained in Bradford two years longer, studying law with his father. Then he, too, came down to Varsity and Nellie went to some ladies' college in the east. Jack and Nellie were betrothed.

"You know Silverthorne's college life as well as I do, Sinclair. Brilliant fellow, wasn't he! He took old Varsity by storm, on the campus, and in study halls, too. He graduated, finally, at the head of his year.

"But you, being a 'theologue,' didn't see the more seamy side of Silverthorne's life down there. I knew all about it. I really loved the fellow, with a kind of dog-like love perhaps. He outshone me as the sun the stars, but for that and plenty more I forgave him. He drank and gambled heavily, went at it like he went at everything else, with all his might. I had little influence over him. I just stood by and tried to keep away all the trouble I could.

"I graduated and came back home, a full-fledged M.D.; he went to Osgoode for two years. Father bought out Dr. Maynard's practice for me, and I started into work, very hopeful, and ambitious. (The years that are gone have tempered both somewhat.) Nellie, returning that same year from the east, heard of Jack's wild ways in Toronto and remonstrated with him. Silverthorne blamed me for telling Nellie of his dissipation, and our first severe disagreement arose from that. I had worried a good deal, for her sake and his as well, over Jack's wild ways; but, though I felt Nellie ought to know, I never peached on Jack, nor, to this day, do I know how she learned of Jack's wickedness.

"I had been practising medicine a year in Bradford, when Jack was admitted to the bar, and came home to take up his father's law practice. The next June Jack and Nellie were married. He had straightened up splendidly, owing to Nellie's influence over him; had signed a total abstinence pledge, and had joined the church, in spite of his father's pooh-poohing. Old man Silverthorne had never worried over Jack's careless ways. He had but laughed at them, and said Jack was only sowing his wild oats, and would make the better man for it, eventually. He had been wild himself, in the same way when he was young. So he laughed at Jack's sudden, and apparently complete, reformation.

"Jack had built a handsome new home for Nellie and himself beside his father's fine old mansion. He worked hard and kept himself perfectly straight. He was making both money and a name for himself as a brilliant, and rising young lawyer. The sight of Nellie's happy face in those days did me good. She was perfectly happy, and so proud of her clever and handsome young husband; and well she might be. I was proud of him, too; for Jack and I were now fast friends again.

"Then Dr. Maynard died, and a little while after old man Silverthorne went over the river to rejoin his old friend. Dr. Maynard died almost a pauper. His practice had never been very lucrative (alas, I was fast finding that out for myself), and he had always been rather extravagant in his living, for a country-town doctor. What amount of property and money Silverthorne, senior, left behind him the town did not know, but it must have been quite considerable in extent and value.

"It was nearly a year after his father's death that Jack's troubles began. He had been ambitious to become very wealthy, and quickly. He began speculating. You remember Jim Skinner, who was with the class of '82 for a while?"

"I remember him," replied Sinclair. "I'll never forget his cold, cruel, uncanny face. He got kicked out of college for some nasty business and went into the stock broking business."

"Yes, that's the fellow. Well, he came down here to Bradford and took in Jack Silverthorne. Skinner must have been pretty clever to do it, for Jack was no novice. Anyway Jack got hit, and hit hard. He lost about all he had, even to his beautiful house. The night he learned of his loss he went up to the hotel and got drunk. They sent for me to come and take him home. I shall never forget the look that swept over Nellie Silverthorne's beautiful, cultured face, as she saw Jack's condition. At first her black eyes flashed wicked fire, and she shrank loathingly from him. Then she burst into tears and wrapped her arms lovingly about him, as if to protect him from all future



shame and harm; while he leered, with all a drunken man's beastly stupidity, into her face.

"That was but the beginning of the end. For about another year Jack kept up a show of respectability. His little wife stood by him nobly. They had a little baby girl now, and, at first, that seemed to help Jack some. But his business was going to pieces fast. He lost case after case that he should have won. He was no longer reliable. Two more years passed. They were indeed wretched years for the Silverthornes. Nellie's face was white and thin now, and her hair was already beginning to show streaks of grey, but still she tried to smile bravely at the world, and to help her broken husband.

"Then a little son was born to them. It proved to be but a weak, and sickly child. It lived but a few months. Nellie was far from well herself now. She grew thinner, and thinner, and her face grew sadder and whiter with each passing month. When her little boy died, we thought she would go, too; but she pulled around right from the brink of the grave. I believe it was her great love for Jack and her little daughter (her only child now, and her only comfort), that kept her out of heaven through that awful winter.



"Jack was no good at all to her now; rather, he was a burden, and, sometimes, worse than a nuisance. They had no money left, and only a miserable home. They had moved into a poor, low, frame cottage on the edge of the town. Jack really did nothing but hang around the hotel, and drink, whenever he could find a quarter of a dollar, or a friend to treat him. I learned that Nellie was trying to keep a roof over their heads, and bread in their mouths, by doing plain sewing for Bradford families. She had had a good education in that eastern ladies' college. She was a fair musician and language student. She could sketch and paint a little, too, but she was not prepared to earn her living in any one special line. She couldn't even teach a public school, for she did not hold the necessary certificates. So she did plain sewing and nearly starved. Too many Bradford people, I fear, were secretly glad over the 'come-down,' as they styled it, that had over-taken Nellie Silverthorne; for Dr. Maynard and his pretty daughter had been very proud, and even arrogant, in the former days. So Nellie Maynard, and later, Mrs. John Silverthorne, in the early years of her married life, had been envied, and, accordingly, disliked, by not a few. Oh! it must have hurt Nellie Silverthorne's proud heart to see, and understand, their petty, devilish pleasure, as she came and went amongst them, a common, despised seamstress; but she never allowed her pain to appear in speech or look. She held her queenly head as high as ever and quietly faced her awful fate.

"There came a day, however, when even her sewing failed her. Many Bradford families did much of their own plain sewing, I fancy; and other, and more skilful sewing talent came to our little town. She and her little girl knew hunger and cold, very often, in those days, I fear.

"One day she came into this office, once her father's, carrying her little daughter in her arms. She was very pale and I asked after her health, thinking she came for professional aid.

"She smiled at me sadly. 'I have not come for medical advice, Dr. Edgar,' she said. 'I came to see—' she faltered and the tears came into her eyes. Then she raised her chin, and went on calmly and bravely. 'I came to see if you would allow me to scrub out your office. I am in sore need of the money you might pay me for my work. I have had no sewing to do for over two weeks now, and I can seemingly get nothing else to do.'

"Nellie Maynard scrub out my office? Never! Then I did a foolish thing, though I meant it kindly enough God knows, I offered her money. She drew herself up proudly, and, without one word, withdrew. I saw her walk down the street to yonder hotel. I saw her enter. Good God! What did she purpose doing! I walked up and down my office in a frenzy of suspense, keeping my eye upon the hotel door. She had not come out again. I could stand it no longer. I went over to the hotel and entered the sitting room. I did not know what I intended doing nor what I expected to see. Mrs. Silverthorne was not in the sitting room, but I found her little daughter there, carefully wrapped up upon the old hair-cloth sofa. I passed into the hall and called for Orr, the hotel-keeper. He came at my call and I asked him if he had seen Mrs. Silverthorne.

"Yes, I have,' he said, with a meaning smile and a wink that sickened me, and made me feel like knocking the fellow down. 'She's in there,' concluded Orr, briefly waving his fat hand towards the bar-room, from which I could hear the clink of glasses, and the filthy oaths and language of drinking men. Wondering, fearing, I entered the bar-room. Sinclair, I saw there a sight that would make a good man curse his fellows, and almost doubt God himself, for allowing such things to come to pass. There was cultured, educated, once beautiful and wealthy, Nellie Silverthorne, down upon her knees scrubbing the floor. She was working for her baby girl.

"At the bar drinking, and calling upon his companions to join him, stood Jack Silverthorne, once the handsome and clever young lawyer. At length, thoroughly intoxicated, he turned from the bar. He fumbled clumsily in his pocket for the coin that was not there. His bleared eyes fell to the floor, and he saw his wife scrubbing out the bar-room he and his companions made hideous with oaths, coarse stories, and all manner of foulness. The sight, at first, troubled him in spite of his intoxication. That soon passed, however, and, with a rough laugh, and a coarser oath, he turned to the saloon-keeper, saying (with a wave of his hand towards the kneeling woman), 'Or, you can take the price of the drinks out of her pay when she is through.'

"Sinclair, I committed murder there and then, in my heart. But I did want to kill him? Jack Silverthorne could speak that way to his wife! Nellie Maynard, whom, but six short years ago, he had promised 'to love, cherish, and keep, in sickness, and in health, until death did them part!' It was awful! My brain was on fire with the thought of it! I took a step towards Silverthorne, but the look on Nellie's face halted me. I looked at her in awe, in fear. She had stood erect at the sound of her husband's voice. Her face was fairly livid! and may I never see again in woman's eyes the look she hurled at her husband. Congreve must have seen just such a look in a woman's eyes when he wrote:

'Heaven knows no rage like love to hatred turned,  
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.'

She said nothing, absolutely nothing, Sinclair, but she just looked at him in that way that makes me shudder yet to recall. Then she placed both hands over her heart and went out of the bar-

room. We heard her call to her little girl, and then we heard them go away.

"We men stood in that bar-room for a time, as still as death, after Nellie Silverthorne had left the hotel. We were frightened, each and all of us. I believe we feared a sudden striking of the vengeance of God in our midst. But God didn't strike. (He does not seem to work in that way nowadays. I wonder why? But that's more along your line, Sinclair. You can tell us all about it next Sunday; if you know anything more about it than the rest of us.)

"After the power of locomotion came back I took poor, drunken Silverthorne home with me. When he had sobered up I told him what he had done, and I added a few embellishments of my own composition. No! his dissipation had not crushed all the man out of him—brute as he was! As he learned what he had done his face became as grey as the shadow of death. When I had finished he dropped his face in his hands and wept. I had never seen Jack weep before, not even as a boy.

"Jim,' brokenly, he said, at length, 'take me home to Nellie.'

We went out together to his poor, little cottage. He went in alone. Only the angels, and God know what passed between husband and wife under that humble roof that morning.

Bye and bye Jack came out to me, softly closing the door behind him. Oh! the look on Jack's face! I imagine just such a light might rest upon the face of some poor sinner who, expecting to be banished to the darkest hell by God, had been forgiven, and called close up to the throne. 'Jim,' Jack whispered, 'she's forgiven me, and I'm going back home with you to fight, and you've got to stand by me, and see me safe back to manhood.' His big, black eyes burned into my brain, as he spoke to me in that awed whisper.

"So Jack and I came back here together to fight his appetite. The week that followed was the darkest and longest I've ever put in in all my life. Please God I don't care for another one like it. There was little I could do to help Jack. What I could I did. He was dreadfully run down, and that told against him in his struggle. His long, and terrible dissipation had weakened him, body and mind. The odds were fearfully against him, but Nellie's spirit fought with us.

"Sometimes, when the desire was strong upon him, I'd hitch my little thoroughbred mare to the open buggy and give Jack the lines, getting in beside him and saying to him, 'now drive like the devil, Jack, and forget if you can,' and he would. That week ruined my little mare, and Jack and I had many a narrow escape from accident in those wicked drives. One night, the worst night he had but one, he gave up entirely, and declared he would have a drink. I got him into my bed-room by promising him a drink. I never gave it to him. I knew if he got that first drink it would be the end of his struggle. When he saw me lock the door upon him and myself, and put the key in my pocket, he turned upon me like a wild beast. His eyes were blood-shot. Foam gathered upon his lips. He cursed me, his wife, his child, all men, and God himself. Then he threw himself upon me. We fought. At first I thought he would kill me, but eventually I succeeded in over-coming him. I struck him very heavily, and he passed into blessed unconsciousness. I put him into bed, and went away, keeping the door locked. The next morning he thanked me, in a choking voice, and with tears in his eyes. Jack gained ground rapidly after that. I was beginning to feel quite easy about him at last. I was sure now he would win.

"It was towards the end of the week, when, one evening, a very urgent call came to me from about ten miles out in the country. I asked Jack to come with me. He declined, however, saying I would need to make quick time, and his added weight would impede me. He gripped my hand and said he would be all right. I looked into his eyes and believed him. It was just breaking day when I came driving easily homeward the next morning. I felt sleepy but quite pleased with myself and all the world; for I knew I had saved two lives, a mother and her new-born babe.

"At the railway crossing, on the edge of the town, my jaded horse shied suddenly and nearly ditched me. I drew him up sharply and then—I got out of my buggy and knelt beside Jack Silverthorne's body, as it lay huddled in a heap in the ditch by the side of the railroad track. He was quite dead, had been dead some time. It was quite apparent that he had been drinking heavily, and that he had been struck, and thrown where he lay, by a passing train.

"I could prove nothing, but I felt convinced in my own mind, and am to this day, that Orr was to blame for Jack's fall. Orr had sworn to have Jack drunk before a week, when he had heard of Silverthorne's attempt at reform. All the boys about town had bets up on the same issue. I had known about it all but had thought little of it, and so had paid absolutely no attention to Orr's boast.



"I found an empty liquor bottle lying upon my office desk. That it had come from Orr's I knew, but I couldn't prove that Orr had brought it. I am convinced, however, that Orr must have seen me leave without Jack early in the evening, and had gone up with that liquor after I had driven away, and tempted Jack to his death.

"We never knew whether poor Silverthorne had committed suicide in remorse after his fall or not. The crossing where he was killed was but a few rods from his own cottage door. He may have been going home to his wife and child, and been accidentally killed, or, his remorse might have overcome him as he neared his home and—but I always try to give him the benefit of the doubt.

"Yes, the blow was a terrible one to Nellie Silverthorne, just when she had begun to hope again. Her hair, that night, turned as white as you saw it to-day. Her eyes have told that story ever since that night, as they told it to you to-day.

"She lived for her little daughter. She would accept no charity. The God who watches over the sparrow alone knows how she lived. Her daughter now teaches our town school, and in her turn cares for her mother. Mother and daughter live together out there on the edge of the town, still, by the railroad crossing, in the same humble, frame-cottage. Mrs. Silverthorne will not leave it. I fear, however, she will be compelled to leave it soon and go out upon her last, long journey. Her broken heart has nearly finished its work. When she is gone, the daughter will be left alone! Sinclair, it's your duty to go and visit them, and do them all the good you can."

I ended by narrative abruptly and turned Sinclair out. Then I ordered my horse around. It was nearly four o'clock and I had a few calls to make in the country.





# CANADIAN WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB

AT the sixth annual meeting of the Canadian Women's Press Club, held in Toronto on June 23rd, 1910, an arrangement was accepted, by which the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL places at the disposal of the Club a column or more in the monthly issue of the JOURNAL, for the publishing of items regarding the business of the Club and the professional work of its members. The Club has now reached a membership which gives it national standing, indeed, and, in this age of manifold feminine activities, most women are interested in the work of those who are in the field of journalism.

The officers elected at the recent annual meeting were:

Honorary President—Mrs. Walker, Winnipeg.

President—Miss Marjory MacMurchy, Toronto.

Vice-President for British Columbia and Alberta—Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, Vancouver, B.C.

Vice-President for Saskatchewan and Manitoba—Mrs. Bennett, Regina, Sask.

Vice-President for Ontario and Quebec—Miss Alice Read, Port Arthur, Ont.

Vice-President for Maritime Provinces—Miss L. M. Montgomery, Cavendish, P.E.I.

Recording Secretary—Miss L. Beynon, Winnipeg, Man.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Margaret L. Fairbairn, 18 King St. west, Toronto.

Treasurer—Miss Jane Wells Fraser, Toronto.

Historian—Miss Katherine Hughes, Edmonton.

Auditor—Miss Florence Lediard, Winnipeg.

During the year the Club had suffered a great loss in the death of its beloved ex-president, Miss Barry of Montreal, known to the journalistic world as "Françoise." Acting on the suggestion of Mrs. Walker, the Club sent a donation of \$25 to the sufferers from the *Herald* disaster in memory of Françoise.

Miss Marjory MacMurchy of Toronto, who was elected President for 1909-1910, and who was re-elected for the triennial term, 1910-1913, is eminently qualified, both by inheritance and training, to fill such a responsible position. Her father, Mr. Archibald MacMurchy, held for many years the position of Rector of Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute and has written copiously on literary and historical topics. Ever since the new management of *The News*, Miss MacMurchy has been in charge of the department of book reviews. She was the author of a most interesting series of special articles, "Going to Church in Toronto," and has also contributed regularly to the editorial columns of *The News*.

Miss MacMurchy has also contributed to *The Globe*, and is now a regular contributor to the *Canadian Courier*. This lady of versatile talent also writes a weekly column of home-like comment for one of our Canadian weeklies, over a delightfully quaint pen-name.

Miss MacMurchy has written many stories, first for *Toronto Saturday Night*, also for *University Magazine*, *Harper's Bazar*, *Short Stories*, *Canadian Magazine*. Articles from her pen have appeared in the *New York Bookman*, the *Book Buyer* and *The Interior* of Chicago. Miss MacMurchy has also enjoyed the unusual distinction of having an article in the *London Times*. The Empire Day edition of that great journal contained an article by her on the subject of Canadian women.

Miss MacMurchy is a thorough and enthusiastic Canadian and is acquainted more extensively than many of our Club members with the "far places" of our Dominion. Last year she travelled through the West and has also spent many summers in Prince Edward Island, now known to the literary world as the dwelling-place of "Anne of Green Gables." May the Club enjoy under her presidency three years of progress and success!

The Canadian Women's Press Club laments the death of one of its members whose work and personality had endeared her to many friends. Mrs. Sharon of Regina died in June, very shortly after the annual meeting of the Club. Mrs. Bennett kindly notified the President, and Mrs. Fairbairn, the Corresponding Secretary, sent flowers from the Canadian Women's Press Club to the home of Mr. Freek in St. Thomas, with a letter conveying the sorrow and sympathy of the Club. The funeral took place in St. Thomas.

Mrs. Sharon, who was a member of the staff of the *Regina Standard* was born in St. Thomas, Ont. She was the daughter of Mr. J. P. Freek, Assessment Commissioner of that city. She graduated from Alma Ladies' College in 1901, later taking post-graduate work in vocal and instrumental music. After having taught for a year in St. Thomas, she studied music under Dudley Buck in New York and became one of the instructors in music in Alma Ladies' College. Since leaving St. Thomas, Mrs. Sharon has lived in Regina where she held a position as soprano soloist in the Metropolitan Methodist Church.

Before going West, Mrs. Sharon was a contributor to the musical columns of the *Toronto World*. In Regina she was the musical and dramatic critic of *The Standard*. Her criticism, which was signed "Clef," was highly valued both by the public and by the journal in which her work appeared. Mrs. Sharon attended the Sangerfest of the Saskatchewan Musical Association held in Saskatoon in May as the representative of *The Standard*, and while carrying on her work caught cold. Her death followed from pneumonia in about three weeks. The Canadian Women's Press Club has lost a valued member. They extend their deep sympathy to Mr. Sharon and to the little daughter only three years of age.

In the leading editorial published on the day following Mrs. Sharon's death, *The Standard* says it is no idle tribute when they say that Mrs. Sharon's place will be exceedingly hard to fill.

"Only those who were privileged to become well acquainted with the deceased lady were in a position to know her worth. True as steel, faithful and impartial to a degree in discharging duties which at times were trying indeed, we have known her to be, and the writer recognized in her a woman of a type which is a rarity in the present day. Her newspaper work connection afforded one of the pleasures of her life and it is the more therefore the regret of *The Standard* that the fatal illness of Mrs. Sharon was contracted while discharging duties for this paper at the Musical Festival at Saskatoon in May."

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Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone MacKay, President of the Vancouver Women's Press Club, has brought honor on the C. W. P. C. by winning the one-hundred-dollar prize given by the *Toronto Globe* for the best historical poem submitted in their annual competition. Mrs. MacKay's poem, "The Passing of Cadieux," describes a romantic incident on the Upper Ottawa during the early years of Canadian history. This is the second occasion on which Mrs. MacKay has won *The Globe's* prize for an historical poem. Her "Marguerite de Roberval" obtained first place in the year that the competition was inaugurated. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron has said that Mrs. MacKay has written the best poetical description of life on the prairie known to her. Without being aware that Woodstock, Ont., was Mrs. MacKay's old home, she recited the poem at that place in a lecture. Afterwards half the audience came up to tell her that Mrs. MacKay had lived and had written in Woodstock.

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Mrs. Murphy, a member of the Edmonton Women's Press Club, whose visit to Toronto was greatly enjoyed by the Toronto members last autumn, is receiving enthusiastic praise from reviewers for her book, "Janey Canuck in the West," published by Cassell & Company, of London and Toronto. It is illustrated by a Canadian artist, Mr. R. G. Matthews, and is dedicated to her sister, Mrs. Ferguson-Burke. One critic speaks of it as "the most colorful and diverting prose work on the developing life of the prairie that has been published for many a long day."

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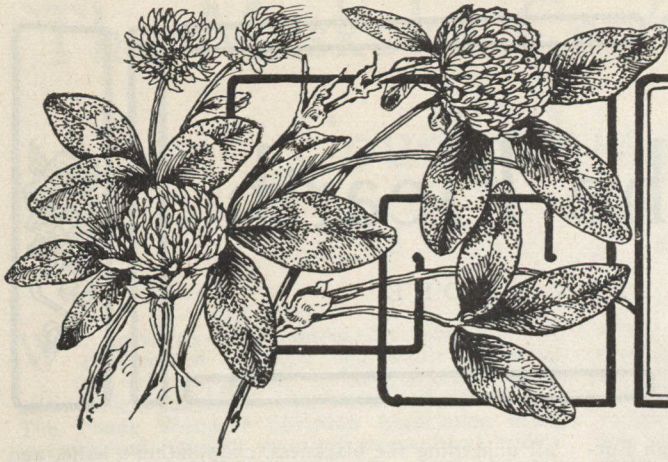
The Canadian "Who's Who," published by the *London Times* under the editorship of Mr. Fred Cook of Ottawa, has rendered the C. W. P. C. a service by inducing some of the members of the Club to make a record of their work. Only the Club Historian knows how difficult it is to get the members to write any account of what they have published. An example of what use such a book as the Canadian "Who's Who" may be is to be found in the brief sketch of the work of Miss Marguerite Evans, a member of the Club who resides in Victoria, British Columbia, and is on the staff of the *Victoria Times*. Besides her newspaper work, Miss Evans has published three novels, "A Prairie Rose," "The Lost Baby" and "After the Storm." This sketch and others will be read with interest by members of the Club in all parts of the Dominion. It is to be hoped that the next edition of the Canadian "Who's Who" will be issued shortly, and that it may contain accounts of the work of members of the C. W. P. C. who did not answer Mr. Cook's request favorably on this occasion.

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The *Toronto Globe* is publishing in its illustrated Saturday supplement a series of articles on Representative Canadian Women. The first article, by Miss Jean Graham, was an account of Mrs. Nordheimer. Other sketches which have appeared are Mrs. G. A. Reid, by Miss Marjory MacMurchy, Mrs. MacGillivray Knowles, by Miss Warnock, and Miss Machar, by Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald. The sketches so far are either written by members of the Club, or as in the case of Miss Machar, the sketch is of an honorary member of the Canadian Women's Press Club.



MISS MARJORY MACMURCHY  
President of C. W. P. C.



# With the Journal's Juniors

## A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and-beast.  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us  
He made and loveth all.



CAESAR, KING EDWARD'S PET DOG.

Dear Girls and Boys:

Many of your mothers and aunts and big sisters think that the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is the very nicest magazine of its kind in the country, and we are very glad that they do. Now we are going to have a page for you younger ones every month, and we hope that you too will think it the nicest in the country. But if it is going to be the best, you will have to help us to make it so.

You will notice that our flower is the clover. Every month it will be at the top of the page, and every month that little verse, written by the great poet Coleridge, will be there too. For the motto of our page is going to be kindness. Kindness to your friends, your parents, your brothers and sisters; kindness also to the dumb animals around you, the horses and dogs and cats. How bright and sweet and full of honey the flowers of the clover are, growing and blooming by all sorts of dusty lanes in the country and over the waste lands in the cities! And kindness is just like them, and grows bright and beautiful everywhere. True kindness generally includes all other things; you will very seldom find a boy or girl who is really kind and who is not brave and truthful and honorable as well. It is not enough to be kind to those from whom you expect a return. You should be kind to the very smallest and least of the living things around you.

And now we want to hear about your pets. You who live in the country have lots of pets, horses and dogs and chickens and cows; you who live in the cities have not so many; but still we want to hear about them all.

For the best letter, not longer than 400 words, about a pet animal, or about any deed of kindness done to an animal, we will give a prize of three dollars, and a prize of two dollars for the second best. Letters should be addressed to

"Cousin Clover,"

Canadian Home Journal,  
59-61 John Street, Toronto.

They should be written on one side of the paper only, and neatness, good writing and spelling will all be taken into account. Letters must reach this office by October 1st. Children up to 13 years old may compete. Letters must be unaided work of the competitor, and a certificate to this effect *must* appear on the back of every letter sent in, signed by parent, teacher, or some other responsible person.

Don't forget any of these things, and be sure you write your best. I hope we shall get a great many nice letters.

"COUSIN CLOVER."

### The Giant's Plaything

LONG ago, giants lived among the German mountains. Now, there was a great castle, called Burg Niedeck, that stood on top of the highest mountain in Alsace, and here the most powerful of the giants lived with his wife and family. He had one child, a little girl named Freda.

Freda was as tall as a church steeple. She was a curious child, and very fond of prying about and looking at things which she had been told to leave alone. She was allowed to roam all about the mountains, and to play in the woods and forest, but she was not allowed to go down into the valley where the little people lived.

These little peasants tilled the ground, and plant-

ed corn and wheat and barley and grew the vines, and dug the ditches, things the giants could not do. And the giants lived by taking what the little people made. Now, it was said that the first time a peasant found his way up into Burg Niedeck it would be the end of the giants. But Burg Niedeck was very high and difficult to reach, and no peasant had ever thought of trying to get there.

One day Freda was playing outside the castle gates in the sunshine. The valley looked so cool and green and shady that, seeing no one about, she slipped down the mountain-side to find out what was below.

Presently she saw in a field in which she was standing a peasant ploughing. He had two horses, and the iron of the plough shone and glittered.

With a cry of delight Freda knelt down. "What a dear little thing!" she said. "I will take it home to play with."

Spreading out her handkerchief, she carefully lifted the plough and the horses and the poor peasant into the middle; then, taking the corners in her hand, she ran up the mountain-side, skipping and jumping for pleasure. Her father met her at the gate.

"Now, little one," he said, "what is pleasing you so?"

"Look," said Freda, spreading out her handkerchief, "I have found a most wonderful new toy." And she lifted out the plough and the peasant.

But the old giant frowned and shook his head angrily.

"What have you done, thoughtless one?" he said. "The peasant is no toy. Have you not heard that as soon as a peasant comes to Burg Niedeck there will be an end of the giants for ever? Take it back instantly to the valley, and perhaps the spell will not break."

Sadly Freda took the plough and the horses and the peasant back and set them in the cornfield. But it was too late. That night all the giants disappeared, and in the morning the castle of Burg Niedeck stood in ruins. And, to this day no giant has ever been seen there since.—*The Children's Encyclopaedia.*

### Sweet Potatoes

THEY were having the greatest fun, Vera and Russell. Did you ever make candy potatoes?

Because, if you didn't you don't know how good they are, nor how interesting it is to see how many different shapes you can make and still have all of them look like potatoes—little ones, of course, such as fairies or midgets might grow in their moonlit gardens. And they are good enough for fairies or midgets—or even children.

First you take two cupfuls of granulated sugar and put it in a granite saucepan with a little more than half a cupful of water. Then you cook it without stirring until, when you drop a little into cold water, it cuddles all together in a soft ball. It is time to take it off the fire, then, quickly, and pour it gently into a soup-plate. When it is cool enough so it won't burn your finger, you stir it for two or three minutes, till it gets all white and creamy and lovely. You have to flavor it before you stir it, though—a few drops of vanilla makes it nice. After it is all white and creamy and lovely, you can take it right up in your fingers and make the little potatoes, using a wooden toothpick to press eyes in the sides, and last of all you roll each one in powdered cinnamon. Oh, no; that's next to the last. The very last thing—and the best—is to eat them.

That was what Vera and Russell were doing, all of it but the last. That part was to come later on. They were making a good many (three cups of sugar instead of two), and piling them in cunning little paper cases, which they called their peck measures, because they were going to have company to help enjoy them.

They had begged Harry to help—it's more fun for three than two—and then Harry made such beauties you could hardly tell them from truly ones, only by their size. But Harry had a new book, and, when that happened, even candy couldn't tempt him away from it. Vera begged, Russell teased, they both scolded, but Harry read serenely on.

"Who cares? If you want to miss all the fun, you just can," declared Russell. Harry nodded, absent-mindedly, as if he'd known that before; and Vera and Russell ran for the kitchen.

They had fine success and no end of a good time. At last every little paper case was brimful, and there was still a little cream left. "I'd love to eat it, but I won't. I'd rather pay Harry back," said Vera, carefully shaping a fat potato.

"So would I. How shall we do it?"

"Roll these in powdered cloves and give them

to him. Those cloves are awfully strong, and they'll bite his tongue like everything and serve him right."

"Go ahead, make 'em big and cover 'em good and thick, so he'll get a hot mouthful. No, he won't notice the difference in the color—not while he's reading."

A few minutes later two innocent faces peered through the sitting-room door, and two meek children walked quietly in.

"Here is some candy for you, Harry. We want you to see if it's all right," Russell said, holding out a glass dish.

"Thanks awfully." The reader reached for a potato, ate it, reached for another, and still another before he said, "They're prime, kids. Never ate any better. Clove is my favorite spice, beats cinnamon forty ways. How'd you happen to think of it?"

Vera looked soberly at Russell and Russell looked sadly back. Where had the joke come in? All the leftover gone, and Harry still unpunished. Suddenly "Treasure Island" went down with a bang. "You're a good pair of kids to fix these up specially for me when I wouldn't play fair. I'm downright ashamed of myself. Come on, I'll make you some sea-foam that'll melt in your mouth."

Of course, they owned up after that, but they go their sea-foam just the same; and, when it came time to eat the candy potatoes, Harry sprinkled every one of his with powdered cloves.—*Elizabeth Price, in Sunday School Times.*

### Lullaby of the Iroquois

BY E. PAULINE JOHNSON.

Little brown baby-bird, lapped in your nest,  
Wrapped in your nest,  
Strapped in your nest,  
Your straight little cradle-board rocks you to rest;  
Its hands are your nest,  
Its hands are your nest;  
It swings from the down-bending branch of the oak;  
You watch the camp-fire and the curling grey smoke;  
But, oh, for your pretty black eyes sleep is best—  
Little brown baby of mine, go to rest.

Little brown baby-bird swinging to sleep,  
Winging to sleep,  
Singing to sleep,  
Your wonder-black eyes that so wide open keep,  
Shielding their sleep,  
Unyielding to sleep,  
The heron is homing, the plover is still,  
The night-owl calls from his haunt on the hill,  
Afar the fox barks, afar the stars peep—  
Little brown baby of mine, go to sleep.

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### A Jolly Birthday Group

THE children we show you in the photograph on this page are having just the merriest kind of birthday party. The clotheslines in the backyard have been cleverly draped with linen, so as to



A JOLLY BIRTHDAY GROUP.

form a white canopy, and decorations of various bright-colored festoons, interspersed with lanterns, make it a very pretty scene, like a bit of Christmas in the summertime. Perhaps some of our small readers would like to have just such a gathering when their birthdays come round.



# Around the Hearth

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE



"I see the lights of the village  
Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
And a feeling of sadness comes over me  
That my soul cannot resist."

FROM MY WINDOW.

"I DO not wonder that you are inspired to write, looking out at the view from this window," my friend remarked, as she seated herself comfortably in the platform rocker in front of my desk, beside the study window. She gazed long at the vast sheet of blue water, across which darted sail-boats and tugs, and the more stately freighters and steamers; then looked beyond them to the cape and islands in the distance. The sun dancing upon the wavy breast of the waters by day, or the moon's reflections by night is equally entrancing. Even when storm-swept and raging, it holds the eye and sways the soul.

Then we look over the house-tops from our position on the brow of the hill. They are all colors, sizes and shapes, and often, as the twilight of an early winter evening closes into night, we watch the lights twinkling from the windows in those homes and wonder what is taking place in them. What life tragedies are being enacted under those roofs, what joyful events are being celebrated, what happiness or woe is being lived out by the inmates of those structures of wood, and brick, and stone? Is there a happy homecoming in one, a sad departure from another, a wedding and a funeral side by side, gayety and sadness divided by a narrow street? And thus I sit and muse in the quiet hour. "Between the dark and the daylight, when the night is beginning to lower."

Coming closer, I watch the street car, and the carriages, the automobiles, and the pedestrians, and wonder whence came they, and whither going. Men, women and children hurrying along, all seemingly anxious for some destination, men with brisk step and business air, tired women toiling along with still more tired children by the hand, or wheeling fretful babies, hastening homewards to prepare the belated meal. My heart aches for the little ones, and I wonder if grown people ever stop to consider as they keep up their own pace, that the young legs trying to cover the same ground are forced to maintain a speed really endangering to health. The parent walks briskly, the child is obliged to run, and that with one or both arms held at an upward angle that must be tiresome, if not even painful.

"I'll carry you, but remember I'll warm you well when we get home," said an inhuman father to his little three-year-old, who was crying with sheer tiredness one night about ten o'clock. Why wasn't that little chap in bed and asleep for two hours at least, why will parents tote mere babies around with them shopping on Saturday night, and then whip them for being tired? I know it cannot always be avoided, and that women are obliged to take their babies sometimes, but they usually sleep in their carriages, often uncomfortably to be sure, especially in those new-fangled go-carts, with the little legs dangling in the cold, and neck awry, but the wee toddler that has to trudge alongside has my sympathy. That man never knew how near an indignant feminine voice came to crying from the window, "Shame on you! How dare you, coward?"

I SEE great loads of lumber and other heavy freight being carted up the toilsome slope of hill, watch gay automobiles dash by regardless of the speed limit law, gaze with frightened eye at the wild prancing of steeds which have not become accustomed to the horseless carriage. But the fashionable equipage with the tight check rein, holding the poor horse's head in the most unnatural position, always causes me pain, and I long for authority to prevent the cruelty by a word. Some claim that horses delight in being held up so, but I think that restless tossing of the head means that their yoke is hard to bear. The poor dumb brutes are at our mercy!

It is up-hill work passing our house, and many times I have witnessed drunken brutes of men bringing down the stinging lash on a willing horse's back, again and again belaboring it with the whip, and the beast using its utmost speed, fairly flying along. Now do not laugh when I tell you what I say in those cases, because it may sound rather foolish, not to say vicious. I break out with, "Well, if there be such a thing coming back to earth in the form of some animal, I hope the powers will let my soul inhabit a horse, because I want to have revenge on some men. If I were being driven like that, and doing my best, I would let both feet fly with terrible vengeance into those demon faces, then smash everything to pieces, and run away." I warned you it would sound wicked and vengeful, but "Oh, you poor horse!"

Here comes a carriage full of sightseers off the boats. They pause at the top of the hill to take in

the view. I fancy one has travelled all through Europe, and he says, "This is like Naples," and a lady quotes, "See Naples and die." More than he have made the same comparison. Now a farmer's wagon drives by; a moving, with the cow reluctantly following the caravan of household effects, then the carts of butcher and baker, the doctor's rig, the postman, newsboy, a rousing dog fight, a hoarse whistle from the bay, a child crying! Dear me! did my friend say she did not wonder I could write, sitting at this window? Why the marvel is that I can shut out this view, and this moving, shifting panorama long enough to write.



A SLIGHT drizzling rain has started. A couple pass, he holding the umbrella so her broad hat is entirely covered, and careful to adjust his step to hers. I am sure they are not married, else the man would be striding a pace or more ahead of the panting woman trying to keep up, and the umbrella held so that occasionally it would jab into her headgear, while his own Panama would be quite well protected.

But what means this other pair standing in earnest conversation? Do my eyes deceive me when I see her wipe her eyes, and watch his fist come down solidly in the other palm? They walk a few steps in opposite directions, and then she apparently has called to him. He turns and again addresses her, his head giving force to his words by emphatic nods and inclinations, and, fiend that he must be, he shakes his fist at her. Then he rounds the corner out of sight, and after pausing a moment to look after him, the woman comes slowly towards my window and is crying. Who is that man, what has he said to her, is he her husband? Of course he is; no man would dare to act like that to any but the one he has sworn to love and cherish. Is there any other pledge such a mockery?

A poor half-witted boy rushes up the walk, pursued by six or eight tormentors. He gives a wild shriek, as one clutches his coat, but he escapes with the rabble of idle, thoughtless boys yelling after him. The fable of the boy and the frogs is brought to mind, and I am sure that what seems pleasure to those lads means death to the poor imbecile, who can only see the wickedness of their fun. Alas, that such cruelty should exist, that children are not taught to help such poor creatures instead of teasing and ridiculing them! A young man once said to me, "My father seldom whipped me, but once he caught me tormenting a poor foolish boy on the street. I did not see him coming, so was well caught in the act, and that was the severest punishment I ever received from his hands." That carries its own moral, and would it were more universal!

One Sunday afternoon a group of little girls were just beneath my window. There was much whispering and bobbing together of little heads, for they were tots of five or six. I noticed one sweet little face was not taken into the confidence, but she stood apart. Finally one child approached her, and in an outspoken manner tried to atone by saying, "We were just saying that you were a nice little girl, and your dress is very pretty, but your mother does make you wear such sloppy-looking hats." How that dear tender little heart must have throbbed with pain under that unkind speech, for she loved her mother, and had such faith in her choice of clothes, and this vain little minx, who probably heard far too much along the line of style and fashion had dealt a blow that made her wince, and question her mother's taste in selecting pretty things for her. If mothers would only teach the little ones to be kind, and instil less silly pride into their young minds about dress, how much better it would be. One dear little girl I loved said to her mother, "Oh, mamma, I saw my little velvet dress on 'Ouisa, and I just said, 'Hallo, 'Ouisa' and looked the other way." The milk of human kindness flowed in that baby's veins, she could not hurt the little girl by recognizing the dress.



IT is four o'clock, and the great army of school children trip by, "glad in the thought of school let out." The Collegiate pupils with arms full of books follow in more dignified fashion, feeling the weight of home-work imposed on what should be their hours of recreation. But there! I must not launch out on that subject, for I have already given you my idea of home-work as it is handed out in our educational institutions, and which I believe to be injurious both physically and mentally—a national evil, I call it—so will stay my pen.

The bells are ringing six, and the dinner-pail brigade pass by. Grimy, dusty men, after their hard day's work are going to their homes or stopping-places, where little children run to meet them, and

all unheeding the blackness, clasp father's hand, and twine the soft little arms about his neck. Somehow I would like to feel that each one of these hardy sons of toil was sure of a welcoming smile and an appetizing supper. But we know that many of them will be regaled mentally on current gossip and family trials, and bodily on tasteless viands, just as will be the case in more pretentious homes.

Two young girls pass by in the twilight, leading by the hand a little mite of three. She took a notion in her baby head to turn down a certain street where the girls had not intended going. Instead of taking time to make a true explanation, or coaxing the dear child, they informed her that "there were a whole lot of bears down that way, and they would eat her up," and they hauled her along as fast as her little legs could fly, to pretend they also were afraid. Why are little ones deceived in that way? It is so unfair to tell them wilful lies. It is sinful to rob pure, innocent young minds of the sweet trustfulness natural to childhood.

Up over the hill stagger two young men, boys rather, for they do not look more than eighteen. They are holding each other's hands, and jolting along, swaying now to the right, now to the left. Some poor mother will watch for their approach, some poor heart grow sick as she watches the unsteady step of what only yesterday, so it seems, was her laughing baby boy. Poor mother! I have no words to express the anguish I feel for her, it is a deep silent pain that lies heavy, oh, so heavy, as I ask myself which would I have for that noble boy, who, when just launched into his teens was carried away over the hill these poor boys are trying to climb—the lonely mound by the winding river, or the living cross to carry on my troubled heart.

The trend of my thought has changed, my interest wanes, I am living other scenes, looking out of eyes that no longer observe the moving throng, still

"I see the long procession,  
Still passing to and fro;  
The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow."

## A Lady of Halifax

CANADA is the birth-place of several women who have distinguished themselves in the realm of scholarship. Among these is Dr. Eliza Ritchie, who was born at Halifax in 1856. She was educated chiefly at home, and when Dalhousie College was opened to women, attended first as a general student and subsequently as an undergraduate, obtaining her degree in 1887, with first-class honors in Philosophy. In the same year, she was appointed Fellow in Philosophy at Cornell University, and in 1889 received from that institution the degree of Ph.D., publishing a thesis on "The Problem of Per-

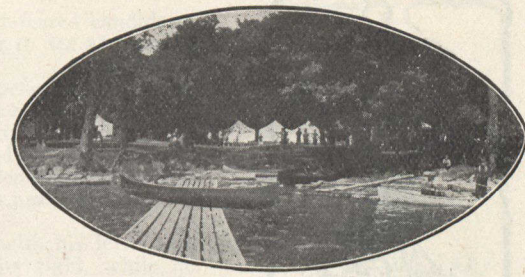


sonality." In 1890, she was appointed Instructor in Philosophy at Wellesley College, Massachusetts. During 1892-93, she studied at Leipzig and Oxford and in September, 1893, resumed work at Wellesley, where, in the following year, she was appointed associate professor.

During last year, Dr. Ritchie gave six lectures at Dalhousie College on Italian Painting and her division of the various schools, according to local reports, was admirable, treating of Florentine, Umbrian and Venetian.

# The Muskoka Conference and the Couchiching Camp

By MARY E. EDGAR



GENEVA PARK, LAKE COUCHICHING

WE come so often across the phrase, "The brotherhood of man," but, while we never hear the expression, we have a great association which stands for the sisterhood of women. The Young Women's Christian Association being international, touches types of womanhood widely diversified, and while it provides for social, physical, and mental development, its most vital aim is to stimulate spiritual development. In Canada this association is doing splendid work. It is truly one of our assets, one of the forces at work for the up-building of a pure and beautiful national life. The future shows only a greater need for work of this kind, for as our country grows and enriches, as our life becomes more and more complex, as our young women go forth in even larger numbers as wage-earners; the association will be called upon to solve larger problems, and she is preparing herself to keep pace with Canada's needs.

This summer the second annual conference under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. was held in Muskoka, and was undoubtedly a splendid success. Perhaps the very name, Muskoka, "clear skies," conjured up dreams of inland lakes sparkling like sapphires, and brought fragrant whiffs of clover and balsam; at any rate, almost two hundred delegates, the representatives from the different colleges and cities of Canada, assembled at the Elgin House on Lake Joseph, for ten days of recreation, relaxation, and inspiration.



BOATING AT LAKE COUCHICHING

Certainly the choice of location was well made, for in that entrancing region of forests and fields, lakes and bays, it was possible to forget the existence of a busy world and to derive the greatest benefits from the natural beauties and the spiritual influences. The Elgin House presented a very gay appearance. Its long verandas were bedecked with college posters and pennants; from the upper windows were suspended gaudy banners, which fluttered in the breezes, and from the balconies of the annex, arrays of pennants betokened the whereabouts of the Varsity and McGill delegations. Everywhere there were groups of merry girls and one could tell at a glance their Alma Mater for the colors were worn most conspicuously.

The mornings were given up almost entirely to the various conference meetings and were divided into three periods, for Bible study, mission study, and association meetings. When the bell rang between periods there was always a "grand change" from class to class, hurried conversations on the verandas, the exchange of merry greetings among girls and superlative ejaculations over the merits of the various teachers. Never did the hours from nine till twelve slip away as quickly. One would just get nicely settled in the island of Japan, studying its people and its progress with a dear little Japanese lady; or perhaps roaming the wild interior of South America, among its savages, with another speaker, when suddenly there would sound out the

harsh notes of that disillusioning bell. The evening meetings were held in the beautiful open-air chapel of the Elgin House, overlooking Lake Joseph, and we were most fortunate in having excellent speakers, college professors, clergymen and missionaries. It was an education in itself just to hear the impressions and personal experiences of these splendid women from all corners of the earth.

The recreations took a very diversified form and every afternoon some outdoor pleasure was planned. Sometimes parties rambled the woods in search of flowers and all kinds of woodsy things. These tours gave opportunities, not only of enjoying the beauty of field and forest, and the music of birds and brooks, but also gave opportunity for the deepening and broadening of friendship. Then too, there were launch trips every afternoon, through the picturesque Muskoka Lakes, where lovers of natural beauty could revel in the variety of kaleidoscopic scenes as they shifted before their eyes, shadowed waters, clear skies, and rugged shores. Delegations from the different colleges became better acquainted on these trips and taught each other their yells and songs.

A feeling of mystery and secrecy pervaded the air and a certain formalism existed between the colleges until after "Stunts' Day." On the afternoon of Dominion Day, spectators ranged themselves on the verandas, while each delegation gave some pretty drills, dances, songs and original "stunts" on the lawn in front. If the vim and enthusiasm with which they gave those college yells had been the only proof of their devotion, it was strong proof indeed and left not a doubt in our mind that each fair maid was intensely loyal to her Alma Mater; though, of course, it must be confessed in a whisper, that those yells were quite unintelligible and that the most compressible parts were those words we have all grown familiar with—Rah! Rah! Rah!

Another afternoon was given up to sports and the girls entered heartily into all kinds of water contests. The crew races were most exciting, also the crab-canoe race, where the hands were used as paddles. Then, too, there were skiff races, floating contests and a swimming race where the competitors had to swim with a parasol held up in one hand. Ice cream and cake were served afterwards on the lawn; for which (and for many other favors), a liberal patroness of the association deserves credit.

When the ten days were up and the steamer plied out from the wharf, there was not one of us who could not say from the bottom of our hearts, "It was good for us to be here."

\* \* \* \* \*

Immediately following the Muskoka conference, the first Canadian School Girls' Camp was held, under the same auspices at Geneva Park, Lake Couchiching. About twenty-five girls, between the ages of fourteen and eighteen, and representing all the preparatory colleges and collegiates in Toronto, took advantage of this opportunity to enjoy real camp-life for ten days. It was certainly a merry, expectant, fun-loving party that crowded the little station platform at Longford, and from their various bundles of rugs, cushions, cricket-bats, cameras and other camp-like paraphernalia, it was plainly evident that they were out for "the time of their young lives."

The idea of a school-girls' camp is by no means a new one, though it is the first time the idea has been tried in connection with Y. W. C. A. in Canada. Nine years ago in England, a camp was begun with forty girls and nine officers and since then the university students of other countries have become enthusiasts. You will now find three annual summer-camps for girls in England and you will also find them in Germany, Holland, Ireland, India, Australia and other countries.

For many of the girls it was their first experience under canvas, and they were elated over the

unconventionalism of tenting-out. In fact, they revelled in everything. One girl remarked that "the only surprises were pleasant ones." The rustic open-air dining-room had one long table and when all had congregated at the sound of the dinner-bell it was the merriest of places. The fresh air and exercise produced such tremendous appetites that we were actually startled one day when a healthy maiden announced that she must have lost her appetite for she could only eat a moderate-sized meal.

In the afternoons, groups of girls met for half an hour's Bible study, and for a short time every evening "Camp" gathered at the "Lodge" for prayers and singing; then short informal talks were given by the various officers, touching on some of the practical difficulties which all school-girls have to face sooner or later. These more serious moments of the busy camp days were by no means the least enjoyable, for in these classes there was the same concentration of interest that was shown in all their games.

One afternoon was given up to sports of all kinds, both field and water, and into these events "officers," as well as girls, entered most enthusiastically. There were many enjoyable launch trips through the waters of Lake Couchiching, Lake Simcoe and the Severn River. Then, too, there were picnics at beautiful spots along the lake and river shore, and of how those "eats" were relished off Mother Earth's own vernal table. Every evening



SAD FAREWELLS AT LONGFORD

a time was set apart for "Sing Song." Sometimes "Camp" gathered in the Lodge and was treated to a splendid programme of music and recitations, or again the evening took on a more decided dramatic tone, and charades were acted with a great display of originality. One night not a school girl was to be seen about the encampment, but instead, fierce-looking Indians prowled around a huge bonfire, or stole furtively among the trees. Indian games, too, were played in the flickering twilight and the "tribe" voted it the rarest of sport. A camp paper was issued each day, giving the latest original jokes, parodies and rhymes. Each edition was most eagerly awaited and many a budding literateur was encouraged to develop her latent talents.

But the ten days slipped away all too quickly and when the time came for breaking up many moans and sighs were heard among the girls; but mingled with the regrets there were positive declarations from many a maiden, that she at least would be a member of next year's camping party; and our camp-mother was besieged with pleaders asking that next summer, instead of ten days, there may be "two months of solid enjoyment."

The Muskoka conference, only two years old, and the Canadian School Girls' Camp which has just sprung into existence, have both bright prospects for increasing growth in numbers and power; for after all, though one talks about the sports, one thinks about the spiritual side.



A MCGILL "STUNT," MUSKOKA CONFERENCE.



VARSITY DELEGATION IN AN OLD-FASHIONED DANCE

# A WOMAN'S WAY

## A Game of Hearts and Ballots

By EDITH GWYNNE

IT was a rather cold night for the first week in October, but in Miss Higgins' parlor there was a grate fire whose radiance would have bade defiance to a January gale. It flickered on the old mahogany sofa, which had been the pride of Delia Higgins' grandmother, and it flashed mirthfully over the faces in the black-framed portraits, almost bringing a smile to the prim old features whose severity was awesome to the frivolous caller.

But the flames seemed to fall most comfortingly upon a slender girlish figure in a gown of richest chestnut color, which matched the shining hair almost too wilful and fluffy to cover the wise head of Miss Louise Marshall, a graduate of Toronto University, who taught French, German, English and History in the High School of Parkersville, and who received for her faithful services the sum of six hundred dollars a year, which, as Trustee Murchison had observed, "was a handsome sum for a female to get."

Miss Marshall was entering upon her second year at the aforesaid High School, and also upon her second year of experience as a boarder in the old Higgins' homestead, where Miss Delia kept a spotless kitchen, and a table whose delicacies tempted the minister thither at least once a week.

Miss Delia was not over fond of lighting a fire in the parlor so early as October. But Louise Marshall, in spite of her University degree, had found a royal road to the excellent spinster's carefully-fenced heart, and then George Howard was calling, and Miss Delia regarded George as "the best-mannered boy that ever came out of Parkersville High School."

Their friendship dated from the day when George had rescued "Nigger," Miss Delia's favorite cat, from the rude hands of the Jones boys, and many a cookie and harvest apple had he eaten by the big stove in the Higgins' kitchen.

George had gone to the University in Toronto, three hundred miles away, which Miss Delia regarded as an ungodly town, given over to worldliness and cheap sales. At the University, Mr. Howard had become slightly acquainted with Miss Marshall, who was just commencing her course during his final year, and who was a studious young person, not desirous of being accused of taking University work for the sake of securing masculine society.

Howard did well at Osgoode Hall, and returned to Parkersville to become the partner of old Lawyer King, who was only too glad to have such a vigorous young presence in his well-known office.

The High School Board was also anxious to add Mr. George Howard, an old Parkersville boy, a B.A., and an LL.B., to its distinguished councils; and so, when Louise Marshall applied for the position of teacher of modern languages, the youngest member of the Board recalled her brown eyes, and also a dimple or two, and strenuously supported her claim with successful effect.

For a year he had shown admirable zeal as a trustee in looking after the most recent member of the High School staff, and before Miss Marshall went home to Brantley in June, he begged of her to consider the advisability of reducing her efforts to a class of one, and allowing him to absorb her future attention, with Cupid to mark the examination papers.

Louise Marshall was a young woman possessed of ambition, even though her ambition had brought her only so far as the Parkersville High School and six hundred dollars a year, and she refused to listen to Mr. Howard's eloquence on the subject of a certain white brick house on Lawrence Street, which might be transformed into a twentieth century Eden if she would only consent to take the name of Eve, alias Louise Howard.

The young man was deeply hurt, and also somewhat indignant, for most of the Parkersville girls had shown their feminine appreciation of the young lawyer's graces of intellect and person. He had made up his mind to avoid Miss Marshall on her return to Parkersville in September, but he discovered, as many a clever person has found out in previous centuries, that for a man to make up his mind in one fashion, when his heart has taken a different way, is extremely baffling to weak humanity.

After all, there was no reason why he and Miss Marshall should not be friends. She was an extremely intelligent girl, whose conversational powers were so remarkable, that the old clock in the hall could only be regarded as Ananias with a pendulum when it asthmatically struck the hour of ten.

Wherefore he had made his way to Miss Delia's every week since school had opened in September, and on this very chilly October evening had ventured once more to intimate that life and law were poor things in his eyes unless he could complete the alliteration by adding Louise and love.

"I thought I told you," said Miss Marshall sternly, "that I like you very much, except when you talk like this."

"I am sure I can't be accused of worrying you about it. This is only the second time I've referred to the subject."



As a matter of fact, Louise Marshall was on the verge of an unlearned burst of tears. From nine o'clock until four, everything had gone wrong. The boys had been noisy, the girls had giggled, and both boys and girls had been supremely stupid, without the slightest desire to write French exercises or discover the beauties of Shelley's "The Cloud."

The young teacher was feeling that her work was a failure, and she was also feeling an absurdly weak desire to lay her fluffy brown head on Mr. Howard's broad shoulder, and tell him how disgusting the day had been. Her weakness, and the choky queerness in her throat, combined to make her thoroughly angry with the young man who persisted in standing in front of the fire, looking so strong and masterful.

"If I were a man," she flashed out contemptuously, "I should have too much pride to ask a woman such a question twice."

She was a little frightened when the words were out, for she knew, as Miss Delia had remarked, that "the Howard temper

was not to be trifled with." There was the sound of a deeply-drawn breath, and strong hands were laid upon her shoulders, forcing her to look up into a man's white face.

"I tell you this," he said very slowly, "that the third time you will do the asking."

She gasped in mingled rage and consternation. "I—Mr. Howard, you are abominably rude."

He bowed ironically, and was about to leave the parlor, when Miss Delia entered, bearing a plate filled high with gleaming, crimson apples.

"Why, you're never going yet, George Howard. Sit right down and tell me if this story's true about your running for the Conservatives in North Grant."

Now, Mr. Howard had been seriously considering the matter, and had almost decided not to stand. He was to announce his intentions to the party on the following morning. "I hear," continued Miss Delia, "that Ben Wilder is going to run on the Reform side. He'll make a strong candidate."



It happened that Mr. Benjamin Wilder was also an admirer of Miss Louise Marshall, a school trustee, and an old bachelor of considerable wealth, as Parkersville esteemed wealth.

"I'm going to run, Miss Delia," announced the young lawyer with sudden resolve.

"Well," said Miss Delia sorrowfully, "I've always been a good Grit, but I declare to goodness, George, that I hope you won't be beaten."

"Thank you," he said, with an unsteady laugh, "that's a great admission for a Higgins to make; your father was the warmest Reformer I ever knew."

"You're a Reformer, too, aren't you, Louise?" asked Miss Delia.

"Yes," said the girl, looking at Mr. Howard with her dark eyes aflame, "and I hope with all my heart that Mr. Wilder will get in."

"You are honest, at least," said Mr. Howard quietly, as Miss Delia murmured a protest at this declaration of political enmity, "it is just as well to know who one's friends are."

"Have an apple, George," urged Miss Delia, "these are the best we've had for years."

"If you'll excuse me," said Louise faintly, "I think I must go and look over some exercises for to-morrow. And I have such a headache!"

After she had disappeared, Miss Delia said with a puzzled frown, "there must be something wrong with that girl. She's usually awfully sweet-tempered, but the way she spoke to you was downright rude."

George laughed leniently, and said in reply, "These apples are all right, but they're not so good as the ones I ate fifteen years ago. Do you remember the 'water-cores' at the old farm?"

"I should think I do. Brother George has the place, and his second wife is just letting everything go to rack and ruin."

In descending on the delinquencies of the second Mrs. George Higgins, Miss Delia forgot all about Louise Marshall's headache and ill-temper, and Louise felt utterly disgusted when she heard her rejected lover's merry laugh over Miss Delia's quaint reminiscences.

"I don't believe," said the young woman wrathfully, as she pounded an unoffending pillow, "that he cares the least bit whether I like him. To think that he said I would ask him the third time! Men are hateful creatures!"

Miss Louise Marshall might be a most ambitious young person, with a strong determination that her own efforts should provide her with bread and butter, not to speak of silk blouses; but she cried herself into very disturbed slumbers, in which she had a vision of Mr. George Howard as Premier of Canada, and the husband of a stout blonde who wore black velvet and diamonds.

The following weeks were full of political disturbance, and Mr. Howard grew thin and hoarse in his efforts to keep up with the campaign, and to help his friends in adjacent ridings, for he was a good speaker, fluent and effective, and the party realized his oratorical value.

He met Miss Marshall several times in the course of the campaign, and recognized that young woman's frosty bow with correspondingly coldness. She assured herself daily that she "didn't care," and smiled upon Mr. Wilder in a way that completely bewildered that staid politician, and made him reflect on what a fine wife she would make for a Member of Parliament. "A man might be proud of her anywhere," he murmured to himself, "and she's got the prettiest eyes I ever saw. It's a shame for her to spend her time in a stuffy school-room."

Acting on this belief, Mr. Wilder invited Miss Marshall to drive behind his new bay team which had won first prize at the Western Fair in London, and political interest in the contest suddenly deepened in Parkersville. Was Cupid going to take a hand in the game and play for the Reform side? It looked as if Miss Marshall had discarded her lawyer admirer, and the women of the town hardly knew whether to condemn her for fickleness or to wonder whether she had suddenly discovered the extent of "Old Ben's" savings.

"It's my opinion," said Mrs. Pascoe to Miss Delia, "that Miss Marshall, for all her innocent looks, is a deep young woman. She thinks the Reform side is going to win, and she wants to be the wife of the Member and have Ben's money to spend in Ottawa."

So the October days passed away, and Parkerville was surrounded with woods that became a flaming crown of gold and crimson. English Devonshire may have her April, and Italy her glorious sunshine that makes summer of many months. But if ever Canada becomes a queen, it is when October scatters her glory and color in all the woodland ways, and wears a garland of scarlet maple leaves on the brown richness of her gypsy hair.

But in all this mellow loveliness, there were people in Park-



ersville who talked politics when the moonlight was making the town's prosaic streets a silvery highway, and there were others, quite as oblivious of Nature's pleading, who spent the dreamy afternoons in criticizing their neighbor's methods of making pickles, and insinuating that some persons were no better than they should be.

In all that busy little town there were no more unhappy hearts than the two which were intended to beat as one. Pride, however, is no mean master, and he managed to keep at a chilling distance poor Cupid, who, no doubt, had to betake himself to the woods for the afternoon, and perhaps dropped some of his arrows among the fallen leaves.

Then November came with a shiver and a snarl, and trees awoke from their dreaming and howled all night because of their discomfort. And the rains came in torrents, and with them the elections, which kept Parkersville in a ferment until late in the afternoon.

About 10 o'clock, Miss Delia's door-bell rang furiously, and Miss Marshall, who flung the heavy old door wide open, was startled by the appearance of Mr. Benjamin Wilder, who, flushed and jubilant, grasped her hands effusively.

"I've got it," he said, with pardonable triumph. "It's not a large majority, but I guess North Grant has shown Howard that it wants him to stay at home."

"Indeed," said the girl, with lack of enthusiasm surprising to the successful candidate and to herself, "I congratulate you, Mr. Wilder. I'll call Miss Delia."

But that worthy spinster had seen fit to retire at nine o'clock, and refused to come down for any "political foolishness." Mr. Wilder had thought to win a further triumph before he regained his hilarious friends, but something in the girl's face kept back the words that had given him more trouble than any speech to the noble army of electors.

"I'm a good Grit," grumbled Miss Delia, "and so was my father before me. But I'll be blessed if I don't think Ben Wilder'd show better taste by going home and thinking over the good laws he's goin' to bring in, than by calling on decent quiet folks at ten o'clock at night."

"It isn't very late for election night," said Miss Marshall, "but men are foolish creatures anyway. They never know what they want."

This was a speech that might have been supposed to appeal to Miss Delia, who had small mercy on masculine weakness, and who felt a stern joy ten years ago in refusing a widower with a large family of small children. But Miss Delia for some mysterious reason, was not pleased and retorted:

"Well, they're no greater fools than women make them, and I've known George Howard since he wore pinafores and played with a hoop. He's a fine boy yet, and I'm not saying anything against Ben Wilder, but I won't hear a word against George Howard, for I've known him, boy and man, and I'm going to leave him grandmother's china and the old silver tea-pot."

"I'm not saying anything against Mr. Howard," said Louise stiffly, "but he's just like every other clever man. He's so conceited that he thinks nothing is too good for him."

An exclamation that could be truthfully called nothing but a grunt was the only response, and Louise went away to her own room, wondering why she did not feel more elated over the downfall of the man whom she was trying to regard as an enemy.

The next Sunday night, Mr. Wilder called again, and once more encountered a frostily-reserved young woman, who yawned daintily when the election was discussed, and insisted on playing hymns from the "Presbyterian Book of Praise," and forcing Mr. Wilder, who had no ear for music, and who bellowed savagely to make unwilling melody of "Now the Day is Over."

The prosperous and gemal bachelor made his way home with his thoughts in sad confusion. "I wish I'd never set eyes on the girl," he muttered as he turned the corner, "winning an election is easy guessing, compared to knowing what a woman's going to do next. Perhaps she thinks I'm set up on account of the election, and doesn't want to give in too suddenly. Well it's a comfort to see a sky girl in these days. Oh! Hello, Howard!"

The young lawyer turned and shook hands warmly with his former opponent, as he had done on the night of the election, for in spite of twelve years disparity of age, they were strong personal friends.

Wilder was a man who paid little attention to town talk about the girls of the neighborhood and their lovers. Consequently, he had forgotten that rumor had been rife concerning Mr. Howard's attentions to the "pretty teacher," and he suddenly felt the need of a confidant.

"I say Howard, you knew Miss Marshall pretty well at the University, didn't you?"

"I didn't see much of her, I have known her better since she came to Parkersville," said Howard, trying to assume an indifferent air.

"Well—the fact is—oh, hang it all! I can't make out women at all. You see, I thought we were very good friends, but the last few times we've met, she's acted as if I were a stranger, and a mighty undesirable one, too. Do you suppose I've done anything to offend her, or is it just because—"

"I fancy it's just because," said Howard, laughing unpleasantly. "Miss Marshall is a nice girl, but even a University course doesn't take the infinite variety out of a woman's moods. Don't worry about it, Wilder. She may smile on you the next time."

"And her smiles are worth while," said the elder man, adding rather sheepishly, "well, good-night, Howard. Glad the row's over, and we don't have to abuse each other's policies any longer."



But as he left Howard, the younger man walked away in a blaze of indignation. "She's nothing but an ordinary flirt," he mused angrily, "first playing fast and loose with me, and then with Wilder, who's old enough to know better than to bother about a woman."

But George Howard, defeated candidate and disgusted lover, fell asleep that night with his opponent's words ringing in his ears—"and her smiles are worth while."

On the following Thursday, as Howard was passing the High School shortly after four o'clock, he met the Head Master, who seemed to be spluttering about something.

"Have you seen the 'Grant Tribune'?" It's a shame," vigorously asserted Mr. Charles Fielding, the "Dominie."

"What's the matter? Anything about politics?"

It's just a piece of vulgar, personal abuse. I thought Canadian papers were above that sort of thing. I know that Wilder and every decent man in his party will be annoyed about it. I've left a copy of the paper on my desk in the school-room—was too disgusted to take it home with me."

"I think I'll go in and read it," said the defeated candidate. "Do. I'd go back with you, but I'm going to see about that last football match."

Howard entered the old building, and opened the door of the Head Master's room which he had only too good reasons to remember. But he suddenly paused, for Miss Louise Marshall, instructor in Modern Languages, was seated in the old chair holding a copy of the "Grant Tribune," and weeping unreservedly over the editorial paragraphs. She jumped on hearing Howard's footsteps and tried to pass him.

"No," he said grimly, catching her wrist with his left hand, and holding the offending newspaper with his right, while he read the attack on himself. There was nothing especially galling in the lines only a piece of vulgar and decidedly bucolic ridicule of his personal appearance, winding up with unkindly reference to his "swelled head." The wit was that of the small boy who shouts "smarty" from the backyard fence, and Mr. Howard laughed gleefully as he flung the paper aside.

"Well, so much for that. Now tell me what you are crying about Louise."

"I'm not crying," she replied in a quavery voice. "Then they're the best imitation tears I ever saw—or felt," he answered, gently touching her damp cheek.

"Well—I'm tired—and—and that tiresome paper had no business to say such things about you. I—I just hate politics."



Mr. Howard laughed again, for by this time his left arm was around the teacher's shoulders, and the teacher's tired head was dangerously close to a grey sleeve.

"So you don't care for politics. Well, either do I. There are much better things in the world." He proceeded to give a lengthy illustration of what he meant by the "better things," undaunted by the severe environment of blackboards and knife-scarred desks.

"You haven't any right," protested Louise rather faintly. "They have rights who dare maintain them," quoted her lover. "I've read that in some old school book. Now, are you going to apologise, and—well, this will be the third time of asking, and you know what I said about it."

"You were very rude," said Louise, with a flush in her cheeks, that Mr. Howard considered extremely attractive,—no, I'm not going to apologise, and I'm not going to ask about—about anything."

"Then we'll consider the matter arranged," said the gentleman calmly, "and if you don't resign the first week in December, I'll ask you for your resignation, because you don't give enough attention to the backward pupils, the ones who need encouragement."

"I'm not going to resign," said Louise, firmly—"at least, not for a long time yet."

"Yes, you are," said Howard confidently. She raised her head imperiously to meet a glance just a little firmer than her own. Then she looked at the defeated candidate's determined chin, and with a sigh of mingled relief and shame, decided that it is just as well to know when one is beaten.

"I really was rude," she admitted without much show of repentance, "and I wanted you to get in all the time."

"My dear little girl," said George tenderly, as he wondered if the school janitor could be bribed to stay away for another half hour, "some day I mean to be Member of Parliament. But I am prouder of this victory than I could be of a province full of votes. And I'm awfully sorry for Wilder, who is too decent a chap to be ill-treated by a frivolous young woman, and I'm going to write to the editor of the 'Grant Tribune' to-morrow, and tell him that he's done me a great personal favor by abusing me in his miserable columns. I think I'll ask him to be my best man."

"Well," said Miss Delia, as Louise went upstairs that night at the unapproved hour of eleven, "do you think you can take care of my grandmother's china and the silver teapot?"

"I don't know what in the world you mean, Miss Delia," stammered the prevaricating maiden.

"Didn't I say I was going to leave the china to George Howard? Well, when a girl comes home with her hair looking as if some one had been stroking it the wrong way, and with her eyes looking like brown diamonds, and when a man who was beaten for Parliament last week stays for tea and doesn't eat anything but biscuits, and yet keeps grinning as if he'd found a goldmine, I'm not such a fool as not to know what's happened. I'll give you my recipe for mustard pickles if you like, and that India relish. George was always awful fond of them, and it's a queer world anyway, and men aren't easy to understand, but I've never known one of them that didn't take to those pickles."

### Women's Institute Notes

THE Annual District meeting of East Lambton County Women's Institute was held in Taylor's Hall, Watford, on June 16th, with a large attendance of delegates, members and visitors. The Executive met at 1 o'clock and the regular meeting began at 2 o'clock.

The President gave a very interesting address and reported several new Institutes during the year.

The Secretary-Treasurer read the minutes of the last meeting and the reports for the year, which were adopted. Very pleasing reports of the Branches were given by each Secretary-Treasurer, showing a decided increase in interest and membership, and giving an outline of work and the different methods, as taken up by the Branches.

Several good addresses were given and a general regret was heard that the time was so limited that several had to be laid over, and the Government delegates could not be heard.

The election of officers for the year resulted in returning Miss Rawlings, of Forest, and Miss Pettypiece, of Forest, with a large majority. Mrs. Dauss, of Thedford, and Mrs. Adams, were elected for the north and south halves of the District.

The President organized a Branch in Watford. A resolution was offered by Mrs. Treadgold, of Thedford, that some branch of work be taken up by all the Branches. A hearty vote of thanks was given to the ladies of Watford, who provided the dainty lunch, and made the meeting such a success, one of the best ever held in the District.

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The Editor of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL would be glad to receive reports promptly, and the secretaries of the various branches are asked to send in their accounts of special meetings as soon as possible after the meeting is held. Programmes are decidedly acceptable, as these often contain hints of value for others.



# THE AUTHOR OF CRANFORD

## A Sketch of Elizabeth Cleghorn Gaskell

By JEAN GORDON FORBES

"What good is like to this  
To do worthy the writing, and to write  
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?"

IT is to be regretted that the publication of one of Mrs. Gaskell's most powerful works, "The Life of Charlotte Brontë," should have occasioned her so much annoyance and adverse criticism that she determined no record of her own life should ever be written. All that has been told of her beautiful character, and the simple, helpful way in which she and her husband lived and worked, make us wish very earnestly that she herself had not forbidden the writing of any formal, complete biography.

Elizabeth Cleghorn Stevenson was born on the 29th September, 1810, at Lindsay Place, Chelsea, near London. Her father, William Stevenson, was a Unitarian minister, a writer, and afterward classical tutor in the Manchester Academy, a very clever man, of whom it was said at his death, that "The literary and scientific world had sustained a great loss in the death of Mr. Stevenson, a man remarkable for the stores of knowledge which he possessed and for the simplicity and modesty by which his rare attainments were concealed." Assuredly some of his ability and much of his modesty were inherited by his daughter, Elizabeth.



Mrs. Stevenson died a month after little Elizabeth's birth, and the child was taken down to her aunt's, Mrs. Lumb, who lived at Knutsford, about fifteen miles from Manchester. "The house," says Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie, "where Mrs. Gaskell lived, as a little girl, is on the heath, a tall, red house, with a wide-spreading view, and with a pretty carved stair-case, and many light windows, back and front. I have heard that Mrs. Gaskell like many imaginative children, was not always happy. In her hours of childish sorrow and trouble, she used to run away from her aunt's house across the heath, and hide herself in one of the many green hollows, finding comfort in the silence and in the company of birds and insects." She evidently alludes to herself, when in one of her novels, she compares a child who has lost her mother to a lamb shut out of a sheepfold, or a bird who cannot find its nest.

In this little town of Knutsford her childhood and girlhood were spent amid the delightful people, and the picturesque scenes which she afterward described with pathos and humor in "Cranford." The inhabitants of the little town all acknowledge the truth of the portrait. One of them says, "Cranford is all about Knutsford. My old mistress, Miss Hawker, is mentioned in it, and our poor cow. She did go to the field in a flannel waistcoat, because she had burned herself in a lime pit."

For two years in her girlhood she was educated at Stratford-on-Avon, treading the flowery fields where Shakespeare so many years before had trod, worshipping in the church where he had worshipped, and perhaps unconsciously imbibing some of that classic English air which was later to have its influence on her mind and books.

She is described as a very beautiful young woman. She had a well-shaped head, regular, finely-cut features, brilliant, expressive eyes, and perfect hands. She was bright, almost joyous, and a delightful companion.

In 1832 she married, at the Knutsford Parish Church, the Rev. William Gaskell, minister of Cross Street Chapel, Manchester, a most intellectual man, who encouraged her in all her literary labors.

Mrs. Gaskell prided herself on being a capable housekeeper; yet her energies were not all exhausted by her household cares nor the training of her children. She identified herself with all the interests of her husband's parish, and was ready at any time to devote herself to bettering the conditions of the Manchester poor, and to aid in every charitable organization. Her intimate knowledge of these working-people, gained while visiting them in their homes, enabled her to make evident to the world at large the wrongs and indignities which were imposed on them by their employers—the rich.

For several years, Mrs. Gaskell's married life went on happily, but uneventfully. Then in 1838, Mr. William Howitt announced his new book, "Visits to Remarkable Places," and "received," as Mrs. Howitt tells us in her autobiography, "a letter from Manchester, signed E. C. Gaskell, drawing his attention to a fine old seat, Clopton Hall, near Stratford-on-Avon. It described in so powerful and graphic a manner the writer's visit as a school-girl to the mansion and its inmates, that, in replying, he urged his correspondent to use her pen for the public benefit.

For some time she did not take this advice, but when her only son died in 1844, of scarlet fever, Mr. Gaskell, to rouse her from the depression of her intense grief, urged her to write something. She responded and wrote, not the story which had been in her mind for some years, but a story of real life, burning and throbbing with the great distress which was then existing in the manufacturing towns. The poor were being oppressed beyond endurance by the rich, their employers. Mrs. Gaskell knew of the wrongs and difficulties of the Manchester workman, and she wrote of them from her heart, in her first book called "Mary Barton."

"I have often thought," she says, "how deep might be the romance in the lives of some of those who elbowed me in the streets of Manchester. I had always felt deep sympathy with the careworn men who looked as if doomed to struggle through their lives in strange alternations between work and want, tossed to and fro by circumstances even in a greater degree than other men are. A

little manifestation of this sympathy, and a little attention to the expression of feelings on the part of some of the workpeople with whom I was acquainted, had laid open to me the hearts of one or two of the more thoughtful of them. I saw that they were sore and irritable against the rich."

These things burned deep into the heart of Mrs. Gaskell and the anguish of it all she put into "Mary Barton," "the novel with a sob in it," the book "full of storm and tempest, of the tears, the struggles, and the long-suffering patience of the manufacturing classes."

This book at once created universal attention, and like Byron, Mrs. Gaskell awoke one morning to find herself famous.

Thus she gained an entrance into the inner circle of literary lights in London, and soon counted among her friends, Charles Dickens, Thomas Carlyle and his wife, Thackeray, Samuel Rogers and others. Another notable acquaintance which Mrs. Gaskell made at this time was Charlotte Brontë. They became fast friends and we get a glimpse of them together from Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." They were walking over the purple moors together when Charlotte Brontë observed that she believed some people were appointed to sorrow and disappointment, that it did not fall to the lot of all to have their lives in pleasant places. Mrs. Gaskell took a different view; she thought that human lives were more equal, that to some happiness and misery came in strong patches of light and shadow, while in the lives of others they were equally blended. After they parted Charlotte Brontë compared Mrs. Gaskell's letters "to the nourishing efficacy of daily bread," or, "to a page of Cranford."

In 1853 she published "Ruth," a story of a young girl's temptation and fall, told of the gentle, refined touch of one who would gladly have rescued that girl from her tempter and who wished to warn others of the danger-trap ever set. In this same year appeared the greatest of all her works, the inimitable "Cranford." For humor and pathos there is nothing like it in all Victorian literature. Yet it has scarcely a plot at all, but is a delicately drawn and tinted picture of the quaint life in an old-fashioned country town.

"Cranford was in possession of the Amazons, for all the holders of houses above a certain rent were women. If a married couple came to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappeared; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged all the week in the great commercial town of Drumble."

Miss Mattie Jenkyns is a marvel; so timid, so amusing, so pathetic. She is fifty-three and is spending the day with her old love, Mr. Holbrook: "It is very pleasant dining with a bachelor," she says softly; "I only hope it is not improper—so many pleasant things are."

They are gently bred, these Cranford ladies—they all practise "Elegant economics." There is pathos as well as fun in the description of Mrs. Forrester pretending not to know what cakes were sent up "at a party in her baby-house of a dwelling \* \* \* though she knew, and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes!"

Mrs. Gaskell's short stories, and there are many, are scarcely equal to her novels, yet some of them are very beautiful.

Mrs. Gaskell's last novel, "Wives and Daughters," is a vivid and powerful study of life and character. There is something pathetic in the fact that this last of the writer's stories was left unfinished. Few guessed that before the end of this serial story, the great attraction of the *Cornhill Magazine*, the hand that wrote it would be cold in death. On Sunday evening, November 12th, 1865, Mrs. Gaskell died quite suddenly at Holybourne, Alton, Hampshire, a country house which she had recently bought as a surprise for her husband. Her "last days," wrote one who knew her best, "had been full of loving thought and tender help for others. She was so sweet and dear and noble beyond words."



Her daughter, Mrs. Holland, wrote of her, "It was wonderful how her writing never interfered with her social or domestic duties. I think she was the best and most practical housekeeper I ever came across, and the brightest, most agreeable hostess, to say nothing of being a mother and friend. She combined both, being my mother and greatest friend in a way you do not often I think, find between mother and daughter."

Mrs. Gaskell's books can only have a wholesome influence over her readers. Her characters are all so human, the women are womanly, tender; the men are strong, full of faults sometimes (surely more life-like!) and everywhere there is an atmosphere of friendliness through which the author encourages her readers, to prove themselves friendly, to love one another, and to let the spirit of love rule their lives.

The story of Mrs. Gaskell's life is full of interest to all women who have read that delightful classic, "Cranford." The author of the above article is evidently in love with her subject and has written of it with understanding and sympathy. To do one thing perfectly is to have attained a great success, and Mrs. Gaskell's story of the little village is a gem of genre depiction in prose. The character of "Miss Mattie" is one of the most lovable in fiction and will be remembered when more imposing figures are forgotten. "Cranford" is a village in dreamland.



# JEANNE OF THE MARSHES

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM



## CHAPTER I.

MAJOR FORREST.

THE Princess opened her eyes at the sound of her maid's approach. She turned her head impatiently toward the door.

"Annette," she said coldly, "did you misunderstand me? Did I not say that I was on no account to be disturbed this afternoon?"

Annette was the picture of despair. Eyebrows and hands betrayed alike both her agitation of mind and her nationality.

"Madame," she said, "did I not say so to monsieur? I begged him to call again. I told him that madame was lying down with a bad headache, and that it was as much as my place was worth to disturb her. What did he answer? Only this. That it would be as much as my place was worth if I did not come up and tell you that he was here to see you on a very urgent matter. Indeed, madame, he was very, very impatient with me."

"Of whom are you talking?" the Princess asked.

"But of Major Forrest, madame," Annette declared. "It is he who waits below."

The Princess closed her eyes for a moment and then slowly opened them. She stretched out her hand, and from a table by her side took up a small gilt mirror.

"Turn on the lights, Annette," she commanded.

The maid illuminated the darkened room. The Princess gazed at herself in the mirror, and reaching out again took a small powder-puff from its case and gently dabbed her face. Then she laid both mirror and powder-puff back in their places.

"You will tell monsieur," she said, "that I am very unwell indeed, but that since he is here and that his business is urgent, I will see him. Turn out the lights, Annette. I am not fit to be seen. And move my couch a little, so."

"Madame is only a little pale," the maid said reassuringly. "That makes nothing. These Englishwomen have all too much color. I go to tell monsieur."

She disappeared, and the Princess lay still upon her couch, thinking. Soon she heard steps outside, and with a little sigh she turned her head toward the door. The man who entered was tall, and of the ordinary type of well-born Englishman. He was carefully dressed, and his somewhat scanty hair was arranged to the best advantage. His features were hard and lifeless. His eyes were just a shade too close together. The maid ushered him in and withdrew at once.

"Come and sit by my side, Nigel, if you want to talk to me," the Princess said. "Walk softly, please. I really have a headache."

"No wonder, in this close room," the man muttered, a little ungraciously. "It smells as though you had been burning incense here."

"It suits me," the Princess answered calmly, "and it happens to be my room. Bring that chair up here and say what you have to say."

The man obeyed in silence. When he had made himself quite comfortable, he raised her hand, the one which was nearest to him, to his lips, and afterwards retained it in his own.

"Forgive me if I seem unsympathetic, Ena," he said. "The fact is, everything has been getting on my nerves for the last few days, and my luck seems dead out."

She looked at him curiously. She was past middle age, and her face showed signs of the wear and tear of life. But she had still fine eyes, and the rejuvenating arts of Bond Street had done their best for her.

"What is the matter, Nigel?" she asked. "Have the cards been going against you?"

He frowned, and hesitated a moment before replying.



"Ena," he began, "between us two there is an ancient bargain, and that is that we should tell the truth to one another. I will tell you what it is that is worrying me most. I have suspected it for some time, but this afternoon it was absolutely obvious. There is a sort of feeling at the club. I can't exactly describe it, but I am conscious of it directly I come into the room. For several days I have scarcely been able to get a rubber. This afternoon, when I cut in with Harewood and Mildmay and another fellow, two of them made some sort of an excuse and went off. I pretended not to notice it, of course, but there it was. The thing was apparent, and it is the very devil!"

Again she looked at him closely.

"There is nothing tangible?" she asked. "No complaint, or scandal, or anything of that sort?"

He rejected the suggestion with scorn.

"No!" he said. "I am not such an idiot as that. All the same there is the feeling. They don't care to play bridge with me. There is only young Engle-

ton who takes my part, and so far as playing bridge for money is concerned, he would be worth the whole lot put together if only I could get him away from them—make up a little party somewhere, and have him to myself for a week or two."

The Princess was thoughtful.

"To go abroad at this time of the year," she remarked, "is almost impossible. Besides, you have only just come back."

"Absolutely impossible," he answered. "In any case, I shouldn't care to do it just now. It looks like running away. A week or so ago you were talking of taking a villa down the river. I wondered whether you had thought any more of it."

"I dare not," she answered. "I have gone already further than I meant to. This house and the servants and carriages are costing me a small fortune. I dare not even look at my bills. Another house is not to be thought of."

Major Forrest looked gloomily at the shining tip of his patent boot.

"It's jolly hard luck," he muttered. "A quiet place somewhere in the country, with Engleton and you and myself, and another one or two, and I should be able to pull through. As it is, I feel inclined to chuck it all."

The Princess looked at him curiously. He was certainly more than ordinarily pale, and the hand which rested upon the side of his chair was twitching a little nervously.

"My dear Nigel," she said, "do go to the chiffonier there and help yourself to a drink. I hate to see you white to the lips, and trembling as though death itself were at your elbow. Borrow a little false courage if you lack the real thing."

The man obeyed her suggestion with scarcely a protest.

"I had hoped, Ena," he remarked a little peevishly, "to have found you more sympathetic."

"You are so sorry for yourself," she answered. "that you seem scarcely to need my sympathy. However, sit down and talk to me reasonably."

"I talk reasonably enough," he answered. "but I really am hard up against it. Don't think I have come begging. I know you've done all you can, and it's a matter with me now of more than a few hundreds. My only hope is Engleton. Can't you suggest anything?"



The Princess rested her head slightly upon the long slender fingers of her right hand. Bond Street had taken care of her complexion, but the veins in her hands were blue, and art had no means to conceal a certain sharpness of features and the thin lines about the eyes, nameless suggestions of middle age. Yet she was still a handsome woman. She knew how to dress, and how to make the best of herself. She had the foreigner's instinct for clothes, and her figure was still irreproachable. She sat and looked with a sort of calculating interest at the man who for years had come as near touching her heart as any of his sex. Curiously enough she knew that this new aspect in which he now presented himself, this incipient cowardice—the first-fruits of weakening nerves—did not and could not affect her feelings for him. She saw him now almost for the first time with the mask dropped, no longer cold, cynical and calculating, but a man moved to his shallow depths by what might well seem to him, a dweller in the narrow ways of life, as a tragedy. It looked at her out of his grey eyes. It showed itself in the twitching of his lips. For many years he had lived upon a little less than nothing a year. Now for the first time his means of livelihood were threatened. His long-suffering acquaintances had left him alone at the card-table.

"You disappoint me, Nigel," she said. "I hate to see a man weaken. There is nothing against you. Don't act as though there could be. As to the little house-party you were speaking of, I only wish I could think of something to help you. By the by, what are you doing to-night?"

"Nothing," he answered, "except that Engleton is expecting me to dine with him."

"I have an idea," the Princess said slowly. "It may not come to anything, but it is worth trying. Have you met my new admirer, Mr. Cecil de la Borne?"

Forrest shook his head.

"Do you mean a dandified-looking boy whom you were driving with in the park yesterday?"

The Princess nodded.

"We met him a week or so ago," she answered, "and he has been very attentive. He has a country place down in Norfolk, which from his description is, I should think, like a castle in Hermitland. Jeanne and I are dining with him to-night at the Savoy. You and Engleton must come too. I can arrange it. It is just possible that we may be able to manage something. He told me yesterday that he was going back to Norfolk very soon. I fancy that he has a brother

who keeps rather a strict watch over him, and he is not allowed to stay up in town very long at a time."

"I know the name," Forrest remarked. "They are a very old Roman Catholic family. We'll come and dine, if you say that you can arrange it. But I don't see how we can all hope to get an invitation out of him on such a short acquaintance."

The Princess was looking thoughtful.

"Leave it to me," she said. "I have an idea. Be at the Savoy at a quarter past eight, and bring Lord Ronald."

Forrest took up his hat. He looked at the Princess with something very much like admiration in his face. For years he had dominated this woman. Today, for the first time, she had had the upper hand.

"We will be there all right," he said. "Engleton will only be too glad to be where Jeanne is. I suppose young De la Borne is the same way."

The Princess sighed.

"Every one," she remarked, "is so shockingly mercenary."



## CHAPTER II.

AN INVITATION.

THE Princess helped herself to a salted almond and took her first sip of champagne. The almonds were crisp and the champagne dry. She was wearing a new and most successful dinner-gown of black velvet, and she was quite sure that in the subdued light no one could tell that the pearls in the collar around her neck were imitation. Her afternoon's indisposition was quite forgotten. She nodded at her host approvingly.

"Cecil," she said, "it is really very good of you to take in my two friends like this. Major Forrest has just arrived from Ostend, and I was very anxious to hear about the people I know there, and the frocks, and all the rest of it. Lord Ronald always amuses me, too. I suppose most people would call him foolish, but to me he only seems very, very young."

The young man who was host raised his glass and bowed towards the Princess.

"I can assure you," he said, "that it has given me a great deal of pleasure to make the acquaintance of Major Forrest and Lord Ronald, but it has given me more pleasure still to be able to do anything for you. You know that."

She looked at him quickly, and down at her plate. Such glances had become almost a habit with her, but they were still effectual. Cecil de la Borne leaned across towards Forrest.

"I hear that you have been to Ostend lately, Major Forrest," he said. "I thought of going over myself a little later in the season for a few days."

"I wouldn't if I were you," Forrest answered. "It is overrun just now with the wrong sort of people. There is nothing to do but gamble, which doesn't interest me particularly; or dress in a ridiculous costume and paddle about in a few feet of water, which appeals to me even less."

"You were there a little early in the season," the Princess reminded him.

Major Forrest assented.

"A little later," he admitted, "it may be tolerable. On the whole, however, I was disappointed."

Lord Ronald spoke for the first time. He was very thin, very long, and very tall. He wore a somewhat unusually high collar, but he was very carefully, not to say exactly, dressed. His studs and links and waistcoat buttons were obviously fresh from the Rue de la Paix. The set of his tie was perfection. His features were not unintelligent, but his mouth was weak.

"One thing I noticed about Ostend," he remarked, "they charge you a frightful price for everything. We never got a glass of champagne there like this."

"I am glad you like it," their host said. "From what you say I don't imagine that Ostend would attract me particularly. I am not rich enough to gamble, and as I have lived by the sea all my days, bathing does not attract me particularly. I think I shall stay at home."

"By the by, where is your home, Mr. De la Borne?" the Princess asked. "You told me once, but I have forgotten. Some of your English names are so queer that I cannot even pronounce them, much more remember them."

"I live in a very small village in Norfolk, called Salthouse," Cecil de la Borne answered. "It is quite close to a small market-town called Wells, if you know where that is. I don't suppose you do, though," he added. "It is an out-of-the-way corner of the world."

The Princess shook her head.

"I never heard of it," she said. "I am going to motor through Norfolk soon, though, and I think that I shall call upon you."

Cecil de la Borne looked up eagerly.

"I wish you would," he begged, "and bring your



step-daughter. You can't imagine," he added, with a glance at the girl who was sitting on his left hand, "how much pleasure it would give me. The roads are really not bad, and every one admits that the country is delightful."

"You had better be careful," the Princess said, "or we may take you at your word. I warn you, though, that it would be a regular invasion. Major Forrest and Lord Ronald are talking about coming with us."

"It's just an idea," Forrest remarked carelessly. "I wouldn't mind it myself, but I don't fancy we should get Engleton away from town before Good-wood."

"Well, I like that," Engleton remarked. "Forrest's a lot keener on these social functions than I am. As a matter of fact, I am for the tour, on one condition."

"And that?" the Princess asked.

"That you come in my car," Lord Ronald answered. "I haven't really had a chance to try it yet, but it's a sixty-horse Mercedes and it's fitted up for touring. Take the lot of us easy, luggage and everything."

"I think it would be perfectly delightful," the Princess declared. "Do you really mean it?"

"Of course I do," Lord Ronald answered. "It's too hot for town, and I'm rather great on rusticating myself."

"I think this is charming," the Princess declared. "Here we have one of our friends with a car and another with a house. But seriously, Cecil, we mustn't think of coming to you. There would be too many of us."

"The more the better," Cecil said eagerly. "If you really want to attempt anything in the shape of a rest cure, I can recommend my home thoroughly. I am afraid," he added, with a shrug of the shoulders, "that I cannot recommend it for anything else."



"A rest," the Princess declared, "is exactly what we want. Life here is becoming altogether too strenuous. We started the season a little early. I am perfectly certain that we could not possibly last till the end. Until I arrived in London with an heiress under my charge, I had no idea that I was such a popular person."

The girl who was sitting on the other side of their host, spoke almost for the first time. She was evidently quite young, and her pale cheeks, dark full eyes, and occasional gestures, indicated clearly enough something foreign in her nationality. She addressed no one in particular, but she looked toward Forrest.

"That is one of the things," she said, "which puzzles me. I do not understand it at all. It seems as though every one is liked or disliked, here in London, at any rate, according to the amount of money they have."

"Upon my word, Miss Jeanne, it isn't so with every one," Lord Ronald interposed hastily.

She glanced at him indifferently.

"There may be exceptions," she said. "I am speaking of the great number."

"For Heaven's sake, child, don't be cynical," the Princess remarked. "There is no worse pose for a child of your age."

"It is not a pose at all," Jeanne answered calmly. "I do not want to be cynical, and I do not want to have unkind thoughts. But tell me, Lord Ronald, honestly, do you think that every one would have been as kind to a girl just out of boarding-school as they have been to me, if it were not that I have so much money?"

"I cannot tell about others," Lord Ronald answered. "I can only answer for myself."

His last words were almost whispered in the girl's ears, but she only shrugged her shoulders and did not return his gaze. Their host, who had been watching them, frowned slightly. He was beginning to think that Engleton was scarcely as pleasant a fellow as he had thought.

"Well," he said, "Miss Le Mesurier will find out in time who are really her friends."

"It is a safe plan," Major Forrest remarked, "and a pleasant one, to believe in everybody until they want something from you. Then is the time for distrust."

Jeanne sighed.

"And by that time, perhaps," she said, "one's affections are hopelessly engaged. I think that it is a very difficult world."

The Princess shrugged her shoulders.

"Three months," she remarked, "is not a long time. Wait, my dear child, until you have at least lived through a single season, before you commit yourself to any final opinions."

Their host intervened. He was beginning to find the conversation dull. He was far more interested in another matter.

"Let us talk about that visit," he said to the Princess. "I do wish that you could make up your mind to come. Of course, I haven't any amusements to offer you, but you could rest as thoroughly as you like. They say that the air is the finest in England. There is always bridge, you know, for the evenings, and if Miss Jeanne likes bathing, my gardens go down to the beach."

"It sounds delightful," the Princess said, "and exactly what we want. We have a good many invitations, but I have not cared to accept any of them, for I do not think that Jeanne would care much for the life at an ordinary country house. I myself," she continued, with perfect truth, "am not squeamish, but the last house-party I was at was certainly not the place for a very young girl."

"Make up your mind, then, and say yes," Cecil de la Borne pleaded.

"You shall hear from us within the next few days," the Princess answered. "I really believe that we shall come."

The little party left the restaurant a few minutes

later on their way into the foyer for coffee. The Princess contrived to pass out with Forrest as her companion.

"I think," she said under her breath, "that this is the best opportunity you could possibly have. We shall be quite alone down there, and perhaps it would be as well that you were out of London for a few weeks. If it does not come to anything we can easily make an excuse to get away."

Forrest nodded.

"But who is this young man De la Borne?" he asked. "I don't mean that. I know who he is, of course, but why should he invite perfect strangers to stay with him?"

The Princess smiled faintly.

"Can't you see," she answered, "that he is simply a silly boy? He is only twenty-four years old, and I think that he cannot have seen much of the world. He told me that he had just been abroad for the first time. He fancies that he is a little in love with me, and he is dazzled, of course, by the idea of Jeanne's fortune. He wants to play the host to us. Let him. I should be glad enough to get away for a few weeks, if only to escape from these pestering letters. I do think that one's tradespeople might let one alone until the end of the season."

Forrest, who was feeling a good deal braver since dinner, on the whole favored the idea.

"I do not see," he remarked, "why it should not work out very well indeed. There will be nothing to do in the evenings except to play bridge, and no one to interfere."

"Besides which," the Princess remarked, "you will be out of London for a few weeks, and I dare say that if you keep away from the clubs for a time, and lose a few rubbers when you get back, your little trouble may blow over."

"I suppose," Forrest remarked thoughtfully, "this young De la Borne has no people living with him—guardians, or that sort of thing?"

"No one of any account," the Princess answered. "His father and mother are both dead. I am afraid, though, he will not be of any use to you, for from what I can hear he is quite poor. However, Engleton ought to be quite enough if we can keep him in the humor for playing."

"Ask him a few more questions about the place," Forrest said. "If it seems all right, I should like to start as soon as possible."

They had their coffee at a little table in the foyer, which was already crowded with people. Their conversation was often interrupted by the salutations of passing acquaintances. Jeanne alone looked about her with any interest. To the others, this sort of thing—the music of the red-coated band, the flowers, and the passing throngs of people, the handsomest and the weariest crowd in the world—were only part of the treadmill of life.

"By the by, Mr. De la Borne," the Princess asked, "how much longer are you going to stay in London?"

"I must go back to-morrow or the next day," the young man answered, a little gloomily. "I shan't mind it half so much if you people only make up your minds to pay me that visit."

The Princess motioned to him to draw his chair a little closer to hers.

"If we take this tour at all," she remarked, "I should like to start the day after to-morrow. There is a perfectly hideous function on Thursday which I should so like to miss, and the stupidest dinner-party on earth at night. Should you be home by then, do you think?"



"If there were any chance of your coming at all," the young man answered eagerly, "I should leave by the first train to-morrow morning."

"I think," the Princess declared softly, "that we will come. Don't think me rude if I say that we could not possibly be more bored than we are in London. I do not want to take Jeanne to any of the country house-parties we have been invited to. You know why. She really is such a child, and I am afraid that if she gets any wrong ideas about things she may want to go back to the convent. She has hinted at it more than once already."

"There will be nothing of that sort at Salthouse," Cecil de la Borne declared eagerly. "You see, I shan't have any guests at all except just ourselves. Don't you think that would be best?"

"I do, indeed," the Princess assented, "and mind, you are not to make any special preparations for us. For my part, I simply want a little rest before we go abroad again, and we really want to come to you feeling the same way that one leaves one's home for lodgings in a farmhouse. You will understand this, won't you, Cecil?" she added earnestly, laying her fingers upon his arm, "or we shall not come."

"It shall be just as you say," he answered. "As a matter of fact the Red Hall is little more than a large farmhouse, and there is very little preparation which I could make for you in a day or a day and a half. You shall come and see how a poor English countryman lives, whose lands and income have shrivelled up together. If you are dull you will not blame me, I know, for all that you have to do is to go away."

The Princess rose and put out her hand.

"It is settled, then," she declared. "Thank you, dear Mr. Host, for your very delightful dinner. Jeanne and I have to go on to Harlingham House for an hour or two, the last of these terrible entertainments, I am glad to say. Do send me a note round in the morning with the exact name of your house, and some idea of the road we must follow, so that we do not get lost. I suppose you two," she added, turning to Forrest and Lord Ronald, "will not mind starting a day or two before we had planned?"

"Not in the least," they assured her.

"And Miss Le Mesurier?" Cecil de la Borne asked. "Will she really not mind giving up some of these wonderful entertainments?"

Jeanne smiled upon him brilliantly. It was a

smile which came so seldom, and which, when it did come, transformed her face so utterly that she seemed like a different person.

"I shall be very glad indeed," she said, "to leave London. I am looking forward so much to seeing what the English country is like."

"It will make me very happy," Cecil de la Borne said, bowing over her hand, "to try and show you."

Her eyes seemed to pass through him, to look out of the crowded room, as though indeed they had found their way into some corner of the world where the things which make life lie. It was a lapse from which she recovered almost immediately, but when she looked at him, and with a little farewell nod withdrew her hand, the transforming gleam had passed away.

"And there is the sea, too," she remarked, looking backwards as they passed out. "I am longing to see that again."

### CHAPTER III.

#### A GOLIATH IS INTRODUCED.

PERHAPS there was never a moment in the lives of these two men when their utter and radical dissimilarity, physically as well as in the larger ways, was more strikingly and absolutely manifest. Like a great sea animal, huge, black-bearded, bronzed, magnificence, but uncouth, Andrew de la Borne, in the oilskins and overalls of a village fisherman, stood in the great bare hall in front of the open fireplace, reckless of his drippings, at first only mildly amused by the half cynical, half angry survey of the very elegant young man who had just descended the splendid oak staircase, with its finely carved balustrade, black and worm-eaten. Cecil de la Borne stared at his brother with the angry disgust of one whose sense of all that is holiest stands outraged. Slim, of graceful though somewhat undersized figure, he was conscious of having attained perfection in matters which he reckoned of no small importance. His grey tweed suit fitted him like a glove, his tie was a perfect blend between the color of his eyes and his clothes, his shoes were of immaculate shape and polish, his socks had been selected with care in the Rue de la Paix. His hair was brushed until it shone with the proper amount of polish, his nails were perfectly manicured, even his cigarette came from the dealer whose wares were the caprice of the moment. That his complexion was pallid and that underneath the eyes were faint blue lines, which were certainly not the hall-marks of robust health, disturbed him not at all. These things were correct. Health was by no means a desideratum in the set to which he was striving to belong. He looked through his eye-glass at his brother and groaned.

"Really, Andrew," he said calmly, but with an undertone of anger trembling in his tone, "I am surprised to see you like this! You might, I think, have had a little more consideration. Can't you realize what a sight you are, and what a mess you're making!"

Andrew took off his cap and shook it, so that a little shower of salt water splashed on to the polished floor.

"Never mind, Cecil," he said good-humoredly. "You've all the department that's necessary for this family. And salt water doesn't stain. These boards have been washed with it many a time."

The young man's face lost none of its irritation. "But what on earth have you been doing?" he exclaimed. "Where have you been to get in a state like that?"

Andrew's face was suddenly overcast. It did not please him to think of those last few hours.

"I had to go out to bring a mad woman home," he said. "Kate Caynsard was out in her cat-boat a day like this. It was suicide if I hadn't reached her in time."

"You—did reach her in time?" the young man asked quickly.

Andrew turned to face the questioner, and the eyes of the brothers met. Again the differences between them seemed to be suddenly and marvellously accentuated. Andrew's cheeks, bronzed and hardened with a life spent wholly out of doors, were glistening still with the salt water which dripped down from his hair and hung in sparkling globules from his beard. Cecil was paler than ever; there was something almost furtive in that swift, insistent look. Perhaps Andrew recognized this. Perhaps he recognized something of what was in the other's mind. At any rate the good-nature left his manner—his tone took to itself a sterner note.

"I came back," he said grimly. "I should not have come back alone. She was hard to save, too."

"She is mad," Cecil muttered. "A queer lot all the Caynsards."



"She is as sane as you or I," his brother answered. "She does rash things, and she chooses to treat her life as though it were a matter of no moment. But that is not insanity. She took a fifty to one chance at the bar, and she nearly lost. But, by Heaven, you should have seen her bring my little boat down the creek, with the tide swelling, and a squall right on the top of us. It was magnificent. Cecil!"

"Well?"

"Why does Kate Caynsard treat her life as though it were of less value than the mackerel she lowers her line for. Do you know?"

The younger man dropped his eyeglass and shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Since when," he demanded, "have I shown any inclination to play the village lothario? Thick ankles and robust health never appealed to me—I prefer the sicklier graces of civilization."

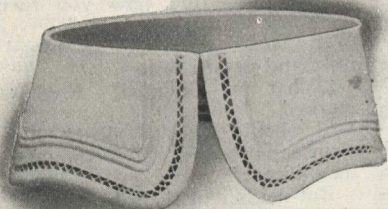
"Kate Caynsard," Andrew said thoughtfully, "is



## In the Shops

THE cuts used on this page for illustration show some dainty new dress accessories, and are published by courtesy of the A. T. Reid Company, Toronto. The styles in collars have not altered materially since the summer, and the jabot is with us once again.

The "between seasons" time in the shops is not the least interesting part



of the year. There are always those who are intent upon bargains in summer goods, which may be used for the following year. Of course it is decidedly dangerous to buy anything which has a strongly-marked design or pattern, as such goods will appear old-fashioned and grotesque after a year or two. But it is always desirable to lay in a stock of nainsook, dimity, or dainty lawns, when such goods are cheap, as they may be used at any time and no mistake can be made in buying them. The early part of September always sees the last of the summer goods disappearing at prices which would tempt the most cautious.

"Chiffon and satin, especially black," remarks a New York authority, "have been used for wraps almost to the exclusion of anything else. Shapeless affairs seemingly thrown together, but somehow or other graceful and oftentimes quite alluring, as one caught a dim suggestion of the lines of the figure through the chiffon. The linings were mostly of chiffon, too, in beautiful,



warm, rich tones, corals, royal blue, gold and empire green predominating. . . They say that this is going to be another moire season, and I can readily believe it. You know we have a moire season every ten or fifteen years, and it is about due. But like any revival it is never quite the same—only in frocks and frills, unlike life in general, the revival is frequently quite an improvement on the original. No doubt this will be a blow to the woman who has carefully treasured her moire antique and now hopes to reap the benefit of her farsightedness, for the moire of this season is so soft and flexible as to be almost unrecognized—a triumph of the weavers' and dyers' art, so marvellously soft are the colorings."

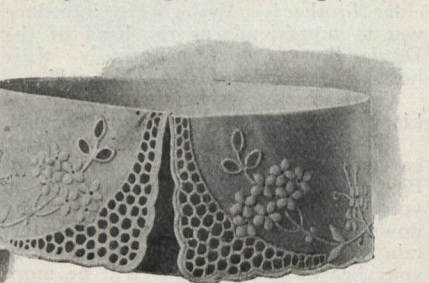
We are reminded of the rapid advancement and adoption of the latest inventions in modern times, as we are confronted in the Eaton store with vacuum cleaners as Friday bargains. For fifty dollars we may buy an acme vacuum cleaner for alternating current, in cabinet cases, complete with carpet nozzle, upholstery nozzle, and wall brush. There is also one for direct current for

only half this price, while for twelve dollars and a half a very respectable hand-power cleaner may be obtained.

To most women a rug sale affords almost irresistible attraction, and you are not surprised to find a crowd of eager shoppers where Wilton, Axminster, and a few Oriental rugs are rapidly being disposed of. The modern fashion of stained or polished floors with rugs is an admirable one for cleanliness and convenience, even if the housewife finds that eternal vigilance is the price to be paid for a clean and shining floor surface. The rugs are found at a remarkably reasonable price during the early autumn days, and many a bargain is discovered which later adorns the centre of library or sitting-room. The soft colorings are preferred by most of us, as the more pronounced hues are extremely trying, in attempting to arrange either furniture or hangings in harmony. The most popular size in rugs, nine by ten and a half feet, comes in Wilton, Mirzapore, and Calcutta, for less than thirteen dollars.

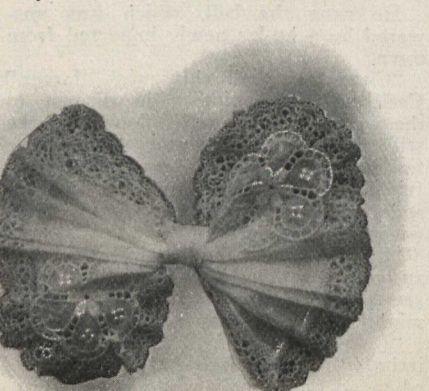
Serge gowns seem never to go out. While we are hardly as devoted to the wearing of serge as our English cousins, yet we have a decided fondness for this severe and "correct" fabric. The princess gowns in serge, which

eaton's are showing for fall wear, are neat and attractive, with an unusually extensive color range.



The jewellery windows and cases are beginning to assume that special allure-ment which culminates in a blaze during the month of December.

The pendant is still a popular ornament, and some of the "new art" designs are extremely dainty and quaintly fascinating. Silver and platinum are being used extensively for settings and form a most effective background for brilliant gems. Jade and chrysochryse are yet popular and their rich and cool green forms a striking contrast to the silver setting. Enamel work is likely to be more in evidence than ever. The new peacock shade is shown widely in the latest designs. The craze for "chantecler" jewellery has reached its height, we may hope, and appears to be declining rapidly. It was never more than a fad



and bids fair to disappear before the snow falls. Like most of such fads, it was decidedly ugly and deserved extinction. Chains of platinum, with amethyst or moonstones, are seen in the latest designs, and are exceedingly

artistic. Turquoises are again fashionable, and some of the bracelets with fancy large stones in setting, as well as the jewelled chains, are an autumn attraction.

THE English shops are just beginning to show their daintiest fancies for evening wear, and "Fashions for All" informs us of the black satin scarves and chiffon stoles which are making London counters attractive. That authority on modes continues:

"Shot silk and taffeta have so long been considered out of date that it comes almost as a surprise to find how rapidly they have come back to the fashionable world; and really they deserve every bit of praise the modistes give them. For smart afternoon dresses they are admirable; and when you can afford only one new housegown a year, it is just as well to buy one which will serve many purposes for the summer and winter seasons. I thought of you all when I saw a smart visiting-toilette of mauve and silver "shot" taffeta, with a simple gauged bodice opening over a chemisette of silver net. The skirt was formed of a plain panel in front, with a band of silver and mauve net confining the full pleated back-widths in position.

"Ninon and chiffon are also beautiful when 'shot,' and for inexpensive evening gowns they are hard to rival. An excellent fabric may be obtained for as little of 1s. 11<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>d. per yard, though, if the gown is to be elaborately made, it is better to put the time and work into a slightly more expensive variety. Though it sounds absurdly early for me to mention autumn clothes, yet speaking of shot ninon reminds me of a charming "advance" gown I saw, intended for the house or small evening functions. It was ninon reflecting autumn tints of dull red, green, and red-orange; and though the combination of hues sounds rather startling, a most beautiful effect was attained. In the 'shot' fabrics, the otherwise most clashing hues are combined with advantage.

"Though many months have passed since the advent of the tunic, it is still the most popular and fashionable mode for smart occasion. One of my readers wrote to me bemoaning the fact that her evening-dress was too full to allow of the all-over tunic being successfully donned. It is here that the 'split-up' tunic comes to rescue you from despair, and your toilette from hopeless shabbiness.

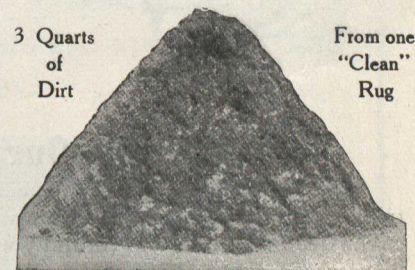
"Personally, I think the tunic divided at the sides, and hanging from the shoulders, with the front and back panels caught into the waist-line by means of a threaded sash of ribbon or chiffon, one of the prettiest and most graceful designs, and specially adaptable to the gown which is the unhappy possessor of a long and full-trained skirt. But as over-draperies or tunics have more the effect of broad scarves, their arrangement is entirely a matter of individual taste; and with the exercise of a little ingenuity the clever woman should be able to achieve some excellent results with lengths of satin, chiffon, net, or lace purchased at the sales."

AS every woman no doubt has discovered, the charm of a dainty and attractive toilette depends fully as much on the wearing of smart and up-to-date accessories as on the frock itself, says *The Designer*. Probably never before has there been a season when the wearing of frills, ruffs, variously-shaped jabots and fancy collars been more pronounced, and despite their inexpensive look, the woman who values these trifles has found out to her sorrow that the cost was considerable. The severity of the plain tailored suit is lightened materially by the plaitings of mull, batiste, lawn and chiffon that may be had in many widths and styles. These are basted under the collar to the closing, generally following the outline of the revers, although many find that by covering the entire collar, and sewing the binding under, the effect is more becoming. Practically every width is shown, from the narrow plaitings and ruches that are not much wider than the ones formerly worn at the top of high collars, to the deep plaitings of five inches in depth that are particularly becoming on the younger folks. The Persian note which appears in so many different forms is also shown in these frills, and the plaitings of cream net, with a tiny binding of the silk at the edge, are very charming on the tailored suits of blue, brown and natural-colored linen.

## The "Automatic" Vacuum Cleaner



ONLY \$25.00



This pile of dirt was removed by an

### "AUTOMATIC" VACUUM CLEANER

from a 9 x 12 rug which a model housewife thought was clean. She had labored long and hard with her broom and carpet sweeper, actually believing that those implements were giving her desired results.

It took but a few short minutes with the "AUTOMATIC" to convince her that brooms and sweepers are a farce—a delusion and a snare—that they merely stir up the dust to settle again on every article in the house—besides really forcing the FINE DUST down INTO the fiber of the carpet, there to remain and become alive with all kinds of vermin. Thus she learned that her home was neither CLEAN nor SANITARY.

The "AUTOMATIC" will convince you that just such conditions exist in YOUR HOME—that YOUR carpets, rugs, furniture, mattresses, etc., are filled with this same kind of dirt.

### OUR PROPOSITION

Send us \$25.00 for one of these machines and we will convince you of this—or if you are not satisfied that this is the best Hand Power Vacuum Cleaner on earth, you may return it and we will refund your money. Can you afford to turn down such a proposition? Send for Free Circular which tells all about our hand power and "Triumph" Electric Vacuum Cleaners.

Onward Man'g Co.  
BERLIN - - - ONTARIO

# Dust Every Day With LIQUID VENEER



IT takes away the drudgery of ordinary dusting and cleaning. All dust and dirt gathered up and carried away on the cloth—not stirred up to settle again. At the same time it restores the new, polished appearance of your piano, tables, chairs and wood-work. Hardwood floors should always be cleaned with Liquid Veneer if you want to preserve their beauty.

## Sold On Our Guarantee

Buy a bottle of Liquid Veneer of any dealer—give it a fair trial, following directions—then if not fully satisfied—take it back to the dealer and he will refund your money. Can we be more fair?

## Sample Bottle Free

If you have never used Liquid Veneer write at once for a sample bottle. It will be sent Free and Prepaid.

Sold by all dealers, 25c, 50c, \$1.00 bottles.

**BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO., 60 Lewis St., Bridgeburg, Can.**



## Silver of Proven Quality

Rely on your own judgment as to the beauty, finish and style of a pattern, but in making your purchases look for the trade mark

## "1847 ROGERS BROS."

This famous brand of silver plate—the standard of quality for sixty years—proven by the truest test—time—well merits the title "Silver Plate that Wears."

Knives, forks, spoons and fancy serving pieces marked "1847 ROGERS BROS." are sold by all leading dealers and may be obtained in complete sets to match or in chests. Send for our catalogue "83" showing the newer as well as standard patterns.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.  
Hamilton, Canada

# JEANNE OF THE MARSHES

Continued from page 24

not of the villagers. She leads their life but her birth is better on her father's side, at any rate, than our own."

"If I might be allowed to make the suggestion," Cecil said, regarding his brother with supercilious distaste, "don't you think it would be just as well to change your clothes before our guests arrive?"

"Why should I?" Andrew asked calmly. "They are not my friends. I scarcely know even their names. I entertain them at your request. Why should I be ashamed of my oilskins? They are in accord with the life I live here. I make no pretence, you see, Cecil," he added, with a faintly amused smile, "at being an ornamental member of Society."

His brother regarded him with something very much like disgust.

"No!" he said sarcastically. "No one could accuse you of that."

Something in his tone seemed to suggest to Andrew a new idea. He looked down at the clothes he wore beneath his oilskins—the clothes almost of a workingman. He glanced for a moment at his hands, hardened and blistered with the actual toil which he loved.

"Cecil," he said, "I believe you're ashamed of me."

"Of course I am," the younger man answered brutally. "It's your own fault. You choose to make a fisherman or a laboring man of yourself. I haven't seen you in a decent suit of clothes for years. You won't dress for dinner. Your hands and skin are like a plough-boy's. And, d—n it all, you're my elder brother! I've got to introduce you to my friends as the head of the De la Borne's, and practically their host. No wonder I don't like it!"

There was a moment's silence. If his words hurt, Andrew made no sign. "There is no reason," he remarked, carelessly enough, "why I should inflict the humiliation of my presence on you or on your friends. I am going down to the Island. You shall entertain your friends and play the host to your heart's content. It will be more comfortable for both of us."

Cecil prided himself upon a certain impassivity of features and manner which some *fin de siècle* oracle of the cities had pronounced good form, but he was not wholly able to conceal his relief. Such an arrangement was entirely to his liking. It solved the situation satisfactorily in more ways than one.

"It's a thundering good idea, Andrew, if you're sure you'll be comfortable there," he declared. "I don't believe you would get on with my friends a bit. They're not your sort. Seems like turning you out of your own house, though."

"It is of no consequence," Andrew said coldly. "I shall be perfectly comfortable."

"You see," Cecil continued, "they're not keen on sport at all, and you don't play bridge—"

Andrew had already disappeared. Cecil turned back into the hall and lit a cigarette.

"Phew! What a relief!" he muttered to himself. "If only he has the sense to keep away all the time!"

He rang the bell, which was answered by a butler newly imported from town.

"Clear away all this mess, James," Cecil ordered, pointing in disgust to the wet places upon the floor, and the still dripping southwester, "and serve tea here in an hour, or directly my friends arrive—tea, and whisky and soda, and liquors, you know, with sandwiches and things."

"I will do my best, sir," the man answered. "The kitchen arrangements are a little—behind the times, if I might venture to say so."

"I know, I know," Cecil answered irritably. "The place has been allowed to go on anyhow while I was away. Do what you can, and let them know outside that they must make room for one, or perhaps two automobiles. . . ."

Upstairs Andrew was rapidly throwing a few things together. With an odd little laugh he threw into the bottom of the wardrobe an unopened parcel of new clothes, and a dress suit carefully looked out and brushed. In

less than twenty minutes he had left the house by the back way, with a small portmanteau poised easily upon his massive shoulders. As he turned from the long ill-kept avenue, with its straggling wind-smitten trees all exposed to the tearing ocean gales, into the high road, a great automobile swung round the corner and slackened speed. Major Forrest leaned out and addressed him. "Can you tell me if this is the Red Hall, my man—Mr. De la Borne's place?" he asked.

Andrew nodded, without a glance at the veiled and shrouded women who were leaning forward to hear his answer.

"The next avenue is the front way," he said. "Mind how you turn in—the corner is rather sharp."

He spoke purposely in broad Norfolk, and passed on.

"What a Goliath!" Engleton remarked.

"I should like to sketch him," the Princess drawled. "His shoulders were magnificent."

But neither of them had any idea that they had spoken with the owner of the Red Hall.

## CHAPTER IV.

### AT THE RED HALL.

ABOUT half-way through dinner that night, Cecil De la Borne drew a sigh of relief. At last his misgivings were set at rest. His party was going to be, was already in fact pronounced, a success. A glance at his fair neighbour, however, who was lighting her third or fourth Russian cigarette since the caviare, sent a shiver of thankfulness through his whole being. What a sensible fellow Andrew had been to clear out! This sort of thing would not have appealed to him at all.

"My dear Cecil," the Princess declared, "I call this perfectly delightful. Jeanne and I have wanted so much to see you in your own home. Jeanne, isn't this nicer, ever so much nicer, than anything you had imagined?"

"Yes," she admitted, "I think that it is! But then, any place that looks in the least like a home is a delightful change after all that rushing about in London."

"I agree with you entirely," Major Forrest declared. "If our friend has disappointed us at all, it is in the absence of that primitiveness which he led us to expect. One perceives that one is drinking Veuve Clicquot of a vintage year, and one suspects the nationality of our host's cook."

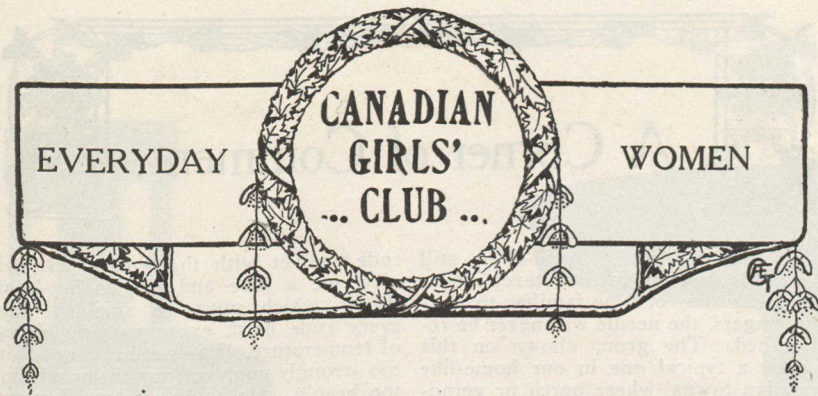
"You can have all the primitivism you want if you look out of the windows," Cecil remarked drily. "You will see nothing but a line of stunted trees, and behind them, miles of marshes and the greyest sea which ever played upon the land. Listen! You don't hear a sound like that in the cities."

Even as he spoke they heard the dull roar of the north wind booming across the wild empty places which lay between the Red Hall and the sea.

"It is an idyll, the last word in the refining of sensations," Major Forrest declared. "You give us sybaritic luxury, and in order that we shall realize it, you provide the background of savagery. In the *Carlton* one might dine like this and accept it as a matter of course. Appreciation is forced upon us by these suggestions of the wilderness without."

"Not all without, either," Cecil de la Borne remarked, raising his eyeglass and pointing to the walls. "See where my ancestors frown down upon us—you can only just distinguish their bare shapes. No De la Borne has had money enough to have them renovated or even preserved. They have eaten their way into the canvases, and the canvases into the very walls. You see the empty spaces, too. A Reynolds and a Gainsboro' have been cut out from there and sold. I can show you long empty galleries, pictureless, and without a scrap of furniture. We have ghosts like rats, rooms where the curtains and tapestries are falling to pieces from sheer decay. Oh! I can assure you that our primitivism is not wholly external."

(To be continued)



LETTERS are coming in from all the provinces, from old members of the Club, asking for more order blanks, and receipt books, and envelopes, from new members who are just making their initial efforts, for this greater CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL offers such an opportunity for doing big things this subscription season. Can you wonder that I feel pleased and very hopeful when I get a lot of letters like these every day?

"I really cannot tell you all I think about the plans for the greater Home Journal, they seem so splendid. I can scarcely wait for the September number, and yet I don't want to show other numbers because they will not give a fair idea of what the subscribers will receive during the year. I was well satisfied with last spring's results and all my subscribers are very much pleased with the Journal, but with the larger magazine I am counting on making a regular 'clean up' throughout town."

"I've just been taking a little preliminary survey and these subscriptions are the result. Would you believe that I've only found about half a dozen people who know the Journal. Everywhere they are delighted to know of a really good Canadian magazine, and one that has such a progressive spirit. The size of this order doesn't mean anything, there are dozens and dozens of people who want me to go back in a month or so when their present magazine subscriptions expire. So many subscriptions run out these next three months that I will be busy every minute. I must show everybody the Canadian Home Journal before they ignorantly go and renew to something else."

"This is just a little town, hardly a town at all, a post office, some stores and lumber yards, but it is the business centre for a good many farmers. I can count one hundred and fifty families, and I think half of them will subscribe. Seventy-five subscriptions may not seem such an enormous lot to you, but I'll be perfectly satisfied with the commission and salaries on these for this season. I don't think it will take very much time to get them, for



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THE STUDY HOUR

you see everybody around here knows me. Don't forget the receipt books and blanks."

There must be about 2,500 towns of this size in Canada with 300 to 1,000 people in them. I wish I could say that a member of the Girls' Club lived in each one of these towns. Seventy-five subscriptions doesn't sound such a great many, and yet it means about \$35 to \$40 in commission and salary, enough to buy a good

many attractive and desirable things. You are working, too, among acquaintances, and that is so much easier than among strangers.

Dear Secretary:

"Just two weeks till we go back to town again. I have had the very best summer yet and I certainly hate to leave so soon, but the kidlets have to go back to school. The Islands are at their very best this month. The canoe that the girls' club paid for has been the greatest pleasure.

"The Journal came down here to



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THE FUDGE PARTY

me all summer, thanks very much. I am enthusiastic about the greater Journal, because I want our home magazine to grow to be just as big as any of those foreign ones. How you can keep the price just the same I don't see, but it will be a great help in getting subscriptions. Please send more supplies to me for I intend to start a big campaign. Every woman I know simply has to give the Journal a year's trial, they can't know how good it is and how they will like it without a trial, and they owe that to a Canadian magazine."

November is the fifth anniversary of the starting of the HOME JOURNAL. We want thousands of more subscriptions because the influence of a magazine depends upon the number of people it reaches. I hope that hundreds of new members will be enrolled in the Girls' Club, because there is so much work to be done in telling all the hundreds of thousands of women about the JOURNAL. Not all the girls whom we would like to become members are now JOURNAL readers, will you not tell some of your friends about the Club, if you can not yourself join? This is

A VERY SPECIAL OFFER.

As soon as any girl sends in eight orders we will send her, besides the commission, and the extra commission and salary, her choice of these Harrison Fisher pictures, 10½ x 15 inches, printed in color, and we will also send one to the friend who suggested to her that she join the Girls' Club. So just a suggestion on your part may not only help some girl to make a great deal of pin money for herself and possibly to build a business paying a splendid income, but may give you one of these splendid pictures for your room. But the real reason, I hope you will tell your friends about the Girls' Club, is because you are interested in having the JOURNAL succeed.

Very sincerely,

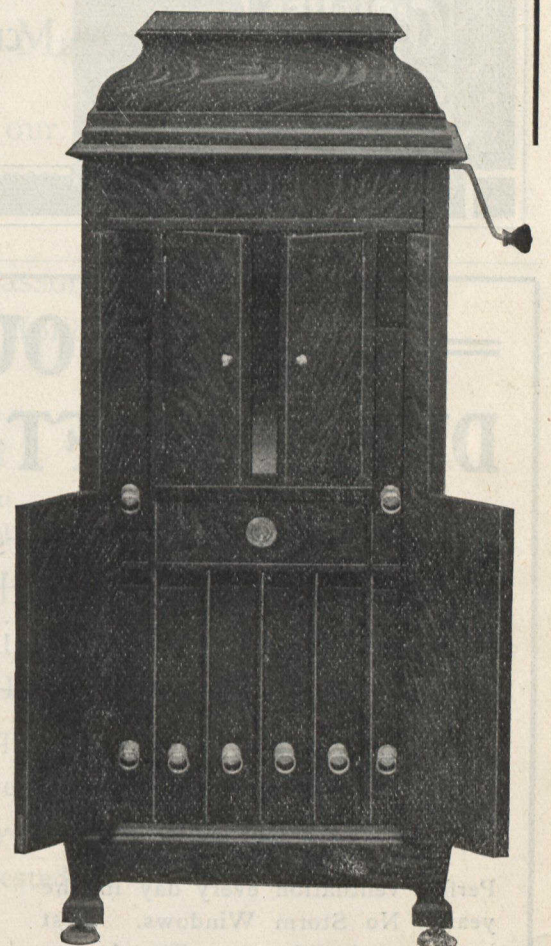
SECRETARY.

# Why Children Dislike Learning Music

¶ The most difficult part of teaching a child music is to get it to practise. You should not blame the child, to it music is only a dull and weary waste of time spent in finger exercises.

¶ The modern way to get the child interested in music is by bringing a musical atmosphere into the home. Let the child hear music as it is played by the greatest players in the world. Only a dull child can hear the wonderful masterpieces properly played without desiring to be able to play as well. Practice becomes a pleasure, the child's interests are awakened and the teacher's task made easy.

## A Pollock Phonola



in the home permits every child to hear the very best music reproduced in a manner that one would believe they were listening to the artists. The older members of the family will spend many pleasant and enjoyable evenings in the home listening to music played on a Phonola.

¶ There is as much difference between a PHONOLA and an ordinary talking machine as there is between an old fashioned melodian and a modern pipe organ.

*Phonola cases are finished in any desired shade of Oak or Mahogany to suit the room to contain them.*

¶ The price of a Pollock Phonola is less than any other high class machine. \$65, \$100, \$160.

¶ Most high class music stores sell POLLOCK PHONOLAS. If your dealer does not keep them, write direct to us for a catalogue. If you attend the National Exhibition at Toronto, look us up and hear a PHONOLA play.

The Pollock Manufacturing Co. Limited - - Berlin, Ontario

CHRISTIE

"THERE'S A  
**Christie**  
**Biscuit**

for every taste, and they all taste delicious."

Note the quotation marks, madam!

Thousands of Canada's particular housewives—ladies you would be proud to know—make that statement every day. A million Canadians eat Christie Biscuits every day. What's the reason?

The best wheat of the best wheat lands on earth, rolled into flour in the best Canadian mills—these flours sifted, blended and tested in the Christie scientific way—that is the foundation of Christie Biscuit excellence.

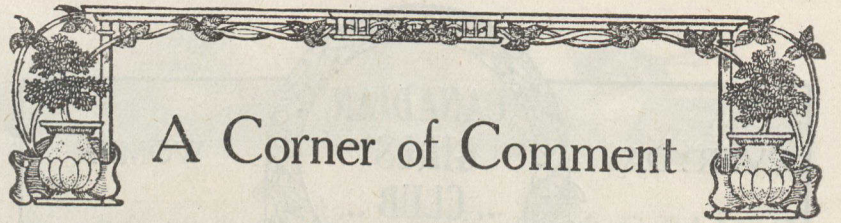
But—that's not all, madam! Every ingredient entering our bakes must be of the HIGH STANDARD QUALITY YOU INSIST ON for your own table—nothing less would sustain Christie reputation. QUALITY and PURITY—these are the first considerations in the Christie factory—the biggest, brightest and cleanest in all Canada.

No wonder they call Christie Biscuits "The Purest of all Pure Foods."

Christie, Brown & Company Limited



BISCUITS



A Corner of Comment

THE old-fashioned sewing-circle still holds its own, for, whatever implements may become familiar to feminine fingers, the needle will never be relinquished. The group shown on this page is a typical one in our home-like Canadian towns, where porch or veranda affords, in the summer-time, an ideal spot for an afternoon's sewing. Man is disposed to ridicule the sewing-circle and to declare that it is a scene of scandal and idle talk. In fact, a cynical citizen remarked, not long ago, that "a sewing-circle is a society which sews the garments of the poor and rips the reputations of the rich."

While this remark is a libel on the average group of needlewomen, it must be admitted that occasionally the discussion becomes personal. During last summer, such a company began to discuss a recent wedding, with the usual feminine comments.

"I wonder what she ever could see in him—a lazy, weak-minded creature like Jack B——. He'll never make much of a living for any woman."

"That reminds me," said a girl who dropped a centre-piece to take a scrap of paper from a work-bag. "Here's a

rude contact with the world. He will view me a rare and fragile hot-house flower which must be shielded from every rude blast, every varying change of temperature. The sun must not shine too strongly upon me nor the wind blow too keenly. He appeals to my feminine sense of dependence and to my love of being loved; but," and she shook her head soberly, "there is no use disguising the fact that his excessive care of me will prove a bore. He will always be solicitous to see that my throat is well wrapped up and that I wear my rubbers when it is damp underfoot. He will insist on deciding for me all the questions of life, whether trivial or important; what books I shall read, what religion I shall adopt and, probably, what breakfast food I shall eat. Within two years I shall be a pampered nonentity without either a will or an intelligence of my own.

"Now, I must weigh Jack in the balance. He is a dear, lovable fellow; a charming and amusing companion, but with as little sense of responsibility as a kitten. He appeals strongly to my maternal instinct. I feel that he needs my affection and in a measure, my guidance;



THE SEWING CIRCLE

Photograph by Mrs. Robert Baird, Galt

little sketch by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow which I read a long while ago and which talks about this very thing. I'm going to read it to you." So she proceeded with this small contribution to the discussion of "Life's Problems."

THERE was a lady who from her youth up had many suitors; but as the years wore on they gradually fell from their allegiance, until she awoke to the fact that of all the many but two remained. This led to some earnest communion with her soul and caused her, for the first time, seriously to consider the question of marriage.

"I'm no longer as young as I was," she remarked to herself, "and although my friends are kind enough to call me charming, their very insistence upon it leads me to believe that I should decide at once which of my two remaining suitors I had better accept."

Then she cogitated long and spent sleepless nights over the problem; but found it ever more difficult to solve.

"Billy," she argued, "is strong and masterful. He will guard me from all

but I cannot deceive myself. I shall have to bear the brunt of everything, decide all important questions and grapple with all the problems that would come to us in our mutual experience. He demands of existence sunshine and roses, a song and a jest; but in times of storm and stress he would be as a broken reed. And yet in fair weather he would be a delightful companion, and I should be a free agent with a chance to let my individuality expand and develop, for I should be the head of the house."

Now, the lady married one of these men. Which? Do you know?

AS the girl concluded the story, a sensible married woman remarked:

"I don't like those stories which have 'The Lady or the Tiger' ending. I hope the girl had some saving common-sense and married Billy, then they would settle down beautifully and be comfortable ever after."

"But what would that poor Jack do without someone to look after him?"

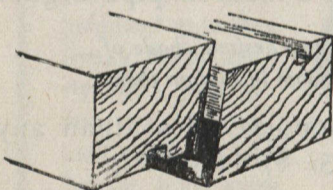
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KEEP OUT  
DUST—DRAFT—NOISE

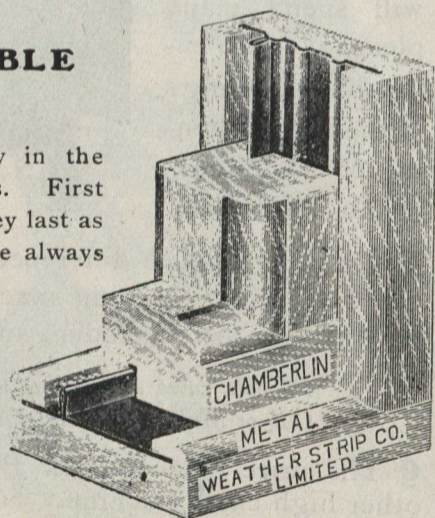
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Perfect ventilation every day in the year. No Storm Windows. First small cost is only cost. They last as long as the building and are always out of the way.



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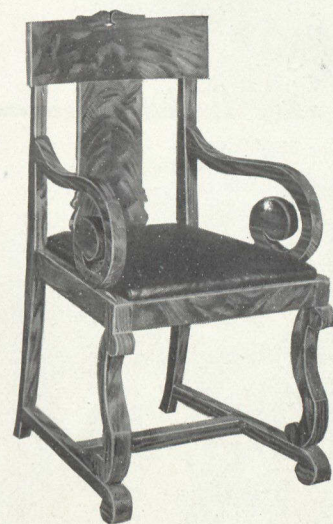


Cut No. 2

Every joint is tight because interlocked as in Cut No. 3. No friction, therefore no screech of poorly adjusted sash. In addition to all the comforts provided this device cuts down the fuel bill at least 25 per cent., and is that not worth while to-day?

We will be glad to send prices and to tell you of some one near you whose home is protected in this way.

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**K**INDLY call at your local Furniture Store and allow our representative to show it to you, he will be glad to do so, whether you desire to purchase or simply to study it.

Our Furniture is sold only through retail stores and the assortment on the floor is supplemented by our remarkable "photogravure portfolio A", showing our entire line, and all complete suites thus arranged.

WE ARE LARGE CONSUMERS OF MAHOGANY and Circassian Walnut which is all for Furniture use, and in all our time we have made Furniture, we have held quality above sales, and worthiness above price. Our period pieces are carefully studied and are correct.

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# EATON'S AUTHENTI



## Our Fall and Winter Catalogue is a Digest of the Newest Styles

**The Accompanying Illustrations** represent a few of the many handsome garments which are catalogue. This book is a source of exceptional interest for women and is mailed to any address upon receipt of your styles are positively the newest, being fac-similes of the season's latest models, and every illustration is an exact reproduction of the original garment. Our designers have visited New York, London and Paris—the fashion centres of the world—the result being a change of style and every recent innovation has been carefully noted and adopted to the requirements of Canadian women.

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TORONTO CANADA

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exact reproduction of the  
result being that every  
Canadian woman.

once they have taken  
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to save our customers all intermediate  
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You are allowed ten days to carefully  
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THE MOST LIBERAL OFFER EVER MADE BY A MAGAZINE TO ITS READERS

## We Invite Every One of Our Readers To Help Us Celebrate The Anniversary of Our Fifth Birthday

This offer will interest our present subscribers most, as it enables them to secure free of cost, twelve patterns, one for every month in the year.

### Why The Offer?

We want more women in Canada to know their own "Home Journal" and have made up our minds that by November 1st, 1910, which will be our fifth birthday, there will be, with our readers' help, 40,000 women in Canada subscribers to The Canadian Home Journal.

### How It Works Out

If every one of our readers were to send in a new subscription from a friend or neighbor it would make more than 40,000, but this offer holds good only until the desired number is reached which may be before November 1st. All you have to do is to secure one new subscription for us and twelve coupons will be sent to you, one for every month in the year, that will entitle the holder to receive one pattern free for every coupon. You can loan the patterns to your friends if you wish.

### Value Of The Offer

Every pattern we send out is from those illustrated in our fashion department. Their value is ten cents each, or twelve patterns \$1.20. The subscription price of The Home Journal is \$1.00, thus you get \$2.20 worth for one dollar. Remember each coupon is good for one month.

### Quality Of The Patterns

Thousands of women in Canada say that the "May Manton" patterns are easier to use and more in keeping with Canadian women's ideas of dress than any other patterns. Starting with the September issue our Fashion Department will be doubled in size and will contain stamping patterns.

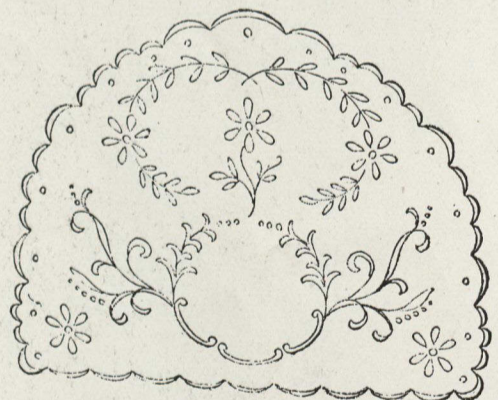
### Why Order Now

By sending in your order now the subscription will start with our BIG SPECIAL FALL FASHION NUMBER and will include our big Household Number also Special Christmas Number. Do not wait until the desired number is reached as the offer will positively be withdrawn as soon as the 40,000 mark is reached. Ask one of your friends at once if she will not subscribe and share the patterns with you.

This offer is good only when order is sent direct to our office and one dollar is enclosed for a twelve month subscription.



**May Manton Patterns** cover a wide range of Garments, Costumes, Blouses, Skirts, Children's Dresses, Underwear, etc.



Design for embroidering Tea Cosy Cover. Price 10c. The most simple Stamping Pattern made.

CUT THIS OUT

#### COUPON.

Please find enclosed one dollar for one year's subscription to Canadian Home Journal for which I am to receive, in addition to one year's subscription of the magazine, 12 pattern coupons free.

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**Canadian Home Journal** 59-61 JOHN STREET TORONTO, CANADA

effect of satin and the trimming is heavy lace, but such a gown can be made from almost any reasonable material or the tunic could be utilized for one material with the skirt of another. If liked, the skirt can be made in walking length. The tunic can be made just as illustrated or with the front and back panels cut off to the depth of the sides. Any guimpe that may be liked can be worn beneath. Velvet promises to be much worn in combination with silk and with wool this season and the flounce of the skirt made of velvet while the tunic is made of silk crepe would be exceedingly handsome. The skirt, is five-gored, lengthened by a circular flounce.

For the medium size will be required for the tunic, 4 yards of material 24 or 27, 3 3/4 yards 36, 3 yards 44 inches wide with 4 1/4 yards of banding; for the skirt, 6 3/4 yards 24 or 27, 4 3/4 yards 36 or 4 yards 44 inches wide.

The tunic pattern, 6726, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6737, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32-inch waist measure.

\* \* \*

### Fashionable Coat Suits

COAT suits for the incoming season are exceedingly attractive. For the most part they are made with half length coats and here are two that are smart and novel. The suit to the left is made of broadcloth with collar of velvet. The side portions are made in novel shape and the fronts and back are extended to meet at the under-arms. The skirt also is a new one with the inset side portions. There is a wide front gore and there are the two back gores and they meet at the sides below the side portions where they form inverted plaits. For the medium size will be required, for the coat 5 yards of material 27, 3 1/2 yards 44 or 2 1/2 yards 52 inches wide with 1 1/8 yards of silk or velvet for collar and facing; for the skirt 5 1/4 yards 27, 3 3/8 yards 44 or 52 inches wide. The coat pattern 6740 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 or 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6723 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The second costume shows one of the new checked Scotch suitings and is exceedingly smart. This coat also is shown with side portions that are cut off and with fronts and backs extended

to meet at the under-arm seams but it can be made as shown in the small view without the extensions on the fronts and backs and with the side portions cut to

be extensively worn this autumn and the skirt is perforated for such treatment, as indicated in the back view. For the medium size will be required,

blouse that are cut in one with the sleeves and the yoke of the skirt could be cut on the bias to produce an excellent effect.

For the medium size will be required, for the centre front of the blouse 2 1/4 yards of material 21, the plain portions 1 1/8 yards 44 inches wide, the yoke and trimming of the skirt 4 yards 21 and the plain portion of the skirt 4 yards 44 inches wide; if made from one material throughout, the waist will require 3 3/4 yards 24 or 36, 2 3/8 yards 44 inches wide; the skirt 8 1/4 yards 24 or 27, 5 1/4 yards 36 or 5 yards 44 inches wide.

The waist pattern 6736 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 or 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6651 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

\* \* \*

### Launder Your Own Waists

IF you will only launder your delicate waists yourself, instead of putting them with other clothes to be rubbed to pieces, you will be repaid by their wearing three or four times as long.

First, carefully mend any little rip or tear in the waist, then wash in warm water with pure white soap, rubbing as little and as carefully as possible. You will find that squeezing will take most of the dirt out. Rinse the soap out thoroughly, putting a few drops of bluing in the last water. Make a thin starch by putting one heaping tablespoonful of starch in a flat earthenware crock, adding cold water to make a paste, then turn on slowly one quart of boiling water, stirring all the time, and add a bit of bluing. Dip the waist in this, wring out, and, if white hang in the sunshine to dry and whiten, if colored, dry indoors.

Half an hour before ironing, sprinkle and roll in a towel. Be sure your irons are clean, and rub a little paraffin over each and try on paper before using.

Remember that pongee should always be ironed when it is perfectly dry, and with a warm, not hot, iron.

Iron the sleeves first, and by using a small iron you will find it possible to do them without creasing, even if you do not possess a sleeve board. Then iron the body of the waist, doing the tucks and plain part first on the right, leaving the embroidery and lace, which should be ironed on the wrong side for the last.

To iron the tucks nicely, start at the



Pattern No. 6748

Pattern No. 6543

full length. Either way it is new and smart. The skirt is six gored. There are inverted plaits below the stitchings at the sides and the back gores are laid in tucks to give the effect of box plaits. Deep facings of contrasting material will

for the coat 4 3/4 yards of material 27, 2 7/8 yards of 44, 2 5/8 yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt 7 1/2 yards 27, 3 3/4 yards 44 or 52 inches wide. The coat pattern 6751 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6732 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

\* \* \*

### Fashionable School Frocks

SCHOOL frocks are always in demand at this season of the year. Here are two that are smart yet simple. The dress to the left is made of cashmere combined with plaid wool material and a little velvet banding. It is exceedingly attractive yet involves no difficulties. The straight skirt is plaited and it and the blouse are joined by means of the belt. The prettily shaped yoke is arranged over the blouse and the sleeves are gathered into cuffs.

For the ten year size will be required 6 yards of material, 24 or 27, 4 3/4 yards 36 or 3 3/4 yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard 27 for the trimming. The pattern 6748 is out in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

The dress to the right is made of chalis and the tucks form the only trimming. It is very pretty and very attractive and will be found available for a great many different materials and for anything that can be tucked successfully. The skirt can be made with or without the tuck above the hem. The skirt is straight and can be either tucked or gathered at its upper edge.

For the twelve year size will be required 4 3/4 yards of material 24 or 27, 3 3/4 yards 36 or 44 inches wide. The pattern 6543 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

\* \* \*

### Gown of Silk or Cashmere

PLAID and plain materials are combined in a great many of the latest costumes. This gown is exceptionally attractive and shows plain cashmere and plaid silk used with singular success. It could be reproduced in any combination that might please the fancy or it could be made of one material throughout, but just as illustrated it is smart and novel and in every way desirable. If plaid or striped material is to be used throughout, the side portions of the



Coat Pattern No. 6740  
Skirt Pattern No. 6723

Coat Pattern No. 6751  
Skirt Pattern No. 6732



Waist Pattern No. 6736  
Skirt Pattern No. 6651

shoulder, holding the waist at the bottom of the tucks firmly with the left hand to straighten them, and be careful not to use too hot an iron.

The mull ties and jabots look much softer and prettier if no starch is used, but the little neck things that are intended to hang straight can have just a bit of thin boiled starch in them.

The plaited jabots should have the plaits firmly basted into place with fine stitches before being washed, and it is better to baste just at the bottom edge so the lines of the thread won't show when it is ironed. When ironing, begin at the bottom, pulling it gently from the top. The plaits adjust themselves.

Did you ever try to launder your own embroidered collars? It is a simple thing to do, and takes but a few minutes. Make a little cold starch by adding one-half tablespoonful of starch to a pint of cold water, and add a drop of bluing. After washing and rinsing your collars, rub them in the starch,



Pattern No. 6727

fold them in a cloth for about ten minutes, place them on a well-padded ironing board, then cover with a cloth and iron on the wrong side until nearly dry, then finishing the buttonhole part on the right side to curve it. Turn over the embroidered part last.

### House Dress

SUCH a simple satisfactory dress as this one is liked by any busy woman. It is adapted to a nurse but this one is liked by any busy woman. It is especially adapted to the nurse but also suits the woman of household cares. Again, it is simple at the same time that it is perfectly neat and attractive, it is smart in effect and it is easily slipped on and off. One of the pretty inexpensive printed wash fabrics makes this one but almost any material of the simpler sort is appropriate, gingham and chambray are much liked, percales are used and nurses wear linen and for a still cooler dress some of the heavier lawns and batistes are quite appropriate.

The waist is a very simple one, finished with hems at the front edges and made with front and back portions. There is a patch pocket over the left front. The neck can be finished with a rolled-over collar or with a standing collar and with either collar the applied box plait can be used if liked. The elbow sleeves are full and gathered into bands and finished with rolled-over cuffs. The long full sleeves are gathered into bands. The plain long sleeves are made with upper and under portions and can be buttoned at the inside seams to the depth of the wrists. The skirt is made in six gores and the two are joined by means of a belt and the closing is made by means of button and buttonholes.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 7½ yards 24 or 27,

6½ yards 36 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern 6727 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inch bust measure.

\* \* \*

### Man's Jumper

THE jumper coat is always used for men of certain occupations and the one made at home has many practical advantages. This one is perfectly simple, it means very little labor, it is shapely and in every way satisfactory. Denim and linen and gingham and similar materials are used for such garments. Some men like a rolled-over collar, some a high collar and some the collarless neck and this model allows of finishing the neck in any preferred manner.

The coat is made with fronts and backs. There are patch pockets arranged over the fronts and the lower edge can be finished with a hem or gathered into a band as preferred. The sleeves are made in two pieces each.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4½ yards 24, 3¾ yards 36 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 6731 is cut in sizes for a 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inch breast measure.

\* \* \*

### Girl's Dress with Bloomers

THE dress is closed at the left of the front and worn with bloomers of matching material is at once practical and smart. It is easy for the child to slip on and off, the bloomers do away with the necessity for petticoats and mean economy in laundry at the same time that they are thoroughly comfortable. This model is pretty and attractive as well can be but so simple that it is easily made. The waist and skirt portions are cut in one, simply held by a belt at the waist line. The sleeves are comfortably full and can be either long or short as liked. The bloomers are full enough for freedom without being bulky



Pattern No. 6731

are attached to bands that are closed at the sides. All the materials that are used for little girls' play dresses are appropriate, but this dress is made of French linen with embroidery trimming.

The dress is made with waist and skirt is one and is closed for its entire length at the left of the front. The sleeves are full, gathered into bands, whether long or short. The bloomers are moderately full, joined to bands and closed at the sides.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (6 years) is 5¼ yards 24 or 27, 4¼ yards 36 or 2¾ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yards of banding.

The pattern 6725 is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

\* \* \*

### Some Hints on Attire

A PONGEE, mohair or light serge utility coat is of inestimable value to the business woman who has to travel in and out from the suburbs, or is compelled to go a long distance to

her place of business. Such a coat may be carried easily over the arm and if a change comes in the weather, may be slipped over the thin frock that looks too flimsy to go home in in a rainstorm.

There are often occasions when it is necessary to wear something especially smart to the office—on Saturday half-holidays and when there is a prospective "little dinner" in view at the end of the day's work. In such event a white frock may be worn if it is not too elaborate in style to pass muster during the long day. The marquis dresses of white lawn and batiste, with their dainty cut and pretty, yet simple trimmings of tucks and embroidery, with a minimum of lace insertion, are very satisfactory for such purposes.

Foulard and pongee dresses may also be worn—always providing the style is not too elaborate. Trains, chiffon tunics, rich embroidered and beaded trimmings, etc., are of course most out of place in a business office.

The wise little business woman will economize a bit on trimmings anyway, and put the extra money in a smart parasol which will add inestimably to the chic of her linen suit or dimity frock and will give her a pleasant lady-of-leisure-out-to-do-a-little-shopping feeling when she goes to and from her office. No business woman needs to be reminded that footwear and gloves must be irreproachable. Silk gloves are the best choice for summertime, of course, and if two white pairs are kept on hand and washed every three or four days, one may be always dainty and smart. The embroidered gloves which come in lovely color effects are most attractive with the special frock of foulard or pongee.

\* \* \*

### Child's Fancy Dress

THE play dress makes a very important feature of the child's wardrobe. This one is simple, and serviceable yet attractive and becoming, and can be made either with high or square neck, with long or short sleeves. In the illustration chambray is the material and it is finished only with stitched edges, but dresses of the kind are made from gingham, percale and all similar materials and also from the washable pongees that are both pretty and practical. The bloomers are circular and without gathers at the belt yet are full enough to give the effect of a skirt while they are drawn up snugly at the knees. There is ample room to allow of perfect freedom, and consequent happiness, and the dress is a practical and altogether most satisfactory one.

The dress is made with the blouse and bloomers. The blouse is tucked over the shoulders, the bloomers are circular and can be either gathered into bands at their lower edges or finished with facings and drawn up by means of elastic. The two are joined by means of a belt and the closing is made at the back. Whether the sleeves are long or short they are gathered into bands.

The quantity of material required for



Pattern No. 6725

the medium size (6 years) is 3½ yards 24, 3¼ yards 32 or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 6423 is cut in sizes for girls of 2, 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

\* \* \*

### Dress Fancies

Tortoise shell is made up into everything from powder cases to umbrella handles.

Eyelet embroidery is fashionable in every form, this season, and especially those of Persian design.

An attractive auto coat is made of heavy pongee with the collar of rose colored silk.

Flat jewelled collars are worn at the



Pattern No. 6423

base of the neck now, the high dog collars are not seen.

One sees many plumed picture hats: also chapeaux showing net, silk, wings and novel embroideries.

With all the popularity of colors, black and white, is in the foremost place of fashion.

Chiffon veiling comes in more beautiful tones and finer quality than ever before. All the pastel shades are popular.

There have been signs of bonnets for general wear, but these have been few and far between, and are regarded as freaks.

Black is popular for evening wear, and jet trimmings are seen everywhere, in buckles, garnitures or all-over forms.

Flowers have lost prestige in millinery; fashionable trimmings are plumes and aigrettes of Paradise in black and white.

The metallized Egyptian scarfs are again in fashion; they are even more thickly covered with hammered metal than formerly.

Pekin stripe is a blue and white silk of China or foulard weave, showing a perfectly even arrangement of blue and white.

The fad for wooden beads has become a craze; in black and in colors they are thick as locusts in the plague of Egypt.

If the tapestry coat remains in fashion until next autumn it will make rather a pleasing garment for afternoon affairs.

Flowered cretonne in blended tints trims many of the Corday hats, and the few poke bonnets that have been seen this season.

The little vests, which are quite novel and very fetching, are generally made of something to match the trimming of the waist.

The vogue of short skirts for street wear favors the sale of boots that are handsome and distinctive—boots of class and style.

Gold-colored satin is a material which is being used with success for evening slippers, to be worn with silk hose of a shade to match.

The Chantecler madness has even

struck the evening scarfs, and some of the latest models are shown with roosters and feather designs.

Vanity bags of gold clasp now like a flat purse. The mesh bags are no longer plain, but are of two metals—fold and gun metal or oxidized silver and copper.

Bracelets should not be worn over gloves; if one wears a bracelet with



Pattern No. 6730

long gloves at all, it should be worn under them, but if possible it should not be worn.

The side frill, which is so pretty on shirtwaists, has established itself as a necessity on the tailor-made waist, this otherwise severe style is hardly seen with the frill.

\*\*\*

### Middy Blouse

THE middy, or sailor, blouse is a favorite garment for young girls and for the many small women who find youthful models becoming. It is smart and attractive and it is practical. It can be made to match the skirt or from linen or galatea and worn over an odd skirt. It is greatly liked by the younger contingent and it is altogether satisfactory and desirable. This one is fitted with seams that extend to the shoulders at front and back and is made with a slight opening at the front, the edges of which are laced together. White linen with collar and cuffs of blue banded with white is the material shown but while white is a favorite, colored linen also is used. Collar and cuffs can be of the same or contrasting material as preferred. The shield can be worn or omitted.

The blouse consists of front and side-fronts, back and side-backs. The big sailor collar is joined to the neck edge and the shield is attached under this collar. The sleeves are full. The three-quarter sleeves are gathered at their lower edges but the long sleeves are tucked. These latter can be finished either with or without cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (16 years) is 4 yards 24 or 27, 2 7/8 yards 36 or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, 3/4 yard 27 for trimming portions, 6 yards of braid.

The pattern 6730 is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

\*\*\*

### Long Box Coat

THE long coat that takes unbroken lines is always a becoming one and always in demand. This season it is greatly used for general wear as well as for travel and for motoring and it is made from a variety of materials, pongee and linen, mohair and other light weight materials as well as broadcloth and wool cloakings. This model is adapted to all cloaking materials and to all seasons. It can be made either with or without a seam at the back, consequently it suits all figures. If a shorter coat is wanted it can be cut off on indicated lines. Dark blue serge makes this one and the finish is simply tailor stitching.

The coat is made with fronts that are supplied with pockets and with a back that can be made either in one or in two pieces. The collar is joined to the neck

edge, and the fronts are faced, then rolled over with the collar to form the lapels. The sleeves are made in two pieces each, finished with cuffs. The closing is made by means of buttons and buttonholes worked in a fly.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (16 years) is 5 1/2 yards 24 or 27, 3 yards 44 or 52 inches wide for full length; 4 3/4 yards 24 or 27, 2 1/2 yards 44 or 52 for three-quarter length.

The pattern 6728 is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

\*\*\*

### Kimono with Pointed Yoke

THE kimono that is full below a smoothly fitted yoke is one generally liked. It is graceful and becoming and it is easy to make. This one allows a choice of the short full sleeves or of long ones gathered into cuffs. In the illustration it is shown made of flowered Oriental crepe with bands of India silk, but silks and plain crepe, crepe de



Pattern No. 6728

Chine and challis, albatross and all materials of the sort are appropriate, while also lawns, batistes and the like are greatly in vogue. For the trimming can be used either contrasting material or ribbon.

The kimono is made with the yoke and the full portions that are gathered and joined to it. Both the short and long sleeves are cut in one piece each but the long ones are gathered into bands. The trimming is applied over the neck, front and sleeve edges. If sacque length is preferred the kimono can be cut off on indicated lines.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9 yards 24 or 27, 7 3/4 yards 36 or 5 yards 44 inches wide with 1 7/8 yards of silk for trimming for the long kimono, 4 1/4 yards 24, 3 1/2 yards 32 or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide for short kimono.

The pattern 6720 is cut in three sizes, small, 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38, large 40 or 42 inches bust measure.

\*\*\*

### Fancy Waist

THE fancy waist that allows of the use of two materials is one in demand this season. This model is exceptionally attractive and becoming and is really simple to make yet gives an elaborate effect. In the illustration Persian silk is combined with chiffon and the effect is a most satisfactory one, but any thin material can be used for the tucked portions, or if liked the entire blouse could be made of one material throughout, crepe de Chine, messaline, foulard and all soft silks will be pretty treated in this way and if the trimming portion of the girdle and the cuffs were

made of fancy material the effect would be a most satisfactory one. The sleeves are cut in one with the plain portions of the waist but their lower portions are of the chiffon so that when wide material is used one width is sufficient. If two materials are desirable, yet a simpler effect is wanted, the centre tucked portions can be made to match the waist and sleeves while the girdle and the lower portions of the sleeves are made of contrasting material and the under sleeves of net or lace.

The waist is made over a fitted lining. It consists of the front and back portions which are tucked and the blouse and the sleeves that are cut in one. The tucked portions of the sleeves are joined to the plain portions and the puffs or under sleeves are arranged over the lining. The girdle is arranged over the lower edge of the lining and the entire waist is closed invisibly at the back.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 1 yard of Persian silk 32 inches wide with 1 1/2 yards of chiffon 44 inches wide and 1/8 yard of all-over lace for the trimming portions of the girdle. To make from one material will be required 3 1/2 yards 24 or 27, 2 3/4 yards 32 or 2 1/8 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 6724 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

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### Tailored Costumes

THE costumes shown on page 33 are excellent examples of what New York will see this autumn. The instructions read:

Tailored costumes for the early season are exceedingly chic and smart. Here are two. One made of checked homespun, the other of broadcloth, and these two materials are among the smartest that the season has to offer. The homespun costume is made with



Pattern No. 6720

the Norfolk jacket that is always desirable for general wear. The skirt is a novel one with half length pleated panels on the sides. The coat is made with applied pleats, that conceal the seams.

For the medium size the coat will require 4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 44, or 3 1/4 yards 52 inches wide; the skirt 7 3/8 yards 27, 6 yards 44, or 5 yards 52 inches wide.

The coat pattern 6760 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure. The skirt pattern 6519 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure. Either will be mailed to any address by the Fashion Department of this magazine on receipt of 10c. each.

The broadcloth costume shows one of the new jaunty coats with nine gored skirt that is laid in two pleats over each seam. These pleats are pressed flat and give the long straight slender lines that

are necessary while they provide comfortable flare. The coat can be made with either round or square fronts. It is half fitted at the back, and there are darts in the fronts under the arms. If liked the skirt can be made with a yoke extending over the hips and the pleated gores below joined to it.

For the medium size the coat will require 5 1/2 yards of material 27, 2 7/8 yards 44 or 2 3/4 yards 52, with 1/4 of a yard of velvet for the collar. The skirt will require 11 yards 27, 5 3/4 yards 44 or 5 1/2 yards 52 inches wide.

The coat pattern 6765 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure. The skirt pattern 6766 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

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### A Variety of Devices

THE woman who can find in her grandmother's treasure chest of the old-fashioned beaded bags may get up a stunning purse for herself by first replacing as many as possible of the missing beads by matching their color if not their texture, then relining the bag portion and taking it to some jeweller and having it mounted on a frame of silver, gold or whatever metal she can afford. Frequently a prong through the secondhand jewellery shops will be rewarded by the discovery of a metal mounting which will precisely answer the desired purpose, but if a really good frame cannot be acquired by any means whatever, the bag may be finished at the top with cloth of gold or silver and equipped with metal cord drawstrings.

\*\*\*

### A New Sweater

GIRLS who can knit should turn their attention to the new kind of sweater that is so useful for evening wear on cool summer nights. It does not take an expert to do it. The stitch is large and simple, and there are no complexities about the shape.

It is made on the outline of a straight kimono jacket, with long back and front, knitted straight across the shoulders, and wide panels for sleeves. These are worked out from the centre in sufficient length to form a sleeve to the elbow. The side of the two panels and the back of the sleeve are sewed up with the crewel.

As an added touch of effectiveness there is a blue, a pink, or a violet border put around the neck, the fronts, and as a turnover cuff to the kimono sleeve.

The turnover collar is also rather prettier than the straight band, and it is tied in front with a large bow of ribbon to match.

One provides light wraps for sum-



Pattern No. 6724

mer evenings which may unexpectedly prove too thin. At summer resorts, especially in the mountains, a loose sweater like this is eminently satisfactory. It does not crush the frock and it is not too warm under a thin cape. If one has no use for it for one's self, it makes an admirable gift to a girl who is going away or to a bride-elect.

Dressing Sacques and House Gowns are not worn for show—their purpose is to satisfy one's own personal comfort



No expensive house-gowns can so make a woman feel her dainty exclusiveness and comfort—no wearing apparel gives to its wearer so delightful a sense of enjoyment as

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Garments for Women

These comfy house-gowns and dressing sacques bear the unmistakable evidence of superiority. They make an irresistible appeal to women of refinement and taste

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A CORSET CORNER

By F. J. WOOLNOUGH

THE new season's corsets have in them very many new features, the most important of which I will enumerate and explain.

In accordance with fashion's demands the bust is considerably lower, the hips

figure—hence the new tapering waist; but the "showing up" of the corsets is attributable to error in judgment in the selection of models, to poor fitting, and to faulty putting on and adjusting of the garment. It has been quite a common occurrence for some fitters of stock goods to select a corset 2 in. or 3 in. larger in the waist than the customer has been wearing, and by raising of the abdomen and compression of the hip, producing a somewhat fashionable effect, and this without due regard for their client's health, or symmetry, or of the fact that the woman has a naturally small waist, in which case is it any wonder that the corset slips up?

After these experiences there comes the expense of alterations to add to one's troubles.

The corsets are still decidedly long, and are likely to remain so; but there is among the designs of every good corsetier a comparatively short corset, flexibly boned, and reasonably priced, that is suitable to the short elderly people who desire comfort and a fashionable appearance. This style of corset in the modern designs are not being carried by the several corset departments.

High-busted corsets are always fashionable for those who like them and can wear them. They are especially suitable for fall and winter wear, and save the wearing of a brassiere where



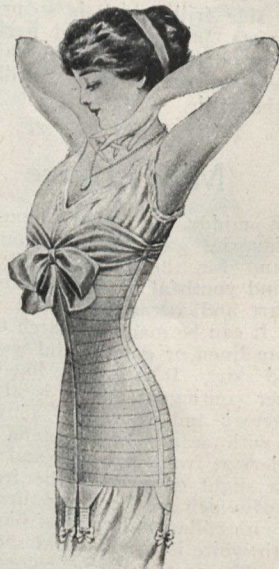
Tricot

fuller, prettier, and more natural, and the waist is longer with a little more curve apparent.

Almost every new feature is a welcome change. The efforts to produce high-busted models in stock goods with any great degree of satisfaction is a failure, and buyers certainly are glad to change from torture to comparative comfort even if it is necessary to wear a brassiere to get the desired fashionable effect.

The change towards the full hips is more generally liked, and is both sane and beautiful. It must be acknowledged, however, that the long slim effects have been productive of great good to a large number. It relieved the "screwed in" waist by enlarging, and reduced the enormous hips, which almost amounted to a deformity, by moulding, compressing or distributing the adipose. It taught many the value of proportion, and has even implanted in many hearts an everlasting love for the youthful slim effects.

The long-waisted effect is produced not by length from the under arm to the waist line, but rather by a decided tapering from a comparatively low top to the waist line. This feature has a great deal of beauty in it, but the pro-



No. 3

portions and distribution of the figure must be perfect if health is to be improved or maintained. Every additional fraction of an inch that is wrongly "pinched out" or compressed about the waist line in front has a tendency to hinder diaphragmatic breathing, which everyone should encourage, since it is the greatest primary source of good health. It has been laid to the charge of the styles just passing that they caused the corset to slip up on the

dresses are worn, and as dresses will increase in favor, the selection of a model that will envelope the bust as well as the hips is both economic and stylish.

The illustration shows a remarkably smart creation in "Trecot de Soie," with a brassiere of liberty ribbon. Trecot is the incomparable corset cloth, producing the very height of corset comfort and classic style. Its only disadvantage is its price, which it is well worth to those who can afford it.

The second illustration is that of an extremely fashionable model, medium long, and made from white coutil. It is a plain durable garment and is priced low.

Illustration 3 is ultra fashionable and is made with long extension skirt. It is designed to produce fashion's latest effects and is admirably suited to singers and athletic women who require extra breathing space.

Illustration 4 is that of an elaborately designed fashionable corset, featuring the shorter front and back and long hips.



No. 2



No. 4

See The Exhibit of the Woolnough Tailored to order CORSETS

in Manufacturers' building 3rd isle running North and South. South western end of building.

WOOLNOUGH CORSETIERS

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do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered also made longer or shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

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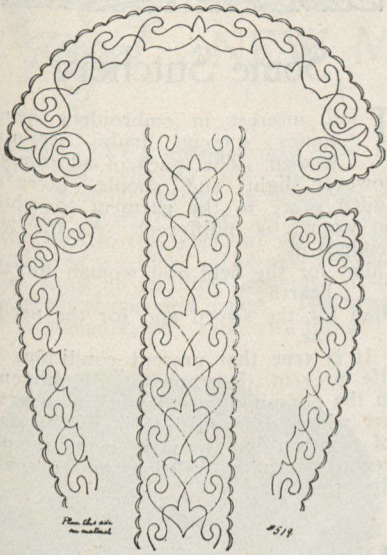
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DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO 173-177 WILLIAM STREET, MONTREAL

# Some Dainty Embroidered Designs



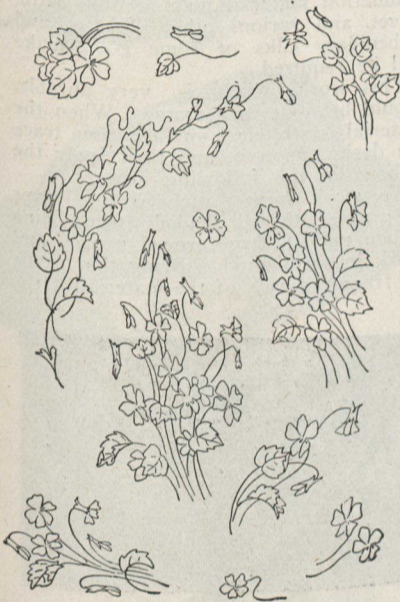
**519** Design for Braiding the Front, Collar and Cuffs of a Shirt Waist or Blouse. Especially adapted to May Manton Pattern No. 6679. Soutache and Coronation Braids and rat-tail cord are appropriate.



**471** Design for Embroidering a Wrist or Chatelaine Bag.



**485** Design for Embroidering a Blouse or Shirt Waist closed at the Front. Patterns for stamping the front, collar and cuffs, or sleeves, are given.



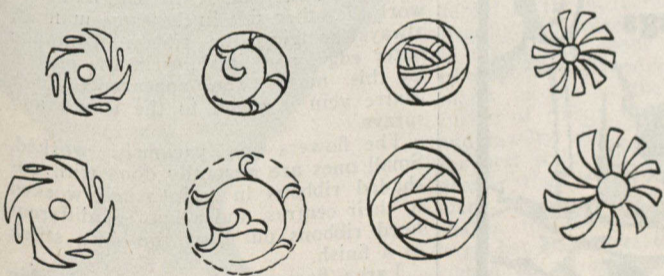
**523** Design for Embroidering Sprays of Violets. Suitable for a lingerie waist or for any object for which small flowers are appropriate. Patterns for three large and four small sprays and for four separate flowers are given.



**6733** Infant's Set, One Size.



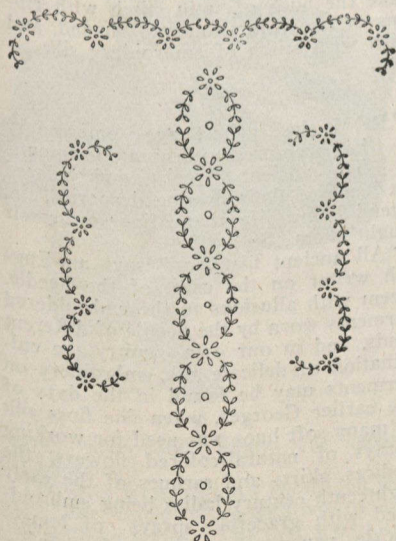
**490** Design for Embroidering a Blouse Shirt Waist or Princesse Gown. Patterns for the front, collar and cuffs, or sleeves, are given.



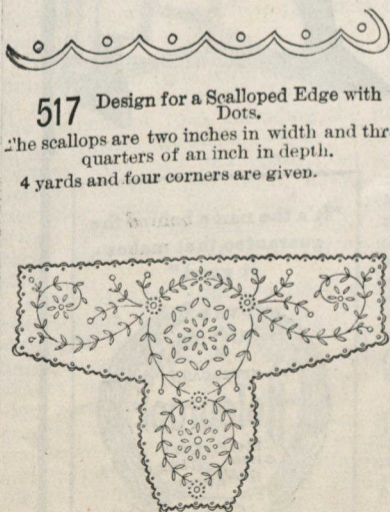
**509** Designs for Embroidered Buttons. Four designs and two sizes are included. Twelve transfers of each design one inch in diameter and twelve transfers three quarters of an inch in diameter are given.



**496** Design for Embroidering Sprays of Daisies. Fourteen separate sprays are given.



**502** A Design Suitable for Embroidering a Shirt Waist or Blouse. Patterns for stamping the box plait, collar and cuffs are given.



**517** Design for a Scalloped Edge with Dots. The scallops are two inches in width and three-quarters of an inch in depth. 4 yards and four corners are given.

**521** Design for Embroidering a One-Piece Infant's Cap. The crown and fronts are to be laced together through the eyelets.



**6722** Shirred and Plain Melon Shaped Bonnets, Ladies' and Misses', One Size.

**Abbey's Effer-Vescent Salt**  
 Your stomach may not suggest what it needs when full of distress, but common sense suggests Abbey's Salt.  
 25c and 60c.  
 Sold everywhere.

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 ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

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 All colors 10 cents a package from your Druggist or Dealer.  
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 is simplified by using the celebrated  
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 Adjustable to every size from 32 to 44 bust measure and can be raised to suit length of skirt.  
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**WE NOW PREPAY CHARGES TO DESTINATION**



**WITH** the issue of our new Fall and Winter Catalogue, The Robert Simpson Company Limited, starts a new chapter in the mail order business of Canada.

To further develop our Great Mail Order System and spread its benefits to all parts of the Dominion, we will, until further notice, pay all charges on the great bulk of our shipments, and thereby put our mail order customers on an absolute equality with city customers.

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*The prices you see printed in this new catalogue are, with a few exceptions, exactly what the goods will cost laid down at your nearest railroad station.*

**This makes Every Railroad Station, Every Post Office, Every Express Office in Canada Practically a branch of this famous store.**

N. B.—To get this new catalogue send Post Card addressed to Department No. 33

The **SIMPSON** Company Limited  
TORONTO



**Some Stitchery**

**T**HE interest in embroidery never wanes among truly feminine women. The touch of adornment, however slight and simple, gives an added grace to the garment to which no woman is indifferent. As the fact reminds us:

“Man for the field and woman for the hearth;

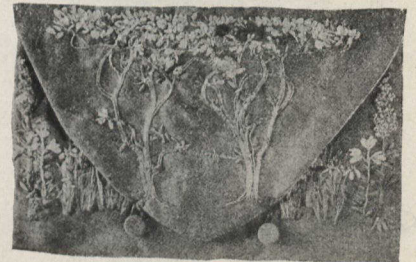
Man for the sword and for the needle she.”

It is true that present conditions of life prevent that amount of diligence in the pursuit of needlework as a great art which distinguished it in the days of tapestry, but even yet every woman regards it as a welcome and graceful diversion.

**I**N the ribbon embroidery, the French have probably given us the best examples, as they have of so much that is dainty and decorative. “The materials required,” says the magazine writer, “are narrow China or Rocco ribbons with a pique edge, or ribbons of a broader width, according to the character of the work being executed. The foundation material may be silk, satin, velvet, and various other fabrics, and embroidery silks of some good make will be required.

This work, which is very durable, should be done in a frame. When the material is stretched on the frame trace the design upon it, and then apply the ribbons in the following manner.

To work sprays intended for leaves or grasses, thread shaded green China ribbon upon a large crewel needle, and work in satin stitch. Bring the needle up from the back of the material at the



BAG WITH RIBBON EMBROIDERY

outer line of the spray, hold the ribbon in the left hand to prevent its twisting, and put the needle into the material in the centre of the spray or leaf in a slightly slanting direction.

Form all one side of the leaf, and then work the other side in the same manner, always bringing the ribbon from the outer edge, and finishing in the centre. By this means the appearance of a centre vein is given to the leaves and sprays.

The flowers are variously worked. Small ones are generally done with unshaded ribbons in satin stitch worked to their centres, and a knot of different hued ribbons put over the satin stitch as a finish.

Large flowers may be considerably raised by the following means. Run the ribbon at one edge, and gather it closely together, then sew it to the background in enlarging circles, so that the unrun edge of the ribbon stands up from the material in a thick round mass. Make the buds in satin stitch with ribbons of two colors, but not shaded, and finish with stitch of embroidery silk.

**F**ROM the earliest ages embroidery has been used to decorate garments.

The ancient Greeks embroidered the hems of their flowing draperies, the legend being rife that Minerva herself taught them the art.

“All ancient histories,” says an English writer on the craft of the needle, “teem with allusions to the embroidered garments worn by the people of different lands, and in our own country the culmination of delicate silk embroidery on garments may be found in the days of the earlier Georges, when fine floss silk of many soft hues was used for working sprays of natural-colored flowers, the bodices, skirts and sacques of the early eighteenth century ladies being embroidered with graceful sprays of honeysuckle, pansy, carnations and roses.”

The modern woman cannot afford to spend many hours over the embroidery frame or the crewel work, as did the maids and matrons of feudal times.

**No Man, Woman or Child Need Have Holes in Their Stockings**

That annoyance and discomfort can be done away with. Neverdarn Holeproof is guaranteed hosiery—six pairs guaranteed holeproof for six months—and they cost no more than ordinary hose. For any pair that comes to holes you get a new pair free of charge. Our signed guarantee slip is in every box, with a separate coupon for each pair. Know what absolute hosiery comfort is—no darning—no mended hose—buy

**NEVERDARN Holeproof Hosiery for the whole family**



“Neverdarn” Holeproof Hosiery is made of specially prepared maco and long fibre Egyptian Lisle yarns—the best that money can buy. This yarn is interwoven by special machinery. Ordinary methods would not produce Holeproof quality. The heels and toes are doubly reinforced, as are the knees of the children’s hosiery. The dye is absolutely fast. “Neverdarn” Holeproof Hosiery is stylish in appearance, soft and easy on the feet, and perfect fitting. They combine durability, elegance, economy and comfort. Look for the Trade Mark on the box and on the hose. Look for the guarantee slip in the box.

**Read this Guarantee**

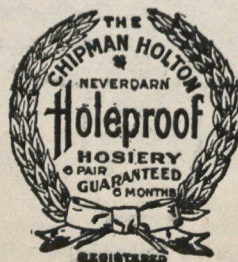
If any or all of this six pairs of hosiery require darning or fail to give satisfaction within six months from date of purchase, we will replace with new ones free of charge.

**6 Pairs Guaranteed 6 Months \$2.00**

“Neverdarn” Holeproof Hosiery for men and women is sold six pairs in a box for \$2.00. Children’s sizes are 3 pairs in a box for \$1.00. Only one size and color in each box. A box will surprise you, please you and convince you. Order from your dealer; if he hasn’t them, write us enclosing money, money order or bills, and we will send them express paid. State size and whether black or tan. Write to-day.

**The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Ltd.**  
120 Mary Street, Hamilton, Ont.

“It’s the name behind the guarantee that makes it good.”



# NEW MILLNERY

WHATEVER changes may come to this whirling old world, the feminine interest in headwear is not likely to wane. Hats are of eternal importance to the world of womankind—and always will be. The new autumn styles show no startling departure from the recent shapes and makes. The huge hat is comparatively rare, and the gro-

such a shape the effect of both simplicity and elegance.

The second hat shows the wide shape with rolling brim, eminently suited to the tall and slender woman. This shape is most effectively trimmed in rich folds of silk or satin and has an extremely chic effect as an afternoon hat, suitable for "tea" or shopping. It is one of the most attractive styles in the autumn shops.

The third is eminently of the smart order and shows contrasting folds in light and dark coloring, with a combination of fabrics. The shape is one which is becoming to almost any height or figure and the size is one of the "moderate" styles which are a welcome change, after the "Merry Widow" and other extravagances. The trimming of white wings at the left is a dainty and beautiful touch, which gives the effect of height.

The fourth illustration shows a more pronounced change from the styles of former seasons. The left brim is folded upwards and richly faced with moire silk. The trimming consists of shirred silk band with large bow "catching" the turned-up brim and a cut steel buckle clasping the loops. The hat has a slightly "military" touch which is decidedly attractive.

The usual autumn coloring is seen in green, brown and a dull red. There are some exquisite "art" shades in a wisteria and old rose, while the browns show an unusual range, from fawn to a rich nut-brown shade. There is a pleasing simplicity in the styles of trimming, none of the hats in the best shops showing any of the excessive or "overloaded" effects which have sometimes marred the millinery displays.

September is the month of "between" hats and costumes, when we choose the styles which have a slight reminiscence of summer and yet show a hint of wintry needs. The modern craze for aeroplane or monoplane does not seem to have affected greatly the shapes in hats, but possibly the prevalence of wings for trimming owes something to the air-trips which are now being planned so extensively. It is "a winged season" and the colorings of this adornment are decidedly artistic and attractive. A combination of ash-grey wings with mauve velvet makes a handsome trimming.

THE popularity of ribbon as a trimming material continues to be noticeable. No woman is indifferent to the attractions of the shining lengths and loops which are displayed in the autumn shops and many are the be-ribboned hats which are depleting man's income in these days. A profusion of ribbon trimming has a cheap and tawdry effect, but the demand for the best style and quality of ribbon is greater than ever. While there are many of the smaller or semi-turban shapes, the continued vogue of the large hat has increased the demand for ribbon as a millinery feature; the broad-spreading bow and the voluminous rosette are called into play more than ever in the modish turning out of bonnets for old and young; ruchings and shirrings of ribbon are employed in the decking of crowns and brims, and in a myriad of deft ways it is draped and folded: for children's hats ribbon is the dominant note.

Among the millinery ribbons is a soft finish six-inch style with beautiful sheen in all the colors specially identified with the autumn of 1910, including the new purple shades to be known as "Comet Shades," the new mahogany, tan and pumpkin tones; also royal, navy, natter blue, cadet, coral, bordeaux, rose, wine, tilleuil, champagne, orange, tobacco, seal, taupe, cherry red, grey and slate.

There is also displayed shot ribbon representing a popular fancy of the season of good weight and handsome finish, in many combinations of beautiful shades, such as sky and cream, alic and sky, rose and cream, champagne and sky, peacock, navy and peacock, tan and sky, mauve and sky, Nile and cream, peacock and red; a ribbon that serves admirably for the trimming of the hat required to accompany costumes of different colors.

The vogue of velvet foliage and flowers promises to be prevalent during the later autumn and winter months.



tesque "soup-bowl" affairs are happily disappearing.

The hats from Eaton's shown on this page, are fairly representative of the new autumn styles. The first shows the drooping brim, which has been with us for the last two years. The soft folds of trimming, clasping the wing at the left side are all that is needed to give

CANADA'S BEST; THE RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE

PUT UP IN HANDSOMELY FINISHED GOLDEN OAK. Send for prices to the Manufacturers: THE RAYMOND MFG. CO. GUELPH, LIMITED, ONT.

IT DOES EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED PLAIN OR FANCY WORK. SEWS PERFECTLY FROM THE LIGHTEST TO THE HEAVIEST GOODS. GIVE IT A TRIAL.

DYE THEM = AT HOME

Those faded dresses—soiled blouses—feathers, boas, parasols, ribbons, stockings, silk gloves and satin slippers which have lost their freshness—can quickly be made like new again with

Maypole Soap

The Easy Dye

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WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS COMPANY  
A PERFECT FLOUR  
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MANTOBA HARD WHEAT

That Splitting Headache will vanish if you take

"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Waters

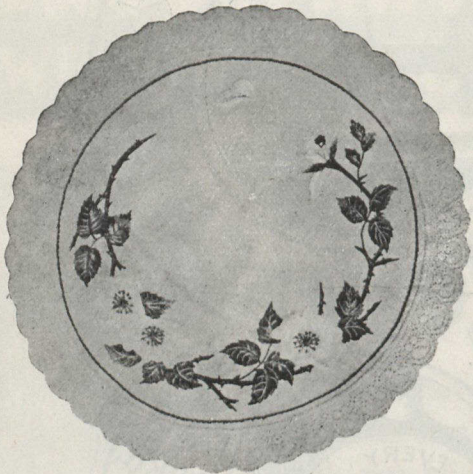
Give quick, sure relief, and we guarantee they contain nothing harmful to the heart or nervous system. 25c. a box, at all druggists.

National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.



## This Centrepiece Given

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY.



We will send you POST PAID this 22 x 22 inch

## Centre Piece

Tinted on Tan Crash—  
Your choice of the following designs,

Roses, Poinsettia, Yellow Daisy,  
Maple Leaf or Wild Roses

with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—if you will send us 35 cents for sufficient lace, also four skeins BELDING'S FAST COLOR ROYAL FLOSS to trim and commence embroidery on the centre piece. The lace is ECRU FILET matching centre piece in color.

This Offer is Made

to convince every woman that

## Belding's Silks

are the best made. We will also send a copy of our "SUGGESTIONS FOR SHADING" giving color numbers used in embroidering all flowers.

Send at once, enclosing 35 cents, stamps or coin, and state design wanted. Address—

**Belding,  
Paul & Co.**

DEPT. L Limited

Montreal, P.Q.

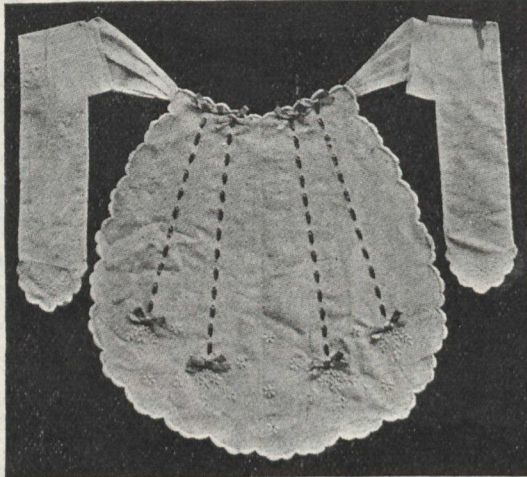


## Daintily Embroidered Aprons

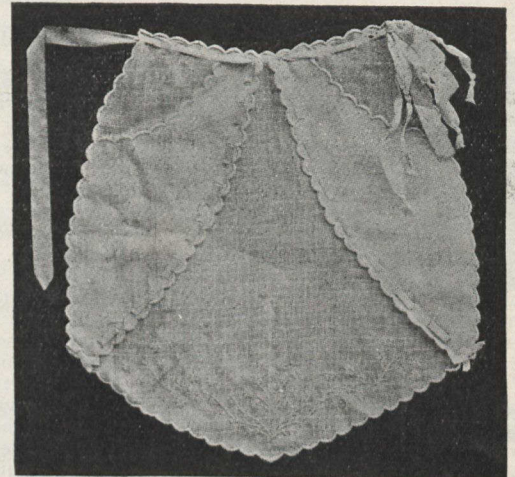
MANY uses are to be found for the pretty little aprons which are in such demand at present, and the dainty girl looks more dainty still when she dons one of these charming trifles. These aprons are suitable to wear at the afternoon tea table, or while preparing the chafing dish repasts which require the deft womanly touches at the home table. Nor does the use of the fancy apron cease here, for all manner of worked aprons are to be had with the useful pockets which hold so nicely the small etc. which the worker engaged on embroidery or other dainty sewing loves to have at hand. We have selected two different styles of these which are both

1356, which has been designed to hold one's toilet essentials when travelling every woman will appreciate the possibility of having these altogether when the toilet has to be made under difficulties. Sponge, soap, pins, brushes, etc., all have their place, and the whole can be compactly rolled ready for use. These aprons come already made up from greyish linen, prettily bound with contrasting colors, and the different pockets are stamped, only requiring the design to be outlined to complete the apron, one of which would make a most acceptable "bon voyage" gift.

Another novel idea is the shirt waist holder, which is a very useful thing as it fits so nicely into a suit



No. 1371—Apron. Complete in package with ribbon and lustered cotton to embroider, 40 cents.



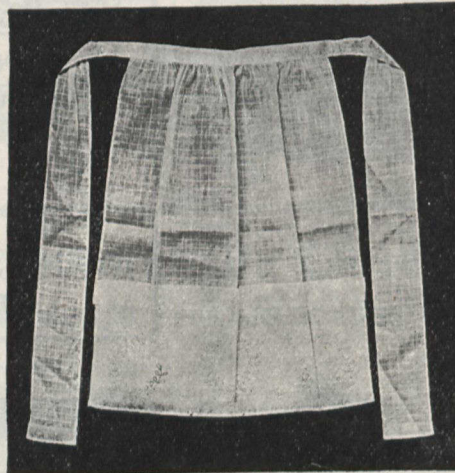
No. 1372—Apron. Complete in package with ribbon and lustered cotton to embroider, 50 cents.

useful. The first one, No. 1372, is stamped on cross-bar dimity, embroidered with a pretty little design in Lazy Daisy stitch. The embroidered pieces which form the pockets have eyelets matching those stamped on the apron underneath, and ribbon laces into place. The apron is finished with a daintily button-holed scallop, which may or may not be edged with lace, and ribbon run through eyelets is knotted to form pretty bows and loops at the side.

A very practical apron is No. 1324, which is known as the "work-bag apron" as it combines both. A pretty eyelet design is worked across the deep hemstitched pocket which forms one end, and ribbon draw strings running through this draw the work bag

case, and holds one's dainty waist against dust and mussing. The one illustrated is made from fine cream lawn, daintily bound with ribbon, and a pretty design is embroidered to match. Ribbon bows tie this case, and this would make a most acceptable gift. Wise women make notes of such suggestions as those we quote on this page, and prepare during the leisure summer hours such dainty trifles as these, which are so much appreciated as holiday gifts, and fortunate is she who has a few of these all worked and laid away before the rush and worry of the holiday season is upon us, when every moment is so fully occupied.

The book holder is a very practical one, and is



No. 1324—Workbag Apron, 40 cents.



No. 1356—Travelling Apron, 90 cents.

into place. When the upper portion which forms the apron is folded in the bag thus formed holds the work very nicely until the next time the worker is ready to wear her sewing apron.

No. 1371 has a graceful little design of tiny daisies embroidered solidly on sheer lawn, and four rows of eyelets are worked lengthwise through which narrow satin ribbons are run and tied into dainty little bows. This charming little apron has a button-holed scalloped edge, and if preferred may be edged with lace.

A very useful novelty with many pockets is No.

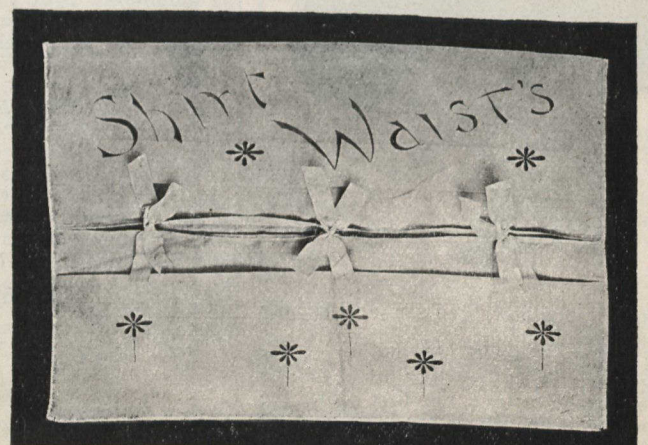
made from strong cream linen with an effective design tinted in attractive colorings. The loop handles are a novel idea, and these covers protect the books so nicely and they are then so easily carried. As a rule books are somewhat awkward companions.

The magazine covers made to match these are a little longer but similar in design. These require outlining with black silk to bring out the design and coloring, and come made up ready to use.

If these articles can not be supplied by your dealer write to Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Montreal, P.Q., (Dept. L), for further information.



No. 1359—Book Holder, 35 cents.



No. 1376—Shirtwaist Holder, 50 cents.



## Household Exchange

WE know that our readers have frequently felt that they would like to have a department which would contain communications from our own circle, regarding matters of household interest. Each woman has her pet recipes and her own way of doing things. We may all learn from each other and we are sure that many of our readers have special recipes or special household devices for comfort which will prove helpful to us all. Therefore, we ask them to send them in to us and we will pay for available matter. Only, be sure to make the descriptions as brief and concise as possible, and a sketch or photograph for illustration will be especially welcome.

\* \* \*

ONE of our correspondents has asked about "planking" in cookery, and fortunately we have at hand a description from *The Queen* which will give our anxious enquirer full particulars. We reproduce it as follows:

Pork, which is, of all meats, the most gross and indigestible, undergoes a great change during the process of smoking and its character is entirely altered. The lean becomes comparatively easy of digestion, and owing to the change in the gelatine it becomes adapted to meals in which tea forms the beverage, which is not the case with any kind of fresh meat.

The fat of the pork is likewise changed to a granular condition, and is then so easy of digestion that it is frequently ordered by doctors for consumption, diabetes and other wasting diseases, instead of the more costly and less palatable cod liver oil.

Such change of character is due entirely to the chemical action of the smoke wherein the salted pork is dried, and bacon factors find that oak sawdust answers their purpose better than that from any other kind of wood. This fact verifies the discovery which was made many years ago by the dwellers in wild American forests that fish or flesh placed in a split log in front of a roaring camp fire was more savory and succulent than when cooked by any other of their primitive methods.

Campers who returned to town life retained their successful mode of cookery and thus plank cooking became introduced to the home kitchen, and when once adopted by hotels and restaurants became a fashionable fad.

### ECONOMY OF PLANKS.

The fashion has crossed the ocean, and bids fair to abide. Many London restaurants make a specialty of plank cookery, and one firm of manufacturers has devoted itself to the manufacture of planks from specially prepared woods.

The fashion has much to commend it, for in large establishments wooden planks considerably reduce the cost of breakages and replatings. On this account, and yet more by reason of the improved flavor and increased digestibility, plank cookery is worthy of a trial in a small home.

The planks should be of planed oak from one inch to one and a half inches in thickness, and varying in size according to the food to be cooked on them and according to the size of the oven, and gouged out in grooves like a gravy dish or bacon dish when required for fat meat or thick portions of meat. It is well to have separate planks for meat and fish. In large establishments distinction is made between planks used for meat, poultry and game, and likewise for fresh and dried fish.

### PREPARING THE FOOD.

The plank must first be scrubbed and dried in the open air, and then it is ready for use. When required for service, a tablespoonful of the best olive oil, butter or sweet dripping must be rubbed with a cloth into the upper surface of the plank. The plank must be placed in a hot oven or under the boiler of a gas stove, and when it begins to give out a pale blue smoke the meat or fish can be placed on it.

Let the food be brushed over with olive oil or oiled butter or dripping and seasoned with a little pepper, but no salt.

Allow the usual time for baking or grilling, but turn the food frequently while it is cooking, so that it may be well permeated by the acid of the gas which is formed between plank and food.

When the food is nearly cooked make a border of mashed potatoes around the edge of the plank and return it to the oven until the border is nicely browned. Arrange grilled tomatoes, fried onions, boiled peas, beans, artichokes, young carrots, brussels sprouts or cauliflower sprigs according to fancy within the potato border. Place the plank on a dish or special tray, and serve it—a dish fit for a king.

The planks must never be washed. As soon as they are removed from the dining table they must be wiped clean and dried with the cloth used in greasing the plank, and each should be placed in a linen bag and hung up until next required.

\* \* \*

HOW to launder embroidered articles is another subject which has appeared to agitate the soul of a reader, who inquires anxiously as to the best methods for this work. An authority on the subject declares:

Most housekeepers are proud of their collection of fine lace and embroidery, and while the average woman takes the greatest care of her lace, she is not always as careful as she should be when "doing up" her embroidery. Handsome pieces of embroidery should be laundered by themselves, never in the general wash. To be sure they are carefully done do not give them out on wash day; this will avoid temptation.

If you are not sure of careful laundering learn to do valuable pieces of embroidery yourself. It is only a matter of time, care, and knowledge.

Take a time that will not be interrupted, as embroidered pieces should not be hung up to dry, nor should they be left until finished.

Make a light suds with a good soap and lukewarm water, put the linen in it, a piece at a time, and squeeze gently. If there are soiled spots rub with soap, but do not rub the whole piece. Rinse three times in water of the same temperature.

Do not wring out. Put the article flat between two Turkish towels so the embroidered piece does not fold over on itself without the towel between. Press with hands until almost dry.

While still damp place face downward on heavily padded ironing board. A folded blanket or Turkish towel can be used for extra padding. Cover with clean white cloth tacked to keep it smooth.

Cover the embroidered piece with a clean cloth and iron until linen is dry. If it gets too dry the cloth can be slightly dampened. Run iron, which should be quite hot, according to grain of linen, and press smoothly and evenly.

Before ironing any irregular border, says an expert in the matter, it should be smoothed lightly into shape. Small scallops can be pinned flat, not to curl under cloth. Do not pull the damp linen, or it can never be ironed straight. Keep smoothing it gently as you iron, turning the covering to look for wrinkles.

A centrepiece is inclined to hoop from too tight embroidery; it must be put face down on the ironing board when still damp and carefully stretched into place. Be careful that the threads and stitchery run correctly. Pin securely and leave until dry, then press under a dampened cloth.

Colored embroideries should be set by soaking in salt water or a solution of sugar of lead or turpentine and water.

If a centre piece gets a spot on it, but is not otherwise soiled, spread it right side up on a table and scrub the spot with a clean tooth brush and lukewarm soapy water.

When embroidered linen is stained with fruit, boiling water should be poured through the spot as quickly as possible.

Rust stains, if not too near the embroidery, can be removed by applying a weak solution of oxalic acid; rinse well with boiling water.



## Your Grocer Knows

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- What a Young Boy Ought to Know.
- What a Young Man Ought to Know.
- What a Young Husband Ought to Know.
- What a Man of 45 Ought to Know.

**4 BOOKS TO WOMEN.**  
By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M.D., and Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M.D.

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- What a Young Woman Ought to Know.
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H.P. Sauce has a Taste, a Quality, a Value all its own. It is a Sauce of Character

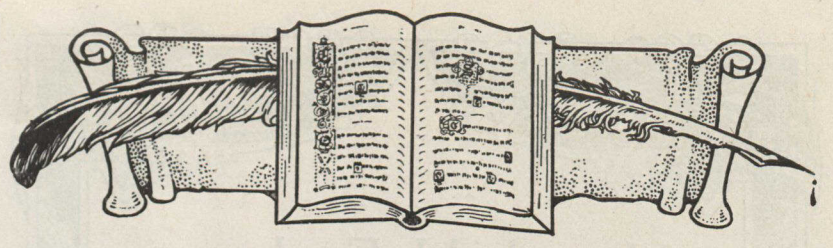
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Oriental Fruits and Spices blended cunningly with pure malt vinegar—that's the secret of H.P.'s wondrous flavour.

*That's the bottle*

Hot or cold meats, fish, flesh, or bread and cheese, H.P. works wonders with them all

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## FROM THE PUBLISHERS

CANADIAN women are displaying a literary activity in recent years which produces a surprising volume, in comparison with what was written by feminine novelists or poets in the days of our grandmothers. A century ago, "the literary female" was regarded with awe, if not suspicion. Her works were regarded with condescension and the reviewers never failed to remark with surprise upon the circumstance that a woman should write a book. Jane Austen was considered a most daring and unconventional member of her sex, as she had dared to produce works of fiction. To-day there is no surprise excited by the publication of a book by a woman, and but little condescension to be noticed in the review columns.

There are three books by Canadian women now on the editorial desk. The first of these to attract attention is one whose cover is cheery enough to make a dull day bright—"Janey Canuck in the West"—which is written by "Emily Ferguson"—Mrs. Arthur Murphy of Edmonton. It would be impossible for Mrs. Murphy to write a dull chapter, and "Janey's" reflections and observations are as buoyant as the air of the land which she describes.

The author is not above the most practical details of life, as witness these remarks made on "Village Life." "Here in this little Western village one suffers for want of fruit, and must, perforce, substitute vegetables. I climbed a fence to-day to pull a yellow turnip. There were some geese in the field. I am always afraid of geese. They honk and squawk and quack, and hiss, and the more I 'shoo' them with my skirts, the worse they are."

"The turnip was good. All the wild blessings of the country are bottled up in the turnip. It has a more distinctive flavor than anything else we grow, and yet it is a flavor not easily described. Pungent, acid and sweet are all applicable terms, yet none is wholly correct. As a complexion beautifier it is unrivalled. It acts on the skin like magic."

This description of a store in Poplar Bluff is rather strange to Ontario readers:

"Each store is a departmental depository, a multifarious bazaar, where one may purchase blizzard-caps, hip-boots, blankets, guns, gloves, grain-bags, laces and larrigans, molasses and moccasins, shoes and steel traps, tea and tump-lines, tacks and thread. The prices are not extravagant either. Perhaps the biggest 'beat' is our daily bread. It costs ten cents a small loaf. I have altered the Lord's Prayer to cover this item."

The Doukhobors have always been an object of interest and curiosity to Eastern Canada. This description of the womenfolk gives an idea of their appearance and attire:

"The girls entered and made a stately bow which I must practise. It is beautiful. The women wear short postilion-like jackets of black sateen. Their skirts are short, and made without gores, being gathered in evenly all round the waist-line. They nearly all wore aprons, the bottom of which had knitted woollen bands edged with scallops. They affected every color, and even succeeded in blending purple, red and green in a happy triple alliance." Toronto: Cassel & Co., Limited.

ANOTHER book, which has a decidedly pleasant and homelike flavor, is "John Sanderson the First," by Camilla Sanderson. The writer, like Mrs. Arthur Murphy, is of Irish descent and consequently infuses into the story of her father's life a brightness and a merriment which make these chronicles of a pioneer preacher pleasant reading. In July, 1831, John Sanderson came to Canada to enter the Methodist ministry and lived until 1880, when he passed away at the age of ninety years. Any student of Canadian history or conditions will find in this book a genuine contribution to the record of such simple and humble lives as gave our country its early apprecia-

tion of church and school. It has lately become the fashion to sneer at the "Puritanism" of these early settlers and their profound belief in the things which are unseen. But such men as John Sanderson the First did a great and abiding work in those strenuous days and all who knew them rise up and call them blessed. Miss Sanderson's account of the simple parsonage life is both sympathetic and humorous. You feel exactly as if "Miss Camilla" were talking to you in a friendly afternoon call—and few there are of modern authors who can make their readers thoroughly at home.

Miss Sanderson's account of childhood days appeals to all of us who "played church and keeping store." There was an occasion when the debate: "Resolved, That cats are more loving than dogs," took place. Miss Sanderson came to the rescue of the dogs in the following noble outburst:

"Yes, Mr. Chairman, that's cats all out. They just love the people that's good to them. That's only cupboard love, Mr. Chairman. But give me a dog, a dear noble dog, that'd share his last crust, even when he didn't have one; that'd follow his master when he didn't have anywhere to go. Why, Mr. Chairman, that kind of a dog'd lick the very hand that kicked him out of doors."

Mr. Sanderson lived in a day which was rather doubtful of cheerfulness or wit as a means of grace. But you cannot make an out-and-out Puritan from an Irishman and his fun bubbled over even at "conference time." On such an occasion, he was telling a variety of genial tales to an eager group when a clergyman, devoid of a sense of humor, approached and said:

"Brother, have you forgotten the Scripture forbidding 'foolish talking and jesting which are not convenient'?"

"That can't refer to me at all," said father, "for it's always convenient."

This cheery chronicle of an early minister's household is well worth reading and is published by William Briggs, Toronto.

IT is a far cry from the quiet life of a Methodist parsonage to the restless scenes in Modern Political Life in India. The third volume, however, whisks us off to that far country. More than twenty years ago, a Brantford girl by the name of Sara Jeanette Duncan wrote clever sketches for the *Toronto Globe*, to which the name "Garth Grafton" was signed. Then, this ambitious young scribe went across the continent and wrote of her adventures in Japan and the East, in the volume, "A Social Departure." A succession of books from this talented writer soon made Miss Duncan known as one of Canada's foremost novelists. She became the wife of an English journalist, Mr. Everard Cotes, and went to live in Calcutta.

Mrs. Cotes' novels, especially her recent productions, are not of the "popular" order. She takes a keen and discerning interest in political matters and is probably too serious to please the young person who demands an athletic hero and a "perfectly lovely" heroine.

From William Tyrrell, Toronto, comes Mrs. Cotes' latest novel, "The Burnt Offering," a story of the modern native aspirations in the Indian Empire. Mr. Vulcan Mills and his daughter, Joan, are visiting that country, in the desire to minister to native needs for self-government and to encourage practically the spirit of revolt against the British Government. Mr. Vulcan Mills appears to be another Keir Hardie, with all that gentleman's gift for making things uncomfortable for the Home Government. Joan is a woman devoted to a Cause, who is willing to go the length of marrying a native in its behalf. She is saved from that very extreme measure, however, by the death of the Indian agitator. There is a pleasant young Englishman who loves Joan, but he also meets with death in the Empire's service.

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DOES MORE WORK WITH LESS FUEL than any other range.

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**The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Company Limited, Montreal.**



## POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

There are many of us who will declare boldly that we are without superstition—that we walk under ladders without dread and spill salt without ever pausing to throw any over the shoulder. We laugh at the idea of there being any ill-luck in the opal and would never dream of being afraid of peacock feathers—no matter what might be their traditional ill-luck. Yet, down in the human heart, there usually lurks a fear of some small circumstance, a belief in a mascot or a dread of what is commonly called a "hoodoo."

"The true origin of superstition is to be found in early man's effort to explain nature and his own existence; in the desire to propitiate fate and invite fortune; in the wish to avoid evils he could not understand, and in the unavoidable attempt to pry into the future."

Thus, in one sentence, Mr. T. Sharper Knowlson explains the whole theory of the subject he has chosen for his latest book, "The Origin of Popular Superstitions." He goes on, in the most readable and interesting way in the world, to trace back all our old superstitions and superstitious customs, and our ideas about divinations and omens of all sorts to their source.

Why do we give and wear engagement rings—those of us who court and are courted? Because rings have figured in pre-marriage rites, from remote antiquity, though the old custom was for engaged people to exchange rings. As to why or when men refused to wear engagement rings, there is no information; possibly the reason is man's natural aversion to signs of bondage, and his equally natural desire to hold women in bondage.

Man has foolishly grown shy of another good old custom—the kissing of the bride; it was commonly observed in the middle ages, and it seems a thousand pities it should now be dying. The wedding-ring also has a heathen origin, and on this account it came very near to being abolished in the days of stern old Cromwell. Tubal-Cain, the story goes, made the first wedding-ring, and the idea in his mind is thus expressed in an old treatise: "The form of the ring being circular, that is round and without end, importeth thus much, that their mutual love and hearty affection should roundly flow from the one to the other as in a circle, and that continually and for ever."

### A SHOE FOR LUCK.

Why do we throw a shoe at the departing bride and bridegroom? Possibly because the Jews of old confirmed a sale by the giving of a shoe or sandal: "This was a testimony in Israel." In Anglo-Saxon marriages the bride's father delivered her shoe to the bridegroom, who touched his head with it—not too severely, let us hope—in token of his authority.

Some of us believe that we can trace destiny in the figures of personal history—at least, this superstition is popular as a social diversion. It goes back to Pythagoras and certainly the system is interesting. Take Napoleon III. He was born in 1808, assumed the Empire in 1852 and lost the Empire in 1869. Add 1-8-0-8 to 1852, and the fateful date, 1869, results. The Empress Eugenie was born in 1826, and married to the Emperor in 1853—the numerals to the Emperor in each case, and then added respectively to 1852, yield again the fateful date 1869. Corresponding dates and events in the life of Louis Philippe give as curious prophetic results.

When they break mirrors, superstitious folk shudder—it is an ill-starred omen. Here the reason is simple—looking-glasses have always been used in divinations, and to break one is to break the means of knowing the will of the gods. When Napoleon broke the glass of Josephine's portrait he never rested until a courier, whom he despatched at hot haste, assured him of her safety, so strong was the impression of her death on his mind.

### BLACK CATS.

Black cats are for luck. Prince Ranjitsinghi, as we used to call him, claims that twice in succession the timely appearance of a black cat won a county

cricket match for Sussex. The idea goes back to Egypt's sacred cats. The brain of a black cat was an important item in the concoctions brewed by witches and hags.

Bees foretell many fates. When the bees in a farmer's hive die, superstition says he will soon be obliged to move from the farm. The origin of this idea may have arisen from the fact that a hive of bees rarely die unless the season is so bad as to be disastrous to farming, and after a bad season yearly tenants commonly seek fortunes in fresh farms.

The most inhuman superstition is that bad luck will come to any one who attempts to save a drowning man. The idea lingers still among St. Kilda islanders, the boatmen of the Danube, and in other places. It arose from the thought that when a man is drowning the gods have intended him to drown, and no wise man would cheat the gods of their will.

And then you are unlucky if you hear the cuckoo for the first time and have no money to turn in your pocket. For the cuckoo brings good news and good luck—he brings the message of the return of life to the earth.

### SPILT SALT.

Some of us shiver when we spill salt. Salt was an element in the old sacrificial rites of the Greeks and Romans—and flour and salt were offered to propitiate the wrath of infernal gods; hence no doubt arose the idea that to spill the peace offering meant bad luck. Then again, salt was the symbol of friendship, and if you upset the salt you broke friendship's bonds. The old idea was that by throwing spilt salt over the left shoulder, one appeased the devil. In da Vinci's picture of the Last Supper, Judas is shown overturning the salt, and this may have given new life to the superstition.

More than one lingering superstition is referred to in these Shakespearian lines:—

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;  
The night-crow cry'd, aboding luckless time;  
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests  
shook down the trees.

The owl was reckoned a most abominable and unlucky bird. One was seen once in the Capitol of Rome, and the whole city underwent a lustration or humiliation to avert the threatened evil. The howling of dogs without apparent cause meant ill-luck for those newly born or death to the aged. An old writer has it: "Odd and unaccountable as it may seem, those animals scent death, even before it seizes a person." Horses have often been reported to tremble when near dead human bodies, though the bodies were invisible. We have reason to think that dogs and horses have a sensitiveness—as for coming storms—unknown to man. This was noticed of old, hence the idea that the distressful howling of dogs presaged death.

### Dress Fancies

Every blouse nowadays is frilled. The bronze slipper is with us once more.

No more white gloves; gloves match the costume.

Wide shirring has found its way even into the bolero.

Walking dresses made of blue serge are very prominent.

Entire gowns of the all-over beaded jet are to be seen.

Bead fringes matching the costume are seen on smart gowns.

The very newest scarves of Spanish lace are almost like a mantilla.

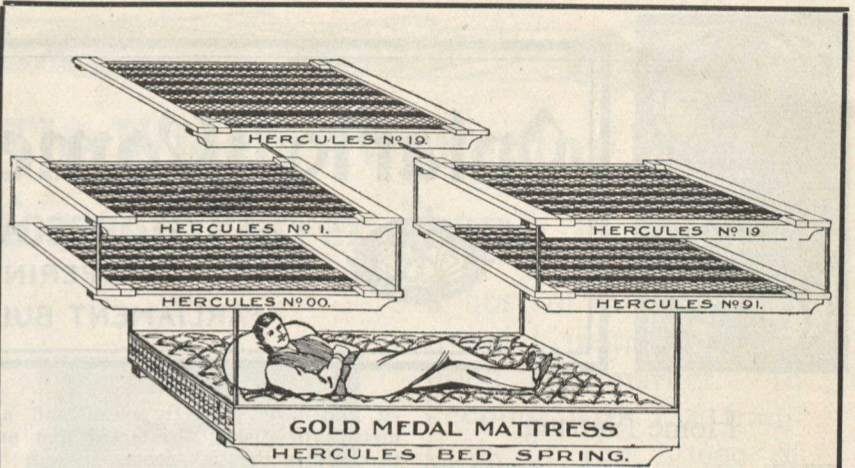
Velvet is used to a quite unusual degree in trimming garments and gowns.

A feature of all misses' dresses is the extreme shortness of the skirts.

Beaded scarfs are prominent, particularly those with gold or steel beads.

Embroidery is used on all belts, collars, and on many of the small yokes.

The latest imported lingerie gowns show the gowns were dyed after they were made, in delicate blue and pastel colors.



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IN PUBLIC FAVOR

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BED SPRINGS

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FELT MATTRESSES

Be particular in the selection of your bedding. The amount of vitality required for the tired body in these strenuous times can only be obtained and conserved by restful sleep. You cannot balance 16 hours of work and play with 8 hours of sleep unless you get the best results possible out of the 8 hours' sleep.

### "Hercules" Bed Springs

are so scientifically constructed that they are absolutely the most resilient and strongest Wire Bed in the world and will positively give the BEST RESULTS. Combine a Hercules Spring with a

### Gold Medal Felt Mattress

and you have the most perfect combination for rest. They cost no more than inferior makes, therefore demand them from your furniture dealer. For sale all over Canada by reliable dealers.

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TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG



# Ontario Women's Institutes



GEORGE A. PUTNAM,  
SUPERINTENDENT  
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO



## Home Nursing

THE subject of home nursing has been taken up frequently in this publication. But, as an excellent paper has been received, which was read by Mrs. Alfred Hoover of Stouffville, our readers may be interested:

As home nursing cannot take the place of skilled nursing, as understood in hospital and sanatoria, but can only be a sort of first aid to the wounded, I have thought it best to confine my remarks to some of the small things which any woman can do and which often are of great value in actually preventing a serious illness and as frequently lessen the severity and shorten the duration of an acute one. In every home there should be what is known as a clinical thermometer and every father and mother should be able to read it, and should teach their children to do so. The normal temperature is always the same in every climate. At every season all over the world the normal temperature is 98½ degrees Fahrenheit. In perfect health it may be 98 in the morning before eating and often after eating a full hearty dinner the temperature usually rises to 99 for an hour or so, but always drops back to 98½ as soon as the actual work of digestion is over. In children the temperature is the same, even the temperature of a new-born infant should be 98½. When a person commences to feel miserable, does not care to eat, it is always a wise thing to take the temperature. If it is found to be 100 degrees or over, the patient should be put to bed and placed on a liquid diet, until such time as the doctor sees her. This is the rule at the Toronto General Hospital and I think a very wise one and many a case of typhoid fever would not have a fatal ending if this simple little rule was carried out.

In sickness of any kind the temperature is always higher at night than in the morning, so it should always be taken at 8 p.m. When the patient has a temperature of 100 or over she should be given a purgative of some kind—castor oil, epsom salts, senna. The diet should consist of milk, beef tea, mutton broth, cup of tea, or if the doctor orders light diet you could give soft-boiled eggs, toast, bread and milk, boiled rice, or bread and butter with a cup of tea. All these are safe things to give to patients. If the patient has only a bilious attack it will be quickly thrown off, and if it is something serious it has been taken in time and a lot of good done.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the proper ventilation of a sick-room. There should be a constant supply of fresh air circulating through the room. If patient complains of cold put an extra blanket on the bed and a hot-water bottle or can to her feet will make her comfortable, and do not shut the window unless there is a terrible storm. Be careful and do not use boiling water as it will spoil your rubber bag, and the patient cannot put her feet against it when so hot. It is well to watch the bag as it may leak, or if the patient is unconscious it may burn her. In mild cases of sickness the face and hands should be washed twice a day and the entire body at least three times a week. The sheets should be changed as often as possible, every day if it can be so arranged. This is a great comfort but not really necessary. Patients generally like a nice clean bed and a clean night-gown. A good idea is to have two sheets and night-gowns and hang one on the line in the sun and air all day. In this way two sets can be made to last a week unless they get soiled by accident. The hair should be brushed and combed once a day and braided in two plaits, one on each side of the head just behind the ear, being securely tied so that it will not come undone. Many a fine head of hair would be saved if this were always done. The teeth should be kept clean, also the nails. Chambers of bed-pans need to be scald-

ed and kept perfectly clean and all utensils or dishes disinfected that are taken from the sick room.

The floor, which should be bare of carpet, should be kept clean by being swept out each day with a broom dipped in water that has either turpentine or carbolic acid in it. This prevents dust and also keeps the room sweet and fresh. If the sickness is of a prolonged type and you have no bedroom down stairs, use your parlor for the time being. Remove the carpet and all unnecessary draperies and furniture and have all the sunshine and fresh air possible. Also use a single bed, as it answers every purpose and it is much easier for the nurse to do her work and just as comfortable for the patient as a double one. Place the bed so that it will be accessible from both sides but be careful and do not place it in a draught. Do not use any heavy quilts on your patient's bed or any bedding that cannot be washed or boiled. If your patient is very sick use what is known as a draw sheet—a sheet folded together having the hemmed ends to come a little below the hips on bed, also a piece of rubber sheeting 32 inches long and 45 inches wide. Under this draw sheet and after tucking them both in you could pin them with large safety-pins on the under side to keep them in place. A patient's room should be bright and attractive and for this purpose there is nothing so nice as flowers. The water on cut flowers should be changed daily

patient's bed. For prevention of bed-sores, absolute cleanliness and removal of pressure from whatever parts is affected, wash the parts well with soap and water, dry well and apply a 50 per cent. solution of alcohol to harden the skin, then dust with some kind of powder which will absorb the moisture. Oxide of zinc or bismuth powder mixed with borax powder are very good. Keep sheets perfectly smooth and dry under the patient. Sometimes a slight wrinkle will produce redness and tenderness. The pressure may be removed by means of a rubber ring, which can be purchased at any druggist's. Change patient frequently from side to side. Never by any means allow a patient to get a bed-sore as it is a great disgrace to the one who is nursing.

To give a foot bath in bed, spread a rubber sheet across the foot of the bed; the patient lying on her back, bends the knees and places her feet in tub which is arranged lengthwise in bed. Give a mustard foot bath in same way; only then the knees and tub are enclosed in a blanket. These baths are given for severe colds where the symptoms are mainly confined to the head and for headache where there may be too much blood going to the head, the object being to dilate the blood vessels of the extremities, thus bringing more blood to those parts, equalizing the circulation.

The newest way of disinfecting a room is to put one-half pound of per-

noon and a cup of hot milk on retiring. Always give patient plenty of water to drink, whether asked for or not, as it helps to cleanse the system. Never leave food or medicine where patient can see it or help herself. Do not allow visitors to see patient while in bed, as it excites and worries them very much and always retards their recovery. If friends offer to assist, let them do so in the kitchen, but do not allow them in the bedroom until the patient is able to be up.

## The Dressing Table

SINCE the trunk may not arrive at the destination as quickly as the traveller, it is best to carry the beauty box in a hand bag. As soon as you arrive at your resort cleanse the face and hands from all traces of train grime with water softened with borax. A little warm water with a small portion of salt in it will relieve the eyes after they have been badly lacerated with cinders. The same remedy will relieve inflammation of the membranes of the nose, a malady with which many travellers suffer. The hair should be washed with warm water and eggs, to which should be added a small amount of scraping from a cake of castile soap. A good shampoo can be made in this manner. The beauty box will be used so frequently that you will wonder how you could have gotten along during the summer without it. The towel pocket device is also often taken along on steamers and can be hung in one corner of the stateroom. A tin box is often used, but it is not as handy as the towel pockets.

## About the Garden

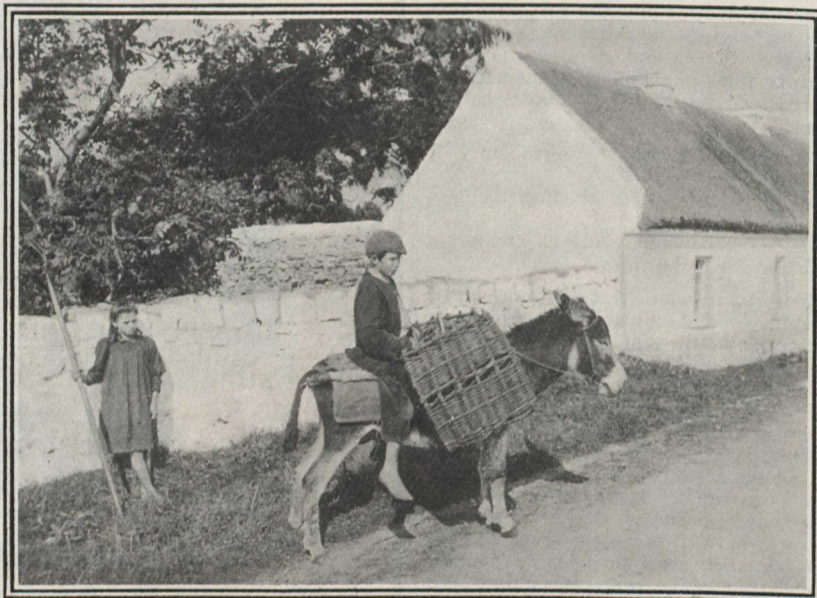
MRS. RUTHERFORD, of the Nelson (B.C.), Women's Institute, contributed to one of the meetings of that flourishing organization a paper on "How to Have Flowers From April to November," which will be of interest to many.

"It has always been a puzzle to me why so many people, women especially, take so little interest in gardening. To me it is the most interesting and absorbing of all occupations. In fact I go even further and consider it almost a cure for every ill, both physical and mental. Who that loves flowers will not forget aches and pains and small worries in caring for them and watching their sweet response to that care.

"In considering the cause of this apathy on the part of the average person, to the delightful art of gardening, it occurs to me that one cause is in the mistake so many people make in confining their gardening operations to growing annuals or tender bedding plants, such as sweet peas, asters, petunias and the like. These are very beautiful and desirable but how long do you have bloom from them? Not more than four months at the very best. And so all through the spring months, when more than any other time, one appreciates flowers, the gardens are bare. By the last of June your annuals begin to bloom but it gets hot soon after and you look very languidly at your garden, in fact, are too bored or too tired to even keep the sweet peas cut.

"But we will turn from this to consider the ideal garden; a garden which for seven months is full of interest and beauty, and which not only requires very little attention; but increases in beauty year to year. This happy result is attained by the use of hardy perennials and spring bulbs, with a few annuals as fillers. And just here let me caution you against having a little of everything. Instead concentrate upon three or four good things for each month and grow them in masses so as to have a complete picture; not a few straggling spikes of bloom.

"Let us consider such a garden or



TURF GATHERING IN OLD IRELAND

for two reasons, viz., the flowers last longer and the stale water often smells very disagreeably and is unhealthy in any room at any time. Growing plants, on the other hand, absorb the carbonic acid gas in the air and so make it purer. Carbonic acid gas is thrown off by the lungs, as it is a poisonous substance to the human being. It is because the lungs are constantly throwing it off that the air in a house soon becomes impure and that a room filled with people so soon becomes foul.

To change the linen on a patient's bed, remove all the top covering but the sheet; loosen the lower sheet at each end and side. One side is then folded along the whole length at flatly as possible close up to the patient. The fresh sheets should then be folded lengthwise, alternately backward and forward for half their width and placed on the side from which the soiled ones have been removed, tucking in the edges of the clean sheet under the mattress. Then gently turn patient over on the clean sheet, removing the soiled one and tucking in the clean one on the opposite side. In changing the upper sheet, the fresh sheet and blanket are spread on first and the soiled one slipped away underneath. The sheets should be well aired by the fire before changing a

maganate of potassium crystals in a metal pail and pour over it one pint of a 40 per cent. solution of formaldehyde. These quantities are all that an ordinary zinc pail will hold as it froths up. The gas fumes are unpleasant. The room must be closed in the ordinary way by stuffing cotton around the cracks of doors and windows and left for twenty-four hours before being opened up again. Use one pail for every 1,000 cubic feet of air space in the room. It is said to be the very best method known and sure death to bugs. It does not spoil anything and there is no danger from fire. Also the gas fumes rise to the ceiling first, so that it can be watched for a short time, to see that it does not froth over the pail. Open up the windows and doors and if the smell hangs around hang up pieces of cloth wet with ordinary ammonia.

In the feeding of patients it is equally important to give them their food at stated intervals and in correct proportions and in an inviting form. If the patient is on fluid diet she should have from four to six ounces every two hours; but where a patient is convalescing she will not need it so often. Three times a day with perhaps a glass of milk during the forenoon, a glass of lemonade sometime during the after-

border in April, and will suppose it to be 25 feet long, the width of the average city lot, and 8 feet wide. We shall sow our sweet peas at the back of the border, soaking them over night and sowing in a drill 6 inches deep and covering the seed 2 inches deep and as the plants grow drawing the soil in around them in order to have a good deep rooted plant to resist the hot weather.

"At the front of our border we shall have crocus, snowdrops and scilla, growing them in little scattering groups along the edge. These will give plenty of bloom in the first part of April and by the time they are over our narcissi will be blooming. These we shall plant at intervals just behind the crocus in groups also and for an exquisite carpet or background for them we shall have rock cress, a charming perennial, forming a dense mat of fragrant white bloom all through April; and some clumps of forget-me-nots. Unless one has seen such an arrangement, no idea can be formed of its beauty, and an added advantage is that it increases in beauty every year. This will carry us through April and most of May and for the latter part of May we shall have groups of the late tulips all along our border. The parrot, gesueriana and the new Darwin tulips are all beautiful sorts and will bloom till June; and for our June display I know of nothing better than Oriental poppies and spring marguerites. These bloom at the same time and make a stunning picture; the bold form and blazing scarlet of the poppies set off the dainty white and gold of the marguerites. To get a good effect one should have at least five plants of poppies and three or four marguerites.

"And now we come to July, the month of opulence, when we hardly know what to choose from the wealth of bloom available. But we shall confine ourselves to just four varieties, fox-gloves, white and pink; Larkspurs, blue, Shasta daisies and Canterbury bells, and shall have three or four groups composed of these in different combinations; but let each group have at least five or each sort of plant. For example, plant five Larkspurs at the back of the border with white fox-gloves in front and Shasta daisies or Canterbury bells in front of that again; and you will have a mass of bloom almost solid from the ground six feet high. These combinations may be varied as much as you like but we must have room for our August display which will be yellow, and composed of golden glow, Coreopsis Lanceolata and Gaillardia.

"And now we come to September and for this month our big feature will be asters, which we have sowed in a seed bed in April and transplanted later into the spaces between our tulip bulbs. Do not grow mixed asters, the colors fight with each other, but try growing three or four sorts, say, pink, white and lavender in masses by themselves and see how much more satisfactory is the effect. You will have lots of asters all through September and even into October, but for our October we shall have hardy chrysanthemums, which will give us quantities of bloom all through the month and even into November.

"Now we have accompanied the procession of flowers through the summer and I am afraid you are thinking: 'All this sounds very well, but I could never have such a garden.' Let me tell you how such a garden can be made with only the expenditure of a few dollars for bulbs, less than a dollar for seeds, a little labor and patience to wait a year. Of course you could buy all the plants I have mentioned from any of the big florist establishments and have a similar garden this year, with the exception of the bulbous flowers, but I would suggest this plan: Have your border dug over now and plant it with annuals, say sweet peas at the back, sweet alyssum and mignonette along the front and then divide the space between in four or five plots; sow early asters in one, Shirley poppies, stocks and late asters in the others. If you have never seen a mass of Shirley poppies about seven feet square you have something to live for. I might mention that as soon as the poppies are through blooming a good plan is to pull them up, spade over the ground and set out late nasturtiums, which you have sowed late and they will bloom till frost.

"At the same time sow seeds of larkspur or Delphinium, Shasta daisy, Oriental poppy, fox-gloves, spring Marguerite and other perennials mentioned and as soon as they are big enough to handle, transplant them into the vegetable garden about eight inches apart and cultivate between them occasionally during the summer. Then in the fall

give your borders a good top dressing of well rotted manure, have it turned under deeply and set out your perennials in somewhat of the order I have mentioned. Plant your bulbs and then rake all the dead leaves you can get on to your border with a few boughs of evergreen to keep them from blowing away; and all through the winter you can hug yourself over the knowledge that with the first bright days of April the crocus will greet you and from then till frost there will be no day when your garden will not be a thing of beauty and full of interest.

"And as you watch the pageant of the flowers, as one gives place to another all through the summer, you will, I venture to predict, find that you have contracted the garden fever and will never again be contented with anything less than the ideal garden."

### The Lucan Branch

ON July 14th our Lucan Branch of Women's Institute entertained the Mooresville Branch at our regular July meeting. We held it in Carlisle Parish Hall, and forty-seven ladies were there. We had a very interesting meeting and a short address from president and secretary of our own and visiting branch, and two excellent papers on "Canning Fruits" and exhibits of the same. We served a nice lunch and had an hour's social chat after meeting closed. It was a great success and seems a good way to exchange ideas.

### The Country Home

By MRS. H. C. BAILEY  
Maple Branch

NO one has enjoyed the large free life in the country with its running streams, fresh air, bending trees, rolling hills, joyous life of birds and animals, and luxuriant foliage, flowers and vines without knowing that it is a good place for boys and girls.

The boy who grows up in the country and has known the pigeons, the chickens, the cattle, the horses has a rich experience. Happy boys and girls are they who have had long romps through the fields and woods, down by the creeks or river bank, who have lain in wait for fish to bite, set their traps for muskrat, hunted wild flowers in their season, tapped trees for sugar, hunted eggs in the loft, ridden on a load of hay, chased the calves over the pasture, harnessed the dog, ridden the horses bareback, who to quote from Riley:

"Can make 'em lope, er trot,  
Er rack, er pace, er run."

These are real experiences which boys and girls, the world over, enjoy, but which are denied in the crowded streets and small yards of a city home.

Children acquire what they have in the country direct from nature and their contribution to the world's wealth will be for the comfortable existence of others. Trained for agricultural pursuits, their acquirements of wealth are not at the expense of others. Their riches make no men poorer but happier and more prosperous. This condition gives them independence and manliness.

Play is the child's way of expressing itself. It is as valuable and necessary to the child as work or recreation is for the adult. All natural play should be encouraged. The person grown who is not interested in child's play has lost his youth. Frochel taught that play may be a means of educating the child. By wisely directing the play, the parent is employing the very best and most effective force in the education of the young child.

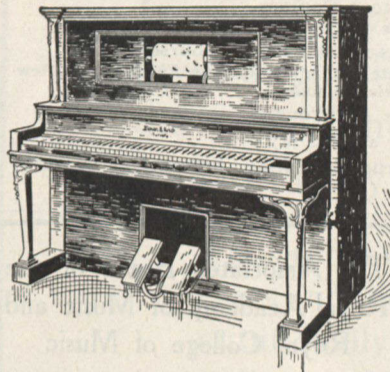
Let the children be busy with work or amusement. Idleness is the worst of faults. It never accomplishes anything. But the child does not have to be put to hard work to keep him busy and to cause him to improve his time. Amusements and outings are often useful correctives for idleness. If he is "handy with tools" let him have tools. If he likes horses give him more and more the care of the team. If the girl likes flowers let her have a flower-bed. Some children like to make "museums" of animals and seeds and stones; let them do it, guiding them as best you can.

A boy or girl appreciates holidays and time for amusements. While the farm affords many opportunities for genuine amusement it also has a programme of endless round of chores. In

Continued on page 50



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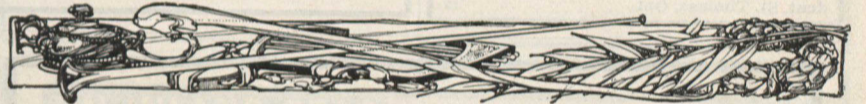
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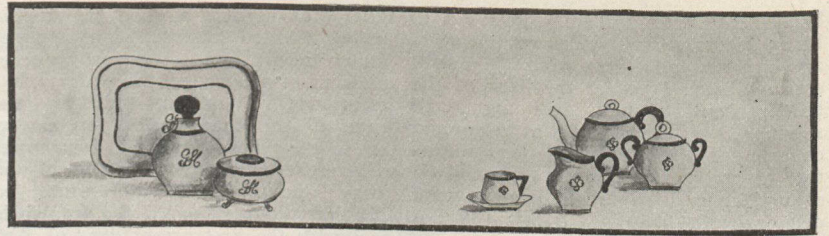
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Home Journal Fashions Give Satisfaction



A CUP OF TEA

By J. GRACE WALES

HESTER went to the ribbon counter and bought three yards of black velvet ribbon an inch wide. While she waited for her change she gloomily contemplated her umbrella, which was sending a small river of black water over the floor, and still more gloomily the bedraggled condition of her best navy blue summer-silk skirt. It was ruined. Hester blinked, and rubbed a lump in her throat philosophically. Then she consulted her watch. She would run for the five-fifteen train, get back to her boarding-house, put on dry things, have tea, go to bed and forget her troubles.

across him at the Esteys. For on Saturday afternoons bank clerks as well as suburban school mistresses belong to the world of leisure. The dress was spoiled and she had hoped that Phil.—Mr. Murray—would think it was becoming. And the Estey girls always had such gorgeous clothes, and they were good-looking anyway, and she, Hester, always had to make the best of herself, and oh dear! that dress cost half a month's salary and she couldn't afford another. Three tears chased each other down Hester's nose. As she had two small parcels, a skirt, and an umbrella to occupy her, she was obliged to ignore them.

Just then the change came back. It was wrong. The saleswoman counted it, and looked at her check. "I have made a mistake," she said. The color rushed into Hester's face. Delay meant the loss of the five-fifteen train and she was very tired. "That was very careless," she said sharply. The girl said nothing. Hester noticed that her hands shook as she made out a new check and replaced the cash-box.

"I won't think such things," she declared to herself, walking faster. "What difference does it make to me what opinion Mr. Murray has of my clothes or of me either?" Just then she bumped umbrellas with someone, and a voice said, "Why, Miss Norres!"

"I'm afraid you're tired," said Hester impulsively. The girl began rolling up ribbons. She was on her dignity. Hester's pride could not stand that. She had to make amends at any price.

"Oh, good evening Mr. Murray," said Hester composedly. "Nice weather for ducks," said the voice. "Can I have those parcels?"

"I'm sorry I was cross," she said. "Was you wanting to catch a train or anything?" "No—at least—yes. But there's another in fifteen minutes."

He rescued them from a precarious position under Hester's elbow and put them in the pocket of his raincoat. She was conscious of a sudden and surprising sense of freedom. It is wonderful what an encumbrance two small parcels can be on a rainy day.

"I'm sorry," said the girl. "It doesn't matter," said Hester. This cleared the air and they both began to feel cheerful. Something her mother had said to her came into Hester's head: "In the country where we know everybody we have our own customs, but remember, dear, that in town, nothing could be more ill-bred than to talk to salespeople." There was nobody within hearing. "I can't be more ill-bred than I have been already," reflected Hester and decided to go on talking.

"I'm going for a train," said Hester smiling. "I suppose I've lost the five-fifteen."

"Have you been very busy to-day?" "There hasn't been as many people as sometimes, but they've all been in a hurry."

"Wait till the six, and come and have some tea. Here's Fraser's—or the Old English tea-rooms are in the next block. Where would you rather go?"

"And cross?" "Yes." They laughed.

"Oh, let's go to the Old English place," decided Hester. "They have tea-pots there, you know."

"Perhaps it will be a fine day tomorrow," suggested Hester. "Anyway, we'll all feel better when we go home to tea."

"Tea-pots?" said Murray, puzzled. "Yes. Instead of just cups. It's ever so much nicer to pour your own tea, don't you think it is?"

"Home's a hundred miles off," observed the girl. "Mine's two hundred," said Hester.

"Oh, of course I should rather think so. Depends on circumstances though." "We're talking about present circumstances."

Then she thought she would venture on a little moralizing. "Perhaps home is mostly a kind of feeling, that we might take with us."

"I'll risk your being able to pour tea," said Murray.

The girl did not seem to get this idea very well, and Hester decided that she had been silly to say it. She resolved to do better.

The tea-rooms were well filled with seekers of warmth and cheer. The two found a comfortable corner. Hester pushed up her veil and revealed some rosy cheeks. She took off her gloves and put them into the pocket of her coat, which she hung carefully on the back of her chair. The blue silk waist was uninjured, and, with its tucked point d'esprit yoke and undersleeves, looked very dainty. Few people thought Hester pretty, but all acknowledged that she was engaging. She had large grey eyes, a merry mouth and a coquettish nose. If her brown hair was not abundant she knew how to make the most of it. She was not intellectual but no one could deny that she was a clever woman and an honestly nice little girl into the bargain.

"I got my best dress spoiled this afternoon, and I had a good mind to cry about it when I came in. But I guess I won't."

"What shall we have besides tea?" enquired Murray. "Cake and ice cream, or buttered toast?"

"Don't you," said the girl heartily. "Click," said the cash-box.

"Aren't you hungry?" said Hester. "Terribly."

Hester received her change—right this time. "Thank you," she said. "Good-night."

"Then we don't want sweets, do we? Let us have just rolls. They make lovely ones here."

When she got into the street it was raining harder than ever. She had been a vain foolish girl to wear the blue silk that afternoon. The formal calls which were its excuse had been rather failures. In one case she had made a mistake in the day, and found no one in. In the other case the room was full of stupid people that she did not know, in sensible rainy day costumes. But it was not her fault if she was overdressed. It had been fine when she came in early in the afternoon. The rain had come up without warning. And at least she had brought an umbrella. The worst of it was that she had had not seen Phil.—Mr. Murray—and she had been pretty certain of running

Murray after giving the order. "Occasionally, Miss Young and I sometimes drop in after shopping." Murray looked relieved. "Miss Young's a nice girl," he said cordially.

"Lovely," said Hester. "Haven't you ever been here before?" "Never."

"That's a pity. You men seem to lack the faculty of making yourselves comfortable."

"Not every girl has it to the extent you have."

"You think I always manage to make myself comfortable?" repeated Hester

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perversely. "I wonder if that's a compliment."  
 "Yourself and other people, I mean."  
 "Oh."  
 "I'll tell you what I mean. Do you remember the first time I saw you?"  
 "No," said Hester. "When was it?"  
 "Oh, I know. On the train coming from home. And Miss Young got on—where did she get on? She had been visiting somebody."  
 "I don't know where she got on. Don't change the subject."  
 "I wasn't changing the subject. Let me see. She introduced us didn't she?"  
 "So she did. I won't forget that. But she kept her hat and coat on."  
 "Dear me," said Hester. "What has that to do with it?"  
 "Everything. You hung yours up, don't you remember. And then you took out a kind of little work-basket effect, and sat in the corner by the window and began sewing."  
 "Oh, of course," said Hester reminiscently. "I must have been making that centrepiece for Aunt Matilda. It was one of the prettiest patterns I ever did, and I was crazy about it—ivy leaves you know."  
 "Don't know I'm sure. Only when you sat down here a minute ago, I thought you were going to whip out some fancy work."  
 "You have the fancy work in your pocket—at least the materials. That reminds me I mustn't let you run off with them."  
 "I could take them out to-morrow," suggested Murray. "Is it Christmas presents?"  
 "No, something more interesting."  
 "Wedding present?"  
 "Perhaps, it's a secret."  
 "May as well tell. Girls are never expected to keep secrets."  
 "I can. It's one of my specialities."  
 "Gee," said Murray. "I'll tell you some of mine by and by."  
 Rolls and butter and a fetching teapot with its accessories arrived at this moment. Hester gave her attention to pouring tea.  
 "Two lumps?" she asked.  
 "Three, please," said Murray.  
 "It would be very bad manners to sew here," remarked Hester resuming the subject. "Worse than sewing on the train. And that was bad enough. Mother says it isn't well-bred to make oneself too much at home in public places."  
 "You can't help making yourself at home," said Murray. "I've noticed that. You haven't been anywhere five minutes before you begin to—build a house as it were."  
 "I'm afraid it isn't because I always do my duty," said Hester lightly. "Somebody says 'duty done is the soul's fire-side.' I pretty nearly quoted that to a girl behind the ribbon counter to-day."  
 "Did she catch on?"  
 "Not very well. She understood some other things, though."  
 "What, for instance? How came you to say it?"  
 "If I want you to suppose that I am always in a good temper," said Hester, "I'm afraid I'd better not tell it."  
 "Oh, go on. You'll have to now. What happened?"  
 Hester gave the story with a few lively touches.  
 "So I came out feeling rather ashamed of myself," she concluded, "both for being so cross in the first place and so effusive at the end."  
 "Well," returned Murray with a judicial air, "When we're all miserable together it isn't always worth while to mind the rules. I'll bet it cheered the girl up. I say, was that straight, about the dress, you know?"  
 "I'm afraid it was."  
 "Oh, that's too bad, now. But say, it looks fine. Can't you fix it up?"  
 "Perhaps," said Hester courageously. Her private reflections were something like this. "I'll have to wear the waist with a cloth skirt, but it isn't suitable. It will have to be made over. The skirt can be dyed and used for a lining. But oh dear, my lovely dress!"  
 But she answered her smiling "Perhaps" without wincing.  
 Murray brightened up at once. He had unbounded faith in her understanding of all the mysteries of fixing things up.  
 "I must run for that train," said Hester with decision when the last roll had vanished.  
 Outside they found it still raining heavily.  
 "Queer, isn't it, how much better things look all the same," observed Murray. "I had all kinds of bad luck this afternoon, and now I feel positively jolly."

"There's nothing like a cup of tea," said Hester.  
 "On the contrary there are one or two things very much like it. Is it the Japs that have that saying 'As good as a piece of bread?' Now I'd say as good as a cup of tea, and a wood-fire and hot rolls, and—a work-basket. Don't you want to know what is as good as all that?"  
 "There's our car," said Hester. They caught it and as it was crowded nearly to the doors there was no more talk until they were in the station.  
 Hester went through to her train so fast that Murray had to apply himself to dodging through the crowd in order to keep up with her.  
 "Two minutes," he said triumphantly as they entered the car. "Now, do you want to know what is as good as a cup of tea?"  
 "I'm loyal to the cup that cheers," said Hester. "I can't think of anything."  
 "A girl that can keep jolly and comfortable when things go wrong, and keep the rest of the world jolly, too."  
 "I sincerely hope that you don't mean anything personal. If you'd seen me tearing my hair over my dress this afternoon, and scolding the little shop girl!"  
 "Pshaw," said Murray. "Anything special on for to-morrow afternoon?"  
 "No," murmured Hester. "Nothing particular."  
 "I'm coming out. Will you go for a walk? I'll tell you the rest then."  
 "The rest—the rest of what?" enquired Hester innocently.  
 "The rest of everything," said Murray.

### September Comes Again

BY HELENA COLEMAN.

And now September! in whose languid veins  
 The wine of summer, slow-distilling,  
 flows;  
 The light and glory fade—the laughter  
 wanes,  
 But earth more lovely grows.  
 O rare September! has it all been said—  
 The wistful hours, the soft, reluctant  
 days,  
 When Nature seems to pause with arms  
 outspread  
 And heart that yearns both ways?  
 Upon the mellowed harp-strings of the  
 vine  
 The fitful winds their soft forebod-  
 ings urge,  
 And with the liquid murmurs of the pine  
 In plaintive sweetness merge.  
 The mountains, veiled in gold and  
 amethyst,  
 Their once familiar outlines scarcely  
 show;  
 Across the uplands, faint with purple  
 mist,  
 The oaks and maples glow.  
 Those gathering mists the coming  
 change would hide,  
 But in our hearts already sounds the  
 knell.  
 O, never surges love in such a tide  
 As when we say farewell!  
 Yet come, September! All the old  
 desires,  
 The old enchantments, at thy touch  
 return—  
 'Tis in our hearts thy August-kindled  
 fires  
 In deepest rapture burn.  
 And in our hearts the ancient melody  
 That Earth has yielded of her joy and  
 pain,  
 Comes softly stealing, echoed back from  
 thee  
 In one surpassing strain.  
 Still Summer waits, her moods with  
 thine akin,  
 As if her love could not release its  
 hold  
 Until her little hosts were folded in  
 Against the coming cold—  
 Against the cold till March once more  
 unlocks  
 The gates of frost and rives the icy  
 chain,  
 And June returns to lead her little flocks  
 Across the fields again—  
 Across the fields, beyond the shining hill,  
 When Pan plays up his pipes o' love  
 and pain—  
 But now, O heart of mine, be still, be  
 still,  
 September comes again!

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Thus for invalids' convalescents and those who are constitutionally weak it is really indispensable.

Bovril added to made dishes and gravies improves the flavor and greatly increase the food value.

In this way the food is more appetising and at the same time more nourishing.

For Health in the Home use  
**BOVRIL**

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Detroit & Cleveland Nav. Co.

ALL the important ports on the Great Lakes reached regularly by the excellent service of the D. & C. Lake Lines. The ten large steamers of the fleet are of modern steel construction, propelled by powerful engines, and have all the qualities of speed, safety and comfort. The United Wireless Telegraph Service used aboard.

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Rail tickets available on steamers.  
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### The Best Wall Finish Only one coat required Easy to apply

Most beautiful, economical and sanitary wall coating made, can be applied by anyone to any kind of surface. Will not rub off or peel. Shows no spots or brush marks. Produces that subdued, velvety effect, so agreeable to the eye.

# Muresco

Muresco is made in a large line of handsome tints and colors, also white. Ready for use when mixed with hot water. It can be re-coated any number of times, and entirely removed by washing, thus rendering it a simple matter to keep walls in perfect condition.

Beware of wall finishes that cannot be removed by washing; they are neither practical or sanitary. Will even usually peel off, leaving your walls in ruined condition.

Muresco costs no more than other finishes and goes farther. Call for sample card and see handsome combination effects.

**BENJAMIN MOORE & CO. Limited**  
Sole Manufacturers, Toronto, Canada.  
New York, Chicago, Carteret, Cleveland.



The Country Home

Continued from page 47

certain seasons the older people are content to work all day to keep the work up. The young people may partake at an early age the spirit of drive—the "all work and no play" plan that deprives them of sports and enjoyment which keep the spirit young. The sucker-hole is an alluring place, even at the milking time, as is also the "old swimming hole" when haying keeps all hands busy. The task which is set for the farmer lad to be done at a certain time, be it planting potatoes, hoeing corn or picking up stone may be the making of a fine stalwart fellow, but his bounding spirits are at times led unmistakably in the direction of ball and bat or hook and line. When he returns, these give added zest to the work and make him a more rounded individual.

Many boys and girls are turned away from the farm because they hear father and mother says so often that farming is a poor business. The child is made to feel that store-keeping or doctoring or other occupation is much better than farming. The farmer's own fireside often sends his children away from the farm. If the farmer does not take pride in his calling, his children will not.

"As a rule a man's a fool.  
When it's hot he wants it cool,  
And when it's cool he wants it hot,  
Always wanting what is not."

Rev. Geo. W. Kerby, B.A., says: "If I were a boy I would like to spend my early days in the country. There is no life in the world for a boy like the farm life. A large percentage of successful men to-day come from the farm. There is a reason for it. There is health and freedom and contact with nature on the farm that makes the blood tingle and heart leap and the mind expand. There is nothing artificial about country life. The flowers, the birds, the meadows, are fresh from the hands of God.

The farm makes a fine background for the picture of a life. The boy that is not born on the farm suffers a handicap.

We have been thinking about the boys and girls in the country; now we will try to think about the women.

Life in the country as it is lived now is a great improvement over that of twenty or thirty years ago.

You are much more happily situated now than they were then, for it is pleasanter to be able to call up your friends and relatives for a little chat, even if everybody else on the line is listening.

It is pleasanter to go down to the mail box on the corner and get the daily paper and the mail than to drive once a week to town for it.

You want a little more social life, a little less monotony to the days and they will come. The children are growing up and will be better and better company all the time and will draw other young people to them. Your own friends as their children grow up can come to see you often, as you can go to see them. Don't think because you are growing older you won't enjoy things as much when they finally come. You will enjoy them more. Years don't count. Keep young in heart and spirit and you will enjoy the pleasures of life all the more keenly as you grow older.

Just live each day to its utmost, get out of it every good thing to be had, give all you can each day, and look forward. Always look forward and up. Be glad you are a woman because women know all of life, its joys, sorrow, grief, pain and pleasure. Be glad you are a wife and mother because no woman tastes all of life unless she has this experience. And then be glad you are a country woman, because country women are the salt of the earth.

Something to Remember

If kitchen floors are painted with boiled linseed oil they are cleaned very easily.

The simplest way to clean windows is to rub with a pad of newspaper sprinkled with ammonia.

In order to get a pudding to come easily from the mould plunge the latter in cold water for a moment.

When you cook green vegetables and wish to have them green when served, let them cook with the cover off.

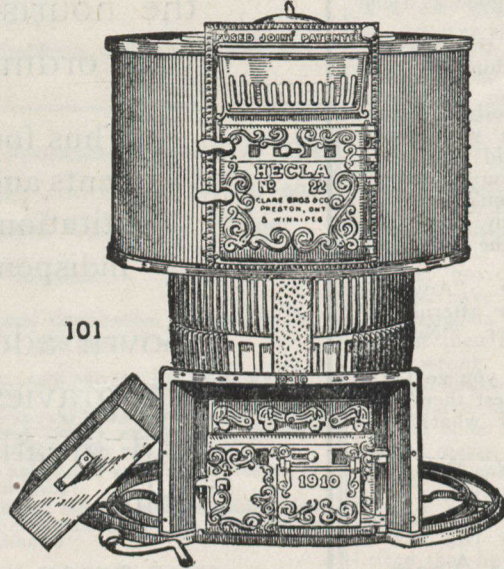
To remove paint from linens rub with turpentine, then clean with French chalk dampened with alcohol.

HECLA FURNACE

—And The Feature That Made Them Famous

The discovery of FUSED JOINTS made possible the perfect system of warm air heating.

When we first began to build furnaces, some thirty years ago, the various parts of the radiators were bolted and cemented together. No matter how tightly the iron and steel were fastened, the difference in the expansion and contraction of the two metals eventually pulled the bolts loose, ground out the cement and left openings through which gas, dust and smoke escaped into the house.



About 20 years ago, we discovered and patented FUSED JOINTS.

Instead of bolting and cementing steel and iron together, we fused the materials at a white heat.

The joints thus formed are permanent and indestructible.

Twenty years use has proved the value of Fused Joints. They will not leak—they are absolutely gas, smoke and dust tight—

and will always remain so as long as the furnace is in use.

Fused Joints insure "Hecla" heated homes being always supplied with an abundance of fresh, warmed air, untainted by gas or dust.

"Hecla" Furnace is the only furnace with Fused Joints.

Fused Joints are only one of the patented features of "Hecla" Furnace that mean so much to every man who is going to put in a new furnace this season. Our furnace book describes and illustrates them all. Write for free copy.

Send us rough diagram of your home, and we will plan the heating arrangement and give estimate of the cost of installing the right "Hecla" Furnace—free.

Clare Bros. & Co. Limited, Preston, Ont.



FOUR cows and an I H C Cream Harvester will pay bigger yearly dividends than five cows and no separator.

The more cows you own, the more you need an I H C Cream Harvester. The big profits in dairying come from cream—not milk. An I H C gets all the cream—quality cream—while the fresh, warm skim-milk is a money-saver when fed to calves.

A cream separator is a necessity on the modern farm. It is simply a question of Which One to buy. Thousands of progressive farmers and dairymen, after the closest investigation of all styles, have chosen

I H C Cream Harvesters

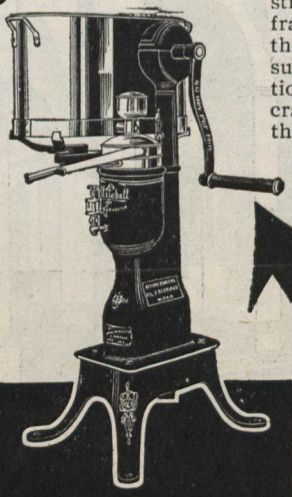
There must be some very good reasons. If you will look into the matter as closely as I H C owners have, you will find that I H C Cream Harvesters are the only ones with dust-proof and milk-proof gearings. You will find in them the most perfect straining device—insuring pure cream and skim-milk always. You will see that the frame of an I H C is entirely protected from wear by bronze bushings at all points; that the I H C has largest shafts, bushings, and bearings; that it has the safest, simplest, surest, and most economical oiling system; that the flexible top-bearing prevents vibration and keeps the bowl steady, no matter how unevenly the power is applied. The crank is at just the right height for convenient turning and the supply can is so low that it does not require tiresome lifting.

There are four sizes to choose from—350 lbs. to 850 lbs. capacity and two styles—the Bluebell, gear drive, and the Dairymaid, chain drive. Call on the I H C local dealer for complete information and catalogues, or write nearest branch house for the information you desire.

CANADIAN BRANCHES:—International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, London, Montreal, Ottawa, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA

(Incorporated) CHICAGO U S A



# THE BUSINESS COLLEGE

"Can any good come out of Nazareth"

YEARS ago, when the writer was a boy attending the Collegiate Institute in his home town, there was another institution in the same town that used to be the source of many jokes on the part of the worthy Principal of the Collegiate. For example, when a boy under his Socratic methods became hopelessly floundered, the Principal would remark with fine irony, that the said boy was a fit subject for the Business College.



W. H. SHAW  
Principal

Teach commercial work in the Collegiate Institute! It was a good thing that no one suggested it to him. The mirthful paroxysm would have been too much.

To-day there are forty-two Collegiate Institutes in Ontario. There is one Commercial Specialist to each and a few spare. That

in some of the larger schools they employ two or more of these Commercial teachers. The Education Department prescribes the examination for the teachers, as for all others. This year only nine teachers in the whole province were successful in getting Commercial Specialist standing. Six out of the nine were prepared by Business College alone in Toronto. Fancy our worthy principal with Commercial School as one of the departments of his Collegiate and sided over by a Business College graduate. Verily the wheel turns round.

They do not joke about the Business College now. In the Commercial Education at the annual convention of Ontario Educational Association hear much talk of what must be done if the Commercial Teaching in the Collegiate is to reach the standard of Business College. The idea of Business College setting up a standard for a Collegiate Institute! A school no joke which influences the lives of 1,000 young men and women every year and this is what the writer found on his recent visit to a Commercial College in Toronto.

In investigating the standing of Commercial Education in Ontario the Central Business College was visited. This school has been in existence for eighteen years and is considered to be well representative of the real Business College is to-day.

In Mr. Shaw, the President, we find the broad-gauge man; one whom you would expect to find at the head of a large school. "If anything we can do for you or show you will help to put Commercial Education in the right light before the public you are welcome to spend as much of our time as you can spare. Such was our welcome and you will be sure we were quickly at home."

The first thing that impresses the visitor is, perhaps, the fact that Commercial Education has been elevated to a much higher place than formerly.



C. B. C. JUNIOR TYPEWRITING ROOM.

work done in the modern Business College is indicated by three sample diplomas which hang on the wall of the College office. The first of these is the diploma of the Business Education Association of Canada. This is granted to those who aim at striking out as stenographers or bookkeepers, on passing an examination, independent of the school.

Then there is the Commercial Specialist's Certificate granted by the Education Department to those who pass the government examination for Commercial teachers. This test is a most searching one, involving papers on Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Penmanship, General Commercial Knowledge, Auditing, Accounts, Stenography, History of Commercial Transportation, etc. The record of this one College getting seven out of nine certificates issued this year, is very gratifying to the school.

The third diploma is that issued by the Institute of Chartered Accountants to those who pass their three examinations and are entitled to the degree of C. A., to show how closely the Business College enters into the calculations of those who would enter the profession of accountancy it was pointed out that of thirty-five candidates who passed the examinations this year twenty-five took the work at this school.

This brought to notice another phase of the activities of the modern Business College—the Mail Course. The greater number of these accountancy

is sharply called on and idleness is tolerated. Work is arranged in a definite time table. Absentees are reported every day before the close of the office. Reports are rendered monthly to parents. Altogether there is an air to close account and actual business about the whole establishment. The student of such a school is bound to get not only a thorough technical training but also to acquire the business habits so essential to his future success.

## REMINGTON BUSINESS COLLEGE



FALL TERM  
OPENS SEPT 6th

### Pure ORANGE MARMALADE

A flavor of the Southland in every mouthful.

Delicious for breakfast and lunch.

AT YOUR GROCERS 2600

### Foreign Money bought and sold.

#### Rates for Money Orders

\$5 and under . . .	3 cents
Over 5 to \$10 . . .	6 "
" 10 to 30 . . .	10 "
" 30 to 50 . . .	15 "

On Sale in all Can. Pac. Ry. Stations.

## "Dem suah do lighten de wuk"

—Aunt Salina.



☐ The Velox or New Century Washers change drudgery into easy work. They extract every particle of dirt from the clothes and will not injure the finest fabric.

☐ The Velox and New Century "D" are power machines and run themselves.

☐ The New Century styles A, B, and C, are hand types and *almost* run themselves. They are designed for efficiency, convenience, simplicity and durability.

☐ The Warranty Wringer is unexcelled both in wringing and wearing qualities. It will wring drier and last longer than most Wringers because of the greater elasticity and superior-wearing qualities of its rolls.

☐ The Monitor Rotary Lawn Clothes Dryer is the companion labor-saver of these machines. The simplest and strongest drying device in the world.

☐ Make sure of getting the best washer, wringer and dryer by insisting on Cummer-Dowsell makes—at all best dealers.

"Aunt Salina's Wash Day Philosophy" is a book full of secrets and hints on washing woolens, laces, nets, muslins, linens, prints, gingham, etc., without injuring the fabric. FREE for a postal.

**CUMMER-DOWSWELL Limited**  
HAMILTON - ONT.



VELOX POWER WASHER



NEW CENTURY HAND WASHER



THE WARRANTY WRINGER



THE MONITOR ROTARY LAWN CLOTHES DRYER



## A Corner of Comment

Continued from page 28

asked the girl, with a sentimental sigh. "Don't worry about Jack" was the unsympathetic reply, "Good-for-nothing men always fall on their feet. There are any number of soft-hearted fools to take pity on them."

The sensible married woman snapped off a thread and briskly unwound a spool for a fresh supply. "In my opinion," she continued firmly, "men like Jack are better off in a single state. They never were meant to look after a house and pay rent and taxes."

"They ought to go off to an island in the South Seas and live on coconuts and do nothing all day long," suggested a school-teacher, whose strong subject was Geography.

"Yes—that's about the place for them," assented the married woman. "And then, I suppose, someone would want us to send missionaries to them."

HERE is some excellent advice which many of us need, uttered by an editor who has many calls for counsel:

"I sha'n't trouble to change my frock—I feel too tired!"

Have you ever said that? I expect

Most of us have, at various times. We feel too limp to make an effort, so we only do just what we are

abled to do. And, of course we're not obliged to change our frock, so we don't! Neither are we obliged to be pleasant to those who annoy us, so we don't try to be! Perhaps, too, we belong to the ranks of the idle who are not obliged to work, so we become idle and "slack."

We are so busy being sorry for ourselves and our woes that we don't realize how selfish we are. Very often, when we get into a mood of this kind, if we make a little effort to be pleasant, we should find that it wasn't half such a difficult task as we had expected it to be.

The business woman has many an opportunity of proving this, for she simply has to make an effort to "pull herself together" and consider the claims of others. Surely those of us who are not content to do this ought to recognize our obligations to others too!

When we get into that limp, "Oh-its-nothing-to-worry-about" kind of mood, we ought to recognize it as a danger-signal. Of course, it "matters" whether we change our frock and try to improve our appearance! We may not care much ourselves what we look like at that particular moment, but others will notice.

After all, it ought not to be such a hardship for us to devote a little extra time and thought to the clothes we wear. Of course, it is foolish to be always worrying about our dresses and hats, but those women who do so often make a martyrdom of it.

If they are not over well dowered with money, they sigh and complain that they want to "keep in the fashion" at all times. They must always be making and altering and trimming. Surely that is something to complain of! If they have the necessary capacity, the time, and the artistic skill, they ought to take a keen pleasure in exercising them.

Some women may say they don't care how they look to their husband or other, but they feel that if they are to appear in "company" they must dress in their best.

Always show the best side to husband and brother, who is more deserving of consideration than them?

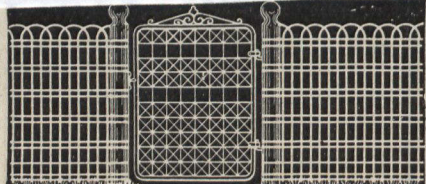
The woman who can make and alter her clothes successfully is to be envied, not only because of her skill and smartness, but because she can always give pleasure to those about her by her appearance.

Haven't you known what it means to suffer from one of these moods when "nothing matters"? And haven't you often found, if you do your best to rouse yourself, don your prettiest gown, and be as pleasant to those about you as you know how to be, that you have felt better yourself?

Or have you found some better way of conquering your mood? I should so much like to hear what you think, so that I may pass on what you tell me to some one or other of my readers who has not yet found a cure for her bad moods.

### Peerless Lawn Fence

Is Strong and Attractive. All the wires are uniformly crimped, large gauge, steel spring wire, heavily galvanized and coated with white enamel paint. Never sags, never rusts. Improve your property with a Peerless Fence. Cheap as wood and more handsome and durable. Also full line of farm and poultry fence and gates. Write for information. THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd. Dept. C, Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg, Man.



### Renable Hair Goods on Approval



Your choice of these hair goods specials sent on 10 days approval. Natural real hair wavy switch 20 in. \$1.50, 22 in. \$2.00, 24 in. \$3.00. Coronet braid 27 in. long \$3.00, lengths up to 36 in. in proportion. New fashion turban caps 35c. Extra large all-over invisible hair net 10c. Send lock of your hair. 5c for postage and if goods satisfactory remit within ten days.

PARISIAN HAIR CO., 84 Bay St. Toronto.

# The Dressing Table

THESE are many varieties of skin, but certain precautions may be observed in bathing by which most of us will profit.

Don't bathe in hard water; soften it with a little powdered borax or a handful of oatmeal.

Don't bathe the face while it is very warm or very cold.

Don't attempt to remove dust with cold water; give the face a hot bath with soap; then give it a thorough rinsing with clear tepid or cold water.

Don't rub the face with too coarse a towel; treat it as you would the finest porcelain, gently and delicately.

Don't be afraid of sunshine and fresh air; they have bloom and color.

Don't neglect sleep; you can even sleep yourself good-looking. A long nap and a hot bath will make any woman good-looking.

The girl with an oily skin should avoid steaming the face with hot cloths unless she uses applications of ice and an astringent lotion later. As she is more liable to blackheads than if she had less open pores, their appearance must be guarded against. If they form they should judiciously be pressed out with a watch key. In bad cases wash with a lather of green soap. Rinse well with cool water, then apply cold cream or a soothing lotion. In extreme cases of blackheads professional treatment is necessary, as there is danger of permanent injury to the skin by wrong use of metal.

\* \* \*

A REACTION has set in in hair dressing at Paris. No more marcel waving, no more of the long worn pompadour.

At the present time there is in all coiffures an endeavor to bring out unexpected lines.

Light curls and puffs are still fashionable and are arranged in effects that one can scarcely become accustomed to, there being a cluster over the ear and bunches at the back and low over the forehead.

The flat torsade of hair is still, however, worn drawn tightly around the chignon of curls set high upon the head, with a line of curls on the forehead.

A charming head-dress recently seen was of old gold material, the ends deftly hidden among the hair, while an immense black aigrette was placed at the side, well back.

Do not use a brush to remove tangles. This is a too common practice that is responsible for much of the badly split hair of the present day.

Remove tangles with a comb of smooth, even teeth, used gently and regularly, then brush steadily from the roots down to the very end of the hair.

There are few scalp treatments that are not benefited by daily brushing for five minutes. Occasionally, however, when the hair is fine and delicate, or is falling badly, brushing should be omitted as too severe.

Brushing with an unsanitary brush is worse than nothing. If it is too much trouble to wash a brush after each using, at least wash it once every two days.

This cleanly precaution takes but a few minutes if a little ammonia is put in a basin of water and the brush dipped into it several times, then into fresh water. Dry quickly in the sun, and the back is not injured.

Do not economize in your brush-buying. Cheap bristles tear the hair and may injure the scalp. A brush with an air-filled back is advised by many hair-dressers. When the hair is not heavy, a narrow brush, such as is used for shampooing, is a good choice for daily brushing, for it is more likely to get into the scalp.

\* \* \*

AN English authority on matters of the toilet gives a few hints which are quite worthy of attention.

Don't grumble at rain, but consider it as a beautifier. Most of you carefully shelter from even a few drops, but, instead, you should expose your face to every soft shower. It cleanses and softens the skin wonderfully, greatly helping to smooth away the little fine lines that spring up like mushrooms after a period spent in a dry, hot atmosphere.

Sea-bath at Home.—Some of you cannot leave home, very probably, or have to go into the country, and so miss

the sea-bathing that would so refresh and invigorate your tired body and nerves. Well buy a supply either of the sea-salt sold in tins, or ordinary coarse salt, and add enough to your bath water to make it quite salty.

What about your hands? Don't you find they get ruined in the summer holidays? What with rowing, tennis, gardening, picking fruit, &c., mine are soon not fit for civilized society. Soon however, I mend matters, for I always have on my washing-stand half a lemon and a piece of good pumice-soap. The first toilet article removes stains, and keeps the skin beautifully soft and white, and the latter not only cleanses splendidly, but rubs down any little rough places caused by outdoor pursuits.

Bran-water is so soothing for the skin after being out in the sun and dust. Boil a large handful of it in boiling water, about a pint of the latter, for five minutes, then strain it off ready for use. Another splendid complexion hint is, go in largely for butter-milk; drink it, and bath your face, neck and arms with it. Try it, and you will be the envy of your acquaintances when you return home. Probably you will be able to have quarts of it for the asking if you are revelling in the country. A well-known beauty used, it is said, to bathe in it, and attributed her good looks solely to its action.

Ordinary Baths.—Always add toilet ammonia to your fresh-water bath, with two or three tablespoonfuls of rose-water. The combination will be found most refreshing, and tones up the skin.

In the hot weather, and for those who like a cold plunge, the addition of about half to one pint of toilet vinegar to the water proves both cooling and invigorating.

\* \* \*

THE lemon figures as an ingredient or the basis of innumerable toilet washes and complexion creams.

The clear juice, rubbed on the face will lighten freckles and whiten the skin. It must not be used however just before going out in the sunshine or the skin will freckle worse than ever. For most complexion uses the clear juice will be found too harsh. It should be combined with alcohol or glycerine. Add to the juice of one lemon one ounce of glycerine and two ounces of water or violet extract or rose-water. Shake thoroughly to mix the ingredients and keep in a closely-corked bottle. Rub over your hands while still wet after washing. Dab them lightly with a towel instead of wiping them.

Here is a recipe for a simple shampoo made of lemon. Pour the juice of three lemons upon two ounces of salts of tartar, add about two quarts of warm water and use as an ordinary shampoo. This will make the hair soft and fluffy and is an excellent cleanser. If one has sufficient time at her disposal it is a good idea to boil the juice, boiling the skins with it. This makes a stronger solution of the lemon. A few drops of perfume or atar of roses added will leave a faint scent upon the hair. The mixture of salts of tartar should never be allowed to stand. It should be mixed fresh for every shampoo.

There is no excuse for your having stained hands nowadays, no matter how much time you must spend in the kitchen. A slice of lemon, or a skin from which the juice has been squeezed, rubbed on the hands will remove stains of all kinds. As a nail cleanser equal portions of lemon juice and alcohol help to remove stains. It should be applied upon absorbent cotton wound about a sharpened orange stick. At night the hands should be liberally anointed with a toilet cream, and loose white cotton gloves worn to save the bedclothing.

Lemon-juice will cleanse other things besides the skin. Copper may be cleaned by rubbing with a lemon skin and salt. It should be wiped at once with a cloth or chamois. Iron rust and ink stains may be removed from linen by rubbing with lemon-juice and salt and then exposing the spot to the sun.

For feverishness and unnatural thirst soften a lemon by rolling it on some hard surface, cut off the top, add sugar, working it down into the lemon with a fork, then slowly suck the lemon.

## No Young Woman

Or man with any pride, so far as their personal appearance is concerned, should allow their faces to remain blotched and discolored with



Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema,  
Mothpatches, Rashes,  
Freckles, Sallowness,  
Muddiness

or any other complexional blemish when that trouble can be eradicated safely and completely by our reliable treatments and preparations. Most skin and scalp diseases can be quickly cured at home.

### Our Home Treatment

Never fails to cure pimples blotches and blackheads, even after all other remedies fail. In chronic and deep-seated skin troubles this treatment is unequalled. Those large, red, angry-looking sores, so painful when touched, and unsightly, disappear rapidly when it is used.

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OR BY LETTER—NO EXPENSE

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR** That bane of many a sweet and clever woman's life, Moles, Warts, Scars, Ruptured Veins, Birthmarks, etc., completely removed by our method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured.

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Our Cleaners are in use in all the principal Hotels of the Canadian Pacific Railway System, and also in the Leading Banks, Railway Offices, Churches, Apartment Houses and Principal Residences throughout the Dominion.

Write for particulars to Head Office.

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Vapo-Cresolene  
ESTABLISHED 1879

for Whooping Cough, Croup, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Diphtheria, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough. Ever dreaded Croup cannot exist where Cresolene is used.

It acts directly on the nose and throat making breathing easy in the case of colds; soothes the sore throat and stops the cough. Cresolene is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use.

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Send Postal for Descriptive Booklet

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

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CANADIAN AGENTS  
Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Can.



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for people who want the best

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## My Lady's Garden

### Garden Chat

By M. E. B.

SINCERELY do I sympathize with those who long to see things for themselves, and for some reason or other, have to possess their souls in patience and stay quietly at home. Doubtless a long sojourn in the "Desert of Waiting" is the only thing to develop us morally and spiritually and it is only when we become resigned to it and willing to leave our lives in the hands of an all wise Providence that we are really fit to have our liberty.

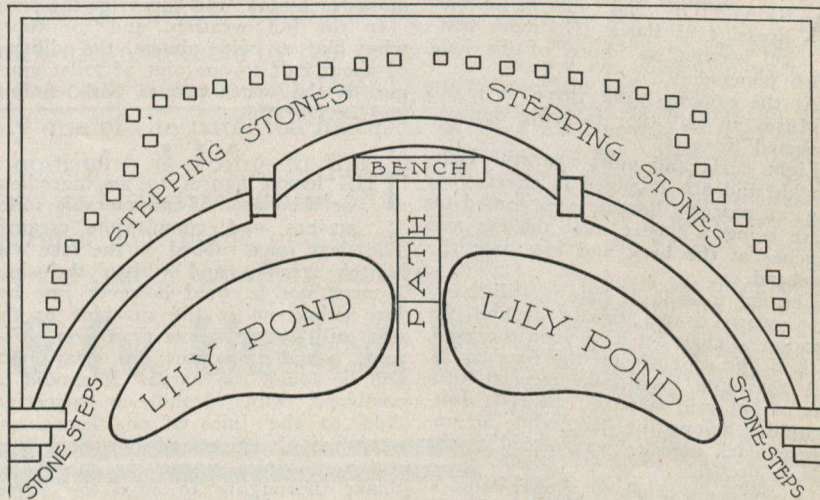
Fortunate are we if our tastes are simple, and green things "all a-growin,' all a-blowin,'" will give us pleasure.

Nevertheless, our longings to see the "green things" of other countries may be just as great as those of others to see the art treasures of those countries—"the green things," of course meaning broadly, the woods, fields and gardens. To these I fain would try and tell of some of the many things so well worth seeing on this side of the water.

England is a veritable paradise for flower and garden lovers. In London you may buy for a penny (from early spring until frost) dear little bunches of the different flowers, according to the season. At present roses, sweet peas, corn-flowers, Iceland poppies, the lovely mauve daisy, erigeron speciosus

spike five to six feet high. "Pedro Hamel," semi-double, rich violet, inner petals plum color, very large pure white eye. The edges of the flower are crinkled, giving it a distinct look of its own. "Portia," single corn-flower blue, with the faintest flush of rose and black "Bee," a lovely rich color. "Sir John Forrest," rich violet, semi-double, inner petals purple, with pure white eye, a grand variety. "Lord Hawke," huge double flowers of royal blue, very large double white eye, fine, tapering spike. "Smoke of War,"—the name describes it, a wonderful deep misty purple, with no eye visible, tall graceful spike, unique. "Sailor Prince,"—another grand rich purple and very graceful. "The Rev. E. Lascelles," a very distinct and fine dark blue, with very large double white eye. "Dusky Monarch"—huge flowers of the "old rose" type with double black "Bee" with gold—quite out of the ordinary. "A. F. W. Hayward," a grand double mauve and blue, with double dark eye, graceful, tapering spike. "Countess of Ilchester,"—immense blue with double white eye. "Prince Andrew"—huge and very lovely, perfect spike. Of the shorter varieties there are now some beautiful hybrids of the lovely "Belladonna"—about the same height as it is (three feet) and of equally graceful branching habit. Amongst these "Belladonna grandiflora" is larger and finer than the type and "Lamartine," a very rich blue with a huge double white centre, which makes

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ROUGH PLAN OF WALL AND WATER GARDEN

superbus—(a sister of our little wild erigeron known as the "Flea Bane" daisy)—the annual Gypsophila (G. elegans) and Gaillardias are most in evidence. When they are gone other things will take their places.

Of flower shows and gardens I have taken enough notes to fill several note books to overflowing. The Holland House Show held on the 5th of July, was quite the equal of the Temple show. Roses, sweet peas, Delphiniums, and Japanese Iris (T. kaerufieri) being the leading out-door-growing flowers exhibited. The Perrys of Enfield had a marvellous show of Delphiniums, occupying nearly the whole of one tent. The effect of this "Symphony in blue" was charming. I spent a delightful afternoon, since then, at their "Hardy Plant Farm" at Enfield, (only a few miles from London) and Mr. Perry Jr., told me there were 18,000 spikes of Delphinium in that exhibit. They were awarded a gold medal for it by the R. H. S.—the first time it has been given solely for Delphiniums. Kelway & Sons also had a grand display of them and so, to a smaller extent, had several other firms. The hybridists aim now at large tapering steeple-like spikes, as well as pure colors, and great size in the individual blossoms. Some of the blossoms actually measured three inches across and I have heard of them being four inches. Here are the names of a few of the most striking varieties: "Candidat" — magnificent semi-double, huge flowers, outer petals rich "Gentian" blue, inner ones rosy plum, with a bold white eye, spike seven to eight feet long and branching freely; "Lizzie Van Veen"—single, a rich cambridge blue, with a snow-white eye, spikes six feet long, enormous flowers, very lovely. "Madam Violet Geslin," round, clear blue, semi-double flowers with lavender inner petals and large white eye,

it most striking are "must haves."

Of the Japanese Iris, one called "Morning Mist," (some poet must surely have given it the name) was—well, a dream flower!—pure white with a faint brush mark of purple mist—laid on by some fairy artist doubtless, who felt that some of the evanescent color should be caught ere it vanished completely. "Purple Emperor," a majestic flower, deep plum-purple. "Nankeen Mauve," white, slightly dotted with mauve; "Distant Mountain," white, reticulated with rosy-mauve, and "The Mikado," a lovely white with mauve reticulations on the standards and a conspicuous blotch of greenish yellow, were all beautiful and of immense size.

Quite the feature of the exhibition was a beautifully arranged wall and water garden, occupying the entire side of one of the largest tents. The laid wall (no mortar used in the making of it) was three feet high and the earth behind it was level with the top.

Charming little Alpines had been planted in the crevices and it was so cleverly done that you would have thought they had grown there naturally. Against a background of evergreens were tall Eremuri in soft shades of yellow and many yellow lilies—plants of less stately growth were planted in front, many of them of trailing habit, overhanging the wall, which in the centre, curved gracefully inwards and in this curve was a stone bench for a seat, immediately in front of which was a flag-walk leading to it. On both sides of this walk were little pear-shaped lily ponds, with Japanese Iris planted round their margins, and other graceful water plants. Ferns grew against the base of the wall. The whole thing was charmingly carried out and was so simple that many persons could have the same thing in their own garden, provided they

could afford the expense of three or four loads of stone, and a little cement for the ponds.

Let us lay one out now on paper—we will make this little garden at the extreme end of a city lot—the lot to be forty feet wide and it does not matter what length (as we are only going to use sixteen feet of it) provided it is sufficient to show our garden off to advantage. You can read up some authority on how to construct the lily ponds as we will not go into the details of it here. The sixteen feet is enough to allow a planting of shrubs for a background which is necessary if we want the effect to be good.

A strong retaining wall will be needed at the back and sides, of the same height as the front wall—three feet, we will decide upon. As it will be hidden by the earth, it can be built of brick or made of cement. The front wall is the one that has to be laid and earth should be crammed into each crevice and the Alpines planted in their little crannies, as the work progresses and the soil filled in behind them, giving each plant a chance to send its roots into the soil on the inward side of the wall, with only its neck through the opening.

We must not make the mistake of placing the plants all along the wall at an even height. The more irregularly they are put in the more natural they will look. Nature abhors straight lines. We can take our choice of many beautiful things, all of which rejoice in such a situation, such as the charming dwarf campanulas ("Bell-flowers," "Hare Bells," etc.) from *C. carpatrica* and its many fine hybrids, down to the tiny *C. pusilla*, only three inches high, which is smothered with its wealth of bloom. (It comes in deep blue-purple, pale mauve-blue, and pure white.) *Corydalis lutea* with fern-like leaves and tiny golden flowers, many species of diathus, including such lovely pinks as "Her Majesty" and the old fashioned double pink one, with the dark zone, will do admirably planted close to the stone on the top of the wall where their branches can hang over, while the tiny ones, like the "Maiden Pink" (*D. deltoidea*) are planted in the crevices. We could experiment with some of the lovely little mossy saxifragas and see if they would stand our climate. "Guildford seedling" is a little gem with rich crimson flowers. Of the taller kinds we know that "London Pride" (*S. umbrosa*) is fairly hardy, and of the large leaved ones for the top of the wall, *S. cordifolia* is quite so, and its leathery leaves are very decorative. We can also use the dainty "Barrenworts" (*Epi-mediums*) freely on the top of the wall.

Where other things are not obtainable we can always fill in with the three hardy alyssums (*A. saxatile*, *A. saxatile* var. *citrinum*, and *A. argenteum*), the single and double forms of the white "Rock Cross" (*Arabis albidia*), "Snow in Summer," and other varieties of *cerastium*, and the purple "Rock Cross" (*Aubrietia*), which comes now in many pretty shades.

At the base of the wall where it curves round the bench we can put some of our lovely wild ferns.

Japanese Iris, "Cat Tails," and "Arrow Heads" we can group round the pond where the soil is wet, and in the drier soil we can use "Day Lilies" (*Flunkias*) and "Lemon Lilies" (*Hemerocallis*) for their admirable foliage effect as well as their flowers. Back of the wall in front of the shrubs various choice perennials can be placed, graduating them in height as they approach the wall. At each side are stone steps leading up to the top of the wall and odd flat stones placed here and there on the earth would form a convenient pathway to get at the flowers at the back and attend to their wants, without leaving unsightly footmarks.

Those who have hillside gardens could very easily make a wall of this kind, as the slant of the hill would hold up the earth without any retaining wall, and all they would need would be the laid wall in front and a few loads of earth to fill in behind it.

Jumpers are very useful evergreens on rock work as they are a rich dark green and are low growing, making excellent foils for the pale green foliage of many things. The pretty little dwarf cedars are also very useful.

The sweet peas at the Holland House show were wonderful as regards size, color, and length of stem. The names of the different varieties now is legion. "Mrs. E. J. Johnston," a new seedling, is a wonderfully fine bright pink. "Czarina" seemed to me to be the loveliest of all the lovely salmon pinks. "Eric Harvey" is a very fine rosy pink, the reverse of the petals being as good a color as the front of the flower. "Freedra Unwin" is a beautiful grey-

mauve shading to white, and "Frank Dolby" a deeper shade of the same color. "Paradise Ivory" is a very soft pale cream. "Edna Unwin," a grand orange pink. "Mrs. C. W. Beardmore" is a cream, daintily tinged with pink—I fell very much in love with her. "Mrs. Townsend" is a lovely mauve and white. There were hosts of others, but these were the new ones and were specially fine.

A great treat to me was a visit to the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens, at Wisley, about twenty-three miles from London. They have some sixty acres, but at present it is not all used for gardening, but there is no lack of room.

The place is all laid out along natural

lines as far as possible. The "wild garden" is very charming, situated on a gentle slope—it is an ideal spot. Part of it is a rock garden and part of it a water garden, and the rest a wood, with ferns and primroses and wildlings generally. There is a College of Horticulture in connection with the gardens and the students graduate from it pretty much as they do from our agricultural colleges. The roses were in perfection when I was there—the profusion of them, the colors, and especially the perfume, were most delightful. A broad walk leading from the front gates for some distance had a wide border, on each side, devoted to them. The ordinary sized bushes were placed in the front and the climb-

ing varieties at the back. The latter were trained each on three rustic poles placed tripod-wise and fastened together at the top, a simple and very pretty way of training them. Farther down in the garden was an arched trellis covered completely with the smaller varieties of roses. A very fine perennial border went all along one side of a large lawn. It was filled with many beautiful things. Behind it, on lower ground, were some beautiful Japanese Iris, and still farther on was a good-sized lily pond with a tiny island in the centre, and with tall shrubs and handsome large leaved plants in the background. One could ask nothing better of fate than to spend one's life in just such a spot.

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- FOX—7-octave square piano by Jno. C. Fox & Co., Kingston, in rosewood case with carved legs and lyre. This piano has had an entire new set of strings and other parts, in splendid order. Original price, \$375. Sale price..... **\$94**
- WILLIAMS—A very fine R. S. Williams square piano, in rosewood case with carved legs and lyre, serpentine mouldings, 7½ octaves, full iron frame, overstrung scale, a good toned piano. Original cost, \$400. Sale price..... **\$109**
- HEINTZMAN & CO.—7-octave rosewood square piano by Heintzman & Co., Toronto, with carved legs and lyre, has full iron frame, overstrung scale. Original cost, \$450. Sale price.. **\$115**
- MATHUSHEK—A very fine square piano by the Mathushek Piano Co., New York, in rosewood case with carved legs and lyre, has double overstrung grand scale, full iron frame, etc. Original cost, \$500. Sale price..... **\$117**
- MILLER—An exceptionally good square piano by Henry F. Miller, Boston, in rosewood case with carved legs and lyre, 7½ octaves, full iron frame, etc. An unusually fine toned square piano. Original cost, \$500. Sale price..... **\$123**

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- MENDELSSOHN—A handsome small upright piano by the Mendelssohn Co., in rich mahogany case, with full length panels, trichord overstrung scale, 3 pedals, etc. This piano is rich and sweet in tone and stylish, though plain, in appearance. Has been used less than a year. Manufacturers' price, \$275. Sale price..... **\$198**
- WILLIAMS—A handsome upright piano by the R. S. Williams Co., in richly figured burl walnut case, with plain polished panels, double repeating action, ivory and ebony keys, of medium size. Original cost, \$350. Sale price.. **\$215**
- HEINTZMAN & CO.—A Cabinet Grand upright piano by Heintzman & Co., Toronto, in ebonized case with plain polished panel, double repeating action, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Original cost, \$425. Sale price..... **\$220**
- EVANS—A 7½-octave upright piano by Evans Bros., Ingersoll, in rich dark walnut case, Boston fall board, full length music desk, ivory and ebony keys, 3 pedals, etc. Has been very little used, and is just like new. Manufacturers' price, \$375. Sale price..... **\$228**
- CABLE—A handsome Louis XV. Cabinet Grand upright piano by F. S. Cable, Chicago, in dark mahogany case, Boston fall board, full length music desk, ivory and ebony keys, 3 pedals, etc. Has been used only six months. Manufacturers' price, \$350. Sale price..... **\$235**
- MENDELSSOHN—A very handsome Cabinet Grand upright piano by the Mendelssohn Co., Toronto, in rich burl walnut case, with full length panels and music desk, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. One of the most expensive styles of this make and is in every respect just as good as new. Manufacturers' price, \$400. Sale price..... **\$253**
- GERHARD HEINTZMAN—A 7½-octave upright piano by the Gerhard Heintzman Co., Toronto, in walnut case, with full length panels and music desk, double repeating action, ivory and ebony keys, 3 pedals, etc. Cannot be told from new. Original price, \$425. Sale price... **\$265**
- NORDHEIMER—A very handsome piano by the Nordheimer Co., Toronto, in rich mahogany case of Colonial design, Boston fall board, double repeating action, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Is just like new. Original price, \$475. Sale price..... **\$279**
- GOURLAY—A Cabinet Grand upright piano of our own make, in mahogany case of Florentine design, full length panels, Boston fall board, 3 pedals, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Piano does not look as if it had been used at all, and in tone and action is exceptionally fine. Sale price..... **\$305**
- GOURLAY—Full size new-grand-scale Gourlay in walnut case of ornate Colonial design containing every approved improvement known in the science of piano building. If we made a piano at \$1,000, it could be no finer musically or in action, the difference would have to be spent on the case. Sale price..... **\$318**

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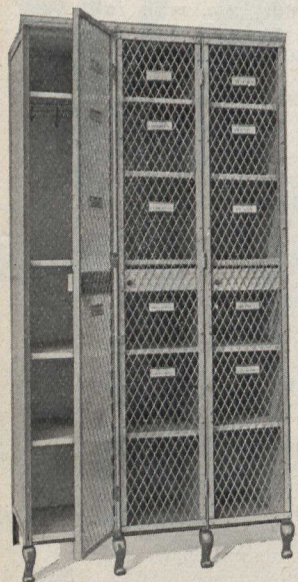


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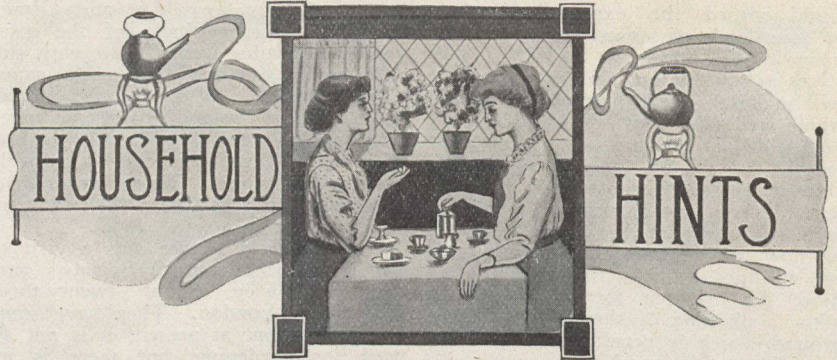


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Have **YOU** read  
page thirty-two?



### When Company Comes

A NEW hint in serving grapefruit is to flavor it with maple syrup. The pulp is loosened from the skin, as usual, with a sharp knife, after which the centre is filled up with the syrup, which must be the pure sugar melted down. This adds a new and very delicious flavor. Currant jelly, too, has been discovered as an excellent substitute for the rum which was for a long time the only flavoring used with this fruit.

The secret of the delicious ham sandwiches served at an afternoon tea last week was in the cooking of the ham and the abundance of mayonnaise used in mixing the meat. The ham had been broiled until it was brown and then ground very fine and mixed plentifully with mayonnaise. The meat may be cooked in the oven, a thin slice being allowed to bake until it is well browned, or the meat may be fried. There is a more definite flavor about ham cooked in any of these ways than there is if it is boiled.

Shredded chickens dressed lightly with mayonnaise and served in little French rolls is popular at afternoon teas.

Gruyere cheese and nuts seasoned with salt and paprika make tasty sandwiches for little meals.

### Care of a Refrigerator

A N up-to-date refrigerator is built on scientific principles. It is not simply a box holding a cake of ice around which food may be set indiscriminately. In a properly built refrigerator the ice occasions a circulation of cold air. Thus cold air from the ice compartment enters at the bottom of the food compartment, rises to the top and passes back into the ice chamber. From this it is evident that the coldest place in the provision chamber is at the bottom and also that articles of pronounced odor, as melons, fish, etc., should be stored on the upper rather than on the lower shelves of the food compartment. With this arrangement there will be absolutely no commingling of odors or flavors.

### A Variety of Items

A VERY safe and simple way to remove iron-mould from linen is to rub some lemon-juice over the iron-mould, and iron with a moderately hot iron. Repeat if the first application does not entirely remove it. I have never known this remedy to fail.

For an irritable cough, bronchitis, croup, or whooping-cough—especially at night, when sleep is prevented—wring a piece of flannel out of very hot water, and place over the Adam's apple, over which put a small piece of mackintosh, tying these on with a silk scarf or handkerchief round the neck. This will give immediate relief, and will induce sleep. A few drops of vinegar added to the water will be found beneficial.

Put a ring three-quarters to an inch deep, on rack over burner, place kettle on top, and the gas, instead of spreading and flaring up sides, and so wasting—as it does when kettle is simply placed on the rack—will gather underneath, and effect a great saving. I had an iron ring—also an oblong one for the long burner—made at the iron-monger's, but the rims of old saucepan covers answer just as well. Have used rings for a year or two with great success.

A pretty workcase may be made of a piece of canvas twelve inches long and seven inches wide, lined with silk. Featherstitch the canvas down both sides and across one end, leaving a space to turn in the edges. Baste on a lining and finish the edges by turning in and

blind stitching. The featherstitched end then is pointed by turning down the corners and sewing them together. Turn the other end up about four inches to form a bag and sew the sides together. Make a loop in the pointed end and sew a button on the outside.

### To Clarify Fat

ANY uncooked fat, such as suet, the fat from chickens, and all superfluous beef fat, should be saved and clarified, or made pure and clear. Cut the fat into small pieces, cover with cold water and cook over a slow fire until the fat has melted and the water nearly all evaporated. Then strain and press all the fat from the scraps. When it is cool remove the cake of fat which forms on top. If any particles of sediment adhere to the fat, place the latter in a saucepan on the stove and while heating add one small raw potato cut small. When these are brown and crisp, strain through a bit of cheese cloth and cool.

### Unhealthy Furnace Heat

IF there is a waterpan in your furnace, be sure to keep it supplied with water, for if you neglect to do so, the air in the house is apt to become little better than that of a most arid desert where even plants will not grow. Air which is heated by stove or furnace loses its moisture, and low humidity is very prejudicial to health. The shock to the system in stepping from a humidity in the house of say 30 per cent., to that of outdoors, which averages 70 per cent., readily induces catarrh, colds and other diseases of the mucous membrane, and explains how easily we "catch cold."

The trouble with the average furnace is that the waterpan is too small, and even at best could not be made to supply moisture uniformly, as, being at one side or other of the furnace, only the pipes directly over it draw any of the moisture laden air, with the result that most of the rooms in the house get but the hot, dried out air.

A waterpan completely circulating the furnace just inside the casing is a recent invention which guarantees a uniform and abundant supply of moisture to the air carried to every room in the house, and in view of the general adoption of furnaces for house heating, this improvement has not come any too soon, for health comes before all other considerations, and an abundant supply of humidity in furnace heated air is a prime factor to it.

### Something to Remember

A pinch of borax stirred into fresh milk will keep it for some time, and also prevent the cream going sour.

Stains may be removed from tinware by scouring with common soda, then washing thoroughly and drying.

A little ammonia in the water in which silver is washed will keep it bright for a long time without cleansing.

To keep lemons have some nice, dry, clean sawdust in a box and bury them in it, and they will keep for weeks.

When making puddings always beat the yolks and whites of eggs separately and use the whites as the last ingredient.

Either cold or lukewarm water should be used for cleaning bread or pastry boards. Hot water softens the wood and causes grease to spread.

When the tin moulds are used for boiling or steaming puddings, remember to grease the cover of the mould as well as the mould itself with butter.

To clean and brighten rugs, have a clean mop, wring out of clean, warm water in which is one-half cup of ammonia. Mop the rug as you would a floor.



CULINARY CONCEITS

E. G. BARNES

Tried Recipes

**BAKED CHEESE OMELET**—One small cup of finely grated bread crumbs, one cup of grated cheese, one tablespoon of melted butter, two cups of milk, two eggs, salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Soak the crumbs in the milk in which you have dissolved a pinch of soda, beat the eggs lightly, add milk and bread, butter and seasoning, last of all the cheese. Bake and serve at once.

**VIENNA STEAK**—Chop one pound of lean beef very finely, season with salt and pepper, nutmeg, and a little chopped shallot, mix all thoroughly with a beaten egg. Divide this into six portions, and with a little flour form into balls. Flatten each to about the thickness of an inch, egg and breadcrumb, with white crumbs, fry each in clarified butter for fifteen minutes, serve a poached egg on them, and pour a little brown sauce round.

**GINGER NUTS**—One cupful of sugar, one cupful of butter, one ounce of ground ginger, four cupfuls of flour and molasses to make a stiff paste. Break off in bits, roll into balls and bake in a quick oven.

**JAPANESE TEA WAFERS**—Stir together the white of one egg and one tablespoonful of white sugar. Add one tablespoonful of rice flour, one and one-half teaspoons of softened butter. Beat until well mixed and as thick as cream. Favor with vanilla. Drop by the teaspoonful on greased tins, spread into rounds as thin as tissue paper. Bake in moderate oven till brown. While still warm roll round a stick to curl. Keep in tin boxes.

**SOUTHERN HASH**—Any left-over chicken or tomatoes will do for this. Cut the chicken into small pieces. You should have about two cups. Cut the tomatoes into small pieces—two cups are sufficient—and stew them gently in one cup of water for twenty minutes. An onion stewed with them is an improvement. Put the chicken, tomatoes and one cup of boiled rice in a kettle and heat to boiling point. Serve hot. Garnish the platter with parsley.

**GRAPE SHERBET**—Make a syrup with one and one-half pounds of sugar, and one pint of water, boil it five minutes and pour it over four pounds of stemmed grapes which have been mashed to a pulp. Let stand covered until cold, then press through cheese-cloth, add the juice of one lemon and freeze.

**CARAMEL CUSTARD**—Brown well one and one-half cups of brown sugar. Add one-half cup of boiling water and stir until well mixed. Add one quart of milk, three well beaten eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla, and one cup of cream if desired. Set dish in a pan of boiling water. Bake in a slow oven.

**CHERRY TRILBY**—Three pounds of cherries, four oranges, including the peel of three, chopped very fine, two pounds of chopped raisins. Boil twenty minutes, add four pounds of white sugar and cook ten minutes.

**RHUBARB TART**—Make a short crust with half a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of butter, a pinch of salt, and sufficient water to form a smooth dough or paste. Clean enough rhubarb stalks to fill a pie dish, and divide into two-inch lengths. Fill a pie dish with the fruit, put a large tablespoonful of moist sugar on top and cover with the prepared paste, lining the edge of the dish with a strip of paste beforehand. Press down the edges and shape neatly, brush over the paste with water or milk, and besprinkle with sugar. Bake in a hot oven for about thirty-five minutes.

**SAVORY TOAST**—Cut some fingers of buttered toast, and spread with anchovy paste. Have ready a dessertspoonful each of finely-chopped white of egg (hard boiled), chopped parsley, and crumbled yolk of egg. Cover one-third of each finger with the white, one with green, and one with yellow.

**POTATO CAKE**—Two-thirds of a cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one of hot

mashed potatoes, two-thirds of a cup of milk; three eggs, two squares of melted chocolate; one-half teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of cinnamon and nutmeg; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, two cups of pastry flour, one cup of chopped walnuts. Bake in a long pan from three-quarters to one hour, and cover with plain white frosting and halves of walnuts.

**PRIMROSE PUDDING**—Four good table-spoonfuls of ground rice, two level teaspoonfuls of castor sugar, one ounce of butter, two eggs, one pint of milk, vanilla, or other flavoring, raisins to decorate. Coat a mould or basin thickly with butter, ornament with halves of raisins. Moisten the rice with a little milk, boil the remainder, and pour over the rice, stirring all the time. Return to the saucepan, add the sugar, and cook three or four minutes. Cool slightly, then put in eggs and vanilla. Pour into the mould, and steam gently from one and a quarter to one and a half hours.

Some English Recipes

**CHOCOLATE MOULD**—Whip two ounces of butter with two ounces of sugar, the yolks of three eggs, and three ounces of grated chocolate; mix in the three whites whisked to a stiff snow; bake it in a buttered mould.

**LETTUCE SALAD**—Take two large heads of lettuce; remove the outside leaves and wash in cold water; pull apart and put into a salad-bowl; sprinkle over one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper; add a quarter of a pint of salad oil, and the same of vinegar. Stir lightly until mixed with the lettuce; garnish with watercress.

**FOWL MILAN FASHION**—Truss a fowl as for boiling, putting an onion inside it; lard it with bacon, and put it to braise in a stew-pan with slices of bacon, carrots, onions, sweet herbs, spices, pepper and salt to taste; moisten with stock, and during the process of cooking baste the breast of the fowl frequently with the liquor. Boil in plenty of salted water a quarter of a pound of rice picked and washed clean; when the grains begin to burst drain off the water, cover the rice with a cloth, and let it remain by the side of the fire until quite dry. Take equal parts of the liquor in which the fowl is braising and tomato sauce; work these into the rice with plenty of grated Parmesan cheese until it becomes of the requisite consistency. Make a border with rice round the dish, lay the fowl in the middle, with a little of the gravy, free from fat, under it, hold a salamander over the breast to give the larding a nice color, and serve.

**SALMON CUTLETS AND CUCUMBER**—Take a piece of salmon, remove the bones and skin carefully, cut it into slices half an inch thick, and flatten each on the chopping-board with a cutlet bat. From these slices cut as many neatly-shaped cutlets of a uniform shape as is possible. Place them quite flat on a well-buttered baking-tin, sprinkle pepper and salt over them, and, ten minutes before they are wanted, put them into the oven, with a sheet of buttered white paper over them. Place all the trimmings of the salmon in a saucepan, with carrots, onions, thyme, bayleaf, some parsley, pepper and salt, and a pint of stock. Let this boil for half an hour, melt a small piece of butter, add to it about a teaspoonful of flour; stir it till it begins to color; then strain into it the above sauce, and add a little chopped parsley. Cut a large cucumber in rounds an inch long, cut each round into four quarters, remove the seeds and rind, and trim each piece to a uniform shape; then throw them into boiling water with a little salt; let them boil until nearly cooked. Strain them, and throw them into cold water; then strain them again and put them into a saucepan with a little butter, pepper, salt, and chopped parsley, to be kept covered up and warm until wanted. To dish up, pour the sauce on a dish, arrange the cutlets slanting, overlapping each other and fill the space in the middle with the cucumber.

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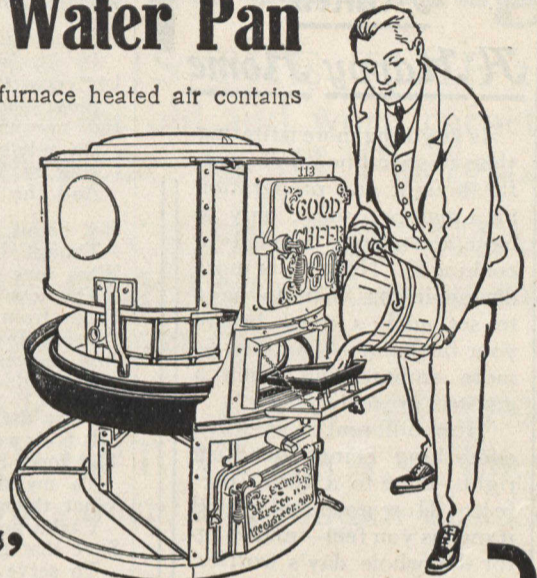
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One pound makes 200 cups. 2

## Good Cooking Makes A Happy Home

Is anything more irritating than to spend hours of careful thought and preparation on a dish or a meal, only to have everything spoiled in cooking? Nothing is more disappointing than to have to set such a meal before your husband—nothing is more embarrassing when a guest is present.

How different it is when everything comes out just right—done to a turn—perfect. How good and proud it makes you feel—makes up for the whole day's worries. How it cheers your husband—tired from his hard days' work. How it ends the day right for the whole family.

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# BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY



## HOT BREAD.

SECRETARY WISON has issued another cook book in which he punctures the theory that hot bread is unwholesome.—Washington despatch.

Let the unfettered sing of love,  
Its joys and mystery;  
Let convict poets, leaping forth,  
Sing songs of liberty.  
But my unsentimental muse  
On solids must be fed;  
I sing of Wilson's cook book  
And the praises of hot bread.

Hot bread forever be my theme,  
Though I sing all alone;  
What love at breakfast time is like  
The love for hot corn pone?  
Fresh from the oven's fiery breath  
Bring biscuit, roll and bun,  
And choicest matin morsel yet—  
The golden Sally Lunn.

At last the judgments of my youth  
I find were based on facts,  
The food I crave can do no harm  
To my digestive tracts.  
What though the price of butter rise?  
I take no fear nor dread  
Save that there be a lack of it  
To serve with my hot bread.

Let others sing of babbling brooks,  
Of castle tower and moat,  
Of armored knight, of moonbeams  
pale;  
The nightingale's sweet note,  
Of liquid eyes, of tresses fair,  
But I will sing instead  
The praise of Tama Jim and his  
Digestible hot bread.

—Richard Linthicum.

\* \* \*

## CONCERNING PURE FOOD.

MR. HARVEY W. WILEY, the United States Government's brilliant food expert, was talking about a notorious case of food adulteration.

"The morals of these people!" he said. "It is incredible. But I know a little boy who will grow up and join them some day.

"I was walking one morning in a meadow when I saw this little boy gathering mushrooms.

"Have you had good luck?" I asked.

"Fair," he answered, showing me his basket.

"But I gave a cry of alarm.

"Why, my lad," I said, "those are toadstools you've got. They're poison, deadly poison!"

"He tipped me a reassuring wink.

"Oh, they ain't for eatin', sir," he said, "they're for sale."

\* \* \*

## A GOOD POWDER.

A SUBURBAN chemist had been advertising his patent insect powder far and wide. One day a man rushed into his shop and said excitedly:

"Give me another half pound of your powder, quick, please!"

"Oh!" remarked the chemist as he proceeded to fill the order. "I'm glad you like the powder. Good, isn't it?"

"Yes," replied the customer. "I have one cockroach very ill; if I give him another half pound he'll die."

\* \* \*

## WHY JONES HAS NO MANNERS.

JONES had just trod on the toes of an old gentleman while getting into the tramcar.

"I beg your pardon!" he said.

"Hey? Speak louder; I'm a trifle deaf."

"I beg your pardon!" repeated Jones.

"H'm! Peggy starving? Well, I'm sorry. Who's Peggy?"

Jones was red in the face now.

"You misunderstand, sir!" he shouted.

"Hey?"

"You misunderstand!"

"Miss Underwood, is she? Peggy,

who is starving, is Miss Underwood. Well?"

"I didn't say anything about Miss Underwood!" screamed Jones. "I begged your pardon, and you misunderstood."

"Oh, now I see!" said the old man, sympathetically. "It is your Aunt Peggy who is starving Miss Underwood. Well, why don't you report the case to the police?"

\* \* \*

## GETTING A RECEIPT.

HE had run up a small bill at the village store, and went to pay it, first asking for a receipt.

The proprietor grumbled and complained it was too small to give a receipt for. It would do just as well, he said, to cross the account off, and so drew a diagonal pencil across the page.

"Does that settle it?" asked the customer.

"Sure."

"An' ye'll niver be askin' for it again?"

"Certainly not."

"Faith, thin," said the other coolly, "an' I'll kape the money in me pocket."

"But I can rub that out," said the storekeeper.

"I thought so," said the customer dryly. "Maybe ye'll be givin' me a receipt now. Here's yer money."—Lippincott's.

\* \* \*

## TOO ACCURATE.

THE mathematical professor became engaged to a charming girl, and one day they made an excursion into the country with several friends.

The girl picked a daisy, and looking roughly at her fiance began to pull off the petals, saying, "He loves me not; he loves me," etc.

"That is needless trouble you are giving yourself," said the precise professor; "you should count up the petals of the flower, and if the total is an uneven number the answer will be in the negative; if an even number, in the affirmative."

\* \* \*

## "YOU NEVER CAN TELL."

THEY were youthful enthusiasts in physiognomy. On the seat opposite in the train was a man of commanding figure, massive brow and serious expression. "Splendid face!" one of them exclaimed. "What do you suppose his life-work has been?"

"A lawyer?" suggested the other.

"No-o, there's too much benevolence in that face for a lawyer."

"Maybe a banker."

"Oh, no. A man with an expression like that couldn't have spent his life in merely turning over money—"

"He might be an editor—"

"An editor! Cutting and slashing his enemies at every turn, and even his friends occasionally, for the sake of a smart paragraph? You can't read faces. That man's a philanthropist, or engaged in some sort of public-spirited work. Why, there isn't a line that doesn't indicate strength of purpose and nobility of character. Look at that curve there on the left!"

At the next station an old countryman took his seat beside the man with massive brow and soon entered into a conversation with him, in the course of which he asked the latter "what was his line."

The two opposite held their breath in the intensity of their interest.

"Oh, I've got a little tavern and butcher shop back in the country a bit," was the proud reply. "My wife tends to the meals, and I do my own killing."

\* \* \*

## A SAD MISTAKE.

THE newly elected mayor was about to make his first journey through the town in his official capacity.

The people had arranged that from an arch of flowers under which he was to

pass a floral crown should hang, surmounted with the words, "He Well Deserves It." But the wind blew away the crown, and when the pompous mayor passed under the arch only a rope with a noose at the end of it dangled there, with "He Well Deserves It" standing out in bold relief above it.

\* \* \*

## VERY FISHY.

SHE was a fisherman's daughter, she wore her hair in a net, and she preferred love in a piscatorial way.

"My love," he whispered, "you hold first 'place' in my heart! Although I 'flounder' about in expressing myself, my 'sole' wish is that you will save me from becoming a 'crabbed' old bachelor. I shall stick to you closer than a 'limpet,' from you a 'wink'll' be the road to guide me. Together we will 'skate' over life's 'rocks,' and when I look at your hand beside me I shall say to myself, 'Fortune was mine when I put 'herring' there!'"

And then the lady dropped her eyes in sweet confusion and murmured:

"Pass the salt."

\* \* \*

## THE VILLAGE CHOIR.

Half a bar, half a bar,  
Half a bar onward!  
Into an awful ditch.  
Choir and preceptor hitch,  
Into a mess of pitch

They led the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,

Bellowed and thundered.  
Oh! that preceptor's look  
When the sopranos took  
Their own time and hook

From the Old Hundred.  
Screached all the trebles here,  
Boggled the tenors there,  
Raising the parson's hair,

While his mind wandered;  
Theirs not not to reason why—  
This psalm was pitched too high;  
Theirs but to grasp and cry

Out the Old Hundred.  
Trebles to right of them,  
Tenors to left of them,  
Basses in front of them,

Bellowed and thundered.  
Stormed they with shout and yell,  
Not wise, they sang, nor well,  
Drowning the sexton's bell,

While the church wondered.  
Dire the preceptor's glare,  
Flashed the pitchfork in the air,  
Sounding fresh keys to bear

Out the Old Hundred.  
Swiftly he turned his back,  
Reached he his hat from rack  
Then from the screaming pack  
Himself he sundered.

Tenors to right of him,  
Trebles to left of him,  
Discords behind him,  
Bellowed and thundered.

\* \* \*

## GOOD AT BLOWING.

TO test the safety of the church steeple a country vicar climbed it with a scaling ladder—a feat requiring no small amount of nerve. He was proud of his achievement, and talked rather more about it than was, perhaps, consistent with modesty. He even, at a meeting of his parishioners, described with a wealth of detail, his feelings while aloft.

"When I reached the top and saw the huge golden weathercock gleaming in the sunlight, what do you think I did?" he asked.

An old farmer, who looked the picture of boredom, hazarded a guess.

"You cheated the weathercock," he said.

"What do you mean, sir?" sharply demanded the vicar.

"Why you did it out of the job of crowing," the unperturbed old farmer replied.

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## Makes Homes Cheerful

☞ SEPTEMBER IS THE MONTH when the housewife prepares the interior of the home for fall and winter.

☞ COOL EVENINGS make it unpleasant to sit outside. The rooms have become stuffy and dusty during the summer and must be cleaned and made bright and cheerful.

☞ THE FLOOR NEEDS BRIGHTENING UP, the rockers would look better with a coat of something to make them shine, the woodwork perhaps looks a little dingy, the whole house can be made to look more pleasant with the use of ML Floorglaze.

☞ IT'S A WOMAN'S OWN FAULT if the men do not stay home the winter evenings. They need a cheerful home after the hard work of the day.

☞ A LITTLE COMMON SENSE and the liberal use of ML Floorglaze will make the most dingy home clean, wholesome and pleasant.

**Will Last as Long as You Live.**

Floorglaze is made in Solid Colors, Lac Shades or Transparent.



## September House Cleaning

☞ THAT IS THE TIME to throw out the old and worn carpets and in their place use ML Floorglaze

☞ THE HOUSE CAN NEVER BE CLEAN as long as the old carpets cover the floor.

☞ CARPETS CAN NEVER BE SWEEPED CLEAN. They are always dusty and contain disease germs.

☞ YOUR OWN HEALTH and that of your family demand the removal of the cause of disease.

☞ ANY WOMAN CAN USE ML FLOORGLAZE. All that is necessary to do on the average floor is to thoroughly cleanse it, then apply the Floorglaze in any desired shade.

☞ FLOORGLAZE DRIES HARD OVER NIGHT and can be walked on twelve hours after it is applied.

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# SHREDDDED WHEAT

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Shredded Wheat is on the training table of nearly every college and university in Canada and the United States—the favorite food of athletes because of its muscle-making, tissue-building elements—the favorite food of invalids because of its wholesomeness and digestibility.

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