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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



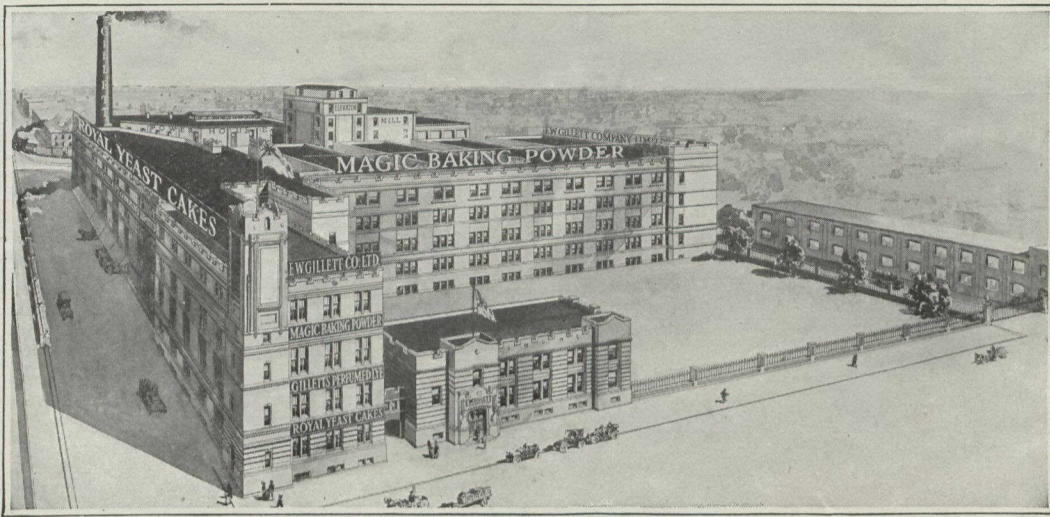
AUGUST
NINETEEN-FIFTEEN

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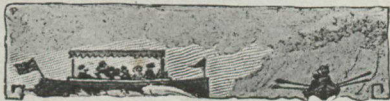
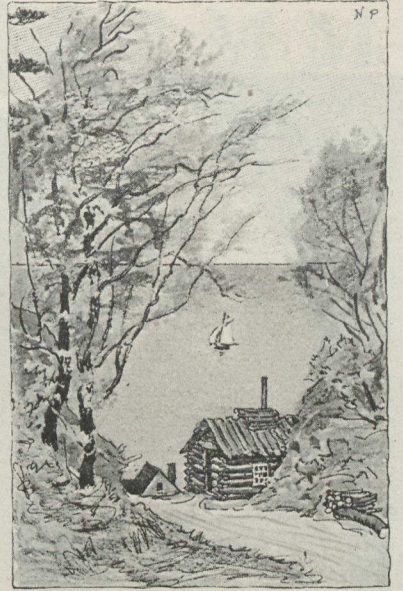
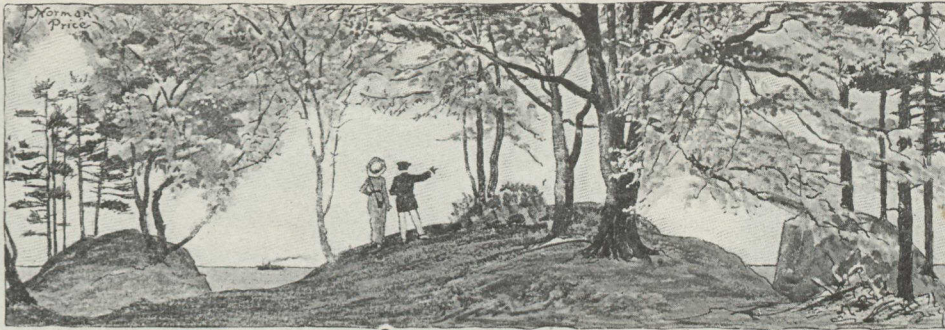
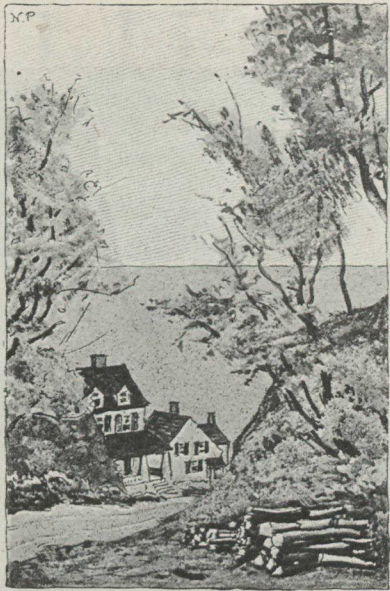
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Volume Twelve

Number Four

A Chat With You

It is with a feeling of satisfaction that we place the August issue in the mails. We are certain there is something between its two covers which will appeal to every member of every home where the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is read.

Even the men of the family are not forgotten as the story, "The Life of Vladislav Remm," cannot fail to interest them. Perhaps it might better be termed a great word picture of life in Russian Poland, painted not from the imagination of a dreamer, but by a man who has lived in the very country and studied the people he so wonderfully describes. We are fortunate indeed to be able to present to you this excellent story by Francis Haffkina Snow.

There is also another of Dr. Laura Hamilton's important "Baby Talks" in this issue, this time her article deals with the poor little tired mites of humanity which one sees everywhere, in the homes of rich as well as poor. The Doctor's perfect understanding of the child's needs and troubles has come from years of study and work with babies and the conditions under which they are cared for. Mothers are invited to ask questions regarding their babies' welfare, (such, of course, as the Doctor has not already covered in her articles), and the questions will be answered promptly by the Doctor, in a concise and clear manner.

The Cookery articles by Marion Harris Neil are exceptionally fine and timely this month, but as you may open to them and read and judge for yourself, it is better to tell you what the future holds in store.

It is a case where you may have both realization and anticipation. We feel sure you will enjoy the August number, but you are quite safe in anticipating big things for September—which is as usual, the Fall Fashion Number.

Designers and engravers have been busy for weeks preparing the material which will be used in our fashion pages, and they will show you the new coats, the latest gowns, what is correct in tailored suits, just the length our sleeves must be, what kind of collars we shall wear and how long our coats should be for the different occasions. May Manton will also tell you what will be worn later in the season, so every one may begin at once on her Autumn clothes feeling that she knows what is the correct thing.

We are very much pleased to be able to announce two other new features for this Fall, both to appeal most directly to the school teacher. Miss Rorke, who is a Canadian woman, well known in educational circles, has consented to conduct a department dealing with the problems, advantages and interests of the School teacher. Miss Rorke having once been a teacher, knows well whereof she speaks, and her talks will be full of the very things teachers wish discussed. The first article, "Being 'The Teacher,'" will be published in September, just when school opens and each teacher takes up her new duties and responsibilities. Miss Rorke will also answer questions for the teachers. Tell her your troubles for she is interested.

Hand-in-hand with this Department will be another of interest to all music teachers and students, conducted by Mr. John Adamson, a composer as well as a musician of note. Mr. Adamson has had years of experience in vocal work and in his writings will set forth what he considers of importance to those who study and those who teach music. A question box will also be introduced in connection with his department.

A few months ago we were requested to publish more music. Since that time we have been endeavoring to meet this wish and give to our readers a song they would really like. It has been no easy matter, but we have at last chosen one of Mr. Adamson's own compositions, entitled "Your Voice," and this will be published next issue.

In short the September Number will be a literal "feast of good things." You may expect a story of a Norwegian Romance and another very humorous one by Paul Sheard. Professor Elford will talk to those interested in Poultry and tell them

what to do with their chicks this fall. There will also be a Garden article. Jennie Allen Moore will not forget to give you her interesting page, "Around the Hearth," and Marion Harris Neil's cookery articles are very fine.

Have you ever heard of Sarah Cantwell Smith, M.A.? If not you will have the opportunity of reading an excellent article on the subject, "The Girl of To-day," written by this woman of such wide travel and study. Does this not convince you that you may safely anticipate a great deal for the coming number?
THE EDITOR.

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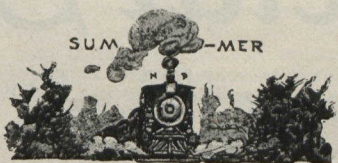
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SUMMER





Have you ever really seen your skin—as others see it?

TOO often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our vanity cases, and—congratulate ourselves that our skins are passing fair.

If we never came under any closer inspection than we do in our own mirrors, this method would be well and good. But when we face the broad light of day and the critical eyes that are bent upon us—Oh!

So—here is the first step to take

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin *closely*. Really study it! Find out just the condition it is in.

Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder?

It may be that the skin you long to make so attractive is sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or excessively oily.

Perhaps you will find that the only flaw is conspicuous nose pores.

Whatever the trouble is, *it can be changed*. And you can begin to change it to-night by using the following Woodbury treatment. Make this treatment a daily habit and it will gradually but surely bring to your skin—as it has to thousands of others—that greater clearness, freshness and *charm* you long for.

Use this treatment once a day

Lather your wash cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now, with the tips of your fingers, work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always using an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice*. Always be particular to dry your skin well.

Your skin changes every day

Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As the *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is just the opportunity this treatment wants.

Every day it frees your skin of those tiny, old dead particles. *Then*, it cleanses the pores, brings the blood to the surface and stimulates the small muscular fibres. This keeps your skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day *cannot help* taking on that greater loveliness for which you have longed.

Use persistently — the charm will come to stay

It is very easy to use this treatment for a few days and then neglect it. But this will never

make your skin what you would love to have it. Use the treatment *persistently*, and in ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness, freshness and *charm* which the daily use of Woodbury's always brings.

A 25c. cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this famous skin treatment. Tear out the illustration of the cake shown here and put it in your purse as a reminder to stop at your druggist's or toilet counter and get a cake to-day. Remember, for every day you fail to start this treatment you put off for another day the satisfying of that longing for greater attractiveness that is bound to come to you again and again.

Write to-day for a week's-size cake

For 4c. we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment. For 10c., the week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. For 50c. copy of the Woodbury Book, "A Skin You Love to Touch," and samples of the Woodbury preparations. Write or mail coupon to-day and begin to get the benefits of this famous skin treatment for *your* skin. Address, The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



Tear out the cake above and put it in your purse as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's to-day at your druggist's. You will find Woodbury's for sale by Canadian druggists from coast to coast.

Mail this coupon to-day
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Sherbrooke Street,
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I enclose 4 cents for the week's-size
cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, or
..... cents for the other Woodbury
products mentioned in offer above.

Name

Address

LIFE OF VLADISLAV REMM

By FRANCIS HAFFKINA SNOW

Illustrated by E. C. REED

It would be difficult to find a nation with a history as tragic and checkered as that of Poland. Its people have ever been an interesting study, and especially so at the present time, when the eyes of all are turned upon Central Europe. Francis Haffkina Snow chooses for his characters in this work, Warsaw University students in league with the revolutionists striving to throw off the Russian yoke. It is a strong story graphically told, full of intense feeling and conflicting emotions, the whole beautified by the love and loyalty of a true woman.

CHAPTER I.

IT was still early evening.

The large square student's room, where the Sud Honoru was congregated, was almost bare of furniture. There was a desk, at which three students were seated, in all their dignity of judges; a bed, crowded with student auditors; a few chairs, each of which held its occupant. Many sat upon the floor. On the discolored green walls hung three cheap prints: one of Adam Mickiewicz, one of Mazzini, one of Carl Marx. The air was hot, and heavy with the curling wreaths of bluish smoke.

Before the presiding Three stood a single student. Tall and slender, with wavy, dark-gold hair; even, regular features, lit up by two wonderful, blue-black eyes, and hands and feet of remarkable smallness, even for a Pole, he paced restlessly back and forth in the narrow space at his disposal, as he answered, one by one, the questions put to him, and awaited the formal pronouncement of the sentence which he knew inevitable.

Finally the interrogatory ceased; the three student-judges conferred for a few moments in whispers; then the middle one of the three arose.

"Vladislav Remm," he said, in a clear, distinct, inexorable voice, "publicly this evening it has been proved, by your own lips, that the funds placed in your hands, as Prezydent of the Society for our stipendiaries abroad, were squandered by you in betting at the public races. This, it is hardly necessary to point out here, was a gross perversion of your exalted office, all the more criminal in the case of a society organized for the ends for which this Society was created. You have pled extenuating circumstances, but this Committee rules that for your action there can be no extenuation. We therefore pronounce upon you the judgment of expulsion from the University; removal from your high office of Prezydent; exclusion from our Society of the 'Fraternal Help,' and prohibition, under penalty, to return to the University Precincts or to communicate with any of the Kollegi."

He paused, gazed, for a moment, at the now motionless figure before him, then sat down. A low murmur swept around the crowded room. The man upon whom judgment had been pronounced flushed deeply, and nervously bit his closely compressed lips as he stood there, silent, before his judges. His lips opened, as though he were about to speak, then closed, and he started to leave the room, without a word. After a few steps, however, he turned, and standing in the middle of the room, gazed slowly around at the scores of faces, curious, hostile, contemptuous, in a few rare cases compassionate, by which he was surrounded. The expression upon his own face was hard to read.

"My former Kollegi," he began, in a low voice, "you have judged and sentenced me for misappropriating—"

"Stealing!" corrected a loud, brutal voice from behind.

Remm flushed again, but did not look around.

"For misappropriating the funds of the Society," he continued obstinately, "and squandering them at the race-course. I did it, and I freely admitted it as soon as the letters arrived from abroad complaining that the stipendiary monies had not been received. I disclosed everything, glad at last that the strain was over, and asked for leniency, pleading extenuating circumstances. You have seen fit to deny my request, to disgrace me and totally ruin my career. I should like to express to you, as I go, my single wish,—that you will never have occasion to regret the action which you have decided upon this night."

"Shall we take that as a threat?" cried out a voice—the same voice as before. In an instant, the room was in an uproar; angry voices were raised all around the room; several of the more excitable rose and advanced towards Remm menacingly.

"You may take it," replied Vladislav Remm, drawing himself up haughtily, "any way you please." He retreated not a step, and stood there silent, with the same strange look upon his face as before—before the rain of oburgations that fell upon his head. In vain the Presiding Officer thumped upon the desk with a heavy book, and cried, with a penetrating, high-pitched voice: "Gentlemen!" The students, thoroughly incensed with Remm, threatened him bodily injury.

Three shrill, warning whistles sounded from beneath the opened windows.

"The Police!" went up the cry. In a moment the hubbub ceased, as though by magic. The room was as silent as death. Suddenly a voice cried:

"The papers! The papers!"

Even as its owner spoke, the door flew open; a young girl rushed in, and running to the desk, snatched up the papers, and ran out with them through the same door, which she closed and locked behind her. It was Marinka Yolenta, the sister of the student in whose rooms they had met, the Presiding Officer of the Committee of Three. All breathed a sigh of relief as the bolt clicked in the lock. They knew, as well as though they had accompanied her, what she would do: through the long hallway



"Then you refuse to go on with this work—you have fully counted the cost?"

to the end of the apartment she would go; she would stuff the papers through the drain pipe which ran down the back of the house into the *dyor*; at the bottom, as they fell, they would be snatched up by a student guard, and made away with by him. Nor were these precautions idle—in these papers full details of the plot to assassinate the Governor-General of Warsaw were given.

Heavy feet resounded on the stairs. In a moment the police would be upon them.

"Vladislav Remm," cried rapidly, in a voice tense with repressed excitement, Boris Yolenta, "some of us will be arrested; if you are among the number, beware, on penalty, not to disclose our secrets!"

Remm's face grew white. He took a sudden, instinctive step toward Yolenta.

"You dare—" he cried, his voice trembling with almost frantic rage, his dilated eyes two coals of blue-black fire.

Outside the door a great scurry and tramp of feet was heard; a sword-hilt was struck against the panels.

"In the name of the law!" vociferated in Russian a brutal voice. One of the students near the door pushed back the bolt; a dozen gendarmes, with pistols and drawn swords, burst into the room, prepared for all emergencies. Resistance would have been suicide.

Remm left the place with Yolenta and eight others; the remainder, after having had their names and addresses taken, were allowed to disperse to their various homes.

CHAPTER II.

"HAVE you heard the news?" was the question on everyone's lips, three months later, among the Warsaw University students. Like a running fuse throwing off multiple sparks, it sputtered and crackled its way among all Faculties, Jura, Medicine, Philosophy, even Theology.

"Vladislav Remm has been set free! Vladislav Remm has been set free!" The dark corridors, thronged with students, alternately buzzed with excited comment and rang with enthusiastic cheers. Remm's past transgressions were entirely forgotten; his dishonorable action, if mentioned at all, was mentioned to receive extenuation. *Au fond*, it was a mere youthful indiscretion; he had meant no harm; the sentence of the "Tribunal of Honour" had been unnecessarily severe. His imprisonment and release from the gloomy cells of the Warsaw Citadel

had made of him, to their mercurial minds, a hero. Especially now were they glad to have him back, for their numbers had been depleted of several strong men by fresh arrests, and of the nine important members arrested with Remm, not one had been set free; there they were, rotting in the damp and cold, and months, perhaps years, would elapse, in the normal course of Russian "Justice," before they would be brought before the Tribunal for trial.

From the babel and confusion, finally, a definite plan was at last evolved. They would go that night to Remm's rooms, congratulate, cheer him; they would take him back, like an errant prodigal, to their hearts; he should go on with his studies; he should again become an honored member of the "Fraternal Help." So they decided, and proceeded to carry out their plans.

The short, narrow *periulka* where Remm lived—near the Saxon Garden it was—was black with the gathered throng of students. All faculties were represented. There they stood, a thousand strong, jamming the narrow street from end to end, lustily cheering as they waited the return of the deputation which they had sent up to his rooms to welcome and confer with him.

"Remm! Remm! Remm!" they vociferated with the curious multitude madness of which, in like proportions, only a Polish crowd is capable. At first low, then, gaining volume, loud and triumphant, they began to sing the *Varsh-evanka*. An ocean of harmony, ever increasing in tone and intensity, the wild song soared to the skies like a mighty eagle screaming out defiance of its enemies.

Curiously enough, they were not disturbed by the police. At first the more timid among them had been apprehensive; then, as they saw that no interference came, their sanguine Polish minds at once jumped to the conclusion that the discovery of the latest plot against the Governor-General had intimidated the authorities, and that they were now afraid of dispersing them, according to the time-honored custom, by force and violence. . . . At the corner of the street there even stood two gendarmes; but they remained there as rigid and immovable as statues, watching impassively, and made no attempt to remonstrate or interfere.

After some ten or fifteen minutes the deputation reappeared. At once the enthusiastic cries broke out anew.

"Remm! Remm! Long live Remm!" they howled in mad enthusiasm again and again, until their leaders, standing at the top of the steps of Remm's dwelling, called imperatively, by means of frantic gestures, for silence.

Little by little the shouts, the noise and hubbub subsided like a raging sea into which oil has been poured. . . . Soon the street was hushed and silent.

"What says our Kollega, Remm, to our message of welcome and rehabilitation?" asked the spokesman.

The deputation consisted of three men. All three seemed excited and perturbed, with flushed and angry faces, as though they had been engaged in some violent discussion. Each of the three, when the question came, looked at the others. Finally one of them took the word for the rest, and announced the result of the mission in a voice too low to be heard by all.

"What does he say?—What does he say?" ran through the unquiet throng.

Suddenly groans and hisses; shouts of anger and derision; even threats rose like a surging wave from the front of the densely packed throng. Like wildfire the news ran through the serried ranks and files.

"Remm refuses to see us—to speak to us!—He refuses the banquet! He refuses the rehabilitation! He refuses to come back to the University!"

Half-incredulous, wildly excited, the crowd formed itself into groups, arguing, vociferating, quarrelling; some, even, came to blows. In a moment all was utter confusion. Little by little a movement began at the end of the narrow street; the crowd began to disperse, in quest of a wider field of discussion. Shouting, gesticulating, angrily disputing, they poured out in multiple streams into the main avenues of communication. Many went through the quiet confines of the *Sad*, which was soon black with them; they quarrelled and disputed even in the presence of the gendarmes.

(Continued on page 10.)

Better Canadian Babies

Department of Child Hygiene

By LAURA S. M. HAMILTON, M.D.

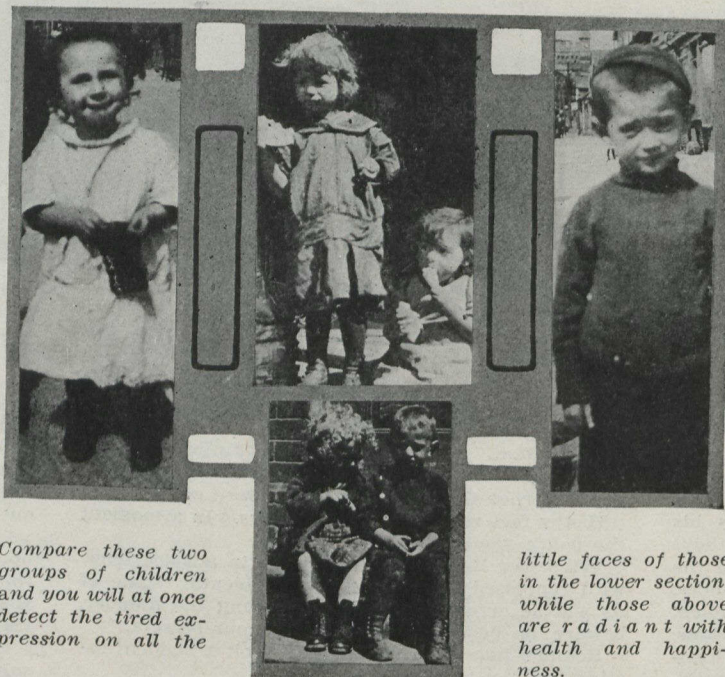
A DEPARTMENT giving much valuable information for Canadian mothers in whose keeping is the future success of Canada, as a nation of strong, vigorous citizens. Mothers are invited to ask questions on any subject concerning their children, which will be answered free, and in a personal manner, if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed for reply. The Editors of the Child Hygiene Department will take a personal interest in rendering every assistance possible to the readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

It is not a "comfy," warm, little bit of humanity, all rosy and fluffy, and perfumed from its bath, nestling down in your arms with one wee hand tucked under your chin, and eyelids drooping softly over dear eyes, all misty with sleep, that I am thinking of. Ah, would that it were! It is not the lusty, bouncing youngster of three or four, nodding suspiciously over the last mouthfuls of pudding at his mid-day meal, where, the Sandman having at last definitely asserted his sway, the little lad or lass tumbles joyfully into bed, for that blessed noon-day sleep, which makes for the fairyland of babyhood another happy day, that I am going to write about. Nay, it is not of these, but of the scores of little children being "born tired" or made tired from the commencement of their lives, who are denied that gloriously recuperative sleep of childhood, and the equally glorious good nerve power resulting therefrom.

You may see "tired babies" every day on our city streets in go-carts, and automobiles, in baby-carriages of all grades and descriptions, and in parents', nurses' and older children's arms. You may see them in our beautiful rural districts, tossed about, "minded," rather *tormented*, by assiduous parents, sisters and relatives. You may see them, fat, or thin, clean or dirty, in gorgeous habiliments or in ragged clothing, but wherever you meet them, the same piteous expression of mental even more than physical fatigue, or absolute ennui, is visible. The heavy, lustreless, dark-rimmed albeit beautiful eyes, the down-drooping mouth, and often the pinched little nose, the deathly white or muddy or eczematous skin, the ever-present stopper in the mouth, the little flabby hands, holding in many cases some awful sweet, or death-dealing fruit or ice-cream cone, while the child's nauseated look reveals the condition of the stomach. These things, some or all, mark the "tired baby." The lack of abounding, restless life, the queer ability to "stay put" or "be good," or endure endless lap-sitting or petting, the weary, fretful crying, also indicate the "tired baby." Oh, so tired must the poor little mortals be, that perhaps none of us "grown-up folks" can realize it, because an element of freedom is always in our fatigue, while the baby is helplessly at the mercy of the stronger being. The strangest part of it all is that the parents, friends and admirers of these children never seem to see what I have described, or dimly noting it, do not try to work out the reason why, only deciding that Providence has been unkind to them, when a normal, strong, well-fed, *well-slept* little human animal is admired, or that "such a big, bouncing baby is, well — rather coarse." What is the matter with our standards of babyhood, and of lots of other things, I wonder? Why do we endure tired, anaemic babies, French-heeled shoes, high starched collars, outrageous food prices, and a score of other remediable evils? Perhaps some of my readers may be interested to know how to help, and finally to have no more "tired babies."

We divided them into two classes, those who were "born tired," and those who were "made tired." Now, the first class exists because the mother did not receive proper care during pregnancy. And the mother did not receive proper care primarily because *her* mother did not teach her the wonder and beauty and sacredness of her body and its functions, and the eternity of the gift of life that was hers, and likewise her parents may not have taught her that in order to be truly happy and have beautiful and victorious children she must select a father for them, who has known how to reverence his own body, as well as hers, and to accept from his Creator as a trust the God-like ability of giving of new life, endless life. All this primarily; secondarily because such fathers and mothers willfully remain in ignorance of these life truths, for it is possible for even the poorest person who can read to get beautiful, chaste and popularly written literature on all these subjects, and any man or woman of average intelligence to-day, who under ordinary circumstances spoils before its birth a little one's chances of health and happiness, does so because they are too thoughtless, too selfish, or too filled with obsolete ideas to learn better. The blame of this indictment may not be shifted. The husband who still leaves the heaviest weight of the worry of things and of work beyond her strength, of any

"TIRED BABIES"



Compare these two groups of children and you will at once detect the tired expression on all the

little faces of those in the lower section, while those above are radiant with health and happiness.

kind, upon the woman who carries his child must forever bear the blame of the child's lack of health. The world-thought, the community, the social system, or whatever it be, which lays on any pregnant woman burdens too heavy to be borne, these, that is the individuals who profit thereby, must account for the suffering and *sin* they cause to a just God when the day of reckoning comes. The mother-to-be who, in the face of all the light and widespread physical knowledge of to-day, deliberately keeps her eyes and her mind shut, and because of social customs, or careless indifference, or wifely or housewifely ambitions, exhausts her own vitality, and so cheats her babe of its rights, carries her own punishment forever with her, in either a tiny grave on the hillside and in her heart, or a weary fretful, oftentimes unbeautiful child, who some day, in the light of greater knowledge, may curse the day it was born. No man or woman has a right to wait till that minimum of time, the nine months prior to a baby's birth, to settle these issues. Everyone who has reached years of mature thought at all should have settled such questions for themselves long before the lives of their children commence.

In the second class are the babies who are made tired after birth. With all man's foolishness Nature is very kind, and one begins to understand what God's "showing mercy unto thousands (of generations) of those that love Him" must mean: Far more little ones come into life fairly healthy and beautiful than one would imagine possible under

existing circumstances. Our land is a good land, and the very Earth seems kind to her little nurslings. Of how many scores of these are killed or injured before they reach two years of age, our vital statistics give shocking account. Forming a large portion of the injured are the "tired babies."

What makes them tired? Two obvious causes that would make you or anyone else tired. Overwork and poor food. "But," asks someone with incredulous scorn, "how could anyone overwork a helpless baby?" It is done in many ways, but the two most all-embracing and powerful are—by denying them their sleep, and by handling and "amusing" them.

The experiment has been tried, and it has been found that a person may live for many days without food, but without sleep man either dies or becomes insane. Says Dr. Holt, that eminent specialist on babies and children: "A healthy infant during the first few weeks sleeps from twenty to twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, waking only from *hunger, discomfort or pain*. During the first *six months* (the italics are mine), from sixteen to eighteen hours a day, the waking periods being *only from half an hour to two hours longer*." (How about "amusing" those babies?) "At the age of one year, from fourteen to fifteen hours, viz., from eleven to twelve hours at night, and two or three during the day, usually in two naps. When two years of age, thirteen to fourteen hours daily. At four, eleven to twelve hours. From six to ten years, ten to eleven hours, and from ten to sixteen, nine hours are required." Compare this schedule with the sleep given to the average child, and one soon sees how far below the standard in providing for their children the average parents come. "And yet," someone is saying, "sleep costs nothing." I am not so sure of that. To the person in charge of a child that child's undisturbed, regular sleep costs all that the following of any set plan must cost the follower. It costs self-denial on the part of the parents. It costs convenience, and sometimes popularity. Exactly the same thing may be said of correct feeding. Perhaps no one who has not attempted to bring up a child in the straight and narrow path of health common-sense can ever know the pitfalls and snares that can beset such an endeavor. What tenderly-advising or indignantly and dignifiedly expostulating female relatives and friends! What jeering, or sly, meat-producing male ones! What easily-affronted neighbors, and what other children and servants with "ways that are dark, and tricks that are vain" enough to rival even Mark Twain's noted "Chinee," one encounters! But even so, all these dangers faced, laughed over, or wept over, as the case may be, the result in the end, of well-doing in this instance far surpasses the troubles endured.

In regard to the so-called "amusing" of babies—amusement means pastime. Our pastimes when we need them are what we have been trained to enjoy. Does a little *new* being need to have time helped to pass for it. Does it find time so long, think you?

"The world is so full of a number of things
"I am sure we should all be as happy as kings," said one (Robert Louis Stevenson) who was very wise in his memory and knowledge of childhood. So much to hear, and see, and learn, coming out of that mysterious home of baby souls into this. To the little one lying peacefully in basket or carriage, what more amusement is needed than the movement of his mother's hands as she works not far from him; the smiling of her eyes as she often turns to look at him; the sound of her voice, or of her footsteps as she moves to and fro in her daily task? Then there are the little twinkling leaves on the branch above his outdoor bed, or the shadows on the wall at night. There are bird-songs, and so many homey noises. And later there are his own pink fingers and toes, and *when he is able to hold it* a ball, or rattle, or doll, or anything else—all new, all wonderful, all of strange shape, and color and sound perhaps—*so many things to see, to know, to hear, to learn*. Does he need to be jerked, to be danced and dandled, and grimaced at, and chucked at—to be tickled, and pinched, and startled with discordant and alarming sounds? Oh, no—And when he has to endure all these eccentricities

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HIS IRON NERVE

By JANUS MAYNE

An ideal story for a warm summer afternoon, when you want something to read—something funny. What is it all about? A big, stern, blustering surgeon in a great hospital, where he terrifies everyone except the head nurse. He tells you that he is a "mass of iron, sans nerves, sans feelings, sans weakness," yet when an accident happens which causes him a little pain, he creates a scene quite worthy of any ordinary human being.

DR. HARVEY RAND was consulting with his head nurse, previous to performing one of the marvelous operations which had made him famous.

Famous, but not popular. For a high-g geared, man-eating motor-truck, in full executive session, possessed mannerisms that were mush-and-milky compared to those of the skilled surgeon.

The growly gruffness of his deep bass would have been terrifying, even in ordinary conversation, if he had ever used any of that kind. But he was a very superior surgeon, with a nerve like iron, and with no superfluous sensitiveness to weaken his hand.

It has become such a fixed habit of nature to conceal within rough, bristly crusts, nice little possibilities like the diamond, or the chestnut, or the oyster-hidden pearl, that this rugged *brusquerie* of Dr. Rand's was supposed to cover a tender, loving heart. There was no doubt about its being well covered, if it existed. As to that, witnesses there were, who thought they could prove an alibi for that same heart. That it existed, however, was quite in accordance with the above-mentioned law of nature. Such an iron-clad surface *must* cover a soft interior.

This law of nature, like most laws, has an occasional exception. Was Dr. Harvey Rand one of the rare exceptions? Was he iron clear through from crust to crust? Was it not possible for any one to creep gently under the bristling crags and happen upon a soft, smooth beach?

The head nurse at St. Uncas's Hospital understood him better than most, but she had not reached this understanding by gentle, insinuating means. She used her tongue, much as the surgeon used his knife, plunging it straight through his mental epidermis without a tremor. For Miss Wing was the one person about the hospital who was not in awe of the great surgeon. So this day of the operation, when Rand growled at her, "Where's that young woman one of the governors brought here a few months ago? The one with the hair?" the head nurse snapped back, "It may have escaped your notice, but *none* of us is actually bald."

"Well some of you women are mighty close to it when you take off your 'rats.'"

"And some of you men are closer to it when you take off your hats," retorted Miss Wing, fearlessly. The surgeon liked her nerve, and he laughed ruefully at her little stab. Rubbing his hand over the smooth top of his head, he replied:

"You got me there, Miss Wing."

"Well, *you* got *me*, with your remark, so we're even. I was intending to speak to you about this Miss Merrivale. She's been gifted by nature not only with an inordinate amount of conspicuous hair, but with a hampering overplus of sympathetic temperament. Now *you* know, none better, that while a nurse may seem sympathetic, she must *be* as hard as nails. 'Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone,' but Miss Merrivale's patients do not weep alone—she joins right in. She has no nerve—she is liable to go all to pieces when a patient is being hurt."

"I know—I've seen her dropping tears on them—the fools seem to like it too, but it won't do. That's the very thing I wanted to talk with you about. That young woman needs *hardening*. I'll talk to her. In the first place, she ought to moult that hair. I *hate* it!" Miss Wing looked at him in amazement. "I've seen hair like that—it never goes with anything good," he went on. "Let her get a sickle and mow it—and then run a lawn-mower over it."

"Time will gladly lend his sickle, as he has so officiously done to us 'bald' ones," said Miss Wing. "Miss Merrivale's hair is beautiful,—if I had had such a crown of glory in my youth, I shouldn't have become a hardened old nurse. I'd have married a millionaire and made him—"

"Miserable," growled the surgeon. Then Miss Wing recalled that he had been married once, years ago, but had recovered entirely (after an operation), and that no symptoms of a return of the malady

had ever appeared again. So she switched back to the nerveless nurse, with the question:

"What particular make of bomb are you intending to burst in your soothing way, against Miss Merrivale's pretty head?" and the doctor answered:

"I'll tell her plainly that self-control is the first requisite of a nurse, and that if she can't acquire it, she'd better be a waitress in a boarding-house,—she can weep with the boarders and no harm done."

"Now, Doctor, don't scare the wits out of the poor young thing," said the head nurse, who was really a degree less hard than the nails; "as it is, she regards you as a machine of iron, sans nerves, sans feeling, sans weakness of any kind."

"That's what I am, I guess. I've cut open so many people that I believe I could be cut open myself, from stem to stern, without an anesthetic or a quiver. Pain is nothing to me, scarcely an impression."

"Have you ever been operated on, Doctor?" Miss Wing asked, slyly, and he gruffed back:

"Yes,—had my heart cut out, twenty years ago. Get along better without it. Surgeon doesn't need a heart—just nerve. We must see if we can't pound a little nerve into Miss What's-her-name. I'll have her assist me in operating on that young millionaire, Manning, this afternoon. You'll be present, and it's not a dangerous operation. Besides, these millionaires are hard to kill,—takes a 'Titanic' to do it. While I'm operating on him, I'll incidentally operate on this girl—remove a few lachrymal glands, and introduce a bit of nerve. She shall see how a mass of iron, 'sans nerves, sans feelings, sans weakness,' conducts itself under a test."

Miss Wing, who had once been operated on, wondered if the surgeon knew anything about the awful after-sensations,—the burning thirst, which was only aggravated by the teaspoonful of warm water once in two hours—the feeling of hopeless depression that gripped the soul as the effect of the anesthetic wore off, and other joys. It is so easy for those to sneer at pain who have never felt it. But the head nurse lost no time in thought.



Then she tenderly held the bruised fingers—and said in sweet, sympathetic tones, "Oh, how dreadfully they must hurt!"

are made of," as if showing the stuff she was made of wasn't the very thing Mona feared! For she was made of love and sympathy and sweetness and delicacy and charm, with no trace of rigid iron in her whole lovely composition!

Yet she had possessed enough strength of will-power to run away and hide from her millionaire lover, Wilfred Manning, after her actress mother, divorced from one husband, had deserted a second, to elope with a third man, sans any formality!

There had been nothing weak about Mona's decision to save the man she loved from the disgrace of marrying the daughter of her mother! It had not been easy for tender Mona to do this, but it seemed easier to her than to go through this awful operation with the gruff surgeon, the iron man, who knew no feeling, whose very glance scared her.

And if Mona's sympathies were aroused so intensely by the sufferings of total strangers in the wards, picture, if you can, her state when she entered the operating room and saw that the patient lying so still in artificial sleep, awaiting the knife, was the lover she was hiding from,—the young king of finance, Wilfred Manning!

Dr. Rand had deeply impressed on her the necessity for calm control and a steady hand. Calling every particle of will-power to her aid, Mona did her part. She watched the iron man with fear, horror, admiration in her heart—did as he told her, did not tremble.

Then, when it was nearly over, the assistant physician handed the surgeon a metal instrument. As he used it, a part of it bore down on Mona's wrist, and she gave a quick start, for it was burning hot! The surgeon savagely roared at her the lie:

"If you do that again you may kill this man!"

For the fearful space of sixty seconds, that burning hot metal bore down on the soft, white, little wrist, but the girl did not start, or moan, or faint. Only when it was over, and her unconscious lover was carried from the room, did Mona raise her arm, look in a dazed way at the angry red scar, and then topple over against the head nurse.

Dr. Rand burst out with:

"Good Heavens! Of course she had to keel over. What a nerveless creature! She'll have to go—deliver me from people who can't stand anything!"

"Oh, but Doctor Rand, see here,—your hot instrument was burning her wrist," and the head nurse, who had forgotten all about her nail-hard make-up, tenderly held up for his inspection the little, limp, white wrist with its red scar, while another nurse applied restoratives to the half-fainting Mona.

Now the iron man suddenly found the room intensely hot, and rushing to a window, tried to raise the sash. Then happened one of those little things, bordering on the ridiculous, yet having often unsuspected results.

The sash stuck, and he hit it a violent blow with one hand. The upper sash, breaking its cords, came down with a bang on the four fingers of his other hand, holding them crushed tight between the upper and nether millstones, so to speak.

If the gentle restoratives applied by the nurse had not already brought Mona to full consciousness, the bellow and roar of the surgeon's big voice would surely have done so. His ineffectual attempts to lift up the outer sash and release his jammed fingers, combined with the noise of his roars for help, brought both the head nurse and her assistant to his side, leaving Mona lying back in her chair. Neither of the nurses was tall enough to reach over and raise that sash, and the surgeon said things to them.

But Mona,—the weak, nerveless Mona, brought to herself completely by this ridiculous spectacle of the iron man, sans feeling, etc., howling like a schoolboy (of the past) being whipped—Mona instantly lost all fear of this terrible man, and springing up, carried her chair to the window, jumped up on it and lifted the sash.

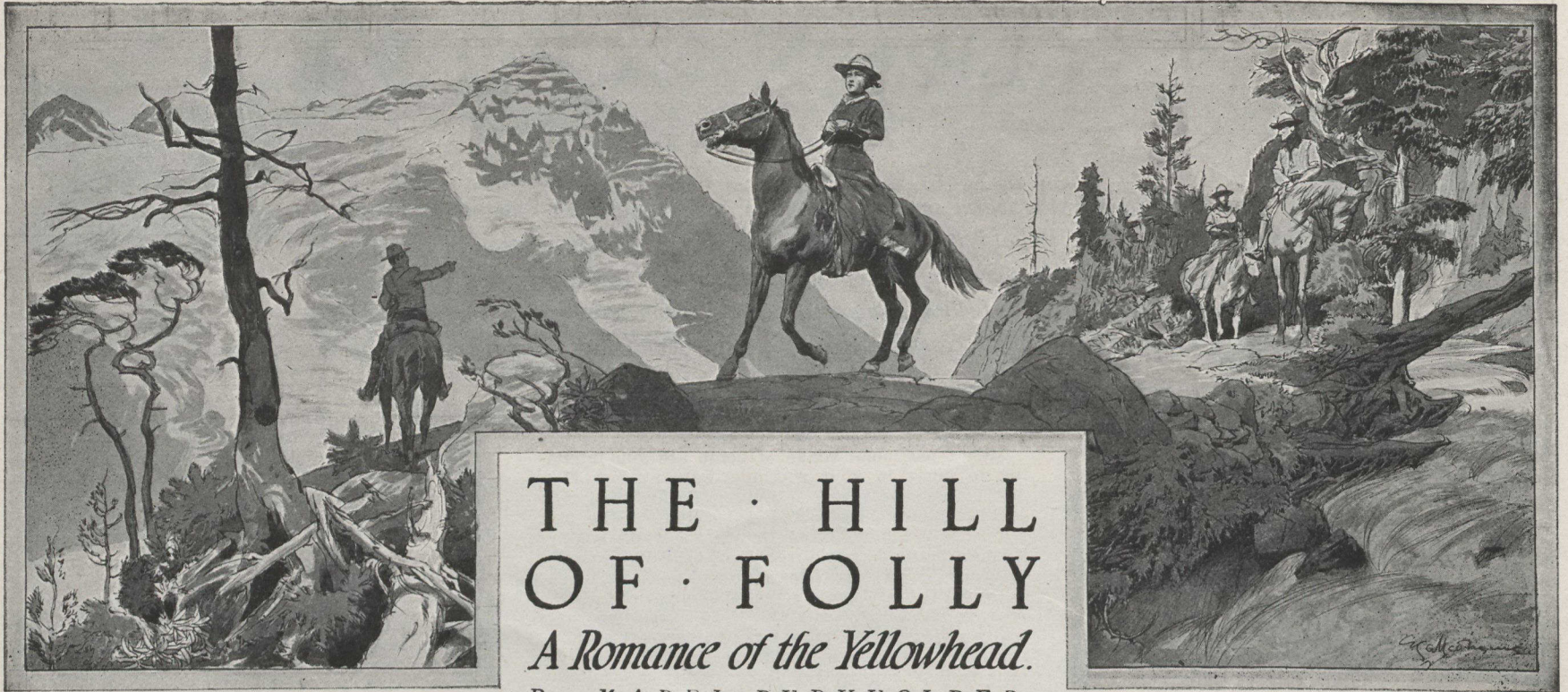
Then she tenderly held the bruised fingers in her

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She went at once to prepare young Mona Merrivale for the ordeal.

When Mona heard the dreadful news that she was to assist Dr. Rand, she was almost paralyzed with apprehension. She had been trying so hard to make a good impression on him, but his gruff ways and growly voice scared her. She was still more scared when Miss Wing said:

"You must either give up the idea of being a nurse, or you must brace up and show the stuff you



THE HILL OF FOLLY

A Romance of the Yellowhead.

By MABEL BURKHOLDER

THE hour for the proposed service came in due time, and Hayes was repaid for his effort by seeing a goodly number of people shuffle in and occupy the loose chairs which made such a clatter on the bare floor. The riff-raff drifted into the very back seats, having a sneaking conviction that their religious life needed a tonic, but very willing to receive it in small, homoeopathic doses. Half a dozen finer-looking fellows came to the front and began to interest themselves in Hallie's phonograph—that musical missionary of the wilds. If on that Sabbath evening a few dance jigs got sandwiched in between hymns, the parson made no comment. Perhaps he believed with many authorities that all music is sacred.

He was pleased to see that there had been a decided effort at "slicking up" on the part of the congregation. Doubtless they had heard of the arrival of aristocratic visitors in town, who might shed the light of their presence on the humble assemblage. The railroader is often a proud fellow, who remembers very distinctly all the social customs of the eastern town he left a few years before. At any rate, hair was smooth with oil, and best coats were buttoned snugly over workaday shirts and waistcoats. Some went to the reckless limit of having blackened their boots, but these were looked upon with disapproval by their associates. No white collars were in evidence, because there is an unwritten law in the wilds despising such marks of effete civilization, and a man who started out with a stiff collar would be very likely to return with a bare neck. They cherish a favorite story on the Pass of one stranger who came up to the camps with a silk hat and a cane. The boys cornered him one day, and taking his "plug" for a target, shot it full of holes without injuring the frightened head it encased. So, although other sins were allowed to flourish unrebuked in the construction camps, pride is kept severely in check.

Dawn Courtenay had promised the parson that her party would "look in" during the evening. Mrs. Lucas was a consistent helper of all good works, and much in demand, because she sometimes brought to the meetings an old guitar with which she accompanied their simple songs. There would be a generous sprinkling of women and children in the crowd and Dawn, openly interested in all phases of life in this new region, was frankly anxious to be there.

On the instant her party entered the room they became the most conspicuous group in the building. If the woman's regal air had not been relieved by a glint of humor and a genuine interest in everything and everybody, she would probably have become thoroughly unpopular with the natives of the place. As it was, in spite of her dignity and great reserve, every beholder was conscious of a fine sympathy and a wonderful depth of feeling in her calm, luminous, gray eyes. Criticism died on the lip, and respect and admiration took its place in every rude breast.

As far as Daisy Ravenden was concerned, there was but one opinion. She was already their own cherished, beloved and adored child. She could go among them at will, sometimes sketching them at their work and enjoying their bewilderment as they saw their own rough features grow beneath her pencil. Not a man among them but would cheerfully have laid down his life for the little "pink lady," as she was named from the enormous bow of ribbon on her favorite mountain hat.

Hallie came forward to welcome them. He had been bothered with a feeling that this successful and wealthy woman of the world might hold his kind of work in silent contempt, and his first words were that it was good of her to come.

Miss Courtenay disclaimed any goodness.

"Nonsense!" she laughed. "Why should we be the only people to miss such an event for twenty miles around? The town has taken on quite a metropolitan air. Surely you did not expect so many?"

Dawn Courtenay, a business woman of rare ability, after her little brother's death, decides to accept an offer to personally inspect the claim of Ralph Ravenden, in the Yellowhead district, accompanied by his daughter, Daisy. When the farewells were being said, Miss Courtenay was presented with "Ruffles," a horse belonging to the little son of her former employer and friend. On their journey they meet Mr. and Mrs. Lucas and family, who accompany them to their new home at Tete Jaune Cache. The "Sky Pilot of the Yellowhead," who knows the mountains well, comes for an interview with the supposed gentleman, and meets Miss Courtenay. He promises to personally conduct the party to "Old Wrangle" in a week, but in the meantime letters come warning Miss Courtenay of probable danger. Mr. Ravenden's miner's certificate had been renewed at Barkerville, one copy was left there among Government documents, and the other given to Aaron Wind to deliver to the owner. Shortly after, a fire destroyed the Government office at Barkerville and the man in charge, leaving old Aaron Wind alone in possession of the precious document. Daisy's life is saved, when out sketching, by Scoot, a young man of good family, but now in Driver's employ. Hardly have Driver and his party arrived in Tete Jaune Cache when an invitation comes to Miss Courtenay and her party to dine with them, which they accept. Preparations are made for a service.

"The men have done very well," Hallie said, his mild, hazel eyes beaming with pleasure.

After all, how unaffectedly simple the woman was! Simplicity is always a sign of real greatness. It was only whimsical creatures, like Roberta Sandys, who were always trying to impress people with something they did not possess at all.

"It is a proud night for the parson," Scoot said, as Hayes left the group, "but it is not over yet. Bloomy Bill has not yet presented himself. Hallie has been working with him for two weeks straight. I believe he promised to come, but if anybody interferes and gives him booze, it will be a different story. It's more than likely to happen, too, for he backslides every other week regularly."

Presently Mrs. Lucas came to them with the rather startling request that some one of the party contribute something toward the programme.

"Miss Ravenden sings," announced Haist unexpectedly. "I have heard certain bird-songs as she takes her morning walks along the river."

Daisy looked quite frightened and much as if she would run and hide her face, but the pleading of the dark eyes held her gaze. The same new impulse stirred in her as had stirred the night of the feast, when she wished she might be a participant and not merely an on-looker in the struggle of life. Her soul was conscious of a growing power, which must be expressed for the benefit of other people. "I paint and I sing," she had confessed to Miss Courtenay on their first acquaintance, "but nobody sees my pictures or hears my voice." Was this her chance? She reconsidered what would have seemed before an absurd impossibility, and glanced appealingly at Dawn.

"Certainly, dear child, if you wish," encouraged Miss Courtenay. "Mrs. Lucas will accompany you on her guitar."

"If I thought it would do people the least little bit of good," murmured the girl, "I believe I should try it."

"Would you try it if you thought it was doing good to just one person?" Haist asked in her ear.

The girl's soft blue eyes met his, and she nodded. "Then will you sing 'The Ninety and Nine,' just for my benefit, as you sang it down by the river yesterday morning?"

Again she nodded. Then the meeting came to order, as Hallie Hayes arose in his place near the phonograph.

The order of the service was, perforce, a little different from the regular order of Sunday evening services in other places. The class of people with whom the young missionary dealt were given to quick expression of their feelings and listened very indifferently to long discourses. Consequently Hallie never gave them a sermon. He said a very great deal in the course of the evening, but he uttered it in disjointed sentences, as it seemed to fit the occasion, always leaving space for questions and free discussions. He had the happiest faculty of dealing with these children of the wild, temporarily lost to civilization, but by no means ignorant of right and truth. So long as Hallie could keep them under his direct influence they did well, but between his visits to the camps other influences intervened. Hence disturbances.

On the front row of chairs, in conspicuous array, sat four children-singers, known all along the line as "The Cricket Quartette." It was Hallie's delight to train them to lead the singing. Both Sonny and Alexis Lucas "belonged," and it was from this prac-

tice that young Alexis got the words he sang so proudly:

"Get out the life-line!
Get out the life-line!
Somebody's singing! Get away!"

The children's voices were badly cracked from overstraining, but the feature remained a part of every programme, because friends and acquaintances were immensely proud of the quartette, often breaking out into enthusiastic hand-clapping when the "Cricket's" acquitted themselves extraordinarily well.

Hallie began by asking for the familiar song "I Am Included." To stimulate interest, he requested the quartette to sing the verse and the congregation to join in the refrain. Bravely the children started out, faces puckered with anxiety, voices rising almost to a scream on the high notes. The crowd came in heavily on the chorus:

"I am included!
I am included!
When the Lord said whosoever,
That included me!"

"Now," exclaimed Hallie, holding up his hand to stop the flow of music for a moment, "all who feel that they are included in this invitation by the Lord, keep the right hand raised while singing the chorus."

A number of horny hands went up. Perhaps the men were specially repentant because pay-day was far off, all were dead-broke, no person had a dollar to get drunk on, but the one thing clear was that no other man alive could have wrung from them an expression of their need of a change of heart. At that moment Dawn saw Hallie Hayes in a new light. She confessed to knowing very little about the power of personal influence after studying Hayes. This plain, common man, with the homely face and the good, honest eyes, whom for some deep reason of her own she seemed to feel a tendency to ridicule, was a master in the art of laying his mind on other people until they believed in his belief. He led the poor, the ignorant, the ribald, the rude, whithersoever he willed and his influence was as mild, as constant, as beneficent as the sunlight on the hills.

Without any hesitation, Dawn Courtenay, too, had raised her right hand at Hallie's invitation. Her act was not for any outward show but because she truly wished, like those untutored children of men around her, to be included in the great family of believers on earth. She was aware that fifty pairs of eyes were on her face, and she could form little opinion of the result of her action. To the end of her life she never knew that in several subsequent times of danger many of those rough men offered to risk their lives to save hers, that at all times they practically formed a bodyguard securing her safety wherever she moved, that henceforth no story of indifference or coldness on her part gained credence among those who had seen for themselves.

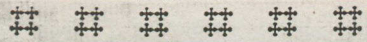
The meeting turned into open testimony. While the collection was being taken up, the men took turns in speaking or reciting passages of Scripture. Painfully unfamiliar with the sacred text, several hard-fisted laborers stumbled over words usually conned in infancy, as if they had just heard them for the first time.

"He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out!" triumphantly repeated Tom, the confirmed boozier.

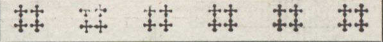
"Have you proved it so, Tom?" cried Hallie.

"I have, praise God!" responded Tom. "I always heard the Lord would give a man a new heart; but praise Him, He gave me a new stomach!"

Next, "Brownie," a reformed gambler, sang the verse of a hymn, in very good spirit, but in very poor tune; after which, Hallie called on Toot Lucas to make a few remarks. Toot's arm was still in a sling, and the whole man appeared in a very chastened mood. He had suffered a dual punish-



THE HILL OF FOLLY



ment for his sin, for it was well known that when he got into special trouble, as he had in the recent affair with Driver, his good wife drove the lesson home by thrashing him soundly when he returned to her.

Toot guessed he had nothing to say. It was plain that he was a backslider and needed drastic treatment. Without mincing matters, Hallie addressed him in sound, plain terms, for everybody knew of his sin, and there was nothing to conceal.

"You've not been playing fair again, Toot. You've taken all that's belonging to you, and more,"—Toot winced—"and you've given nothing back to the Lord, no time, no prayer, no work, no money. If you frisk Him out of His share, you can't expect a square deal. All you fellows know you've got to play fair with God."

Toot whimpered that he wasn't even expectin' God could forgive him—anybody with sense would draw the line somewhere.

At that Hallie warmed up. His favorite theme was God's forgiveness past all human understanding.

"Have some of you fellows been casting these things up to Toot Lucas?" he asked, with flashing eyes. "Shame on you! Can't you forgive and forget? God would do better than that, though against Him and Him only was the iniquity. When there is no sin any more, because He has blotted it out, how dares any human being stand up and accuse whom God has acquitted?"

Unwittingly, Hallie preached that part of his sermon to Dawn Courtenay. A strange pallor blanched her face at the words, as memory flew back to one awful day, years and years ago, when she said to one who had sinned: "God may have forgiven you, but I never can!" And she had loved that sinner, too—how much, was measured by the depth of the wound he left in her heart. But she had never let him see it, never uttered the forgiveness her soul longed to pronounce. Now she never could. Dumbly she wondered what her life—his life—would have been, if she had allowed her love to conquer her pride.

The service was drawing to its close. In the judgment of Hallie, it had been a good meeting, marred by none of the uproars and disturbances with which he was painfully familiar. There only remained Daisy's song, which had been left to the last purposely—a benediction sweet and holy as the brushing past of an angel's wing. Haist, who sat beside the girl, with arms tightly folded over an aching heart, rose to let her pass to the platform. The stern look he bent on the rough faces around him was calculated to impress one and all that nothing but absolute silence would be tolerated for the next few minutes. His warning was quite unnecessary. Already heads were bent forward to catch every syllable of whatever song their adored child might choose to sing for them.

But just as Mrs. Lucas struck a mellow chord on the old guitar, an ominous sound from without disturbed the tense, expectant atmosphere. It gathered strength as it came, resolving itself into a clatter of horses' hoofs and the maudlin shouting and singing of drunken men—a weird dithyramb improvised to the wine-god.

Haist was the first to interpret the medley of sounds. Bloomy Bill and his companions had not reported. Hallie had privately expressed a fear that they had been tampered with. Bill was a notorious disturber of the peace when under the influence of the booze. Knowing that all the railroad authorities along the line did their utmost to keep liquor from the laborers, it was Haist's private opinion that Theodore Driver carried a goodly supply for his own use, distributing it freely to those who did his bidding.

Instantly the young man was on his feet. Would Driver forever triumph over all the forces of good—and they were many—in that beautiful country? Shame on the other men that he triumphed so easily!

Before Haist could reach the door, a disreputable trio, headed by Bloomy Bill, entered the room. They scuffed their feet along the bare floor-making open intention of disturbing the meeting. Scoot, however, intended otherwise, as with no gentle touch he shoved the leader into a corner and sat on him.

"Stop your noise, will you?" he cried, beside himself with anger. "There is singing going on!"

"We've come t-to hear the m-music," muttered an unsteady voice.

Daisy, uncertain but scarcely frightened, had turned her eyes on Dawn, as usual waiting for her friend's direction.

"Sing it, Precious," whispered Miss Courtenay, unconsciously adopting the pet name her father had reserved for his own use. "They will listen."

Hallie moved his chair quite near the girl, as if to insure her protection, and Mrs. Lucas struck the prelude a second time. Suddenly with startling power, the words of "The Ninety and Nine" floated through the room. Simple and old was the melody and the story its words conveyed; hauntingly sweet were the voice and face of the youthful singer.

Before the first verse was concluded the hall was reduced to absolute silence. Through the numerous verses the silence became tenser, while the girl sang on and on with the startling pathos which only comes from deep and true feeling. Even Dawn, who had often heard Daisy sing, forgot all else in her genuine admiration of the girl's noble gift of song.

When it was over the men immediately filed out in orderly array, until Sunshine Hall was empty.

"Theodore's little disturbance was ill-timed," Haist remarked to the parson.

Hallie nodded.

"But for our good angel here it might have been a poor conclusion to an excellent meeting. Little girl, you have your life-work mapped out for you. I wish I had your power of doing good. Oh, I earnestly intreat you, make a habit of singing to hungry, sin-sick souls wherever you find them, and the Lord will reward you as you deserve."

Daisy felt the truth of his solemn words. Her life-work was, indeed, coming to her without any planning of her own. She must accept the responsibility. No longer dared she remain an idle child. Her talents, carefully wrapped up in a napkin, cried to shine in use. A host of unborn deeds, thoughts never put into action, and hours upon hours of time carelessly idled away, all rose up and accused her.

"We are deeds!

Thou should'st have achieved us.

Doubt, the throttler, has crippled and riven us.

On the day of judgment we'll come afloat,

And tell the story, then woe to you!"

CHAPTER XII.

THEODORE SCORES.

"MADAM, I am at your service. I have now no care in the world but to do your bidding."

Hallie reined in the little shaggy mare he called Debbie close beside the ridge of rocks on which Miss Courtenay sat reading a lapful of letters. Alexis Lucas had just brought up the mail. Daisy had run away with her precious budget, and Mr. and Mrs. Strong had retreated into the shack to read a long-delayed missive from an absent son. Dawn allowed them all to leave her, and remained sunning herself on her rock by the door. Selecting the Barnes letter—all three inclosed a message at each writing—she had just broken the envelope when Hallie stopped before her.

The missionary had not dismounted, for fear of disturbing her pleasant occupation, but she immediately invited him to tie his horse as she had many things to discuss with him.

"It is time we had a serious conference," she told him. "Mr. Barnes's letter is full of trouble. All his plea is to hold the Old Wrangle property at any cost. It is going to be immensely valuable."

"Good advice," commented Hayes. "But until we know the whereabouts of Aaron Wind a move on our part would be very impracticable. We might leave Tete Jaune Cache to-day to hear to-morrow that the old fellow had drifted in."

"When do you imagine the uncertainty will end?" she asked.

"Very shortly. My inquiries must bring results soon."

Hallie liked to suggest to Miss Courtenay plans that she must needs follow. He liked to think that she had to rely on his judgment. She was so proud

and independent, it hurt her to accept his lead as much as it pleased him to offer it.

"I know something!"

She looked over the bank at him with a mocking little smile.

"Do you intend to keep your knowledge to yourself, Mr. Hayes, or would it be your pleasure to impart it to me?"

She was wearing a small hat, which closely fitted her bright, alert face. More than once Hallie had owned to a feeling of jealousy toward that hat, which, all unrebuked, caressed the beautiful, calm brow with its heavy nut-brown tresses. No one knew better than he what madness was in the thought. Her eyes were squarely on him, and in his great confusion he jerked Debbie's girth up so tightly that the incensed animal laid back her ears, switched her tail, and kicked out a hind foot dangerously near his ribs.

"I should like to tell you what I know," he explained hastily. "In fact I came over for the express purpose of doing so."

She moved her position slightly and he sat down on the rock at her feet. Debbie stood tied at a tree below.

"I think I know something Theodore Driver does not," he asserted, with the enthusiasm of a boy who has discovered a bird's nest. "The mining recorder—a new man appointed since the fire—is coming up here this week."

"I don't just see—"

"No? Then let me continue. To-day is the twenty-ninth of June. To-morrow it will be a month since Mr. Ravenden attempted to renew his certificate and pay up his fees—in other words it is a month since the fire. The law is that if a man has carelessly allowed a claim to lapse, or has been negligent about his settlement work, as Ravenden undoubtedly was, he may pay his hundred dollars to the mining recorder within thirty days after the last of May and have his rights re-established. This ends all trouble, unless some other individual holding a free miner's certificate stakes the same claim over again in the meantime. Now, supposing that Ravenden's certificates never are found, we might see the day when we would wish that we had gone to the recorder and paid all over again."

"Ah," she exclaimed, drawing a quick breath, "at present there is nothing to prevent Theodore from re-staking Mr. Ravenden's claim in the name of one of his friends, Miss Sandys for instance. By all means let us go and pay the recorder the extra hundred dollars—or any other fee he may demand. I see your reason for guarding your secret so jealously."

"You see my idea? We dare not wait till the agent arrives at this point. We must go to meet him. It may surprise you to know that some three hundred and fifty-two claims were recorded in the vicinity of Tete Jaune Cache last year, so the recorder is not making this merely a pleasure trip. He is a man much harassed by individuals in all kinds of trouble, so the sooner we put in our plea the better."

"The morning is going rapidly," Dawn Courtenay put in briskly. "Let us start at once. How shall we make the trip? Might not the freight trains on the construction work be used for part of the journey? Or the supply boats on the river? Or the gasoline launches for hire? Or do you prefer riding the horses?"

"The horses are my choice," Hallie replied. "With them we are masters of the situation and may move on as we please. It is early yet, and we should come to one of the principal camps down the line by noon or shortly after."

Dawn Courtenay jumped up with alacrity.

"That point being settled, let us make ourselves ready at once."

"If only I could make this trip for you," he sighed.

Her answer was decisive.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Hayes, my presence is indispensable. I am the only representative of Mr. Ravenden on the Yellow-head."

He bowed.

"Please do not quibble," she begged. "Will you saddle Ruffles and bring him up beside Debbie? That will give me time to get into a riding-suit."

He went to do her bidding with that friendly, faithful look in his tawny eyes which is only found in dumb animals who worship men because they do not understand them. Fifteen minutes later they met at the door, mounted, and rode silently down the trail.

No white dress now. That favorite garb was replaced by the plainest and most serviceable of riding-suits. Miss Courtenay was a very able horsewoman, and had been longing secretly for the time when she could

(Continued on page 20.)



The river gurgled on its course.



LIFE OF VLADISLAV REMM

CHAPTER III.

(Continued from page 5.)

THEIR disappointment, however, was but a temporary one. The very next day a letter came from Remm addressed to the new Prezydent of the Fraternal Help. In short, abrupt, somewhat constrained sentences, the writer begged his former comrades' pardon for the manner in which he had received their deputation, withdrew the message which, through that deputation, he had sent to them, and assured them of his appreciation of their offers, which he now gratefully accepted, leaving it to the discretion of their committee as to when and where the banquet of reinstatement should occur.

Immediately the enthusiasm broke out afresh. The plans for the feting of their errant comrade went on with renewed vigor. Subscriptions to cover the expenses were solicited and received from all. Speakers were appointed; an entertainment was arranged.

The banquet was held a few days later. Eloquent speeches were made down both sides of the long table; enthusiasm waxed apace. They remembered Remm's undeniable talents; his genius for organization; his eloquence; his obvious capacities for the propagation of the cause. Each speaker was cheered to the echo as he praised Remm, and prophesied the ultimate success of the Revolution. . . . The excitement was contagious; all, even the gravest, were infected by it.

One of the speakers had just seated himself amongst wild applause. The next orator in turn arose, and began, in a clear, ringing voice to speak. Immediately every head was craned; it was a woman who was speaking.

"Marinka Yolenta! Marinka Yolenta! Marinka Yolenta!" ran the low whisper, like a rippling wave, down each side of the long white board glittering with silver and cut glass, and adorned with a profusion of flowers. In a hushed silence they listened, gazing covertly, from time to time, at Remm, who, deadly pale, sat at the end of the long table in the place of the guest of honor. It was well known that he had been madly in love with Marinka Yolenta before the Degradation.

Marinka's speech was clear, forceful, at times rising even to eloquence. She spoke of the long oppression of their beloved Poland; of the cruelty, the

ruthlessness of their Russian governors; of the efforts of the many secret patriotic societies to combat the regime of terrorism which the tyrants had initiated and obstinately maintained. With tears in her eyes, she spoke of the martyrs of the Cause. Her voice trembled as she mentioned the names of various of their own comrades who had been executed; it seemed that she would break down when she mentioned, among those who had been condemned, for the rest of their natural lives, to forced labor in the mines of Siberia, the name of her own brother. Mastering her emotion, she turned toward Remm.

"Our friend and Kollega, Vladislav Remm, has returned to us from the damp and loathsome chambers of the Citadel," she said. "He, at least, has been spared to us, and his life and freedom, I declare to all, will be of inestimable value to the Cause. He departed under a cloud; he returns a hero! Henceforth his life and all his efforts will be devoted to the interests of our bleeding Fatherland. In the name of our Cause, in the name of our University and of the Fraternity, in the name of my own brother, his former friend and comrade, I welcome him back to our fold. I express to him our love and trust, and sympathy for the hardships—fortunately not of long duration—which he has been made to endure."

She was interrupted by a wild-faced, blond-haired boy of gigantic stature, who sprang to his feet.

"To the health of Vladislav Remm!" he cried, with a voice of thunder. "Standing!"

With ringing cheers, the banqueters rose as a single man. "Long live! Long live!" they cried, as they drank Remm's health. Then, leaving their seats, they crowded around him at the end of the table, clashed their glasses against his, insisted on shaking hands with him, clapped him on the back. The few girls present kissed him frankly and fraternally upon the cheek. The last to come was Marinka Yolenta; as she followed the example of the other girls, she whispered to him that she would like to speak with him privately as soon as a favorable opportunity occurred.

The banquet broke up; the table was cleared away and pushed back against the wall, and the floor made ready for dancing. Some of those present had, it is true, made the usual protest against dancing at a time when their friends and relatives were languishing in Russian prisons, sent to execution almost daily, but the sentiment of jubilation over Remm's release had prevailed. They had engaged an itinerant band of Roumanian musicians to supply the music as long as it was needed. Mazurka, Poloneska, Cracoviatz, succeeded one another in rapid succession. Later there would be patriotic songs and melodeclamations. Overflowing with enthusiasm, the students became noisy and uproarious; the whole hall resounded with their cries and laughter.

In a corner of the long room, Marinka Yolenta stood talking in low, earnest tones with the rehabilitated Kollega. Her eyes of soft brown agate, as they rested on his face, shone with loyalty and affection. She talked in a repressed, rapid voice; he, bending slightly over, listened to her intently. He was very pale still, and it seemed to Marinka, as she talked, that there was a strange gleam of suffering in his fine, dark eyes.

"And so," she concluded, "all will be well. I have, in your own name, given the money back. I gave the whole amount,—not a kopeck was missing. You will begin a new life. You have great talents; you will succeed. I believe that you will aid the Cause greatly; you will take the place of poor Boris."

Tears welled up into her beautiful, soft eyes; she turned away with a little sob, as she thought of the sufferings of the brother, who had been her all.

"You believe in me?" asked Vladislav, in a low, unsteady tone, gazing down at her strangely from his greater height.

"Believe in you?" repeated the girl, an unmistakable light leaping up into her eyes. "I always believed in you, Vladislav! Never have I doubted you—never; not even when my own brother talked against you; not even when they came to me, one after another, after your arrest, and prophesied that you would betray the Cause."

She placed both her hands upon his shoulders.

"I love you and trust you, Vladislav,"

she said, "with my whole heart! We will work together for our Cause. I will help you in all—I ask of you only one thing."

She paused, looking him silently in the eyes.

"And that—" he murmured, in a hardly audible voice.

"Never to deceive me, Vladek; that is all!"

Vladislav was silent. A strange, complex emotion flickered across his face. For a moment they stood there thus, together, gazing into one another's eyes, as though they would read each other's very soul. Then, with a reckless laugh, Vladislav seized her around the waist, and whirled her into the wild tumult of the Cracoviak (national Polish dance).

CHAPTER IV.

MORE than once, during the following five years, Remm's associates had occasion to congratulate themselves upon his rehabilitation. To the front rank he again had forged after his return, by virtue of the same qualities which had won for him in former days the leading place. His talents, his personality, were tremendous. Extraordinarily handsome of form and feature, he was a brilliant musician, an eloquent speaker, a scholar and accomplished linguist, a writer with a pen of flame and fire. Brochure after brochure written by his hand was circulated secretly among the people. He became known, then famous, as a writer of short stories, in which the social and economical conditions of his distracted country were painted in an allegorical, symbolic form. His poetic drama, "Mozart," was presented in St. Petersburg with great success. His creations spread like wildfire all over Polish Russia, then into Germany. He enjoyed the intimate friendship of such men as Pieszkoff, Andreieff, Korolenko; he was in constant correspondence with the inspired seer of Jasnaya Polyana. It was said that his life and talents were of inestimable value to the Revolutionary Cause. Strangely enough, however, unlike two, at least, of the above named writers, he was rarely molested by the Police. Perhaps it was because of this immunity, real or fancied, that his audacities seemed to know no end. Now he would make a wildly passionate plea for revolution at a public lecture; now he would publish a story in which the Tsar, the Government, the Police, were lashed with the bitterest scorn, stigmatised with the vilest opprobrium. It was only when he went beyond all bounds that he was, sometimes it seemed as though for the form, taken into custody, but almost immediately released; he passed through the prison doors more wildly and enthusiastically popular than before. It was whispered that he was not only the leading spirit still of the Fraternity, but of various other underground activities of which the police had no official knowledge. He was now married; it was a girl of good family whom he had chosen, one Marinka Yolenta, sister of a revolutionary agitator who had been tried and convicted of conspiracy against the Governor-General's life (in an incredibly short time) and deported to Siberia. He had one child. And Marinka—what of her? What had been her lot during these five years which had made of her husband a famous man?

She sat, one late afternoon, at the window of her room overlooking the Vistula. The street lamps lining, like files of soldiers, the long Embankment, were already lighted; they cast a pale yellow glow upon the cold, gray current that sluggishly flowed by. The Embankment was generally deserted at this time of the afternoon; here it was her custom to sit as the twilight fell and, lost in thought, gaze out, as now she gazed, across the wide, gray slab of water that seemed to cut itself equilaterally out of the darker land on either side. It was lonesome and depressing to behold the mist gathering and creeping, like a ghostly hand, along the surface of the sluggish stream. From time to time a *doroszka* would clatter by over the rough cobbles of the Embankment street; the *doroszkan* lashing his bony

(Continued on page 19.)



CANADIAN PICTURE FOR ST. LOUIS' ART GALLERY.—"Milking—Evening," by the celebrated Canadian painter, Horatio Walker, was recently sold in New York to the City Art Museum of St. Louis, Mo. It represents a typical scene on the Island of Orleans, near Quebec, where Mr. Walker does most of his work.



AROUND THE HEARTH

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE.

"Come read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

"Come read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice."

OUR READING.

"One of the luxuries of life is the enrichment of our minds through the agency of good literature." I read that sentence the other day, and copied it, fully endorsing its sentiments, for no one who indulges in such a luxury will refute its truth. Good reading develops the mind, increases the mental capacity, and in youth strengthens the memory.

People do not read to the extent of their privilege. They will not take the time, but that is indeed a poor excuse for missing the inspiration which reading affords. Time is not lost nor wasted that is spent in educating the mind and filling it with the great thoughts of great writers. Reading is worth while for the pleasure and profit we derive temporarily, aside from the rich intellectual growth of knowledge it yields as a permanent expedient in mentality.

Much of our reading is superficial, caused by the number of papers, magazines, and books which come into our homes with such regularity that it seems necessary to merely skim over the pages. No one can deny that the newspaper is a great educator, and this sort of reading is a necessity. Our minds require the general information of current events, and although we give it but fleeting notice, it enables us to keep abreast of the times.

A newspaper is an ephemeral thing—yesterday's events being swallowed up in the fresh incidents of to-day. It is a medley of mixed doings and happenings—things irrelevant and apart—a hundred different topics with no connecting thread—a something to pick and choose from—a casting aside of items and feeling that nothing is missed—a selection of what pleases and gratifies the individual desire—this is the function of the newspaper.

* * *

But books are different. You begin at the first and read right through. You do not want to miss even a paragraph. Should a leaf be missing it is regarded as a misfortune because the connecting link is gone. If the book is worth while—and no one who has little leisure should spend time reading books that are not worth while—then we want to re-read it many times. We become old and true friends, and we return to its pages still fascinated with the same old characters, just as we used to read again and again the stories we loved in our childhood.

"What book of all you have ever read did you enjoy most?" an old woman was asked.

"The first one," was the prompt reply. "It is as fresh in my memory to-day, as though I read it but yesterday."

Do you remember the first book you ever read? I do. It was not a fairy tale, exactly, but it bordered on the unreal, inasmuch as it described all the tiny dwellers in a small pond living as people in a community, conversing and visiting, and fighting their battles, the strong against the weak, the large overcoming the small. During my whole life I have never stood beside a pond or small stream wherein disport tiny creatures, squirming and wriggling, that my mind does not revert to that child's book with its large full type and short words, its fascinating pictures and alluring tales.

That I should ever have had any interest in that phase of animal life without having read that book is doubtful, as zoology never held much charm for me, and so it had enriched my mind, and left it open for other tales of a similar nature, which I took delight in reading to my children. The books read in childhood and youth leave deep impressions, and often serve to mould a life. I have heard the Sunday School libraries ridiculed as "goody-goody" books, and perhaps they did savor of some

such quality in the old days when I devoured every book in the library, but just the same there were ideals set up worthy of emulation.

Not long ago I read a sharp criticism on certain books written for boys by a popular author. The text of the censorious remarks was that the same story, differently set up, ran in all the books—a poor, good boy trying to help his widowed mother, and a rich, bad boy who persecuted him as tempter and bully. Then back of that was the bad boy's father trying to gain the widow's home by means more foul than fair. Of course some streak of good luck or unexpected fortune always turned up in time to save from the crash that seemed inevitable, and the book ended happily in rewarding the right and punishing the wrong.

Now, my boy had a library of fifty of those books, and for years he had revelled in the stories they told. Over and over again he read them, never seeming to tire of the wit and the sarcasm, the fun and the quarrels of these lads. I had read enough to notice the sameness complained of by the critic, but also recognized the author's intention of showing his youthful readers that there was compensation for the boy who walked in the path of right, and that sooner or later virtue would have its reward, and that the way of wrongdoing never leads to happiness.

Of course the time came when the lad no longer sought this library for entertainment, but I am certain it did him no harm, and has left, as the saying goes, even in regard to books, "a good taste in the mouth." It would not have been wise to have deprived him of his enjoyment in these characters he admired or spurned, and I believe it gave him a keener insight into human nature that will enable him to discern the real from the counterfeit.

* * *

When I was young, people called me a book-worm. That was because I was always to be seen with a book. I did not deserve the title, for I was a very superficial reader in those days, and not addicted to deep study. To a Scotch family with whom I boarded for three years when I was teaching, I owe my ability to read understandingly. They made a habit of discussing the questions of the day at meal-time, and around the fireside. My habit of skimming over things had to be abandoned, in order that I might be capable of expressing my views with the rest. I discovered that it was necessary to be fully informed, and the habit of concentration acquired then has stayed with me. I do not read extensively, but try to follow closely, and mentally digest, what I do find time to read.

To say that one is a great reader, because he reads many books does not prove anything beyond the fact that he is fond of reading, and spends much of his leisure in that pastime, but may obtain very slight results.

There is an advantage in knowing how to read. Not that we mean knowing how to pronounce the words and understand the pauses, but to read comprehendingly, and to remember what is read well enough to converse about it intelligently.

In our reading it would be well to remember these words of Bacon—"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested—that is, some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention."

One writer describes his plan of reading thus—"I glance over it first, then read it carefully, and usually make a study of parts of it, just as a student preparing a lesson," and I find that answers to my method very perfectly. I re-read much of it for the beauty of expression, for the well-rounded sentences, for the mastery of language, all of which appeals to my sense of appreciation.

No one book suits all persons, and no one author is every one's favorite. We are inclined to select from our own choice of style, which is not the wisest

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Better Canadian Babies



Question Box for Mothers

Answered by LAURA S. M. HAMILTON, M.D.

Mothers, have you become familiar with this new Department in which questions are answered regarding your children's physical welfare? What are your problems? Write to-day. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, and your request will receive personal attention by a physician whose advice will come back right into your own home to help you in your perplexing matters.

Question.—I am coming to you for help about my baby. He is my second child and is now three months old. He is bright and strong, but not very plump, and only weighed 6½ pounds at birth. I had to put the baby on the bottle at second month. At first I used pure cream, diluted with boiled water, sweetened with milk sugar, and a few drops of lime-water added. Then I began decreasing the amount of cream and adding more milk, until now I give him more milk than cream (about two ounces to a feeding), and dilute it with boiled water about half and half. Is this about the right proportion to use? This seemed to agree with my baby very well until lately. I stopped using lime-water and tried milk of magnesia in his feedings. This seemed to agree better, but his movements were thick and pasty, which didn't seem right either. What would you advise using?

I haven't been pasteurizing his milk as I have been reasonably sure of it being clean and fresh. It seems to agree better with him. For a time I prepared two feedings every day for the next morning (as my milk is not delivered until about nine in the morning), and pasteurized it, and kept it as cold as possible. But I found that my baby was always cross after these feedings. It is impossible for us to have ice, and in the summer the milk is not always fit for a baby's use by the next morning, so I decided to try Borden's Condensed Milk. I give my baby two—sometimes three—feedings of this a day, and so far it has agreed well with him. His feedings during the remainder of the day are milk prepared as I have said.

What is your opinion of condensed milk? Is it apt to disagree with fresh cow's milk, when used together? Would it be better to put the baby altogether on the condensed milk? Ought I to pasteurize his milk, and try to make him accustomed to it?

I expect to travel some distance this summer, and if it would be safe for the baby would prefer using condensed milk, as I could carry it with me, and it may not always be possible to secure fresh cow's milk. We also expect to be camping for some time, and fresh milk may be hard to get then. What would you advise me to use?

I did not have this trouble with my oldest boy, now four, as I was able to nurse him until he was eleven months old, and he could take milk easily. Is there any way in which I could have increased my nurse and enriched its quality? I am healthy and well, but quite stout, and anything I took for that purpose seemed but to make me stouter, while my nurse was as poor as ever.

Answer.—Loss of milk is very common among the women of this country. I cannot say why. The only remedy I have found of any use in cases where this is apt to occur is to arrange beforehand to have help during the nursing period.

You have been too haphazard in feeding your baby. The materials of food are good but wrongly proportioned. Get Holt's book and feed according to age. It would be useless for me to give you a schedule, for the amounts must continually be changing

and by the little expense of the book you have all your changes clearly laid out for you.

The baby's motions, as you describe them, show some indigestion. It is not safe in this weather to run any risks. I do not approve of condensed milk, except for a very short time, under some peculiar circumstances.

Don't pasteurize the milk if it is clean and agrees with baby fresh.

Boil the milk for your trip, using

not cooked enough. His little bowels are very good, but sometimes he has three or four movements a day for a week or two. What do you think the reason?

His grandma dearly loves to have him, but she loves to feed him everything, and I do hate to tell her not to. What am I to do?

I cannot go away at all, and I seldom do, except to church, as I have no one to leave him with but grandma. He sleeps alone with window open all the

One other thing you can do. If ever he is fed by other people again and is ill therefrom, promptly send for those good friends to help you in your vigil with him, and invite them cordially to do all, or at least assist in, the extra washing entailed by the upset. All this may sound rather absurd to you, but I am in earnest. If a little of this impertinence of feeding or poisoning other people's children were met in just this or some similar plain way, intelligent, earnest young mothers would have less trouble, and a considerable percentage of illness, if not mortality of infants, would be avoided.

I would not give baby "flour browned in a pap"; rather bake pieces of bread till light brown or yellow, and give him that to chew. Use more lime water to help teeth. Read one of the former Journals, either April or June re teeth, and don't worry, they'll come all right.

Of course, enter him in the Journal Contest anyway.

If you cannot trust your friends to carry out your methods with your boy, don't on any account leave him with them. It may seem a nuisance now, but it will save you endless trouble and anxiety later.

My own experience is that, having once announced your platform about such things—good-naturedly, albeit firmly—people first consider you a mild, harmless lunatic—later a person of some mentality, and then one to be referred to whose advice and experience are worth having.

Meantime you have a healthy, bonnie boy—of your own.

Answer to A.B.C.—Now for that bug-bear, constipation. I'll give a list and you can try one or all, taking them in turns or combinations.

For constipation:—Diet, drink water, fruit juices, milk, buttermilk.

Eat whole wheat bread or made from coarse meals, vegetables, fruit, fresh or dried, as stewed prunes, figs, or raw or stewed dates. Dates are very helpful. Drink, if possible, in small quantities, six glasses of water daily: two in the morning, two at night, and two during the day.

A helpful remedy is: 1 lb. figs; 1 lb. prunes; 3 quarts of water; a few senna leaves, if desired, and a little brown sugar. Wash and cut up fruit and

stew with water till reduced to about one half quantity. Then strain roughly through colander. Bottle while hot and drink one-half cupful one hour before food.

As your baby's health is in no way affected by the birth-mark you refer to, I would not advise your having anything done for it. Meddling is sometimes dangerous. Some time when you are in some large centre and have money to spare consult a good skin specialist; otherwise best leave it alone.

The better the general health, the better the milk. I have found that a good, simple iron tonic begun directly after confinement often helped the milk, by building up the mother's blood. You could ask your doctor for one. Mother's milk will not disagree with baby if both are normal.

For Better Canadian Babies Contest see page 33.



Ernest Attenbough of 88 Caroline St., Toronto. A fine boy of two years.



From Canada's far away Dawson City, Yukon, comes this photo of little George Brimston, one of our little "human bricks."



George Edward Spence, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Spence, of Thamesville, Ont.

the usual formula, only substituting boiled milk. I would say the same of camping, but if you can avoid that with so small a baby I would strongly advise against the risk you undertake.

You seem to experience difficulty in keeping milk cool during the summer without ice. I enclose a diagram of the Japanese method, which I have worked successfully many times.

Question.—Please find enclosed an envelop in which I would like some questions

answered about my baby boy age ten months.

I am a mother at twenty-three and so must be very inexperienced and foolish. What do you think? But baby is a dear, fat, healthy boy. I always turn to the Question Box the minute the Journal comes, and I think it is getting better every month. Somehow I think I know you, and am asking many things.

I live in the country, so baby has nice, fresh, clean cow's milk. I began to get him used to a cup at eight months and at nine he was weaned altogether. If he wakened in the night I gave him a drink from a cup of milk and he was satisfied and went to sleep again. At first I gave him barley water and milk but since a month old I have been giving him a cup of milk with about a teaspoonful of limewater in it. Do you think that all right? I find it hard to get a change for his meals and I feed him every three hours. They seem to come very often and it is usually milk, oatmeal, gruel, browned

flour made in a pap, cream of wheat, and sops. I also give him a dry piece of bread to chew quite often, sometimes orange juice and once a soft boiled egg. Do you think I am feeding him properly? I did give him some arrowroot biscuits, but read in last Journal they were too starchy and

and am waiting to have his picture taken at one year, and will then hurry with Score Card to have it in by the 30th of Sept. He weighs 22 pounds now; chest 20 inches; head 20,

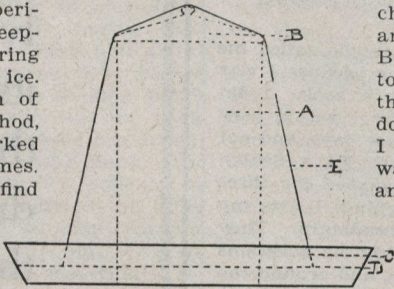
and I forget his length. But the pet hasn't a tooth in his head. Is there anything I can do to make them grow? I did not have any till I was over a year, and am afraid he will not.

He stands up himself and plays in a packing box on the verandah, almost all the time. He is very sturdy and strong.

Answer.—I am very glad to hear from you of a baby so happily situated as yours seems to be. Why is twenty-three necessarily an age of ignorance? Many of your ques-

tions would be answered by Dr. Holt's book, which I would suggest your getting at once. You may order it at the T. Eaton Co., for 75 cents. Take the schedule of food for a baby a month or two older than your boy, and feed according to that. My only criticism of Dr. Holt is that his schedules are not quite plentiful enough for a normal Canadian boy baby, that has not had indigestion. You have fed your baby well, and weaned him splendidly, but you are feeding him a little bit heavily now, which accounts for the frequent movements at times. But get Dr. Holt's book and you will be all right.

Then take that book and thrust it, and the Journal (having first persuaded, in whatever manner you know best, your husband to support you), obstinately before your good mother-in-law, and any one else that interferes. Say the baby is your baby. You have borne him and suffered for him, and you propose to bring him up as you deem best for him.



JAPANESE METHOD OF COOLING

A—A large stone jar or crock.
B—Tight cover.
C—Pan or dish two to four inches deep, e.g. milk pan.
D—Water one inch deep.
E—Thick wet cloth wrapped all round and over jar and dipping into water on all sides.
Stand whole arrangement in a draught and keep one inch of water always in pan.
By evaporation of the water the cloth keeps moist by soaking up the water in the pan. The interior of this crock is always cool enough to keep butter hard or good milk fresh for twenty-four hours.



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This little man of two summers is William Kenneth Thomson, Goderich, Ont.



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TRESSES—GOLDEN AND BROWN

We invite our readers to avail themselves of the advice given by this Department on matters of health and personal appearance. If a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed with questions, a reply will be mailed direct.

By ETHEL CHAPMAN-BURNS.

Have you ever noticed when a man undertakes to describe a member of the "fair sex" he invariably begins with the statement that she has either light or dark hair, and can also inform you not only of its color, but of its beauty or lack of beauty as well. The hair is ever the most important feature to him, and no matter what else is forgotten, he will remember her hair.

Perhaps, after all, man's standard of estimate is not far astray, for it is important, and many a woman's appearance is spoiled or made by the condition of her hair. A pretty gown counts for very little if the hair is sticking out in stiff, unruly wisps or lying flat and oily in an unmanageable condition. If it is dry and dead-looking and thin, it adds years and weariness to her looks. Bright, smooth tresses, fashionably arranged, not only add to one's youth, but also to one's beauty.

It is such an encouraging subject—this—for no matter how dreadful the hair may be, give it attention and thoughtful care and the results will be amazing. If one has a crooked nose, a crooked nose it must stay, but let us rejoice that we have the power to transform our hair, and not by using dyes or bleaches either.

Nature has done a great deal for some in this respect, and endowed them with soft, fluffy hair, which seems always to abound in tantalizing little ringlets, but this admirable condition would not long remain if it were not for the careful, never-ending care on the part of the possessor. No matter how beautiful the hair may be, if it receives no attention, its charm will soon disappear.

As the health and luxuriance of the plants growing in our gardens depend upon the fertility of the soil in which they send down their tiny roots, just so the gloss and sheen of the hair depend on the condition of the scalp.

Every scalp requires a certain amount of massage to keep it healthy, especially if the hair is already thin and dandruff is present. People have paid hundreds of dollars to specialists for their advice as to how to treat the scalp to cure dandruff, and what have been the prescriptions? Merely this: Massage the scalp well every twenty-four hours for twenty minutes at least, preferably before retiring.

There is a right way and a wrong way, however, to do this, and the best method is to take down the hair, brush it, and then place the finger tips of each hand on either side of the head and work them gradually upward with a circular movement until they meet at the top of the head. At each turn of the fingers let them work lightly on the surface and then deeply. The first motion is for the hair follicles, the second to move the scalp on the head that it may become yielding and flexible.

Follow this by a brisk brushing of the hair, but not so brisk that the ends of the hair will be broken. Very few select their hair brushes with enough care. When you make your purchase, see that the bristles are not too even and close. The brush can do its work most efficiently if the bristles are not too stiff, rather coarse and quite uneven in length.

Olive oil is a splendid food for the hair; rub it on the scalp when massaging with the finger tips, being careful not to get any more on the hair than possible.

When hair is oily and full of dandruff, it seems necessary to shampoo it often, but it should not be done more frequently than every two weeks, or under exceptional circumstances, weekly. When not exposed to much dust or dirt, once a month is often enough to have the hair washed, but the healthy scalp must, of course, be clean.

The general health has a great effect on the hair. Pure air and exercise are essential if the locks are to be glossy and abundant. When your system is run down, the hair will at once give evidence of the fact and become faded and dead-looking. In some instances it may even become prematurely grey, but this is usually corrected when the general health is built up and the body is given its needed rest and change.

Perhaps a few words on the method of shampoo would be beneficial. Before the operation begins, have ready plenty of hot water, clean towels (not Turkish, for the lint will come off and cause trouble if these are used), comb and brush, and hair-pins newly washed in warm water in which has been put a few drops of ammonia, and your shampoo. Any preparation put up by a reputable firm is good, but if you prefer to make your own, the following formula may be used:

Oil of lavender.....20 drops
Soft soap 3 ounces
Rectified spirit 2 "
Water enough to make.. 6 "

If soap is used, it should not be rubbed directly on the hair; rather shave it in water and have it dissolved before starting the shampoo.

When all these are in readiness, dampen the hair with the warm water, and, placing the head over the bowl, part the hair and rub on the shampoo. Continue this until you have covered your head, then begin to wash the hair. To get the suds thoroughly washed out will require several changes of water and much rinsing. Have the next to the last quite warm, then follow it by a douse of very cold water and dry the hair.

A great many people forget that the hair needs fresh air. It is usually done up close against the head, and a change is beneficial. If you can let it hang loosely over your shoulders for a little while every day, exposed to the air and sometimes sunshine, do not neglect it, but if impossible during the day, try it at night.

Never use hair oil, as it makes the hair greasy and soiled looking, and robs it of its fluffiness, so much in demand for the fashionable coiffure.

While there is a great deal of general advice that may be given on the care of the scalp and hair, there is much that must be given to individual cases. To those who wish a private word of advice, I shall be pleased to send it. In some cases the hair may be too oily, and need a preparation to overcome that, or a treatment may be desired for hair which is too dry. If you wish assistance, address your request to this Department, with a stamped envelope for reply.

WINNIE BOY.—Your kind words of appreciation are most encouraging. I am always glad to receive letters which tell me that this Department is of practical value.

I would not worry over the brown spots on the arm, caused from the burn. Massage them often, using a little cocoa oil (not too much oil or it might bring a growth of hairs) and the spots will gradually disappear.

For the red nose try the following:

1 dr. boracic acid,
1 oz. glycerine,
2 oz. distilled witch hazel.

Put this on the nose often and allow it to remain on.

ALICE.—One who comes back from a summer vacation without what is commonly called a good, healthy tan is regarded as not having taken full advantage of his opportunities. Most people feel that in getting themselves well tanned they have done something meritorious—something that, in an obscure way, is beneficial to their health and well-being. So strong is the superstition that people will sometimes voluntarily submit their arms and faces to painful sunburn, and rejoice in the subsequent mahoganizing of their skin.

As a matter of fact, there is no special virtue in a coat of tan. It is the protection that unaided Nature attempts to supply to the skin when it is attacked by the damaging ultra-violet rays. It filters the sunlight, and in that way weakens or eliminates the force of the rays. There is no reason for compelling Nature to take these preventive measures. A sun hat of light brown or green will perform the same service more efficiently.

The ultra-violet rays have the merit of destroying germs; but few persons, it may be believed, feel it necessary to acquire a coat of tan for that purpose.



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To see for yourself why so many women prefer “Wear-Ever” ware, get this 1 qt. (wine measure) “Wear-Ever” Stewpan. Send ten 2-cent stamps and we will send you the pan prepaid. Ask for booklet, “The ‘Wear-Ever’ Kitchen,” which tells how to improve your cooking. Good until September 20 only.



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IN THE MERRY GREEN CORN TIME

By MARION HARRIS NEIL.

Author of “How to Cook in Casserole Dishes,” etc.

Green corn is one of the best vegetables, and is capable of being served with so many delightful little variations that the housekeeper will find it well worth her while to try some of them.

To boil green corn is an easy thing to do, but in choosing it be sure to have it young, full grown, but not hard. Test it with the nail; when the grain is pierced the milk should escape in a jet and not be thick. Corn, like peas, loses its sweetness after being broken from the stalk, and should not be picked any longer than possible before eating. Husk the corn and remove all silk, leaving one layer of husks next to the kernels. Put two quarts of cold water into a deep pan, lay in eight ears of corn, bring to the boil, and boil for ten minutes; add one tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and boil six minutes longer. More than this will cause the corn to lose its sweetness. Heap the corn on a hot dish, serve to each person one ear, accompanied by a small sauceboat of melted butter, salt and pepper.

BROWNED CORN.—Cut the raw corn from the cob by scoring each row and pressing out the pulp with the back of a knife, leaving the hulls on the cob, but getting all the milk. Have a sheet-iron frying pan piping hot, and sprinkle a little salt on the bottom. As soon as it browns, put the corn from two ears in the pan, pressing the kernels with a spoon so as to extract the milk. In a moment it will begin to brown in its own juice. Keep stirring, and when well broiled add one tablespoonful of water at a time and press again until it begins to stick. Add another spoonful of water, and so on until four or five have been added. This gives a rich yet delicate gravy. Serve very hot.

CORN PUDDING.—One and one-half pints of prepared corn, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one and one-half pints of milk, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, four eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of nutmeg. Prepare the corn by scoring the ears down each row of grain, and scrape sufficient of the latter from the cob to make one and one-half pints; cream the butter and sugar, and add the salt, nutmeg and the yolks of the eggs, mix well, and add the corn and milk alternately; lastly, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour the mixture into a buttered pudding dish, set it in a pan of hot water, and bake in a moderate oven until set.

FRIED CORN.—Two pints of prepared corn, one tablespoonful of flour, six slices of bacon, one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half cupful of cream, and one teaspoonful of salt. Prepare the corn the same way as for corn pudding, and mix with it the salt, sugar and flour. Put the bacon in a frying pan and fry out the fat; remove the bacon, and add the corn mixture to the fat in the frying pan; fry for fifteen minutes, stirring constantly; then add the cream, reduce the heat, cover closely until the cream is nearly absorbed. When serving, garnish the dish with the bacon.

CORN OMELET.—Grate the corn from six good-sized ears of green corn; beat separately to a stiff froth the whites and yolks of eight eggs, then beat them together, and add the grated corn; season with a little salt, stir all well together, then turn the mixture into an omelet pan over the fire, with enough hot butter to keep it from sticking. When the edges of the omelet begin to set, fold it quickly and serve it on a hot plate with some strips of broiled bacon round the edge of the omelet; serve immediately.

CORN SOUP.—Cut enough corn from the cob to make one pint of the milky part of the kernels without the hulls. Add one pint of hot water or plain white stock. Let it cook for ten minutes. Meanwhile have ready one quart of milk brought to the boiling point, and season with one teaspoonful of onion juice. Add this to the corn and thicken with one tablespoonful of flour

mixed with one tablespoonful of butter. Simmer gently for fifteen minutes, press through a puree sieve, add a little butter, and serve in a hot tureen with croutons.

CORN IN TOMATOES.—Three ears of boiled corn, six large tomatoes, one-half cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one saltspoonful of pepper. Cut off the stem end of the tomatoes and scoop out the seeds and the core; sprinkle a little salt and pepper over the tomatoes, one-half cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter; cut the corn from the cob, put it into a saucepan, add the tomatoes, milk, butter, salt and pepper, and allow it all to become hot. When the tomatoes are almost ready, take them from the oven, fill them with the hot corn, and return them to the oven for ten minutes; serve hot.

CORN FRITTERS.—Corn fritters are a favorite garnish for fried chicken or Belgian hare. To one cupful of fresh, sweet corn cut from the ear allow one-half cupful of cracker crumbs, mixed with one-half cupful of milk. Add two beaten eggs, whites and yolks beaten together, and season with salt and pepper. Have a very hot iron spider or pancake griddle ready, well greased with butter or olive oil, and drop in the batter, a spoonful at a time. When the fritters are brown on one side, turn the other so that it may also become cooked through. Four minutes will make them a golden brown.

BROILED SWEET CORN.—Take sweet, tender corn, cook in boiling water three minutes or steam fifteen minutes, then lay on a well-greased broiler, and toast over a good bed of coals, turning them, as they need it, until they are brown.

SCALLOPED CORN.—Scalloped corn is nice for lunch. To prepare it, boil six ears of young corn, cut it from the cobs, and put it in a buttered baking dish; stir one tablespoonful of butter into one pint of hot milk; when melted, pour it slowly over two well-beaten eggs, and mix it with the corn; sprinkle well-buttered breadcrumbs over the top, and bake in a quick oven; serve hot.

CORN RELISH.—Twenty-four ears of corn, six large white onions, one large, firm head of cabbage, six small red peppers, six large sweet peppers, one teacupful of sugar, four pints of vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of salt, two tablespoonfuls of mustard, and two tablespoonfuls of celery seed. Take a sharp knife, and, after husking, shave the corn from the cobs; chop the cabbage, onions and peppers; mix the mustard with one pint of the vinegar, and mix all of the other ingredients. Place the mixture of all the ingredients into a kettle and boil for twenty minutes, stirring all the time; now add the mustard and vinegar mixture, bring to the boiling point once more, place in bottles, and seal while hot. This relish accompanies cold meats.

CORN RAMEKINS.—Corn ramekins are very dainty and appetising. To make them, mix together two well-beaten eggs, one-half pint of milk, a pinch of baking soda, one-half pint of mild grated cheese, one pint of cooked corn cut from the cob, salt and pepper to taste. Fill into ramekin cups, set them in a pan of hot water, and bake in a hot oven till nicely browned.

CORN CAKES.—One pint of grated corn, one and one-half pints of flour, one pint of milk, three eggs, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Put the corn into a bowl, add the yolks of the eggs, milk and salt; beat well, sift in the flour and baking powder, then fold on the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs; divide into greased patty pans, and bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

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If the description is not clear, we would suggest that the contributor send a rough sketch, making the idea plain, which can be used as a guide to the artist who will illustrate this page.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL cannot return the items submitted; therefore it is advisable to keep copies of material sent for consideration.

Address correspondence: "My Best Idea," care of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 71 Richmond St. West, Toronto, Canada.

USE SALT TO DESTROY ODOR.

Very often when cooking fruit, or rice, porridge or other kinds of foods, they will, if not watched, boil over upon the stove, making nasty spots and stains on its polished surface. If salt is immediately sprinkled pretty thickly on the places where the food ran over on the stove it will take away the nasty smell of burnt food; also if left on until the salt entirely dries it up, you will find both salt and burnt food will be reduced to a cinder which can be rubbed off quite easily, and instead of a big disfiguring spot the stove will be almost as clean as if nothing had boiled over on it.

W. S. F. Plattsville, Ont.

PAPER CUPS.

Have a good supply of paper cups in the lunch basket next time you go for a day at the lake or riverside. They are so easy to make and save space, which is a point to be considered. To make, take a piece of paper about six or seven inches square, fold over diagonally once, then take point C over to D (see illustration), then bring A to E. Now fold down flaps B at dotted line, one on each side, and you have a neat little cup that will hold its shape, and also its contents.

L. H.

TO DISTINGUISH COOKED FROM RAW EGGS.

It is a very easy matter to tell a raw egg from a boiled one without breaking the shell or without any bother at all. When an egg is boiled it expands and breaks the small air cell, which all eggs have; therefore, when you try to spin a raw egg you will find out that it will spin a little, but not nearly as well as the boiled egg. Many cooked eggs find their way into the city homes because it is so hard to tell them from uncooked eggs, merely from their appearance.

C. D. Wright, Beresford, Man.

COOKING OUTSIDE.

An old cookstove which had been put out under a shade tree in the back yard (for lack of a better place) gave us the idea for a combined camping-out place and summer kitchen. We put on two lengths of "elbows" for a chimney and propped them up with a couple of bricks and whichever way the wind blew we turned the mouth of the pipe another way. Here we cooked many a meal, did all our fruit preserving and canning corn, etc., which takes so long, and the heat and odors were kept out of the house. We did our work in comfort round the stove as it was always cool. There was also a work table which could be put over the stove when it rained, and a camp bed with double springs, which served both for a seat and a couch. A small packing-box covered all over with oilcloth, and with a hinged door was nailed to the tree trunk at a convenient height and held salt, pepper, knife, fork, spoons, and such articles used in cooking; and having them handy saved steps. We prepared all vegetables and fruit out there and thus had all the benefit of outdoor life combined with the comforts and conveniences of home life, especially the large vegetable garden just at the rear. The drive pump was under the shade of the same tree. The only inconvenience was an occasional puff

of smoke in the face, but what camper escapes that! "Irish Molly."

BABY'S BATH.

Wrap the baby in a towel before placing him in the water, then he is not frightened by the sudden change as the towel gets gradually wet. Remove it when the little fellow is enjoying himself.

BLUE HEMS FOR CURTAINS.

I wanted curtains with a border across the bottom and up the sides for my blue and white dining-room, so I bought plain white scrim, hemstitched a three-inch hem on the curtains and the short curtains to go all the way across the double windows. Then I made some strong blue dye, boiling it in the usual way, trying it until I had the right shade. I laid the curtains one at a time on a table, slipped a large piece of blotting-paper under the hem to absorb the extra dye, and applied the dye slowly and carefully to the hem with a small paint-brush. I was careful that it did not cross the hemstitching, but I put it on until the hems were as wet as they could be. Then I hung them on the line to dry, being careful that the ends did not blow against the centre.

USE RED INK INSTEAD OF BLUING.

In washing pink cotton materials rinse in cold water in which has been put a little red ink instead of bluing, and that faded look will be prevented.

TAR PAPER FOR MICE.

Put tarred paper over mouseholes and the mice will not gnaw through. Mrs. Alvern B. Smith, Regina, Sask.

WORK MENTALLY AS WELL AS PHYSICALLY.

When ironing or any such work where only the hands are employed, have a poem or verse placed where the eye can glance and memorize it. You will be surprised how rapidly you can iron and develop mentally as well. Mrs. Thurston, Bobcaygeon.

PINS FOR SKEWERS.

I have always kept a box of glass headed pins—varying in length from four to seven inches—on my kitchen shelf, to serve in the place of skewers for poultry or game. They do not tear the tender skin of the birds, and leave no unsightly holes when withdrawn, which the large head of the pin renders so easy. They are also very easily kept clean.

Falling the pins, I find a good substitute in fine steel knitting pins, the short ones, size 17 or 18. They should be very carefully dried after use.

Mrs. Gibbon, Pratt, Man.

FRAME FOR LAUNDERED CLOTHES.

Instead of a clothes horse for hanging laundered clothes upon make a frame in the following manner: Take two pairs of wall brackets, 7—9, fasten securely on wall behind range if possible, one fifteen inches above the other and as far apart as desired (mine are six feet). Upon these place two bars and fasten securely to brackets.

Mrs. E. A. Fear, Teeswater.

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11



Best for Baby

After many years' use by parents of all classes, in Royal Nurseries and humble homes, Savory and Moore's Food has the reputation of being a thoroughly reliable food for infants.

The experience of parents, nurses, and medical men all goes to show that babies do thrive remarkably well on this famous food, that its use prevents infant ailments, and that it builds up a strong constitution, so important in later life. You may therefore bring up baby on Savory & Moore's Food with the assurance that you are doing the best you can for your child.

MOTHER'S GUIDE FREE

Savory & Moore's little Book, "The Baby," is full of useful information on Infant Management, and contains hints on such subjects as Feeding, Teething, the Toilet, Exercise, Weight, Infant Ailments, and many others. It is just what a young mother requires, and will prove invaluable in the home. A Free Copy may be obtained on application to Savory & Moore, P.O. Box 1601, Montreal.

SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD

Of all Druggists and Stores.



BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

Was He Scotch?

"Mother," confided Jim, "I wish I had three eyes."

"Why, son? Where would you have the extra one?"

"I'd have it on the end of my finger so I could poke it through a crack in the fence and see the ball game for nothing," explained Jim.

The Domestic Machine.

Mr. Meek was laboriously hooking up the back of his wife's evening dress just as the clock was striking their dinner hour and their dinner guests were ringing the door bell. Mr. Meek breathed hard; his forehead was damp and his hands shook.

"I do wish some one would invent a machine to do this kind of work!" he muttered, miserably.

"Why, they have!" replied his wife, brightly, as she applied some powder nonchalantly to her nose. "They have, and you are it!"

Edna Was Honest.

An automobilist, scorching through a country neighborhood, killed a hen. He stopped and pressed a dollar into the hand of little Edna, who was going to call at neighbor Reed's. Edna ran and told mama her good fortune.

"Well," said thrifty mama, "put the money in your bank, and I will cut the hen's head off so we can eat her."

"Perhaps, mama," said Edna thoughtfully, "as long as we have the money, we had better let the Reeds eat the hen. It was their hen."

A Difference in Pronouns.

Grandma held Teddy on her lap while she pointed out each big letter in the alphabet. Coming to "U," she said, "Now what is that letter, Teddy?" and he wisely replied: "That's me."

She Would Be Rich.

Little Katherine, five years old, entered the room as the doctor was taking the temperature of an older sister who was recovering from an illness. When the physician examined the needle he said, "Jane's temperature drops a quarter each day." Katherine remarked, "I wish I could find some of them."

So Much Easier.

A tourist while travelling in the north of Scotland, far from anywhere, exclaimed to one of the natives: "Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor."

"Nae, sir," replied Sandy. "We've jist to dee a natural death."

Those Little Dishes.

Tommy ate his first meal at a country hotel, when he was nine years old, and the experience was an event. He was especially interested in the collection of small, thick dishes containing side orders scattered about his place. When he went home he gave a graphic description of the meal.

"And what do you think, mamma," he concluded, "we ate most of the things out of birds' bath tubs."

He Grew Down.

Little Bobbie, aged five, had been told that he must put on his winter coat. And by the way, it was the coat's second season. After an unlimited length of time had been taken in getting Bobbie into the coat, he looked at it and said, "Say, mama, what do you always talk about little boys growing up for? Don't you see there is more of me below my coat this winter than there was last?"

Hand in Hand.

"I tell you Pat, my boy," the big man of the town confided, laying a patronizing hand on the young Irishman's shoulder, "I wish I had your tongue."

"Sure, sor," grinned Pat, "but it would do yez no good without me brains."

Not So Stupid After All.

"Come, sir," said the teacher to the boy at the foot of the class, "how do you pronounce s-t-i-n-g-y?"

The boy at the foot scratched his head.

"Well," he answered thoughtfully, "it depends on whether the word is applied to a human being or to a bee."

—*Woman's Home Companion.*

Teaching a Girl to Swim.

Mr. Hopkinson Smith, painter, author, engineer and professional optimist, tells a story showing that Boston boys of the street are like all others. He overheard a conversation between two youngsters selling newspapers.

"Say, Harry, w'at's the best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked the younger one.

"Dat's a cinch. First off you puts yer left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand—"

"Come off; she's me sister."

"Aw, push her off the dock."

Making Up the Deficit.

The arithmetic lesson that day had been hard and trying, and now, at the closing hour, Tommy stood before the teacher, waiting to hear results.

"Your last problem is wrong," was the verdict. "You will have to stay after school and do it again."

Tommy looked at the clock. "Tell me, please, how much am I out?" he asked.

"Your answer is two cents short."

Tommy's hand dived into the pocket where his most treasured possessions were stored. Swiftly he separated two pennies from a bunch of strings, a pen-knife, some marbles and pieces of chalk.

"I'm in a hurry, sir," he said; "if you don't mind, I'll pay the difference."

Picking Them Out.

The Governor of a Southern State came to his office with a friend one morning, to find a number of men waiting in the anteroom. Pausing an instant, he told a story that was a decided "chestnut." When they got inside the private office, the friend said: "That was a horribly old one you sprung on those fellows."

"I know it," chuckled the Governor, "but did you notice the ones that laughed?"

"Well, I noticed that three or four did."

"Those," said the Governor, "are the fellows who won't get in to see me. They are the ones who have favors to ask."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Wouldn't Stay Bought.

A guest was expected for dinner, and Bobby had received five cents as the price of his silence during the meal. He was as quiet as a mouse until, discovering that his favorite dessert was being served, he could no longer curb his enthusiasm. He drew the coin from his pocket, and, rolling it across the table, exclaimed:

"Here's your nickel, mamma. I'd rather talk."—*Success Magazine.*

Rather Young at the Game.

One day Charles' mother had occasion to punish him quite severely. He went to his father for comfort, but, finding reproof there also, was utterly disgusted. Later he confided in his aunt: "Mother and daddy don't treat me right, auntie dear, so I think I shall have to get a divorce from them."

Etiquette First.

Gracie, aged six, went to a party given in honor of her friend's birthday. Immediately after arriving, she went to the hostess and said:

"I had an awfully good time at the party. I was afraid if I didn't tell you now I would forget it."

Speed Before Safety.

It was a very youthful class in physiology.

"Why," asked the teacher, "is it best to eat soup first when one is very hungry?"

The pupils stared at her blankly. Then Jamie enlightened them from the depths of his experience.

"You can get it down fastest," he announced.—*The Delineator.*

Heaven Had No Charms.

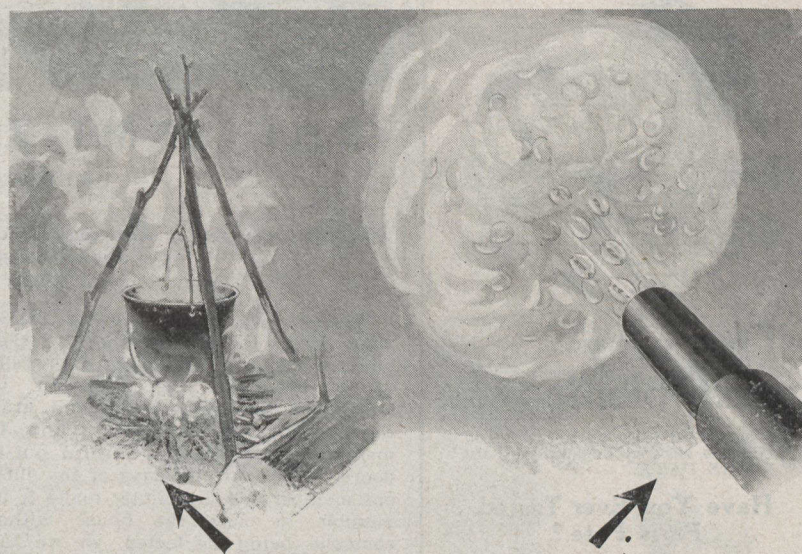
A Sunday-school teacher was quizzing her class of boys on the strength of their desire for righteousness.

"All those who wish to go to heaven," she said, "please stand."

All got to their feet but one small boy.

"Why, Johnny," exclaimed the shocked teacher, "do you mean to say that you don't want to go to heaven?"

"No, ma'am," replied Johnny promptly. "Not if that bunch is going."



From That to This In Cooking

How Puffed Wheat and Rice Evolved

Even the ancients—even barbarians—knew that grain must be cooked in some way. They boiled it or parched it or baked it. Modern peoples improved their methods, but little improved their results.

The effect, both in ancient times and modern, was to break up part of the food cells. Only a part. The rest were left unbroken, as in raw grain.

Then Came Efficiency

Then men awoke to efficiency, which means eliminating waste. In every line,

things always done in half-ways were done better.

Prof. A. P. Anderson, then of Columbia University, applied efficiency to cooking. He said, "There must be some way to make all the grain food cells digestible."

And he found it. He found a way to explode each cell by turning its moisture into steam.

The process is long and heroic. It involves fearful heat. The grain must be shot from guns. But the result is Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—grains eight times normal size—with every food cell literally blasted to pieces for easy, complete digestion.

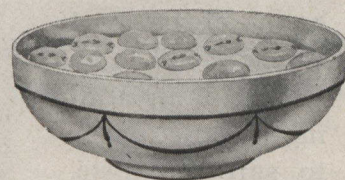
Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

These foods mark the limit in cookery. But their enticements alone have won millions. These are bubbles of grain—crisp, airy and toasted. Almost as fragile as snowflakes. With a taste like toasted nuts.

They are food confections. Serve them with sugar and cream, mix them with fruit, float them in your bowls of milk. Use in candy making or as garnish for ice cream. Let hungry children eat them dry like peanuts.

But always remember that they easily digest, and that every atom feeds. These are perfect all-hour foods.



The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont.

(951)

Saskatoon, Sask.



The very next picnic—

be sure and take with you some delicious sandwiches made from "PARIS PATE."

Have You Ever Tasted Paris Pate?

Maybe you do not know about this tempting delicacy. Well, Paris Pate is a choice French cooked-meat paste made by clever French chefs at Montreal. It consists of nutritious meat and spices prepared after a famous recipe and is one of the most appetizing ready-to-eat foods you ever tasted. Order a tin of



from your grocer to-day. A few dainty sandwiches of Paris Pate make a delightful picnic or outing lunch. Paris Pate is delicious.



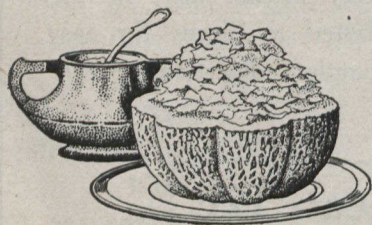
If your grocer does not sell it—

Send 25c for two full sized tins

addressing direct to us, and we will forward you two 10c. tins of Paris Pate, all mailing charges paid.

Societe S.P.A. 91 Reading St. Montreal

A Real Delight For Breakfast



Fill a Canteloupe With

Kellogg's

TOASTED CORN FLAKES

(10c. Package)

Cut canteloupe in half; clean out centre; fill with Corn Flakes, adding a little sugar to suit the taste.



MADE IN CANADA



THE SEMI-READY PICNIC

By DORCAS DORLITTLE.

Did you ever try a semi-ready picnic? If not, read what Dorcas Dorlittie says about the ideal way to enjoy these warm August days.

We are an outdoors-loving family, who covet, for the business workers and the children, as much as possible of the sunshine, the fresh air, the benefit of tree and flower and grass, the sparkle of the water, and the message of all God's beautiful out-of-doors. The short holidays of the different members of the family make it impossible to close the house without someone being neglected, so we take our back-to-Nature recreation on the installment plan. When the largest work of the household has been done, and often when it has not, we question the sky and the probs., and if they say "fair," we announce to the business members of the family that tea will be served at our camping place in a certain park or on the river-bank to-night. "Come, and bring a friend if you wish." We rush through the absolutely necessary work, pack up, and get to our destination in time for our noon lunch at the latest.

We count that week lost in which we have not managed to spend two or three days in the woods or parks or along the river, getting the children acquainted with the birds and trees and flowers. Each child has his own little book and pencil, and writes down the names or descriptions of new acquaintances he has made. They think it a splendid game to examine the bark of the trees and to gather different kinds of leaves during a ramble, then, when resting time comes, see who can identify them and describe the tree.

The Eats and the Drinks.

The important question of "eats" is not overlooked, for it is in this practical side of our outings that we shine. As we go so often and at a moment's notice, we have reduced the work of preparation to a minimum. On a certain shelf in the pantry is the picnic outfit, always refilled and replaced the next day. It consists of sugar, salt, pepper, in their small shakers; tea, vinegar (or salad dressing), in small, corked bottles; a stoppered bottle for milk, a small plate and bowl for butter, a can-opener, bread-knife, small spoons and forks, small cups that nest well, pasteboard plates, large and small; roll of oiled paper for wrapping the food separately, paper napkins and paper or common tablecloth, and two covered granite pails, one small enough to fit inside the other. These are excellent for carrying the lunch, and then can be used for the water and tea. In city or suburban parks one can usually buy hot water and rent pitchers to make one's tea, but when going farther afield, it is safer to have thermos bottles and have one for hot drinks and one for cold, or one can have two large bottles filled with cold tea or coffee at home. With everything so nearly ready, one can go off on a day's outing at very short notice.

For the "picnic," as the children call the lunch, we take what we have—for we remember when shopping to also buy for the picnic shelf—bread and butter, *uncut*; hard-boiled eggs, cold meat, or thin fried bacon, a tin of some meat or paste, macaroni and cheese, any cooked vegetable we have that may be eaten cold or made into a salad, celery, cucumber, tomatoes, lettuce or radishes, raw fruit and cake or a glass of jelly. The men think this method removes all the objections to the usual pickle and cake lunch. The final preparation of the sandwiches or salad is done after we get to the camping place at meal time, which is much pleasanter than doing it at home and answering the bell every five minutes.

Things are packed so that each person has something to carry and no one is burdened. The women take their fancy-work, their letter-writing, or their darning which, in such restful surroundings, becomes a pleasure instead of a pain. Each child is allowed to take one small plaything, and each in turn, allowed to invite a friend, and all go in easily laundered play-clothes. After tea, a romp with the children and a leisurely walk or car-ride home

prepares everyone for a good sleep and a bright to-morrow.

How we do envy the people on farms, who can picnic so often in their own woods, and have tea any time in the shade of their orchards. The men would enjoy the change, particularly if they found it did not necessarily mean a cold meal! When picnicking in the woods, if one can find an open space, where it is safe to build a fire, it adds greatly to the pleasure and to the menu to have hot bacon and eggs and hot tea or coffee, if the weather is not too warm.

One wise picnicker, who is a firm believer in a generous diet of plain food, took, as her share of the lunch, a kettle of potatoes and one of green corn, husked except for the silky inner leaves, in which it was to be cooked, as that retains and improves the flavor. The untrustworthy bearer of the corn was thinking long thoughts of the delicious lunch awaiting him, and not watching his footing; he and the corn went down the hill in a general mix-up. Like the grain of the Scriptural parable, it landed in all kinds of soil, but was rescued and dry-cleaned. Its perfectly delicious flavor when cooked convinced everyone that the only proper way to prepare corn was by that method.

When the fire was made, and the kettles of corn in the husk and potatoes in their jackets were cooking nicely, the head fireman accidentally upset the potatoes into the fire, and only the determined efforts of the rescue party, armed with forks and pointed sticks, prevented their being a burnt offering, but any proper-spirited picnicker thinks such disasters a part of the fun.

There is nothing more delightful than tea in the hay-field during the haying season. The quintessence of new-mown hay, the azure sky with the fleecy white clouds of perfect haying weather, when "Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune, and over it softly her warm ear lays," all combine to make the ideal summer day of Canada. When we are wise enough to learn some of the customs of the Latin races who are settling in our country, we hard-working Canadians will make of some of our seasons of bountiful ingathering a festa of beauty, instead of only an orgy of work. The sentiment of these observances adds a deeper refinement than can be attained by the expenditure of many dollars.

When I have a farm and all the proper machinery for cutting and loading and unloading hay, I am going to keep one field which shall not be sacrificed to these fearful and wonderful monsters of human ingenuity. It shall be entered only by men with scythes, who sing as they rhythmically swing their glittering blades. No hired man who has not a mellow baritone voice need apply. When the hay is ready to be gathered in, there will be a picnic and a frolic in the hay-field and then the huge hay-wagon will be loaded with the fragrant hay by the merry-makers, and the last load will carry them all for a joy ride. If the always dreaded rain of haying time threatens to fall at once, there will be all the more hands to help save the crop.

One large family, for whom Cupid and kind fortune had found homes within driving and motoring distance of one another, always gathered at the old home for a family picnic on the lawn or in the woods during the lovely weather of June or July. After the parents were gone, they decided to keep up the good custom and meet at one of their homes each year. Everyone enjoyed it, but greater than that was the strengthening of the family bond, which so often weakens after each member of a family has established his own home.

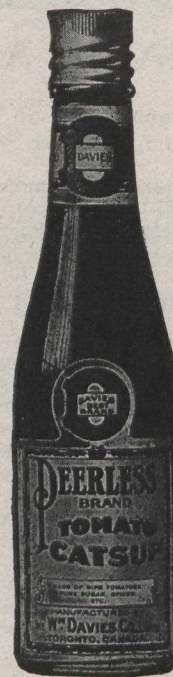
The majority of farm houses have long verandas, which would make delightful outdoor dining-rooms for summer. It is not a difficult undertaking to enclose them with wire screen, and could be done on rainy days. The comfort of both resting and eating in the open air, free from attacks of flies and mosquitoes, makes it well worth the trouble.

(Continued on page 31.)

DAVIES'

Pickles and Catsup

Are Favorites Because They are Good To Eat



Are you using them?

THE DAVIES CO., Limited
521 Front Street East, Toronto



Try These For Your Baby

Every mother we know of, who has ever tried Turnbull's "M" Bands has been greatly enthused over them and always comes back for more. For the sake of your infant baby you should try them.

TURNBULL'S "M" Bands

For Infants

are made from only the very softest and absolutely clean Australian Merino wool. They are in the form of a small shirt and are put on next to the skin underneath the vest—tapes run over each shoulder, ending in the linen tabs front and back, to which the diaper is pinned, thus preventing any strain or stretching and keeping the diaper firmly in place—no matter how active the "baby" may be, there is no chance of accident, soiled clothes, etc., and the baby is comfortable and happy. Ask your dealer or send for a box of three to-day—by mail, \$1.00—give age of infant when writing.

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt Limited
GALT - ONT.

A box of "M" Bands makes a very acceptable gift.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL
THE DAINTY
MINT-COVERED
CANDY-COATED
CHEWING GUM

Diamonds on Credit
Terms 20% down
\$1-2-3 Weekly



Buying a High Grade Diamond is saving money, not spending it. A written guarantee given with each diamond. All goods sent prepaid for inspection. Write or call for catalogue. We send diamonds to any part of Canada. JACOBS BROS., 15 Toronto Arcade, TORONTO, Ont.



PATRIOTIC YEAR

The Canadian National Exhibition of 1915, to be Finer than Ever.

This is "Patriotic Year" at the Canadian National Exhibition and throughout the whole programme the theme will be "Patriotism and Production." The agriculturist, the manufacturer, the miner, the lumberman are combining to make it the greatest demonstration of Canadian unity and progress in all Fair history.

For thirty-seven years now the Canadian National Exhibition has at once been Canada's great show window, her educational centre in all that pertains to the arts of peace and industry, and her great national playground where the hard worked agriculturist just emerging from his most trying season, the tired business man, the toiler of the cities and the faithful housewife gather for two weeks' instruction and entertainment.

It is truly a national asset and so closely allied to Canadian progress that to close down for one year would be a national blow, an evidence that our wheels, industrially and commercially, had ceased to revolve.

Few could really imagine September without its Fair at Toronto; yet the suggestion was made by extreme pessimists that the directors should conserve their resources this year and postpone it.

The answer of Dr. Orr and President Oliver and his directors, was to decide on a more elaborate programme than ever, a larger prize list and a bigger show generally. Theirs was a bold move, but the public response has been hearty and immediate. Canada is looking forward to the Canadian National Exhibition this year as never before.

As demonstrating Canadian stability and enterprise even in war times the manufactures will be more numerous and diversified than ever before, and the agricultural exhibits will be greater and more representative of the productivity of our soil and the progressiveness of our farmers, who are this year endeavoring for all time to establish for Canada the reputation of being the "Bread Basket" of the Empire.

Nor are the home arts, or any of the subjects of peculiar interest to women, forgotten or neglected. The exhibits in the women's buildings this year will show that the Canadian mother has attained the very apex of perfection in domestic economy, the scientific study of the home and home requirements and the proper care and development of baby.

It is sometimes said that the Canadian woman is somewhat behind her United States sister in infant study and kindred subjects, but a visit to the Fair should disillusionize the sceptics who entertain such views. True she may be less demonstrative, less prone to outward show, but she is essentially practical and conservative with a conservatism that promotes the highest degree of domestic felicity and marital confidence and respect.

The Fair this year breathes the Canadian spirit from entrance to exit gate; has its foundation in Canadian agricultural, commercial and industrial progress. Every one should visit it. A ticket to the Canadian National Exhibition in 1915 is a vote of confidence in the Empire.

LIFE OF VLADISLAV REMM

(Continued from page 10.)

horse like mad in order to be able to extort from his passenger, at the point of the whip, as it were, an extra 20 kopecks for "speed."

Marinka was in a more melancholy mood even than usual that afternoon, as she sat by her window overlooking the cheerless stream. It was not always the paradise which unimaginative folk infer, to be the wife of a famous man. Genius and a high degree of fitness for the quiet joys of domesticity are but rarely allied. Specifically, Marinka, in her married life, had not been happy.

Near her played her child—a little boy, with dark gold, waving hair, with fine, widely-opened eyes of gleaming blue, and small hands and feet, a trait he took from both parents alike. In looks and in nature, however, he was a replica, *in parvo*, of the father. Marinka loved him even more than her husband; this she realized, but made herself no reproach on this account. Is it not always the way of woman, to set up, upon a pedestal, to idolize and apotheosize, seeing no limitations and no defects? And with whom should such an apotheosis be easier than with a child, an innocent, sweet, unspoiled little child, with a soul like an eternal symphony, flowing harmoniously on and on, with never a hitch and never a discordant note? Certainly it would be harder with a man, and especially a man, who, like her husband, had been spoiled by the world's adulation, through whose mind flowed sombre thoughts, dark clouds and secrets in which even she could have no share. She had never thought to complain, but she was bound to confess, if only inwardly, that she had but little of her husband's society, and the scantest satisfaction when it was vouchsafed her. Remm was restless and moody, at times irritable, at times even violent. His brain seemed always to be in a state of continual ebullience between his creative work, his underground activities, and other things, the nature of which she did not know, and felt herself unable to inquire. That he had secrets of which he told her nothing—that she knew. There were strange farings-forth at the dead of night, the purpose of which she dared not ask. On such occasions he would sit up late in his little private cabinet adjoining her bedroom; hour

after hour he would sit there, smoking innumerable cigarettes; the pungent, penetrating odor came strongly to her nostrils as she lay there, unable to sleep, listening to the crackling of papers as he moved and folded them upon his desk. Finally, when all the city was wrapped in darkness and the silence of profound sleep, he would open the door, enveloped in a long, flowing cloak, and with a large felt hat pulled down low upon the brow (a revolver, she knew, lay hidden in each of the two side-pockets of the coat beneath), and would throw to her a low "Sleeping?" On her negative reply, he would come and press a kiss upon her lips—a strange, feverish kiss it always seemed to her—and depart into the night. She would lie there and listen to the door close behind him with a muffled click and clack; sleepless she lay, staring up into the palpitating darkness of her room beside the sleeping child, and waited—waited—counting the hours and half-hours ring out startlingly distinct in the silence of the night, restless and unquiet until his return. When he came, he would throw himself down like a log upon the bed without undressing, and lie there motionless, without a word. Marinka did not know if he slept or no.

Of late his gloom and reticence had increased, rather than diminished; a cloud seemed always to hang above his head; an anguish, when he thought himself unobserved, gleamed in his fine eyes, and distorted the features of his face. That strange, typically Slavic malady which the Russians call "tasska" and the Poles "choroba duszu," and which is, at bottom, but a mere neurosis, flowed, like a slow, black stream through the hidden channels of his psychic life.

Marinka heaved a sigh as she rose and went to give instructions to the *kucharka* for the evening meal.

"Ah, Life, Life!" she thought, bitterly. "It is nonsense!"

One evening Vladislav came home even later than usual. He was very tired when he came in. He had been presiding over a meeting of the Neo-Confederats, that powerful secret organization spreading out its multiple ramifications between Warsaw, Peter, Moscow and other important cities of the North. There was another plot on

to "execute" the Governor-General, who, if that were possible, was execrated now even more than ever. All previous plottings had come to naught; why, the Revolutionists were hardly able to explain themselves; but this time they had drawn their net so fine that it seemed, on paper, at least, that unless the authorities unexpectedly got wind of the conspiracy, there was no escape for the victims designated. And this meant trouble and sickness of soul and frightful mental torture for Vladislav Remm. He was deeply depressed that night when he came home. Without a word, he threw himself heavily down into his armchair, and closed his eyes. He was tired, deadly tired of the struggle, the eternal, never-ending struggle; the conflict of warring forces; the remorse, the Nemesis that pursued him everywhere he went. Often had he thought of taking his wife into his confidence, but always before this thought his courage had oozed away. She knew nothing, as he believed, of his frightful mental sufferings; she did not even suspect the difficulties of his position, the murmurs of deep discontent, the suspicion, the diminishment of his prestige. And now he was called to put a stop, once and forever, to the perpetual leaking of their party's plans, whereby they were forestalled and rendered harmless by the police—*He!* He laughed a low, mirthless laugh as he sat there, with a face of marble, in his cushioned chair.

"Hast thou supped?" asked Marinka quietly.

"*Tak!*" he muttered, without stirring.

Soon he seemed to fall into a heavy slumber. It was then 11 o'clock. Marinka turned the light low, and undressing, threw herself down upon her bed. She, too, was strangely depressed that evening; she felt that premonition of impending evil which comes to us in moments of gloom and discouragement, gnawing at the heart as a dog gnaws a bone already bare. The child slept in its little crib beside her bed; it slept soundly, a calm, sweet slumber, its dark-gold hair clustered in little curls and ringlets about its rounded, softly flushed cheeks; between the slats of the crib, one tiny arm, bare and sculpturally perfect in the plastic harmony of its contours, hung inertly out. As Marinka lay there in the dimly lighted room, her brooding eyes fixed strangely on the child's unconscious face, she realized now once again how much she loved him. From time to time her gaze wandered to the sleeping man beyond, and strange thoughts came to her as she gazed. This man she had chosen to be her life-companion; his name was on the lips of all; he had done—was doing—much for the cause so dear to every Pole. Aided, pushed on, encouraged by her in the early days of doubt and indecision, he had won fame and riches; his genius was conceded even by his bitterest enemies. But to her he was a husband only in name; she had thought, in the old days, to be his comrade, the sharer of all his joys and sorrows, the co-worker in all his plans. And he—he had put her outside his life like a useless thing; she knew not his goings and comings, nor the why and wherefore of his life; his soul was a book which, in her very presence, he had locked and sealed.

Little by little, she relapsed into a drowsy state. The dimly lighted room swam blurredly around her; shapes and contours faded away into nothingness, and she fell asleep.

She was awakened by a terrific peal of the bell. Still half asleep, she lay there drowsily, until another peal reverberated through the quiet house. Then she rose, and going to her husband, touched him lightly on the shoulder.

"Vladislav! Vladislav!" she cried. "The bell has rung twice! Who can it be?"

The French clock on the wide mantel musically chimed three. Remm stirred and woke, with a start.

"*Co? Co?*" he muttered, startled. Even as he spoke, a third peal, loud and imperious, echoed through the house. Suddenly a strange expression flitted across his face; it was, as Marinka remembered it afterward, like that of a hunted animal, who knows not where to turn. Without a word, he rose heavily to his feet, and went to the door of their apartment.

CHAPTER V.

MARINKA, straining her ears, heard a low, guttural voice as the door was opened; a brief, short question; a sharp, immediately repressed exclamation from her husband. Then the door closed, and Vladislav, followed by two men—she

(Continued on page 22.)

An Ideal Beverage of High Grade and Great Nutritive Value

ABSOLUTELY PURE AND DELICIOUS



Made in Canada by

Walter Baker & Co. Limited
DORCHESTER, MASS.
MONTREAL, CANADA

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THE HILL OF FOLLY

(Continued from page 9.)

leave behind the semi-civilization of Tete Jaune Cache and turn the head of her tough little steed toward the untried trails. Waiting was very foreign to her nature, the most trying part of any difficult undertaking. She was more than ready for action now, though chance still attended their every movement, and to go forward was mere guess-work which might lead to swift disaster.

They followed a trail which led westward out of Tete Jaune Cache toward the new construction camps. These camps, being strung along the river at no great intervals, their plan was to ride into some of the nearest and make inquiries. News travelled up and down the line with almost the speed of telegraphic communication, therefore their hope was high of learning the whereabouts of the mining recorder, or actually meeting him in the course of the day.

Hallie's spirits were light, but, indeed, few people could recall him otherwise than light-hearted. Usually he was able to thrust out of sight the load of cares he carried. The whole Yellowhead had learned his queer motto, frequently uttered when in tight and dangerous places, "I shall live to smile at this!" When asked if he was always happy he would sometimes respond, "Not happy to-day—just cheerful!" This sunny outlook on life made him a splendid organizer of a doubtful undertaking. His courage never flagged. The deeper the difficulty the broader beamed his smile.

Dawn's spirits rose too. It was the end of June, a perfect summer day. To right and left of the trail myriads of mountain flowers were coming into bloom—gorgeously bold little faces, coquetting openly for the attention of every passer-by. Though the season was still early for them, the warm weather was forcing the Indian paint-brushes to show their terra-cotta heads. The vivid fire-weed was purpling the fire-swept slopes, while near at hand the glossy leaves of the kinnikinnick spread a carpet for their horses' feet. The noble river—broad and grand eight hundred miles from its mouth—glided like a serpent down to the sea, its green back ruffled by a million gleaming scales. Its waters were noisy with the traffic of heavy barges, and the cries of the miner and lumber-jack mingling with the hustling industry of the railroader—a faint prediction of the life soon to hum through that lovely valley, whose century-long sleep is at last over!

"It seems absurdly easy if the difficulty can be settled in this way," Dawn remarked jocosely. "Really, I keep looking for trouble, but if something doesn't transpire soon I shall conclude the danger only exists in your imagination, Mr. Hayes. Theodore Driver surely gives us ample time to save ourselves. It would seem the last of his intentions to interfere with our plans."

Hallie, who knew Driver intimately, allowed himself no such solace.

"I wish once and for all you would dismiss the thought that Driver's plans admit of either carelessness or leniency," he responded warmly. "I have picked up the fact lately that he and Ravenden know each other extremely well, and are fundamentally sworn and bitter enemies. Therefore a fatal blow to Mr. Ravenden's interests on the Yellowhead would be particularly sweet to friend Theodore. It is not only that Driver wishes to amass another fortune. It is—those say who know—a life and death struggle with a man who has humiliated him, and whom he has humiliated, times without number."

"Curious that Mr. Ravenden never even suspected his possible presence on the Pass until a few days ago."

"I believe Driver's move to this part of the country has been one of the swiftest and stealthiest he ever planned. He has done all in his power to keep the news of the Barkerville fire from being known in the outside world, and in every way has laid his plans to spring a big surprise on his enemy when the time is ripe. I swear before high heaven, I wish you might lay down the reins of authority up here and go your peaceful way before the blow falls. It

looks careless or cowardly in Ravenden—"

She interrupted him with a flash of imperiousness.

"The man would need omnipresence to discern what has been so zealously guarded from him. There is no doubt that he thought he was sending me on a most delightful pleasure-trip."

"In that case he will be covering the distance between the south and here with utmost speed, to come to your release."

"I am not concerned about that. So far it has all been child's play—the shooting of toy guns loaded with peas—and you know I asked for something difficult."

"That's just it!" he exploded with sudden wrath. "It's the dare-devilry in your own nature that a person finds hardest to deal with!"

She turned a radiant face toward him. The sun was kissing her vividly clear skin, and her eyes were dancing.

"You think me downright unreasonable and foolhardy?"

He refused to meet her eyes.

"I prefer not to tell you what I think."

Thereafter they rode for a solid hour in dead silence. At times he urged his horse ahead, that he might hold aside a branch as she passed under it, but for the most part she sturdily looked after her own interests, at any time a match for him in horsemanship.

When the road was rough he was off his horse a great deal, and already from two groups of workmen he had inquired the whereabouts of the mining recorder. Some had not heard of him; others knew of his coming, but could add nothing to the stock of information he already possessed. It was plain they must push on to the nearest camp, where reliable railroad engineers kept in touch with the outside world.

Noon overtook them on the trail. Hallie insisted on a short rest and a lunch. Dawn, who up to that moment had not given a thought to the question of how their hunger was to be satisfied, was surprised to see him produce an oblong parcel from a deep pocket.

"Hurrah for the Strongs!" cried Hallie, waving the lunch over his head. "Mrs. Strong, good, thoughtful soul that she is, pressed this into my hand as I passed the kitchen door. She said she knew the railroad people would give us food, but we might be far from the camp at the noon-hour. And here we are!"

Dawn was pre-eminently sensible in a trying experience. She had no more appetite for the dry lunch, consisting mainly of crackers and cheese, than if he had handed her a chip with a sprinkling of pebbles placed on top; but sturdily she accepted three of the six crackers the package contained, and endeavored to keep up with him, as he licked up his share with all the voracity of a hungry man.

Once more they took to the trail. At the next camp they hoped to meet a freight train, working its laborious way eastward after unloading railroad supplies at the end of steel. That construction train ran at no schedule time and carried no regular passengers. It was, however, a means of transportation freely used by those who cared to submit to the slow rate of travel and to the uncertain hours. Today it might be carrying no less an individual than the mining recorder himself!

They rode into the camp in the early afternoon. Hallie immediately made inquiries. No, the supply-train was not in yet. Yes, they expected it soon, possibly in one hour, or at most two or three hours. Yes, it was said that the mining recorder would make use of it on his way to Tete Jaune Cache.

All things considered this seemed excellent luck, though a long period of waiting might be involved. Ordering their horses fed, they prepared to pass the time with what patience they could muster.

A temporary wharf hummed with life. Boats churned the sullen river, all unused to bear patiently the burden of traffic. As at Tete Jaune Cache, a mushroom town had sprung up, store-houses, dining-rooms, sleeping-bunks, stables, all in full blast. As the gang

of workmen labored at some distance ahead of the camp, only those remained who fed and housed the army of laborers. A pair of breeds, man and woman, peeled potatoes on the doorstep of the eating-house. Their fingers were worn smooth from that occupation alone. The tables were already being prepared for the evening meal, and a great abundance of all kinds of supplies bespoke the liberal treatment accorded the workingman after his day of toil.

Sauntering riverward, where flies were less numerous and where garrulous talk in a measure was stilled, Dawn Courtenay selected a seat on a deserted pier, while Hayes, lounging against a post, took up the occupation so usual among idlers in camp, that of whittling inoffensive sticks of wood into shavings. Hayes was well-known and highly respected in the camp. Every door was open to him and all his wishes indulged. But no matter how great a person's influence, it counted nothing in hurrying the freight. Great and small alike must wait.

The river gurgled on its rapid course, its cold, dull-green, glacier-fed waters lunging into swifter and swifter current, soon to break into dangerous rapids. The place seemed asleep. The breed at his potato-peeling droned out a song, which was answered by the drowsy hum of insects in the hot air.

Dawn made the remark that the afternoon seemed endless.

Hayes came very near venturing the reply that he wouldn't care if it was. Like Peter's attitude on the Mount of Transfiguration, it seemed good for him to be there. He felt that he could have settled down forever in that drowsy, peaceful valley, content to watch the lights and shadows play over the pure, proud face opposite him, content to hear the music of her voice mingling with the gurgle of the river.

Perhaps never until that very day had Hallie admitted to himself how utterly content he was in the company of this stranger, with whose imperious nature he really had so little in common. Hallie's chivalrous soul adored all women. Naturally, without conscious effort, he became their knight, fighting their battles at imminent personal sacrifice. He had been in love times without number and usually with disastrous results, because he had never yet found the woman so unselfish as not to use him for her own ends. She usually found out very early in the game that she wielded a most remarkable power over his sympathetic and affectionate heart. Why a woman delights to take advantage of such a power is about as difficult to understand as why a man, keen as a sword in other matters, cannot see that she is taking undue advantage of him.

Sometimes Hallie wondered if he were not, with all his superficial wisdom, fundamentally a fool. Now he told himself plainly that he was allowing himself to fall into the bitterest, the most unfruitful experience of his life. Surely this woman before him had given him no reason to love her. She was as devoid of sentiment as the propositions of Euclid. It was as impossible for him to warm her blood with the fire of love, as to try to kiss an ardent blush into the marble cheeks of a sculptured Pallas. But that inaccessibility only served to increase his admiration for a woman whom he had unconsciously placed above all her kind in purity and power.

Ah, how he rebelled against this passion which was drawing him into the intolerable agonies of a futile, unavailing love. He told himself that she was lacking in religious feeling, and she had refuted that argument by her genuine interest in his humble meeting and by her subsequent gift of a five-hundred-dollar cheque "to help carry on his noble work all along the Yellowhead route." He argued that she had no heart, and then immediately recalled her mothering of lonely little Daisy Ravenden, and her unbounded mercy toward the weak and suffering, and her glowing stories of the work she hoped to accomplish for sick children at Ailsa Crag. That proud, cold exterior was, after all, only an exterior, an incrustation thrown up by the bitter adversities of her life. Somewhere beneath it glowed a passionately warm, human heart. Oh, for a glimpse of the real woman, a knowledge of the circumstances which had twisted her to what she was!

Finally Hallie gave himself up without computing the cost. He could not be wholly miserable while in her presence, and the inevitable end was a long way off.

(Continued on page 31.)



JOURNAL JUNIORS

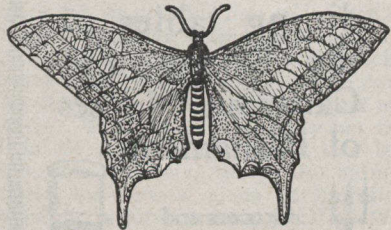
By COUSIN CLOVER.

A Department of Amusement and Instruction for the Junior Readers of Canadian Home Journal.

Our strawberry "crop" and butterfly "catch" were not quite up to our expectations. Probably the weather is to blame this time, as we cannot justly lay the onus on the proverbial "cat!"

not think they are very good for such a young artist?

We do not want you to think we have not other drawings almost as good as any of these, so, though you cannot see them, we will tell you about some of the best of them, whose senders deserve honourable mention, and will surely win a prize before long if they persevere.



Drawn by Walter Bonsil, Hampton.



The work of Larna Sproule, Westbrook.

However, the strawberries and butterflies that reached us were of a most pleasing and interesting variety. We do not profess to be familiar with every species of butterfly that exists, but we would dearly like to see the originals from which some of our young artists copied theirs.

Justine Foster (14), Kagawong, Manitoulin Island.—We were pleased to get your letter. Your butterfly and berry are very good.

Theodore Service,

Lake Hill P.O., Victoria.—Your drawing was a little late, Theo., but we were very glad to receive it from far-away, beautiful Victoria. The outlines of both berry and butterfly were good, but you overlooked the fact that there are really four wings in a butterfly's make up. Try again, and you'll surely get a prize some day.

PRETTY PINK PEBBLE

By E. M. GARDNER.

A pretty Pink Pebble lies high on the beach Watching the wavelets play. Hush! let us listen, and hear, if we can, What it is they are going to say. "Pretty Pink Pebble, come here, come here, We want you to play with us; So turn yourself over, and roll yourself down, And don't make the least bit of fuss." But the pebble replied with a roguish glance, "No doubt you are very kind, But sitting quite still this very hot day Is certainly more to my mind; I find it rather amusing too To watch you at your play, So go on with your rippling and dancing —but Don't try to coax me away." "We'll catch you yet," the Wavelets laugh As they chase each other along— Pink Pebble sits smiling and watching them And listening to their song.

A gentle zephyr stirs the air And fans the cheek of the Pebble fair, It gently soothes her off to sleep, While nearer and nearer the Wavelets creep; It calls to its friend, the pleasant Breeze, (Who is rustling the tops of the nearest trees), To see the Wavelets "busy as bees," Trying the Pretty Pink Pebble to tease.

Faster and faster the Wavelets race To see which will win the prize. And all unconscious Pink Pebble sleeps on But suddenly wakes with surprise; For one little Wavelet, more bold than the rest, Has kissed her and made her blush. While he urges his comrades to hurry along— And forward they come with a rush. Pretty Pink Pebble is lifted up, The Wavelets laugh with glee, As downward they bear her with loving embrace To her new home under the Sea. So Pretty Pink Pebble now lies in the Sea; And by those who know, it is said That she never ceased blushing at what had occurred, And now she is always Red.

Undoubtedly "the best strawberry and butterfly" was sent us by Larna Sproule, Westbrook, Ont., but unfortunately she is past our age limit (14 years), which fact disqualifies her name for the prize list, for which we are very sorry, but as her work is particularly good and life-like, we want you all to see it, and so we are publishing it this time, though we cannot promise to do it in future.

Walter Bonsil's (14, Hampton, Ont.) butterfly, too, is so beautifully fine, we think you will all admire it. The outline of your strawberry is good, Walter, but it needed a few curved lines of shading to show that it is not flat.

you to know that we had the "cutest" little butterfly and berry from little Walter Collins, 5 years old only, and also two very interesting little drawings from his sister Helen, just two years older, so you see some of our classmates are very young, but there is nothing like beginning young!

Lesson XIII.

We hope this will be anything but an "unlucky number" (we don't believe in luck at all!), and we want you to help us prove this by

(Continued on page 33.)



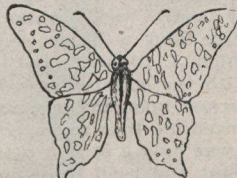
FIRST PRIZE.

Drawn by Howard Ellis, Age 12, Owen Sound, Ont.



SECOND PRIZE.

Drawn by Ida Nelson, Age 7 years, of Mono Road, Ont.




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LOUISA B. ALDRICH-BLAKE, M. D., M. S., Dean



LIFE OF VLADISLAV REMM

(Continued from page 19.)

could make out distinctly the three different steps—came down the corridor as far as the hall door giving access to her husband's study. The door opened and softly closed. She heard them enter, and the scratch of the match as the lamp was lit.

Gnawed by an uncontrollable curiosity, she lay there, in the dim-lit room, with clenched hands, by the side of her sleeping child, listening tensely to the low muttering of the voices in the adjoining room. She could make out three distinct tones: her husband's, nervous and high pitched; a second, low and guttural like that of some wild animal; another, honeyed and suave. The prescience of impending evil grew stronger and stronger; she felt, in some vague, subtle way, that her husband had come to a crucial crisis in his life; before him lay the turning of the ways. Though he had told her nothing, no woman of feeling and intelligence may live with a man for years without becoming the automatic register of his mental and psychic states. She knew, as clearly and definitely as though Vladislav had told her in so many words, that all was not well with him. An irresistible temptation took possession of her to rise and listen at the door. Here, she felt beyond the slightest shadow of doubt, lay the secret of her husband's life in tangible, concrete form. Never had Vladislav received visitors at his home; his activities were all outside. She remembered the strange, hunted look upon his face as he arose and went to the door; the anguished gleam that shone in his eyes, when he had thought himself unobserved; the deeper gloom of the latter time. She was a woman of honor, but she was a woman. Softly she arose, and going to the lamp, standing on the large table in the middle of the room, turned out the light. Now the room was shrouded in blackest gloom; only a trickle of pale moonlight filtered tenuously in from the fleecy tatters of dappled clouds pursuing their steady, nocturnal way over the chiaroscuro of the sluggish river below. As she stood there silent in the shadowed room, one hand clutching the open frill of lace at her neck, the other laid upon her heart, which beat like a trip hammer against the frail barrier of flesh,—the low, rich, heavy golden note of the St. Hieronymus Cathedral tolled solemnly forth upon the hushed city its long-drawn, shuddering note—one-two-three.

Stealthily, like a cat, she crept across the velvet floor. Holding her breath, both hands held before her to anticipate obstructions in her way, she advanced, step by step, to the door connecting the bedroom with her husband's study. Stooping down, she crouched upon the floor, and pressed her eye to the key-hole. In the first brief glance she saw her husband, very pale, standing, as though at bay, with folded arms, against the wall. The white glare of the light fell full upon his face. One of the visitors had his back turned toward her, and she could not see his face. The other was visible to her in profile—a hard, cruel, forbidding countenance was his, bearing with a striking expression of brutal strength and commanding power. It was he who was now speaking; pressing her ear against the crack of the door, she was able to make out the words:

"Then we understand that you refuse to go on further with this work?" he asked. "I presume you have fully counted the cost?" There was a distinct menace in his rasping voice.

Marinka caught the reflex of inner excitement dawn upon her husband's face. He stood there, with folded arms, as immovable as a bronze statue.

"Yes!" The word fell firmly, irrevocably, from his ashen lips. It was the pronouncement of his own doom.

The second visitor intervened. The mellifluous, suave voice, it seemed, belonged to him.

"Remm!" he said unctuously. "In the course of the last five years you have served us well. No plot has been hatched in Warszawa which we have not been able to forestall and set at naught through the invaluable information which we have secured from you. My—the Governor's life, I doubt

not, has been saved a dozen times through the divulgence by you of your associates' plans. You will not be excessively proud, I hope, when I say that you have been a hard man to manage. You have constantly and consistently refused financial compensation; you have had exigencies; men's lives you wanted spared, punishments alleviated! It has not been easy to get along with you. Nevertheless, you have served us well—so well" (he spoke slowly, and significantly, as though weighing every word) "that it is too late for you to draw back now. We have reason to believe that a new plot has arisen against the Governor's life and the lives of several of the highest around him. We know that a meeting was held this very evening, but we neither know where, nor do we know the names of the conspirators or the details of the conspiracy. For this information we look to you." His voice, as he pronounced the last words, was stern and grimly resolute; all the honeyed suavity of the voice had vanished; Marinka hardly recognized it as the same.

"I refuse to give it!" said Remm, deadly pale.

"Very well!" cried the first speaker, now in Russian, furiously. "Then stand the consequences!" He rose abruptly to his feet.

"Let us get hence, Your Lordship," he said, in a quick, decisive voice, to the second visitor, whose back was still turned toward the door. The person addressed turned slowly toward him in the garish glare of the lamp. Marinka, who, with staring, incredulous eyes, and wildly beating heart, had crouched there like an animal, the sound as of thunderous waters in her ears, caught a full view of his face.

It was *Torbetsky*, the notorious, the infamous Governor-General of the city and province of Warsaw—instigator of a thousand murders and the merciless arbiter of her people's destinies!

Torbetsky!

To Marinka, it seemed, as she crouched there, stunned, dumbfounded, half-crazed by the dizzy vortex of emotions which the revelation of her husband's treachery had aroused within her, that she had suddenly been plunged into the midst of some horrible nightmare. Vladislav! *Torbetsky!* She swayed, and almost fell prone upon the floor. Mastering her emotions, determined now, that she had gone so far, that she would go on to the very end, she pressed her eye again against the key-hole.

Torbetsky had turned to Vladislav Remm.

"Remm!" he said, in brief, decided tones. "I believe that you will repent your decision! Sleep on it! I will give you until 10 o'clock to-morrow morning; you will find me in until that time. Good-night!" He turned on his heel, without another word, and started toward the door, followed by the Chief of Police, for it was he.

But as he went, a sharp, imperious voice, unrecognizable in its turn, stopped him in mid-course.

"Wait!"

Torbetsky and the Chief of Police, startled, wheeled about.

"Before you go—one word!" cried Remm, whose whole attitude seemed to have changed as if by magic. His head was thrown haughtily erect in the gesture habitual to him of old in his student days. His dark blue eyes blazed like twin fires in the marble pallor of his face.

"Five years ago you arrested me, with nine other students, at a meeting of the Fraternity!" he said. "I had just been expelled from that Society, for reasons which you know, when your minions came. I was excluded, disgraced, my whole career ruined—or so, at least, I thought. You had me in your power; for three months you tempted me, night and day; you tortured me; you gave me no rest. I was only a boy; my heart was burning with my disgrace and a bitter sense of injustice which I thought had been done me. With the cunning of a Machiavelli, you worked upon my resentment; you convinced me that revenge was sweet, that it was only a strong man's deed to turn about and rend those who had scorned and disgraced me. Through my accusations my closest friends were

(Continued on page 31.)

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Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children should never be without

**DOCTOR STEDMAN'S
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TRADE MARK

The maker having been Doctor to a Children's Hospital in London, can offer these with confidence, free from any harmful ingredients, as a safe and useful medicine for children teething. See that the Trade Mark, a Gum Lancet, is on every wrapper.

Large packets, 36 powders.
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Of Chemists and Drug Stores.

125 New North Road, London, England



AROUND THE HEARTH

(Continued from page 11.)

way to read. A diversity of authorship is advisable, and turning frequently from one subject to another, historical works, poetry, science, fiction, essays, criticism, but withal trying to suit the mood of the moment, for that is the time one absorbs what he reads.

To sit down with a heavy subject on law or metaphysics when the mind is tired would be a weariness. That is when we should indulge in humor or fiction. One can train the mental appetite so it becomes as easy to decide which book to select as to choose from the viands that satisfy the physical appetite. When one's brain does not feel equal to the task of dipping into less agreeable subjects, there are natural tastes for certain kinds of literature which it is advisable to gratify. Biography is easily followed, and poetry is soothing for light reading after the day's work.

Reading aloud adds to the charm of written speech, especially when the voice is distinct and well-modulated. It makes one more careful of their pronunciation, and is a splendid practice, but growing more uncommon in the family life.

Why should we read? Because reading does for us what nothing else can do. "What Can Literature Do For Me," is the title of a little book published some time ago. In it the author endeavors to show what it is possible to accomplish for a careful reader. Some of the advantages mentioned are, that it enables us to live in the past, brings back the old heroes to our side, gives the imagination scope, helps us to form ideals in life, and gives opportunities to become acquainted with human nature as seen by writers who have made it a study.

I always feel sorry for people who do not read, for it seems they must be starving for mental food and recreation. They do narrow down until they are bounded on all sides by their own work, and their own views of things. They cannot be brought to understand the broadening influence it imparts, the reward that is furnished by the accumulation of knowledge, and the satisfactory society that is found in books.

Some of the greatest uplifts in my life have come through my reading. I do not mean profound literature, but very commonplace—just the voicing of some cry of my soul that the writer understood. I have met face to face the secret desires of my heart laid bare, the dreams of my life dramatized. I have seen where the fulfilment of my hopes would not have added to my joy, nor the destruction of my ideals bowed me down in sorrow. The words I have read revealed the sidelights and shadows, and led my thoughts into newer, broader channels.

"But what strange art, what magic can dispose
The troubled mind to change its native woes?
Or lead us willing, from ourselves, to see
Others more wretched, more undone
than we?
This, books can do—nor this alone—
they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live.
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn
they chastise;
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise;
Their aid they yield to all; they never shun
The man of sorrows nor the wretch undone.
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people, various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings."

—Crabbe.

Another reason *why* we should read is because it is so free. Our present day public libraries to which we may belong without money and without price, are mines of treasure which have not yet come into their full meed of apprecia-

tion. To-day as I walked through one of those splendid institutions, and saw the rows of well filled shelves, almost a feeling of envy stole over me for the advantages supplied the young people of this generation, compared to the meagre chances afforded a quarter of a century ago. Then we could have read and remembered—we could have read without incurring aching eyes; but the books were not a-plenty. Now we find our spirits are willing to seize on the abundance of books, but—Alack-a-day!

What to read, and where, and when? The last first—do not read when you should be doing your work. Do not neglect the baby to read a novel, nor sit up half the night when you should be sleeping, thus ruining your eyes and torturing your nervous system. One is very often tempted to read in bed when the house is quiet and all settled for the night. The recumbent position, it is claimed, is injurious to certain nerve and muscle reaction upon the eyes, and should be avoided—in the extreme.

Reading on the train is supposed to unduly tax the eyes, but the caution falls upon unheeding ears, and most people read whenever and wherever they find the leisure, all rules to the contrary. Some day the reckoning comes, and then they observe "Who Pays."

What to read? Rather what *not* to read, the range is so wide. Most of us should learn more about the land we

live in for the historical part of our reading. I understand there is a new history being introduced which has precedence over the old text books, which have been described by a Canadian authoress as being "as dry as the dust on the road, with just as nice a taste to the children." To become acquainted with Canadian history through Canadian writers should provoke a double interest.

There are many splendid and forcible writers in our fair Dominion to-day dealing with every phase of national and public life; of government and employment; of agriculture and mining; of art and literature; that would make pleasing study for all who love the Land of the Maple.

We have excellent pioneer tales, written in rich, happy vein, Western-life stories full of breeze and brightness, and books saturated with the individuality and witticisms of Canadian writers whose names are known in almost every household. There are scores we might mention who have contributed to the nation's wealth of poetry and prose.

Then we must not forget the old masters on our book-shelves, Dickens and Thackeray, Shakespeare and Tennyson, Scott and Macaulay, Southey, Burns, Longfellow, Browning, and your own favorites. Can any one imagine a more delightful diversion than—

An easy chair in quiet nook,
A cosy fire, a well-loved book?

Which Was It?

Margaret's mother is a pure food faddist, and the child has heard much of microbes and germs. Visiting at her grandmother's she saw a tiny black speck on her glass of milk. Grandma, noticing her failure to drink her milk asked, "Aren't you going to drink your milk, Margaret?" "Oh, yes," she replied, "but will you please tell me if this is a germ or a microbe? If anything should happen, I want to be able to tell mama which I got."

Choice Fruit Deserves

Redpath

EXTRA GRANULATED Sugar

to preserve its luscious flavor for the winter days to come. For over half a century *Redpath* has been the favorite sugar in Canada for preserving and jelly-making—and with good reason. Because it is absolutely pure and always the same, you can use it according to your recipes, year after year, with full confidence in the results.

Fruit put up right, with *Redpath* Extra Granulated Sugar, will keep as long as you wish, and when opened a month or a year hence will delight you with its freshness and flavor. "Let *Redpath* sweeten it."

Get your supply of sugar in Original REDPATH Packages, and thus be sure of the genuine—Canada's favorite sugar, at its best.

Put up in 2 and 5 lb. Sealed Cartons and in 10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags. 140

CANADA SUGAR REFINING CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

CHERRY JELLY

From a recipe of Charles Francatelli, Chief Cook to Queen Victoria. Published in 1865.

Clean 2 lbs. cherries and a handful of red currants, and bruise stones and kernels in a mortar; place in small preserving pan with 1 lb. John Redpath's sugar loaf and ½ pint spring-water; boil on the stove-fire about five minutes, taking care to remove scum as it rises; pour into a beaver jelly-bag and filter in usual way. Mix juice with two ounces clarified isinglass, and pour into jars or mould.

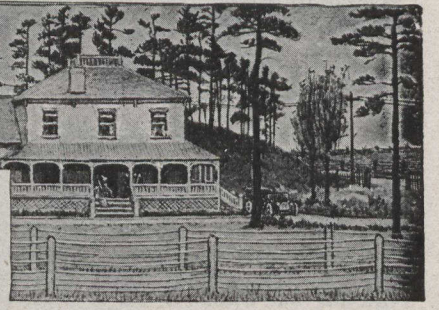
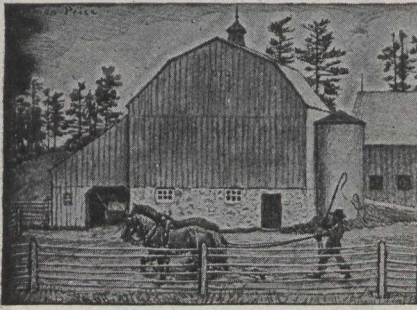
THERE is no more reason for serving poor coffee than for making omelets of stale eggs.

Simply use reasonable care in making, and start with

SEAL BRAND COFFEE

158

CANADIAN - WOMEN'S - INSTITUTES



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Reports From Five Provinces Show Remarkable Progress

This essay won first prize in the competition held by British Columbia Dept. of Agriculture.

By MRS. ETHEL WINSTON,
Upper Sumas, Huntington, B.C.

The motto of the Women's Institute—"For Home and Country"—admirably sets forth its aim of helping women to higher living and higher thinking, and it is in the home that all such effort must begin.

The Elizabethan definition of the housekeeper was keeper at home, and the Canadian woman, till recently, seems to have been intent on living up to this definition in its narrowest sense. Her home duties claim all her attention, and she begins to believe that the walls would fall in were she to leave the house or its vicinity. Other members of the family naturally and selfishly take advantage of this view, and "poor mother" soon finds herself the household drudge at everyone's beck and call.

A Women's Institute formed in the neighborhood, when, as an old-timer, her name, at least, on the roll-call is of value, forms an excuse for getting her out at last, and she finds, over the friendly cup of tea which follows the meeting for organization, that she has many more friends than she knew of, and that new-comers, of whose existence she was not even cognizant, have heard of her and are glad of an opportunity of meeting her. This gives her a pleasant feeling of good-fellowship, and she tells her family on her return home that she will go to the next meeting anyhow.

At the roll-call on that occasion she is perhaps able to give some house-keeping hint or recipe which is welcomed by everyone present, and later she is asked to give a paper on the subject on which she is an authority. Its successful reading gives another fillip to her feeling of being needed outside her home, and "Mother's Club," as it is at first jocularly called, is soon regarded with flattering interest.

The mother's mental outlook being thus widened, she becomes a more interesting member of her own family circle, and, instead of being the one to obediently carry out other people's ideas, she begins to voice her own, and other people find pleasure in carrying them out. The problem of making the home life more attractive is thus on the way to being solved, and a discussion at the Institute on "How to Keep the Young People Happy on the Farm" brings out the idea that a club for the young folks will have as much beneficial effect on the boys and girls as their own Institute meetings have on themselves. Having become a recognized institution in the community, "Socials" under the auspices of the Women's Institute become annual, semi-annual, even monthly affairs during the winter months, when the outdoor work is not so pressing, and the brilliantly lighted attractions of the town appeal so much more strongly than the quiet evening at home passed in reading by the light of one poor lamp.

In this connection, it might be well to urge that the problem of rendering the home life more attractive might be largely remedied by a better system of lighting—modern methods of providing artificial light can be installed with comparatively little trouble and expense if the farmer can only be brought to see the necessity for such improvement on the ways of his ancestors.

As a direct consequence of mother's viewpoint being extended, the daughters begin to devise means of decoration for the old house—if not roughly

HOW MAY THE PROBLEMS OF THE HOME-MAKER AND THE NEWCOMER BE MET BY THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTE?

squashed by the old quotation, "It was my father's custom, and so it shall be mine"—and thus another member of the family finds an added interest in life.

The Women's Institute was not "my father's custom," but even the oldest

recipient of good from the Institute—she may confer upon it untold benefit, for, in her ignorance of local tiffs and squabbles, she may bring about a meeting between old foes, who have yet too much good feeling to allow their hostility to appear while in their



Kintail Women's Institute.

Taken at Annual Meeting last June. Dr. Hamilton addressed the meeting and may be seen at the extreme right of picture, her topic being "Orphan Children." The members of this Institute have been actively engaged in Red Cross and Belgian Relief work since the beginning of the war, but have not neglected their social gatherings and many pleasant and instructive meetings have been held.

farmer, however firmly "sot in his ways," will begin to acknowledge its value when he finds his wife growing younger and more charming, and the young folks becoming more contented with their lot, owing to the social activities inaugurated by the social organization.

The Women's Institute will most likely call upon the Farmers' Institute for a contribution to some scheme they have in view for the betterment of the community, and the members of the latter association will wake up to the fact that the sister institute is more of a force in the neighborhood than their own.

The advantage to a district of a Women's Institute as a social force cannot be too strongly insisted upon, for its meetings afford an admirable opportunity to new-comers of getting acquainted with older settlers.

It might well be made one of the duties of the secretary to notify all new arrivals of the date of the meetings of the Institute, and those nearer neighbors who have called on the strangers should endeavor to bring a prospective member to the next meeting, and take particular care that she be "made acquainted" with every woman in the room before she leaves.

An important part of the work of the Directorate should be the appointment of a "Newcomers Committee" representing each section of the district covered by the association, the duties of the members to call upon all fresh arrivals living within easy distance of their homes, to tender an invitation to the next Women's Institute meeting, making sure that the invitation is not an empty compliment owing to means of transportation being lacking, and then to report to the Board of Directors the successes of their visits.

There seems to be less hesitation about speaking to a stranger among men than among women, and it is this very feeling of shyness which results in the shut-in lives of so many women, who, if they only got the chance of metaphorically stretching their wings, might astound, by their flight to higher levels, those who formerly regarded them as merely commonplace.

A new-comer, however, is not only a

money to be expended on playthings for that school, footballs and such like being rather beyond the purses of individual scholars.

Anything that will promote a feeling of good-fellowship in the locality is within the scope of the Women's Institute. An incident which occurred at a recent civic Christmas tree well illustrates one of the ideals of our work.

After the singing of the carols and the lighting of the tree, someone near extended his hand to a neighbor, saying: "I never saw you before, but I've got to wish somebody a Merry Christmas, and I guess you're the victim."

"Glad to be," was the hearty rejoinder. "Same to you. I've been a stranger here for three months, but I guess after this I'll feel at home in Barton."

Those near by heard and saw, and they, too, reached out for a neighbor in the Bible sense. The feeling of universal brotherhood was in the air.

Christmas trees are only annual events. An ideal of real permanent character has been established in a city in the States, where a "Newcomers' Day" is inaugurated. Concerning this it is reported:

"On Newcomers' Day the women make it their business to call on newcomers who live in their immediate vicinity, extending the glad hand of welcome. If they can do anything to smooth life's pathway for them, they do it. If a man wants to rent a house, purchase property, is in need of work, friends, or any accommodation anywhere, the newcomer gets anything that is his due. The school children are also impressed with the spirit, and bid a welcome to all of the new pupils, endeavoring to make them feel at home. Aloofness vanishes, loneliness gives way to human love, and helpful hands bridge great gulfs of pride. Deserts of emotion are made to blossom like the rose; waste places in desolate hearts are made green, and sorrow and sighing flee away."

Here is a municipality flavored with friendship—a city with a soul.

The Annual Report of Ontario Institutes for 1914.

The articles in this report cover nearly every line of feminine endeavor. The efforts described or proposed relate to activities in Institutes, the Church and community life, to Red Cross and other forms of patriotic helpfulness, and to agriculture, more especially to fruit growing, poultry raising and bee-keeping for women. The report gives very full consideration to the home, nearly every range of domestic economy receiving attention. The study of child life is given a large place, and two addresses deal with "Children's Rights" and "Education for the Backward." "Electricity as It Relates to Women on the Farm" is the title of a practical talk by Sir Adam Beck. Considerable space is given to health topics, both of a public and individual nature. The report reflects much credit upon the hosts of women who are helping along Institute work in this Province.

This report is being mailed to Institute members for 1914-15. If any member for that year has not received the report, it may be well for her to write to the Superintendent.

Annual Convention.

It has been decided to hold Conventions for Eastern, Western and Central Ontario at Ottawa, London and Toronto. The dates will be about the same as last year, that is in late October and early November. Full announcements will be sent to all Institute officers in due course. Each Branch will be entitled to one repre-

representative at the Convention, while District Organizations will be entitled to two representatives. Representative officers in different sections of the Province will be asked to prepare reports on the work of their respective districts, thus avoiding unnecessary repetition in the presentation of reports. It is the intention to give considerable time to addresses and discussions upon subjects of importance to the Institutes at the present time. The Institutes will be asked to use their influence in consolidating the forces of the various localities in making towards community improvement along social and educational lines. Greater emphasis will be placed upon work of special interest to girls during the coming year. Full announcements as to programme will appear in this column later.

Demonstration Lecture Courses.

The Institute Branch has at its disposal a considerable sum of money to be used during the coming fall and winter in furnishing instructors in food values and cooking, sewing and home nursing. In the majority of cases the courses will embrace ten lessons. Where large classes can be formed and the members so desire, the Department will be glad to give a few additional lessons on Dairying and Poultry Raising. Full announcements will be made a little later. It will be quite in place, however, for the Institutes desiring such instruction to make application at an early date. The charge for the courses will be only sufficient to cover local expenses, that is rent of hall, furnishing of supplies, etc. This should not amount to more than 50c. or \$1.00 for each person. All who take advantage of the course must become members of the Institute.

ONTARIO INSTITUTES HOLD ANNUAL MEETINGS.

South Renfrew Annual.

The second annual meeting of the South Renfrew Women's Institutes was held in Goshen Hall on Thursday, June 24th, with about fifty ladies present. All the Branches were well represented, with the exception of those newly organized. The reports of the different Branches show a very successful year's work. The chief interest during the latter part of the year has been Red Cross work, the Institutes giving both money and comforts for the soldiers. They are also very much interested in the schools, and, through their influence, some much-needed improvements have been added in several rural schools. Since the last annual meeting four new Branches have been organized.

Two resolutions were passed, one asking the Dominion Government to forbid the use of grain in the making of liquor while the war lasts, and the second that, so far as possible, the Institute members do their shopping before six o'clock on Saturday evenings, thus making it possible for the storekeeper and his employees to spend a more profitable Sabbath.

This District decided to affiliate with the Local Council of Women.

West Kent Annual.

Over one hundred delegates from the Women's Institutes of the West Kent District attended the annual meeting, held at the Frances Moore Children's Shelter, Chatham. The business meeting was called at eleven o'clock, when the annual report was read by the secretary.

At the noon hour a delightful lunch was served on the grounds. Owing to the Institutes assisting with the work for the soldiers, the expenses of the affair were curtailed and the entertainment was held in a quieter manner than heretofore.

The children in the Shelter were the guests of the ladies, and were most pleasantly entertained, also being made most happy by the gifts left by the delegates, who always remember the Shelter.

During the social hour, donations were received for the Red Cross Society. Comforts for the soldiers were generously given by those present, and made a very handsome, large case for the front. They were packed at the meeting and were immediately shipped.

The meeting was one of the most successful and most enjoyed in some years, the members profiting much, besides making such a happy event for the children in the Home. The beautiful Home, which is kept in the best order, is used for the yearly meeting

place, and the ladies adjourned, to meet there again next season.

South Brant Annual.

At the annual meeting a report of the year's work was given by the secretary, showing South Brant Women's Institutes to be in excellent standing and of having accomplished a great amount of work in the past year. Some of the special items of the report are as follows: Total membership, 348; 87 meetings held; 108 papers and addresses given; attendance for the year, 2,171; also social meetings, debates, bazaars, concerts, etc., have been held throughout the District. Ten dollars was donated for prizes for the children's school fair; funds are being raised for the Tuberculosis Hospital, and, altogether, over one thousand dollars has been raised and expended, principally for Red Cross and Belgian Relief. South Brant has eleven Branches.

Professor Reynolds, of Guelph O.A.C., was present and gave a very excellent address, taking for his subject the Institute motto, "For Home and Country," pertaining especially to "Home." He outlined the duties of mothers and fathers in the home, especially toward the growing boys and girls, and urged the mothers present to rebuild the tone and atmosphere of their homes; and, as to country, Mr. Reynolds gave a grand patriotic address, showing the gravity of the present war, and the necessity of everyone doing their utmost for their country's needs.

Five minute reports were given from each branch Institute, and each Branch contributed a five-minute paper. These reports and addresses were, indeed, very interesting.

Special items of reports for Red Cross work: Burford raised and expended \$419.90 in donations and material for garments, which were made up and sent to the Red Cross and the Belgians; also one-half carload of fruit. Mount Pleasant, \$54 to Red Cross, and \$250 in clothes and supplies to the Belgians. Cathcart, \$68.50 to Red Cross, and additional supplies of food and clothes to other purposes. Oakland, for Red Cross and Belgians, \$160.00; also clothes and fruit. Other Branches also gave donations to Red Cross in clothes, fruit and money, besides doing a great deal of local improvement work.

Resolution of Sympathy.

At the annual convention of the North Wentworth Institutes, held in June, the following resolution was carried:

"Resolved, that we, the members of the Executive Committee of the Women's Institute for the District of North Wentworth, do extend our heartfelt sympathy to our sister members of the various Branches throughout the District who have been bereft of loved ones by the terrible death-dealing hand of the present war. May the presence of the Divine Comforter be yours to keep and direct you in your hour of deepest trouble."

At this Convention there were 350 present from the ten Branches represented. The secretary writes that much good work has been done throughout the year, but naturally the foremost line has been the patriotic, and, notwithstanding the fact that some generous contributions have been made, it seemed as if the ladies were just beginning, so anxious did they appear to be of further service to their country.

Resolutions Passed by Timiskaming Institutes.

The Timiskaming Institutes held their eighth annual meeting in Englehart. Over one hundred representatives were present from the twenty-two Branches, which comprise the largest District Institute in the Province.

A number of helpful resolutions were passed, some of which were:

That we shop early on Saturday.

That we wear, until the close of the war, our Institute pins on a purple and white ribbon in memory of the boys at the front, in loving sympathy with the mothers and wives of the soldiers, and to show our own loyalty to the Empire.

That we petition the Government to conserve all grain and food product, that it be not used in the manufacture of malt and spirituous liquors.

That we assist financially in placing doctors in all rural parts of this Northland.

The Clifford Branch.

The Institute at Clifford reports a year of activity and achievement.

This Branch has been organized for sixteen years, and still flourishes.



Enclosed please find

WHEN we have occasion to send money through the mail, we can do no better than follow the lead of the business man, who long ago discovered that the easiest, safest and simplest way is by Express Money Order.

Business men invariably remit by this method. Women are rapidly learning to appreciate the significance of this fact—and they, too, are now large users of Express Orders.

There is an Express Office in your town—find it and make use of it. You'll be met by a courteous and obliging agent, who will explain to you the advantages and simplicity of

Dominion Express

Money Orders & Foreign Cheques

Every railway station has an Express Office where "Orders" may be obtained, and in almost every town there are branch Offices located in the residential districts.

RATES	
\$5 and under . . .	3 cts.
Over \$5 to \$10 . . .	6 "
" 10 " 30 . . .	10 "
" 30 " 50 . . .	15 "
" 50, at same rates	



One Corn

Kills Joy—Why do Women Let It?

Science has discovered how to deal with corns. A famous chemist solved that problem when he made this Blue-jay plaster.

Since then, this gentle method has wiped out seventy million corns. It is ending now a million corns a month.

Today corn pain is inexcusable. It can be ended any minute—and forever—with Blue-jay. And the corn will come out, without soreness, in two days.

Pare corns and you'll keep them. Use wrong treatments and they'll stay. But apply a Blue-jay plaster and that corn is finished without any inconvenience.

A few cents will prove this. After that, you will never again let a corn bother you.

Blue-jay Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists
Samples Mailed Free

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Physicians' Supplies

Does more cooking with less fuel because it's built with a coal-saving firebox.

McClary's Pandora

Range firebox is extra wide but not too deep. Ask the McClary dealer to demonstrate this point for you. 82

MARION HARRIS NEIL, editor of our Cookery Department, will gladly answer all your questions and solve for you all your difficult problems connected with her department.

Returns to Health and Business

"Had it not been for Dr. Cassell's Tablets I believe I should never have worked again; I hardly think I could have lived." These are the words of Mr. Ernest W. Barrett, of 32 Cecil Road, Gloucester, England, a young man now in the perfection of health and vigour. And he goes on: "The Tablets cured me of a long and serious illness when all methods I tried had failed, and now I am as well and fit as anyone could wish to be."

"It is eight years since the trouble came on. I caught a cold, which turned to pleurisy and rheumatic fever, and for nine weeks I lay between life and death. When at length I could be taken downstairs I was a wreck of my former self, wasted to a frame and as weak as a baby. I used to hobble about on sticks. All the medicine I took proved quite useless.

"However, my father chanced to read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets and got me some. I shall never cease to be grateful for the result. I began to mend almost at once. Slowly my strength returned, I brightened up, got an appetite, and it was just wonderful how I built up flesh. At the present time I am a little over the weight for my height, and in the very pink of condition. I have never had a day's illness since Dr. Cassell's Tablets cured me."

How are these striking cures effected? The explanation is that Dr. Cassell's Tablets nourish and vitalize the nerves, renew the functional powers of the system, and so compel health where older-fashioned methods are quite useless. When you feel run down, when your work becomes an effort, don't wait for more serious symptoms. Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and you

will be astonished at the bright, new health they will give you.

The absolute authenticity of the foregoing case is guaranteed, and no testimonial is ever published by the Dr. Cassell's Co. without full personal inquiry as to its genuineness. Purchasers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets in this country may rest assured that they are getting a really reliable and tested remedy for Nervous Breakdown, Nerve Failure, Infantile Weakness, Neurasthenia, Sleeplessness, Anæmia, Kidney Trouble, Dyspepsia, Stomach Disorder, Malnutrition, Wasting, Palpitation, and they are specially valuable for nursing mothers and girls approaching womanhood. All druggists and storekeepers throughout the Dominion sell Dr. Cassell's Tablets at 50 cents. People in outlying districts should keep Dr. Cassell's Tablets by them in case of emergency.

Send For a Free Box

A free sample box will be sent you on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing, by the sole agents for Canada, H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto, Ont. Dr. Cassell's Tablets are manufactured solely by Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd., Manchester, England.

There is at present a membership of sixty-six.

Two years ago the Institute purchased a piano and placed it in the public school for the use of the scholars.

In the spring of 1914 the Institute opened out a neglected park land with an artistic pavilion and provided tables and benches. In July they held an Opening Day, at which they realized \$112.00. This, together with \$50.00 from the Town Council, \$40.00 from Horticultural Society and \$90 made at a concert Fall Fair night, practically liquidated the park liabilities.

This spring the Institute planted some two hundred maple trees in the park and town, and has furnished seating accommodation for the town hall, which has lately been re-decorated.

A Programme for the District of Haldimand.

The Haldimand District has issued a programme of meetings for the year for the various Branches throughout the District. The following subjects are announced:

June—"Unexpected Company," "The Difference Between Frugality, Economy and Parsimony."

July—"Why We Should Patronize Home Industries," Exchange of Recipes for Summer Salads.

August—"The Assignment of Special Duties to Children as a Means of Teaching Them Responsibility." A review of Dr. Helen McMurchy's work in regard to the care of the feeble-minded.

September—"Care of Plants for Winter," "The Best Bulbs and Plants for Winter Flowers."

October—"The Value of a Hobby in Life," "The Prevention and Care of Colds," "Improving the Health and Strength of Our Daughters."

November—"Canada's Noted Women." Debate, "Resolved that Women's Suffrage would be a benefit to the Nation."

December—"Delegates' Report of Annual Convention," "Christmas Customs in Other Lands."

January—"Our Duties to Our Teen-Age Boys and Girls—(1) How to Entertain Them and Interest Them; (2) Our Part in the Upbuilding of Their Characters; (3) Importance of Careful Training at This Age."

February—"Women Workers of Our Time," "Effective Home Influence in Our National and Political Life," "The Importance of Training Our Girls as Home Makers."

March—"Shrubs and Plants That are Easy to Grow," "Spring—Its Beauty and Work," "The Furnishing of a Living Room for Comfort."

April—"Mothers' Meeting—1. What She Owes to Herself. 2. What She Owes to the Community. 3. A Mother Who Had a Chance."

May—Business Meeting, Roll Call, Payment of Dues.

A supply of these programmes is furnished to each Branch, and the names of the speakers for each meeting are written in on the space allowed for that purpose.

The Work of Some Ontario Institutes.

The Athens Women's Institute has organized a Girls' Sewing Club. This Institute is also collecting old papers to sell for Red Cross purposes, and expects to collect at least a carload.

Three bandage rollers was the gift to the Bloomfield Institute by a gentleman interested in their work.

The Beaverton Institute has provided two beds for the University Base Hospital. This Branch recently shipped to the Red Cross Hospital at Cliveden a box containing 80 pounds of fruit cake, 40 pounds maple sugar and 50 packages Spearmint gum.

The Dungannon Institute, although recently organized, reports a membership of one hundred. This Branch is busy doing patriotic work.

At the annual meeting of the Lincoln Women's Institute, the delegates present decided in favor of a campaign in that District for the representation of women on the public school boards.

The Etwell Institute reports an average attendance of 22 at the meetings throughout the year. This Branch has a membership of 21.

At the June meeting of the Thames River Institute the members decided to furnish a room for Canadian boys in the Shorncliffe Hospital.

At Englehart the members of the Institute collected and made up 3,000 mouth wipes for the Red Cross Society. Other supplies were made at the same time.

A sale of Gladioli bulbs was held by the Morewood Institute, the proceeds being for Belgian Relief Fund. This

Institute will hold a flower sale for the same purpose.

At the District annual meeting of the South Brant Women's Institutes the sum of \$50 was donated from the District funds to endow a cot in the soldiers' hospital at Shorncliffe, England. \$10 was also voted for prizes at the South Brant Children's School Fair.

Three new Institutes were organized in the South Norfolk District during the summer series of meetings.

Looking forward to the needs of the coming winter, the members of the Lucknow Institute are working every Wednesday afternoon making quilts for the Belgian and other relief work.

A Tag Day recently held by the Grimsby Institute resulted in nearly \$400.00, which is being used in purchasing supplies for the Red Cross needs.

A swimming pool has been fitted up by the Perth Institute for the girls and young children of the town. A matron is in charge each day from 2 to 5 p.m.

To secure funds toward furnishing the new school-house, the Bethel Women's Institute held a Strawberry Festival.

The Fingal Institute has engaged a caretaker for the cemetery, and to meet expenses is having a sale of ice cream every Saturday evening in the town hall. A musical programme, which is free, is given at the same time.

A towel shower, given by the Alliston Institute recently, resulted in the donation of 202 towels.

The West Opps Branch held a most successful garden party late in June. As a result, the Institute will have nearly \$200 for Red Cross work.

The Institute at Niagara-on-the-Lake has been making donations of flowers and delicacies for the soldiers in the hospital at the Niagara Camp.

The Aspdin Institute has a charity fund, to which the members donate on their birthdays. This Institute has been selling "Allied for Right" buttons.

The sending of a motor ambulance to the front is a matter under discussion by the Institutes of East Simcoe, and also of Peel.

A Shower of Comforts.

A shower of comforts for the soldiers, held under the auspices of the Stoney Creek Institute recently, was a splendid success. The large, white basket, decorated with the Red Cross emblem and placed in the centre of the lawn, was unable to hold the articles contributed. Among the gifts were: Note paper and envelopes, candy, towels, soap, handkerchiefs, pipes, Oxo cubes, tobacco, pencils, etc.

A Unique Reward.

At the annual meeting of the East Kent Women's Institute, the secretary of the Rideout Institute was again awarded the prizes for the best kept books and concise reports.

A Woman District Representative.

The president of the Thunder Bay District, Mrs. D. J. Piper, in her address at the District annual meeting, held in June, pointed out "that, as women who are not found at the Institute meetings must be reached in order that they may be taught to be practical and efficient, the Government will be asked to appoint a woman as district representative, just as a man is appointed to instruct the men, whose duty it will be to visit the isolated homes and to teach the women and daughters in order that their highest work in life, that of home-making, be not ignorantly undertaken. Greater efficiency will surely bring about better conditions for the farming community of the District, and the results will justify the expenditure for the salary of the resident instructor."

Two Good Things.

At the summer meeting of the Mount Forest Institute the members decided: (1) To make jam and jelly for soldiers. Fruit to be placed in one quart cans and brought to Institute meeting in October.

(2) To make convalescent slippers for hospital use.

An Emergency Room.

In line with the recommendation made at the district meeting of the Timiskaming Institute, it is interesting to note that the branch of Cochrane has decided to rent a room in town as an emergency hospital ward, for the convenience of doctors having necessities and urgent cases to deal with. The furniture for this ward is being kindly loaned by the Board of the Cochrane General Hospital.

This branch has also been instrumental in providing a small park for the town.



NEW BRUNSWICK INSTITUTES

Last month, through the columns of the Journal, a list of the places to be visited in the interests of Women's Institutes, was given. To date, Mrs. Geo. Winter, the organizer, has met with marked success in her tour, organizations being formed at the following places: Tay Settlement, New Maryland, Burt's Corner, Meductic and Southampton, all of York County; Dalhousie Junction of Restigouche County; Salmon Beach, South Tetagouche, Stonehaven and Grande Anse of Gloucester County; Douglstown and Newcastle of Northumberland County; and Harcourt and Bass River of Kent County; making a total of fourteen new Institutes at the present time.

Prospects are bright for progressive branches in these communities, and the majority of the newly formed Institutes intend joining our already large army of knitters and sewers and include this now important work with the regular Institute work. These baby societies have hardly had time to hold meetings, but five very encouraging reports have reached this office, including Tay Settlement, New Maryland, Meductic, Salmon Beach and South Tetagouche, giving the following interesting items:

Tay Settlement has twenty-six paid members, all being present at the first meeting. A successful social netted over \$40 for Red Cross work. This Branch intends letting the people know what they stand for and already twenty "For Home and Country" pins have been ordered from the Department.

New Maryland realized \$53 from their Ice-Cream Social, this money to swell the contributions to the Red Cross Society.

This is what the secretary of the Meductic Institute writes: "Our social, which was held on June 26th, was quite a success; we made \$43.15. We made \$36.85 from the baskets and then we sold tea, coffee and lemonade. Besides, we had a 'Guess Cake.' Each person who made a guess of what was in the centre of the cake had to pay ten cents. Then at the close the person who guessed right won the cake. That brought the amount up to \$43.15." Meductic is the first new Institute to send a donation towards the Motor-Ambulance Fund. Twenty dollars were forwarded for this fund and ten dollars to the Fredericton Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire for Red Cross work.

The Salmon Beach Institute is making a wise beginning by sending in two subscriptions to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. Preparations are now being made for an Ice-Cream Social.

Fourteen members of the South Tetagouche Branch paid their fees at the first meeting, which was held in the school house.

Button-Day returns are still coming, also voluntary contributions towards the motor-ambulance which our Institutes in the near future hope to purchase for wounded Canadian soldiers. The proceeds for this purpose at the present time amount to \$1,088.96. The returns from Button-Day from those Institutes not having been reported before, include:—

Petitcodiac	\$10.00
Buctouche	10.00
(Second order of buttons)	
Stanley	25.00
Chocolate Cove	10 25
Prince William	10.00
Florenceville	20.00
Greenwich	9.00
Elgin	6.10
South Tilley	2.50

Contributions from Institutes not having taken part in the Button-Campaign, but desiring to contribute towards the Motor Ambulance Fund, outside of those mentioned in last month's Journal, are:

Blackville	\$50.00
Lord's Cove	50.00
Grand Falls	25.00
Chance Harbor	25.00
Meductic	20.00
Leverville and Oak Bay	10.00
Havelock	9.00
Queenstown	6.00
Dumfries	5.00
Lower Millstream	5.00
Penobscus	5.00

CLIPPINGS FROM RECENT INSTITUTE REPORTS.

At the June meeting of the Andover Institute, roll-call, answered by "Given

a dollar bill how would you spend it in order to get the most pleasure out of it?" provoked both mirth and seriousness. A motion was passed that the Institute in a body go to the Consolidated School meeting, which was very well carried out. In addition to holding a picnic on July 20th, this Branch will hold a Festival to further swell their treasury. The papers, "Kipling," "And How Can the Busy Woman Find Time for Self-Improvement," were greatly enjoyed.

The Benton Branch continues in its good work. 125 bandages have been sent to the Red Cross Society at Woodstock. Now aiming to endow a bed in one of the Canadian hospitals in France.

The secretary of the Bloomfield and Central Norton Institute writes that everyone is getting much interested in the Women's Institute, the membership is steadily increasing which means a gradual increase of members and visitors to the monthly meetings. Papers on "Books Everyone Should Read," and "Household Efficiency," read at the June meeting, were pronounced interesting and helpful.

The regular monthly meeting of the Campbellton Institute for June resulted in a good representation of members. A letter was read from A. T. Skillington, Lt.-Colonel O.C. No. 2 Canadian Stationary Hospital, by the secretary, thanking the ladies for \$100.00 received to provide cots in the New Brunswick ward at Le Touquet, France. At this meeting \$50.00 was again voted for the support of another cot at the same hospital and \$25.00 for supplies. This means the fourth cot that the ladies of Campbellton have established in Canadian hospitals. The soldiers soon to pass through this town on their way to Valcartier Camp are to be provided with lunches by the ladies of the Institute. A motion was carried to hold a tea in the near future, the proceeds to be given to the local band. The sum of \$118.34 was passed over to the president of the Women's Institute last week from the entertainment, "The Doctor's Private Secretary," which was given in the Campbellton Opera House by about 50 of the young local talent under the direction of Mr. T. H. Bird, of New York. The funds will be used in Red Cross work. Needless to say, the committee feel very grateful to the young ladies and gentlemen who worked so hard and spent so much of their time to make the entertainment such a decided success.

The proceeds of the concert held June 26th by the Chance Harbor branch amounted to \$28.75. Five new members were added at the June meeting.

In order to raise funds for improving and beautifying the cemetery, the Chocolate Cove Institute passed a motion at the June meeting to hold a concert.

The June programme of the Corn Hill Institute was conducted by the girl members and proved very enjoyable. Seven visitors were present outside of the regular membership.

Elgin is expending money on music books and books of fiction.

Florenceville had two excellent papers read at the June meeting, entitled "The School Lunch Box," and "Thought Force, Its Effect Upon Health."

A very interesting discussion on "The best ways of cutting wallpaper," took place at the June meeting of the Beersville and Ford's Mills branch. Several good readings completed a much enjoyed afternoon.

The Fredericton Institute purpose holding a "Lily Day" this month. To further assist in Red Cross work this branch is energetically preparing a Quotation Calendar for 1916 and hopes to have it for sale in October. The receipts from the Candy Sale conducted by the girls of the Institute at the June meeting, more than cleared the amount required to pay Button Day advertising bills.

The June meeting of the Glassville Institute was declared most helpful. Amidst the clicking of needles the papers, "How Girls should help their

Things to Plant in September



Hyacinths, all colors, per doz. 40c., 55c., 65c., and \$1.00. If required by mail add 20c. per doz.

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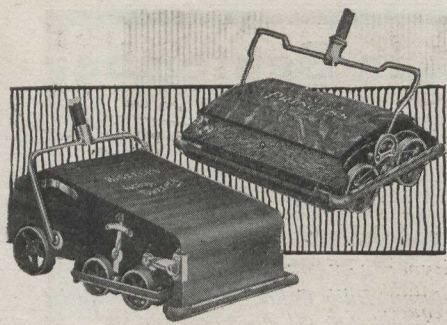
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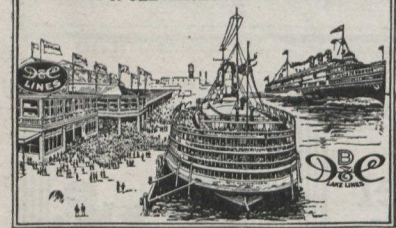
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Mothers." and "How to keep Young," were greatly enjoyed.

The Grand Falls Institute realized \$50.00 at their Tea and Sale. A valuable member of the Institute, Miss McCluskey, before her departure for Fredericton, where she intends training for a nurse, was presented with a wrist watch by the members of the Institute, a social tea being held afterwards in her honor. A Strawberry Festival is to be held in the near future.

The total amount raised from the Drama held by the Grand Harbor Institute amounted to \$67.10. For June, the programme consisted of a paper entitled "Treating Tuberculosis at Home," followed by a Nut-bread demonstration.

Instead of having a free picnic as in former years, the Hammond and Markhamville Institute decided to have a "pay picnic," the proceeds to be used for some good purpose.

Hartland made use of local talent for the June meeting, when Doctor I. B. Curtis gave a "First Aid" lecture. A discussion followed on "Hot Dishes for Supper without Meat."

The last report from Havelock indicates a varied programme, the subjects being "Current Events," "Sick Room and Care of Sick," and a demonstration on Maple Parfait.

Papers on "Training Children," "Preparing Turnips," and "Housecleaning," together with the usual Red Cross sewing, constituted a busy June meeting for the Oak Bay and Leverville members.

The Lord's Cove Institute observed Empire Day in the form of a picnic, with songs, recitations and flag drills by the school children. The Deer Island band gave several patriotic selections and an enthusiastic address was delivered by the pastor, followed by a sumptuous supper. Over \$70.00 was realized, which this Department feels confident the Institute will wisely spend.

The roll-call at the June meeting of the Lorneville Institute provoked much laughter, owing to the members responding to their names with either a conundrum or a joke.

Fifteen members and five visitors listened to the interesting and instructive June programme of the Lower Millstream Institute. In addition to the secretary reporting \$10.00 being handed over to the Red Cross Society, papers entitled "The Flag and what it Stands For," "Household Efficiency," and "How to Entertain Our Friends in the Home," were read.

The suggestive topic, "Strawberries, Sweet Strawberries," was ably discussed at the June meeting of the Millstream Institute, the members exchanging many new and tempting recipes in the preparation and serving of this most delicious of summer fruits.

Nashwaaksis had a full programme for June. Three papers bearing the titles "First Aid," "Home and Its Influence," and "Spring Foods as Tonics," proved highly beneficial. At this meeting the matter of cleaning and repairing the hall was discussed and a committee of five appointed to look into the cost of same and to act as they thought best.

The girls took almost entire charge of the June meeting of the Newton and Smith's Creek Institute, one of the youthful members giving a demonstration in bed-making. Lunch was served by the young ladies. One of the older members gave a helpful talk on "How Girls can help their Mothers," which is sure to result in the girls assuming more responsibility in the home.

The June meeting of the Port Elgin Institute took the form of a Patriotic Tea, held on the lawn at the home of one of the members. A collection was taken for the Sock Fund, which amounted to \$16.00. The grounds were prettily decorated with flags and an appropriate musical programme was carried out. This branch recently held a very enjoyable "Quilting Bee" and two quilts were forwarded to Red Cross headquarters, one of them bearing the Canadian ensign in the centre. Several informal meetings have been held for the purpose of sewing and making bandages. These informal meetings in the interests of the Empire are bringing together the women of the community, breaking down all barriers and knitting their hearts in the common cause of suffering humanity.

Point de Bute is preparing another Red Cross box for shipment. Twenty members were present at the June

meeting to glean information concerning "Salads and Salad Dressing." After the meeting lunch was served and \$4.80 realized. These small collections taken up at each meeting soon develop into large sums to be expended in many worthy ways.

The Patriotic Social, held by the members of the Queenstown Institute netted \$50. The June shipment to Red Cross headquarters consisted of 9 pairs socks, 11 hospital shirts, and 1 box linen.

The members of the South Tilley Institute are most enthusiastic over making garments for Belgian children. At the June meeting, under the direction of the president, 22 slings were also made.

The June topic for discussion for the Stanley and Cross Creek Institute was "The Life of King George." A patriotic spirit predominated throughout the entire meeting and the members answered roll-call by giving patriotic quotations. The proceeds of the Supper, held at Cross Creek, \$23.00, will be used for Red Cross purposes. The members at Cross Creek and Stanley succeeded in collecting \$124, this money to endow two cots in one of the Canadian hospitals in France and to purchase surgical supplies.

The secretary of the Upper Sackville Institute writes that the June meeting was a very full and interesting one, twenty-nine being present. Animated discussions followed the papers on "Should the wife understand her Husband's Business," and "Legal Rights of New Brunswick Women." This branch is also planning a July picnic.

The Williamsburg branch realized over \$50.00 from their entertainment, which will be spent on equipping a

bed in the New Brunswick ward of one of the Canadian hospitals at the front.

At the closing exercises of the Petitiocodiac school, prizes, given by the local Institute were awarded in the High School, 4th, 5th and 6th grades and the primary department.

Last month, the debate, "Which has the greater influence on Character, Heredity or Environment?" which had been opened at the May meeting, was resumed at the home of the secretary, and several ladies spoke on this interesting subject. The side of "Environment" won the debate. It was decided to endeavor to raise \$50.00 to provide and furnish a bed in the Cliveden Hospital, England, for the Canadian soldiers. The Institute is increasing its numbers at almost every meeting, there being one or more names added to the roll. The next meeting will be held on the grounds of the president's home.

The Woodstock Women's Institute held a very enjoyable musicale in the Assembly Hall of the Fisher Memorial School, July 5th. No admission fee was charged, the object being to advertise the Institute, thus each member contributed towards the expense which the musicale incurred. Needless to say, it was a grand success. If space would permit, we would be glad to publish the very attractive and entertaining programme of this concert, as it would be an inspiration for each member to read it. At a later date this may be possible. At the June meeting 36 members responded to roll-call and 11 new members joined, giving Woodstock a membership of 69, the largest in the Province, of which they are very proud.

QUEBEC WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

Second Annual Convention of Quebec Homemakers' Clubs.

The second annual convention of the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs took place at Macdonald College, June 15 and 16, 1915. Forty-one representatives from the various clubs were present. The first session opened with singing "O Canada," followed by an address by Principal Harrison, in which he expressed his pleasure at having the delegates from the clubs meet at Macdonald College, and extended on behalf of the College a hearty welcome to all. Miss E. L. Baker, secretary of the County Executive of Missisquoi County, replied, thanking Dr. Harrison for his words of welcome, his address, filled, as she expressed it, with good common sense, and for his kindness in placing Macdonald College at the disposal of the Convention.

The report of Miss Campbell, demonstrator for the clubs, showed that since the last convention the clubs had increased from eight to thirty-three, and the membership from 252 to 633. Owing to the fact that other patriotic clubs had been formed in their communities the clubs formed at Stanstead, North Hatley and Waterloo had been obliged to discontinue their work. The number of lectures and demonstrations given by the demonstrator were 14, and in connection with the January Short Courses, 14, making in all 28. The number of organization meetings held, 31, and the number of clubs organized 25. Lectures and demonstrations by other members of the Household Science Staff, 7. Lectures and demonstrations by members of the Staff of the School of Agriculture, 2. Since September last the clubs have been busy with patriotic work, knitting and sewing for the Red Cross, and raising money for the Patriotic and Belgian Relief Funds. Large quantities of supplies have been sent in, as well as considerable sums of money. The clubs already engaged in this good work were urged to continue it until peace comes again, and it was suggested that the clubs lately organized take up the work as soon as possible.

The following resolutions were brought before the Convention, discussed, but not adopted: (1) Resolved that the Department of Education be approached on the subject of the care and beautifying of school grounds and their surroundings. (2) Resolved that the Minister of Education be approached on the subject of compulsory education and free books, not for the majority, but for those who are not in a position to bear the expense of the

books. (3) Resolved that the Minister of Inland Revenue be approached on the matter of the inspection of clothing and footwear, that a Government stamp be the guarantee that the cloth be as represented. It was moved by Mrs. Kirby, and seconded by Mrs. Armitage, that Miss Baker, the secretary of the executive, correspond with the secretaries of the clubs of the other provinces, in regard to this matter. The motion was carried. It was suggested that the correspondence appear in the Journal of Agriculture and the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

On account of the annual convention not being held until nine months after the annual meetings of the Branch Clubs and County Executives the question of changing the dates of the latter was brought up, and after considerable discussion it was moved and seconded that the Club year for the branches end March 31st, the annual meeting for the branches to be held in April, and the annual meeting for the County Executives to be held in May, and the reports sent in to the Demonstrator not later than June 1. The motion was carried.

Judging from the enthusiastic discussion following from the various papers read it seems safe to say that the Homemakers' Clubs are, and will be to a greater degree every year, a force for the improvement of the home, the school and the community.

That their visit to the College was thoroughly enjoyed by the delegates is evidenced by the following resolutions passed at the last session: (1) That a motion be made to convey to Sir William Macdonald the thanks of this Convention and their appreciation of the benefits conferred and the advantages afforded to the Homemakers' Clubs of the Province of Quebec, by being able to hold their annual Convention here in the institution, which owes its existence to his generosity. (2) That thanks be tendered to Dr. Harrison for his invitation to the Homemakers' Clubs to hold their Convention here; to Miss Fisher for her great kindness and her interest in Homemakers' Clubs; to Miss Campbell for the perfect arrangement, for the carrying out to such successful issue this second Convention; to Professor Barton, who conducted the drive Tuesday morning; to Professor Bunting for conducting the party through the Horticultural Department, and to all who have so perfectly and pleasantly entertained us.

The closing words were spoken by Dr. Harrison, who expressed his personal pleasure at meeting the dele-

gates, and the hope that they should continue to meet in greater numbers each year at Macdonald College.

History of Work of Quebec Homemakers' Clubs.

"History makes haste to record great deeds, but often neglects good ones."

The history of these organizations as compared with that of the other provinces in the Dominion is unique inasmuch as the women of Quebec, unassisted by the Government, began this work themselves. In all the other provinces of Canada, the Provincial Government has not only assisted in establishing Agricultural Societies for the benefit of the farmers, but has established separate organizations for the women of the farm homes, and has made special provision for giving them instruction along lines bearing directly upon the duties devolving upon them as Homemakers.

The first organization of this kind for women was formed at Dunham, in January, 1911, under the leadership of Mrs. G. M. Beach. Mrs. Beach may justly be regarded as the pioneer of this work in Quebec Province, and, owing to her endeavors, several branches were formed in Missisquoi County—Farnham Centre, 1912; Clarenceville, 1913; and Cowansville, 1913. Later Clubs were organized at the following places: Howick, 1911; Cookshire, 1912; and Shawville, 1913. It was owing to the efforts of the late Rural Dean Robertson that such a society was formed in Cookshire. At Shawville, in March, 1911, a County organization had been formed by Professor Elford, Macdonald College, with Miss S. J. Armstrong as president. The officers of this county organization, although no regular meetings were held, kept alive an interest in the work until 1913, when Branch Clubs were formed at Shawville, Wyman and Bristol.

Prior to this time there had been no common organization for the whole province. Most of the Institutes formed were using the Handbook of the Women's Institutes of the Province of Ontario. In February, 1914, a convention of representatives from the first formed clubs met at Macdonald College. A constitution was drawn up and the name was changed to Quebec Homemakers' Clubs. The College promised to aid the Clubs in every way possible until such a time as the Government should come to their assistance. Just before the Convention the Government was asked for aid in printing the Handbooks. This request was granted. The Clubs are very grateful for this aid, and look confidently forward to the time when they shall receive the same consideration as the Farmers' Clubs.

The object of the Quebec Homemakers' Clubs as set forth in the Constitution is as follows: The object of Homemakers' Clubs shall be to study the most scientific way of conducting home work in order to economize, strengthen and preserve the health of the family; to discuss the best expenditure of money in order to secure the highest conditions of home life; to provide better financial, social and intellectual advantages for farm boys and girls and yet keep them on the farm; to carry on any line of work which has for its object the welfare of home or community life.

All Clubs organized shall be strictly non-partisan and non-sectarian in every phase of their work, and no Club shall be operated in the interest of any party, sect or society, but for the equal good of all citizens.

No subject shall be presented at a Club meeting, or discussion allowed, of a political or sectarian nature; nor shall any speaker be allowed in her lecture, essay or speech, or in any discussion, to advertise wares or schemes in which she has a direct or indirect pecuniary interest, or the advertising of which would be detrimental to similar wares or goods of another make or brand.

The East Hastings Institute Picnic.

Those who were fortunate enough to be among the 500 present at the picnic report it as a most enjoyable event. Immediately after dinner the election of Farmers' and Women's Institutes was held, followed by an afternoon of sport. Addresses were later given by the manager of the Standard Bank at Belleville and by the District Representative. The Women's Institutes were represented on the programme by Mrs. Shannon, the district president.

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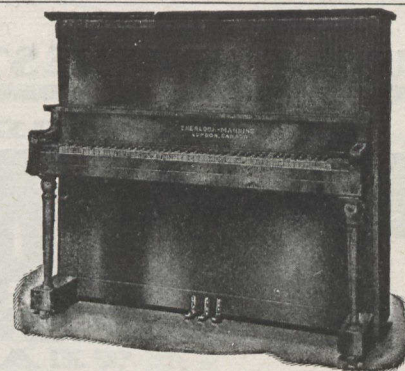
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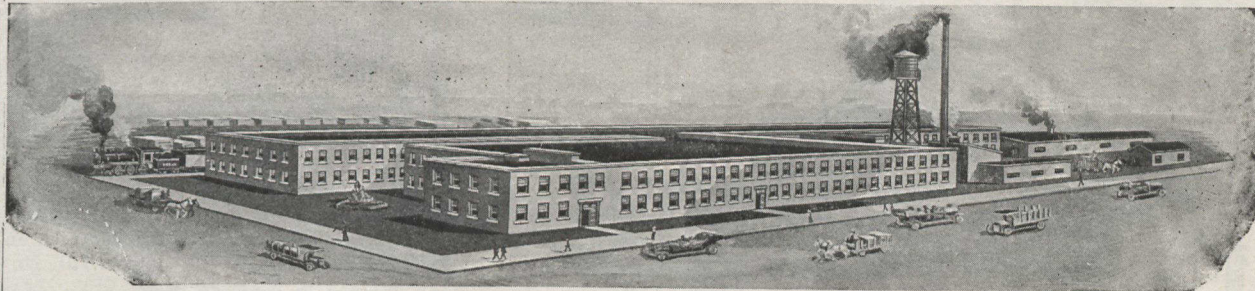
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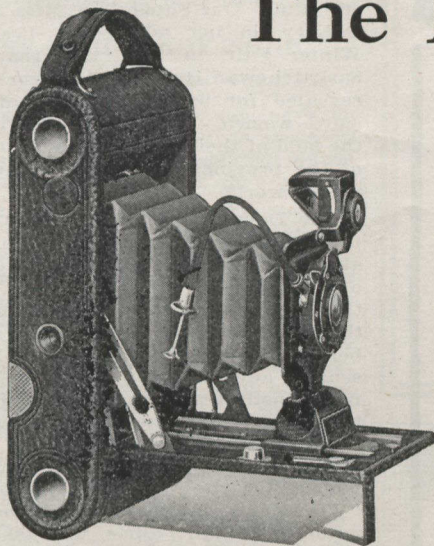
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SASKATCHEWAN INSTITUTES

Homemakers' Clubs in Saskatchewan.

The Homemakers' Clubs of Saskatchewan are similar in their aims, objects and methods to the Women's Institutes in Ontario. But their history is quite different, and they meet a different need. Each province has its own problems to solve and its own conditions to meet. And we who work in the Homemaker work in Saskatchewan think that this great movement has proven of wonderful value in lessening the loneliness of the women on widely separated prairie homesteads and has bound together a great sisterhood of pioneer women in links of gold, to work in united effort for the service of home and country. It has grown from eight nameless women's societies, which met in the first convention at Regina, in January, 1911, to over one hundred and forty Homemakers' Clubs, whose delegates met at the fifth annual Convention, held at our beautiful University at Saskatoon, in May, 1915. A number of Clubs have been formed since the Convention. And the help that the work has been to the individuals who make up this great whole, can be told only by the women themselves.

In so many cases it has transformed lonely, talented women, eating out their own hearts in need of the company of their own kind, into great reservoirs of blessing carried through the channels of the local Homemakers' Club. Our Supervisor, Miss Abbie DeLury, in her address at Brandon Winter Fair, in 1914, said that our Saskatchewan Homemakers' work had revealed for us a gold mine of talented women. And it has distributed the gold of their goodness to the needy of the province, the country and the whole world.

The Department of Agriculture for the Province of Saskatchewan has always looked well after the interests of the farmer. In November, 1910, they determined to do something for the women of the province. A number of talented speakers were being sent to address meetings of the Farmers' Institutes along the main line of the C.P.R. The men were requested to bring their women folks to these meetings and Miss Lillian Beynon, who edited the Women's page of the "Winnipeg Free Press," under the pen name of Lillian Laurie, was asked to go with the speakers and address the women. Grenfell was the first meeting place. A fine banquet had been prepared, to which the Lieutenant-Governor and other notables had been invited as speakers, and Miss Beynon was requested to do her speaking at this banquet. In her own words she was "scared blue," but we cannot imagine our talented Lillian Laurie, B. A., from Manitoba University, fluent, easy, forceful speaker, ever being other than her own charming self.

However the men of Grenfell would not hear of the women forming a separate society. They had worked always with their men folk in the Agricultural Society which had had women directors for years. So no women's society was organized here. The next place visited was Broadview. The men gathered upstairs in the Hall, while the eight women who came sat around the big stove downstairs and talked over the idea. The Department of Agriculture had promised that they would do for the women what they had been doing so long for the men. Hon. Mr. Motherwell, Minister of Agriculture, W. J. Rutherford, Deputy Minister, and F. Hedley Auld, Director of Agricultural Societies, were all greatly interested in the work for women. The women of Broadview felt that what other women could do, they could do, so the society was organized with Mrs. Thorburn as president, the first president of the first Homemakers' Club in Saskatchewan.

The name Homemakers' was chosen at the first annual Convention in Regina, in January, 1911, when the Constitution was also adopted of simple rules for our guidance. This was printed, together with the Convention address, in the first annual report, which we all know as "the little grey book,"

and you may see each Homemaker president going off to her meeting each month with the little grey book under her arm, as it also tells her the order of procedure for the meeting.

Eight societies were organized at this time by Miss Beynon, all of them along the main line of the C. P. R. The annual Agricultural Societies' Convention and Provincial Seed Fair were held in Regina, the end of January, 1911. At the same time it was planned to hold a Convention for the women's societies and delegates were sent from each society. We met in the auditorium of the Normal School and many women date the dawning of the home feeling for Saskatchewan from this Convention. Lillian Laurie presided in a tactful, efficient manner and by her own talented, dainty womanliness struck the key note for the Homemakers. The audience was most inspiring for they listened breathlessly and then took advantage of every opportunity to ask timely questions.

Nellie McLung, our own vigorous worker in the cause of Western womanhood, gifted writer and witty speaker, told of Western social conditions. Miss E. Cora Hind, market and stock editor of the Manitoba Free Press, told of many labor saving devices for our kitchens, to lighten our labors and transform drudgery into pleasant industry. These were all most practical and most of them inexpensive.

Miss Mary S. Mantle, who was writing for the Nor' West Farmer, under the pen name of Margaret Freeston, was another speaker. She is still with our work and still lends to it the charm of her womanly, thoughtful, unflinching care for others.

Miss Joan Hamilton, Director of Domestic Science in the schools of Regina, demonstrated for us on cheese dishes. Dr. Mary Crawford, of Winnipeg, told us what to do for our health when many miles from a doctor and before the doctor could reach us. Mrs. Motherwell gave a splendid paper on Domestic Book-keeping. This she was requested to repeat for the benefit of the men at the evening's general session. Mrs. Lorne Elliott, who had worked in Ontario Institute work, also gave a helpful address. In the audience were Isabel C. Armstrong, woman's editor of the Regina Leader. Mrs. Graham, of Winnipeg, and Dame Durden, of the Farmer's Advocate, who has since died. Soon after this Miss Armstrong started the Homemakers' Page in the Leader. This appears in the Saturday Daily Leader, then on the following Wednesday in the weekly Leader, called the Prairie Farm and Home.

The next summer Miss Beynon was sent to address meetings again along the main line of the C. P. R. and with her was sent Miss Abbie DeLury, then Director of Domestic Science in the Moose Jaw schools. Of Miss DeLury it has been said that she possesses the sanest mind of any known woman. Added to this she has a great big warm Irish heart, tender to all need. She is now Supervisor of Homemakers' Clubs and surely is the right woman in the right place. Miss DeLury is building sure and strong the foundation of a helpful sisterhood of women in our great prairie province.

Miss Mary S. Mantle and Miss Joan Hamilton were sent to address meetings and organize wherever possible south of the main line. A district Convention was held at Wolseley, at which twenty-two Clubs were represented, in July, 1911. This was an enjoyable meeting and the parting words of all were, "See you at the next Convention." This next Convention was held at Saskatoon, in February, 1912, the second annual Convention, also in connection with the Agricultural Society's Convention. Miss Tennant, Domestic Science Graduate from Guelph College, and assisting at University residence, took part in this Convention, and in the work of the Short Courses that winter. Miss Tennant is a niece of Mrs. Hoodless, the founder of the Women's Institutes in Ontario, and through whose efforts

(Continued on page 32.)



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THE LIFE OF VLADISLAV REMM

(Continued from page 22.)

imprisoned, some sent off to Siberia, some executed. I have suffered the tortures of the damned. Time and time again I have tried to escape the doom of life-long treachery which you have heaped upon me. Often I have meditated flight, but your toils were drawn about me too close to allow me to get free. I cannot even remember the number of times that I have implored you, with tears in my eyes, to let me go; to choose another Judas to do your bidding. But always you have held the past over my head like a suspended blade. But now I have had enough—enough, I say! Even you, Your Lordship, are not, like the Pope, infallible! Even you may make miscalculations. And in my case you have forgotten to calculate one all-important factor—my soul!"

A strange smile curled up his lips; he looked the Governor straight in the eye, with an indescribable expression upon his face.

"You are a beast in human form, Your Excellency!" he said, softly. "Whatever may be the consequences, I will not give you another jot or tittle of information. Now go!"

The last words came like an explosion. His eyes were flaming swords. He seemed to tower over the two men like a Colossus, as he pointed imperiously at the door.

The Chief of Police snarled inarticulately, like an enraged hyena. The Governor-General gazed at Remm for a moment in utter silence, then turned on his heel, and went. The Chief of Police slammed the door violently behind him as he departed.

There was a moment's silence. Marinka, her limbs cramped from her crouching position, rose to her feet, and stood there, like a statue, in her trailing robes of white, before the door—waiting. There was no pity in her heart; she thought of her brother rotting away for years in that living hell, Siberia—Siberia, the land of ice and snow, that hangs over Warsaw like an ever-imminent doom; she thought of other Kollegi, dead, or banished; she thought of the vile, year-long treachery. Her soul burned with incredible shame, with intolerable anguish and humiliation. She remembered the money she had given Vladislav to replace the peculations from the Fraternal Help; that money had been assembled with difficulty, and represented many a sacrifice on her part, of pride and comfort alike; she remembered the prayer that she had made him at the banquet given in his honor, that he should never deceive her. And he, even then, was a traitor, a traitor! a vile, unmanly, dishonorable wretch! And she had lived with him—had been his wife and borne to him a child. A pulse beat clangorously at her temples with the ringing resonance of iron on steel. She stood there, and waited, slightly swaying back and forth, with the surging gusts of emotion within sweeping tumultuously through her stormed heart and shaking her from head to foot.

She heard his step; the door opened.

Hanging between the two rooms were two heavy curtains of blue velvet.

With a gesture of wild energy—he knew that he had been overheard—he seized these curtains in his two hands, and swept them apart. . . . A flood of brilliant light shot into the darkened room, full upon the silent, white robed figure that stood there with a face of stone. . . . The husband stood there too, as though petrified before the unearthly Medusa-like beauty of her face. . . . His heavy, clustering hair, lighted up against the golden splendor of the lamp-lit room, shone like an aureole about his face, which seemed of shadowed bronze. . . . The light streamed vividly around the edges of his shirt of white cambric, around the whitesleeved arms that held the curtains wide; around the rigid contours of his face. . . .

"Spy!" came, in a low, hissing, unutterably scornful voice, from the wife's lips.

Vladislav did not move. . . . Holding the curtains wide apart he gazed at her, with a strange, appealing expression upon his face:

"It was Hell!" he whispered. "It was Hell, Marinka!"

As he had dismissed the Governor-General and the Chief of Police a few

moments before, so Marinka now pointed out toward the door, with a single, imperious gesture: Not trusting herself to speak, she took the curtains from his unresisting grasp, and pulled them together with a metallic clash of the rings upon the pole above. . . . Stepping back into the room, now dark again, she closed the door behind her, and locked and bolted it. . . . Then she threw herself down on the hard floor, with tightly clenched hands and burning, tearless eyes, and listened to him depart.

When he had gone, she lighted the lamp and rang for the maid. . . . When she came, Marinka gave her a few brief orders in a voice as hard and pitiless as steel:

"Take the child out of this room!" she commanded: "and do not bring him back until I tell you!"

The woman, not understanding, but quailing before the flame in Marinka's eyes, went over to the crib, and bending over, took the sleeping boy into her arms. . . . His dark-gold hair falling in wavy, curling showers about the amber beauty of his delicate face, the blue-black, star-bright eyes veiled by the long sweeping fringe of golden lash, he relaxed unconsciously in her arms, his head falling laxly over the woman's broad, fat shoulder. . . .

So she bore him away to the nurse, and Marinka, without a word, without a tear, saw her depart. . . . Then, putting out again the lamp, she threw herself down upon her bed, in solitary communion with her thoughts. . . . And they were wild and terrible,—such, that if a strong man had entered her room, and gathering her up in his arms, as the woman had just taken up the little child, had pitched her out of her bed-room window headlong down into the cold, gray, sluggish stream below, she would have been glad and grateful, as to the conferrer of a precious boon. . . .

(Concluded in next issue.)

THE SEMI-READY PICNIC

(Continued from page 18.)

There is no one who can have as good a time at little cost as those on the farm, if they make up their minds to take their pleasure as they go.

A family which made the most of simple pleasures arranged in the beginning of the summer to have one or two meals outdoors every day the weather was suitable. An old table was placed where it could be left always ready, and accessible from the kitchen door, to simplify the serving. A folding screen was at hand to place between a tree and a large shrub to shut off observation of possible passers-by. A broad basket for all the small table furnishings, napkins, salts, peppers, sugar, etc., was kept in the kitchen, and when the meal was over they were all put in it, ready for the next meal. A large tray for dishes, and one for food, made it possible to lay and clear the table in a few trips to the kitchen. The keen appetites and the pleasant atmosphere well repaid the little extra trouble. A small guest expressed the general appreciation of the arrangement when she gleefully said: "Isn't it fun to visit where they have a picnic every day!"

THE HILL OF FOLLY

(Continued from page 20.)

What Miss Courtenay saw of his feeling he could not conjecture. She was always crisp and short in her conversation with him. She still retained that innate desire to puzzle and provoke him, because he was so very teasing and took all her chaff with such amusing seriousness. Yet he sometimes fancied that she thought well of him, for she gave him her unreserved confidence, and without any hesitation declared that she found his company stimulating and inspiring.

The afternoon drew to a close. Signs of life increased in the camp. Odors of supper came from the eating-house. The workmen were returning—and with them came in the long, slow train. Hayes and Miss Courtenay immediately went to meet it, for it was said that the mining recorder was a guest on the private car, belonging to some railroad official and attached to the rear.

In the small drawing-room at the end of the private car they found the recorder, busily engaged writing in a large book. Already several persons, interested in mining claims at different points along the route, were seeking the little man, who appeared quite puffed up from the dignity of his new office.

(To be continued.)



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The Canadian Home Journal



SASKATCHEWAN W. I.

(Continued from page 30.)

Macdonald College was established at Guelph.

Dr. Grace Armstrong, of Regina, a capable woman dentist, from New Zealand, gave helpful addresses at Wolseley and at Saskatoon, on the necessary care of the teeth. The work kept on growing until when we met for our third annual Convention, at the University, in May, 1913, we numbered fifty Homemakers' Clubs and there were almost a hundred delegates. This was the beginning of our staying in residence at the University and this is a most delightful experience. Grandmothers are transformed into College girls with the pranks of youth. The president's wife was heard to remark in proud tones to a guest. "Just think! Last year they ran races in the corridors. Don't those corridors look as if they would be a lovely place for races?"

The years slipped off the toil-worn women who left a mountain of work behind them and would meet another mountain of toil after the welcome week's rest in the green pastures of the valley of blessing. Just to be together in the pleasant students' rooms, to meet and chat in the long corridors and eat such well planned meals in the high vaulted, old-English dining room was a delightful experience and a welcome bit of rose color in the grey lives of house-bound women.

The work of the Homemakers' and of the Farmers' Institutes had been placed under the Extension Department of our young University as soon as this was established. The Deputy Minister of Agriculture became Dean of the College of Agriculture, our own Dean Rutherford, who takes such pride and pleasure in the work of the Homemakers and who assists the cause in every way possible. Mr. F. Hedley Auld remained Director until the Convention of 1912, when he resigned and Mr. S. E. Greenway accepted his position. Both of these men have taken great interest in the Homemakers and under their fostering care the work has steadily grown to its present state of efficiency.

It was at the time of the 1913 Convention that Miss DeLury was appointed Supervisor. Only a woman can rightly interpret the needs of other women and under the large-hearted and broad minded guidance of our wonderful little Supervisor the work of the Homemakers has set its roots deep in the hearts and lives of our Saskatchewan women. She does not use a secretary or even typewriter letters for they would "look so cold" and lack the personal touch of our thoughtful leader. When asked her opinion, so often you hear, "That is for the Clubs to decide," and that is always her attitude. You can get from her any reasonable request.

Speakers and demonstrators are sent to the local Clubs when the Clubs ask for them. Libraries have been sent to the Clubs containing about a dozen books of reference as a nucleus of a permanent library in each Club and about forty books of good reading material for the use of the whole community, which enjoys the blessing of a Homemakers' Club in its midst.

In the summer of 1913, three sets of speakers were sent out to visit the Clubs, two along the main line of the C. P. R., two to the south and two to the north. One of these was Miss Hayward, the art teacher of the Moose Jaw Schools. Another was Miss Sue C. Irwin, teacher of Household Science, in St. John's Technical High School, Winnipeg. Still another was Miss Ida Baldwin, graduate in Domestic Science from a college in the United States.

In the winter of 1914, Miss Daisy E. Harrison, graduate of Macdonald College, St. Anne's, Quebec, who had just completed post-graduate work at Columbia University, New York, was employed and is available as speaker or demonstrator on request. Mrs. Archibald, graduate from Guelph College, is also employed as demonstrator. Miss Day, Domestic Science Instructor in the schools of Regina, successor to Miss Joan Hamilton, lends us her assistance whenever possible.

The work of the Homemakers since

the war began is remarkable. They were already working hard for the Welfare Work which was clothing the needy of our own province, and they have taken hold of Red Cross work, assistance for the Belgians, and work for the Patriotic Fund. All sorts of garments have been made and wherever you would go last winter you would see the Homemakers knitting. The yarn was paid for by the Clubs and

supplied freely to any who would use it. Concerts were given and hundreds of dollars raised for this work. "And it does not yet appear what we shall be"; for we are just beginning, we are badly needed and we are eagerly training "selves for service." Saskatchewan women are forging ahead and the Homemakers Work is furnishing a channel to distribute their service.

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Mrs. Jas. Johnstone Nelson. Miss Alice Ravenhill, Shawnigan Lake.

By request of the Imperial Order of Daughters of the Empire the following notice is brought to the attention of all members of Women's Institutes. The Daughters of the Empire desire to place themselves on record as being willing to go on with the work of marking the graves of the Canadian dead on the battlefields, as they did in the South African war. Now that the lists of casualties among our troops represent a daily addition to the long roll of bereaved homes, this announcement will bring a gleam of consolation to many mothers, sisters, widows and daughters, who yearn for the opportunity, denied to them in consequence of the great distance, of bestowing reverent care on the last resting place of those so dear to them, who have given their lives for the Empire and that for which the Empire stands, honor, truth and justice.

The Topics Selected

For discussion at the four District Conferences of the Institutes and for the coming year, speak well for the sense of responsibility felt by those concerned in their choice. Handsome prizes are offered for the best essays on:

- (1) How to organize Hot Lunches in the Schools.
- (2) Women's Responsibilities to the Empire.
- (3) The Development of Home Industries in British Columbia.
- (4) The Possible Influence of Women's Institutes on the Life of the Province.

A new departure this year is the offer of special prizes for essays by Junior members on: (a) Our Share in Institute Work, and (b) A Daughter's Duty in the Home. The length of the essays should not exceed 1,500 or 2,000 words.

Shawnigan W. I.

Weekly Work Parties continue for Red Cross work both at Shawnigan Lake and Cobble Hill. These have enabled very large consignments of garments to be despatched to the Red Cross Society. The celebration of "Sock Day" by this Institute resulted in the collection of over \$80 in cash, besides 132 pairs of strong socks. The first annual Young People's Wild Flower Show, held early in June was a great success. The Department of Agriculture prize for the best (named)

collection of 35 Wild Flowers was won by the Malahat School. The judges expressed much satisfaction at the level attained by the exhibits, and an attendance of about 200 showed the local interest taken in this new departure. Tea was served by the Women's Institute.

Comox W. I.

The Women's Institute served supper at a Joint Meeting of the Board of Trade and Farmers' Institute, held a short time ago, when an address was given by Miss Alice Ravenhill, on "The Place and Purpose of Family Life." The topic attracted a good audience in spite of a wet evening. The members are devoting much energy at present to Red Cross work.

Similkameen W. I.

A ten days' course of afternoon lessons in Cooking was given at Kere-meos, at the end of May, by Miss Livingstone, which were felt to be as much a benefit as a pleasure to the interested audience. Miss Livingstone has won respect and admiration from every Institute where she has demonstrated, not alone by her skill, but on account of her cheerful, ready response to questions and her genuine interest in her work.

Boundary W. I.

A large shipment of clothing was recently despatched to Queen Mary's Needlework Guild. The members entertained the Hon. Thomas Taylor, John R. Jackson, M.P.P., and the Mayor at dinner, on the occasion of a Farewell Entertainment to the "boys" who have joined the colors. This was followed by a card party and dance, the whole being a great success. Over \$60 was realized from different sources, which was sent to the Red Cross Society, at Toronto.

Kaslo W. I.

Here also an exhibition was recently held of the garments completed for Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, and the largest crowd ever assembled at the Armoury was present when the Women's Institute tendered a dance and lunch to the recruits, each of whom was the recipient of a useful gift from the hostesses. The bright entertainment was thoroughly enjoyed, and the address, given by Ven. Archdeacon Beer, was much appreciated.



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DEPARTMENT OF CHILD HYGIENE

(Continued from page 6.)

he gets so very, very tired. Here again Dr. Holt says, "Great injury is done to the nervous system of children by the influences with which they are surrounded during infancy, especially during the first year. The brain grows more during the first two years than in all the rest of life. Normal, healthy development of the nervous centres demands quiet, rest, peaceful surroundings, and freedom from everything which causes excitement or undue stimulation. Many parents err through ignorance. Playing with your children, stimulating to laughter, and exciting them by sights, sounds, or movements until they shriek with apparent delight, may be a source of amusement to fond parents, and admiring spectators, but it is almost invariably an injury to the child. The infant should be kept quiet, and all such playing and romping as has been referred to should, during the first year at least, be absolutely prohibited."

I have already written so much about food that little more remains to be said. Many tired babies are really starved babies, not from lack of food, but from too many and too much food-stuff indiscriminately given. Babies and little children are only capable of digesting a few kinds of food, and milk should always have the predominance in these.

Says the Toronto Health Bulletin:

"There seems to be a feeling among mothers, and especially among young mothers, that when a child cries, if it is given a 'comfort' to suck, everything possible has been done to soothe it. Infants acquire habits very readily, and once acquired they are difficult to break. If you rock your baby to sleep, for instance, after a few times you will find it hard to put it to sleep without rocking. The same applies to singing children to sleep. All such devices are means of focusing the babe's attention until overcome by sleep. The 'comfort' of all habits is the most filthy, the most dangerous and the most unpardonable. Every nation should legislate against them and their manufacture should be prohibited.

"No mother would think of taking her babe to a place where there is any infectious disease, but she overlooks the great dangers from infection to which the 'comfort' exposes her child. This article is often picked up from wherever it may chance to lie, no matter in what exposed spot—it may even have been lying on the floor, or perhaps have fallen from the carriage on to the sidewalk.

"Again, many mothers wet the 'comfort' in their own mouths before giving it to the baby. This is especially dangerous, as the mother may be a 'carrier' of some infectious disease germs and, as the 'comforts' are generally used with infants who are in a weakened condition, they are very susceptible to infection. Moreover, the child is frequently given the 'comfort' to send it to sleep, and when it does so, the comfort drops from its mouth, to become a roost for swarms of flies, perhaps just come from some nearby soiled napkin, or other filth. If, as is frequently the case, the mother rushes to the child with this fly-infected 'comfort' the moment that the infant's cries show it to be awake, we can easily see the terrible danger of disease from the misguided use of the article.

"It does not require scientific knowledge, simply plain, serious thought, on the matter, to realize that the 'comfort' is very often the source of the transmission of germs of disease, and is a most filthy habit. It is intended, of course, to soothe the baby; but is only used because it has become a habit with the infant. If it were never given it would never be necessary.

"A rubber nipple for a 'comfort' or a feeding bottle soon degenerates and becomes bad—due to light, heat, diet, etc., and becomes an active source of irritation to the tissues of the mouth or throat, which may soon become poisoned and inflamed. Red spots appear and later on join into a large infected area, which is very sensitive to the touch, and the child will shrink on examination.

"These tissues, i.e. gums and cheeks, will be hot, red and dry, and this condition may be followed by deranged digestion, vomiting and diarrhoea. When like this, or even just slightly irritated, the

child will be more open to infectious diseases, of which a cold is a good example.

"What good can be got from a 'comfort' compared to the chances of laying the child thus open to infection? Does it stop its fretting? No. Instead it will generally increase it—not just at first, but in a few minutes. Sucking a 'comfort' will soon cause fatigue, and will tire the brain of the child, making it more irritable than before. For example, if you chew gum, you will notice how it will tire you out, also that continual chewing will give you that feeling of a hard lump back of the throat, like indigestion, caused by the continual swallowing of the unnatural flow of saliva and the moving of the jaw. A man sucking a dry pipe will get the same sensation.

"Think how tired the baby gets with a 'comfort' in its mouth half or more than half the time. This instrument might far more properly be styled a 'dis-comfort.'

"Then more than this great danger to the child from infection, think of the change in the appearance of the child. From having a normal, healthy and correctly shaped arch, it may grow up to have a mouth with the upper front teeth extending away out on the lower lip, with a lack of development and growth in the upper jaw, and a short, tight, upper lip, predisposing towards mouth breathing and all its consequential irritations. The mouth arch also becomes narrowed, giving the face a gaunt, idiotic look and the mouth a poor set of masticatory apparatus for the rest of its days.

"There is no case where a 'comfort' is a particle of good, and no shape or style will excuse its use. It is a dirty, unsanitary thing, forced into baby's mouth by its mother, the one person who surely has its best interest at heart, under the mistaken idea that baby needs it, although it is never recommended by dentist or physician. As soon as a mother realizes the harm she is doing by its use, she will surely throw it away, and give the baby a chance to grow into a clean, healthy child, and be an ardent advocate of 'Abolish the Comfort.'

"A little wise purposefulness on the part of parents, a little fearlessness of breaking old customs, and offending certain people may, during the first four years of a child's life, save prayers and tears, and weary days, and sleepless nights in the future.

"We have needed our babies always, but perhaps never in the history of the civilized world have we needed them as we do to-day. Let us then each one 'do our bit' in the guarding of our race that in the days to come—
'All the men and women of our Land may be fairer
Than even the mightiest of our meaner race can be.'"

BETTER CANADIAN BABIES' CONTEST.

BY ETHEL M. PORTER.

(Continued from page 12.)

If the whole magazine were only at the disposal of this Department it would be possible to tell of the many interesting happenings in connection with the Contest, and to reproduce all the photos of the happy little faces which have come to us during the month. However, as we are confined to our own little corner, only a few pictures can be shown, and a suggestion or two given.

The first and most important words I can say are: the days of the Contest are rapidly growing less, and we would strongly urge mothers to send for Entry Forms without further delay. Doubtless you have been carefully carrying out the instructions given in the articles by Doctor Hamilton and Doctor Backus, as they appeared each month, and are waiting to enter your babies till they have reached their best, physically and mentally, but the weeks left are now so few that it is unwise to delay longer.

The splendid letters of appreciation which come to us from time to time are most encouraging. Sometimes from the remote districts of Canada come messages telling us that there they are interested in the Contest and trying to show their desire to co-operate with us in this great movement by interesting as many mothers in their localities as possible.

Only a few days ago a splendid letter came from a western city in which the writer said the women of her city were planning to hold a Contest of their own next year. This is an excellent idea. It shows the spirit of progress which is always evident in the Canadian West, and if there is anything we can do to assist in the hold-

ing of this Contest, we shall gladly respond to any appeal which may come.

If this city can have a Better Canadian Babies Contest, why cannot many other cities, towns and villages throughout the country do likewise? There is no more splendid work you could engage in, for truly Canada's future need will be strong men and women to replace what has been lost. Here is a matter for the Women's Institutes to take up. Could they not hold very successful Contests throughout the coming year, very much to the benefit of the little ones in their communities?

There are still a great many who have received Entry Forms and have not yet returned them, and others who have sent Entry Forms, but no photos. If you are among the number, do not delay having these matters adjusted, for September 30th is not far away.

JOURNAL JUNIORS

(Continued from page 21.)

trying harder than ever before to make this "lesson" the best of all.

1. Draw a spool of thread.
2. Catch a grasshopper or cricket, and put it under an inverted tumbler (with a match under the edge to give it air), and make as good a likeness of it as you possibly can, in any position. Don't be afraid to try it, nor to send in what you do!

Here you have an *inanimate*, and an *animate* subject; see which you can do best! Remember the rules!

RULES.

Draw in ink, on one side of the paper only—picture to be about 2 x 3 inches. Be sure and state your age on your last birthday, and your name and ad-

dress, plainly written, and have the work certified by an older person. Leave plenty of time for your drawings to reach our office before the end of the month. Address "Cousin Clover," care of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 71 Richmond street west, Toronto, Canada.

HIS IRON NERVE

(Continued from page 7.)

own, and bending over them, said in sweet, sympathetic tones:

"Oh, how dreadfully they must hurt!" and *dropped two lovely round tears on them!* And he, shamed to the core by his childish display of weakness under pain, exclaimed:

"By George, Miss Merrivale, they can't possibly hurt as much as that burn I so carelessly gave you. Think of standing that burning iron for an utter stranger!"

"O, but he wasn't a stranger,—he was my—" Mona stopped in consternation, and the surgeon demanded:

"What? Your what?" Then more slowly: "Are you, by any chance, the lost fiancée, whom Mr. Wilfred Manning has been breaking his heart searching for?"

"Yes—Father!"

"Father," echoed the great surgeon in weak, trembling tones, very, very unlike his usual roar. "You are the little two-year-old baby your—mother took from me twenty years ago?"

"Yes, your daughter—Mona Rand! I am not afraid of you now." She seized his arm. "See, Miss Wing, he has a heart, and feelings—he loves me already, and every bit of iron is gone out of him." And the great surgeon murmured, "Even from my soul."

THE END.

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NEW AND TESTED RECIPES

By MARION HARRIS NEIL

Author of "Canning, Preserving and Pickling," etc.

A DEPARTMENT for the busy housewife who desires to introduce variety into her menu. Questions will be cheerfully answered by the editor, who is well known for reliability.

How to Make Good Curry Dishes

Some of the curries so much beloved by those persons who have visited India can be made in almost any part of Canada, but others cannot be prepared without the aid of twelve or more pungent seeds and vegetables which are unobtainable here. Bombay has fifteen varieties of curries; Calcutta has almost as many, and Ceylon is famed for its fish, prawn and vegetable curries.

In order to cook and serve curry to perfection, good stock, good curry powder or paste and plenty of well prepared rice are required. High class curry powder or paste is a necessity, and, as with other articles of diet, the best is the cheapest, because it need not be used in large quantities. Many cooks consider that the paste has a more delicate flavor than the powder.

In order to make a thoroughly satisfactory curry, uncooked meat should be used, but good results can be obtained by the use of cooked cold beef, lamb, game, chicken or rabbit, provided that an extra supply of stock or gravy is at hand. Cut the meat into dice. Cut two small onions into thin slices, and fry in three tablespoonfuls of butter to a light golden brown. Add two tablespoonfuls of flour and the meat, and fry for a few minutes. Take a spoonful of curry paste—the size of the spoon must depend upon the quantity of the meat and the individual taste—mix the paste smoothly in a cup with gravy or stock, remembering that curry should never be fiery hot. Place the fried meat in a saucepan with one-half teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of grated coconut, two tablespoonfuls of coconut milk, one tablespoonful of chutney, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and four tablespoonfuls of butter. Cover with gravy and simmer for two hours. Serve with a dish of boiled rice.

However delicious curry may be, badly cooked rice will spoil it. Each grain should be separate, well swollen and hot. Wash the rice and drain it well. Have ready a large saucepan of boiling water, throw in the rice, add a teaspoonful of salt, then boil fast until the rice is tender. Drain and steam the rice dry.

If white meats are used, cream and milk should be employed instead of a dark stock. Cold meat that has been cooked must be treated in the manner described above, except that the simmering process should be reduced to one hour.

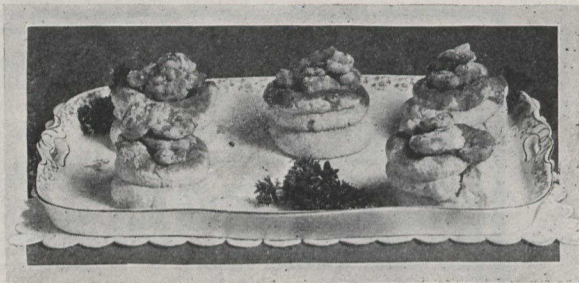
Madras or "dry" curry is quite popular in some parts of India. It is quickly made, does not require gravy, and cooked meat can be utilized, although lobster, prawns or shrimps are the correct form of "dry" curry in the eyes of

epicures. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan, add three finely sliced onions, and fry to a golden color, then add a

tablespoonful of chopped coconut, a teaspoonful of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of chopped apple, one-half teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of curry powder or paste, a tablespoonful of chutney and three tablespoonfuls of butter. The last named is an indispensable ingredient. Stir all this in the pan until a deep brown. Put in the fish or meat, add one-half teaspoonful of chopped garlic and a little more lemon juice. Make very hot and serve with boiled rice and sliced tomatoes.

Coconut milk is a great improvement to curry, and it is quite easily made. Take a fresh coconut, scrape off the hard white inside part, put it into a basin with enough boiling water to cover, and let it soak for thirty minutes, then strain through coarse muslin, well pressing and squeezing the coconut. The result will be a very thick milk, which must be carefully put aside until the curry is near completion.

With regard to curry powders and



Curried Shrimp in Potato Patties.

pastes, it should be noted that it is not sufficient to merely add these to a meat, egg or vegetable dish at the last moment. The curry must be thoroughly cooked with the dish.

CURRIED CELERY FRITTERS.—Wash and clean three stalks of white celery, cut them into inch pieces, and cook until tender in boiling salted water or stock, then drain well. When cold, toss them in thick white sauce, previously mixed with a tablespoonful of curry powder or paste; the pieces must be thoroughly coated with the sauce. Dip each piece into frying batter, and drop into smoking hot fat, fry to a golden color, drain on white paper, sprinkle with fine salt mixed with a little curry powder, dish up on a folded napkin and serve immediately. Asparagus or cucumber may be treated in the same manner.

CURRIED MUTTON HASH.—Two pounds of cold roast leg or shoulder of mutton, freed from skin and superfluous fat, an onion, three tablespoonfuls of butter, a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, one dessertspoonful of curry powder and an equal quantity of curry paste, one cupful of stock or water, one tablespoonful of chutney, one tablespoonful of flour, and a border of boiled rice. Cut the mutton in neat slices, peel and chop the onion finely, and fry it in one tablespoonful of the butter with the chopped parsley. When nicely browned, add the curry paste and curry powder, stir well, and moisten with the stock or water, and add the chutney. When hot, stir in the flour blended with the remaining butter; then add the sliced mutton. Season with a little salt, and cook gently until quite hot. Dish up in the centre of a border of well-cooked rice.

CURRIED CAULIFLOWER.—Fry three sliced onions to a pale brown color in four table-

spoonfuls of butter or drippings and transfer to a saucepan with two cupfuls of scalded milk, a tablespoonful of grated apple, a banana forced through a sieve, the strained juice of half a lemon, a tablespoonful of curry powder and a teaspoonful of grated horseradish. Bring to a boil and simmer for ten minutes. Pour over a boiled cauliflower and serve decorated with parsley.

CURRIED PEPPERS.—Cut off the tops of six green peppers and remove the seeds and ribs. Mix one-half cupful of breadcrumbs, one-half cupful of grated coconut, three-fourths cupful of chopped cooked ham, one tablespoonful of curry powder, two chopped apples, two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Divide this mixture into the peppers and steam them until tender.

CURRIED EGGS.—This is a delicious and easily prepared luncheon dish. Fry a sliced onion in three tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings, add one-half tablespoonful of curry powder, one teaspoonful of flour, one-half teaspoonful of mustard, salt to taste, and one and one-half cupfuls of stock and two tablespoonfuls of chopped coconut. Simmer for twenty minutes, then add two teaspoonfuls of lemon juice and four chopped hard-cooked eggs. Serve in a border of hot boiled rice. Decorate the rice with strips of red peppers.

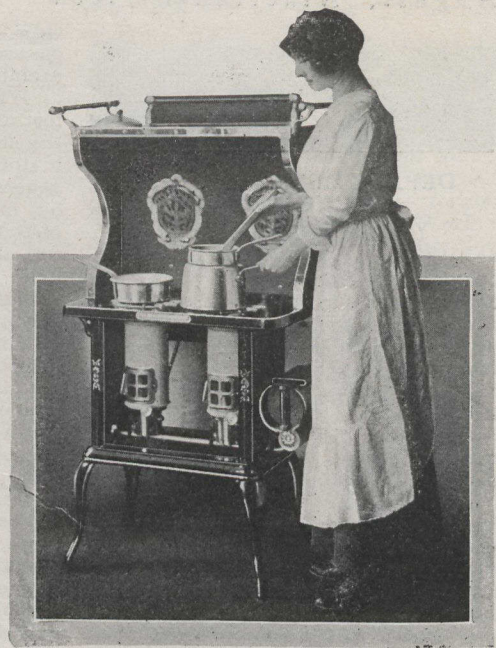
CURRIED SHRIMPS.—Force hot boiled potatoes through a potato ricer, season with salt and pepper, add one tablespoonful of melted butter and moisten slightly with hot milk. Force around and around through a pastry bag and round tube to form patty cases. Place on a greased baking tin, brush over with beaten egg, and brown slightly in a hot oven. Fill with the curried shrimps. To make the



Curried Eggs.

curried shrimps, melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add a sliced onion and fry to a pale golden color, add one teaspoonful of lime or lemon juice, two teaspoonfuls of curry powder, two tablespoonfuls of apple sauce, one chopped sweet green pepper, salt to taste, a cupful of cooked shrimps, fresh or canned, a cupful of stock or water and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Simmer for fifteen minutes and use.

CURRIED SCALLOPS.—Wash and drain two cupfuls of scallops. Pour over sufficient boiling water to well cover, let stand for eight minutes and drain. Put them into a saucepan with one-half teaspoonful of salt, one bay leaf, two cloves, one blade of mace and two cupfuls of milk, and simmer for forty minutes. Rub the bottom of a second saucepan with a cut clove of garlic, add one tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of curry powder and one tablespoonful of chopped green pepper, and cook for five minutes. Add one-half cupful of white stock and cook for five minutes longer, then add one cupful of milk in which the scallops are cooking. Stir in one teaspoonful of flour dissolved in a little cold milk, and when smooth and thick, strain the sauce over the scallops. Simmer to-



Making Curry on Oil Stove.

gether for a few minutes, add two tablespoonfuls of strained orange juice, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, and serve with boiled rice.

CURRY SOUP.—One small turnip, one onion, one leek, one carrot, one small cauliflower, salt and pepper to taste, one tablespoonful of rice, one cupful of milk, one-half apple, six cupfuls of stock or water, one teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of chutney, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one tablespoonful of curry powder and four tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings. Clean and prepare the vegetables. Cut the turnip and carrot into dice, and chop the apple. Cut the onion and leek into thin slices, and break up the cauliflower into small pieces, keeping it separate in cold water until required. Melt the butter in a saucepan, put into it the carrot, turnip, onion, leek and apple, and stir these over the fire for a few minutes without browning. Add the curry powder, chutney, salt and the rice well washed. Mix and then pour in the stock. Bring to the boil, and simmer for two hours, or until the vegetables are almost soft. Then add the cauliflower and cook for thirty minutes longer. Now add the milk, sugar and lemon juice, and serve with plain boiled rice.

COLD CURRY.—For a pound of chicken or veal freed from gristle and bone, use five tablespoonfuls of butter or drippings, one sliced onion, two tablespoonfuls of curry powder, a tablespoonful of chopped apple, a tablespoonful of flour, a tablespoonful of chopped coconut, one-half cupful of cream, one-half cupful of white stock, a cupful of milk, the strained juice of half a lemon, and salt to taste. Cut the meat into large dice. Fry the onion in the butter, but do not let it get brown. Then add the meat, and fry it to a golden brown. Now add the curry powder, the flour, apple and coconut, stirring all the time. Moistened gradually with the stock and milk, and stir until it boils. Season to taste, and let it simmer until the meat is tender. Allow to get cold and then add the cream. Serve this curry in a border of boiled rice, garnished with slices of cooked beets.

CURRIED LENTILS.—Soak one cupful of lentils in water for four hours. Drain off the water. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, add one chopped onion and fry until a nice brown color; add the lentils, two cupfuls of boiling water, one dessertspoonful of curry powder or paste, salt to taste, and simmer for one hour; then add the strained juice of half a lemon, cook for fifteen minutes longer, and serve with boiled rice.

CURRY OMELET.—One-half cupful of curry sauce, a cupful of boiled rice, a plain omelet, a dessertspoonful of curry paste and a dessertspoonful of chutney. Separate the yolks from the whites of three eggs. Add to the yolks the curry paste, chutney, and salt to taste, and mix well. Beat up the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth and fold them in. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in an omelet pan, pour the mixture into it, scraping out the basin as quickly as possible. Stir the mixture round with a spoon until it begins to set, stirring mostly on the surface, and not scraping the bottom of the pan. Then hold it over the fire until nicely browned on under side. Turn it out on to the hot boiled rice and pour the curry sauce round.



Preparing Curried Beef.

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