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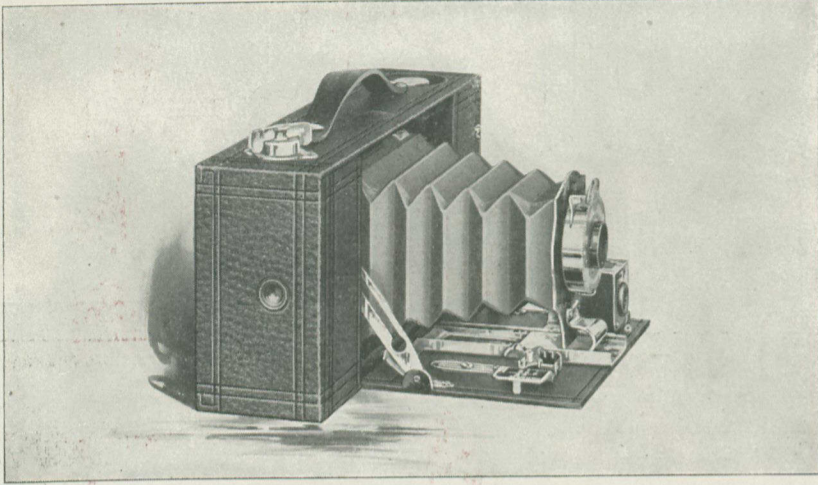
THE HOME JOURNAL

A Magazine For Canadian Women



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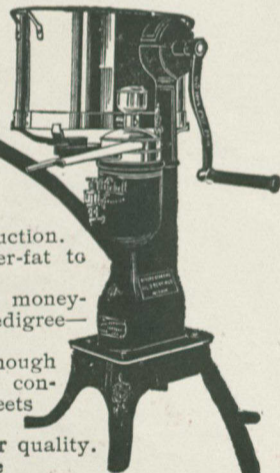
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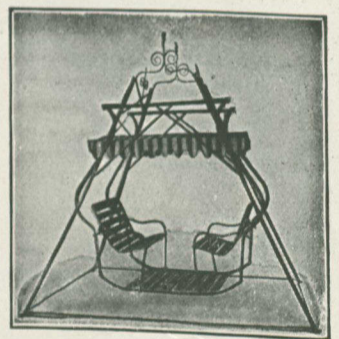


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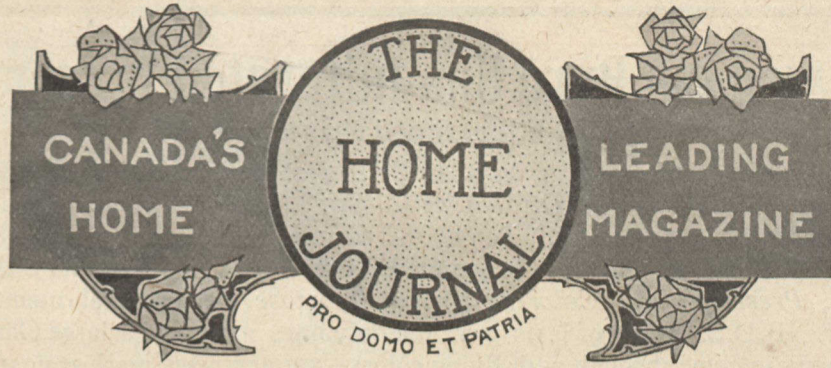
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TORONTO, APRIL, 1910

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Editorial Chat

PURITY IN DOMESTIC PRODUCTS is of interest to every housewife in the country. The woman who stops to think is sure to set quality above alleged cheapness. The grocer or the butcher who calls attention to the cheapness of his wares is only challenging a question of their reliability. There is no field of scientific investigation to-day which is of more importance to humanity than that of food-production. When the milk supply is impure, disease is the result. When the drinking-water is charged with sewage, the effect on the community is disaster. We have dwelt fully on the subject of a good milk supply, and are now preparing for a campaign in behalf of pure foods. In this connection, the most reliable authorities in the province will be consulted and our readers may be assured that no commodity will be recommended or referred to, unless investigation has been made. Many women, in their purchasing of cheap teas, spices, jam or preserves, make one believe in the famous saying of the showman: "The public loves to be fooled." What we shall eat is an important consideration, whether it relates to quantity or quality, and the latter feature deserves the closest scrutiny, if we are going to develop into useful citizens.

MAKING ALLOWANCES is a subject which every husband and father in the land should take into serious consideration. Our article on the subject in the February number has brought such a variety of interesting correspondence that we shall devote a whole page to it in the May issue, showing how the maids and matrons of the country feel on this all-absorbing topic. Some interesting confidences have reached us from girl subscribers, manifesting a desire for further advice on the situation and expressing in no uncertain terms the desire of the feminine heart for financial recognition and independence.

THE COST OF LIVING is being discussed at home, in the church and in the newspapers. Whatever may be the outcome of the discussion, the simple life will probably be forced upon us. In this number will be found an article by one acquainted with home and foreign markets, on the subject of our modern prices, giving the reasons why eggs are sometimes at the price of sixty cents a dozen. In connection with this subject, we should be pleased to receive from our readers culinary hints for inexpensive and nourishing dishes. In this issue will be found recipes for cheese dishes, which have the approval of Macdonald Institute authorities.

DAINTY NEEDLE WORK is a matter which concerns all our readers and we have attempted during the last year to add materially to our department of this industry. We now have a page devoted to this feminine occupation and intend to publish occasional articles on stencilling and similar decorative arts. Articles which give a description and illustrations of any new ideas in these departments will be especially welcome.



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Startling information is given in Bulletin No. 194, issued by the Department of Inland Revenue, Ottawa, as to which Canadian firms are making pure preserves, jams, etc. Ten of the samples were made by E. D. Smith. Every one of the ten were pronounced pure. They contained no Salicylic Acid, Preservatives, Coloring Matter, Glucose, or abnormal quantity of water. E.D.S. Brand of jams were the only ones made by a large Canadian company to come through with flying colors—not one black mark against them. *New Marmalade Now Ready.* Made only from the choicest Seville oranges and granulated sugar. We do not use the common cheap bitter oranges nor glucose in our marmalade. Much sickness can be traced to eating impure foods. Why buy adulterated foods when for the same price you can buy the E.D.S. Brand of Marmalade, Preserves, Jams, Jellies, Unfermented Grape Juice.

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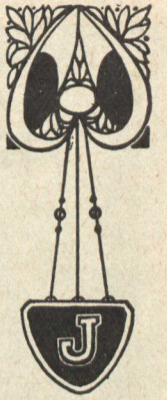
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THE HOME JOURNAL

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WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

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About Canadian Art

THE Canadian artist is frequently maligned and belittled by those who seldom go to an art exhibition and who think it a mark of superiority to bewail the crudity of Canadian poetry and painting. As a matter of fact, these disconsolate critics are entirely mistaken. Canadian art is, like everything else in this hopeful young country, progressing favorably and is deserving of serious study and local encouragement.

It is said that a Canadian tourist who was visiting Paris was informed that a painting he admired greatly was by an artist of Canadian birth.

"The first time I have heard of the man!" he declared in mild surprise. "Do you mean to say that we have an artist whose work is recognized over here?"

It is time for some of us, who have been mourning over the scarcity of works of art in Canada, to open our eyes and behold the canvases which already give the Canadian galleries a place among national achievement. The exhibitions, which are held from time to time, show a steady growth in earnestness and subtlety which is assurance of artistic endeavor. While there is a danger in national bravado and assumption that we are, indeed, a marvelous people, there is just as great a danger in self-depreciation or failure to give honor where honor is due. Among the members of the Canadian Art Club, Mr. Archibald Browne has won a unique place for the witchery and delicate charm of lake and woodland scenes. "The Valley," reproduced on this page, is among the most admired pictures by this artist and won high praise in both Montreal and Toronto during the recent exhibitions.

A Worthy Mission

DURING the month of March a transatlantic visitor, Mrs. Ord Marshall, made herself welcome in Canada where she explained, to the satisfaction of many prominent citizens, the purpose of her present tour of the Dominion. Mrs. Ord Marshall is Honorary Secretary of the League of the Empire and her imperialism is of the practical and helpful order. She was instrumental in establishing technical schools in the Island of St. Helena, after the garrison had been withdrawn and the inhabitants were in great distress. The lace work done by the girls in those schools is an evidence of the good accomplished.

In all the British Colonies, the officers of the League of the Empire have been fortunate enough to enlist the encouragement of the educational authorities. In Canada Mrs. Ord Marshall is anxious to increase the facilities for giving young English boys who come to this country an agricultural training which will enable them to form a sturdy yeoman class—especially in the West. The two great needs of this country, at present, are a good class of agricultural settlers and a large number of women immigrants willing to become domestic assistants.

The English boys of the class whom it is proposed to encourage as agricultural settlers or students, are not of the poverty-stricken or destitute order. They are boys of respectable birth and healthy training for whom there is no opening in the Old Country but who would be a valuable addition to the Canadian population.

Canada has suffered much, during the last ten years, from immigrants of the pauper and degenerate class, the off-scouring

of London, Birmingham and Glasgow slums, utterly unfit for either work or play. We want no more of such "dumpings." If we can secure such yeoman immigration as Mrs. Marshall describes, if we can bring "the landless man to the manless land," as Mr. Rider Haggard has suggested, we shall have profited much.

* * *

A Decided Pest

VERY few of us realize that the ordinary fly is the most dangerous of all pests. It is unequalled as a carrier of filth and therefore of disease. The Department of Agriculture in the United States has aroused to consider the harm done by the common house fly and will start a health crusade against this pest. Many housewives seem to have regarded the common fly as a necessary evil and have not grasped the fact of its essential harmfulness. The women in both country and city should unite in driving out and destroying this small but dangerous intruder.

Screen doors and windows prove a partial barrier to its entrance, but the fly should be exterminated beyond the home, as its presence anywhere is a menace to health. For years the

scourge of yellow fever in the South was endured without any realization of its origin and possible removal. Finally, medical science made known that the mosquito was to blame as the carrier of the deadly poison, and war was proclaimed against the buzzing pest. The house fly taints food and spreads disease. Its presence means discomfort and dirt. Wherefore, let us drive the fly, not only from our houses, but from the land.

* * *

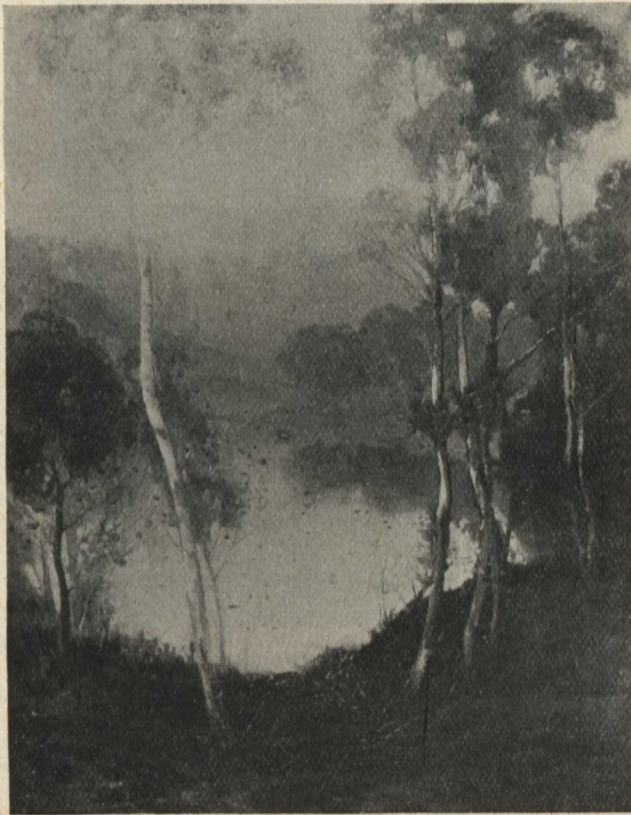
A Place to Play

DR. GULICK of New York, who has recently visited Canada, in the interests of the medical inspection of schools, has given us much by way of suggestion and inspiration. Everyone admits that the mother has more influence over the child than doctor or teacher can ever exert. In the words of the homely old proverb, "An ounce of mother is worth a pound of clergy."

Yet, in the public schools of this continent there is a great work of supervision, as well as instruction, going on. The teacher has an opportunity to notice defects of sight and hearing which are often unobserved in the home circle until

the trouble has become difficult to cure. Consequently the medical oversight of the pupils is a natural outgrowth of the influence which is exerted by a public system of education in a democratic country.

A question which is becoming more important yearly in our Canadian cities is the matter of playgrounds for the children of the congested quarters. We compare somewhat unfavorably with the United States in this respect, and it is high time for us to consider the setting apart of adequate space for this purpose. The neglect or dwarfing of childhood brings a terrible vengeance on the State, when the child who has been denied the right and just exercise of his instinct for recreation becomes a criminal. Every citizen should interest himself or herself in this matter, for it is an essential in a healthy community. Mrs. Humphry Ward gave us a sympathetic account of the manner in which Old London is trying to meet the difficulty. While we are talking of conservation of natural resources, it would be well to turn our attention first of all to the needs of the children who have "no place to play."



"THE VALLEY."

From the painting by Archibald Browne

Founding of Women's Institutes in British Columbia

By LAURA ROSE



TO find the West progressive is only what one expects. It is not surprising, then, that British Columbia, the province farthest removed from Ontario, where the Women's Institute movement originated and has now such a strong foothold, should be the next province to take up the work.

Mr. R. W. Hodson, the energetic superintendent of Institutes for British Columbia, urged me to go west this past fall, mainly for the purpose of introducing the Women's Institute movement and to organize Institutes.

Our most sanguine hopes were more than realized regarding the reception of the enterprise. One has to be familiar with the physical characteristics of the country and the resulting varied conditions and occupations of the people to appreciate the difficulties in establishing Institutes and the carrying on of the work. The province is so large and the settlements scattered.

On the water-front and along the large rivers, fishing is extensively engaged in. In the valley of the lower Fraser dairying receives much attention. Through the Okanagan, Arrow Head and Kootenay Lakes districts and parts of Vancouver Island, nothing but fruit is talked of, while over all the vast area of that mountainous country, here and there coal, iron, and the precious metals are being taken from the bowels of Mother Earth. These diversified industries make a people of diversified tastes and interests.

The Pacific coast with its mild climate, wonderful vegetation, its splendid fishing and hunting grounds has appealed most strongly to the English and we find certain settlements more English than England itself.

The rural districts are yet so new that the different nationalities have not amalgamated to the extent one might desire. There has been nothing to draw them together in one common interest. The ladies in many places expressed to me the lack of unity and a wish that an Institute be formed in the sincere hope of breaking down barriers and of being able to plan and work for the good of all.

My faith was of milk and water strength (mostly water, I fear) that evening when at Gordon Head, some miles out from Victoria, I explained the aims and objects of the Women's Institute. It was the first meeting of the series. The attendance was small and I had small hope of organizing. But we must be prepared for surprises in the West! You are sure to get them. One came to me that October night last fall when the gentlemen present—and right here I would like to say in a real reverential manner, God bless the men and a little more especially those of British Columbia; they certainly are of the right sort and have ever been an efficient and timely help to me in my work—but to get back to the meeting, it was the gentlemen who moved that an Institute be formed and they greatly assisted in the election of officers.

All over the province I found the same surprise. It was invariably the gentlemen who had the keener insight into the beneficial results of having such a society and they took the initiative and lent such a hearty support that to them the credit is due in many places of getting the Institute started. It is a good forecast of the future welfare of the societies when the men are so strongly in favor of them.

I have had most encouraging letters from a large number of the newly-formed Institutes, and not one has spoken discouragingly. Many confess an ignorance of the work and want information. I wish if any of the Ontario Institutes have any old yearly programmes or other useful printed or written Institute matter, they would forward same to me. Not forgetting our own struggles in our weak beginning, we should gladly lend a hand to our sisters in the far west. Some of our own members have settled out there and are anxious to again have the privileges of an Institute. One lady said to me: "It is the thing I have missed most in British Columbia."

The superintendent and I drove from Victoria twenty-five miles to Sooke. Such a drive, through the forest primeval, by mountain, sea and valley. And what a fine meeting and old-time hospitality awaited us at the end of our long drive! From

their gardens a number of ladies had brought roses—large as saucers—chrysanthemums, lilies, etc. Flowers are ever such sweet and simple gifts of appreciation. Delicious cake and coffee added to the cheer of the hour. I have recently heard the Institute formed that evening is thriving.

At Otter Point, twelve miles farther on, the settlement is largely one of bachelors, yet true to my mission, I presented the Women's Institute movement at the jolly meeting we held in the little log schoolhouse, and one gentleman afterwards sent \$5.00 to help on the work at Sooke, the nearest Institute.

How I wish space permitted me to tell of all the places I visited! Each one has some special, peculiar interest of its own. I would love to tell of the districts in the vicinity of Vancouver, of my trip to the Chilliwack valley, where several Institutes were formed, of the new experience of the sail down the Okanagan Lake to Summerland. Had the trip been less delightful, the good meeting and the fine corps of officers elected to carry on the Institute would still have amply repaid one. Several stops were made on the return to Armstrong and Salmon Arm and a number of Institutes organized. There was the trip down the beautiful Arrow Head Lakes and the good meeting at Nakusp, resulting in an Institute.

The meetings we had in Nelson and Kaslo, in the Kootenay district, surprised even the old-timers themselves in respect to interest and numbers. At Nelson I couldn't help but be

amused. I said: "You must not expect to have everything just right at the beginning or as advanced as we have it. You will have to go a little slow." "Not a bit of it," one lady spoke up. "We expect to start just where you Ontario people are now and we'll keep you going to keep up to us. We're of the West, you know." I was told that a few years ago this same lady resided in Toronto. There is something refreshingly amusing about the loyalty and enthusiasm of even the newcomers, for the West. I have received to-day, since writing the above, a letter from the president of the Nelson Institute, and trust she will pardon the privilege I take in taking an extract from it. I do so to verify the lady's statement that we eastern people will have "to go some" to keep pace with the new Institute movement in British Columbia.

The letter states: "At first, we had difficulty in securing a suitable place for meetings but have a splendid one now. It has a large room off one end and that we are equipping for a kitchen. We have use of the piano at all times and our rent is five dollars a month. Very reasonable, we think. The gas company have given us a stove and the firm where we got our kitchen utensils gave us a generous discount. We have decided to serve tea on Saturday in our

rooms indefinitely, to raise a little fund to pay for furnishings. Last Saturday we had our first, the executive taking charge and we took in \$8.75; also nine new members. The secretary had some correspondence lately from the Government and they are making a yearly grant of fifty cents per member until we reach one hundred, then twenty-five cents per member. We have now sixty-five members and if we can secure one hundred that will almost pay rent for one year. Our membership fee is fifty cents a year. I think the Institute is progressing favorably. Many seem to be interested. We hold our meetings on the fourth Saturday of the month. To-day I had a letter from the Cranbrook, B.C., Institute, asking for information about our Institute, progress, programmes. There was some talk of having a Women's Exchange under the supervision of the Women's Institute, but we have decided to leave that in abeyance for a while."

This letter cheered me wonderfully. After forming an Institute I cannot go away and forget its existence. It remains in my memory as something born of my effort and my desire and hope is that it may prosper and become a power for good in the community.

As a result of a few weeks' work there are now twenty or more Women's Institutes in British Columbia, scattered all over that vast and lovely province—nuclei, from which we may expect to spring many more Institutes. The Government is most anxious and willing to do all it can for the new societies.

Each Institute will be visited twice yearly by a Government delegate besides being helped by a substantial grant.



THE WRITER IN A WESTERN GARDEN.



THE FALL OF A MONARCH.

The prominent features of the British Columbia Women's Institute are, to promote civic improvement, assist in making the annual fall fairs more of an educational feature especially for the children, to promote a feeling of greater friendliness and unity in the community, as well as to improve the home and its surroundings. They have large ideas and a large country in which to carry them out.

We extend to each new Institute hearty greetings and sincere wishes for abundant success from our older Ontario Institutes.

Notes from a Ramble Westward

By NORRIS BARRYMORE

AS a welcome "something" by way of variety in the miles of yellow-brown monotony over which we have travelled in the great Last West, we spy the nucleus of a prairie town.

Open to sky, wind and weather it stands, trying hard to get used to itself and its importance; if possible to maintain its newly acquired dignity in the face of all newcomers at any rate, and, perhaps more particularly, its equilibrium in the face of the wind—that wind of the plains of which everyone has heard, but which has to be felt to be appreciated.

You know the hackneyed expression—originated no doubt in one of those guileless looking "Settlers' Guide" pamphlets, "There is always a breeze on the prairie," and "breeze" of the zephyr type it may have been originally, but, after the manner of the country to which it belongs, its development has been rapid; and now, in its vigorous, pouring nature it sweeps over the plains bearing all—of a bearable nature—before it, and making a brave effort to continue the process as it enters the embryo town.

But that same old wind—warlike enough as it can be, its power almost limitless when in a fury—is in its fresh, exhilarating, germ-destroying qualities one of the country's assets.

Only by a gallop on the open, which is not hard to find, on a fairly trustworthy broncho,



A SALMON-FILLED BOAT AT SOOKE, B.C.

which is, out and away, with no object in view but your own love of motion and conflict with the wind-giant, can you appreciate the blood-tlingling, bounding spirit of the denizens of the prairie primeval, who, mounted on their sturdy Shagannappis and drinking in the wine of the wind, covered without weariness its leagues of untilled vastness.

One cannot but be struck with the "through-other" look of everything about a new western town. Even the very newness of the handful of buildings almost grates on one as they force themselves upon one's vision in all their crudeness and unlovely nudity. But, perhaps they are ashamed enough of themselves, poor things! without our comment, though we should think that even one coat on their bare shoulders—paint preferred—would give them a more comfortable feeling personally, and command more respect from the public generally. Fortunately, that same public is too busy with its own affairs to trouble much about appearances, particularly other peoples'.

The piles of lumber always—if it has passed the initial stage at all—stones ready for use, in heaps large or small according to faith or finances—usually the latter—of prospective builder; a plough and scraper at work, supplemented by the necessary team of horses and driver of course—mark where someone has commenced excavating for a residence or business stand. A buggy here, a wagon there, a group of new farm implements holding an open-air meeting in lieu of sheltered quarters, but advertising themselves as loudly as red paint with blue and gold stripes can do, groups of settlers' effects—more picturesque than beautiful—ranged along the railway—if it can boast such a convenience, and "most anywhere" if it can not—complete the picture of confusion.

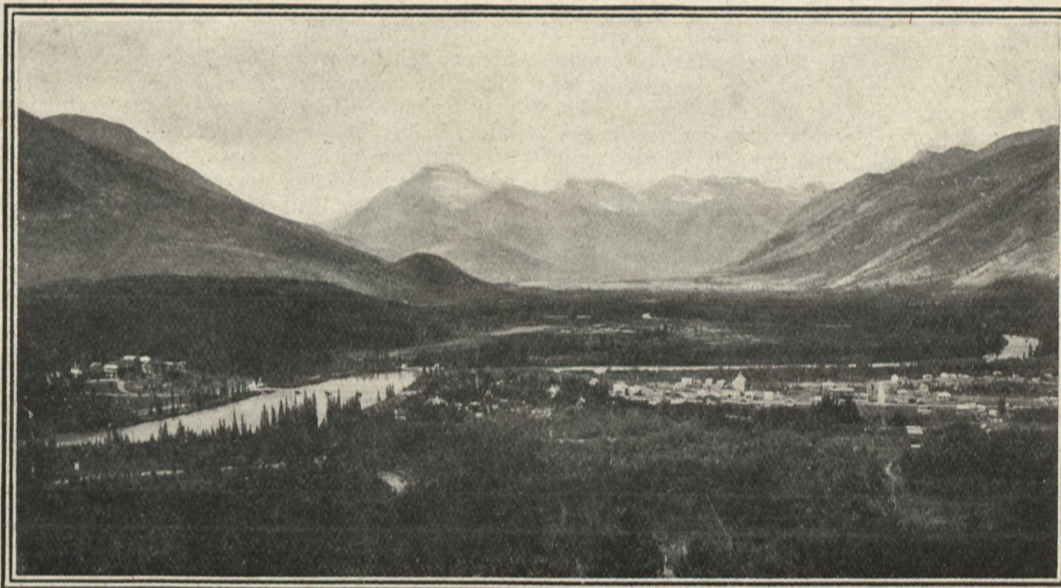
Then, the riot-running method the people have, of wandering "every-which-way" over



OTTER POINT SCHOOLHOUSE, WHERE MEETING WAS HELD.

crude box and seat. At a distance, we fancied it was an Indian outfit, but close range proved it to be "manned" by an Englishman and his wife, of cultured and refined appearance. They drove their "steeds" up the street to the store with less flourish than deliberation—as might be expected—stepped from their queer conveyance and into the store with as much dignity as if it were a royal equipage gaily caparisoned.

How typical, though, that little woman is of scores of women in the scattered prairie districts! Removed from old associations and enjoyments of the homeland, from the comforts and conveniences—then considered real necessities—enduring privations never dreamed of in youth's palmy days, they now, for the "bairns'" sake, bear it all with sunny faces, that every possible dollar may go to secure and hold a few hundreds of those fertile, sunshine-flooded acres.



UPPER BOW VALLEY FROM TUNNEL MOUNTAIN, BANFF.

property—their own or their neighbors'—does not simplify matters to any extent.

Who but the ever-on-the-ground and very-much-alive vendor of real estate with his glib tongue, aided by his nearly-new map, could persuade you that any such approaches to mathematical lines as streets could be found in the outlook?

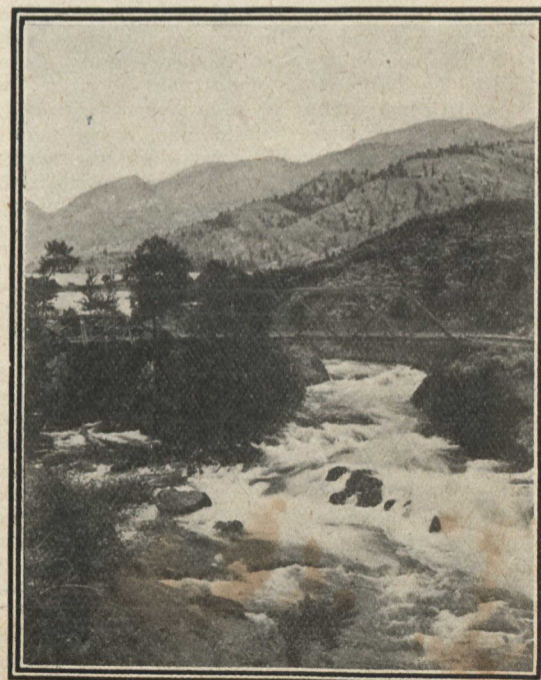
But, what cares the pioneer for the disorder, inconvenience and deprivations? Indeed, I fancy the average male of humankind rather enjoys it all, the freedom from conventionalities soothing rather than irritating his Bohemian-inclined taste; and then, ahead of it all shines the bright star of ease, comfort, independence—so called—and honor among his fellows.

Horses, mules and oxen all contribute their quota to the labor supply. To the majority of Ontario people, the two latter kinds of animals look rather odd as "general purpose" workers. Oxen, as such, we associate with the days of bush pioneering, when strength and stick-to-it-iveness were the prime considerations.

Apropos of western rush and bustle of which we hear so much, I could not but be amused to see so many of those exasperatingly slow animals used so much. This more particularly in the newer districts, of course, but the westerner generally does so love to criticize the "slow, pokey, way-back easterner," and laud his own "hustling, bustling, up-an'-comin' American spirit," as he is pleased to term it, I wondered how he would like to have his country's "speed" judged by the "move" of the animals aforesaid.

One particularly grotesque looking equipment we saw, was a yoke of oxen drawing a sort of stone-boat, or very low sled fitted up with a

And who does not envy the brave heart under the old-fashioned garments, the serene strength of the little face browned by exposure, the dignity of step, as unfalteringly she treads in Necessity's lead, making the going not only a virtue, but a joyous, tripping measure?



OKANAGAN FALLS, B.C.

Why Eggs were Sixty Cents a Dozen

A Consideration of the Cost of Living

By J. W. SANGSTER



EVERYONE is interested in the great question of domestic economics—the cost of living. The newspapers which do not profess to know all about it are scarcely fashionable. They have spread tons of ink over acres of paper, in their endeavors to throw some light, or at least some sensation around the subject. About all the views which could be taken of the question have been aired. Everyone associated with the production, handling, or consuming of the necessities or the luxuries of life has come in for his share of blame.

The farmer, who is about the most helpless thing alive as regards control of the markets which he must sell in, has been blamed for enhancing, in some mysterious way, the price of his products. But he surely can show a clean bill of health so far as boodling is concerned. He is the one man alive, who has to let the other fellow have his own way, first, last and all the time. He has to grow what people want, let the time necessary be one season or five, he has to take the price which the public will pay, and has to accept the other fellow's weights and measurements into the bargain. When he buys, he must again accept the other fellow's price, and weights or measurements as well. You can search the farmer for any evidence of manipulation of markets or of prices.

The farmer is also blamed for a disgraceful indolence in the matter of production. Why does he not produce more? He is neglecting his opportunities. Why does he not grow more on his land, that prices for it may be lower? The farmer, who works from dawn to dark, at heavy, hard work can look with implicit innocence in the face of his reviler who labors only from six to eight hours per day, when accused of this also.

There is only one more charge to be laid at the door of the farmer. Lo, it is forthcoming. He is not sufficiently numerous. Why are there not more of him? Is race suicide ravaging the agricultural interests of the country, until it is becoming impossible to obtain the necessities of life?

Sadly will the answer be made. The aged farmer silently points with one hand to the large farm house, once the home of a big family of sturdy boys and girls, who made the fireside merry, and the table noisy with their heart-free laughter. But now the big house is silent, its rooms are deserted, and vacant are its chairs.

On the walls inside hang pictures, pictures of strong handsome young faces. Here is the profile of a beautiful girl in evening dress; there a young man in a frock coat, over yonder another of a dashing young cavalier of the west, in chaps and neckerchief and Stratheona. The situation is easy of comprehension. The picture is full of desolate pathos. It is a picture of "The Old Homestead," too truthfully true. The old farmer has proved his case.

But other cause must be sought. The look of quiet reproof on his honest old face is deprecated, for there is serious work to do. The culprit who is making the cost of living so high must be found, and exposed in three-column scare heads. The wholesaler comes next in order.

He is a man whom we have always suspected, this go-between, who handles such large quantities of the product of the farm and the workshop. His methods are not publicly advertised, nor very well known, and therefore suspicious. He is arraigned in carefully worded articles, by the tribunal of the daily press.



But the very first shot taken at him, brings a straightforward and business-like reply. He acknowledges that food products are now dear, expresses regret, not only invites, but demands investigation of his affairs and business methods, and concludes with a gentle hint at greater exercise of domestic economy, as indicated in the purchase of cheaper cuts of meat, with a little more care in their preparation, to make them as palatable as the more expensive ones. He vindicates his own position in a few terse statements and produces figures to prove them. He fairly takes away our breath, does this calm-eyed strong-faced man, whose trained finger plays constantly on the pulse throbs of the world's industrial,

commercial and financial life. We scarcely suspected the mental calibre of this man, his ready efficiency for his day and generation, and his paternal familiarity with the people of this good old, bad old world he lives in. Perhaps there was, after all, more real reason and less fantastic whim in the girl who said that she would rather marry a good up-to-date business man than a professional man any day.

The gunners go out after the retailer next. Has he been fooling us all the time? Has he got his business into such a shape that he can brazenly charge three or four times what he ought to and get off with it? Poor fellow, he has the hardest story to tell of all. He tells it with courtesy, for he has learned to be courteous to all kinds of people. Long years spent in trying to please has made him as tranquil as a swan on a silver lake, when customers storm or when impertinent questions are asked. After a moment's deliberate and respectful attention, he calmly walks to his desk, takes out a list of invoices, and deliberately shows us "where he is at." The wholesale cost of the goods tallies with that produced by the wholesaler. He then begins to talk. As he enumerates item after item of expense, rents, taxes, rates, store expenses, delivery, credits, and goods returned, we see in him a different man. Not the broadly developed mind of the wholesaler is depicted now, but a mind trained to specific thoroughness. He is a master of detail. He knows how to save a few cents, and how to save a few minutes' time. He can get through with a customer inclined to linger and to talk. He can tell his errand boy how to save time and steps, he can evade loss and save cost, and prevent leakage. He is a keen and successful speculator, in his small way, and meets the multitude of exactions with a generalship that calls forth admiration. He has not time to talk long, and he looks just a little bit tired, but he keeps up his busy gait and his cheerful hearty air with a gameness that touches, and one leaves him with a feeling that it is a good thing to go and do likewise. The only thing that has not increased in our view of the situation is envy for the lot of the retail dealer.



Can we find in the home, then, an explanation of the high cost of living? But homes are so different. No home is to be taken as any standard of measurement for any other home or for an average of all homes. In some, doubtless, extravagance and bad management run riot with incomes. In others, careful economy has failed to ward off misfortune. Homes are blessed with capable fathers and mothers whose loving fingers have toiled and saved, that futures might be assured for children who ought to be forever grateful, and homes have been, well, different. Home, in the abstract, is a word around which cling tenderest sentiments, but home in the abstract is an impossibility, as a foundation for any safe economic deduction. Granted that a little luxury is now a more common visitant in the everyday home, is luxury a more lawful presence anywhere else? And is there anywhere on earth where luxury graces life, that it comes with less of viciousness, or of reckless wastefulness? The home is rather too sacred a place for our plebeian curiosity.

But the home must bear the inquisition as well as the other places. It has been charged that wastefulness in the home has caused the cost of living to increase. "It is not the high cost of living, but the cost of high living," remarked one eminent authority. "The luxuries are what come high, the necessities of life are no dearer than they were a decade ago."

There are more opinions than one upon that subject. Here is the opinion of another one: During the past decade corn has advanced in price, in the United States over 111 per cent., oats over 85 per cent., wheat over 59 per cent., potatoes over 70 per cent., pork 82 per cent., and lard 113 per cent. Are these to be classified among the necessities of life? Surely, it does not take any more than this to prove that even in the most economical management, the cost must be very materially increased, and there is little means of evading it.

Industrial changes have altered the home of to-day in many ways, from that of the old times. Once upon a time the great share of the

labors by which our big cities now subsist was all done in the home. Spinning, weaving, boot and shoe manufacture as well as dressmaking, and all the associated industries were once part of the labors of the home. The manufacture of machinery, now such a tremendous industry, was once a mere item in the statistics of any country.

But we have not yet found the guilty party. Who is to blame for all this? We have proved the innocence of the wholesaler, who was only half joking when he alluded to the purchase of expensive cuts of meat and to extravagance in the home. He knew, none better, that the cheaper cuts of meat of which he spoke, were not really cheaper, when measured by the yardstick of actual value. We have yet to accomplish a logical diagnosis of the situation.



Let us visit the old farmer at his home once more. It has been pretty well proved that he is the man who enjoys a large share of the increased price of foods, even if he has satisfied all concerned that he had no hand in the making of the prices. Still does the old home remind us of a place once full of life and activity, although now deserted and lonely.

Yes, the farmer is getting bigger prices for his products than he once did. He can recall the time when live hogs were worth only about three dollars per hundred weight, when wheat was sixty cents a bushel and when spring chickens were fifteen cents a pair, eggs eight cents a dozen, and butter twelve and a half cents a pound. "Those were hard times," he remarks reminiscently, "with all the children at home to be fed and clothed and educated. But they are all gone now. Yes, I could make money now, if they were all here yet, but one cannot do much work alone, and help is hard to get and its price is high. The children are all doing well where they are."

"Yes, that portrait is one of our daughter Lucy. She is head of the millinery department in a big Toronto store. There are over two hundred and fifty girls under her at some seasons of the year. And Fred, he is the one in the black suit. He is a doctor with a big city practice now. Robert is the one with the leggings and spurs. He is a rancher in the West, and Charley and Tom are engineers with the railroad. The youngest is Jim. He is at the Agricultural College, and when he graduates he will go west and be a partner of Robert. He thinks that there are bigger opportunities in the West than here at home. I am not so sure of that. If times had been as good when I was his age I would be a very rich man by this time. Most of the neighbors' boys are gone away, too," continues the old man. "They have gone to the city, or else they have gone west. Every time one of them comes home he always takes one or two of the others with him."

It is a lonely old man, in a lonely farm house, who talks. His family are all gone. Here is a reason why the cost of living is so high. Inquiry reveals the conviction that the old farm could be made to produce three times what it does, if the labor was there to make it.

Let us now follow Lucy to her city life and its duties. The place where she works is a wholesale millinery house. It is only one of many such in that city, but it is an eight-storey block, and each of its floors swarms with workers, busy with the handling and reshipping of headwear in all stages of development. The house has salesmen travelling the roads, it has buyers travelling the continent, it has designers, and demonstrators and experts in every department. Hat materials come in by the carload, and hats go out by the drayload. Millinery stores in every town and village receive them, make them over, and earn their livelihood by reselling them. What an industry this has grown to be! Hats are all made in this way now. But this is not all. Ladies' garments of all kinds are manufactured in the same wholesale way. Let us visit a whitewear department. Here hundreds of girls and men are at work. Not in the way it was done in the home are these turned out. On a big cutting table cloth is piled many thicknesses, and a hard working cutter is at work. With an electric cutter he approaches the pile and with one turn of his instrument carves out dozens of pieces like so much cheese. These are then car-

THE WAYS OF MARJORIE

By ETHEL GRANT



THE River Lynn is so pretty that it may be excused for moving lazily and giving the ferns and goldenrod an almost perfect mirror for their summer charms. It is a good-natured stream such as Robert Louis Stevenson would have chosen for the scene of another inland voyage. It was of the river that Marjorie Wentworth was speaking as the canoe, "Gypsy" made broad disturbing ripples against the quiet shore.

"I am so glad," she said dreamily, "that you asked me that question when we were near the old mill."

"Didn't you wish me to ask you that question?" said the young man who was guiding the "Gypsy's" course, with small attention to the craft.

"Of course I didn't," she replied. Then as he laughed in a quietly unbelieving fashion, she added, "I mean. Oh! Don't be so provoking."

The rustic hat with its wreath of marguerites was suddenly pushed over the grey eyes and the young man repented. "You mean," he said gently, "that you're glad I chose such a picturesque home spot for a proposal. But you're mistaken, my dear. I did not choose it. I intended to wait until we got back to town and tell you properly in the garden by the moonlight. I looked at the crumbling stones and the good old river and thought of the day you wore the pink dress to the Sunday school picnic ten years ago and of how pretty you look in the present pink gown and—there I was!"

"It was much nicer," said Marjorie thoughtfully, "than if it had all been planned. Isn't it strange how the river seems to have flowed through our lives? All my earliest memories have the Lynn somewhere in the landscape. I suppose I am foolish to think it romantic to marry someone I've always known and just go on living in the old town where I used to gather violets and pussywillows. But—"

The hat was pushed back and Marjorie looked up with a contented smile that the young man seemed to find supremely satisfactory. "You don't know," he said earnestly, "how good it seems to get back to Benfield and the fresh air. After two years of city rush and roar, I was the happiest man you ever saw to get the offer of the bank here. Perhaps I'm lacking in ambition, but—this is good enough for me—more than any man deserves." He looked off to the town with its spires and chimneys, across the bright fields and up the silver windings of the Lynn. Then his eyes came homeward with a great happiness to the slender pink-gowned form and the shy girlish face. Just the afternoon before, Jack Richmond had told Marjorie Wentworth the story that had turned the old mill into the most romantic ruin that ever played eaves-dropper for Cupid.

"There's one thing you never did for me, Jack. We're not like the story-books, after all. We didn't make mud-pies together."

"And I never carried your school-books. Do you know I'm rather glad about that?"

"What do you mean, Jack?"

"Well, it's hard to define and perhaps I'm an old-fashioned crank in my ideas. But I'm glad you were at home so much and not educated with a pack of rough boys."

"But I was too delicate, after I had the fever, to be sent to school. Dad and that funny old German taught me until I went away to boarding-school."

"I know and I like to think of your always living a sheltered life. You were such a gentle, pale little girl, different from the others. I felt so proud one day when I was allowed to take you fishing."

"It was this same river. You fell in near the old mill and I stood on the bank and screamed."

"You did a good deal more. You held out a long pole till old Rogers came and fished me out. And wasn't that a wonderful cake that

your mother gave up when we reached home!"

But there was a slightly worried expression on Marjorie's face. "But what do you mean by a sheltered life, Jack?"

"Always being taken care of, Honey. I like to think that you have never faced the world, as many women do in these days. Perhaps, it's a relic of feudalism in my nature but I like to think of a woman among flowers or books or doing embroidery—always in her own home."

"But, Jack, suppose that she needs to?"

"Then I think she's very plucky and deserves all kinds of encouragement. But it rather spoils a girl, after all, and I'm glad to think that you've always been protected."

"What masterful creatures men are!" said Marjorie with a dainty pout. "You like to feel that we are much obliged to you for everything. In fact, you like to be first."

"And you told me that I am the very first."

"So you are," she said softly. Then with careful speculation, "Wouldn't you have liked me if I had been a widow?"

"A widow!" Jack Richmond laid his paddle heavily across the gunwale and laughed riotously. Anything less like a bereaved wife than the pink-gowned, fresh-cheeked Marjorie it was difficult to picture. "You're never going to be a widow," he said solemnly. "I'll admit that I'm a barbarous sort of chap and that I like to think that you've been a simple little maiden in a quiet corner of the earth all these years just for me, even if you did not know or care about my coming."

"It sounds like Cinderella. Yes, you are

strong desire to make his mother a comfortable home and just as he had reached comparative ease she was taken from him, leaving a bitterness that sometimes made Jack seem hard. He had wondered at times whether in the effort to make her comfortable he had forgotten to make her happy.

"Jack Richmond's a mighty fine fellow," said Marjorie's uncle, when he saw where his niece's affections were set," but he's got some granite in his composition."

"He's as kind as can be," said Marjorie, flushing indignantly with childish tears gathering under her thick lashes.

"Of course he is, my dear, but take a bit of advice from an old man. Don't ever deceive Master Jack. He's the kind of man that would not put up with any feminine fibs."

There was a party at Judge Lount's just a week later and Marjorie's heart beat fast at the sight of a long box with express labels which was handed to her that afternoon by a man who seemed quite indifferent to the importance of his office. Such roses; Their color and fragrance turned the dim old drawing-room into a place of Persian memories. Strange to say, Marjorie with all her delicacy and sensitiveness had a riotous taste for blazing poppies, crimson roses, in fact all flowers that had caught and held the sunlight. It was a girl with all the blush of the flower's charm that came down-stairs that night in gown of her favorite pink with one of Jack's roses in her hair.

"You're awfully like your mother, child," said Uncle George as he looked over his spectacles, whose aid he did not need, to bring from the past his little sister Ruth.

"Yes, you're very much like her, Marjorie," chimed in Aunt Kitty.

Marjorie shivered in spite of the warm August air. "I wish I were home again," she said half-nervously, "I feel as if something were going to happen."

"You've taken cold," said practical Aunt Kitty, "you were sleeping in a draught this afternoon."

A party was still an event to Marjorie and then there was the faint hope that Jack might be there before it was over, because he had promised to try to reach Benfield before midnight. Yet when Judge Lount's youngest daughter sang

"What's this dull town to me? Robin's not here,"

Marjorie slipped out of the old-fashioned French window to hide the sudden trembling

of her lips. But they ceased to tremble and parted in a half-frightened exclamation as her eyes met the amused glance of a guest who was a city friend of the host and was paying his first visit to Benfield.

Just half an hour later Jack Richmond suddenly paused as he neared a couple seated in the shadowed end of the veranda. That girl certainly looked like Marjorie and yet a man's deep voice saying fervently:

"My dear little girl, don't let it worry you. Your eyes are much too pretty to be spoiled by tears."

"But you've no idea of how Jack would hate it. You see I'm engaged to him—and he'd never understand."

"Lucky Jack!" said the stranger, with a subtle patronage which made that young man clench his fist. "It is not at all necessary that he should hear about it."

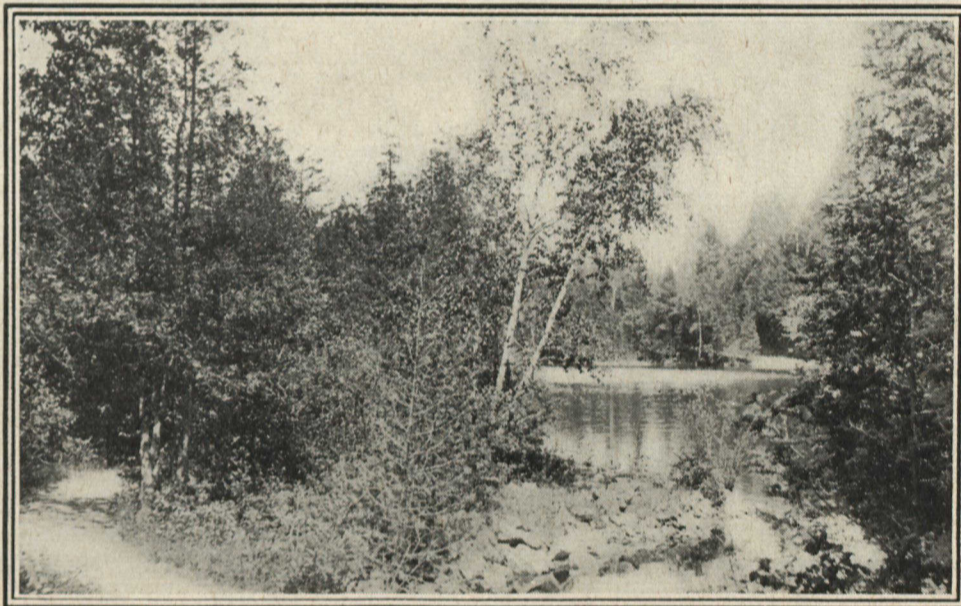
"Don't you think so?" said Marjorie.

"Take my advice, little girl," said the stranger, still with that odious air of condescension. "Don't worry your fiance with confessions that he won't understand. We men are jealous brutes you know."

Just then the Judge appeared in search of a fourth for whist, and left Marjorie to confront an enraged young man whose white face bore little resemblance to her lover's.

"Jack!" she said in terror. "What is the matter?"

"I suppose you would call it nothing," he sneered.



"The River Lynn is so pretty that it may be excused for moving lazily."

rather like a cave-dweller, Jack, but—but I like it."

The effect of this remark was to make the boatman realize that a canoe is not the ideal craft for the lover, whatever it may be for the born rover. August sunshine, a river of golden ripples with shadows of brown, and the sweetest girl in the world within whose grey eyes the whole happy future was foretold! Jack Richmond would not have changed lots with peer or plutocrat as he lifted Marjorie to the rickety landing and said: "We'll go again to-morrow if it doesn't rain."

II.

BUT it did rain next day, a steady, streamy downpour that, it was rather provoking to be informed, was just what the farmers needed. Then the services of Jack Richmond were required in a city several hundred miles away and he departed for one week, leaving Marjorie to regard with dismay the seven days of Sahara which stretched before her. Such an undertaking it was to answer Jack's first letter! The first attempt was too stiff, the second was too silly and the third was written with incoherent simplicity, sent off before the young writer could repent and was read by an absurdly happy young man who murmured fondly, "Bless the child!" Indeed, there was a good deal of the elder-brotherly in Jack's love for the girl with grey eyes. Like most men who have known a struggle in boyhood, he had a profound regard for daintiness and innocence in womanhood. He had grown up through a fatherless boyhood with a

Modern Methods in House-Cleaning

THE ordeal of house-cleaning has almost lost its ancient significance. There was a time when it meant that there was hardly a habitable room in the house, for the space of at least two weeks. Meals were an uncertain and variable quantity, while colds were almost certain to follow upon the orgy of "cleaning up and putting to rights."

It would be too much to declare that modern house-cleaning is entirely without features of discomfort. We have not yet arrived at that millennial condition when it is possible to be quite clean and entirely happy at one and the same time. But house-cleaning is now a comparatively dustless period, thanks to the spread of the modern doctrine that raising a dust is not necessary to obtaining cleanliness.

On this page is reproduced, by courtesy of Mr. George A. Putnam, Superintendent of Women's Institutes, an illustration showing a cupboard for the cleaning outfit. There is a hanging can of polish and a mop-wringer attached to the pail (which also has a soap-dish that many find useful). There are also the long-handled dust-pan and the ever-useful carpet sweeper. This merely shows a corner utilized for such appliances, to which daily or weekly resort may be made.

Miss Mary Yates of Guelph in a most useful article on "Labor Saving in the Home," declares:

"Of the brushing of carpets, rugs and curtains there is verily no end. Yet how the noiseless footfall, the easy chair, the down cushion, the screened window are appreciated! A veritable dust-trap is upholstery, and it is sound advice to clear away all of it that is not vital to comfort. Drapery that is mere ornament is a farce where labor is scarce, but care must be taken to avoid aching backs, prison-like effects, and the glare of unshielded light.

"The cleaning of walls, ceilings, floors and furniture is indeed labor, and labor that cannot be saved, but only lessened by the intelligent choice of material. The dining-table of bare wood scrubbed white or of oak polished by generations of elbow-grease, to reflect the shining crystal and silver, or again, covered with snowy damask, hand embroidered and open-hemmed, represents an amount of labor, lessen it as we may. Its beauty is our compensation and our pride."

Undoubtedly, the agency which will work the greatest changes in the labor

of house-cleaning is the vacuum cleaner. At the annual convention of Women's Institutes, held at Guelph last December, Miss M. U. Watson of the Macdonald Institute gave a talk on labor-saving devices which opened the eyes of many who have been dubious of "these new-fangled ways" and showed them the true economy of such inventions.

"If you will remember, and many of you will, because I remember the advent of the reaper and the binder, you will remember how the farmers looked at those machines, in the first place, askance. They questioned as to whether they would be of any great value to the farmer or not and it took a good many farmers a long time to make up their minds as to whether they would buy a binder or not. But it is astonishing the way the country took to those machines, even though the manufacturer had to send out men to teach the farmers how to use them.

"Now the women's labor savers at the present day are the same as the reaper and binder were to the farmer; at least one of them is the vacuum cleaner. We may say what we like about the individual machine, but the thing itself is a good thing and it has come to stay. Now why? Because the principle is sound. There are two kinds on the market: the one is worked by electric power and is out of the reach of a great many people, both because of the necessity of electricity, and because of the cost: the other is a hand machine which is within the reach of practically everyone. Now the principle of these machines is the same in all. There is a pump, and the pump works the same as the pump in the cistern or the well. It is a suction pump and instead of sucking water it sucks up dust-laden air. It sucks up dust with the air and this is the handle of this particular machine and it

works like a pump handle. It is not one bit harder to pump than the little soft water pump in your kitchen. Then when the dust-laden air is drawn in the end of the suction pipe, instead of being in the cistern as it is in a pump, it is at the end of a brass rod attached to a rubber tube, and the dust-laden air is drawn in through this slot up through this pipe into this tank. Now, in that tank, if it were opened you would find certain screens and cloths. Sometimes it is a sponge. At any rate there are arrangements in there for taking the dust out of the air and keeping it in a receptacle and then the air is got rid of and the pump is ready for another drawing in of dust-laden air. That is all there is to it.

"It ranges from \$15 to \$25, and I believe there are some said to be lower than \$10. I cut seven advertisements out of our magazines. I do not advertise any particular make. There are now, I am sure, twenty different machines on the market, and I have no doubt that in olden days there were many different makes of binders on the market. Learn all you can about them. Do not be afraid to send for catalogues. Compare them for yourself and if possible, examine them. There are a few points to look out for, and you look out for them in the same way as you look out for buying a pump. In the first place choose one which has durable parts, strong, so that they will stand a good deal of wear and tear. In the second place look out for the suction. It is the suction that does the work, and if your machine will give you good suction, and you try it by putting your hand across it so as to stop up the slot, if you find you can stop it up and you feel a good suction on it it is a pretty good machine probably. First

look out for durable parts, then good suction, and thirdly easy working. Do not do any work that you do not have to. The astonishing thing is the amount of dust you get into your machine. The thing is to keep the slot down on the carpet.

"Now there is another thing about it. Some of the machines on the market have different nozzles — they are different shapes and different sizes, so that they may be used for different parts of the room. One for mattresses or There is a narrow furniture; there is another one that looks like the end of a rubber tube which is meant for taking the dirt out of tufted furniture, and there is another one with a brush on it which does very well for



CUPBOARD FOR THE CLEANING OUTFIT.

walls. All there is to it is to get the dust within range of the suction. It will not take any dirt that is held by grease.

"I will tell you about how one Woman's Institute tackled the problem as to whether the vacuum cleaner was a good thing. They wrote to the agent and after a great deal of correspondence and remonstrances on the part of the Institute, they got the agent to the village. That Women's Institute was long-headed enough to borrow one of the Presbyterian churches for the testing of the machine. They knew it was good and dusty and they decided that if it would clean that church carpet it would clean any carpet they had. There were two Presbyterian churches in the village and the janitor of the dirty church said to himself: 'I am not going to let the women of the other church come down to my church and find it dirty,' and he went and swept it the morning of the day of the test and it was remarkably clean. The machine came along and they tried it. The agent took very good care to show them that the machine was empty of dirt when they started. Well, they tried it. It was an ingrain carpet and they swept a space on the floor and they all tried it—there were about fifty women. Then they took it down to the vestibule where the cocoa-matting is and they tried it on that, and they took the carpet up in both places and they said, 'Well, it certainly has taken it out, that carpet is cleaner than I ever saw it before.' Then they examined the machine to see the amount of dust in it, and that janitor was horrified, so were the women, and there was nothing further said about its capacity for sweeping. The women were convinced that it would do better than they could with a broom. The result of that test is two clubs of women who own a machine—each club owning one and another machine in the village for rent."



AMALFI IN ALL ITS GLORY

Naples—While You Wait

By NAN MOULTON

"TO travel hopefully is better than to arrive," Stevenson once wrote. I wonder whether the Mediterranean failed to "play the game" with him too. When has the Mediterranean ever been written down anything but blue? But we tossed and shivered on a cold, grey, stormy sea all the way from Port Said to Naples. We blinked sleepily from portholes at Messina, blinking sleepily back from her slopes, and we drowsily made meagre acquaintance with Mount Etna, yet in her night-cap. Later, Stromboli, dreary under a dreary sky, exerted himself feebly when he saw us coming, but the result was just one puff of smoke from the crater sunk between his shoulders. Somebody called for volunteers to go over and set a match to him.

We came into the Bay of Naples with a sunset of flame behind Capri, and Amalfi and Sorrento cuddling enticingly into the soft green to our right. The night came quickly with dashes of rain, and old Vesuvius glowed his way toward us, doing unusually luminous stunts, all his great mass just faintly suggested beyond the mist of rain, and soft crimson tapes of lava unwinding themselves in leisurely paths from his smoky summit.

We spent several hours of the next morning doing processions past the tiresome, peremptory Italian health-officers, who counted us and recounted us, herded us in smoking-rooms, crowded us into narrow deck-spaces, lined us in alphabetical order, and spent endless time over passports and all manner of lunacies. Between processions, we wandered out on deck. Boys, from a myriad of queer craft below, wagged long poles at us, each pole bearing at its swaying top bunches of roses and carnations. Barges, cooking fish, fringed the outer edge of the sea of small boats. Between were brown women with fruit and vegetables which they constantly re-arranged with fingers not excessively clean, or dusted with suspicious-looking rags. They made me think of the coolie in Pretoria who was arrested for polishing his fruit in the market with a stocking. His defence was that he had not been wearing the stocking.

Nearly all the passengers were leaving at Naples. Watching one's friends and acquaintances getting their traps off the lighter and through the customs was illuminating. The erstwhile quiet, charming woman fussed distractedly after an invisible suit-case, the delightful after-dinner raconteur unblushingly stole a porter from his chosen audience, dearest friends of the past few weeks waded knee-deep in luggage, unseeingly elbowing one another in their frantic haste to get at the gesticulating deities of the Neapolitan Customs. But, after the immediate survival of the fittest and the more remote resurrection of the belated unfittest, primitive manners were dropped, and gracious "Au revoirs" were waved from departing carriages, and "Until Rome, then!" smiled back from vanishing motors.

My most pleasing memory of Naples I put first, a clean, simple, delicious, Christian lunch, snowily served in a cool, wide, tiled room overlooking the Bay. Call it carnal if you will, but wait until you have existed for four weeks on German cooking swathed in oil, and see!

The time was Ascension, so the shops were

closed, the town en fete, and the streets thronged with pleasure-seekers in gay attire. Here one saw a Sister appealing to the holiday spirit of generosity, there the brown shadow of a friar slipped along with averted eyes, and an occasional priest went through genuflections and prayers in the open front of a church. The flowers were adorable. Wherever we drove, the windows of our carriages were filled with the loveliest carnations in all colors, even blue, with an importunate Neapolitan boy somewhere at the lower end of the mass of bloom, shouting out ludicrously small prices for his world of fragrance. Up the arcades were banked perspectives of Annunciation lilies, and cherries and strawberries furnished a luscious crimson background.

Naples seemed strangely familiar. The curving Bay, the narrow cobbled roads winding round

and up the hill, the old castles, the distant towers, the smoky mountain were just as the cards had stained them, just as one had read of them a thousand times. The docks swarmed with repulsive beggars, and beggars of greater or less degree, were clamoring in and about the steamer when the remnant of us returned. Corals and cameos cut in lava were the most attractive of the wares offered. One great, brown, husky fellow who surely could have found some honest labor for the might of his arm, beat the sea into a foam and bellowed for "maney." Two shadowy-eyed, dirty-faced babes in a small, leaky, old punt needed no appeal beyond their own helpless sweetness as one mismanaged the crude oars and the other held up a wee net for coppers, which he almost invariably missed, and whose descent through the waves he watched with soft, black, bewildered eyes. The Church and the Flesh engaged in conflict caught our attention next. In one boat an apple-cheeked old nun begged an alms, caught her donations in a very huge, very ancient, very faded, purple umbrella, and threw demure kisses of thanks with her crucifix to the donor. Jostling her, two pretty Neapolitan girls, with dusky banded hair, roguish eyes, and softly-rounded features, sang gay love songs, danced the dances of sunny Italy, caught their rain of coin in brilliant little sunshades, and threw kisses from scarlet lips with dainty caressing fingertips.

The little French Father, evidently concurring in Father O'Flynn's suggestion,

"Is it lave gaiety

All to the laity?

Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too?"

had come back to the steamer slightly jocose. He leaned now over the rail, irresistibly attracted by the rhythmic movements of the bewitching Neapolitans, and greatly applauding. But, just as he was searching for his purse, the old nun and her raised crucifix caught his eye, and the purple umbrella received his first lira. Then, habit followed, and conscience squared, he returned beaming to the music and dancing and youthful grace. Next morning a sadder, graver French Father thus expressed himself as to Naples: "But, yes, know you, the wines in the cafes of Naples are of a badness unbelievable! Me, yesterday, I had with my lunch one all-little bottle, and to-day the head is to me of a heaviness! Oh-la-la!" And he buried his hot face in his hands. Of a verity, mon pere, we all, clergy and laity alike, pay for our moments of being "Irishmen too."

Music or Noise?

By JOYCE WHARNCLIFF

ONE of our Canadian teachers in speaking of a recent visit she had made to Europe, described the singing she had heard there in some of the cathedrals. She did not refer to solo or choir music, but to the congregational singing. She had visited many cathedrals in the old land, and the particular thing which drew her attention was the delightful quality of the singing. Compared with what is heard in our Canadian churches it was much softer. Everyone sang, but in a lower tone than is heard here, and the result was beautiful.

Now anyone having a knowledge of acoustics knows that the form of the building has much to do with the sound, and perhaps, the cathedrals which our friend visited were more suited to the production of that delicate, yet penetrating volume of sound. The structure of Massey Hall, Toronto, furnishes an example of this. Those who have attended public meetings there in which singing has formed a part, have doubtless noticed how the music echoes through the arches of the ceiling, with splendid effect. Anyway, we shall certainly not call our Canadian singing noise when compared to what was heard across the water but may we not take a hint for our own improvement?

Some time ago the writer was in one of our little country churches, where the voice of one young lady could be heard far above all the others singing. Those who stood within a radius of five feet from her could not hear their own voices. She was talented in music too, and no doubt thought she was doing well to sing with all her might; but she failed to remember that music does not consist in mere volume of sound. And therein lies the mistake that many of us make.

Ministers ask their congregations to "sing out." Now, that may be quite right, and it doubtless is pleasant to hear everyone singing from his heart. Let us not put a damper on that. But too often it sounds like the music made by some

of these mechanical piano players—there is no shading nor expression; just one great volume of sound from beginning to end. What is the delightful quality we admire so much in a well trained choir? Is it not the art of shading? Would any choir leader ask his choir to "sing out," all the time? No, they are taught to hold in the volume at times, so that the gradual increase of sound which marks a climax may be all the more apparent. The hymn books used lately by some of our churches endeavor to produce this effect in congregational singing, indicating the diminishing tones.

Now a word (and let it be emphatic) to those having charge of the singing of children, be they superintendents of Sunday schools or teachers of public schools or others. Do not let children strain their vocal chords by "singing out." What applies to adult audiences, applies with much greater force to children. Teach them to moderate the sound; and the results will be more pleasing, and the children's voices will not be injured. The roll of a drum or the blare of a brass instrument is all right in its place; but the rippling of a brooklet or the hum of a bee is music too. A child's vocal chords are too delicate to allow them to be strained as they often are. A little boy of eight was asked to sing recently, and in compliance he burst into a music hall song. His muscles were rigid. The cords of his neck stood out, and his voice was loud enough to fill a room twenty times the size of the one in which he was. At least one of his audience was glad when he finished his effort. His parents had been in the habit of allowing him to appear on the stage of cheap entertainment halls, and this was the result.

May we learn ourselves and teach our children the difference between music and noise. This is a noisy and strenuous generation, and the restful music of a gentle voice does much to refresh tired nerves.

TORONTO SOCIETY IN 1854

By GRACE E. DENISON



WHERE to-day the massive wholesale buildings have arisen from their ashes, after the great fire of 1904, where the shrieking locomotive whistle and clanging bell hold high carnival along Toronto's desecrated waterfront, stood in 1854, most of the dwellings of what was then Toronto's "four hundred." More than fifty years ago, there came from Government House, New Brunswick, the new Governor-General, Sir Edmund Walker Head, who, with Lady Head, one son and two daughters took up residence after a fortnight's visit to Hon. William Cayley, in Government House, Toronto, then the alternating seat of government with the city of Quebec. Government House at that time was a rather ramshackle building, surrounded by grounds almost in their primitive condition, a creek ran through this growth of underbrush and rustic bridges spanned it more than once, the whole in marked contrast to the velvety terraces and trim flower borders of to-day. Sir Edmund Head was a scholar, a man of tact and courtesy, an inveterate pedestrian, and was playfully known in society as "Shall and Will" on account of his having written a treatise on the use and misuse of those two little words. Lady Head was very fond of gardening and had her pet roses, her odorous pinks, wall-flowers, and stocks, with mignonette, heliotrope and the shy and sweet lily of the valley under her constant personal care. Miss Head loved riding and was an excellent horsewoman, her younger sister also enjoying a daily scamper on her pony. As old timers will recall, the son and heir of this amiable family lost his life later on by drowning while on a sporting trip. Such was the family of the official head of society in 1854.



But in Toronto's girlhood days, as now, there were heads unofficial as well as a Head official. The two acknowledged leaders of society, whose rivalry was watched with keen interest and amusement by their respective *cliques*, were Mrs. William Proudfoot, of Kresney House, the wife of the president of the Upper Canada Bank, and Mrs. Frederick Widder, of Lyndhurst, wife of the Chief Commissioner of the Canada Company. Kresney House was built by Mr. Proudfoot, and was known until its dismantling in 1904 as "Dundonald" to a later generation. Lyndhurst stood on the site of Loretto Abbey, in Wellington Place. Tradition tells me that while Mrs. Proudfoot led the more conservative set, Mrs. Widder was the bountiful hostess of the gayer and more *joyeuse*, wherein the French element was greatly appreciated. Needless to say, that with such leaders, society was a brilliant whirl in the good old days. Magnificent dinners, grand balls, elegant musical evenings, stately card parties, were the winter's amusements, while in summer there were archery meetings at Lyndhurst which were, until Lady Head introduced croquet, the most stylish and popular reunions, boating parties, riding parties and such pleasant things to make life merry for folk of means and leisure. Once Sir Edmund and Lady Head and their young people drove out to the home of Colonel McLean at Scarboro and spent there a bright day, still remembered by some of the party.

If my readers had taken their walks abroad in 1854, starting from the York Street waterside, they would immediately have caught sight of the Episcopal Palace at the north-west corner of York and Front Streets, where lived that fine old Churchman, Bishop John Strachan, and near which stood "The Cottage," the home of his son, Captain James Strachan, both residences having rich tradition of hospitalities. "It was," says a dear old lady, "one of the sights of the year to see on the lawn at the Cottage the display of game which Captain Strachan brought home from his annual shooting trip." And Society drank tea and admired the soft-eyed deer or the lovely plumaged ducks which had fallen to the captain's good gun, and one may be sure that generous gifts of game found their way to the larder of many a fair housekeeper later on. Coming on up York Street and glancing east on Front one would see the New Row, where the Queen's now stands, and where lived in 1854 Sheriff Jarvis, the first of the family to hold that office. In the summer of '54 an event of social importance was a double wedding in the Jarvis family, Emily, second daughter of Mr. S. P. Jarvis, marrying Major Farrell, R.E., afterwards Commandant at Barbadoes; and Sarah, daughter of Mr. W. B. Jarvis, of Rosedale, marrying Captain Orde of the 71st Regiment. The wedding breakfast given by the S. P. Jarvisses and the dance in the evening in the New Row by Sheriff Jarvis, combined to make an event very much talked of at that time. The homestead of Chief Justice Powell occupied the present site of the Toronto Club, which institution then had chambers nearer the Rossin of to-day, and where four devoted whist players, Mr. (afterwards Sir Thomas) Galt, Honorable Hillyard Cameron, Hon. William Cayley and Mr. Todd, enjoyed an afternoon game very frequently. Holland House, the home of Hon. J. H. Boulton, reared its castellated outlines in Wellington Street, and is a familiar struc-

ture to the present generation. Mr. Boulton built Holland House in the thirties, and entertained there royally in 1854. On the northwest corner of York and Wellington was "The Lawn," a low-spreading cottage, where Chief Justice Draper resided, and just west of which was Dr. Beaumont's house. Dr. Beaumont was considered the cleverest surgeon in Toronto, and his beautiful and graceful wife was often called the belle of Toronto, being, as Honorable Phillip Vankoughnet said: "The only woman who knew how to wear a shawl"—at a time when the draping and wearing of the fashionable double Paisley shawls was a work of art.

York House, on Simcoe and Wellington, was occupied by Mr. Justice Hagerman, and later on by Mr. John Crawford, and looked into the tangle of verdure about Government House, where he and his handsome family were in later years to make their home. Just west of Government House, in Wellington Street, was a pretty cottage with pointed roofs and French windows, the home of Mr. Stephen Jarvis, who had three or four years previously brought a belle of Hamilton, Mary Stinson, a bride to Toronto, a lovely girl, in 1854.

The Chief of Police, Mr. Samuel Sherwood, Mr. Lukin Robinson (afterwards the second baronet), Mr. and Mrs. Arnold (whose gallant son was killed in the Crimean War just begun), Hon. George Cruikshank, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Hon. William Robinson, and Mr. Lewis Moffat, of Clarence Lodge (whose house then closed the street at the west end) were some of the society folk residing in the immediate neighborhood. The Alexander Macdonells were also living near, in a fine old pillared and porticoed house, with clambering honeysuckle and grand trees; and the election in Toronto, wherein their descendant, Claude Macdonell, secured a seat in the Dominion House, revived the traditions of this clever and able family. Speaking of old times, one of the reigning bells writes: "The winter of 1854 was very gay; many large balls were given, not only by the rival houses of Proudfoot and Widder, but by newcomers, among them the Schreibers, who had taken Elmsley Villa (formerly occupied by Lord and Lady Elgin, who gave delightful garden and other parties there). Two of the numerous and handsome Schreiber family came out in that year; one was later Mrs. G. W. Allen, of Moss Park, whose *debut* is still remembered."

Beverly House, now occupied by descendants of its eminent master, who in 1854 was elevated to the peerage as Sir John Beverley Robinson, Bart., stood, as it still does, foursquare at the intersection of John, Richmond and Queen Streets, the grounds reaching a full block north and south; very stately and notable were the dinners given at Beverly House—rivalled, however, by those at the Grange—the refined and clever faces of the host and hostess smiling genially at the happy gathering. There were at one time some most excellent theatricals arranged at Kresney House by Mrs. Proudfoot, but I believe at a later date. Speaking of society men of that day, one writes: "Well I remember many of them, John A. Macdonald, Archie Macdonald, Sandfield Macdonald, Lafontaine, Drummond, Loranger, Cartier, handsome Sir Allan MacNab, charming Colonel Prince, Ferguson and Crooks. At this time, after the dinners at Lyndhurst, the gentlemen would gather round the piano, and sing the songs of the French *voyageurs* with much vim, Sir George Cartier leading." In 1854, the two daughters of Colonel McLean, of Scarboro, came out at their aunt, Mrs. Proudfoot's, dance. One, tall and dark, became Mrs. Collingwood Schreiber, of Ottawa; the other, fair and gentle, remained in Toronto as Mrs. John Helliwell. Miss Proudfoot was fair and tall, and, with Miss Julia Jarvis, daughter of Colonel F. S. Jarvis, late Usher of the Black Rod, and Miss May Jarvis, of Cornwall, made an attractive trio—belles of this gay season.



Among the many smaller rivalries which arose, was the ambition to own the smartest equipage; and woe betide the careless groom, the stupid coachman or the ill-tempered nag, if their shortcomings were made evident on parade. Mr. Lewis Moffatt's turnout was one of the best; Colonel Denison of Rusholme, drove into St. James in excellent style; the Kresney House carriage and pair were correct and elegant; Mrs. John Ridout had her fine pair of greys, Mrs. Hillyard Cameron of "The Meadows," had a fine roomy coach and handsome pair, Miss Sherwood, afterwards the wife of Bishop Lewis, drove a fine pair of greys, and was a consummate whip; Mrs. Stephen Jarvis had a neat brougham; Colonel Turner, father of Mrs. Phillip Vankoughnet, and Mrs. Edward Sherwood, drove in from their country place. The other suburbanites drove in to church, and there was always a decorous line of carriages awaiting their devout owners outside St. James', undisturbed by to-day's clamor of trolleys, and, alas! unfavored by to-day's excellent roadways. A story is told of Toronto's roads, which, though a bit exaggerated, may bear repetition. A man, making his way along the side of a street noticed a fine new hat lying in the mud. Picking his steps he was about to secure it, when a voice from



Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton of The Grange

beneath it exclaimed, "Get a rope quickly and pull me and my horse out of this quagmire, before the mud smother me!" Beside the carriages, there were many saddle horses, and many excellent equestrians, some of the young ladies being most graceful and fetching in their habits and plumed hats. The Bishop of Toronto, Mrs. James Strachan, Chief Justices Robinson, McLean and Hagarty, walked to church. Rev. Henry James Grasett was Rector of the Cathedral in 1854, and Rev. L. Baldwin was assistant minister; the latter afterwards married Miss Grasett.

One of the first houses in Beverley Street was built and in 1854 occupied by Hon. William Cayley, standing where the D'Alton McCarthy house afterwards was. Once more I must quote the words of a lady of 1854, who knows whereof she speaks: "The Grange, in 1854, was occupied by Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton and her son, Mr. John Boulton, and had been built some thirty years before by Mrs. D'Arcy Boulton, whose family were Colonel D'Arcy Boulton (who died some years ago at Cobourg), Major W. B. Boulton, Mr. John Boulton, Mrs. Clark Gamble, Mrs. William Cayley and Mrs. Charles Heath, the latter still surviving. This fine old house was the centre of all that is gentle and sweet and wise and wholesome in society. Its mistress was a beautiful old lady, with silver hair and a placid, chastened, refined face, resembling greatly her brother, Chief Justice Sir John Beverley Robinson. It seemed an honor, almost a benediction, to be in her company." Toronto of the fifties had so much the atmosphere of English society that one expects to find flourishing the loyal and devoted and excellent retainers of the Old Country gentry's homes, a type of which was the butler at the Grange.

Thinking of the fair women of that bygone time, I am reminded of Mrs. Robert Pilkington Crooks, who, in 1854, lived in King Street, west of Bay, Messrs. Adam and R. P. Crooks being prominent legal lights, Toronto society owed much of its pleasure in these days to the presence of the officers of different English regiments from time to time quartered here, and many a broken heart mourned the departure of the gay butterflies, and later on their death on Crimean battlefields. Sometimes a Toronto belle captivated and married the gallant officer, and followed his fortunes to other colonies or to the Mother Land, where some of them reside to-day. Names of old-time beaux and belles recall the very popular aide-de-camp of Sir Edmund Head, Captain Retallack (16th Regiment), Colonel Irvine and Lieut.-Colonel Duchesney, who resided in the Old Fort. Others whose names occur to me are the Robert Baldwins, of Spadina, the Mashquoteh Baldwins, of which



Mrs. William Proudfoot of Kresney House



Mrs. Stephen Jarvis



Mrs. Frederick Widder of Lyndhurst

families society is to-day the richer by many charming members; the O'Haras, of West Lodge, which homestead stood at the head of the Parkdale avenue of that name. The Shaws, whose home was north of College Street. The Grants, who lived, I think, in Duke Street, where also Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski lived. The Tom Ridouts, whose house and grounds are now Senator Cox's home. The scholarly Provost of Trinity, Rev. Geo. Whitaker, clever Mr. Vankoughnet, handsome and popular Dr. Hodder, and others of less prominence, but much charm.

One has but to close the eyes and dream a bit to conjure up a picture of a smart ball room in 1854, when, at an hour considered shockingly late in these *blase* times, the beauties and their cavaliers, who had quadrilled and galloped to their hearts' content, lined up for the invariable last dance, Sir Roger de Coverley. One sees Mrs. Beverley Robinson, of Sleepy Hollow, in the first heyday of her charm, the sweet singer, with the gracious manner which always distinguished her, proudly led to her place in the dance by her young husband, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario. Dark-haired Mrs. Beaumont, with her wonderful grey eyes and radiant smile; tall, graceful Mrs. Crooks, aristocratic unmistakable, sweet Mrs. Jarvis, with silken brown curls, and all the Stinson beauty; dignified and winning Mrs. Proudfoot, and her more energetic rival, Mrs. Widder; dainty Mrs. James Strachan, with the piquant face and quick glance which never lost their grace and prettiness—all these and many another, each with a smart escort, and at least half a dozen longing to be in his place, chasseezing down the line after His Excellency and Lady Head. Like a quaint, beautiful vision they float by, the sound of their sweet voices, and the sight of their radiant faces, their soft, clinging laces, or regal velvets and brocades, their artful play of fans, their little paper and lace-frilled bouquets, the stiff stocks of their partners, the gorgeous uniforms, well-strapped trousers over shapely legs, their satin waistcoats, their gallant bearing, their whiskers and their courtly bows! They pass! they are gone! The candles are extinguished, the pretty, graceful forms are bundled into cloaks and the sunny curls, the arch lips, the brilliant eyes, the little wreaths and plumes hid under great hoods! Exit the fairy scene my pen has essayed to paint of Society in Toronto, fifty years ago.



Mrs. William Beaumont

EDITOR'S NOTE—The above article, written by Mrs. Denison (Lady Gay), will be of interest, not only to Toronto readers, but to outsiders, for those who were foremost in Toronto social life half a century ago, were of historical importance. We hope to publish several articles of this nature during the year, showing the social life of old times in other cities.

SONGS IN THE SPRINGTIME

The Sunny Side of the Clouds

In the twilight grey when frolic is o'er
And the sun hangs low in the west,
When the blithe bird's song sounds out no more
And the flowers seem hushed to rest.

When the soft sweet breezes cease to roam
O'er the meadow-land and the mere;
And far above in heaven's dome
The flowers of the angels appear.

When the tired dolls are tucked away
And the play-house has lost its charm
A little head, so tired of play
Sinks low on a chubby arm.

She smiles, and a dimple dimples deep
Is there fairy wand which gleams,
And beckons on the little feet
To the beautiful Land of Dreams?

Ah, this is the time the fairies come,
In their bright, aerial shades,
To dance maybe on yon sloping lawn,
Or steal silently through the glades.

When the goblins lurk in the darkest dells,
Where the shadows deepest fall,
And whisper wonderful secret spells
In their vernal banquet hall.

When the brownies dance 'neath the moonbeam's
light,
And the imps peep down through the trees,
And the elfish folk hold fete at night
On the great white-lily leaves.

Then down she steals o'er the sloping lawn
Far out in the Land of Dreams,
Through beautiful by-ways wandering on
And ever the fairy wand gleams.

Through vistas of trees, and gleaming glades
Which the silvery moonlight shrouds,
On, on she speeds, while the fairy leads
To the Sunnyside Side of the clouds.

'Tis there where we build all our castles bright,
Where our golden dreams are stored,
Where our gems of thought are locked up tight
And our highest hopes we hoard.

Oh, dear little dreamer of dreams! Someday,
When your hope some darkness shrouds,
Be bright and gay, the blue's 'neath the grey,
See the Sunny Side of your clouds.
—Mary S. Edgar.

* * *

Ah, Sweet is Tipperary

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the
year,

When the hawthorn's whiter than the snow,
When the feather folk assemble and the air is
all a-tremble

With their singing and their winging to and
fro;

When queenly Slieve-na-mon puts her verdant
vesture on,

And smiles to hear the news the breezes bring;
When the sun begins to glance on the rivulets
that dance—

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the
year,

When the mists are rising from the lea,
When the Golden Vale is smiling with a beauty
all beguiling

And the Suir goes crooning to the sea;
When the shadows and the showers only multi-
ply the flowers

That the lavish hand of May will fling;
When in unfrequented ways, fairy music softly
plays—

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the springtime of the
year,

When life like the year is young,
When the soul is just awaking like a lily blossom
breaking,

And love words linger on the tongue;
When the blue of Irish skies is the hue of Irish
eyes,

And love dreams cluster and cling
Round the heart and round the brain, half of
pleasure, half of pain—

Ah, sweet is Tipperary in the spring!

The Spell

BY JAMES A. BELL.

The wind and the waves they beckon me,
They call to me o'er and o'er,
And my heart is filled with ecstasy
As I spend the day on the shore.

The little waves creep and kiss the sand,
And then creep back again,
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand
With a fear that his love is vain.

And the stately ships go sailing by
To their haven in the West;
And the sun sinks down in a golden sky,
And all nature goes to rest.

And still the spell is upon my heart;
The spell of the wind and sea,
And my thoughts go out to a friend apart—
Apart for the love of me.

* * *

Forever and a Day!

I little know or care
If the blackbird on the bough
Is filling all the air

With his soft crescendo now;
For she is gone away,
And when she went she took
The springtime in her look,
The peachblow on her cheek,
The laughter from the brook,
The blue from out the May
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

It's little that I mind
How the blossoms, pink or white,
At every touch of wind
Fall a-trembling with delight;

For in the leafy lane,
Beneath the garden boughs,
And through the silent house
One thing alone I seek.
Until she comes again
The May is not the May,
And what she calls a week
Is forever and a day!

RUNNING RABBIT STORIES

II.—The Bending of the Bow

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL



Running Rabbit went home through the forests, it seemed to him that the whole earth was singing for happiness, but it was only his happy heart. He gave thanks continually to the Great Spirit, for he was humble in the midst of his joy; mindful of the Old Man's proverb, which said,

"There is none so wise as I," boasted the young fox, as he set his foot in the snare."

When he would shoot deer or partridge he used his old bow and fire-hardened arrows; but the magic bow gave him such good advice as to windage and distance that he never missed his mark, and so never went hungry. All the little birds and the squirrels that had jeered at him before, now gave him greeting. "Tchik, tchik, tchik!" they said. "Here is a great chief coming. See how sleek and strong he is, and what a fine bow he carries. He is a very great chief. Chee, chee, chee!" After the words of the Old Man's proverb, "Set a fine moccasin upon thy foot, and the people will say, 'What a swift runner!'"

Running Rabbit made good speed on the homeward trail, for all his wonderful hunting, for he was very anxious to know how it fared with the Old Man. The strength of the Bow went with him, and the care of his manitou was all about his ways. Sometimes he woke from light sleep to see a white rabbit, glistening with dew, feeding near him. Sometimes a brown rabbit followed him as he hunted. Sometimes a dark-colored rabbit led him to sweet water or wild fruits.

"The love of the Great Spirit makes the trail smooth for thee, O my master," said the magic War-Bow, "yet be watchful, for evil lies in the fall of a leaf or the lifting of a cloud, and for the strong as well as the weak there comes death."

At last Running Rabbit came to a place of familiar speech, of great waters and wide forests and many rivers, and to him the face of the land was as his father's face, and he knew his home. A day and a night he lay upon the earth from which he came, fasting and giving thanks to the Great Spirit. And then he set out to seek his tribe, but he could not find them, and the thought of the Old Man grew heavy upon his heart.

He asked of the fish-hawk whose shadow wheeled in circles upon the still blue water, "O brother, do you know where my Old Man is?"

"I see all the tribes of this land, O young chief," said the hawk, swaying upon his wings, "and many old men sit at the council-fires and drowse in the lodges. How should I know your Old Man among them?" Running Rabbit was sad.

He asked of the little mice that dwell in the roots of the corn, "O brothers, do you know where my Old Man is?"

"Many old men lie asleep under the earth, O young chief," said the little mice, "but they are all quiet, very quiet. How should we know your Old Man among them?"

He asked of the stars, "O bright brothers, have you seen my Old Man?"

"Many old men go past our silver lodges," said the stars, "treading the white trail, the road of spirits. They are swift and silent as blown smoke. How should we know your Old Man among them?"

So Running Rabbit again made prayer; and he strung the great War-Bow which bent to no hand but his, and fitted an arrow to the string. "Go forth, O giver of death," he said, "and find my Old Man for me." He loosed it with a gentle pull, and the arrow floated before him in the air like a level shaft of light, and he followed.

"Go swiftly, O my master," thrummed and thrilled the great Bow, "go swiftly, for I feel the wind of war!"

So Running Rabbit put on the last of the three pairs of moccasins the Old Man had given him, and tightened his girdle, and went very fast; and the arrow floated before him like a bird that flies softly. They went along the wide beaches, through the woods, over the grass-lands and the meadows. "Go quickly, O my master," sang the great Bow, "for this is the wind of war." As they went, all the wild rabbits came out of the

brush and the grass and followed too, with a noise like the beating of many waves, the rush of much rain.

At last the arrow halted in the wind at the top of a hill, and went no further. "Come to my hand, O death-giver, seeker of trails," said Running Rabbit, and it returned to his hand again like a pony at the voice of his rider. Such was the magic of the arrows.

Running Rabbit felt the wind hot in his nostrils. He looked, and saw a rough stockade at the foot of the hill, and a battle that raged round it. He saw a few men fighting within, and women and little children helping them. He saw, too, an old, old man with white hair who leaped upon the enemy like a wolf.

"Wait for me, Old Man," cried the young brave, in a voice like a sob, "wait for little Running Rabbit!" But the Old Man could not hear, though Running Rabbit could see. It was all small and far-off, like a picture painted upon a rock.

"Make haste, O my master!" sang the great Bow, quivering like a pony against the rein. "Will you fight for the weak or the strong, the many or the few? Those of thy tribe who die in the stockade gave thee bitter meat and foul water, blows and famine. Choose, choose!"

Running Rabbit said only, "That is my Old Man," and drew an arrow to the head. All the wild rabbits sat along the hill-top, watching him, their ears waving in the wind. He saw the chief of the assailants, that he was a tall man with red feathers in his hair, a very bold warrior, and he said to the arrow, "Fly to the heart of Red Feather and bide there till I come."

The arrow leapt from the string with a noise like the wings of a wild goose, and flew through the air like a flash of the anger of the Great Spirit.

"Nushka, nushka!" said the wild rabbits, sitting up and waving their ears. "Look, look!" For the arrow had pierced Red Feather to the heart, and he fell dead at the feet of his men.

Then great fear and wonder fell on all the warriors, both those who attacked and those who defended. For Running Rabbit came down the hill, shooting his arrows as he leaped from rock to rock, and for each arrow a chief died. And the voice of the great Bow thrilled and rolled like thunder among the heights.

"The shade of the cool forest is pleasant," sang the Bow, "the noise of sweet waters is pleasant, and a lovely thing is sleep. But we will wake, O my master, and go forth to the feast. The wild hawk is called from the mountain and the little wolf-cub from the cave, and the lone wolf from the thicket. For this was I

man bowed before him, and the weary men who were yet living sighed after him with wonder, so that it was like a wind blowing among rushes.

"We are your servants, O chief," they sighed, but Running Rabbit did not heed them. At his passing they bent like rushes, but he took no notice.

He ran to the shadow where the Old Man crouched, like an old wolf over his wounds; and he bent himself at the Old Man's feet, and spoke to him lovingly. The Old Man's wits were flown away on the wings of many years, but at last he raised his face slowly, and his voice was like the fall of surf upon desolate beaches.

"Who is it that calls me 'father'?"

"O, Old Man, do you not remember? It is little Running Rabbit, your son."

"Running Rabbit was mean and poor. He was always hungry."

"We shall never be hungry again, my father."

"Running Rabbit was only a poor child. He went away three years ago. The wild strawberry blossomed, and the partridge reared her broods, and the corn ripened for the maidens to gather with laughter, but he did not come."

"His is come, now, Old Man."

The Old Man's head dropped on his breast. Running Rabbit carried him to the chief's lodge, and laid him upon the otter-skins, and bound up his wounds. Then he sat in the dusk, holding the Old Man's hand in his; and the people spoke with him humbly from the doorway.

"You shall be our chief," they said.

Running Rabbit bowed his head, watching the great Bow where it hung from the ridgepole, bright as the bow in the sky that follows rain. "After war comes peace," sang the great Bow, "after storm comes sweet weather, after sickness health. But shall love follow on envy, O my master, or honor upon hatred? The wolf gives soft words when his foot is in the snare, but when he is free, he gives death."

The draft along the deerskin seemed to whisper, "Death, Death!"

Running Rabbit sat still, thinking of many things, the Old Man's hand in his.

The next story is of

THE STEALING OF THE BOW.

One of Our Problems

A SHORT story touching on a delicate problem just now in Canada appears in the February number of The Canadian Magazine. It is by D. G. Cuthbert, and is entitled "The Unsophisticated Englishman." It deals with an attempt by an employer of office help to "make good" with an Englishman. Here is an extract: Recollecting that I had publicly stated a few days before my belief that an unjust prejudice was entertained towards the Cockney by Canadians I resolved to practise my precept and give this one a chance.

Accordingly, as he was willing to accept "for a start" eight dollars a week, I engaged him, hoping for the best in the future and, for the present, satisfied in my philanthropy.

Next morning he turned up punctually, and was clamoring to be put to "something" before the books were out of the vault.

There was certainly some reason to think that his industry had been genuinely vouched for; and as he again asserted he had practice in posting, I gave him the purchase journal to post into the ledger; and went about my own business for an hour.

Thinking it was then time to pay him a visit, I went over to his desk, when to my horror I found he had entered the dollar amounts in the folio column.

"Ain't that right?" he ejaculated dogmatically; "there's three spycies, and you put the pounds in the first."

Mentally consigning him and his pounds to a certain furnace where they might undergo a useful transmutation, I sent him out for a new, sharp office-scraper, and was thankful to find he did not return with a stable hoe.

When I had spent a valuable hour erasing the mistakes, I began to question the prudence of my philanthropy.

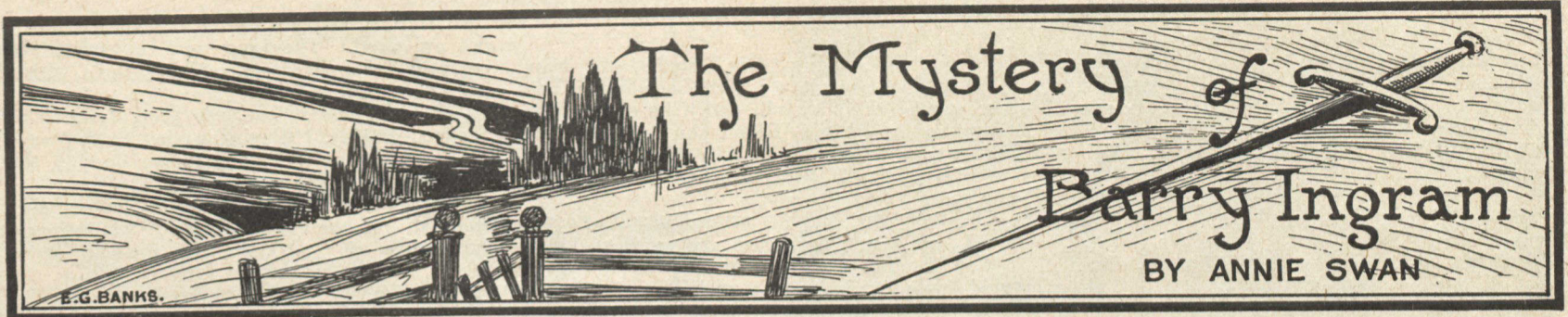


ON THE SIOUX RESERVE NEAR PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

made, for this the Master of Life shaped me, sitting in his great blue wigwam painted with stars. Bend me, O my master, and send out death. My shafts are death, and my name is death, and death is the song I sing."

Running Rabbit strode across the ground to the stockade, and all his enemies that were yet living fell to the ground at his coming. He hammered at the gate, where the dead lay thickest, and a young man opened it, staring as if at a spirit. "Is your name also death, O chief?" said the young man.

"My name to you is life," said Running Rabbit, and he went in at the gate; and the young



SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Thomas Ingram, of Tyrie Castle, is urged by Carita, his second wife, to send Stephen and Christabel, her stepchildren, away to another home. Barry, her own son, is idle and dissipated and is paying foolish attention to Nancy Simons, the keeper's daughter. Nancy is murdered and Christabel finds the body. Barry is suspected of the crime and cannot be found. Barry revisits home by stealth and Christabel gives him money. He denies any knowledge of the crime. Barry manages to escape by the Irish Mail. A bank disaster ruins the Forbes fortunes, and distresses Mrs. Ingram, who had wished Barry to marry Evelyn Forbes. Mr. Forbes is imprisoned for fraud. Barry arrives in London and goes to Groomer's hotel. Barry finds Scottish acquaintances at hotel and departs. Christabel, some time after Nancy's funeral, indulges in conversation with Alan Hastie, the keeper. Christabel suspects that Alan's sorrow is connected with the murder. She afterwards goes to London and engages in charitable work, when she meets Alan Hastie one evening on the Embankment. Hastie becomes ill and confesses in the hospital to having committed the murder. Christabel meets Lord Fincastle and they have tea together one afternoon.



"HOW do you like your tea? Do you know how dissipated women become about tea when they live all together the way we do at the Hermitage?"

"The Hermitage, where is that? May I come and pay my respects?"

"To Miss Escombe, our Head, you may; but gentlemen visitors are not encouraged unless they are supporters of the mission and pay in large sums of money."

"A direct bribe. How much should I have to pay in to buy my privilege?"

"Did Stephen tell you that father had been rather hard hit with the bank; harder than he thought at first. I am afraid he has had a very anxious year, and the last letter I had from him he spoke of the possibility of letting Tyrie for a year or two. He expects that things will improve later, and Stephen has gone to business—right to the works every day. What do you think of that?"

"I think it will be a very good thing for Stephen."

"Poor Carita is very broken down. She hasn't really recovered from the shock about Barry. He was her favourite son, and she built everything on him. Now, I really must go. I have actually half-promised to dine to-night in the West-End, at Lady Welldon's, in Princes Gate. Why do you look like that? Do you know her?"

"I do, and I'm going there to-night after I've dined the boy."

After Christabel went home she found everything quiet at the Hermitage, and no special need for her services. Miss Escombe urged her to go out to Princes Gate, and accordingly, attired in the one quiet evening gown of black satin she had brought with her, and which now saw the light of London for the first time, Christabel journeyed out to Princes Gate.

After some time, the man announced Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Bertram Landeck.

Christabel, looking interestedly in the direction of the door, and saw enter first a broad-shouldered, powerful-looking middle-aged gentleman, while behind him came a young man of more slender figure, which he carried with a perfect ease of manner which the other lacked. He had a clear-cut, clean-shaven, handsome face, a little thin and worn, and with something both eager and pathetic in his eyes. When his eyes roamed the room his face became deathly pale, and at the same moment a cry fell from Christabel, which awoke all the echoes of the quiet room.

The next moment they were in one another's arms. The climax to a long day of strain made havoc of Christabel's self-control. Lady Welldon and the other guests looked on helplessly at the extraordinary scene, at the emotion which the man who had called himself Bertram Landeck seemed unable to control. Christabel was the first to come to herself. Half-laughing, half-crying, she turned to their hostess.

"Dear Lady Welldon, pray forgive me, forgive us! A miracle has happened. This is my brother of whom I told you, and whom we had all given up for dead."

"So this is the long-lost brother," said Lady Welldon happily. "And what has he to say for himself? Masquerading as a German, fie, fie, Mr. Ingram! You ought to have been more patriotic than that."

"I took the best name I could think of to hide under, Lady Welldon; but Christabel, tell me things. Remember how I have been without news of any kind."

"Dinner is served, my lady," said the footman's discreet voice at the door, then Lady Welldon looked from one to another a little perplexedly.

"What is to be done? We must eat though the heavens fall, as somebody says. I understand that you must have volumes to say to one another. Shall I tell them to serve something to you in another room, while Mr. Fletcher and I go down to honor the family board?"

"No, no," cried Christabel apologetically. "Pray excuse us, we ought not to have come here to—to make a scene."

"Well, my dear, I don't suppose it was pre-arranged, and I am more than delighted to think that my house should have been the scene of such a happy re-union. I, too, am a little thirsty for details, and if you will all come down now we shall dispense with the butler as soon as we possibly can. It is a very simple dinner you are going to get; anyhow, come, Mr. Fletcher, we shall leave these young people to come after us. What a strange world it is, after all!"

She passed out, and trespassing for a moment on her forbearance the brother and sister lingered just a moment behind.

"Has anything been found out, Belle? Could I go back now?"

"You could now, but it is only to-day the truth has come out. It was Alan Hastie, Mrs Dundas's underkeeper, that did it, Barry. He has confessed to me only to-day."

"To you, but how, where? Isn't he at Cardyke yet?"

"No, he lies in St. Thomas's Hospital at this moment; but we must go down, Lady Welldon has been very kind, and, of course, this is an awkward thing to have happened in her house. We mustn't trespass on her kindness."

Lady Welldon smilingly waited for them at the head of the table, taking one on either side of her. She was very tender and considerate towards them, and shortened the meal as much as possible. Then she told them they could have an hour together in the library, to which she took them herself, not forgetting to leave Barry a box of cigarettes.

Then she went back to spend a dull hour with the managing director, an excellent man of great business capacity, but not a social success.

"You have made a find this time, Mr. Fletcher. Tell me how and where you came across this young man?"

"It was very simple. We had advertised for a timekeeper—when was it? let me see, some time in December last year, twelve months ago. I mean I happened to come through the yard when they came after the job, a cool hundred or two of them, and I spotted him at once. He was without experience, and could not even give a satisfactory account of himself, but I liked the lad, and I took him on."

"You are like my husband in that, Mr. Fletcher, he was never governed by the ordinary rules in matters of that kind. He invariably selected men by intuition. Tell me, have you never made a mistake?"

"Yes, Lady Welldon, once or twice," he answered frankly; "but in this case we found something worth looking after. His name was the only thing about him I didn't like, and I soon understood that it was an assumed one. But who is he really, as you know his sister? I suppose she is his sister, not his sweetheart?"

"His half-sister only, and he is an Ingram, Mr. Fletcher; you know the Clydeside firm, Ingram, Bertram & Co.?"

"Why, yes; doing business with them often, and what drove him out, one of the usual escapades young men indulge in?"

"Something more serious. His sister told me the story very briefly last night. It seems a girl, daughter of a gamekeeper, was shot. This young man had been making love to her, was out with her, in fact, at the moment when the thing happened. He feared he would be blamed for it and ran off. The thing has never been cleared up from that day to this."

"I shall be very sorry, Lady Welldon, if this

takes Landeck, or Ingram, as I suppose I must call him now, away from Bermondsey."

"You think so highly of him as that?"

"I think he has inventive genius, and he was just beginning to settle down to real work. Of course, I did not keep him long at the gate."

"It must be made worth his while, then, that's all; but we shall have to wait till all the mystery about is cleared up."

* * * * *

After Christabel had told Barry of the grief which had followed his departure, he expressed a desire to see Alan Hastie. Excusing themselves to Lady Welldon, they left for the hospital where the two men made their peace. The next morning it was found that Alan Hastie's troubled soul was at rest and had made the final expiation.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

THE child Caro had not forgotten the bond she had entered into with Christabel. Behold her in pursuance of it, waiting at Cardyke station for her father's return from town.

Although in comparison with others who had lost all, Ingram's financial distress could not be called in any way acute, still it is hard upon a man, having once built up a position by his own sheer exertion and hard work, to have to forego the greater part of it. Ingram had now quite decided to let Tyrie for a term of years and retire to Bracknell, the scene of his earlier married life. His wife had acquiesced; it was all that could be said. She was now a real, almost confirmed invalid, where formerly she had been a make-believe, and she did not show a very likely interest in anything. Ingram himself had greatly aged. His shoulders stooped very much as he stepped from the train, and Caro with her dog-whip in her hand and a waiting pack outside, the wind tossing her flying mane, noticed with a fresh pang that his face looked unusually sad. Her smile suffered no abatement, however, as she sprang forward to meet him, and Ingram's gloom lightened as his eyes fell on the bright speaking face. "What should I do without my sunbeam, eh?" he asked.

"I don't know what you would do, Daddikins, but I know what you might try to do just to please her—don't look so careworn and so sad. Has something fresh happened to-day?"

"Nothing, darling. How's the mother?"

"Mother is on the whole pretty well. I took her out in the bath-chair down by the loch. Yes, she insisted, and she didn't even cry very much. I don't think it has done her any harm really."

"You are a busy, useful little wife, Caro; and who thinks about you?"

"You do, and Stephen, and Belle; but I haven't had a letter from her for four days."

"So Belle has been remiss, has she? I hope she's well. She's generally so attentive."

"Daddy," said the child wistfully, "have I been good all winter?"

"Yes, darling, the very best. Why?"

"May I ask something, and will you give it to me?"

"If I can it is yours, here and now, sweetheart."

"Well, I want to go up for the week-end to London next Friday, all by myself, to surprise Belle. I do want to see her so badly. In fact, I can't keep on being good unless I see her soon."

Ingram was surprised by the passion with which she spoke, and began to understand what influence had been at work behind the scenes, moulding Caro's undisciplined character so finely.

"So it is Belle who is behind the throne," he said lightly, yet with a curious emotion.

"Yes, I promised Belle to be good, and I have tried; but sometimes one gets horribly tired being good. I'm tired, and unless I see Belle I can't keep it up."

"It only costs two pounds for the week-end ticket, and I could travel myself quite easily. Will you let me go, Daddy?"

"Surely, I'll take you myself next Friday, and there won't be any week-ends about it. We'll have a rare old time together, you and I, and

Belle. We'll carry her off from her Hermitage for a whole week to the Langham."

They met the Cardyke keeper at the stile just as they were about to enter their own lands. Simons was still at the cottage in the clearing, finding when it came to the test that he could not tear himself away from the place of undying memories.

"Is it true what they're saying, beggin' your pardon, that ye are leavin' Tyrie Castle?" said Simons.

Ingram was a little surprised at the abrupt question, but did not evade it.

"It is quite true, as soon as a suitable tenant is found, we are going back to Callander."

"But no for guid, sir?"

"Well, we don't know, Simons; that depends—"



"I'll be vera sorry, sir; we'll never get a better maister in Tyrie," said Simons sincerely.

Somehow these words comforted Ingram, and he expressed his thanks rather more warmly than the occasion seemed to warrant. Then they passed on again through the pleasant Tyrie woods to the fine old castle, which had been their home so long. Ingram did not hide from himself that it would cost him a good deal to leave it, in spite of the painful associations of the last year.

* * * * *

Before noon Stephen had received a private telegram from Christabel simply asking him to meet the evening train from London, and to say nothing to their father about it.

The train from Euston ran into the Central punctually on the stroke of the advertised time, and in a moment the orderly platform was a mass of humanity, darting thither and thither in search of waiting friends, or of personal baggage. Stephen's height did not permit him a good bird's-eye view of the faces in the crowd, but Belle's quick eye soon detected him, and she ran up to him, her face aglow with something more than the pleasurable excitement of the moment.

"Oh, I'm so glad you've come, Steve," she cried as she breathlessly kissed him. "What did you think when you got that mysterious telegram?"

"What could I think, dear, but that you wanted to give them a pleasant surprise."

"I have a friend with me," said Christabel.

"Where is she?" asked Stephen perplexedly.

"It isn't a 'she' at all," said Belle a little hysterically for her. "Oh, Stephen, can't you guess. I can't keep it up. I've found Barry. Here he is!"

The color, never at any time very pronounced, receded wholly from Stephen's face, and he took a somewhat unsteady step backwards.

"You mustn't faint, or anything, Steve," said Belle sternly. "We've all got to very calm and self-possessed and matter-of-fact. He's quite, quite all right, dear; never was better in his life. Here he is."

She looked back with a beckoning finger, and the next moment the brothers were face to face, gripping hands, looking into one another's eyes. It was as Belle had said. Barry looked all right. Stephen's eyes, cleaving to the familiar lineaments of the boy he had loved, beheld them, though changed, in no way marred. "I don't take it in," he said huskily. "It is you, old chappie, isn't it—real flesh and blood?"

"Yes, Steve," Barry answered; but his voice was very low and his eyes troubled. As usual Belle intervened. She it was who piloted them across to the hotel, who secured the small private room for dinner, where they could talk undisturbed.

* * * * *

It was quite dark when they reached their destination and drove across the few intervening miles to Tyrie by a cross-journey which enabled them to avoid the village. They left the trap a little distance from the gates, and entering softly by the wicket, were not challenged, and passed unobserved up the avenue towards the house.

Agreeing on their plan of campaign the brothers remained outside the house, while Christabel sought admittance. From their hiding in the shade of the big shrubbery they heard the exclamation of surprise and pleasure with which the butler welcomed her; then the door was shut, and there was silence. The large drawing-room at Tyrie was seldom used now that the family was so reduced. Madame had a large sitting-room which had resolved itself into the family living room when she was downstairs. They were all in it when the butler came up to say his master was wanted in the library.

"Who is it?" asked Ingram a little irritably. "Who can be wanting to see me this time of

night, when everybody's thinking of going to bed?"

"Only half-past nine, sir," replied the man. "Why, Belle, whatever is the meaning of this secrecy?" he cried joyfully when he entered the library and saw her. "Didn't you feel sure that we'd be glad to see you? Why, that child Caro is worrying herself into the grave for a sight of your face."

He took her in his arms himself, deeply moved, and kissed her again and again.

"Oh, I didn't come alone, father; I never would have made such a melodramatic entry. Can't you guess? Barry is here! He and Stephen are outside. No, no; don't look like that, there is nothing to be ashamed of. Barry is doing splendidly and looks all you could desire, and everything is cleared up, darling; and we're going to be as happy as we can be with all this behind."

"Where is the boy?" asked Ingram, shaking from head to foot, "and who is to tell his mother?"

"Oh, joy never killed anybody yet; I'll bring him to you, father, and I want to say how I thank God that I've helped a little to bring Barry back a little earlier than he might have come, that is all."

So Barry Ingram once more stepped across the threshold of his father's house and found himself made welcome. Laying aside for once the national reserve which scorns so highly the exhibition of the emotions, Ingram took his boy in his arms and kissed him on both cheeks, the tears running down his own. They were all in tears. Then they had to hold a little council as to how the news should be broken upstairs.

"You, Belle," said her father. "I wish you would do it yourself."

"May I?" There was a wistfulness in the girl's eyes which touched Ingram inexpressibly. He knew that in that hour of family joy her heart yearned to be at peace with all, to hear her stepmother's accents speak kindly in her ears, to have all the bitter past wiped out. So when they said nothing she stole away.

"There are few like Belle," said Stephen quietly—"saying nothing, but doing all. God bless her."

Christabel sped up the familiar stairs and opened the boudoir door. Then in a flash the child Caro saw her, and with a cry which none of them ever forgot she darted forward and caught her at the door.

Christabel kissed her fondly, whispered something, and went up the room to the couch where Madam, propped among her pillows, was doing some fine needlework by the light of a hanging lamp.

"Belle, why Belle, is it really you!"

There was a startled exclamation of surprise, then Christabel dropped on her knees beside the couch, laughing and crying in a breath.

"Yes, I've come back; I hadn't any choice, and I've brought somebody with me. Run down, Caro, and tell them all to come up."

Madam rose up, forgetful of her real weakness, her eyes widening as they strained towards the door.

"Belle," she cried pitifully, "you are not playing a cruel trick on me. Is it Barry you have brought back?"

Christabel did not answer, for Barry had not waited many moments behind her. The next moment he had his mother in his arms. Everybody was in tears.

"I knew you would do it," Caro cried triumphantly. "Nobody believed me, but there isn't anything in the wide world Belle can't do if she likes. Why, she's even made me behave decently for a whole year."

But Christabel's best reward was when her stepmother crept up to her a little later and touched her almost pleadingly on the arm.



"Belle, I have often been unkind to you in the old days. I did my best to make you leave the house, and you have borne no malice, but done all this for me. I beg your forgiveness now before them all, and if you will let me I'll try to be a better mother to you in days to come."

It was the first genuine womanly speech that had ever fallen from Carita's lips, and when Ingram heard it the bitterness of past days was wholly wiped out.

"Isn't Barry coming down to breakfast this morning?" asked Ingram, when they were all assembled next morning, even Madam being in a long-deserted place.

"He is out, father, he will be here presently," answered Christabel so significantly that he understood there was something behind it.

The meal went on, but Barry did not return, and even when the trap drove up to the door to

take Ingram and his son to the station, he had not appeared. They met him, however, about halfway down the drive, walking alone with his head bent on his breast.

"I can guess where he's been, father," said Stephen quickly. "Paying a visit to Simons."

"I see, shall we stop, Steve; do you think he'd like us—to take any notice?"

"Leave it to him," suggested Stephen. Barry stood still on the edge of the turf when the dogcart drove up, and looked up into his father's face. Ingram bent down towards him.

"Would you like me to get down, lad?"

"But you are on your way to the station?"

"Yes, but I've five minutes to spare. Drive slowly, James, and I'll make up."

He sprang out, and the dogcart drove on.

"I was up about six o'clock, father, and I caught Simons before he left the house."



"You lost no time. There was no such hurry, surely a day more or less couldn't make so much difference," said Ingram, who gathered from the expression on his son's face that the experience of the last hour had been a sharp one.

"It couldn't wait. I had a message from Hastie, you see, a dying message. And I had no right to spare myself."

"Well, if you look at it like that, you hadn't, I suppose," remarked his father a little testily. "And what did he say?"

"Oh, he behaved as well as he could be expected to behave. Of course, neither he nor we can get away from the fact that, after all, I was the real culprit," said Barry quietly.

"Well, in a sense I suppose you were partly responsible."

"Wholly, I think, because if Hastie hadn't been maddened by jealousy seeing me with the girl, nothing could have happened. I've been down to the dell, too. My God, I lived it all over again! I haven't got off scot free, father, you may take it from me."

"I understand that, but wasn't Simons frank? I suppose you expressed your regret and all that, as a man would do in the circumstances?"

"Yes, I did all that. Simons isn't a wordy man, father, and it took him a while to grasp all the facts I had to put before him."

"How did he speak about Hastie?"

"Very nicely. He seemed relieved that he was dead, however. Of course, had he lived all the horror would have had to be raked up again, and Simons, like the rest of us, would like to bury the past now."

"Then, on the whole, you had a satisfactory talk man to man?"

"Yes, fairly so; but it would not be a pleasant thing for him and me to meet often, father. It is good that our ways will lie apart."

"You intend to stop in London, then?"

"Yes, most certainly. I'll work my way up," answered Barry with a new air of dignity and determination, which amazed his father while it secretly touched him.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, Barry, I suppose it's the strain of the last year, but I don't seem able to control myself as I used. Your mother and I were crying together like a couple of bairns last night after we got to our room. You haven't seen her this morning, have you? She's down with a white blouse and a linen collar on, looking like a girl. That's for you, lad, go back and make love to your mother. I don't suppose you want to come to Glasgow to-day?"

"Oh no, I don't want to go anywhere, only to stop quietly over the Sunday here and go back to my work on Monday."

"You've learned the value of work, then?" said Ingram significantly.

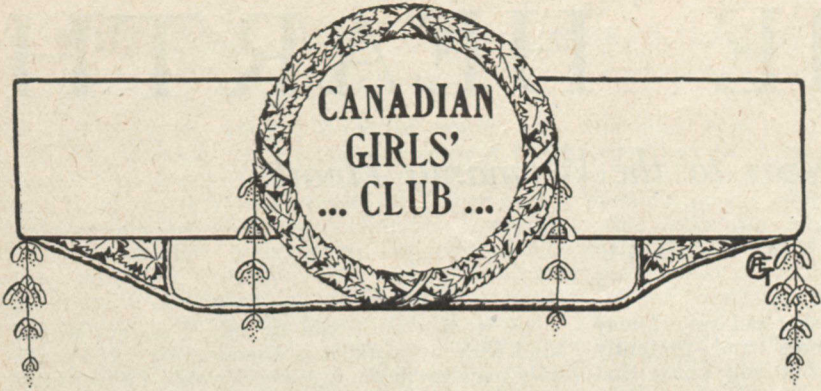
"That I have, it's the only thing worth having in this world."

Ingram laughed as he passed on. "Wait till you want to get a home for yourself, lad, but you're setting the right way about getting it. I must run, then. Good-morning. We shall be down just after lunch, I expect. I shouldn't have gone up at all to-day only for the signing of some big cheques."

They parted with a nod, and Barry walked on towards the house.

He had told his father a good deal, but to no living soul could Barry Ingram voice the feelings with which he had visited the Lovers' Dell, and recalled the poignant incidents of the never-to-be-forgotten day.

Through his incredible and selfish folly, two young lives that might have been spent together, blessing one another, had been quenched in utter darkness on the very threshold. Small wonder that his thoughts were like whips of scorpions, and that Carita was hard put to it to find in this grave-faced, humble, self-reproachable man, the



EVERYWHERE there is a new feeling of independence and confidence among women. It seems to be in the air. Suffrage? Well, we will not discuss that, but certainly that is not needed at all for real independence and a great many of us wouldn't care to be bothered. What makes us independent is freedom to work—to earn our own living, not in a few poorly paid occupations but almost as we choose. Without mincing matters—money is independence.

But what of the girls that must stay at home on account of home duties? Is there no chance for them to gain confidence and a certain dependence upon their own efforts? There are ways—literature, painting, music—and often special opportunities may offer, but they mostly necessitate unusual ability or facilities. That is the value of the money-making side of the Canadian Girls' Club. Any girl who has a few hours a day free can earn money. Nothing is required beyond her ability, no matter how small the town, no matter how short or uncertain the time to use. There is not one girl who cannot successfully do this work.

That there are a very large number of girls so situated and that subscription work appeals to them as a means both of earning money and of getting into closer touch with outside affairs, is proved by the number of girls joining. Only a few months ago a girl said: "I never would be able to sell anything, I wouldn't know what to say." This same girl is one of the most active of our club; she has never had any lack of things to say, for she has used her experiences ("adventures," she calls them) to the best



MRS. HERBERT GLADSTONE IN A PRETTY HOME SCENE.

advantage, learning the things that interest people. She tells them well, too, as I think most women do with a little training.

And being a young organization, only a part of the value of subscription work is being comprehended. It is not a one-year plan alone by any means; next year's profits will be double and treble the present. All the present subscribers are almost certain renewals next year with very little effort and lots of time to get new ones. The next year—and still the circle of customers is enlarging.

One young man, starting this work a year and a half ago, will clear four hundred dollars for the season's work, all over-time profits for he is hard at work during the day.

There's a different feeling, too, about showing a Canadian magazine. Call it patriotism, or clannishness, or what you will, nearly every Canadian wants to help along Canadian things. We are somewhat overshadowed by the big nation right next to us with more than a dozen times as many people; so we have to depend on ourselves, each to help the other along. You feel that you are helping develop an industry that we must have if we would be a wide-awake, progressive, self-sufficient nation, and the people you call upon will mostly feel the same.

Probably, knowing THE HOME JOURNAL as you do, you scarcely believe there can be many who do not know it. Do not think in the few years of its existence it has been able to make itself so well known. Every day we are receiving many requests from Canadians who have never seen a copy but have learned that there is such a magazine through letters from friends or a notice in a paper. And many, many more who only know it in its poor, small form of a couple of years ago. They would scarcely believe that our present magazine is the same HOME JOURNAL they knew.

A great many HOME JOURNAL girls who are just the ones to join, are not yet members of the club. I wish you would write to me and let me tell you more about it; and many more who do not read the JOURNAL would appreciate knowing about the Canadian Girls' Club. Will you send me their names? I shall appreciate it very much and you place neither yourself nor them under any obligation to go farther, and perhaps they would greatly benefit by the opportunity. Will you write me?

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AROUND THE HEARTH

Bright Paragraphs on Subjects Near to the Womanly Heart

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"IT WAS APRIL, BLOSSOMING SPRING."



"O H, Marthy, summer's here," I once heard a little boy shout to his sister, as he drew back the blinds and beheld the bare ground after a night's steady soft rain, and from my adjoining room I heard the second pair of little feet patter to the window to see the wonderful transformation of a single night.

Summer is some distance away yet, but April, bright harbinger of spring, is here, with its tearful days and sunshiny ones, melting the snow-banks, and letting loose the ice-bound streams, bringing to life the dormant pulsations of the animal and vegetable kingdom. But they move slowly, those latent forces which stir in obedience to nature's call, they need the various moods of the capricious month, the rain, the sun, clouds and winds, even a snow-fall, to bring to full fruition and carry out the plan of nature in bud and blossom, bird and insect; and we must needs take pattern from them, and follow the vagaries of this wilful lady, the month of April.

We discard our furs, then don them again; we proclaim against the flannels and heavy underwear, but our experience has taught us to bear with them; we invest in rain-coats and umbrellas, for there is always uncertainty with the weather-gods; we grow restless; want to do things; there seems to be mud and slush outdoors, and dust and dirt indoors. Our fingers are itching to pull up carpets, take down curtains, change furniture around, clean up yards and things generally, the spring fever is in our veins. But, patience! it is often unsuitable weather for housecleaning; the best carpet runs the risk of a spasmodic shower, and the yard is too damp and wet to endanger one's health by hanging up curtains and draperies for necessary airing.

* * *

YES; I know about the new system of cleaning, the dustless method, where one can have the house all gone over in a day, and give a dinner party at night. I see the machine pass our door every week, and intend to give it a trial some day, but I know that the great majority of readers follow the old reliable lines, the soap and water, beat and pound process. It is to that class I address my advisory words not to close in with a rush simply because it is April.

This letter is somewhat of an anniversary one, as this page was inaugurated with an article on housecleaning a year ago, in which I endeavored to show that in the preparation for the final achievement lay the great secret of quicker and more effectual work, inasmuch as minor obstacles are removed, and the big work is therefore accomplished with greater ease and in less time. I advocated the ridding out of dresser drawers and clothes closets, the careful packing away of furs and winter wear, as preliminaries; also the ferreting out all unnecessary furniture, and the clothing that has served its purpose, and disposing of it where it can do some one else a good turn. In cities and towns one can always find a place where the useless articles around the house can fill a want in some other home. It is folly to stack our attic room with old chairs and tables that we have outlived, and do not wish to repair. Give them to some one whose patience to patch up will renew their usefulness.

It is still greater folly to hang away clothes that have gone out of style, or that our children have outgrown, and leave them year after year to gather dust and invite moths, saying nothing of the nuisance we vote them when we are forced to include them in our semi-annual cleaning siege. In our basement is a large covered box, which the children named the "poor-box," and there we consign everything in the shape of clothing and footwear, hats, neckties, umbrellas, as well as magazines and other literature, and several needy families, who appreciate our cast-offs, call at intervals, and so there are no unnecessary things given house room. I am often accused of being too hasty in this matter of sifting out, but give me clean space any time to goods that I regard as encumbrances. Men, I believe, are more guilty of accumulating and hoarding old stuff than women; they seem so frightened they will give away something that *might* come in useful some day. "Don't give away those old boots, they will

do to go fishing," or "Save that old suit, I may need it for some rough work," and presently their closet is overflowing, but you know that shows a disposition to be *saving*. Perhaps it is, but, oh, Pshaw!

* * *

TRULY we are up against it once more. This housecleaning problem comes with the surety of the seasons, and we are consulting the paperhanger and the painter, gathering up our forces for the onslaught. The husbands are holding their breath in anxious waiting, for well they know the attack is bound to come, this senseless proceeding which women deem necessary to health and comfort, and certain they are that their services will be required at some stage in the game, and that it will be given with the same heartiness which characterizes all their assistance during the campaign. I expect there are exceptions, but the majority of men have a wholesome horror of this turning-inside-out-and-upside-down chaos in the home, but no more than most women have, for it is no glad holiday session for them; it means the hardest kind of work, and a continuation of it until the last stroke is sounded.

Taking it for granted that the house sewing as delineated in the January number of the HOME JOURNAL, has all been successfully accomplished, and the school dresses and blouses are ready in the homes where the sewing for the family is part of the regime, one can still keep busy planning for the summer outfits, hats and gloves and footwear, doing early shopping while the goods are fresh; in schoolboy parlance "getting a good ready on." Then when the balmy winds blow, and it is considered safe to leave windows and doors open, move stoves, as must be done in many homes, make the grand sortie, not upsetting the whole house in a day, but taking one room at a time, selecting them as advantageous to each one's particular line of procedure, for every housewife has her own ideas of where to begin, and prefers to follow her own dictates.

A day off occasionally to look through the stores makes a pleasant variation, and is a delightful necessity when new furnishings are required. Its gets one out of the rut, and tunes up the body and mind for a fresh start. March and April should see the finish of house dresses and aprons, and, as far as possible, the lingerie waists and gowns, ready for the first warm spell, for our summers are too short to lose half the nice weather getting the filmy fabrics into shape for wearing. It is such a comfortable feeling to know that the thin, cool dress, and nicely starched underskirts are all in readiness to don when a melting day suddenly surprises us, and when the season is ended, we feel that our garments have done full duty, and have no compunction in relegating them to second place next year.

* * *

I HAVE already told about my habit of dividing up time; but right in this connection, remember that my plans "gang aft agley," but I never permit it to worry me. There are so many things liable to interfere, but it never deters me from renewing the plans on future occasions. I have mile-posts, so to speak, all through the year, Easter coming first, when I count on the sewing being pretty well out of the way, unless it is very early, as this year. Somehow the 24th of May, so many, many years a national holiday, always seemed a fitting date for the wind-up of housecleaning operations, with an extra week tacked on to finish up the little extras, for I am always glad of "just one more day," which is a standing joke on me among my friends—the need of that day that I am ever desirous of, no matter how long a time I have in which to accomplish anything. So when that good old date comes round, I want to throw up my hat, and shout, as of old, when school was let out on the 23rd of May:—

"Hip, hip, hurrah! the Queen's birthday. If you don't give us a holiday we'll all run away."

June, July and August are holiday months, then a grand charge on the fall sewing and the inevitable cleaning for the next mile-post, November Thanksgiving, after which the supreme effort of all brings us to the final climax, Christmas, with the blessed week of jollity following in its wake. Sounds like a pretty steady job, doesn't it? Yes; and monotonous betimes, but such is housekeeping.

A woman once said to me, "I do get so behind with my work, it is discouraging. If I could only *once* catch up, it seems I would forever keep straightened out." I made the same remark once, and I shall give you the answer I received. "Don't," said the sad-eyed little woman, "don't say that. Once I got caught up, had my sewing and knitting for the family all ready for winter, quilts made out of the left-over pieces of cloth and flannel, even sewed up all the old rags for carpet and mats, as we were accustomed to do in those days, and one night I said gaily that we could have a good time now, for there was nothing else to make up. The next morning diphtheria broke out in our large family, and for weeks there was no rest day nor night. Two of our dear little ones died, and the heartache has never really left me. So now, it never matters, what I cannot manage to get done is left among the undones, and I've never since wanted to get caught up with my work."

Little did I dream as she related this experience that it would ever come home to me, but so it did. One bright October, while undecided about making a move, I found myself with nothing to sew but doll's clothes, and how I revelled in having the time to model dainty garments for the baby doll, and the lady doll, and the others as well! The same dread disease entered our home, and ere its ravages ceased, the idol of the house was carried out, the little human flower we all worshipped. The dolls and their clothes, with her own pretty new dresses, were buried in the ashes of a life-long sorrow. I draw a curtain over the grey November days and hopeless nights that followed, but I, too, have never cared since. I do first what seems necessary and urgent, the rest of the pile awaits my pleasure, for sewing is one of the things that will not spoil in the keeping.

* * *

BUT to return! We have considered the physical side of housecleaning, with its tiredness of muscle and sinew, and battered red hands; let us look at what I shall call the *moral* side of the question. How our tempers suffer, our nerves, we become excited over what we can accomplish, and exasperated over what we can not do! We lose our patience, grow cantankerous, and finally reach a stage which a word, coined, I believe, in our own city, fitly describes, "raspinarious." Here is where we make a grave mistake; we overwork, and the results affect the household, who recognize a disturbing element in the usually placid disposition of wife and mother.

We do not seem to know when we have reached the limit, and call a halt. Instead of sitting down when evening comes, and enjoying a brief respite with book or paper, we imagine we are hastening matters to a finish by cleaning out a china closet, or a book-case, and thus the strain is kept up until the nerve forces rebel, and so collapse. We are so anxious to see the end of the job and fancy these are helps, when in reality they are hindrances, speaking from a mental standpoint. We only stop when we reach the breaking point.

To end my talk I am going to tell you a secret—I have my housecleaning all done. What! after all those directions and instructions! Well, it happened to be one of the occasions when it was necessary to "right about," and so I'm all through with the tiresome, nerve-racking operation, and while the rest of you are drubbing away I'll be dressed up in my new spring suit, well, hardly—pegging away at the sewing machine. "A change is as good as a rest," 'tis said, and so I am enjoying the alteration for this once. You see, it was this way. Our rooms needed papering, and the new season's papers had arrived, the men were not busy, and lastly (but don't breathe this) some of my husband's relations were coming to visit, and what was more natural than that I should want to make a good impression of being a fairly clean sort of woman? Imagine them going away saying, "Poor John, if he had married a good housekeeper, he might have been a different man."

Here's to the housecleaners, that there may be a wholesome respect for the step-ladder, when giving the finishing touches in high places; and for the polished floors and stairways, for the husband's sympathy in the movement, and the satisfaction that crowns the labor.

Why Eggs Were Sixty Cents a Dozen

Continued on page 8

ried off to tables where dozens of girls are working at electric machines. Deft fingers seize the pieces, place them together, and almost like lightning they are sewn together and carried to another table where the other processes are completed and the garment is finished in almost a few minutes. In the old home, the work could never have been done for several times the amount of labor or expense. But the hands which perform the labor have long ago lost the feel of the churn handle and the butter worker. They are gone from the farm, and the result is, that while clothing may be cheaper than ever before, butter is dearer.

Thousands have followed the road which Lucy has taken to the city workshop. Thousands, too, have followed Fred, and Charlie, and Tom, and are professional men or mechanics. Their fingers no longer know the plough or the lever or the fork handle, so that the old farm does not yield the heavy crops which it once did, and still could, and while wheat and beef and pork are dearer, the professions and the workshops

young man who goes west to grow wheat by the thousand acres or the foreign market which is willing to place such a premium on his efforts?

Everything that calls for effort, effort which is not directly expended in producing the necessities of life, plays its part in enhancing the cost of living. The erection of public buildings, the digging out of canals, the construction of railroads, as well as the luxury and recreation of the wealthy; all of these do not cost simply money. They cost a full share of the goods by which the world and its people subsist, and by increasing the demand and curtailing the supply, then enhance the price.

Is it then true that everybody is responsible, more or less, for the enhanced cost of living? Does the spread of commerce, the awakening of industrial activity, and the onward march of civilization in every direction tend to increase the cost of the necessities of life? Apparently this is so. So says the great railroad magnate, the self-made man who understands things; so says the calm-eyed, strong-faced wholesaler, who



WHERE THERE IS PEACE AND PLENTY, HAMPTON VALLEY, N.B.

are crowded with people who have to live, and in a more costly way than they once did.

Many are the thousands of young men and women who have followed Robert to the great Canadian West, where wheat is grown for all the world, where wheat is marketed by the train-load, and whence wheat is shipped to all the world without making any cheaper the loaf of bread at home, for wheat is dearer and bread is dearer right here at home than it ever was before, excepting once or twice, in the history of Canada.

Wheat is shipped to Europe, to old England, by the trainload and the shipload, and it can be shipped there about as cheaply as to old Ontario. It is shipped there to support thousands of laborers, that old-country workshops may keep up their humming din, that English ships may sail the seas, that hardware, cloths, carpets and earthenware may come back, that English engines may run over English rails in South Africa and far-off India, that English armies and navies may unfurl the Union Jack to every breeze, and that civilization and commerce may reach to every land. But it all goes away from Canada that the cost of living here may be increased, because there are fewer left to hew the wood, draw the water, and till the fields of the old farm whose market was at home.

Who then is really responsible for the increased cost of living? Is it the young girl who decides to become the "forelady" of a millinery department, or the other ladies who love to wear fine millinery? Is it the

has his finger upon the pulse of the industrial world. So says the statistician, who itemizes and then totalizes the whole sum, and draws his deductions from comparisons with other totals. Industrial enterprise, and the lure of the unseen wile young men and women away from the old farm until increased cost of living induces more of them to remain, and impels others to go back.

THE question of the cost of living is discussed so frequently in these days, at the fireside, in the press and from the platform, that the foregoing article by one who has had excellent opportunities of observing the trend of events in the Canadian markets and the change of conditions on the Canadian farm will be interesting to HOME JOURNAL readers. The prices of to-day are not easy to account for, unless one takes into the reckoning the industrial revolution which marked the latter half of the Nineteenth Century.

Since the old order has changed, the only course open to practical citizens is to adapt oneself to the new, and, while recognizing the different conditions of the modern market.

In the meantime, the world in this Western Hemisphere will probably learn the lesson already being acquired by many who have wearied of the city strife, that the land is the ultimate source of wealth and health. "Back to the land" is a cry which will be heard in louder tones during the next twenty years, until the balance is adjusted once more between agricultural supply and urban demand.

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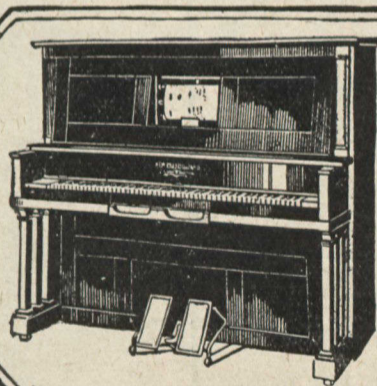
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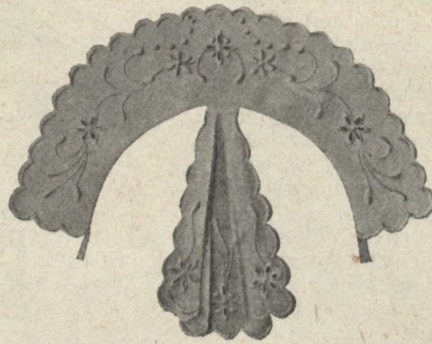
Dainty Dress Accessories

THE woman who loves pretty neckwear will be tempted to all manner of extravagances by the bewildering display of collars, ruffles,

able to wear with waist ruffles, and stylish little tabs are a smart finish for these. These are small and inconspicuous but give just the right touch to these collars.

Belt and hand bags of embroidered linen will be very popular this summer, and one of these useful little novelties is shown in illustration No. 5380. These pretty little trifles have two deep curved pockets under the handsomely embroidered flap, and the bag illustrated is embroidered on Carrick, and dainty loops and bows of wash ribbon complete this idea, which may be easily kept fresh by being frequently laundered and would complete a white linen costume most effectively.

The rage for embroidered jabots continues and all varieties of shapes are to be found. Many



No. 5376—Coat Set (cuffs to match). Stamped on Linen, 40c.

jabots, etc., now being shown in the shops, and these so pretty at first, are very perishable, as they seldom stand laundering, and on the other hand these pretty trifles if made of fine materials, and carry a touch of hand embroidery, are expensive to purchase when one considers how many of these will be needed for the summer of 1910, as these dressy adjuncts are necessary to complete so many different costumes, from the severe tailored coat suits, which are softened and made so much more becoming by the ruffled jabot at the throat, to the daintily embroidered coat collar and cuff sets of fine French embroidery combined with handsome Irish crochet motifs.

The Dutch collars, which are so cool looking and becoming to pretty girlish faces, are again very fashionable, and jabots embroidered to match complete these very effectively. The design No. 5375 illustrated on this page shows an effective pattern of dots embroidered solidly in padded satin stitch, and the material used for this is a fine handkerchief linen, the dots being embroidered in white.

All varieties of linen are fashionable for these collars, from the new material called "Carrick," which resembles the old time corded pique, to the finer linen weaves.

Coat collar and cuff sets embroidered on white linen would make an attractive gift sure of its welcome, and many dainty jabots,

etc., can be made from left over scraps of linen, net and lace which may be found in the ever useful "piece bag." Colored and white linen com-

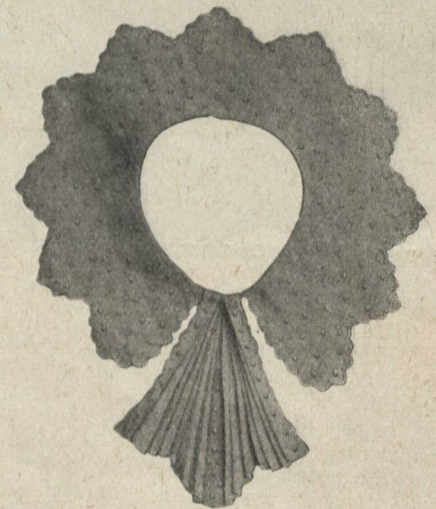


No. 4—Embroidered Jabot. Stamped on Sheer Lawn, 15c.



No. 8—Embroidered Jabot. Stamped on Sheer Lawn, 15c.

of the newest and most expensive varieties are lace trimmed, and the fine sheer muslins embroidered in dainty pastel shades blending or contrasting with the costume with which they are to be worn. These dainty trifles are the indispensable finishing touch to all neckwear, and many of these can be evolved from inexpensive materials embroidered with small dainty designs and trimmed with fine sheer insertions and edgings. Any of the handsomest jabots shown on the neckwear



No. 5375—Dutch Collar and Jabot. Stamped on Linen, 30c.

counters can be copied by the girl with clever fingers.

Lustered cotton to embroider any of the articles shown on this page, 35 cents per dozen. Padding cotton 5 cents per ball.

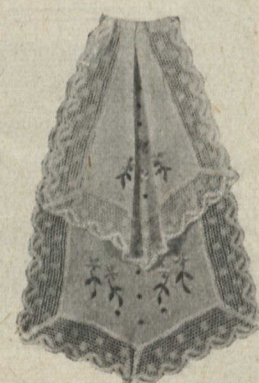
If these articles cannot be obtained from your dealer address Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Dept. L., Montreal, for further information.



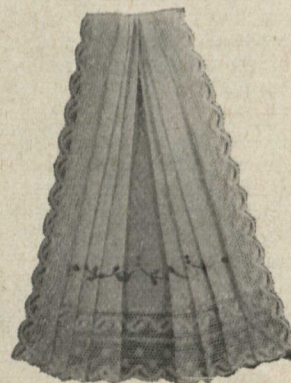
No. 5377—Tab. Stamped on White and Colored Linen, 20c.



No. 5378—Butterfly Bow. Stamped on White and Colored Linen, 15c.



No. 2—Embroidered Jabot. Stamped on Sheer Lawn, 15c.



No. 3—Embroidered Jabot. Stamped on Sheer Linen, 15c.

bine effectively in collars, tabs, etc. No. 5377 is an illustration of this idea, as the under portion of the tab is of colored linen and the upper portion white.

Stock and turn-over collars are both fashionable and are worn with many pretty and novel effects in butterfly bows, all of which require a hand embroidered decoration.

The plain tailored waists which are so smart and the correct thing to wear with coat suits have a dressy touch given them by the hemstitched or embroidered ruffles of fine handkerchief linen, which to be in the best style must be hand worked. One sided effects are the most fashionable for these, and embroidered turn-over collars are suit-



No. 1—Embroidered Jabot. Stamped on Sheer Lawn, 15c.



No. 5380—Embroidered Hand Bag. Stamped on Linen or Carrick, 30c.

The Dressing Table

THE use of perfume, frequently as it is discussed, usually ends in a preference for this adjunct to the dressing-table, so long as it is used with discretion. The following observations, by one who has devoted much time to considering the accessories, is of decided interest:

Occasionally one comes upon a paragraph which seems to indicate a prevailing idea that the use of perfume is a sign of want of absolute cleanliness, but some very fastidious people are fond of a little delicate perfume. Strong, heavy odors do not give a favorable impression of their user, to Anglo-Saxon people at all events. But who can say a word against the almost imperceptible odor of a good sachet? The faint fragrance of sandalwood, for example, is very restful and refreshing. It is said on authority that perfumes affect the nerves. Some soothe, some irritate, according to the individual temperament. It is when your head aches that you can choose the particular scent that is best suited to you.

An envelope of some good sachet in your shirt waist box, one in the drawer where you keep your veils, gloves and handkerchiefs, one in your hat box and in drawers where underwear is kept will perfume your belongings sufficiently. A fragrance is given to gowns by pinning sachets in them while they are hanging up, and another method is to drop a spoonful or two of some good perfume on a hot plate and let it evaporate in the closed wardrobe.

* * *

THE task of keeping the toilet articles in shining condition is no light one and many have turned their attention to celluloid trifles.

Since silver toilet articles have been forced a little to one side by the attractive celluloid novelties and women have taken such a fancy to these dainty toilet table accessories, many new and useful pieces have been added to the list, including brush and comb, button hook, shoe horn, nail file, etc. The original set included fourteen pieces. Now there are pin-cushions, these made of velvet in delicate pink and blue and set in a base of the celluloid or imitation ivory, handsome picture frames, ranging in size from a silver dollar to a small size meat platter; tooth powder boxes with revolving tops; talcum shakers, hatpin holders, pin trays of various sizes and shapes, and a bathroom sponge holder of perforated celluloid, which hangs like a flower basket from three cords attached to a small celluloid ring.

* * *

THE modern styles in hair-dressing are such that a switch or a braid is an absolute necessity. There has been a great deal of talk lately regarding the health or ill-health in these aids to the coiffure, but the best modern hair-dressing establishments may be trusted as to quality of wares. The utmost precaution is observed in the preparation and manufacture of switches or braids, and no one need fear the slightest infection from such a source.

The Swiss peasants, it is said, long ago discovered the excellent properties of camomile tea for giving their rather colorless light-brown hair a deeper tinge of golden red. The dried German camomile flowers are used for this purpose, about an ounce to a quart of boiling water. A strong tea should be made, strained from the flowers and applied to the hair after it has been well shampooed. Hair thus treated should also be dried in the sun in order to bring out the color.

One cannot lose sight of the fact

that the general health has an immense amount to do with the condition of the hair, especially of the nervous health, and it is common knowledge that many women pay a heavy toll for nervous worries, depression or real trouble in the greyness and loss of their hair.

* * *

ONE of the newest developments in beautifying is in favor of corn meal, which, those who are devoted to it claim, will have a wonderful effect if directions are carefully followed. The first step, according to someone who has tried it, is to take the coarse meal and mix it with lavender and ground cloves, which makes a satisfactory substitute for sachet powder. The principle upon which it is applied is much the same as the dirt bath which gives the Hawaiian women such smooth, soft skins. They rub themselves carefully with earth, and the corn meal cure is run on the same idea.

For the care of the hands corn meal is highly recommended in the form of paste. To prepare it for use it is only necessary to mix a certain quantity of the meal with a little oil to which should be added a suggestion of oil of jessamine and some lemon juice. To use this preparation one should take a pair of gloves three sizes too large, split them down the back, and cover the inside with a layer of the paste, the gloves afterwards being sewed up on the inside. After a couple of hours a cream should be rubbed into the hands, and they should be kept warm for the next few hours. The result is said to be a dazzling whiteness.

But the corn meal treatment does not end there. It may be used in shampooing the hair by sprinkling a few drops of perfume on some corn meal which is then sifted through the hair. The tresses must be immediately done up on top of the head, covered with a silk cap, and their owner must then sit in the sun until the hair is well warmed. The meal must then be brushed out with a brush that has been thoroughly heated in an oven.

Corn meal is also said to play its part in keeping the arms white and firm. For this treatment use a small piece of soap shaved fine and melted in a bowl of boiling water, stir in the corn meal until the preparation is thick, and when it has stood five minutes, rub the arms and elbows with it, letting it stay on ten minutes. Rub vigorously with a brush and then with cream. Do this every day for a week and then rest a week before beginning again. The result is said to thoroughly justify the trouble. Corn meal bags are also said to be excellent for the bath. The meal should be mixed with bran, orris root, and powdered soap. To the woman who wants to try a harmless beauty cure and wants to do it inexpensively, the corn meal treatment seems just the thing. Any way, it is one of the latest schemes evolved by the beauty doctors, and it has the merit of sounding rational. And that is more than some of them do.

* * *

THE subject of chapped hands continues to absorb the attention of those who find the winter months trying for the skin. A dermatologist gives the following advice on the subject:

Do not subject the hands to extremes of heat and cold. If you have been in a very hot room, to go immediately out of doors with the hands unprotected will roughen the skin. In the same way washing with very cold water one time and the next time with very hot water is injurious.



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Princess Face Powder. Do you want an absolutely harmless face powder that adheres well and is invisible? A dainty touch of Princess Face Powder improves the appearance of every skin no matter how beautiful it is naturally. It is as soft, delicate and harmless as a roseleaf, so wholesome and dissolving in its nature that it cannot clog the pores, and thus cause pimples, blackheads and other blemishes. Used after an application of Cinderella Cream it is positively imperceptible. Three shades: White, flesh and brunette. Price 50 cents postpaid.

Beauty Bath keeps the hands in perfect condition. It contains no oil and is preferable to any oily preparation, as it dries at once. Gloves may be put on five minutes after using. Manicures are delighted with it. Price 50 cents by express.

Princess Hair Rejuvenator Restores gray hair to its original color in a few days making it glossy and beautiful. (Best for brown, dark brown or black hair, not more than one-third gray.) Absolutely harmless, clear as water, not greasy or sticky. Price \$1.00, express prepaid. Send 10 cents for trial bottle.

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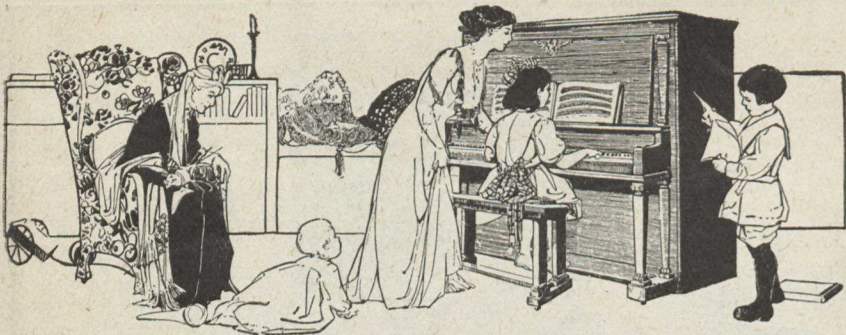
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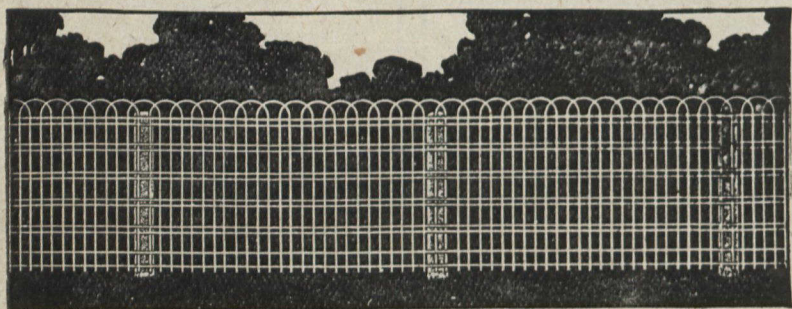
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The Ways of Marjorie

Continued from page 9

"I—I didn't expect you," she faltered.

"Evidently not," he replied, in that hard, icy voice which she had never heard before.

"I—I can explain," she said hurriedly.

"I don't want explanations," he said with a quiet fury that appalled her. "I come back from a week of work and anxiety, hungry for a sight of your face, and find you talking to a stranger about some mysterious secret that I, forsooth, am not to know because I would not understand."

Marjorie Wentworth had fighting blood in her gentle nature and it showed on this occasion in a fashion that surprised herself. She arose with a certain air of finality and held out something that glittered in the light of a stray moonbeam.

"This is your ring, I believe," she said in tones quite as cold as his own. Then she flashed out in a scorn of which he hardly thought her capable: "I had rather be a flirt than a cad."

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said Uncle George on the following evening. "Jack Richmond has gone back to the city to spend six months on that commission and Marjorie tells me that 'all is over' between them."

"But I heard you say that you thought he was hardly suited to Marjorie," said Aunt Kitty placidly.

"That may be," said Uncle George with a testy impatience we display towards the friend of inconvenient memory. "But if a woman loves a man, it doesn't matter about whether he is suited."

"I should think it would make a very great difference. I am sure I couldn't bear a man who would want to smoke in the drawing-room."

Aunt Kitty had a wealth of practical philosophy which her husband usually found much to his liking. But she was incapable of belief in a broken heart while Uncle George in the dreary month that followed Judge Lount's party came to fear that such a fractured possession belonged to his pretty niece who grew pale and thin but refused to admit that she was anything but "a little run down."

THE last month of autumn had come and one fugitive gleam of November lingered with sudden radiance on a huge golden cluster of chrysanthemums which brightened a grave in Benfield cemetery. Marjorie Wentworth was reading intently the words on the grey stone which marked Esther Richmond's resting-place when she heard a step on the crisp leaves in the pathway and turned to meet the curious but not unkindly gaze of her old sweetheart. The usual words of greeting were out of place but as he looked from the flowers to Marjorie's flushing face, there came a sudden comprehending gladness into his own.

"I am going now," she said softly. "May I come to you—afterwards?" he said. She bowed her head, not shyly as the old Marjorie would have done, but with a quiet pride that made him much ashamed. She had remembered that it was just two years ago that his mother had died and yet he had thought Marjorie heartless.

The short afternoon was wearing into cheerless dusk when he entered the old library where he found Marjorie before such a fire of blazing logs as no city hearth can afford.

"I am not going to ask you anything about it," he said brusquely. "I only want to say that I was a fool and that I'm more than sorry for it. But I've suffered for my folly."

After the diamonds had again found their way to her hand and her hair had in some mysterious way entangled itself around the top button

of Jack Richmond's coat, Marjorie admitted graciously: "After all, it was mostly my fault. I ought to have told you about it at first. But you seemed to have such a dislike for women who earn their own living."

"Marjorie, I don't ask for any explanation. But what in the world has that to do with our—misunderstanding?"

"Of course you're not curious—you only want to know," said Marjorie archly. "Well it is rather dreadful and you must prepare to be shocked. But it was stupid for you to think that I would flirt with anyone—but you. (It all happened about three years ago when Uncle George and Aunt Kitty were away in Europe. I think you have heard of Mr. Henry Wentworth, father's eldest brother.)"

"Yes. He's rather a crank, isn't he?"

"He is the most dreadful old miser that ever lived and his poor little wife and a niece of her's led a miserable life. I had not been there a week when I was nearly frantic with the gloomy, lonesome house and Uncle Henry's eternal grumblings. One day I heard that the manager of a Muskoka hotel just about fifty miles away was offering such good wages to girls who went as waitresses for July and August. I know it was a crazy thing to do but I persuaded Bessie Grant—that was the brow-beaten little niece—to go away with me to interview the manager. He was quite impressed with our 'lady-like' appearance and we actually went to the 'Glenmore House' for the month of August. Bessie told Uncle Henry that we were going to visit friends of mine in Muskoka and he was glad to be rid of our expense. It was hard work but we really rather enjoyed it. And just think! Bessie afterwards was married to a professor who sat at her table. He suspected from the first and then he caught her reading Browning on the kitchen steps. It was most exciting and the uniform was rather becoming."

"Then this man you met at Judge Lount's—"

"Was a lawyer who was there with his wife and invalid sister. I waited on them beautifully and they gave me two dollars when they went away."

"Poor girl! I've seen your Uncle Henry and I don't blame you. But there's one advantage about it. If we don't keep a maid, you will be quite prepared to wait on the table."

"But I'll want ever so many tips," said Marjorie demurely.

* * *

Uses of Kerosene

HOW many housekeepers know the value of kerosene to lighten housework! There are few departments where it cannot be used to advantage.

Try it the next time you clean silver. Moisten the chamois with kerosene and rub discolorations vigorously.

Two tablespoonfuls of coal oil to a basin of cold water will clean windows in half the time. Wash and dry with a soft cloth or tissue paper.

Porcelain lined sinks and tubs are cleaned instantly by rubbing with a flannel wet in kerosene. It can also be used on cooking utensils if well scrubbed later.

To keep linoleums, hard wood, and stained floors clean, cover the broom with soft flannel and moisten with kerosene. Have one broom and the same cover can be used repeatedly.

Two teaspoonfuls of coal oil in a boiler of hot water will aid in quick whitening of soiled clothes.

A flannel just moistened in kerosene will keep mahogany furniture free from that ugly blue look. It must be well rubbed in.

The Mystery of Barry Ingram

Continued from page 16

gallant boy who little more than a year ago had gone out in all the pride of young manhood from her presence.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST PAGE.

INGRAM had a busy morning at the works but he found time to see Lord Fincastle, who presented himself shortly after noon. The latter proposed to buy Tyrie and added as his reason: "I want to marry Christabel."

Ingram rose to his feet with the blood surging to his head. Still a proud man with ambitions unburied, though kept in the background, he realized in a moment what a tremendous vista opened up before him. Christabel Lord Fincastle's wife, the mistress of Tyrie, and the purchase money in his pocket, he could face the world again, a new man, capable of any achievement.

"Well, I hope you like my presumption," said Fincastle smilingly.

"The presumption would be mine, Lord Fincastle, if there is any. You must understand that you have literally overwhelmed me this morning."

"Well, will you let me go down to Tyrie on these conditions, and let me try my luck with your daughter?"

"What do you expect me to say? I feel quite speechless. Christabel! you spoke of meeting her in London. Tell me, have you said anything to her; has she any idea of this?"

"I haven't said anything to her, except vaguely; but—but I think I'll try my luck, if you'll let me, this very day."

"Why do you look so sad, Mr. Ingram? Is there anything in the prospect to appal? I even thought it might please you to think of Christabel as mistress of Tyrie?"

"It isn't that, Lord Fincastle, believe me, it isn't that. You have made me only too happy. I don't know why, but I couldn't help thinking at the moment of Ewan Forbes and his poor wife and daughter, and of the difference in our circumstances. And it might very easily have been me."

By the half-past two train, that afternoon, Ingram and Lord Fincastle journeyed together to Cardyke. Stephen bade them good-bye at the station where he had to catch his train for Perth.

"Does he go up there every week-end?" asked Fincastle curiously.

"Most week-ends, he has been very kind to them; in fact, I may say he is their only hope. It would not surprise me very much if Stephen were to marry Evelyn Forbes yet. He certainly deserves his reward, if ever a man did."

"And he will get it, I think; but wasn't Barry soft in that quarter once?"

"He was, but you never saw a man so changed as Barry in your life, Lord Fincastle. I could almost rub my eyes and ask myself whether he is really my son. I should not wonder if he remained the bachelor member of the family."

When the train steamed into the little station where Caro and Christabel were both watching, if Ingram had any doubt, it was dispelled by the lovely blush which rushed to Christabel's face, while she turned confusedly away to hide it. Imagining Fincastle to be still in London, she had that very morning written and posted a little note addressed to him at the Savoy Hotel, explaining how she had failed to keep her appointment with him at Lady Weldon's house.

There was no trap to meet them, and after Ingram had given instructions for Lord Fincastle's bag to be sent up to the castle, he drew Caro's hand within his arm and marched off.

"But why should we leave poor Belle to walk with Lord Fincastle?"

I'm sure she won't like it. She'll be bored."

"And I'm sure she won't, puss," said her father whimsically. "I thought you were very clever, Caro; don't you suspect anything?"

"No, I don't; Belle is above all that silly nonsense," said Caro loftily, yet with a sudden terror in her voice. "But all the same, she's going to be Lady Fincastle."

"Is she? What, oh, what will mother say?"

An hour or two later mother behaved with conspicuous sweetness, when the pair returned, quite obviously to ask for a blessing. To say that Carita did not have a secret pang would be to expect too much from human nature. But when they came in at teatime, with the truth written palpably on their faces, she ran up to Christabel, and was the first to give her a kiss of real affection.

"I'm glad, dear, yes, honestly glad, you deserve it, and I hope you'll be very, very happy." And Christabel never really knew how much that little effort cost.

* * * * *

The story of poor Nancy Simons' death is still told at cottage firesides in Cardyke; the story with which the fortunes of the Ingram family were so much mixed up. Christabel is the lady of Tyrie Castle now, filling her high estate with a dignity and sweetness which win all hearts.

The rest of the family live at Bracklin, Angela still unmarried, a little soured, but interested in hunting, to which she is devoted.

Caro has long since become Mrs. Edward O'Farrell, and lives in a distinguished house in Dublin, and has a very gay and happy life.

When Ewan Forbes, a broken man, was released from Perth prison, some months before his sentence actually expired, he was met by a devoted family augmented by a new son, Stephen Ingram, in whose house he will make his home for the rest of his life. It is only a little house snugly hid in the shelter of a spur of the Ochil Hills, but happiness is often surprised in being in simple places, where she elects to remain.

It is a very happy household, and the role of protector admirably suits Stephen Ingram, and he has no quarrel with fate.

His beautiful wife, whom many men envy him, some pitying her, lives but to make him happy, to mother his children, and make his home. She has no regret. Her face wears a look of absolute content.

Barry, as his father had predicted, continues a celebate, devoting himself to business in London, and amassing almost against his will, a great fortune. But it is a fortune which will never be left behind. There are many ways in which Barry seeks to make use of it—but his chief philanthropic work is among derelict and hopeless men. His leisure is spent very much with Lady Weldon, to whom he has taken the place of a son, and they are one in their aim and desire to be faithful stewards of the wealth which has flowed into their hands.

He has never again revisited Cardyke. And though his face is serene and unclouded he is at heart, and will always remain, a solitary, even a melancholy man.

THE END.

The serial, "The Mystery of Barry Ingram," by Annie Swan, has proved one of the most attractive features of the HOME JOURNAL during the last few months. While the story introduces a sordid and tragic crime, it can hardly be called sensational, since the event itself is made the centre of a great lesson against selfishness and dishonor. There will be a story of equally absorbing interest during the coming numbers.



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No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight, 2-ply leg, 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black.

light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose, 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

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MATTERS MUSICAL

THE choral season of 1910 in Toronto has been more brilliant than ever, with a prospect of further triumphs. The Mendelssohn Choir exceeded all expectations in "The Children's Crusade" and sang to immense audiences in Buffalo and Cleveland. Dr. Vogt preserves his usual reticence with regard to what the Choir is going to do, but it may fairly be conjectured that next year's tour will include New York—and perhaps Boston.

* * *

THE work of the Schubert Choir this year was generally considered the best yet accomplished by Mr. Fletcher's senior organization, and congratulations to the conductor were sincere and hearty. Mr. Fletcher has done excellent work in the training of so many young singers, whose humble beginning in the People's Choral Union has developed into an imposing group of choirs. Mr. Fletcher has worked with tireless devotion, in order to produce such choral effects as were obtained this year, and, we are glad to know, was appreciated abroad in his trip to Rochester. The Pittsburg Orchestra was in its usual good form and the Brahms Symphony was especially admired. There were more brilliant numbers by the Choir than "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes," but none more exquisite than that poetic snatch of harmony, which was interpreted with charming delicacy by the women's voices.

* * *

TO music teachers and students who are interested either directly or indirectly in the annual examinations held throughout Canada during the month of May by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy and Royal College of Music, London, it will be of interest to learn that Eaton Fanning, Esq., an eminent doctor of music of Canterbury, Eng., will be the examiner this year. His degree, Doctor of Music, was not conferred upon him but he won it by his own effort in 1890 and this mark of proficiency alone would recommend his musicianship to the whole world. Born at Helston, Cornwall, he received his early musical education from his parents, and in 1870 entered the Royal Academy, London, where he studied under Sterndale Bennett, Steggall and others for several years. He won different medals and scholarships during his studies there and soon became a professor of that institution himself and has remained associated more or less with it ever since. From 1885 until he retired from active teaching in 1901, he was director of music at Harrow School.

* * *

THE *Toronto World*, which has always given much attention to music, recently offered a prize of one hundred dollars in a song contest. Three eminent musicians consented to act as judges in this contest and much interest has been taken in the winning composition. The song is to be what is popularly called a love song, simple and dignified in sentiment. Any Canadian-born musician who is a permanent resident in Canada is eligible to compete. This effort on the part of a Canadian paper to encourage native effort in musical composition is in every sense to be commended.

* * *

THE fourth annual competition for the Earl Grey Musical and Dramatic trophies will be held in the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, this year, during the week commencing April fourth. The scope of the contests has been greatly enlarged this season and it will include prizes for individual competitors as is done at musical festivals in the north of England. The Governor-General and Countess Grey will be in Toronto during the entire week.

The events are divided in the following manner: 1, Choral societies; 2, orchestras; 3, mixed voice choruses of not less than 24 and not more than 60; 4, opera companies.

If there is more than one entry in each class, a special prize will be awarded the winner, and the winners in the various classes will be adjudged for the trophy. It is expected that in the mixed voice chorus section there will be a large entry from church choirs. This is a form of musical effort which has not received much public recognition.

In addition to the trophy contest, the following competitions, with three prizes in each class, are given for young singers and instrumentalists:

1. Individual male voices—for amateurs under 23 years of age.
2. Individual female voices—for amateurs under 23 years of age.
3. Pianoforte solos—for amateurs under 23 years of age.
4. Violin solos—for amateurs under 23 years of age.

Two prizes of \$100 and \$50 each are also offered for the best original musical composition written by a British subject, resident in Canada or Newfoundland, with two prizes of \$100 and \$50 for the best original two-act plays, written by a British subject, resident in Canada or Newfoundland. Entries for the competition closed March 15th.

* * *

A DESPATCH from Paris has given Portage la Prairie reason to be proud of one of her daughters. Here is the news item as sent from France on February 19th:

Dorothea Toye, a young girl of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, aroused great attention last night at a reception given by Ambassador Bacon at the embassy.

Miss Toye has two voices, one a three octave soprano, the other a tenor of great power and sweetness. She came to Paris to consult Prof. Frank Dossert regarding the advisability of an operatic career. When he heard her soprano voice he said she was unquestionably fitted for grand opera. A moment later he was stunned to hear her sing a "Pagliacci" song. Her tenor recalled Carso's voice in intonation, phrasing and exact rendering. Musicians declare such a phenomenon is unprecedented in musical history. She can actually sing a soprano and tenor duet with herself.

Ambassador Bacon said: "It is the most remarkable performance I have ever heard."

It is needless to say that all Paris is talking of her. Personally Miss Toye is a slight girl of singularly bright and winning manner, and is one of eight sisters, all musicians.

Physicians as well as musicians are greatly interested in her accomplishments. She has been invited to go to London to sing before the Medical Congress. Her father, who is a wealthy contractor, is now living in Fort Rouge, Winnipeg.

Miss Toye comes of a very musical family, several of her sisters being well known in the local musical world.



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The Home Journal Toronto

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GIVE IT A TRIAL.

Dainty Accessories

ON this page are shown several pretty designs in belts which are in the styles to be worn this spring and summer. Some of the gowns for the warm months show belts of the same material. But the ever-popular white waist demands the white belt, which is always dainty and is easily washed.

The display of belts will assure our readers that the washable style is here for the summer of 1910 and that it will be quite safe to have a goodly supply of these necessary articles. The neatest and most attractive styles come from Switzerland and are embroidered in designs of extreme delicacy and daintiness of finish. There are touches of color in some of these styles—blue, mauve and pink; but the favorite is a pure white. There are all varieties of floral decoration, from marguerites to roses, and most women will prefer the more dainty styles. The fern-like designs are especial favorites and should be extensively used. These illustrations, like those shown last month, are from the stock of A. T. Reid and Company, Toronto.

* * *

THE monotonous black veil is having a rest, and those of deep violet, powder blue, bottle green, prune, and seal are chosen by the smartest dressers.

The new coiffure is all a-bristle with shell pins and combs and those for evening wear are richly decorated with inlaid metal and sunken jewels.

A pretty ornament for the hair is a filet of black velvet about half an inch wide, finished with a tiny bow either directly in front or a little to one side.

Border materials continue to be employed for spring frock and for afternoon gowns. There are few fabrics which will afford better satisfaction for a comparatively small expenditure of money. Some of the soft twilled silks and the liberty satins have a wide ribbon and knot design in dull colorings woven in a few inches above the selvedge, and when these are arranged to border the tunic or overskirt, to trim the bodice or to outline the edges of the "jumper" or overblouse, the only additional expense will be for the transparent guimpe and half-sleeves, without which the spring house costume will not be quite up-to-date.

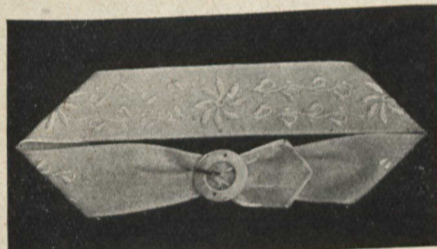
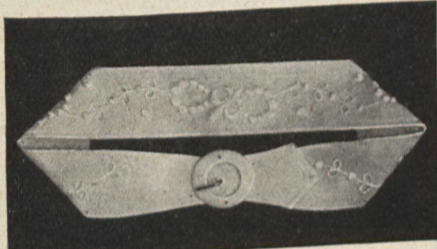
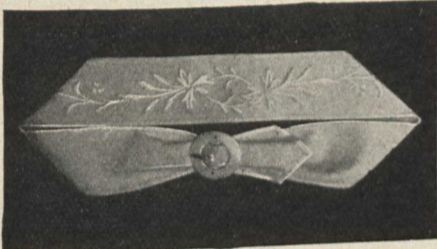
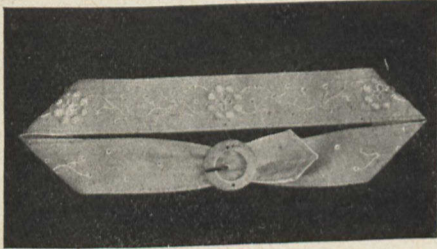
One may say there are dozens and dozens of new ideas in handkerchiefs for the spring season. Dainty squares of sheer white linen are beautifully embroidered in butterfly and dragon-fly design. Again, a similar design is executed in color, not embroidered, but linen in a pale shade of pink, blue, lavender or green is couched on the white linen handkerchief with the finest of white linen thread. Needless to say, these little novelties are quite expensive; but

such fascinating affairs that every woman will want them and many will practice economy in another direction to acquire at least a pair of them. Another decidedly new and novel kerchief is of white linen, printed all over except for a tiny square in the centre in floral design, like the printed organ-dies and chiffons. The edge is scalloped and finished with a buttonhole stitch in the darkest tone of the printings.

For the woman who is in mourning, the smartness of her dress depends very greatly on the little accessories she wears—the collar, the belt, the watch chain, the beads about her neck, or the bag she carries. Every detail of her costume must, of course, be inconspicuous but faultless, for no erring of judgment proclaims itself so loudly as a mistake in mourning.

Fortunately mourning to-day is no longer the sombre thing it was in earlier days. The way our mothers and grandmothers shrouded themselves in dead black and hid behind thick veils for years after a bereavement is becoming less prevalent.

A little more latitude is allowed now; an occasional relieving note of white or a bit of inoffensive ornamentation is entirely permissible. Aside from the fact that it always carries its suggestion of sombreness and sorrow, mourning may be made most becoming and attractive. More and more attention is paid to the accessories of mourning, and they are in many cases very smart.



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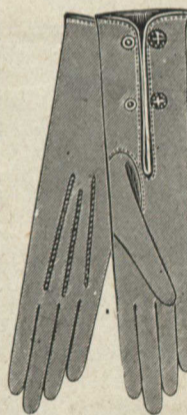
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Ladies' Saxe Doeskin Gloves, with tab and press button, similar to illustration below. British made, best quality, in white, putty, beaver, tan and grey, 69c. pair.

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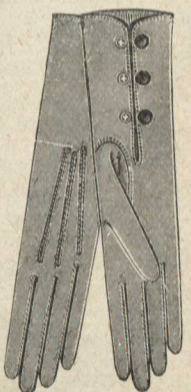
The "Clarette" 61c.
The "Lebon" 75c.
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Bon Ami, Pique Sewn, Real French Kid, in tans, browns, beavers, greys and black, 3 rows self braid points, 2 large pearl buttons, 69c. per pair.

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Chamois, Ladies' 3 Button Dustless Chamois Gloves, natural shade, pique sewn, 57c. pair.



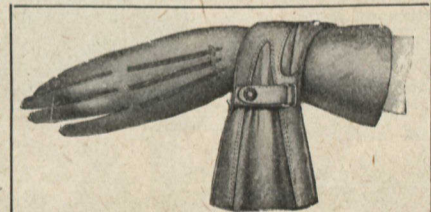
Ladies' Chamois Gloves, 6 button length, with elastic at wrist, natural shade, 46c. per pair.

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British Made
The "Arlington" Tan Cape Gloves, medium weight, spear points, 1 press button, 79c. per pair.

The "Mowbray" Rain-proof Tan Cape, stout make, spear points, 2 buttons, 85c. per pair.

The "Canadian" Men's Buck Finish Gloves, in tan or grey, pique seam sewn, 1 press button, 95c. per pair.



6 Button Length Strong Cape (British made) in Tan or Oak Shade, Wide Arms, Pique Seam Sewn, Spear Points, Strap and Press Button, as illustration. \$1.19 per pair.

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Economy in Small Things

THE paper by Mrs. Homer White of Bloomfield on the above topic is so full of good suggestions that it is herewith continued, the various aspects of economy being considered under expenses, early rising and temper:



IT is impossible for a woman to practise a wise economy in expenditures, unless she is taught how to do it, either by experiments or by those who have had experience. A great deal of uneasiness and discomfort is caused to both husband and wife, by an entire want of system and forethought in arranging expenses. Both keep buying what they think they need, without any calculation as to how matters are coming out, and with a sort of dread of running in debt, such never know the comfort of independence. It is not so much the amount of income, as the regular and correct apportionment of expenses, that makes a family truly comfortable. It is very important that young ladies should learn systematic economy in expenses. Every young girl should begin at twelve or thirteen years to make her own, and keep her accounts, under the help of her mother or some other friend. If parents would ascertain the actual expense of a daughter's clothing for a year, and give the sum to her in quarterly payments, it would be of great benefit in preparing her for future duties.

The second general principle of economy is that, in apportioning an income among various objects, the most important should receive the largest supply, and so on in matters of less importance.

* * *

THERE is no practice which has been more extensively eulogized in all ages than early rising. For it is rarely the case that the common-sense of mankind fastens on a practice so really beneficial, especially one that demands self-denial, without some substantial reason. The first relates to the health of the family. It is a universal law of physiology that all living things flourish best in the light. When the body is fatigued, it is much more liable to deleterious influences from noxious particles in the atmosphere which may be absorbed by the skin or lungs. In consequence of this the last hours of daily labor are more likely to be those of risk, especially to delicate constitutions. This is one reason for retiring at an early hour, when after the exertions of the day it is least able to bear it. Another reason for early rising is that it is indispensable to a systematic and well regulated family. If the parents rise at a late hour, they induce the habit with their children and domestics, or else the family is up and at their pursuits while their supervisors are in bed. A late breakfast puts back the work the whole day, for every member of the family; and thus the parents occasion the loss of an hour or two to each individual who but for their delay would be usefully employed. They alone are responsible for all this waste of time. Thus it is manifest that late rising not only injures the person and family which practise it,

but interferes with the rights and convenience of the community.

* * *

THERE is nothing which has a more abiding influence on the happiness of the family, than the preservation of equable and cheerful temper and tones in the housekeeper. A woman who is habitually gentle, sympathizing, forbearing, and cheerful, carries an atmosphere about with her which imparts a soothing and sustaining influence, and renders it easier for all to do right, under her administration, than in any other situation.

Haven't some of you known families where the mother's presence seemed the sunshine of the circle around her; imparting a cheering and vivifying power, scarcely realized till it was withdrawn? Everyone, without thinking of it, or knowing why it was so, experienced a peaceful and invigorating influence as soon as he entered the sphere illumined by her smile, and sustained by her cheering kindness and sympathy. On the contrary, many a good housekeeper (good in every respect but this), by wearing a countenance of anxiety and dissatisfaction and by indulging in frequent use of sharp and reprehensive tones, more than destroys all the comfort which otherwise would result from her system, neatness, and economy.

No person can maintain a quiet and cheerful frame of mind while tones of discontent and displeasure are sounding on the ear. We may gradually accustom ourselves to the evil, till it is partially diminished; but it always is an evil, which greatly interferes with the enjoyment of the

is probable that there is no class of persons in the world who have such incessant trials of temper and temptations to be fretful as housekeepers. A housekeeper's business consists of ten thousand little disconnected items which can never be so systematically arranged that there is no daily jostling somewhere. And in the best regulated families it is frequently the case that some act of forgetfulness or carelessness from some member will disarrange the business of the whole day, so that every hour will bring renewed occasion for annoyance. And the more strongly a woman realizes the value of time, and the importance of system and order, the more will she be tempted to irritability and complaint.

In the first place, a woman who has charge of a large household should regard her duties as dignified, important and difficult. The mind is so made as to be elevated and cheered by a sense of far-reaching influence and usefulness. A woman who feels that it makes little difference how she performs her duties, has far less to sustain and invigorate her, than one who truly estimates the importance of her station.

A third method is, for a woman deliberately to calculate on having her best-arranged plans interfered with, very often. Another important rule is to form all plans and arrangements in consistency with the means at command, and the character of those around. The fifth and a very important consideration is that system, economy and neatness are valuable, only so far as they tend to promote the comfort and well-being of those affected. Some women seem to act under the impression that these ad-

ed as enables a person to speak calmly; and this determination, persevered in, will eventually be crowned with success. Many persons seem to imagine that tones of anger are needful, in order to secure prompt obedience, but observation has shown that it is never necessary; that in all cases, reproof administered in calm tones would be better. It is certainly very unladylike and in very bad taste, to scold. Another method is to cultivate a habit of making allowances for the difficulties, ignorance or temptations of those who violate rules or neglect duty.

* * *

THIS grey old world seems to be in dire need of cheerfulness, if one may judge from the articles on this subject which come to the editorial sanctum. We have published more than one on this subject, but have received from the Ethel Branch such a good article dealing with the matter, from Mrs. Peter McKay, that we give a few quotations:

"Many a one has run into a friend's bright, happy home and in strict confidence whispered a bit of news concerning that friend's son or daughter which she felt she ought to know and thus ruthlessly sundered that mother's happiness and hope, leaving gloom as she departed. In the social world this is considered a grievous blunder, in God's world it is a sin.

"That fault-finding is an evil is evident to us all. Who can love a nagging fault-finder? In many cases, the finder of fault is as much and more to blame than the unfortunate victim. How many happy homes in our land to-day are destroyed by a woman enlarging her sometimes petty grievances, getting into that fatal habit of finding fault, commonly called nagging! Many a man is given a push on the downward road, when a cheerful word would have lifted him far from danger of its brink. The vice of fault-finding blemishes the character. A noble thought is as a ray of sunshine, health-giving, beautiful. 'For as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.'"

* * *

From North Wentworth

ALTHOUGH we have not, heretofore, sent any report of our work for publication, we have thoroughly enjoyed accounts from other pens, and feel confident that our fair province is being wonderfully benefited through the efforts of its homemakers.

Twelve thousand women banded together under the motto, "For Home and Country," must wield an untold influence and the motto should thrill the soul of every true woman and stimulate her to greater effort along the line of advancing work of the Institute.

What more precious, more responsible work could have been given us than the ruling and governing of earth's most sacred institution, the home? And when the day arrives that the individual home measures up to our ideal standard, we need have no worry as to the political issues of the day, for will not the sons, whom we have trained in our homes to be true, honest and noble, go forward and in the face of possible opposition stand unflinchingly for "Home and Country?"

In North Wentworth we have ten



HOSPITAL BUILDING, PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE

family state. There are sometimes cases where the entrance of the mistress of a family seems to awaken a slight apprehension in every mind around, as if each felt in danger of a reproof for something either perpetrated or neglected. A woman who would go around her house with a small stinging snapper which she habitually applied to those whom she met, would be encountered with feelings very much like those which are experienced by the inmates of a family where the mistress often uses her countenance and voice to inflict similar penalties for duties neglected. It

vantages must be secured at all events, even if the comfort of the family be the sacrifice. Whenever, therefore, a woman can not accomplish her plans of neatness and order without injury to her own temper, or to the temper of others, she ought to modify and reduce them until she can.

The sixth method relates to the government of the tones of voice. A woman can resolve that, whatever happens, she will not speak till she can do it in a calm and gentle manner. Perfect silence is a safe resort when such control cannot be attain-

branches, nearly all doing splendid work. While we very much regretted the omission from our last report of the names of our district officers, we trust no one would think we were not sufficiently active to have them appointed.

In our District President, Mrs. Ryckman of Waterdown, we have a very active and energetic worker, who does not hesitate to give her time and talent freely. Our Vice-President, Mrs. Benham of Freulton, although comparatively unacquainted with the work yet, promises fair to be among the foremost as time goes on.

Throughout the whole district, a stronger social feeling is plainly noticeable, as the women from the various churches meet in our monthly meetings and discuss subjects of vital interest to all.

Then, too, we endeavor to have our meetings as informal as possible, so that no one need feel at all embarrassed or out of place.

Our District President and Secretary met with the Millgrove Branch last week and began arrangements for our annual meeting to be held in that village the coming June.

SECRETARY.

* * *

Sunday Afternoons

A PAPER on "Sunday Afternoons with the Children," by Mrs. Benson Ward of Amien's, written for the Coldstream Women's Institute is here reproduced:

Fifty-two Sundays in the year offer excellent opportunities for moulding our children's lives and encouraging in them a love for the good and true. In after life they will carry with them the memories of the well-spent Sunday afternoons.

We must always count on the loving unselfishness of the mother for the profitable use of the Sabbath, for though the Sabbath was ordained as a day of rest, it was also given us for special religious use. It is a good way for the mother to plan a little during the week, for the children's Sunday recreation, just as they do to see that the Sunday clothes are in order. Certain toys and books may be kept especially for that day. Then, when the dinner has been disposed of, the children may be allowed privilege of such play as the mother will see to be consistent with the day.

I would not deprive a little girl of a much-loved doll, as sometimes it is a good suggestion that if her dollie is ill it should be cared for quietly. Give her a small handkerchief to tie about its head and a tiny bottle for medicine, the child may be kept quietly happy, thus making things more comfortable for older people.

By the middle of the afternoon the children can generally be gathered around the parents for the Sunday treat, which will be stories from the Bible best suited to their understanding. They can be taught to take great interest in this sort of exercise by getting them to take part in it. Sometimes describe a character and let them guess who it represents, or a story of a miracle may be told and the children may tell where it is to be found in the Old Testament or in the New. Stories of the children of the Bible always find a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the little ones.

Always be careful to rivet on their minds a lesson of God's love for the good. Teach emphatically that the "Eye of the Lord is everywhere beholding the evil and the good" and that he does care how this particular day is spent.

Children love nature and many useful lessons may be taught in a useful and interesting way. For instance, if it has been a rainy day and the children feel like murmuring because they have not been able to go out, tell them of the wonders of a drop of water, of the good the rain does, of the desert countries where no rain falls and how the people live there. They will soon have, instead of a feeling of

discontent, a thankfulness for their own surroundings, and will be taught to realize that "God is in the showers as well as in the sunshine."

If it is a snow storm, let them catch some flakes of snow on a black cloth and use a magnifying glass to show them the different beautiful shapes. If the weather be fine, a short walk in the orchard with the children may be made very enjoyable; if in blossom time, draw their attention to the beautiful colorings of the various blossoms, notice the sweet song of the birds and their varied plumage.

The children will, by a little encouragement along this line, be able to detect the various specimens quite readily. The Sunday evening tea should be simple and appetizing. The children will enjoy setting the table on the lawn or veranda if the weather be suitable. Then, as night closes in and bedtime draws near, draw their attention to the "stars peeping forth with calm eyes."

* * *

At Amherstburg

AMHERSTBURG Women's Institute made a name for itself recently by putting on one of the best local concerts heard in Amherstburg for a long time. Mrs. Robert Dorsey, president of the Institute, occupied the chair, and introduced the programme in a manner that would have done credit to one accustomed to platform work for years. The hall and platform were attractively decorated with flags and bunting, while prominently displayed on the rear scenery was the Institute's motto: "For home and country," red letters on a white background—white for purity and red for courage. The opening talk was given by Mrs. Doty, who explained that there are 502 branches in Ontario with 14,000 members, and the attendance last year was over 100,000. The Amherstburg branch has fifty members. The object of this free entertainment was to bring the aims and objects of the Institute prominently before the people of Amherstburg and surroundings. The Institute's great principle is home improvement.

But loftier themes those fair women do study,
Jams, jellies and pickles, mince pies and cake;
How to treat a bad man who comes in with feet muddy,
Or a gown out of nothing to handsomely make.
How to teach all the wee 'uns
To always "know beans";
All this and much more
"The Institute" means.

The following programme was given. Each number was generously applauded and all encores were cheerfully responded to: Song, Miss Ena Laramie; recitation, Miss Marguerite Morin; song, Lyma Doty, Clytie Mahon, Neeta Ong and L. Crimmins; recitation, Miss Hazel Bratt; dialogue, Mrs. Grenier and Mrs. Bellcure; recitation, Ena Laramie; instrumental, Misses Marie and Chloe Terry; recitation, Lyma Doty; dialogue, Misses Mickle, Wright, Laramie, Ong and Bratt; instrumental, violin and piano, Misses Chloe Wright and Bertha Dowler; song, Lyma Doty; instrumental, Marie Terry; recitation, Mrs. Doty; instrumental, piano, violin and guitar, Miss Adelaide McLean, Mrs. O. Ong and Mrs. Jos. Mahon. The hall was packed to the doors with an audience which was interested every minute. Mrs. Dorsey extended the thanks of the society to the audience and entertainers, and the concert closed with singing "God Save the King."

* * *

At Woodbridge

ON Wednesday, February 8th, the Women's Institute of Woodbridge enjoyed a happy and pleasant outing, when about thirty of their

Continued on page 32

INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE

SPREADS LIKE BUTTER

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never Becomes Hard Every Particle Can Be Consumed

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After heating in oven for a few minutes, pour hot milk over biscuit and salt to taste.
Try it to-morrow morning.

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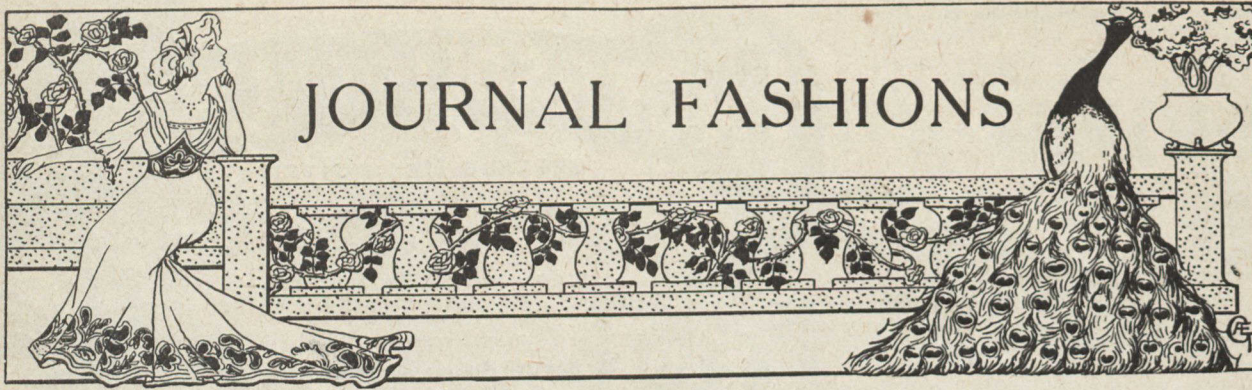
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Please send free particulars of your Color Scheme and Free Stencil offer to

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The Alabastine Co., Ltd., 25 Willow St., Paris, Ont.



JOURNAL FASHIONS

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 10 cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, HOME JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. About six days should be allowed for mailing of the patterns, as all orders are filled from the factory. Paper Patterns 10 cents each post paid.

SMART SPRING COSTUMES

COSTUMES that are made with belted coats are among the smartest of all things this season. Here are two that are admirable, the one to the left being made in the genuine Russian style and the one to the right showing a fitted coat with belt that makes one of the modifications thereof.

The Russian suit is made from wide wale diagonal serge and is trimmed with banding. The coat is made with blouse portions and peplum that are joined beneath the belt. The skirt is seven-gored and is laid in backward-turning plaits. The coat can be finished with or without the sailor collar and made with the sleeves illustrated or with plain two-piece sleeves either in full or three-quarter length.

For the medium size will be required, 5½ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 44 or 3 yards 52 inches wide for the coat; for the skirt, 7¼ yards 27, 5 yards 44 or 52 inches wide if there is no up and down; 8¾ yards 27

inches wide when there is figure or nap. To trim the entire gown will be needed 12 yards of banding. The coat pattern, 6595, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6403, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32-inch waist measure.

The second costume shows one of the snugly fitted coats that is belted and finished with a peplum and which includes a narrow vest. This vest can be of any contrasting material and allows excellent opportunity for the use of embroideries, braiding and all other trimmings. In this case the suit is made from light weight homespun in a beautiful shade of mulberry and the trimming is black Liberty satin while the vest is made of ivory white broadcloth. All suiting materials are appropriate, however, and the design will be found just as well adapted to the thinner ones, such as pongee, as it is those of immediate use. The coat can be made with long or three-quarter sleeves.

For the medium size will be re-

quired, for the coat 4½ yards of material 27, 2¼ yards 44, 1¾ yards 52 inches wide with ½ yard for the vest, ¾ yard of silk for the trimming; for the skirt, 7¾ yards 27, 6 yards 44, 5 yards 52 inches wide. The coat pattern, 6589, is cut in sizes for a



Coat Pattern No. 6595
Skirt Pattern No. 6403

Coat Pattern No. 6589
Skirt Pattern No. 6519

A plain guimpe is worn beneath. Entire gowns of one color are made in this way but the tunic of black also is worn over colors and over white, and such tunics promise to make an important feature of summer dress. They are pretty over muslin dresses, they are pretty over silk, and as will readily be seen, they serve the purpose of renewing the costume and making it up-to-date at the same time that they are charming for the entirely new gown. Any banding can be used as a finish. The tunic is made with a half low round neck, which is trimmed effectively.

For the medium size will be required 5½ yards of material 27, 3½ yards 44, 3 yards 52 inches wide, 7 yards of banding; for the skirt 6½ yards 24, 5 yards 32, 4¾ yards 44 inches wide.

The tunic pattern, 6593, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6226, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32-inch waist measure.

* * *

A FASHIONABLE EVENING GOWN

EVENING gowns that are made on simple lines are exceedingly fashionable for the spring and summer season. This one is made with a two-piece skirt that is trimmed to give a circular effect and with one of the new bodices that is finished with a high-shaped girdle. The material of the skirt is messaline and for the blouse net in matching color that is striped with tiny bugles, and bugle banding is used as trimming. The same waist can be made with yoke and long sleeves and these sleeves can be either plain or fancy with the short ones illustrated over puffs, making a double effect, consequently the same model can be made adapted to daytime wear. But evening gowns are sure to be needed and this one is graceful and attractive yet perfectly simple. If preferred the bodice portion could be made of silk to match the gown. It is laid in very deep



Tunic Pattern No. 6593
Skirt Pattern No. 6226

34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6519, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

* * *

WITH TRANSPARENT TUNIC

THE transparent tunic is one of the very latest developments of fashion. It is made of chiffon, it is made of marquisette, it is made of all the materials that are thin enough to allow the gown beneath to be seen and it is worn over silk and over lingerie materials, indeed, almost every gown. This one is made of blue chiffon cloth over blue and white foulard and is exceedingly smart and attractive. The tunic consists of the blouse and gored peplum that are joined beneath the belt. It can be made either with long or short sleeves. The skirt is circular.



Waist Pattern No. 6572
Skirt Pattern No. 6213

tucks and while the beaded net is smart and effective, it is not necessary.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 21 or 27, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44 with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 18 inches wide for the yoke and long sleeves when these are used; for the skirt $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 24 or 27, 4 yards 44 inches wide. For the girdle will be required $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of silk and to trim the entire gown 11 yards of banding.

The waist pattern, 6572, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6213, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

* * *

IN MODIFIED RUSSIAN STYLE

WHAT are known as modified Russian coats, or belted and bloused coats that are opened at the front, are exceedingly smart for spring wear. This costume shows one such together with a box plaited skirt. The material illustrated is one of the new mixtures of mohair and wool that are exceedingly smart and exceedingly handsome, but the model is adapted to every seasonable material, to the pongees and the like of the later season as well as to the wools of the earlier. The revers can be faced with silk or satin or any contrasting material, or the revers and the cuffs could be made of the same braided or embroidered. The skirt can be made with a yoke at the sides, making perfectly smooth fit over the hips, or without as liked.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of material 27, 3 yards 44 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt $9\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27, $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 or 52 inches wide; to trim the coat $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of satin 21 inches wide.

The coat pattern, 6591, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust



Coat Pattern No. 6591
Skirt Pattern No. 6438

measure; the skirt pattern, 6438, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

* * *

DAINTY SUMMER DRESSES

THE dresses for the younger folk are exceedingly dainty this season. Here are two, one designed for the older girl, one for her little sister. The latter is shown of linen with the trimming of embroidery. It is made in semi-princesse style with a full length panel at the front. This panel can be made of all-over as in this case or it can be trimmed or it can be embroidered by hand. The skirt is straight and gathered. The sleeves can be made long or short but are in one piece each, the short ones gathered into bands, the long ones left loose at the wrists.

For the twelve-year size will be



Pattern No. 6393

required 7 yards of material 24, 5 yards 32, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 18 for the panel, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of wide banding and 10 yards of narrow. The pattern, 6393, is cut for girls of 8 to 14 years of age.

The older girl's dress is an exceedingly charming one made from dotted batiste and trimmed with embroidered banding. It is finished with a little gathered frill at the neck, or "modeste" and it is made with double sleeves. Altogether it is chic and lovely in the extreme. As illustrated, it is especially well adapted to graduation and occasions of the sort but the same model can be made with a yoke, leaving it high at the neck if liked, and the long under sleeves can be omitted. All materials that are soft enough to be made full and to be tucked are appropriate and for the trimming any pretty banding can be used. Nets are having great vogue this summer and white cotton net with bands of pink or blue silk would make an exceedingly attractive gown for such a model.

For the sixteen year size will be required $9\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 24 or 27, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide with 12 yards of banding, $\frac{1}{4}$

yard of net for the modestie, 1 yard of tucked net for the tight under sleeves. The pattern, 6549, is for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

* * *

BEAD NECKLACES

A MOST attractive and inexpensive necklace which can be made by a girl in an evening is of tiny gold beads and baroque pearl medallions and pendants.

There is a double string of the



Pattern No. 6549

small gold beads caught at regular intervals with flat, oval baroque pearl beads about the size of a pea. At the middle of the string the lower strand is lengthened and festooned; it is held to the upper string with a flat, round medallion of pearl.

Pendant beads are arranged on the lower string, either three or five, as one wishes. These may be bought at the art needlework counters of all the big shops, and are of a soft, mellow pearl color.

The beads are run on strong waxed silk or surgeon's thread, and the necklace is fastened with a tiny gold clasp.

Cut steel beads with gun metal pendants and medallions also make charming necklaces.

* * *

A FASHIONABLE SHIRT WAIST GOWN

SHIRT waist gowns that are made of linen, of soft finished pique, of cotton pongee and all similar materials are sure to be in demand with the coming of the warm weather. Here is one that is both simple and smart. The skirt is very new, giving a panel effect, yet is simple and can

easily be laundered. The blouse can be worn either with or without the frill and this frill can be made from any pretty thin material. It is tucked after a novel and most effective manner and the gown is altogether one of the best possible for its purpose. Also the skirt makes an excellent model for the coat suit and the waist for the odd one to be worn with any skirt and made from any seasonable waisting material, so that the model serves many purposes.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 24, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt $8\frac{1}{4}$ yards 24, $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide. The frill will require $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material 32 inches wide.

The waist pattern, 6556, is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6552, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32-inch waist measure.

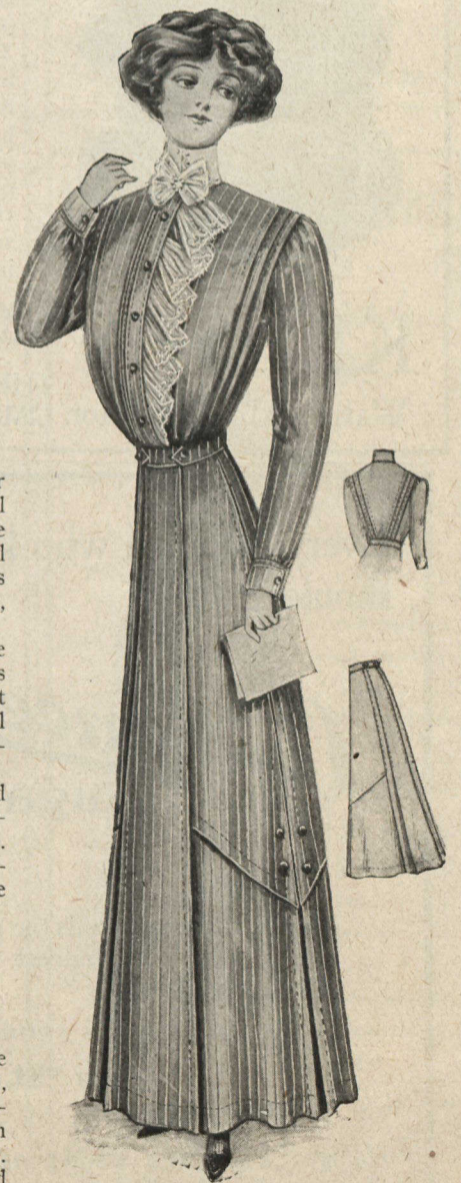
* * *

COPPER AND BRONZE SHADES

THE prominence of copper, bronze and brass shades is really amazing when it is remembered how exceptionally trying are those tints to complexions in the least degree inclined to sallowness and to hair not decidedly blonde, brown or black. Yet these queer shades are fashionable, and it is the province of the dressmakers to mitigate their harshness toward the complexion, eyes and hair by a discreet use of black and white. But how many modistes possess the art of perfectly adapting the magpie combination to a decided color?

At the moment, amber is rather more exclusive than the deeper yellowish hues, but it is coming so rapidly forward that by late spring or early summer, morning frocks, afternoon dresses and dinner gowns of pale yellow will illumine the homes of the upper and middle classes, if not the quarters of the deserving poor. At a fashionable wedding just before Ash

Continued on page 31

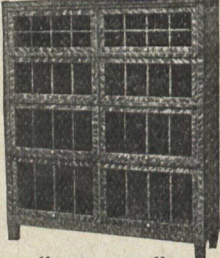


Waist Pattern No. 6556
Skirt Pattern No. 6552

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Even an expert won't buy coffee by its looks. He wants to taste it in the cup—because all coffee looks very much alike.

If you want a delicious cup of coffee, get a brand that has proved its quality like "SEAL BRAND".

The delightful flavor and fragrant aroma of the finest coffee berries are brought direct to your table by means of the sealed cans.

The flavor and aroma are sealed in.

Insist on having Chase & Sanborn's "Seal Brand" Coffee—in 1 and 2 pound sealed tins—never sold in bulk.

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CHASE & SANBORN, - Montreal.

Books

IT is rather curious that there have arisen two women writers who have gone into the far places of Canada and have given us stories of the remote west and north—and each of them is Scotch and each of them is an Agnes. Miss Agnes Deans Cameron's book, "The New North," was reviewed recently in this journal. Miss Agnes C. Laut's "Canada: The Empire of the North," is one of the latest publications of William Briggs of Toronto. Miss Laut seems to be veering from fiction with historic flavor to a straight narrative of Canada's doings and development. "Lords of the North" and "Heralds of Empire" were novels wherein the fighting was much more realistic than the love-making. "The Pathfinders of the West" gave us a vivid account of Radisson's explorations. "The Con-

neighbor for very existence into what Mr. Bliss Carman has called "the proud, reserved Dominion, with a history of her own."

Miss Laut's final paragraphs are in a deeply serious vein, a forecast of the assimilative problems which await the nation. The writer knows the new West and realizes the gravity of the situation when races from Europe and even from Asia meet and mingle and make the new town or the county. This latest account of Canada's genesis and growth is well worth a place among our chronicles.

* * *



MISS LAUT (TO THE LEFT) ON THE SASKATCHEWAN

FROM the Macmillan Company of Canada, Toronto, comes a calendar record of "British Valor and Achievement on Five Continents and on the Seven Seas." This is compiled and arranged by Mr. Frank Wise, who has accomplished the work in an admirable spirit of discriminating enthusiasm. There is a cable message around the Empire in this calendar of brave and useful deeds as recorded on the thirty pages of this pamphlet. A special addition, with a suitable preface, has been prepared at the request of several of the Ministers of Education in the Dominion and by them placed in the hands of every Public School principal. There is no indication of braggadocio in the day-by-day record, and the poetic selections from Tennyson to Newbolt are in excellent taste. Price, twenty-five cents.

* * *

quest of the Great Northwest" was a most vivacious account of the famous men of the rivers and lakes of the great districts which are to most of us Unknown Canada.

This latest volume is no dry-as-dust record of men and measures. The chapter headings are merely dates, the first being "From 1000 to 1600," the last, "From 1820 to 1867." Miss Laut has a brisk and engaging fashion of asking stories which lends a personal charm to the course of the story. The reader is confronted at the outset with: "Who first found Canada?" and the all-but last sentence in the book reads: "When political life grows corrupt, is it now cleansed or condoned?"

The dramatic instinct of this writer rejoices in those early days of conflict, when French, Indian and Briton were contending for the country which bordered the St. Lawrence. The various efforts down to 1607 are thus summarized: "Cartier, Roberval, La Roche, De Monts—all had failed to establish France in Canada; and as for England, Sir Humphrey's colonists lay bleaching skeletons at the bottom of the sea." The descriptive qualities of the writer's style are shown at their best in the account of the Champlain voyages. As the explorers leave Ste. Anne's in the spring of 1613, we have a glowing picture of the river prospect:

THERE is a new undergraduate production, issued monthly for the undergraduates of the University of Toronto, called "The Arbor." If we may judge from the first number, "The Arbor" will provide a grateful resting-place from the noisy world, where we may enjoy foliage and fragrance. One of the most interesting features is a brief study of Algernon Charles Swinburne by Hazel B. Kemp, in which the writer expresses the opinion that Swinburne was the "greatest verse-maker that England has probably ever borne."



MISS CAMERON (TO THE LEFT) ON THE PEACE RIVER

The article on "An University Settlement" by A. M. Goulding discusses an important movement. The writer concludes sensibly: "If we are to have a University settlement at all, let us have one which we can regard as our own from the very beginning."

* * *

SUCH a deluge of North Pole literature as we are likely to have this year! But, while many magazines have done excellently, *Hampton's* has exceeded them all by paying a dollar-and-a-half a word for Peary's story.

* * *

DR. J. D. LOGAN, who is an enthusiastic believer in the Celtic Revival, has written a highly interesting pamphlet on "The Making of the New Ireland." In the course of this treatise, the author deals so sympathetically with the whole movement that the reader veritably enters "the far-off world of the Keltic dawn, the Keltic bright-day and the Keltic twilight."

Our history from 1812 to 1867 is crowded into less than sixty pages, thus affording but a glimpse of the changes which have transformed the young colony fighting its southern

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A continuous current of evenly warmed air is distributed to all parts, or any particular part of the building. This is done with an amount of coal which would be wholly inadequate with any other heater. There is the economy of coal, the even distribution of heat, the perfect ventilation, absence of dust, gas and smoke, and no waste of heat in the basement.

Write for booklet and learn for your own knowledge all the fact of the Kelsey System.

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St. Lawrence Sugar

"Granulated"
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Each of these brands is guaranteed absolutely pure, and the choicest Sugar of its kind in the Dominion.

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Remember to order "St. Lawrence Sugar" whenever you buy.

The ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINING COMPANY, Limited
MONTREAL. 21

Home Journal Fashions

Continued from page 29

Wednesday, the maid of honor and the bridesmaid were in amber satin gowns, trimmed with yellowish Chantilly and topped with black maline picture hats. As a proof of the liberties which are taken with yellow tones, it may be stated that these young women carried enormous bou-

quets of deep red roses, and that the combination was perfectly successful.



Pattern No. 6594

quets of deep red roses, and that the combination was perfectly successful.

A PRETTY LITTLE FROCK

FROCKS such as this one are charming, made from almost any childish material. One of the pretty inexpensive printed wash fabrics makes the one illustrated and the trimming of plain color with a centre front portion of all-over embroidery is very attractive but while materials of such sort are being exploited and being made, there is a long season ahead during which those of wool will be needed and this dress is just as well adapted to serge and cashmere, shepherd's check and the like as is to cotton and linen. Warm weather fabrics are always especially attractive, however at this season and the dress made from one of the pretty light colored dramie linens, the lovely chambrays or Scotch gingham would be charming for morning wear, while the same design would be pretty in the thinner batistes and lawns for afternoon occasions. Dresden dimity used for the centre front as well as for the main portions of the blouse and with trimming portions of pale pink would be fascinating and there are various other suggestions that might be made. For immediate school wear shepherd's check throughout with only the trimming portions in contrast, and these made of pale blue cashmere would be exceedingly chic. The skirt is straight, consequently the dress can be laundered with ease. If something simpler is wanted the trimming portions can be omitted.

For the twelve-year size will be required 5½ yards of material 24 or 27, 4¼ yards 32 or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard of all-over embroidery and ¾ yard 27 inches wide for trimming portions to make as il-

SMART FROCK OF FRENCH PERCALE

FRENCH percale makes a smart as well as durable dress for warm weather and this one is very pretty and very attractive after an altogether simple fashion. It is made with a blouse and straight plaited skirt that are joined beneath the belt and there is a prettily shaped yoke that can be used or omitted as liked, for it is applied over the blouse portion which is designed to be cut away to give a thinner effect. The sleeves are novel, too, and can be trimmed as illustrated or with yoking material applied over their lower edges to give the outline formed by the trimming. Checked gingham with yoke and sleeve trimmings of this latter sort made of white linen is exceedingly smart, but the dress need not be confined to such heavier materials for it will be found very pretty for the lawns, batistes and similar fabrics. If it were made from muslin with the yoke and trimming of tucking it would be a very dressy little frock, whereas made from percale it is a useful and everyday one. It would be very dainty and charming made from rosebud batiste with trimming of pink lawn and there are innumerable suggestions that might be made.

For the ten-year size will be required 6½ yards of material 24 or 27, 4½ yards 32 or 3½ yards 44 inches wide, ¾ yard 18 for the yoke, 8 yards of banding. The pattern, 6600, is in sizes 6 to 12 years.

FASHION NOTES

Bows on shoes are more in evidence than ever before. In fact, there are bows and bows and bows this season.

Hatpins were never so extravagant in size and decoration. Some of the latest and richest are adorned with hand-painted miniatures.

Mourning muffs are made of crepe, the shirrings being held in place by narrow bands of taffeta or nun's veiling.



Pattern No. 6600

REG. TRADEMARK
"Cravenette"
PROOFED BY
The Cravenette Co. Ltd.

None Genuine Without this Stamp

has come to be so well known that, to many people, it simply means "waterproof" cloth. "Cravenette" does mean that—and a great deal more. It means waterproofed by the special patented process that only the Cravenette Company can use—a process which makes the cloth absolutely and permanently rain-proof, yet leaves it light and porous. To protect you, the "Cravenette" Registered Trade-mark is stamped on the back of every yard of genuine "Cravenette" cloth, and is on the inside of the collar of every real "Cravenette" raincoat.

Further particulars can be obtained from the Cravenette Company, Limited, 39 Well Street, Bradford, Eng.

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ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS.

Just Think of It! With the SAME Dye you can color ANY kind of cloth Perfectly—No chance of mistakes. All colors 10 cents from your Druggist or Dealer. Sample Card and Booklet Free. The Johnson-Richardson Co., Limited, Dept. O., Montreal, Que.



Every Woman Knows the Vital Importance of Good Corsets

But—unfortunately she who lives in the smaller towns is dependent upon the local dry goods store to supply her with the very ordinary styles of corset.

To have a corset built for her, from her own measurements, to meet her requirements is, however, just as possible for her as for the city woman.

Why be handicapped by a poor appearance and the discomfort of an ill-fitting corset when we can fit you perfectly by mail with

Woolnough Tailored Corsets

\$3.50, \$4.50 and \$7.00

The saving comes in the extra wear and satisfaction of looking right and feeling right. So much depends upon your corset.

Write For Our Corset Booklet This Spring

With it we send you order form and samples, if you state for our guidance the price you wish to pay. Our perfect mail order service ensures prompt filling of orders and our "Guarantee of Satisfaction or Money Refunded," is your Safeguard.

Free delivery to any address—write now

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"Medium Weight" The Right Under-clothing for Spring

The proper underclothing for this season of the year is **Medium Weight "Ceetee" Underwear**—a pure wool under-clothing—soft, pleasant and always elastic. It is light, comfortable and warm these cool evenings. Made from the finest Australian Merino Wool, "CEETEE" is full fashioned—knit to fit—not cut from the fabric.

All sizes for men, women and children. Insist on "CEETEE." If your dealer doesn't stock, write us.

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Galt, Ontario.

Established 1859

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
CEETEE
PURE WOOL

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Home Journal Fashions Give Satisfaction

Home Dressmaking is Simplified

by using the celebrated Ellanam Adjustable Forms

Adjustable to every size from 32 in. to 42 in. and can be raised to suit length of skirt.

Write to-day for our new catalogue. It is full of suggestions for the Home Dress-maker.

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Home Coziness

Do you want to make that steam-heated, hot-water-heated or hot-air-heated room more cheerful? Then consider the

Luminous Electric Radiator

Its glow will make the living room a different and more livable place, and you'll declare it the best investment in home coziness that you ever made. It is portable and you can change the location of your fireside as often as desired. It requires no chimney, no matches, makes no dirt, gives off no fumes, consumes no oxygen. It gives in its best form the additional heat required by the very old and the very young.

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WASHERS SHIPPED FREE FOR 30 DAYS' TEST

We make this offer to any reliable man or woman anywhere. We send the Washer by freight, at our expense and risk. That's because we absolutely know you will be as delighted with the Washer as the thousands who have tried it. Get one of these wonderful Washers and say "good-bye" to the washboard forever. Good-bye to backaches, worry and washday drudgery! Let Gravity Power do the hard work! Let the Washer cleanse the clothes! We sell the Washer on little payments—only 50 cents a week. It pays for itself in a hurry. Then works for you—free for a lifetime! Drop us a postal card for the Free Washer Book and tell us your nearest freight station. Send to-day. Address me personally for this offer.

H. J. H. BACH Manager
The "1900" Washer Co., 357 Yonge St. TORONTO, CANADA
The above offer is not good in Toronto or Montreal and suburbs. Special arrangements are made for these districts.

Women's Institutes

Continued from page 27

number drove to the home of Mrs. Arthur Farr, where a hearty welcome awaited them. The leading feature of the meeting was a round table question drawer, presided over by Mrs. Arthur Harris. Important questions were asked and discussed, among them being the sanitation, fire-escapes, and other matters pertaining to the public school. A committee, viz., Mrs. Hogg, Mrs. Mackinnon and Mrs. Rogers was appointed to visit the school and make inquiries. The subject of a new town hall was also freely discussed, and it was strongly recommended that the Women's Institute co-operate with the Council in taking steps in this direction.

The vacuum cleaner came in for a large share in the discussion. As house-cleaning time draws near, the ladies seemed to feel the necessity of taking ways and means to simplify this laborious task. Mrs. W. O. Duncan was appointed to communicate with firms handling or manufacturing these cleaners, and if possible have one at our next meeting, so a demonstration could be given, and if satisfactory, several ladies living near could purchase one on the partnership plan.

At the close of the meeting the members were invited to the dining-room, where all the season's delicacies were served. The good things provided clearly indicated the fact that the women of Woodbridge were not novices in the culinary art. Our host, Mr. Arthur Farr, presided, and after supper proposed the toasts, the first being "The Gentlemen." Misses McNeill, Duncan, Elliott and Natress gracefully responded. "Our Women's Institute," responded to by Mrs. A. Harris, Mrs. M. Mackenzie and Mrs. J. Harris. "Woodbridge Corporation," responded to by Mrs. N. Clark Wallace and Mrs. R. D. McLean.

Summer Meetings

PLANS are now being made for the regular summer series of Women's Institute meetings to be held in the various portions of the province during the latter part of May, throughout June and the early part of July.

It may be that there are some sections to which the JOURNAL goes of meetings and which would appreciate such a meeting. If there are any such places where some of the women of the locality would be interested in the organization of a Women's Institute, it would be well for them to write the Superintendent of Institutes, Mr. George A. Putnam, Department of Agriculture, Toronto, regarding the matter.

From Slate River

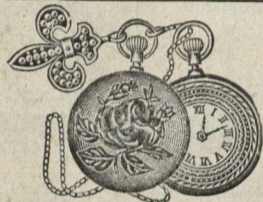
THIS Institute is in a most flourishing condition, and the President, Mrs. D. J. Piper, and other officers are pleased to report the progress. At one of their most successful winter meetings, ten members from Fort William attended also and enjoyed greatly a "home produce" dinner at the home of the president.

Mrs. J. R. Hutchinson read an excellent paper on "The place of Music in the Home" and one of the leading thoughts was that it is not more wealth or more society that is needed by the country woman in her isolation, but more facilities for cultivation and refining and for making the home cheery and bright and happy. The influence of sweet music is always refining and purifying and the benefits to be had from the influence of a piano in the home, with some one trained to play it can hardly be estimated. Mrs. D. McGregor read a splendid paper on "The Value of Cheerfulness."

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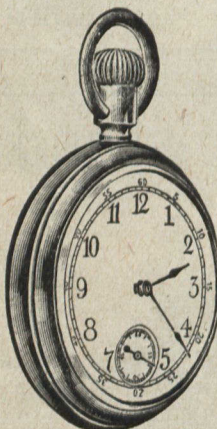


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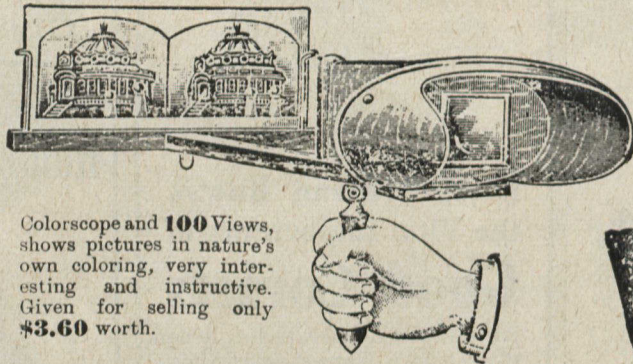
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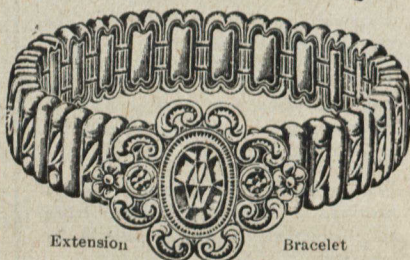
Football, full Official size. Oak-tanned leather, with air-tight rubber inflator. Given for selling only \$3.60 worth.



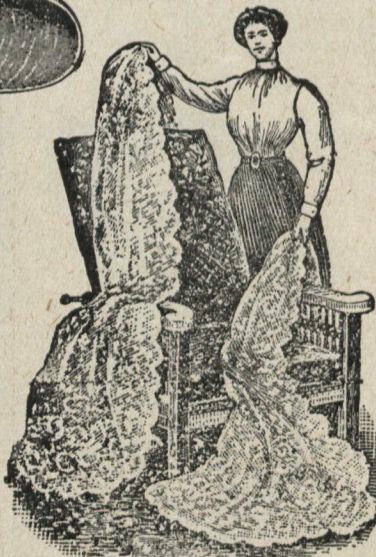
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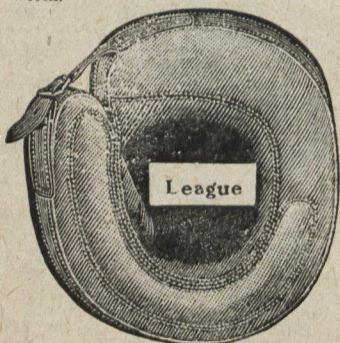
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Set Nottingham Lace Curtains, rich design, 3 1/2 yards long, full width. Given for selling only \$3.60 worth.



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CANADA'S GREATEST PREMIUM HOUSE



In the Shops

ALL shopping commissions in connection with this department we have decided to discontinue. Consequently, in the future, shopping items in this column will be purely for your information, without any intention of establishing a purchasing connection for subscribers.

One of the joys which Eve missed was going shopping. What a dull world this would be for women if there were no such occupation, or diversion, as shopping! To some of us, it is a serious matter, a fine art; to others, it is a necessity, somewhat regretfully undertaken; but the latter are in the minority. Next to going shopping it is interesting to hear of what is being shown in the big shops of the city. Most of us like a glimpse of the April counters. It is understood that our out-of-town readers have a special claim on their department.



IN the millinery department of Eaton's we have a limitless prospect of hats. In spite of the caricatures in the would-be funny columns, there are many sensible and wearable hats. The Napoleonic shapes hold their own and the turban is beheld on every side. Flowers there are in abundance, from the tiny, modest cowslip clusters to the imposing American Beauty rose. Red seems to be a favorite color and is seen in all shades and combinations, with a pink geranium tinge predominating. Two of the most admired hats show the prevalent fancy for gold, one an immense yet graceful creation in black lace and gold, the other a white gauze turban with trimming of tulle and gold touches of gold ornament. Lilacs are also a popular adornment, as might be surmised of this season, while violets are never entirely out of favor.

Such a bewildering variety of bags! There are bags with patent leather gloss and bags with the softest of suede finish. There are also the very latest of Fashion's bead bags in all their decorated glory. Black beads are the choice of the majority, but there are a goodly number in mauve, green and rose, with the inevitable touch or thread of gold throughout. The new-and-rose shapes show a decided decline in the square design, manifesting a tri-rectangular finish, which is rather quaint, but leaves a smaller space as receptacle.

The spring fabrics and the summer goods seem more alluring every year. Serge holds its own and the diagonal weaves are much in evidence. The announcement that any goods, up to \$1.35 a yard, will be made up in coat costume to your measurement, lined silk or satin, and sent home, all for the sum of thirty-five dollars, appears to attract a host of fair shoppers.

There is an exquisite shimmering fabric which arrests the gaze of many a passer-by. The two-toned ninon de soie is fragile material but is equal to any "dress" occasion in dainty attraction. Soft grey with a bluish haze on it, rose with a hint of amber in its depths, and brown with a golden shimmer through its sombreness show the varying charm of this gossamer stuff which would make a delightful summer gown.

The muslins are of a gayety seldom equalled. We have gone back to our grandmothers' time and are revelling in flowered effects such as bring back a vision of the belles of long ago.



WE are given to economizing space, after a fashion which would be strange to the housewife of a generation ago. Few of us in these days can secure enough linen closets, wardrobes and "places to hang things." Therefore, when one catches a glimpse, in the upholstery department of Simpson's, of a beautifully-covered box in bamboo finish, one is interested in knowing the purpose of this piece of furniture. It is neither more nor less than a blouse box, and you may reflect on the wealth of fancy waists and lingerie which such a capacious receptacle would hold. It is clean and dainty enough to please the most fastidious, and one rejoices in the prospect of filling such a convenient "corner in blouses." There are longer boxes which will hold the daintiest gowns and skirts and which mean a real economy of space and hooks. They are such attractive pieces of furniture that their usefulness is combined with ornament.

The chintz and various hangings are at their lightest and daintiest of this season and show the most realistic floral patterns which assure us that the warm weather is, indeed, at hand. It is interesting to note in this connection that Canadians have, in recent years, followed the English models in housefurnishing, adopting the chintz coverings in preference to the heavier styles.

The wicker furniture also suggests the coming of "veranda days" when everything indicating ease and lightness is in fashion. These chairs, which may be so easily moved from living-room to veranda or lawn, are surely an improvement on the old cumbersome "rockers" which were extremely ugly as pieces of furniture and which required no small effort to lift.



THE varying styles of coiffure bring with them the necessity for hair adornment of differing styles. The new turban or braid fashion in hair-dressing demands a new order of decorative pin which bids fair to become generally popular. This is known as the braid pin and is made in three styles, about five inches in length, with square, round or "slanting" corners. At Dorenwend's may be seen the latest varieties of this pin, in pearl, amber or tortoise-shell finish. Then there is the pretty wreath ornament, thoroughly French in idea and style, which lends a picturesque touch to the coiffure. The latest barrette, called the strand, is shown in three styles, plain, gold-ornamented and jewelled. These bits of decorative finish which add so much to the appearance of the coiffure, are to be purchased at figures from twenty-five cents to three dollars.

KEEP "BOVRIL" IN THE HOUSE

Why not take a cup of BOVRIL regularly every morning. It invigorates the whole system, fortifies you against the changeable weather and helps you to do the work of the day. BOVRIL is easily made—a cup, hot water and a spoonful of BOVRIL are all you need.

Do not accept any substitute for

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At Last The Perfect Washer



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

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

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

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, - ST. MARY'S, ONT.

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PURITY FLOUR

Purity is a hard-wheat flour of decidedly superior whiteness. It bakes into a pure white loaf. So, you see, to get the really beautiful white loaf you must use PURITY hard-wheat flour.



"More Bread and better bread."

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It is made in a large variety of handsome tints and colors, also white. Ready for use when mixed with hot water. It can be re-coated any number of times and removed easily by washing when desired, thus insuring walls being kept in perfect condition. Beware of wall finishes containing lime or plaster that cannot be removed by washing when desired; they are neither practical nor sanitary, and will eventually peel off, leaving the walls in ruined condition.

Muresco is in use by the best decorators in the country, and sold by leading paint dealers everywhere.

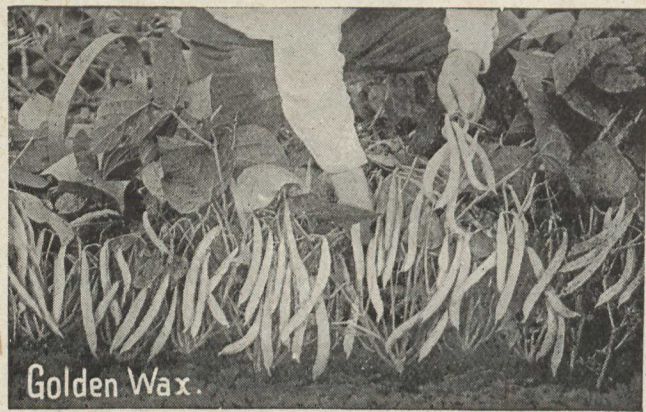
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| Bruce's Royal Nosegay Collection Sweet Peas , 1 pkt. each 10 superb sorts, separate colors, for 25c. | Bruce's "A" Vegetable Collection , 10 pkts., different varieties, our selection, for 25c. |
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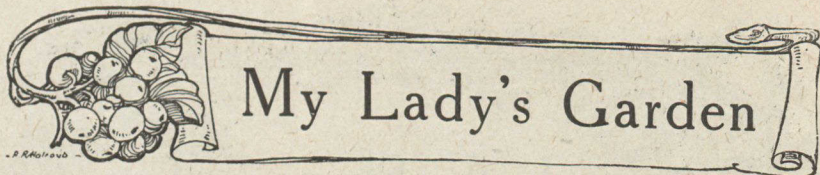
Something New

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Not a toy but an ornament for the best room in the house. Size 9 inches high by 8 inches wide. The alarm and light are operated from a dry battery already in the clock, accurate time keeper.

Send for an illustrated folder descriptive of this new and wonderful Clock. You can own one of these Clocks if you will spend a few of your spare hours in our interest. Write to-day and we will tell you how surprisingly easy it will be for you to possess an Electric Alarm Clock.

THE HOME JOURNAL
59-61 John St. - - - Toronto, Can.



My Lady's Garden

THE month of April to the enthusiastic gardener is one full of expectation and hard work. This is the first month in the year that any really hard work can be done out of doors.

Most of the pruning should be done by the early part of the month. As soon as the frost is out of the ground the garden should be raked over, and the rubbish that has collected during the winter piled up on the compost heap or burned. The most important work to be done is getting the hot bed into condition.

It is possible that the majority of amateur gardeners know just how to make a hot-bed frame but for those who do not we offer the following suggestions: Select a position in the garden that will be the most out of the way and that will at the same time be in a position to secure a large quantity of sunshine and be well protected from the cold north and west winds.

Dig a hole in the ground about two feet deep, fill with fresh horse manure and above the ground until the pile reaches fully two feet above the ground. The pile should be about 18 inches wider and longer than frame you propose placing on it. After the manure has been well tramped down place the frame over the pile and bank up the sides of the frame. Scatter about three inches of earth over the manure inside the frame and water thoroughly. Place the sash on the frame and leave for a couple of days until the manure has started to heat and given off the ammonia that will arise. It is then ready for seeds of any early vegetables.

Some growers use old storm sashes for their hot beds but the most satisfactory are those made specially for the purpose. So much of the future results depends upon it that it pays to give all the attention necessary to making and planting of the hot bed.

* * *

In the Vegetable Garden

CULTIVATE the surface of asparagus beds and apply a good fertilizer. Asparagus is one of the first vegetables to mature, and if you have not already a bed it would pay you to plant one this spring. Seeds may be sown but the easiest way is to plant roots that may be obtained from reliable nursery men.

During the latter part of the month select a part of your garden and sow some seeds of peas, spinach, lettuce, radishes, parsnips, onions and parsley. These can be planted with safety as soon as the ground is free from frost. A little cold or snow will do no damage and you will have vegetables a couple of weeks earlier than your neighbor who delayed planting.

By making small sowings every two or three weeks a succession of fresh vegetables can always be had.

There are a number of insects injurious to plant life that live and pupate in the ground. The best time of the year to exterminate them is in the spring. This can be done easily by applying Apterite on the ground and digging it in as the ground is being dug. Many of the large growers are now using this preparation with great success.

* * *

Among the Flowers

PLANT sweet pea seeds as quickly as the ground can be dug. These plants do best when they secure an early start and must be well rooted before hot weather comes. Sow the following seeds in seed boxes in the hot bed: asters, petunias, verbenas, phlox and any of the other annuals

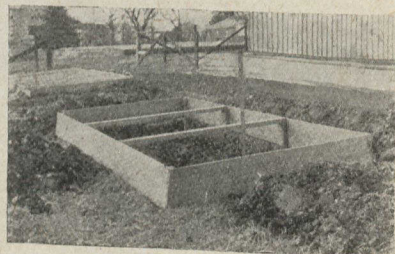
that will bear transplanting that require to have an early start.

Cannas and dahlias should be divided and placed in shallow boxes of soil that they may have an early start. Cuttings of geraniums, fuchsias, abutilions, coleus, and other summer bedding plants should be taken and placed in sand for rooting.

Remove the mulch from the beds containing bulbs as soon as they show any tendency to force their way through the covering. This should not be delayed too long as it is difficult to remove the mulch later without damaging the shoots.

Prune all shrubs that flower from the current year's growth such as hardy hydrangeas and roses. These should be pruned to within about six inches of the ground, leaving two or three eyes on the shoot. A good fertilizer or mulch should be worked in around the roots. Do not prune shrubs that flower on last year's growth, such as lilacs, spireas, deutzias or any others of a similar nature.

The hardy border should be looked after as quickly as the frost is out of the ground and the work should be done only by one who is absolutely sure just where the plants are located. If this work is done by a gardener who is unfamiliar with the



AN EASILY-MADE HOTBED.

ground the chances are that the best of the peonies, hardy phlox and other perennials of a similar nature will be exterminated. A good fertilizer should be worked into border as early in the spring as it is possible to work the ground.

The lawn should be well raked and as quickly as it is nearly dry should be well rolled, the bare spots sowed with grass seed. Chemical fertilizers are found to be very satisfactory on lawns owing to their entire freedom from weeds. An application early in the spring will be found to be very beneficial as the early spring rains will wash it well into the ground.

* * *

In the Fruit Garden

PRUNING should be finished by the middle of the month. Grape vines especially should be pruned early as they bleed freely from wounds made later in the season. If you have fruit trees they should be sprayed before leafing out. There are several sprays that can be bought at seed stores that will serve this purpose.

Remove mulch from the strawberry beds as soon as frost will permit. It is best not to remove all of the mulch at once. Enough should be left to protect the ground from alternate thawing and freezing with the hot April sun. This is what does the damage with the strawberry plants. The heat starts the growth and the late frost retards and often kills the plants. Dig in some well rotted manure or fertilizer around the roots of berry and currant bushes.

Remove the canes on raspberries that bore fruit last year, leaving only four or five of the strongest canes of last year's growth for this year's fruiting. Better and larger fruit is grown when the rows are well thinned out.

Fertilizing the Garden

Specially written for the HOME JOURNAL by B. LESLIE EMSLIE, F.C.S., P.A.S.I.

IN view of the important role which commercial fertilizers now play in general farming and fruit-growing, it is intended to give, within the scope of this article, a few hints regarding their application in the house garden. The benefit to be derived from a judicious use of fertilizers on fruit and vegetables is no longer problematical, for their employment has long since passed the experimental stage.

The substances which we have to consider in fertilizing are potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen, these being those of which soils become depleted by the growth of plants. One exception must be noted, however, those plants belonging to the natural order Leguminosae (peas, beans, clover, alfalfa, etc.), have the power of abstracting the free nitrogen of the air, so that not only do these plants obtain sufficient nitrogen for their own development, but leave behind them, in their decaying remains, a supply for those plants which succeed them. While the legumes have no difficulty in obtaining their nitrogen, they require liberal supplies of the minerals, potash and phosphoric acid. Besides the three substances aforementioned a fourth, lime, must be added. This should be applied to the soil at intervals of from four to six years. It is only to a very small extent a plant-food, but tends rather to sweeten the soil.

The intelligent use of commercial fertilizers not only increases the bulk of vegetables but also improves their quality as compared with those which have received excessive application of stable manure, and, what is probably of primary importance, hastens their maturity. Likewise, potash and phosphoric acid promote fruit-setting on the trees, produce sound, durable wood and well-colored fruit with good flavor and keeping qualities. The nitrogen favors the growth of the foliage and gives size to the individual fruits. Potash, nitrogen and lime influence the development of leaf, in color and size, of cabbage and other leafy plants. For flowering plants potash and phosphoric acid are of great importance in the production of flowers with brilliant color and scent, while the application of nitrogen contributes to the size of the flower and to the growth of stem and leaf. In the production of large fine blooms on strong stems, potash and phosphoric acid ought to be liberally used, while nitrogen should be applied cautiously; an excess of the latter would promote growth of stem and leaf at expense of the flower.

While the excessive and indiscriminate application at intervals of from two to four years is recommended, since it tends to keep the soil in a loose, friable condition and increases the temperature of the same. The chief objections to its too frequent use are that it may cause a too rank and course growth, besides introducing troublesome weed seeds.

Some of the chief fertilizers, carrying potash, phosphoric acid and nitrogen are:

- Potash—Muriate of potash; sulphate of potash.
- Phosphoric Acid—Acid phosphate; basic slag; bone meal.
- Nitrogen—Nitrate of soda; sulphate of ammonia, dried blood.

Circumstances will determine the choice of the source of each plant food ingredient, but for spring application the more soluble are usually to be preferred. The potash salts, sulphate and muriate, are equally available; the phosphoric acid in acid phosphate is more soluble than in basic slag or the nitrogen in nitrate of soda is much more soluble than in dried blood, sulphate of ammonia, in this respect, being intermediate between the two. It may be mentioned here that sulphate of potash is suitable for all plants, but muriate of potash is not so desirable for potatoes, small fruits and flowers, so that in the garden the sulphate may be used exclusively as a source of potash. As a general rule, the fertilizer may be broadcasted and on no account should they be concentrated directly under the roots of the plants. The potash and phosphate should be thoroughly mixed together and applied in early spring, but nitrate of soda should be withheld until growth has fairly commenced; it is even desirable in many cases to apply it in two applications, with an intervening period of from two or three weeks, on account of its great solubility.

The following are a few prescriptions for various plants:

Fertilizer for the lawn—	Per sq. yard.	Per acre.
Sulphate of potash	1-2 ounce	150 lbs.
Acid phosphate	1 1-3 ounces	400 lbs.
Nitrate of soda	1-2 ounce	150 lbs.
Total	2 1-3 ounces	700 lbs.
Fertilizer for flowers—		
Sulphate of potash	2-3 ounce	200 lbs.
Acid phosphate	1 1-3 ounces	400 lbs.
Nitrate of soda	1-2 ounce	150 lbs.
Total	2 1-2 ounces	750 lbs.
Fertilizer for cabbage—		
Sulphate of potash	1 ounce	300 lbs.
Acid phosphate	1 2-3 ounces	500 lbs.
Nitrate of soda	1 ounce	300 lbs.
Total	3 2-3 ounces	1100 lbs.
Fertilizer for celery, onions, cauliflower, lettuce, spinach, etc.—		
Sulphate of potash	2-3 ounce	200 lbs.
Acid phosphate	1 1-3 ounces	400 lbs.
Nitrate of soda	2-3 ounce	200 lbs.
Total	2 2-3 ounces	800 lbs.
Fertilizer for peas and beans—		
Sulphate of potash	1-2 ounce	150 lbs.
Acid phosphate	1 1-3 ounces	400 lbs.
Total	1 5-6 ounces	550 lbs.
Fertilizer for beets, carrots, parsnips and other roots—		
Sulphate of potash	1-2 ounce	150 lbs.
Acid phosphate	1 2-3 ounces	500 lbs.
Nitrate of soda	1-2 ounce	150 lbs.
Total	2 2-3 ounces	800 lbs.
Fertilizer for potatoes and small fruits—		
Sulphate of potash	2-3 ounce	200 lbs.
Acid phosphate	1 ounce	300 lbs.
Nitrate of soda	1-2 ounce	150 lbs.
Total	2 1-6 ounces	650 lbs.

A more complete treatise of this subject is contained in a booklet entitled "Artificial Fertilizers; Their Nature and Use," written by the author of this article and copies may be obtained by addressing him at 1105 Temple Building, Toronto.

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Cleaning White Goods

IN making over white silk or wool care should be taken that all loose threads are removed. If a made-up garment is in question all loose places should be carefully tacked and any repairs made that are necessary.

Make a strong suds of pure white soap and wash thoroughly through two of these suds. Do not rub soap on the material.

Use no bluing in the rinsing water, as is the usual custom, as it makes wool harsh and may ruin silk. Rinse at least twice.

The chief danger in washing wool is in the shrinking. This may be prevented by making each successive suds and rinsing water a little warmer than the one that precedes it.

Wring out most of the water lightly and pin on a covered line in the air or in a sunny room, where it will not freeze in winter. Pin carefully in a number of places to prevent sagging and stretching.

Iron while the material is a little wet. Do not use too hot an iron, as it yellows both wool and silk and makes the latter like paper. Press on the wrong side, preferably with a cloth between iron and material.

So treated the goods will look almost like new. They can be washed in this way again and again.

* * *

Interesting Items

CLEAN white sheepskin rugs by scrubbing with castile soap and water, drying thoroughly in the sun.

Make a pad about two feet long, of old bed comforts, to stand on when ironing. It will save much fatigue.

Feathers uncurled by damp weather are quickly dried by shaking over fire in which salt has been thrown.

Bent whalebones can be restored and used again by simply soaking in water a few hours, then drying them.

Newspapers cut into very thin strips, or torn into tiny shreds, make a good pillow, which must be kept shaken up.

* * *

Worth Knowing

SPIDERS will not come where shelves are washed with borax.

Peppermint lozenges are invaluable to check a cold or chill, but they should be of the best quality.

To have fluffy light pie crust, to each cup of lard add unbeaten white of one egg; use ice water; mix same as usual.

To keep the feet warm in cold weather cut a sole to the size of the boot or shoe in thick brown paper and wear it.

Nervous people ought to cultivate the practice of sleeping after the noon meal. A short nap at that time will strengthen the nerves.

When preparing a leg of lamb for roasting, pin on thin slices of bacon with whole cloves, and the flavor of the meat will be fine.

To clean currants and raisins, roll in flour, and then pick off all stalks, etc. If currants are washed they must be dried before being added to cakes.

When making chicken soup, boil a few stalks of celery in with the chicken broth. Remove them when done. A little thickening may be added if desired.

When walking in the dark in unaccustomed places always raise the

arm to about the level of the nose and keep it bent there to protect the face and chest.

Tap rugs lightly on the back to dislodge dirt and gravel. Then sweep the dust off the face with damp sawdust. Do not beat them if you value their wholeness.

To clean cloth sponge it with a mixture of equal parts of turpentine and hot water. If it needs ironing place a cloth over the material and iron through that.

In sewing on the machine, remember that a loosely sewed seam is more serviceable than one that is too tight. The latter will snap and tear at the slightest provocation.

Scrubbing brushes will last twice as long if they are put to dry with the bristles downwards. If turned the other way the water soaks into the wood and rots them.

* * *

Glass Serving Trays

SO many housekeepers have had their handsome mahogany trays ruined by hot dishes that they welcome the fad of the glass covered trays and tables.

One of the newest tea tables is of the old-time square shape, with a top and shelf half way below. This is made of highly polished mahogany which a linen cover hardly protects from the heat of the tea service. A tray is made, however, to exactly fit the top, of heavy plate glass set in a rim of mahogany with broad brass handles.

This tray is carried into the drawing room at tea time with the entire tea service and hot water kettle on it, or if one has no maid the tray can be left on the table and the tea things put in readiness before the guests arrive.

The cost of such trays is an objection to many women. This can be greatly lessened if heavy pieces of glass are bought at a hardware store and are taken to a picture framer's to be framed in wooden picture moulding.

This moulding comes in all widths and prices of mahogany and cherry, and if one with a beveled edge is selected it will give a handsome finish to the tray. Heavy brass handles can also be bought at the hardware store, and one should be fastened to the moulding at each end. The advantage of such trays is that they can be made in any desired size. The framing is apt to be cheaper if they are either square or oblong rather than round or oval.

* * *

Arranging Cut-Flowers

IT is something of an art to arrange cut-flowers so as to make them most effective. Discussing this matter in *Suburban Life*, a writer says: "Sweet peas are never pretty in anything but glass, as the delicate stems seen through the crystal give the necessary touch of green to set off the blossoms. The round bowls with small, narrow openings are best, because they hold the bunch firmly and yet allow free play to both stems and flowers, so that the effect is never stiff. Sweet peas, if picked in the late evening and placed in water to await their final arrangement until morning, will stay fresh much longer. It is better to place all flowers in water as soon after cutting as possible, for many varieties will not revive at all if they become wilted."



CULINARY CONCEITS

E. G. BARRIS

Cheese Dishes

IN these days, when the price of meat is almost prohibitive, the dish containing cheese is decidedly valuable to the housekeeper. There is a great variety in these dishes, as cheese has a high food value. The three following recipes have been compiled under the direction of Miss M. U. Watson, MacDonald Institute, Guelph.

* * *

Cheese sauce is composed of one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one-eighth teaspoonful of mustard, one-half teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, and one-fourth cup of grated cheese.

Put the butter, flour, mustard, salt and pepper into a saucepan; stir over the fire until it froths; add the milk and stir constantly until it thickens and boils. Stand over hot water or on a cooler part of the stove, add the cheese and stir until it is well mixed in.

This may be used to pour over cooked macaroni or cauliflower, or as the foundation of a dish of baked macaroni and cheese. If the cheese is too new, the sauce will not be well-flavored.

This may be converted into a Cheese Soup by adding one cup more milk and seasoning to taste.

* * *

Cheese custard is made up of one egg, two-thirds cup milk, two-thirds cup grated stale cheese, one-fourth teaspoonful mustard, one-half teaspoonful salt.

Put the seasonings and egg into a saucepan and beat thoroughly; add the milk and stir in the cheese. Put over the fire and stir constantly until it begins to thicken and coat the spoon. Take at once from the fire, and pour over soda biscuits, strips of buttered toast, or shredded wheat biscuits arranged on a hot platter. The mixture may be enriched by adding one tablespoonful of butter. If a large quantity is made flour may be substituted for some of the eggs, using two tablespoonfuls for each egg omitted. In this case the milk should be thickened with the flour, the cheese and seasonings stirred in and the beaten egg stirred in just before taking from the fire.

* * *

Cheese soufflé consists of one-fourth cup butter, one cup milk, one-fourth cup flour, three-fourths cup grated cheese, four eggs, one teaspoonful salt, one-fourth teaspoonful mustard, a little pepper.

Melt the butter, add the flour and stir over a fire until frothy; add the milk and stir constantly until it thickens and boils; stir in the seasonings and cheese; stir in the beaten egg-yolks and take from the fire at once. Stand the saucepan aside and let the mixture cool. Beat the egg-whites stiff, add a little to the cheese mixture and stir it in; add remainder, fold it in lightly but thoroughly, turn the whole into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven. The time required for baking depends upon the oven and the depth of the mixture in the dish. It usually takes about an hour. If the oven is in the least too hot stand the baking dish in a pan of boiling water while baking. This may be converted into a sweet soufflé by omitting the cheese

and seasonings, and using one-half cup sugar and any desired flavoring instead. This may be converted into a meat soufflé by using chopped ham or tongue or finnan haddie instead of the cheese. Half of the flour may be omitted, using one-third cup bread crumbs instead.

* * *

Some Good Recipes

FISH JELLY.—Any variety of fish may be used and it should be steamed the day before using and the broth taken for the jelly. Separate the fish into flakes while hot. For a pint and a half mould there should be a generous pint of the fish flakes. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter and cook in it slowly without browning half an onion sliced thin, two branches of parsley and half a dozen slices of carrot. Add these vegetables, half a cup of cooked tomatoes and the thin yellow rind of a lemon to four cups of the fish broth, and let simmer twenty minutes. Strain and cool and then remove the fat. Add two level tablespoonfuls of gelatine, softened in one-half cup of cold water, a teaspoonful of salt, the crushed shell and slightly beaten white of an egg and two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Stir over the fire until it boils and let it boil five minutes; then let it stand on the back of the range for fifteen minutes. Strain through a double cheese cloth, let cool a little, add the flaked fish and fill the mould. When cool chill thoroughly in the refrigerator and at serving time garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg.

GINGER BONBONS.—Melt some fondant in a bowl placed over boiling water, and to a cupful of it add half a cupful of candied ginger cut into small pieces. Stir the ginger into the fondant, then drop from the tip of a teaspoon on paraffine paper.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Cut the tops from large, firm tomatoes and with a small spoon scoop out the insides. Chop this pulp and to half of it, add as much minced boiled ham and two tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs; season to taste and fill the tomatoes with this mixture. Set in a baking pan and bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

FAIRY SNOW.—Put three cupfuls of water into a saucepan, add the juice and grated rind of a lemon and two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and bring to a boil. Mix to a paste in a basin one and a half tablespoonfuls of corn flour with cold water, pour the saucepan's contents over it, and boil up, constantly stirring. Let this cool; then add the stiffly-beaten whites of three eggs. Wet a mould, pour in the mixture, and leave to set. The yolks, a teaspoonful of corn flour, and a pint of milk make a custard.

TO THE WOMEN OF CANADA



PANTRY TALKS

I am the Queen of the Flour Bin, the lady-in-chief of the Royal Pantry, the oracle of the Royal Household.

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For I have stories to tell.

Secrets—flour secrets—to unfold.

And these secrets have come by Experience—by actual knowledge of flour, actual study of different grades of flour.

If I can tell you the secret of making better Bread and Cakes and Pies and Pastry, that will be profitable to you.

And if I can tell you why one flour is more economical as well as more wholesome than another, that, too, will be profitable.

For I mean to go into the flour question deeply, giving Whys and Wherefores, Facts and Figures.

So if you follow my little stories from time to time, as they appear, you will learn lots of things about flour that nobody has told you before. These Pantry Talks of mine will be chiefly about

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Won't you have one of mine, it's a

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N.B.—Try Christie Wafers—you can have them any flavor: Orange, Vanilla, Ratiña, Strawberry, Coffee, Maple Ice, Water Ice and Imperial. Sold in small tins at all grocers.

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BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY



A NECESSARY CONDITION.

WILLIE FOSTER is a small Canadian whom his father is endeavoring to instruct in the best methods of becoming a good citizen. The other day, Mr. Foster gave his son the advice which Josh Billings has expressed so forcibly: Consider the postage stamp, my son. Its success is gained by sticking to one thing until it gets there.

"That's good advice, Willie," said Mr. Foster. "Don't ever forget it." "But, father," said Willie, with a certain pensive sadness. "The postage stamp doesn't act like that until after it's been licked."

* * *

AFTERNOON TEA.

By J. G.

Just a cup of frailest style,
Just a fleck of cream;
Just a glimpse of Edith's smile
Fleeting as a dream!

Just a tiny silver spoon,
Carved and filigreed,
Just a dainty macaroon,
Such as fairies knead.

Just a bit of sugared kiss
Served from Edith's dish,
As I ate the crumbling bliss
Edith read my wish.

Just a curtained, fragrant spot,
Where the roses be,
Where a blue forget-me-not
Smiles in sympathy.

Just her slender finger-tips
Held in mine once more;
Just a touch of girlish lips,
And the tea was o'er.

* * *

THE BETTER PART.

MR. McNABBER, says the *London Daily Mail*, had just told his pastor that he was planning a trip to the Holy Land.

"And while I'm there," he continued, "I'll read the ten commandments aloud frae the top of Mount Sinai."

"Mr. McNabber," replied the minister, gravely, "tak' my advice. Bide at hame an' keep them."

* * *

JUST GOOD ENOUGH.

George: "Do you think that I'm good enough for you, darling?"

Darling: "No, George; but you're too good for any other girl."—*Illustrated Bits*.

* * *

UP TO DATE.

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The Beef Trust laughed to see the rise,

And the citizen dined on a prune.
—*New York American*.

* * *

MODERNISM.

"**WHERE** are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going first to Smith and Jones to match a piece of ribbon, then to Jones and Smith's to get a dozen hairpins, next to Jones Bros. to look at those darling little baby-pins, after

that to Smith Bros. to look for some of those nice what-do-you-call-em's, and then to the hair-dressers, sir, she said."—*The Purple Cow*.

* * *

PECULIAR WEDDING PRESENT

"**WHAT** a peculiar choice for a wedding present!" remarked a lady, trying not to laugh as she inspected a large flat-iron which her charwoman had just purchased.

"Ain't it, ma'am?" said the charwoman, rather proudly than otherwise. "It's my sister that's getting married, and I'm repaying her for the gift she sent on my wedding day."

"Did she send you something very ugly then?"

"Deed, no, ma'am. Her's was a

especially for you," answered the dutiful son. Next morning his son was awaiting him with rather an anxious expression on his face.

"Good morning, dad," he ventured. "Did you sleep all right last night?"

"Fine," was the encouraging reply. "Not sick at all, or didn't have any pain?"

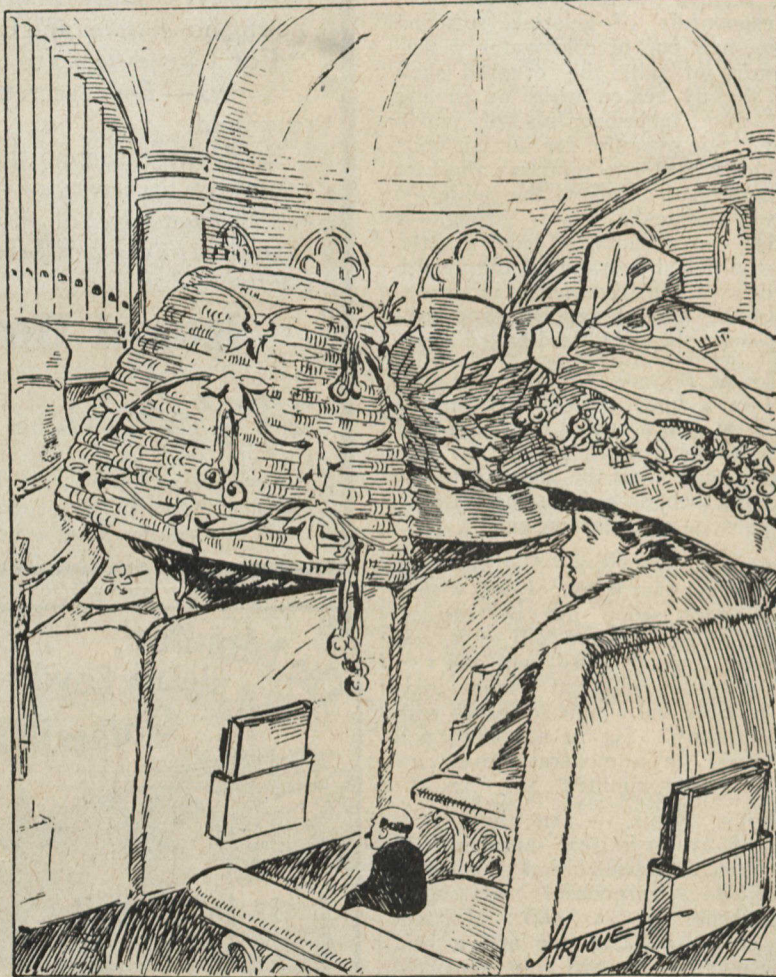
"Why, of course not," answered the professor.

"Hoorah," said the botanist; "I have discovered another species that is not poisonous!"

* * *

HIS TROUBLES.

THE budget has given rise to a number of good stories about Mr. Lloyd-George, a particularly good one concerning a recent ban-



How He Enjoyed the Easter Service.—*Life*.

beautiful present. But, you see, ma'am, a little bird whispered to me that her future husband's a man of violent temper, and I thought I'd send her something that would be useful in case of family disputes. She has the straightest aim with a flat iron ever I seed!"

* * *

AN UNFILIAL SON.

A PROMINENT Yale professor is exceptionally fond of mushrooms. His son, who is an enthusiastic botanist, one day brought some home and told his mother to have them prepared, as a special treat for his father. When the professor came in to dinner he was delighted to find his favorite dish at his place. "These are not all for me, are they?" he asked, not wishing to be selfish.

"Yes, father, I gathered them

quiet at which the Chancellor of the Exchequer was a guest.

Sitting next to him was a young lady, who listened reverently to every word that fell from her hero's lips.

"Ah," she ventured at last, "you have suffered a great deal in your life from being misunderstood, have you not?"

"Yes," Mr. Lloyd-George is reported to have replied, "I have suffered from being misunderstood; but I haven't suffered half as much as I would have if I had been understood."

* * *

CONVINCING ENOUGH FOR HIM.

A PROPOS of his great love for horses, the Earl of Haddington told a capital story at an agricultural dinner some time ago. Having pur-

chased a carriage horse to match one he already possessed, a day or two later he asked his groom what he thought of the new arrival.

"Weel, sir," was the reply, "he's a gran'-looking horse, but he's a wee bit touchy i' the temper."

"What makes you say that?" "Weel, he didna seem to tak' kindly to anybody, sir. In fact, he didna like me to gang intae his box to feed him."

"His surroundings are strange to him," suggested his lordship. "I don't think there is anything wrong with his temper."

"I didna either at first, sir," replied the groom, "but he kicked me clean out of the box twice, an' when ye come to think about it, that's sort o' convincin'."—*Tit-Bits*.

* * *

ALL HOPE GONE.

THIS most persistent lover seemed to make no progress whatever with the object of his affection; she gave him no apparent encouragement. Finally he said:

"My dear Gertrude, can you give me no hope—none whatever?"

"No, my dear boy, I cannot; not one speck of hope—for I am going to marry you."

* * *

FOR HOME OR COUNTRY.

AN Irish recruit who ran at the first shot in his first battle was unmercifully laughed at for his cowardice by the whole regiment, but he was equal to the occasion.

"Run, is it?" he repeated, scornfully. "Faith, an' I didn't, nayther. I just observed the general's express orders. He told us, 'Strike for home and yer country,' and I sthruck for home. Thim what sthruck for their country is there yet."

* * *

UNCOMMON WANTS.

CURIOSLY worded advertisements which are funny without the author's intent, are to be found in almost any number of any newspaper. The following announcements were printed in all good faith in the advertising columns of various English newspapers, and, as a whole, they won a prize offered by a London periodical for the best collection of such specimens of unconscious humor:

Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here.

A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going away, in a strong iron frame.

Wanted—Experienced nurse for bottled baby.

Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors.

Wanted, by a respectable girl, her passage to New York; willing to take care of children and a good sailor.

Respectable widow wants washing on Tuesdays.

For sale—A pianoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs.

Mr. Brown, furrier, begs to announce that he will make up gowns, capes, etc., for ladies out of their own skins.

A boy who can open oysters with reference.

Bulldog for sale, will eat anything, very fond of children.

Wanted—An organist and a boy to blow the same.

Wanted—A boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter.

* * *

A POOR PASSENGER.

AN Irishman got out of his carriage at a railway station for refreshments, but the bell rang and the train left before he had finished his repast.

"Hould on!" cried Pat, as he ran like a madman after the car, "hould on, ye murthen ould stame injin—ye've got a passenger on board what's left behind."

RUBY RUB METAL POLISH

SHINES FOR ALL

RUBY RUB is Canada's first, best and only perfect METAL POLISH—try it and encourage home industry.



RUBY RUB does all that it should and nothing that it shouldn't. Cleans everything from a gold watch to a tin pan.

Positively cannot injure the finest metal. Will not scratch, as it contains no grit or acid. Will not stain or discolor around signs or door plates.

Send us your dealer's name and 5 cents to cover postage and receive a 10c. tin FREE.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. A. FRENCH & CO. LIMITED
14 Terauley St. - TORONTO, ONTARIO
TELEPHONE MAIN 7791



Electric Light Alarm Clock

FOR EVERY HOME

Light and alarm operated with dry battery all ready in the clock ready for use. You can own one Free. WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

The Home Journal Toronto

A Convincing Test



THIS STRIP OF PAPER IS COATED WITH **Elastica Floor Finish**

IT BENDS BUT DOES NOT CRACK

Sold by Dealers Everywhere.

Send for Book "How to Finish Floors."

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH Co.
Toronto Limited

Makers of Fine Varnishes and Lacquerets

NA-DRU-CO

Formulae Have Been Well Tried Out

Though the NA-DRU-CO line of Medicinal and Toilet Preparations have been on sale for a few months only, don't think for minute that in buying NA-DRU-CO goods you are experimenting with new or untried preparations.

Their Origin

The twenty-one wholesale drug firms now united in the "National" had all of them lengthy careers, some for fifty to one hundred years, prior to the union. Each firm had acquired or developed a number of valuable formulae for medicinal and toilet preparations, all of which became the property of the "National".

Since the union our expert chemists have carefully gone over these formulae and selected the best for the NA-DRU-CO line. Every formula has been carefully studied by these experts, improved if possible, and then thoroughly tested again, in actual use, before we consider it good enough to bear the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

An Example

A good example of what we mean is NA-DRU-CO **Nervozone** for Brain Fag or nervous break-down. The formula was pronounced the most scientific combination of nerve medicines, but this was enough for us; we had it tried out with a dozen different kind of Brain workers—School Teachers, Lawyers, Book-keepers—as well as Society leaders and home workers, and everywhere the result was so good that we adopted it as one of the best of the NA-DRU-CO line.

There are therefore **no experiments** among NA-DRU-CO preparations. We have invested altogether too much time, work and money in the NA-DRU-CO line to take any chances of discrediting it with preparations that might not prove satisfactory. We make **absolutely certain** that each preparation is **satisfactory** before we endorse it with the NA-DRU-CO Trade Mark.

Ask your physician or your druggist about the firm behind NA-DRU-CO preparations and about the NA-DRU-CO line. They can tell you, for we will furnish them, on request, a full list of the ingredients in any NA-DRU-CO article.

"Money Back"

If by any chance you should not be entirely satisfied with any NA-DRU-CO article you try, return the unused portion to the druggist from whom you bought it and he will refund your money—willingly, too, because we return to him every cent he gives back to you.

If your druggist should not have the particular NA-DRU-CO article you ask for in stock he can get it for you within two days from our nearest wholesale branch.

Some NA-DRU-CO Preparations You'll Find Most Satisfactory.

Camphor Ice
Greaseless Toilet Cream
Talcum Powder
Tooth Paste
Tooth Powder

Baby's Tablets
Carbolic Salve
Cascara Laxatives (Tablets)
Cod Liver Oil Compound,
Tasteless (2 Sizes)

Dyspepsia Tablets
Headache Wafers
Herb Tablets
Nervozone
Pile Ointment

Rheumatism Cure
Sugar of Milk
Stainless Iodine Ointment
Toothache Gum
White Liniment



ONLY OUR PRODUCTS BEAR THIS TRADE MARK

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited

Wholesale Branches at:

HALIFAX, ST. JOHN, MONTREAL, OTTAWA,
KINGSTON, TORONTO, HAMILTON, LONDON,
WINNIPEG, REGINA, CALGARY, NELSON,
VANCOUVER, VICTORIA.



ALWAYS LOOK FOR THIS TRADE MARK



THE "BETTER MAKE" OF



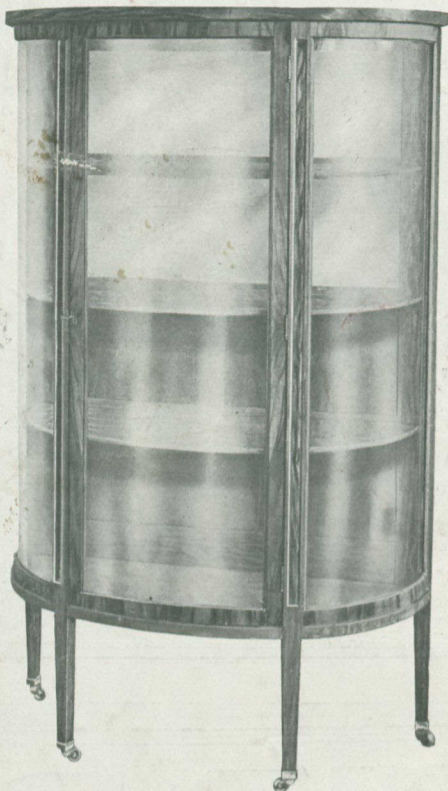
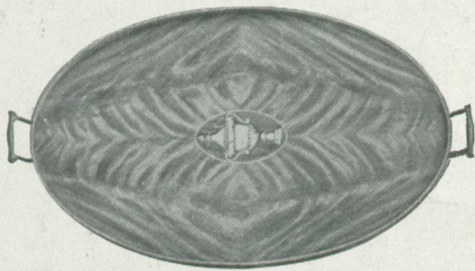
Dining Room Suite in Simple Taste after Sheraton Style

A good housekeeper shows her good taste in the furniture she selects to furnish the home. The most expensive furniture is not always the best, as it is often too massive and will not suit every house. There is no furniture more appropriate for the average house than the Sheraton style of which this illustration is a suitable example. The artistic perfection of our work is so great we want it to please and last for your sake as well as ours.

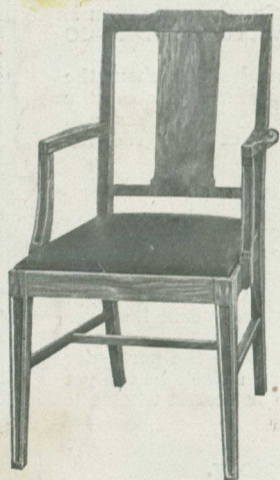
The "Better Make" of "Canadian Quality" furniture is filling a long felt want in homes of refinement and good taste. This make is intended for those desiring to furnish their homes with "OUT OF THE ORDINARY" kind of furniture.

The suite shown here gives but a faint idea of the extent and exclusiveness of our make.

As no furniture merchant can be expected to carry all of our pieces on his floor, we have prepared a PORTFOLIO OF PHOTOGRAVURES showing over 100 of our pieces on pages 11 x 14. This handsome book can be seen at all stores handling our furniture. Orders can be placed from it almost as satisfactory as from the furniture itself.



"CANADIAN QUALITY"



Eleven Pieces in this Popular Suite and all in harmony with each other

Look for the Shopmark on every piece.



Toronto Furniture Company LIMITED

Toronto - Canada

Only "Better Make" has the Quality Shopmark.

