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# HOME JOURNAL

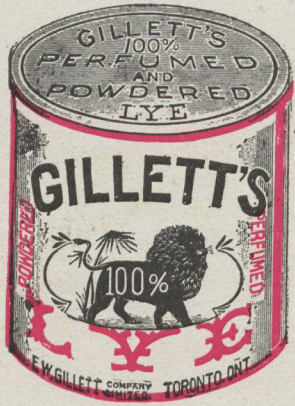
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## A Timely Reminder



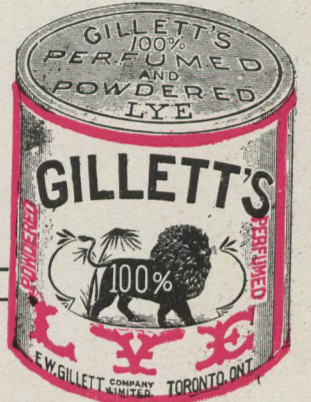
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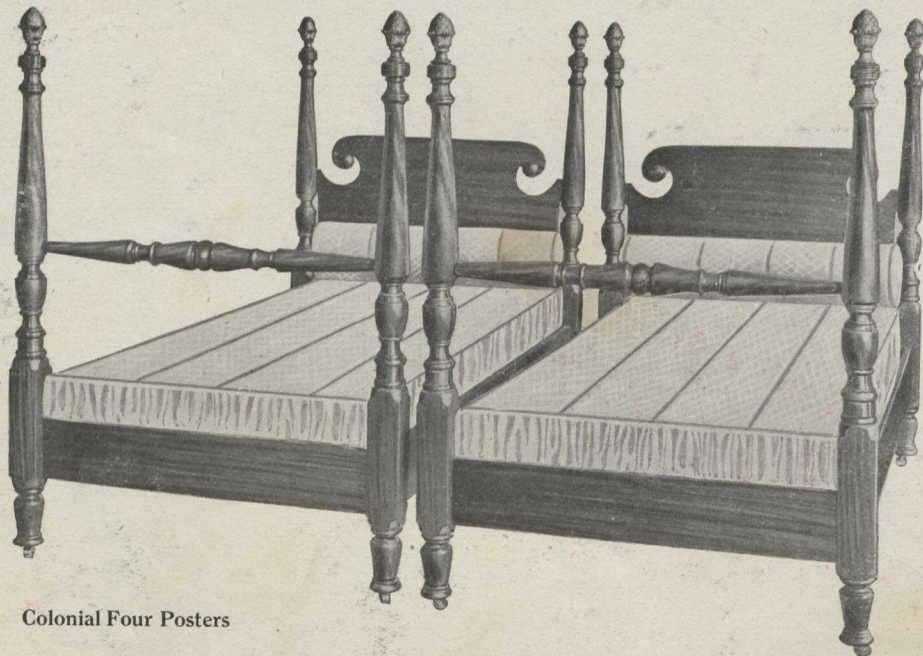
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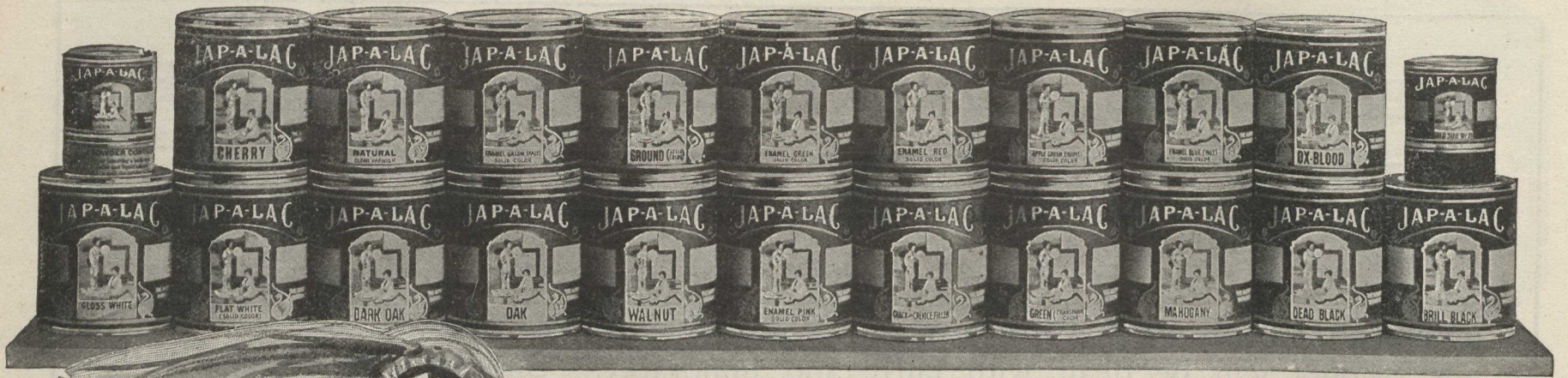
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# CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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## EDITORIAL CHAT

OUR SPRING COVERS are the very daintiest and most artistic which we have yet displayed. When all the nice things were being said and written about our March cover, we felt very much like saying: "I told you so." Mr. Norman Price did excellent work in that charming study of "Mademoiselle Vanity," and we are sure you appreciated her spring-time freshness and coloring. Mr. Price has promised us other cover designs which will be equally delightful. In fact, one which we have, at present, for an autumn number has a richness of tint and originality of conception which will be a revelation of autumn hues. For this month's cover, we have secured a photographic cover, which is, we believe, the first reproduction of its style and class in Canada. The typical April scene is reproduced in full colors and gives an effect which is eminently artistic. Mr. C. D. Bingham, of Toronto, who has made a special study of photography in its most modern developments, has furnished us with this beautiful "trillium" woodland scene. It will give you a realistic anticipation of the delights of the forest depths as the first warm days come. The trillium is one of our most delicate spring blooms and the picture of its charms will bring back the days when we gathered lavish handfuls of the early blossoms.

SIKH IMMIGRATION has become a burning question in British Columbia, and it is by no means easy for the citizens of Ontario towns to understand the situation. The Sikhs living in that province wish to bring their wives from India to Canada. Some of the citizens of British Columbia oppose strongly such immigration. Dr. Sunder Singh, a gentleman from the Sikh settlement in British Columbia, has recently visited Toronto and other cities of Ontario, speaking and writing on behalf of the immigration project. We decided to publish the views of both British Columbians and the Sikh settlers. You will find, therefore, in this issue, an article on "The Sikh as British Columbia Sees Him," by Ethel Cody Stoddard, a Western journalist whose clever writing as "Lady Van" of the Vancouver *Saturday Sunset* is well known. We publish also the gist of Dr. Singh's views, as expressed by him in the Toronto press. This course has seemed to us a fair proceeding, as an Ontario journalist is too far from the scene of action to understand both sides of the controversy. The women of Canada, especially the Daughters of the Empire, have become interested in the issue, and we trust that the articles published in this number of the JOURNAL will present the varying views of this much-discussed matter.

OUR FICTION occupies a prominent place in the magazine—and we think we have excellent reasons for the space given to it. There are well-meaning critics who decry the use of light fiction in the modern magazines and ask for a larger supply of "solid articles." These critics forget that a magazine is published for the many, and that most readers in the present day are more interested in fiction than in any other form of literary production. Consequently, it is found that every variety of doctrine and teaching is embodied or expressed

within the pages of a novel. It must be remembered, also, that this is an age of rush and bustle. Our grandmothers read a three-volume novel without haste, and considered it relaxation. This age, however, demands more eventful bits of fiction. We have considered carefully, in our choice of serials, and have found the final selection appreciated. Mrs. MacKay's story has reached its most dramatic chapters, and we know that you are intensely interested in Christine's terrible plight. We are not yet ready to announce our next serial, but hope to do so before "The House of Windows" reaches a conclusion. Our Easter story, "The Song of Life," by Katherine Hale, published in this number, is an exquisite breath of the eternal hope, full of the spirit of the divine renewal. Quite different are the quiet humor and evident lesson of "Aunt Mary Ann," which many women will recognize as being true to life, and one of its most vexing problems. Be sure to read "Spring Almanacs," by E. R. C. Webber. It is rather a sketch than a story, and illustrates so piquantly a certain phase of human nature that you are certain to smile over it and admit that you know someone "just like that."

THE GARDEN is the pre-eminent consideration in this number, which comes to you at a time of the year when every wise householder is studying seed catalogues and taking careful account of soil. The writers of the various articles associated with gardening are all experts in horticultural subjects, and are enthusiasts in this most interesting and profitable study. "The Home Grounds" deals with a feature to which we may all pay attention, for, in our Dominion of magnificent area, there are few citizens who cannot possess "a bit of a garden." The article, "In My Lady's Garden for 1912" discusses thoroughly and scientifically the making and keeping of a garden, with special reference to the tastes and requirements of the feminine gardener. The orchard development of the subject is not neglected, and in the article, "Good Fruit Trees From Poor Ones," you will find some valuable hints as to how to make an orchard a paying proposition. Then in "Annuals That Always Please" you will find a discussion and classification of much value to all who care for a well-equipped garden. "A Garden From the Woods" takes up a subject dear to everyone with a spark of real Nature-love in the heart.

This article is written by Mrs. White, who has conducted a garden department for years in one of our leading journals, and who knows the woodland blossoms with an enviable intimacy. "Roses in Spring" introduces you to "the queen of all the flowers that blow" in its earlier manifestations. We are sure that you will feel that our garden number deserves a bouquet.

MEDICAL INSPECTION is the cry in the rural districts now, as well as in the city schools. The articles by Dr. Annie Backus, already published in our pages, have attracted much interest and wide editorial comment. The article for this month, "Hygiene for Rural Schools," is more general in its scope than any yet contributed.

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# The Hindu As British Columbia Sees Him

By ETHEL CODY STODDARD

IT has been a decided blow to British Columbia to realize that the people of Eastern Canada want—in-  
sist on the Federal Government allowing the Hindus now resident in this country, to bring in their families. And this province cannot accept the attitude of the East as being at all neighborly. The East knows full well that British Columbia will be the dumping ground for these people, therefore, it can well advocate the granting of the request now under discussion, since it knows the trouble will not touch its own skirts.

This great western province has endured, tested, and tried the Hindu and found him wanting. The fact that he comes and goes away again is the only reason why it has not exerted its rights, and refused to have him at all. And to be asked to accept him as a permanent citizen, with his family life around him, is one burden too many to lay upon a back already stooped with an Oriental load. The patience of a province should not be pushed too far.

British Columbia is just as greedy for children as any province in the Dominion, but it begs to be allowed once in a while at least, some choice in the matter. This great province wants citizens of which it can be proud, and therefore, resents the attitude of Eastern Canada on this subject because the Hindu does not come in that class.

The Sikh is not the only East Indian who will crawl under this robe of "human desire." It is now popular for the ordinary Hindu to call himself a Sikh—it sounds better. And as he emulates the Chinaman and Japanese in understanding English when it pleases him, and going a step farther, only telling the truth when it pays, there will be absolutely no method of obtaining the facts concerning any man who emigrates from India to Canada. The fact that the Chinese and Japanese of both sexes, and the male Hindus come into Canada, is a matter which cannot with policy be changed; but the bringing in of Hindu families is something that can be prevented, and is in the hands of the government.

Dr. Sunder Singh does well to travel eastward in Canada and there work upon the sympathies of the people. He knows that his value and measure has been taken in British Columbia, and that he could not work openly in this province. As it is, a prominent women's philanthropic society in Vancouver has received a letter from the wily doctor written in his own handwriting. He therein explains that the Hindus now in Canada wish to become permanent citizens, and buy property—in the West. He also states that it can easily be seen that if the request of these men to be allowed to bring in their families is denied, that the result will have a decided moral effect upon the English-speaking people among whom these Hindus are settled. And he concludes with the suggestion that missionary work be done among these men, and advises visitations to them by the women of that society.

These Hindus maintain that they are British subjects, and as such should be allowed the rights of citizenship in Canada. It is not every Briton—even one born on the mother soil, who is allowed entrance here; hundreds of them are stopped at the Canadian border every year and sent home. The Hindu cannot therefore stir up a special grievance on that point.

The Hindu argues that he is not a polygamist. This is to a degree true, since a Hindu is expected to only have as many wives as he can keep, and as the average Hindu is poor, he cannot afford more than one. But on the other hand, his marriage laws are such that if a man's wife displeases him, he can at once write her a bill of divorce and send her away. If this woman is living in Canada, the result is obvious. She will undoubtedly have not been allowed to learn English, and consequently will be helpless. Should the law get after her husband, he can disclaim any marriage with her, and the law can do nothing. That man can then, under the plea of bringing out a female relative, import a new wife. Eastern Canadians will claim this to be impossible, but British Columbians know that the untrue tongue of the Hindu can slip around any situation, and too, that he can always claim to misunderstand.

British Columbians realize that from a human standpoint the bringing in of these families will in the end be cruel. Transplanted from a hot climate to that of Canada will mean an undermining of the Hindu constitution. Consumption is predicted for these people.

British Columbia realizes more acutely than can any other portion of Canada, because of an ever-present Oriental population in its midst, what the bringing in of Hindu women will mean. The Hindu, as this province knows him, is an irresponsible creature. He is not a strictly moral man, in his own country, and in families where poverty reigns, the daughters are frequently sold out as martyrs, for immoral purposes. In cases where this might happen in Canada, and where a Hindu who could not afford to bring out his own wife, was ready to pay, the inference can readily be grasped. British Columbia realizes to the full, every detail of the possible things that are only too certain to occur, therefore it is no wonder that it protests.

The Hindu may now come to Canada—and he usually sticks to British Columbia, and makes money. If his desire for home life is so overwhelming, there is absolutely nothing to prevent him from returning to the bosom of his family and there residing in peace. White men all over the world have had to leave home to seek their fortunes, and been compelled to remain away for years. No one ever set up a controversy because these men did not take their families with them. In due time they returned to their homes and took the separation as a matter of life's ruling.

British Columbia has proved that to give the Hindu an inch means that he will push himself forward till he gains a

yard. No other Oriental race will take advantage of a kindness or tolerance as will a Hindu. This province has suffered more or less under the government's ruling of allowing the Chinese, Japanese and Hindu men to come into its midst. Upon the question of allowing the wives of the latter to come in, rests a grave responsibility, and one which British Columbia does not wish to shoulder. It is a prevention that can be effected. The remedy lies in the hands of the country. This province does not want the Hindu as a permanent citizen, and the government that demands its obedience in this respect, will undoubtedly have cause to regret its decision.

## The Sikh in Canada

By DR. SUNDER SINGH

THE problem of Hindu, or rather Sikh immigration is so interesting that I shall try to give a brief resume of the facts regarding these, my fellow citizens of the British Empire, says this writer in the *Toronto World*.

The Sikhs are members of a religious sect founded by Guru Nanak, who was born in 1469 in the Punjab, a province in the north-west part of India.

He preached a belief in One God the Almighty, abolition of caste, idol worship and superstition. He also taught that God could only be attained by service to our fellow-men and helping the poor, the weak, and the fallen.

The first Sikhs to see Canada were the soldiers who were passing through the Dominion on their way home to India after taking part in the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of the late Queen Victoria. They saw the vast prairies of the West, which naturally reminded them of their homes in the Punjab. They saw waving fields of wheat.

Some of these hardy Jats of agriculturists found their way to British Columbia in the year 1905, but the great majority of the 4000 Sikhs who are at present settled in Canada came here during the three years following, and while on this point let me mention the fact that during the winter 1907-8 a financial panic visited the United States and Canada, when even white men were walking the streets of Vancouver without work.

In the same year 5,000 Japs came over from Honolulu. This added fuel to the fire, and the politicians raised the cry of a "white" British Columbia. It was not a clean, a more sober, a more truthful, or more honest British Columbia, but simply a "white" British Columbia. And the people who had to bear the brunt of all this agitation, were our own fellow subjects, the loyal Sikhs, men who were not only lip-loyal, but most of whom had fought for the Union Jack, the flag which stands for liberty, equality and justice to all the various peoples and races over whom it waves.

Many of the Sikhs in British Columbia wear medals for service to the King, and this was their first reception. Our people naturally bowed to Christian civilization of the Occident in a somewhat hesitating manner. They could not understand why the Canadian people sent missionaries to India to preach the Ten Commandments whilst the very same Commandments were not practised nearer at home. Most of these Sikh settlers have bought land and stock. They have already invested about two millions of dollars in this country. They are physically and morally strong men, and do the hardest and roughest work, which no other man can do. The Sikhs are engaged in dairy farming, market gardening, as farmers' helpers, and clearing land. And most of them will eventually settle on land. They are a steady, temperate, law-abiding and thrifty people, and there is proportionately less crime amongst them than among any other community in Canada.

The question nearest the Sikh's heart is his inability to get his wife admitted to this country, caused by the present immigration restrictions. There exists an order-in-council, passed two years ago, requiring a Sikh woman to come to Canada by "a continuous journey," and as there is no steamer running direct to Canada, the Sikh here cannot get their wives admitted into this country, and out of the 4,000 Sikhs in Canada there are only two women. They might as well have a law requiring the wife of a Sikh settler coming to this country to come via the moon or something similar before she will be allowed to land here.

The law as it stands is a physical impossibility, and it was meant to shut out the Japanese who were coming over from Honolulu. Even the alien Greeks Italians, Galicians, Doukhobors, and the Chinese and Japanese can get their families here if they can afford it, but this is not so with our fellow British subject, the Sikh. A Japanese has to show only \$50 on landing here, whilst a Sikh has to show \$200, and so on. As a matter of fact, the Sikh has no status in Canada, neither as a British citizen nor as an immigrant, for even the citizens of the most unfavored nations get better treatment than a citizen of our own empire. Why there should be an agitation against the loyal Sikh, and nothing said about the alien Chinese and Japanese is difficult to understand.

I regret to say there are politicians in this country who want to use this question as a cats' paw for their political ambitions. These worthy gentlemen seem to think that by abusing and misrepresenting the Sikhs they can rise to power, but I am afraid they are mistaken. The right of a husband living with his wife is the most sacred human institution, and anything done to impair it goes at the very root of all elementary principles of humanity and moral and social welfare.



# EASTER IN BERMUDA

By HELEN E. WILLIAMS

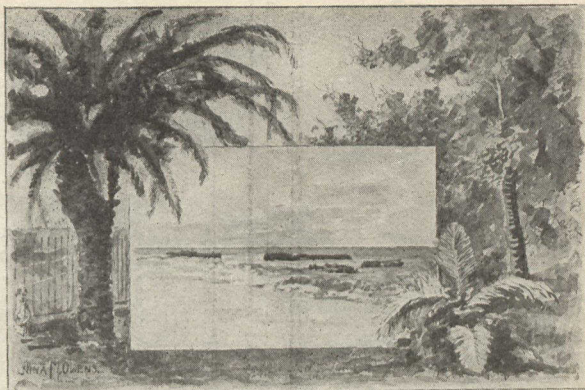
Illustrated by Nina M. Owens

IT was on a morning in mid-April that we emerged from the portals of "Seaward," and stepped out upon a tribe road leading to the Hamilton parish church, where an early communion service was to be held at half-past eight. The day was perfect as only Bermudan days can be. All the sunshine of the hours distilled in the blue sunlight. Around us oleander trees were just blushing into bloom; match-me-if-you-can burned against a night of dark green cedars; white houses of native limestone gleamed between clumps of cocoanut palms, tamarisks, palmettoes and pride-of-India trees; while in the near distance stretched the wonderful expanse of water which is at once the envy and despair of artists. "The blue reminds the traveler of the Mediterranean when the Mediterranean is at its best," wrote Charles Dudley Warner. And the author of "Tuscan Cities" and "Italian Journeys" expatiating upon the Latin range of color and voluptuous overtures of the waves said he "used to recall Italy there, but for beauty Italy is nowhere beside Bermuda."

Skirting a field where a white something shimmers like watered silk, weaving odoriferous arabesques into the soft breezes of this lotus land, we pass through a churchyard where every grave is literally snowed under a profusion of Easter bloom, and enter the church. And then we realize that never before have we seen a church decorated. Oleander leaves, interlocked and sewn together like the links of a chain, festoon the walls. English ivy be-

There is a saying in Bermuda that even the birds sing, "Don't hurry—don't worry!" One sees them everywhere, these little choristers, and the cardinal bird, in particular, makes an effective splash of color seen against a background of green foliage, saffron houses of Spanish-American fancy, fronded palm, or pendant hair of palmettoes. But here, as elsewhere, the things which appeal to some are foolishness in the eyes of others, and the "Don't hurry! Don't worry!" message of the birds, approved of and put into practice by the easy-going Bermudans, who love not work of any kind, has been censured by at least one tourist, who in no uncertain accents asserted that what was needed here was "a little American vim and enterprise."

"You work awhile," an onion weeder once epitomized his life philosophy, "and then you raise up and chat, and the time passes." And the attitude is a typical one. In striking contrast with it was a conversation we had with the old gardener who showed us the calabash tree of Tom Moore fame, at Walsingham. We had allowed our admiration for the



"WHERE ATOLLS RING THE WATER"

purposed attending Divine service at St. George's (the most picturesque part of Bermuda, where the narrow, crooked streets remind the traveled visitor of Gibraltar, and where St. Peter's—the oldest church on the Islands—which had for some time previous been closed for repairs, was to be reopened to the public, and the massive silver communion service, presented by William the Third, in 1684, again used). The minority were to participate in their first cave luncheon.

Of more recent discovery than Crystal, Joyce, and the Walsingham caves, the one in question yet casts over the beholder the same eerie spell. Everywhere thousands of tapers, especially brought over from England for the purpose, light up the weird and jagged stalagmitic and stalactitic formations. And as you look, almost you can persuade yourself that they have been chiseled by gnomes of a dateless long ago, almost they seem to breathe. And over them play all the iridescences of the kaleidoscope.



CONVENT, MOUNT ST. AGNES

wreathes the font, and most of the pillars. Roses—red, white and cream—bank the chancel. Roses are in the cross on the font. But the general effect is of lilies. The six white pillars which separate the choir seats and chancel from the body of the church and reach nearly to the roof, are covered with lilies. The ends of the pews are white with lilies. Thousands of lilies! A riot of lilies! Everywhere lilies—lilies—lilies!

Some estimate of the extent of the lily fields themselves can be formed by the statement that they cover acres of ground, one "grower" alone having a field which comprises fifteen acres. Before Easter it is customary for the large growers to send off boxes each containing upwards of sixty lily buds, which are placed in cold storage on the boats, and arrive in America, just opening, in time for Easter. But the tendency nowadays is to cultivate the lilies more for the bulb than for the flower. Consequently it is no uncommon sight to see the paths between the rows strewn thick with flowers and buds which have been clipped in order that the entire strength of the plant may go into the bulbs destined for export. Once Easter is over, the fields are shorn of their glory for the same reason, the Bermuda lily bulbs being shipped in scarcely smaller quantities than are the onions and potatoes.

Among the many spots of interest which we pass upon this Easter morning, driving in to that beautiful, albeit unfinished bit of architecture, the cathedral at Hamilton, is one to which the visitor is sure to have recourse, sooner or later, for souvenirs—the Boer's Place. It is only a little low hut by the roadside, but here two of the nine Boer prisoners of war, who alone refused to take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain after the cessation of Transvaal activities, earn their livelihood by carving boxes, canes, and kindred articles, out of the fragrant red cedar wood. Very proud they are of the distinction of their unique position, and in a corner of these souvenirs are always to be found the pricked initials, "P.O.W." (Prisoners of War).



A BERMUDAN ROAD

quaint old place to a little find outlet in the words, "Ah, oui," he grunted, with an accent distinctly French-Canadian, "Good cli-mat, but no monee!" and he bestowed a look of supreme disfavor upon the soil, whose copper coloring, between rows of light green lettuce plants, we had been secretly admiring.

After attending the full choral service at the cathedral, where Bishop Jones—to whose extensive diocese these Islands belong—delivered an eloquent sermon, we separated. Some of us had planned a drive to Prospect Hill to see the soldiers. Others



WALINGHAM, WHERE TOM MOORE LIVED

Color calls to color. Not the colors we have known above, but the ghosts of those colors. In the inevitable little lake "wedding this marvelous cave to the sea" are all these shapes, with their colors reflected. And the mystic beauty of them carries us through the gates of the actual into a veritable painter's paradise. If, as Amiel believed, every landscape is a state of soul, then are the caves of Bermuda the Maeterlinckism of color.

Returning to "Seaward" by way of the Hamilton Parish Church, one of our party was reminded of an amusing incident which had occurred there at a colored wedding a few days before. The bride-elect, Annie Isobel (famously known as "Issy"), had acquired the habit of turning her coquetties to material account by proceeding almost as far on the road to matrimony as the initial strain of the wedding march, only to change her mind—and keep her dowry gifts. On the present occasion, therefore, her mistress had taken the precaution to have her donations brought in her carriage to the church door, and given a former admirer explicit instructions concerning them. So that it chanced that shortly after the minister had somewhat sternly put the fatal question to the fickle charmer, and the watching coachman had seen through the open door that the nuptial knot had actually been tied, the unique spectacle of a wedding cake and its various accessories were seen being rapidly transferred to the carriage of the triumphant Annie Isobel.

But although cave luncheons, colored weddings, greased pole contests, military balls, and clam bakes may for a time engage our attention, it is always to the water that we return. Intense are the rainbow sheens on "these lovely isles that stud the sea like emeralds on a silver zone."

It has a spell, this Bermuda. Colorful, mystic, unforgettable. And when the tang of the salt sea-flats no longer carries with it the suggestion of lily fields, when the summer isles are only a vanishing speck glimpsed from the deck of the "Prince George," this it is that makes us register a silent vow to come back—another Easter.



IN THE HAMILTON PARISH CHURCH, BERMUDA



# AUNT MARY ANN

A Story of How the "Allowance" Was Made

By AGNES FAULKNER NELSON

"YOUNG man, will you fix my shutter?"

Clayton Sherron turned, perceived that he was the person addressed, and, taking off his hat with an elaborate bow, assured Aunt Mary Ann that he would be delighted to assist her. He was a fine, strapping youth, and Aunt Mary Ann's eyes followed him admiringly as he entered the store and mounted the stairs.

The wind had blown the shutter loose and it was slamming against the front of the house, threatening to break away from the remaining hinge. Aunt Mary Ann went out to the pavement again and craned her neck to see that it was properly done. Suddenly there was a crash and a ripping of canvas and Clayton Sherron landed in a box of Spanish onions.

Aunt Mary Ann, with wonderfully controlled nerves, glanced up at the torn awning and then down at the man and said:

"Jacob 'll be real mad about the awning."

Clayton looked up at her blankly.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he gasped. "And I might have broken a leg."

At that moment a girl passed on the other side of the street. She was tall and willowy, dressed in a tailor-made costume of the latest style, and she held her head high on its long, stem-like neck. Her lips twitched and her eyes danced and yet, apparently, she also was quite unconscious of the comedy across the way.

Nevertheless, when he caught sight of her, Clayton Sherron blushed from chin to temple and hastily extricated himself from the box of Spanish onions.

"You're the new china store man, aint you?" drawled Aunt Mary Ann, catching up a lock of fluffy, snow-white hair with an invisible hair-pin. "I'm coming to see you one of these days."

Clayton assured her, with the best grace he could summon, that he would be glad of her patronage, relieved her mind by telling her he would order a new awning, and, with a bow a trifle less elaborate than his former one, took his departure.

That afternoon he was waiting on a customer who might take as long as she liked to choose a salad bowl, as far as he was concerned, or who might even depart without buying one at all, so long as she gave him an occasional fleeting glance from a pair of deep violet eyes, while he talked to her of Limoges and Crown Derby, when the door opened and Aunt Mary Ann came in. She wore an old-fashioned black velvet cape and Clayton noticed how stooped her shoulders were. He sprang to close the door after her, for he had been taught to honor and respect old age.

"Good-afternoon," said Aunt Mary Ann. "I came to look at bowls—no, not salad bowls; kitchen bowls. Why, how-do-you-do, Hilda? I declare I must be getting near-sighted; I didn't recognize you at first. By the way, I can kill two birds with one stone. I'm giving a little afternoon tea for Julia to-morrow and I'd like to have you come."

"Thank you," said Hilda demurely; "I shall be very pleased to come."

"My, what pretty cups you have, Mr. Sherron! If there's one thing I have a failing for, it's tea cups. But Jacob doesn't allow me to indulge my taste much in that direction." A dimple showed for a moment in her left cheek and then disappeared. "Say, but that's a beauty—that blue and gold one!"

She raised her hand to pick up the cup from the higher shelf and her cape brushed against a corner of the lower, knocking a Japanese cup to the floor and breaking it into fragments.

"Well now, that's too bad!" drawled Aunt Mary Ann, stepping back to survey the mischief she had done.

"Capes are such awkward things," said Hilda consolingly.

"I guess I'd better leave the cups alone and look at the bowls," rejoined Aunt Mary Ann with a little sigh.

Hilda indicated by a slight movement of the head that Clayton might serve the older lady first, and while Aunt Mary Ann selected her bowls she stood beside the table on which were displayed the salad bowls, quietly and unobtrusively, with her tall slimness seeming to efface herself entirely. Yet Clayton Sherron was every moment conscious of her presence and the faint odor of narcissus in the store.

After much deliberation Aunt Mary Ann finally chose two brown bowls.

"Fifteen cents for the two? Well, there's a quarter and you can keep the change to pay for the cup I broke."

"Oh, no," said Clayton courteously. "I wouldn't think of taking anything for it. It was merely an accident."

But I'd rather pay for it," rejoined Aunt Mary Ann generously.

Clayton put the dime back on the edge of the counter.

"But I insist," said Aunt Mary Ann.

"Madam, if you will pay for it, the cup was worth seventy-five cents."

"Seventy-five cents!" gasped Aunt Mary Ann. "That little thing!"

Clayton picked up a fragment from the floor and showed her the mark on it.

"Well, I do declare!" Her face twitched slightly and she opened her purse reluctantly. There's forty cents more. Will you call it square?"

"It's the wholesale price, madam. We'll call it square."

When she was gone and Clayton had closed the door behind her and returned to his first customer, Hilda glanced up at him curiously.

"Why did you do it?" she asked.

A slow flush crept under Clayton's tan.

"It wasn't the value of the cup," he replied, with lips firmly pressed together; "it was a matter of justice. Who is she anyway?"

"She's Mrs. Jacob Fairweather—commonly known as 'Aunt Mary Ann.' Her niece, Julia, whom she brought up, always called her that and I guess the name was contagious. They say she has a large bank account: she has been very saving all her life. But I thought you had met before?"

Clayton could not be sure whether Hilda's eyes twinkled or not; her lashes were so conveniently thick and long.

"It was under adverse circumstances," he replied drolly.

The following afternoon, Hilda Stratton, in her "best bib and tucker," rang the bell of Aunt Mary Ann's house door. Aunt Mary Ann answered the door herself and conducted her up a narrow flight of stairs to the parlor. It was considerably after the conventional hour of four and yet there were no other guests in the room and Hilda was not invited to remove her coat.

After some preliminary remarks on the weather, Hilda inquired carelessly where Julia was, and was informed that she had gone driving.

Hilda tried to veil her surprise, but there was an awkward pause or a moment or two while Aunt Mary Ann resumed her knitting. At last, looking up at Hilda with an odd expression in her eyes, she said:

"I'm afraid I made a mistake in the day. The tea ain't till to-morrow afternoon." Hilda flushed and then laughed softly.

"But it don't make any difference, of course," said Aunt Mary Ann. "Just you take off your coat and hat and you and me 'll have afternoon tea alone. Then you can come back to-morrow."

Hilda rose to remove her coat and Aunt Mary Ann glanced up admiringly at the silk dress that clung to her slender figure in long, graceful folds.

"My, but you do get the prettiest clothes, Hilda Stratton!" she exclaimed. "And to think you make 'em all your self! The man who gets you will get a clever girl—an economical one too for dressmakers' bills mount up these days. What do you think of the new china store man?" Hilda's cheeks burned a deep rose.

"He seems very nice," she replied.

"He's a fine young man. I wouldn't feel a bit sorry if Julia and he took a fancy to one another."

"Couldn't you come to our sewing-meeting now, on Wednesday?" said Aunt Mary Ann. "You could help us a lot with our work for the Indians." Hilda half promised.

"I'm coming to you for a donation, too. I have the collecting to do this year and I haven't been very successful so far. There's Mrs. Morgan—I asked her for something four weeks ago and she said she'd consider it. I guess she's still considering."

Hilda opened her bag and drew forth a dollar bill.

"I might as well give it to you now," she said. "Is that enough?"

"Well, I should say so," drawled Aunt Mary Ann. "I wish I could afford to give that much myself. I've an old cape up in the attic I thought I'd give 'em this year and an overcoat of Jacob's that he's worn for twelve years. It's a bit shabby but it'll keep some Indian warm. Before I was married I was a great hand at giving. It's mostly a matter of habit—giving—and I was brought up to it. But Jacob has always been rather close and I guess he's affected me some. You grow alike after you've been married awhile—unconsciously."

"We were married in March and after much coaxing I got Jacob to promise me I could give fifteen cents a Sunday to the church. I'll never forget that first Sunday in church. I kept the envelope in my muff until the collection was taken up, and when I drew it out Jacob glanced down at it suspiciously and says in a stage whisper:

"There's more'n fifteen cents in that envelope."

"I'm sure they heard him all around us; I felt terribly humiliated."

"There's a dollar eighty," I whispered back. "You begin to pay from the first of the year."

"He just grunted, but I knew he thought I hadn't been square—that I had sort of taken advantage of him. It made me more careful in the future."

Aunt Mary Ann knitted in silence for a few moments and Hilda watched the dimple play in her left cheek and wondered if she hadn't been pretty and alluring in those early days.

"Well, I'd better be steeping the tea," said Aunt Mary Ann.

"I think there are some red coals on the kitchen stove, so I'll just make a couple of slices of toast." And she left the room, her slippers making a soft, shuffling noise on the carpet.

In a little while she returned with the toast and the tea and, spreading a large table napkin on one end of the marble-topped table, bade Hilda draw up her chair.

"We'll return thanks."

"I beg your pardon?" said Hilda, whose mind had been wandering.

"I'll just ask a blessing."

"Oh, yes." Hilda bowed her head. Her lips twitched a little.

"Well, I suppose," said Aunt Mary Ann in her peculiar twang, when at last Hilda rose to go. "We'll be hearing of your engagement one of these days? You're too bright a girl to stay single. But then, as my brother Sam used to say, when you get to supposin' you're pretty apt to suppose the wrong thing."

She laughed and Hilda joined in merrily.

"You never can tell," she rejoined, with a wise look.

"Well, there's just one bit of advice I'll give you, said Aunt Mary Ann: "And that is to marry a—"

"Good man?" said Hilda.

"No—a tall man. There's more trouble comes through not being able to look up to your husband than through anything else."

Four months later Hilda Sherron was preparing supper in her own home one night and listening for a familiar step on the walk as she set the table with her best Limoges tea set. Like the majority of men, her husband believed in using the best every day and letting company take the tag ends, and Hilda smiled as she thought of how easily she was slipping into her husband's grooves.

"You grow alike after you've been married awhile—unconsciously."

The thought ran through Hilda's mind and she wondered where she had heard it before. Suddenly she remembered and smiled: it was one of Aunt Mary Ann's sage remarks.

Any reference, in word or in thought, to Aunt Mary Ann invariably brought a smile to her lips these days. The poor old soul

Continued on page 50



# THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

ILLUSTRATED BY C.W. JEFFERYS

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada. Celia is in financial distress and Christine determines to apply for position of "reader" to Miss Torrance. Mark Wareham, nephew of the latter, follows the unsuccessful Christine, and contrives to make her acquaintance. Adam Torrance, who has returned to the city, sends Mark, his nephew, out to British Columbia. Christine secures a position in "the Stores." Christine is followed by a sinister-looking old beggar woman, and is further annoyed by the attention of Gilbert Van Slyke. The woman, whose daughter's employment in "the Stores" long ago, had led to moral disaster, is determined to wreak vengeance on Christine, whom she had stolen. Adam Torrance visits "The House of Windows" in order to relieve the sisters' distress. He shows them great kindness. On his return home he finds a letter informing him that his daughter is alive and in peril. He sets out to find her, and in the meantime, his nephew, Mark Wareham, returns and is injured in an accident. To complete the catastrophe, Christine disappears suddenly. They find that Christine has been taken off to the old woman's hut and removed thence to an unknown hiding place.

CAUTIOUSLY Christine pushed the smothering cover from her face. It might be of some use if she could find out the way they went. But the sides of the cart were high, and try as she would, she could not lift her head. All she could tell was that they were passing slowly through dark streets, over pavements of whose roughness every bone in her body gave instant evidence. Even these partially lighted ways were left behind, and they passed into the thick blackness of the night.

The mystery of the whole thing enveloped the girl more closely, more ominously, than the blackness of the night. It terrified, it paralyzed, it crushed out every spark of hope in her heart. Here out in the open, with every scent eloquent of the wide, wet country about her, the terror of the thing seemed even more monstrous, more hideously impossible! Perhaps, too, the long strain was telling; her thoughts grew feverish, disconnected. Now she thought of Celia and Ada, and the tears came freely; now it was of Tommy she thought, with a flash of hope; now she shuddered and moaned at the recollection of the old woman's face peering into hers; but most of all it was of Mark that she thought, of his return to find her gone! This was pure torture. What would he think? What could he think? She could see the puzzled wonder on his handsome face, the disappointment, and perhaps disillusion in his eyes. Would he care to think twice of a girl who was the centre of some vulgar mystery? Even as she shrank from this picture some whiff of country perfume brought back that perfect day when they had driven out to the Inn on the Dalby Road. How happy they had been! Somehow as she thought of him as he was that day the other thoughts lost their power to hurt her. Her memory of him was not that of a man easily daunted. Perhaps in him, after all, lay her greatest hope. He was strong, brave, clever! But she was growing weaker; a jolt of the wagon was now enough to turn the current of her thought.

They were going faster. The horse had been whipped up. The clouds were clearing a little; it might be moonlight soon. The two upon the front seat had fallen into grim silence. Christine's head seemed ready to burst with pain; she wished it would rain again to cool the fever in her blood.

Presently her impressions grew less and less distinct. She dreamed of curious things, and was still dreaming when the cart stopped with a jerk. This was important, she knew; she realized hazily that she ought to be quick to notice and keen to remember, but she could not rouse herself. Even when they lifted her out of the cart she opened her eyes only for a moment. In that moment she had a vision of a door with curious posts which seemed oddly familiar. But the impression faded as quickly as it had come. She knew that she was carried through the door and up some stairs—then she smelled the sickly scent again and remembered nothing more.

□

## CHAPTER XXIX.

MR. JOHNSON held the little grey glove in the palm of his hand, and an expression of admiration spread itself over his broad face.

"Clever!" he said, "Very clever. That young lady has certainly got brains. Also," he made a bow in Mark's direction, "someone else who shall be nameless. Almost you convince me there is

something in those story-book methods. This will put fresh heart into the search. Wonderful how comforting it is to know that one is on a live trail! Well, we've done all we can do here, and the neighborhood seems to be waking up. Let's try our luck outside."

"Question the neighbors, do you mean?"

"We'll go through this neighborhood with a sieve and a microscope. There is sure to be someone who can tell us something—unless the kidnapers possessed the art of making themselves invisible. They live in terror of the police in these parts, and it will be easy to get them to speak. Talk about honor among thieves—bah! it doesn't exist!"

"Then I suppose you wish this part of the enquiry left entirely to you?"

"Well, Mr. Wareham, I think that we should get better results. And if you will excuse me, I might mention that you are beginning to look pretty well done up. I will be home and bed for yours if you are wise. I'll run right around with the news as soon as we get any."

Mr. Torrance, who had been watching Mark's growing pallor with anxiety, readily agreed to the detective's suggestion, and even Tommy heaved a sigh of relief when the invalid was safely stowed away in the motor. He was eager to hurry with the news to Brook Street, and glad that for once he must be the only messenger, as Mr. Torrance could not leave Mark. Tommy was too simple, and too loyal a soul to feel jealousy, yet it was with a lightened heart that he watched the two men out of sight and turned his steps in the direction of the House of Windows. And Adam Torrance was conscious of a pang which was very like envy as he thought of how the blind girl's face would brighten at Tommy's news.

"Fine chap, that!" said Mark, as if in answer to his thoughts. "By Jove, he's been better than a brother to those girls. He wanted to marry one of them once, but somehow it never came off."

□

"Indeed?" said Mr. Torrance; and then, after a perceptible pause, "Which one?"

"Which? Oh, well, I think it was Miss Celia."

"Is that so? Well, I am not surprised. Miss Celia is a charming woman. It would be most suitable."

"But like many other suitable things, it has apparently failed to suit," said Mark carelessly, but as he noticed the sudden complacency with which his uncle approved of Tommy's choice, he turned aside to hide a smile. "If Aunt Miriam had seen that," he thought, "it would have made assurance doubly sure!"

As has been observed before, Mr. Johnson was a man of energy, and so well did he and his assistants work, that by lunch time Hill Street had been thoroughly investigated and hung, so to speak, as limp and empty as an old sleeve, turned inside out.

At one o'clock he presented himself, notebook in hand, placid and self-confident again, at the Torrance home.

"Well," he began, without preliminaries, "we know what there is to know—and it's not much. Granny Bates and the man who passes as her son have lived in the shanty on Hill Street for the past five years. The man is a bricklayer, and makes good wages when he is working, but that is seldom. He is incurably lazy, a born loafer apparently, but harmless unless drinking hard; when in drink, the neighborhood feared him, and even the old woman kept out of his way. But curiously enough he is not an habitual drunkard. He has, it appears, "spells," which are often a month, or even two months, apart. He is known as Tough Wilson. The old woman is popularly supposed to be shy in the upper story. The children are frightened of her (and it takes something to frighten a Hill Street child). Not one of them would venture near her house or follow her in the street. It seems that at first the youngsters played a few tricks—just as a sort of friendly introduction into the neighborhood, you understand, but the reprisals were so swift and terrifying that even the boldest gave it up. The mothers, espousing the children's cause, declared her to be a witch and a devil, and other choice things, and refused the social amenities. Granny became, in fact, a pariah in Hill Street, and as she never made the slightest attempt to be 'friendly,' that position must have suited her to a nicety. I may say the female portion of Hill Street society is frankly delighted with the prospect of her being wanted by the police. They told me all they knew with a lavishness which wasted a few

valuable hours. However, boiled down, we learn that:

"First—On the night of Christine's disappearance, Granny Bates was seen slipping down the street at about six-thirty, or thereabouts, with a wonderful lady with shining hair. Little Timmy O'Hagan was the only one who noticed them, but he noticed to some purpose. He says the lady was so pretty that he slid along after them just to have another look. She was walking quickly, he says, and smiling. Evidently she went willingly. Timmy saw her turn and say something to the old woman just as they got to the door. The hag opened the door and the lady went in. Then the door was shut. Timmy was too frightened of Granny to peer in the keyhole, and the window was dark—possibly they had pinned something over it. That is all Timmy knows, except that he waited around about an hour in the rain for the pretty lady to come out, but she did not come.

□

"Second—Bill Connelly remembers the night, because that was the night he got roaring drunk, and was taken in by the police. He remembers starting out for the saloon about nine o'clock, and in passing Granny's hovel was surprised to see the shadowy outline of a horse and cart drawn up by the pavement. Tough Wilson was standing by the cart. The door of the hovel was open, and by the dim light from it he saw the horse, and recognized it as the old white mare belonging to a gentleman named Mike Donlan, over on Everleigh Street. Being in a facetious mood, he stopped and said, 'Hello, Tough! Going home to visit the old folks?' And that pleasant personage had replied with unusual good nature, 'You bet I am.' (Not a very illuminative conversation, unfortunately). Bill Connelly did not notice anything at all unusual about the cart, save the fact of its being there at all. He could not say whether or not there was anything in it. He only noticed the horse, because it was a white horse, and the light fell on it.

"Third—Two other men noticed the horse and cart in front of Granny Bates' door, and one other at least spoke to Tough Wilson in passing, but only to pass a word about the weather. One man noticed the cart drive away with two figures on the front seat. The occurrence was discussed in the street, of course, and the general impression was that Tough and Granny had 'lit out.'

"Fourth—Mike Donlan, owner of the white mare well remembers renting the animal to Tough Wilson. He didn't know what for. Never thought to ask. Tough wouldn't have told him if he had; folks on Everleigh Street mind their own business. Tough wanted the mare over night. Paid for her and got her and brought her back at noon next day. She seemed rather tired, but not very much so. She was muddy, but not too muddy. She was hungry, but not more hungry than she often was, having a ravenous appetite at the best of times! Tough hadn't let drop a word about where he had been or what doing—why should he? It was his own business! So much for that interview.

"Fifth—The owner of cart found and interviewed with almost precisely the same result. Tough had rented the cart without reason and returned it without explanation, paid for it, and departed. Yes, the cart was muddy, but it naturally would be muddy after a rainy night. The bottom of the cart was not wet because it had been covered with an old rubber rug, black. There was nothing else in the cart, either when it went away or when it came back.

"That is the sum of the evidence. Problem, what was in the cart, and where did the cart go?"

Mr. Johnson laid the notebook upon his knee and looked up complacently.

□

"It seems to me," said Mark, irritably, "that we are just exactly where we were—except that we know that there was a cart in the case. We know, of course, who was in the cart. Christine must have been in it—somewhere under that filthy rubber robe, and—"

"Pardon me. I did not say that the problem was *who* was in the cart, but *what* was in the cart."

"We do not need to quibble about words."

But Mr. Torrance rose in uncontrollable agitation. "Why, Mark, don't you see what he means? What if—if—"

Mark shrank back as though he feared a blow. "Not that!" he said hoarsely. "You don't mean to imply that she may have been already dead?"

The detective nodded sympathetically. "Not that it's my own opinion that she was," he added. "My



own view is that she was alive, but was prevented from making any outcry—drugged, most likely.”

“She could not have been drugged when she hid the glove?”

“No—yet at the same time she was undoubtedly alive and not able to call for help; gagged, perhaps, or terrified by threats into silence. But even granting that, they may have drugged her before attempting to remove her. It would be a natural thing to do.”

Mr. Torrance turned a haggard face upon him. “But if she were dead—that would account for everything.”

“Not quite everything, I think. In fact, I do not like that hypothesis at all. But one has to look at these cases from every side. I believe she was alive. For one thing, if it had been otherwise there would have been some trace in the room; for another thing, this man, from what I have been able to learn, does not sound like a murderer. The old woman's capable of anything—crazy, I verily believe, but the man seems to be merely a good-for-nothing, unless crazed with drink. The men who spoke to him are sure that he was himself upon that night.”

Mark drew a long breath. “I agree with you,” he said, “besides, I think we may safely place some dependence on what the letters say. The old fiend does not wish Christine dead. It would not suit her plan of revenge. She is alive, I am sure of it—but in danger that drives me mad to think of! Johnson, when we solve the second problem, she will be safe. How are we going to do it?”

The detective fidgeted.

“I'll admit that we are up against it,” he said. “Given a dark night with rain; the fact that two people drive away with a horse and cart, and that the horse and cart were returned in fairly good condition next day at noon—that is really all we have to go upon. I think we may be reasonably sure that the young lady was in the cart and that the journey taken by the horse was not a very long one. Therefore we face two possibilities—either the kidnapers are concealed somewhere within a radius of say, fifteen miles (more likely ten), or they drove to some small station within that radius and from there took the train for parts unknown. Do you agree with me that far?”

“It sounds likely.”

“Now there are several such small stations near this city, and it is quite on the cards that we may pick up the trail from any one of them. They ought to have been a somewhat noticeable party. If the girl was drugged or even half dazed they would probably represent her as an invalid. As few invalids travel, they would be remembered on that account alone. Of course it is possible that the girl was not drugged, but merely terrified into silence.”

□

“I do not believe that would be possible,” said Mark. “Miss Christine is too clever and too quick to have submitted tamely to intimidation, and they are too clever to have dared to risk it.”

“I agree with you,” said Mr. Torrance emphatically.

“You are probably right, but, as I believe, I have remarked before, one must look at every possibility. At any rate, I have men now despatched to every station within a possible radius; on trains, or in autos, whichever would get them there quickest. If there is a vestige of a clue one of them will be pretty sure of finding it. It seems slow work, I know, but it is thorough, and I really do not see what else we can do.”

“When ought the reports of your men to come in?”

“Almost any moment. They were to 'phone results immediately, and most of them ought to have reached their destination by this time. I took the liberty of telling them to 'phone directly here, so that you might have the news as soon as I have. I think that is a call now.”

“No news from Frampton,” he told them, putting up the receiver after a brief dialogue with someone at the other end. “The agent there is positive that no one bought any ticket or took any train upon the night in question. The through trains do not stop there, and passengers are few.”

For a half an hour the three men sat there while call after call came in—each reporting, for one reason or another, no trace of the fugitives. The detective's face grew graver as time went on. It was evident that he had expected some result from this enquiry. Mark, on the other hand, seemed distinctly cheered.

“If they don't get away,” he kept saying, “then they are still somewhere near. The real danger is that they may have reached New York or some other large city, where search would be hunting for a needle in a haystack. Besides—there is that last letter! It was slipped into the letter box under cover of darkness. Depend upon it, either one of the kidnapers must have placed it there—they would not trust a third party. And where one is, the other is. They would keep together, and where they are, Christine is.”

“Good reasoning,” agreed the detective, “but it won't help much without a tangible clue. There is still the Dalby man to hear from. I sent our best man there, for as the five o'clock through train will stop for passengers, it seemed the most likely place, and—”

The sharp tinkle of the call bell interrupted him.

“There is your man now,” said Mark.

Johnson picked up the receiver eagerly, and a hurried consultation followed. The detective's eyes were bright as he turned from the instrument.

“He's coming here,” he announced. “He thinks

he's picked up the trail—at least he says he has some curious information.”

“And didn't he say what it was?”

“No—but he'll be here in fifteen minutes. It's a good bit of road between here and Dalby.”

“Dalby!” said Mark, and he sighed heavily, as he remembered the last drive he had taken on the Dalby Road.

□

## CHAPTER XXX.

THE detective from Dalby proved to be a young man with a fresh, ingenious face, whose rounded innocence was somewhat belied by a pair of very keen grey eyes. He was evidently properly impressed with the importance of his mission, but not unduly so. In fact, the three men, for Tommy had arrived a moment or so before him, were favorably impressed upon the instant.

“Would you like my evidence first, or shall I begin by stating my conclusions?” he asked his chief deferentially.

“Your evidence, of course,” said the big detective, and the others who would have liked the conclusions first were compelled to stay their impatience as best they might.

“I had some difficulty in fixing the right night in the mind of the agent at Dalby,” he said, “but finally he got his bearings by remembering that upon the date mentioned his youngest child had been sick with the toothache. He is sure of the date, because the next day was the kid's birthday, and she cried because she was afraid she would not be able to eat her box of candy. Well, upon that night he very well remembers a horse and cart driving up at about a quarter to five in good time for the through express. He did not see who drove the cart, but the passengers were an ugly old woman and a young girl—”

Mark interrupted with a smothered exclamation, and the young detective paused for a moment, but as no one made a remark, he went on:

“There is no doubt about the old woman. The agent saw her face plainly in the lighted waiting room, and recognized the photo at once. But the young girl he did not see. It had stopped raining, and was not cold, so he saw nothing strange in the girl staying outside in the air. She was seated on a bench at the end of the building, out of the range of the lamps. She seemed too ill or too weary to rise, and the old woman said that she was not well, and that she was taking her to New York to consult a specialist. The only thing he noticed about the girl was that she had yellow, or very light hair. The old woman's clothes were decent though plain, and a very bad fit, being much too big.

“Borrowed, probably,” interrupted Johnson.

“She did not buy tickets for New York or for any place. She said she had her tickets already, but she made no secret of her destination, and indeed talked a great deal, and gave her plans with a lot of unnecessary detail. The two went off on the five o'clock express, and that would have been the end of them except for the evidence of the station agent's sister. This sister, it seems, was going to Buffalo by the same train. She very nearly missed it, arriving at the last moment and boarding it in a great hurry. Neither she nor the old woman were provided with berths, and they found seats in the same car.

Now the station agent's sister returned from Buffalo only the day before yesterday, and last night was asked by the station agent's wife to tea. During the meal the agent happened to speak about the old woman and the invalid girl, and asked his sister if the poor thing had been taken worse on the train. In reply she learned the following curious facts:

“First—The sister had noticed the couple very particularly, as they were the only other travelers who boarded the train with her, and the old woman was noticeably ugly. But, strangely enough, she did not get the impression of the girl being an invalid. She seemed, she said, quite ordinarily strong. She wore a veil over her face, but her hair was very yellow. Note particularly that the sister was absolutely convinced that the hair was bleached. I questioned her myself upon this point, and she grew quite angry when I suggested a mistake. She said no one could mistake bleached hair!

“Second—The two did not go to New York at all, but left the train at Hamstead, which is only about twenty miles from Dalby! She is sure of this—indeed, as the couple had interested her from the first she is hardly likely to be mistaken. It was still dark when the train ran into Hamstead, but she saw the two pass under the station lamps, making their way to the exit gate. The girl now wore a veil over her yellow hair as well as over her face, but she walked quite easily, and did not appear ill in the least. That, sir, is all the evidence.”

The detective gave a long whistle, but before he could reply, Mark, noting the eagerness in the young fellow's face, insisted they hear his conclusions before beginning to discuss the matter themselves.

□

“Well, sir,” said the young fellow, modestly, “the conclusions are fairly obvious. It would seem in the first place that the old woman deliberately tried to make the agent believe that she was bound for New York, that she purposely called his attention to the alleged helpless state of the young girl; that she purposely left the girl's yellow hair uncovered that the agent might notice it. Therefore, the old woman wished to establish a trail for a young lady with yellow hair, which, if investigation occurred,

would lead to New York. It would seem, also, that the young woman was not as ill as the old one made out, and, further, that she was on friendly terms with her companion. Also, in my opinion, it is fairly certain that her yellow hair was bleached. It is not likely that another woman would make a mistake in that matter, especially as the missing lady's hair is remarkable for its natural beauty of coloring. Therefore I conclude that the young person in the train was not the lady we are seeking, but one merely intended to represent her, and thereby aid in establishing a misleading trail. It seems, further, that the two undoubtedly alighted at Hamstead. And why not? It was not necessary to go to New York, it was only necessary to seem to go there. The accident of the presence of the agent's sister in the train could not have been foreseen. If you remember, she came at the last moment, and got on in a great hurry, so that the other two did not see her, or if they did, it would not occur to them that she was any connection of the agent's. If we had only the evidence of the agent, we might very possibly have concluded that our quarry had cleared for New York, taking the half-stupefied girl with her. The old hag knew that the agent would never notice that the girl's hair was bleached!”

“I think you have thought it out very reasonably,” said Mark. “It all seems to fit together like pieces of puzzle. And the conclusion of the whole thing is—”

“It is rather early for such a conclusion yet,” declared Mr. Johnson, who like other successful artists, was not without jealousy. “Still I suppose it will do no harm to hear what he thinks.”

“I think,” said the young detective, “that the missing lady is concealed somewhere close at hand, probably between here and Dalby.”

“Bravo!” said Mark. “I feel sure of it.”

“And the young person with the bleached hair?” asked Mr. Torrance.

“She must be partly in the secret, and she ought to be easy to trace. My own guess (it's only a guess, would be that she probably belongs to the house where the missing lady is concealed.”

“Hum! well, guessing is not going to help us,” said Mr. Johnson, rather sourly. “What we want to do is to spot all the possible places of concealment within a ten-mile radius of Dalby—that is, if there is anything in your theories.” He drew from his pocket a large paper map which he spread upon the library table. “Here is a road map. It is a special map made under my own supervision. Every house is marked with a few illuminative notes in cipher. Now then, we will first take the straight Dalby Road. It doesn't look likely. See, these houses set along it at reasonably frequent intervals are all farm houses belonging to old residents, not much chance of hiding a kidnapped girl in any of them, eh? This is the toll-house, kept by a respectable old couple. It consists of one room and a bedroom, a rat could hardly be hidden there. This is the Dalby Road Inn. It is quite well known as a stopping-place for motorists. They give quite a decent country lunch there. I've often tried it myself. It is kept by a very respectable woman, by name Haffey, with a pretty grand-daughter. I am convinced that they would not lend themselves—”

□

“Excuse me,” interrupted the young detective, diffidently, “but those people are no longer in charge of the inn. They left about a month ago, and are now living in Hamstead.”

“How do you know that?” snapped Johnson.

“I—well, you see, I know Miss Haffey rather well. She is, as you say, a remarkably pretty girl.”

“Oh, I see—sweethearts! Well, that accounts for it. Perhaps you know who keeps the inn now?”

“No; I have never been there since Mrs. Haffey and Fanny left. I only know that they sold out for a good sum. Stay, though—I came by there to-day in the motor. We were going very fast, but I naturally looked at the house. There was someone at the side door scattering the grain for the chickens. It was a woman. I couldn't see much of her.” Suddenly he jumped to his feet with a startled exclamation. “By the lord Harry!” he cried. “She had yellow hair!”

“What!”

“How stupid of me! never to think of it. Of course she had yellow hair! It was the only noticeable thing about her. I remember thinking at a distance it might almost be Fanny, but Fanny's hair was dark brown. This girl's was yellow, startlingly yellow!”

Mark had also risen. He was very pale. “It looks like a clue,” he said. “If it is—” he locked the young man's hands in his own with a grip that spoke volumes.

“Plenty of girls have yellow hair,” said Johnson the complacent. “So don't get excited. However we'll soon know about this one. Think you can tell bleached hair when you see it, Cunningham?”

“I think I can, sir,” said the young detective, modestly.

“Well, you and I will run down to the inn at once—”

But Mark, who had been talking excitedly with Mr. Torrance, interrupted him without ceremony.

“We think that that would be very unwise,” he said. “There is always a chance that you may be known to be a detective. If they are as sharp as they seem to be they might have time to get away. Wouldn't it be better for me to go alone in my own motor as I have gone dozens of times before?”

“I do not think so. If they know Mr. Torrance, isn't it likely that they will know you? Be-

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# THE SONG OF LIFE

## An Easter Story

By KATHERINE HALE



ARCH was shouting his last wild halloo to winter, there were streaks of sun across the windiest days, the snow had left the valleys, the florists' windows were brilliant with flowers, and piano organs were playing in the streets of the town. Easter was but a week away, and the story was not written.

Her chance of chances had come, and was probably passing forever. She rose from her desk, on which was piled copy paper and various books of travel, and decided to go to the Press Club tea. Anything to get away from the oppressive silence of her own room, and the accusing cry of Conscience that marched with Time and tortured her nerves by the assertion that if she really "had it in her" that Easter story must have flowed from her pen without any hesitation whatever.

For a year she had clipped and signed "Poignant Paragraphs" for the inside page of the *Weekly Sun*, she had written the minor reviews, attended the lesser concerts, and been a patient and on the whole grateful understudy to the small but mighty staff of that journal whose name is a Canadian household word. She had been patient, and on the whole grateful, because the spirit within her whispered prophecies and seemed to wait on tip-toe for release and the voice of its own expression.

But now the time had come—and where was the expression?

The Editor had asked her for an Easter story. Suddenly and without warning he had made this request. "We're enlarging the supplement for Easter, and I want a story. Lilies, Bells, Choir Boys, anything you like, only bring in a good gripping human interest, and we'll give you special rates, and a decorative border. Turn it in by the first, won't you?"

That was two weeks ago, and as yet the outline of an Easter story had never even faintly suggested itself. There were exactly three days left before the first. Listlessly she turned to the process of dressing to go out.

"You see, it's like this," she murmured to the tired little face in the glass, "after all it's like this; you simply haven't got it in you! All those dreams and possibilities, all the fancies and the convictions and the colors that flash across your brain don't stand you in very good stead when the test comes. Just because a subject is settled for you, you balk. A hundred plots and plans have gone through your mind for weeks, they longed to be written out; but when the time comes to imagine strongly enough actually to create, the fancies dissolve into thin air, they don't last, they are ghosts, not actual beings . . . and just the clipping scissors and the glue pot remain . . . only a thin little dream . . . Easter with the bells and flowers . . . the hope of the springtime . . . the color of the fresh young world . . . a story to be written in leafgreen and flute tones . . . so many people have said it all before . . . what is left for me?"

Tingle went the telephone bell.

She lifted the receiver.

"Yes? . . . Why! . . . Harry! . . . I thought you were still away. I never dreamed of you getting back so soon. . . . Yes, of course I'm glad! . . . Nothing—at least I was going to the Press Club tea. . . . Oh! I think that's unfair. What do you know about the Press Club? We're perfect dears, every one of us. And I need ideas to-day very badly. I have only three days left to write an Easter story—of gripping human interest—and my mind is one small white blank. . . . Of course, I'd love to! But would it be right? I mean the waste of time? Heavens! No, I don't mean that! Yes, truly . . . I'll tie my hat down. Hoot twice and I'll know it's you."

□

FIRST the city streets, then the slums, then the suburbs, then the hard long road with the rough lake tumbling below them on one side and irregular stretches of leafless woods on the other. The purring machine, the girl—and the man.

Silence for some time, as the wild sweep of ozone filled their lungs with the breath of new life.

"Fancy getting you—I was going to say, so easily," he began, turning to her with no attempt to disguise his joy. "It didn't take ten minutes after I had 'phoned you, and for once your line wasn't busy. I've been in luck, *ma mia*, for you seemed thousands of miles away, instead of dozens, while I was still in Buffalo only this morning. Somehow I felt that you weren't happy all this week. The idea haunted me until it positively interfered with business."

She glanced at him quickly through the pink rays of her motor veil. "Wizard-of-all," she answered in mock mystery, "your telepathy disturbs me! If ever anyone has written cheerful letters to another, I have to you all the interminable time you've been gone."

"Yes, all about nothing," he answered. "That's what bothered me. You don't waste words on pink teas and so on unless you've something up your sleeve that I'm not to be in. And I want to be in everything, you see. That's where I'm so cursedly selfish. As for the outside life—there's much of it I can't enter, of course. But the real thing, the life of your thoughts and hopes and desires. I'm cold when you shut that door."

There was silence, while the little car ran on, gliding up a hill, dipping into a hollow, while the sunlight, borne on the late March wind, seemed to wave and undulate like a banner, riding with them all the way. Sometimes the lazy farm

horses shied impatiently as they whizzed past, once some huntsmen in red coats flashed a note of vivid color, white wings of gulls appeared above the grey-green lake, and in the woods naked boughs swayed lightly. Everywhere one felt the movement of an Approach. Nature, all wind-and-sun-swept, was waiting for the first footfall of the spring.

And still the girl allowed a complete silence to follow her lover's appeal. The Difference in them widened as the moments, like the road, seemed to fly past in that bath of golden light.

Presently she turned to ask him what he had been doing all the week.

"Selling stocks up north," he answered rather shortly. "Heavens, it was cold around Cobalt and in North Bay! But keen, glorious! They're great people up there. You got my wire Wednesday? Well, then I struck across to Buffalo, and I've been in and out ever since. I did a lot of the north-east corner of the state by motor. Met some queer characters, too, by Jove! And all the time my brains were working like a machine, my heart was crying out for you, and wondering about you, and hoping, and—yes, really—praying about your answer—your answer, *ma mia*. That's the thing, of course. It's what I've been dreaming of and working for all year long. Until I proved myself a man among men I couldn't expect you to be sure. And it looked blue enough this time last year. All those months I was fighting to win even your interest, your bare interest, I was just a gambler in dead mines—or so the world said—in dreams and fictions that wouldn't come to life. But don't you see, I held the secret of all life behind me—just sheer Faith. Everything had to come right. And I willed and willed it, and the world had to yield what I wanted, so it has come, slowly, surely, hasn't it? Hasn't it?"

An absurd little hand, evidently designed for the use of a grown-up fairy, stole out of a big grey muff towards his, and a mournful conviction rang in her flutey voice.

"Of course it has come to you, *mon ami*, success, and the proving of yourself. But not in my case. At the end of a year of work, what do I find? Failure in myself at the first test; the inability to work practically, to write a story when I'm asked; simply to put into shape my own ideas so that they shall live and move for other people. It seems that I only dream. I don't do. Therefore, I haven't proved myself. What you have done I have failed to accomplish."

"Only in one way," he interrupted eagerly. "You've been my entire success, you've stood behind every thought and plan, and carried them out with me. And 'on your own' it seems to me you have done new and hard work, have borne long office hours, loss of home, lack of pleasure, restraint, subordination, all those things that make a woman in journalism one of the Seven Wonders of the World. Is that nothing? I guess no."

"But when the one little shining Chance comes, the bit of creative work that would alone redeem this drudgery and make it worth while, why—the drudgery itself has slain me. The clipping scissors and the glue pot have done their deadly work—my ideas are dead."

"If so, why?" he urged suddenly, in that quick fashion that sought the heart of a subject instantly, "because you've let them die. Because the routine of work—drudgery, perhaps—has crowded out life. Because, thrust out of your own world, you've allowed analysis to come in. Did you ever think what that word means? Well, it's the thing most stories and articles are made of—and it's got nothing to do with life. I bet you have got into the horrible habit of 'wondering' all the time—wondering whether you have really got 'genius' or whether you haven't, wondering if your 'technique' is growing, wondering if you should go to the Press Club and mix with the clan, or keep away from it and nurse originality, wondering whether you should love me, and if, when it 'comes to come' you really do love me or not? Of course you love me! There is no more question about that than the fact that a thousand buds are swelling along those big brown boughs, and the foot of the wind is boosting spring along with us. Just let life alone, and she answers all the questions for us, little heart."

Silence again, while the Difference narrowed in that triumphant bath of the sun.

"As for that Easter story"—catching her unspoken thought—"it seems to me that there is one very sure thing. You won't find it in churches, where they put conservatory lilies in their pots along the chancel, and quartettes sing anthems at so much per minute, nor in heart-stories, where the Easter Bonnet holds sway, nor in descriptions of the Vatican at Rome, nor in the best that you or any human could write about the mystery of Death. Because Easter is a kind of shout that transcends death, and goes on and on forever. Write about anything that lives, *ma mia*, and you have your Easter story."

□

AND after a little that winged god, the car, ceased suddenly, for no apparent reason, while the man crawled under its anatomy, and the pink girl cooled her heels in idleness until the mood took her to explore a tiny house along the road and warm those selfsame heels.

"I'll come for you in ten minutes," shouted the man, encouragingly.

A bewildered dame answered her little knock.

"Of course ye may come in," said she. "I bin watchin' ye since it run down. Is it a break, then?"

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# THE COST OF A CRIME

The Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Reedham steals thirteen thousand pounds of trust money held by the firm of Lowther, Currie and Company, in London, England. He confesses to his friend, Lidgate, who allows him to escape, and who afterwards informs Mrs. Reedham of the crime. The only child, Leslie, is at school in Surrey. Leslie is brought home from school. Reedham, in the meantime, has found shelter in lodgings with Mrs. Webber, an old servant, and assumes the name of Thomas Charlton. He obtains employment with Archibald Currie, a brother of his former partner and is unrecognized. "Charlton" does well and wins the esteem of Mr. Currie and his ward, Katherine Wrede. Mrs. Reedham suffers from financial stress. "Charlton" prospers for two years and then it is decided to send him to South Africa.

"I HAVE been telling my brother of your hurried preparation, Charlton," said Archibald Currie pleasantly, "and how willingly you have fallen in with all my arrangements."

"It is a duty as well as a pleasure, sir," replied Charlton in a low voice. "Will you excuse me now? A man is waiting on the telephone. I merely looked in to say that I have engaged a second-class berth."

"First-class," put in Archibald Currie.

"No, second, it is good enough. The accommodation is first-rate. I'll go now."

He went out by the door rather abruptly, fancying that James Currie had moved to a position where he could better see his face.

"A queer-looking cuss," he observed, as the door closed. "What does he wear those blue goggles for? I could swear he doesn't need them."

"His eyes are weak. He's a good-looking man enough, Jamie. You're prejudiced."

"I could swear he isn't what he seems. There's a furtive uneasiness about him that is suggestive. But I'm not surprised, Archie, knowing what your fads are. You'll get let in one of these days, perhaps this time, who knows, then perhaps you'll be a little more careful about the scum of the earth."

"Jamie, I wish you'd pick your words," said Archie, good-humoredly. "I am certain Charlton's going to score for me this time."

"Well, let's hope so. I shouldn't care for Stephen to go out with that man, and he wouldn't care for it himself."

He took up his hat and they left the room together. As they passed the clerk's desk Archibald Currie stopped and let his hand fall for a moment with a very kind touch on Leslie Reedham's head. He half paused, as if to speak, and then seeming to think better of it, passed on. But outside he made an announcement which surprised his brother not a little.

"That was John Reedham's boy, Jamie. I would have presented him to you, but I couldn't remember whether you ought to remember him without introduction, and was afraid you might not wish to see him."

"Reedham's boy!" repeated James Currie, stopping in the passage and looking blankly into his brother's face. "Well, upon my word, Archie, what next? Are you incorrigible?"

"The sins of the fathers," said Archibald musingly. "We needn't visit them on the innocent heads. He's working very steadily, a nice lad, and devoted to his mother. It won't hurt you after all, Jamie, so you needn't glower over it. Give my respects to Jane, and if she'll be at home on Saturday afternoon I'll come up and make my peace after I get Charlton away."

They shook hands, and James Currie passed out. There was no good arguing with Archibald, he told himself, as he proceeded slowly down the street. He would be eccentric and unaccountable, to the last day of his life.

The conversation, however, had upset Archie more than he knew. He left business early, and got home to Hyde Park Square a little after tea. Katherine was at home, and flew to wait on him. Whatever worries met him in the world of business, the welcome at home never failed.

He told her about the trouble in South Africa, and of Charlton's hurried commission to go at once. She seemed deeply interested; he even fancied as he spoke that a slight shade crossed her face.

"You don't think with James that I am digging my own grave trusting this man so far," he said, as he took his cup of freshly-made and fragrant tea from her hand.

"No, certainly not," she answered, and the tea was spilled, by whose fault neither of them knew. She stooped, and with her handkerchief wiped the stain from his sleeve, apologizing with a faint smile.

"So you think he's all right, Katie, eh? Well, you've seen a good bit of him lately, and I must say I'd trust your judgment faster than Jamie's. He's a sort of Ishmaelite, with his hand against every

man. You never get good service starting on these lines, my dear."

"No, I should say not. Has he been speaking against Mr. Charlton, then?"

"Yes, this afternoon. He thinks he'll make a mess of the Cape business, or perhaps do me altogether. But I'm easy. I like Charlton. He's straight, and there never was a man who worked with such a will. He's a perfect galley slave. He's coming out to dinner to-night, and he sails on Saturday afternoon."

"How long will he be away?"

"Six months probably. I'm sorry to send him out at this season. Some men would have objected. If I'd been ten years younger, Katie, I would have tried to engineer the thing till August or so, and taken you with me. A big change would do us both good."

She made no reply, but he thought her face unusually grave.

"My brother came to me about another matter this afternoon, Katie. Charlton was by the way. He was championing Stephen's cause."

Her color rose, and he saw her hand clench a little.

"Uncle Archie, it is not kind nor right that I should be pestered like this. Why won't anybody believe, even you, that I have been quite fair and straight with Stephen Currie. I have told him as plainly as any woman can speak that I can't and won't marry him. Will there never be an end of it?"

"Apparently not. He's very much in love."

"But I am not," she said rebelliously. "I shall have to leave London if he keeps on tormenting me like this. I had a letter from him yesterday; I burned it without telling you. I am so tired of it all. Let's go away somewhere where we can't see or hear anything about the James Curries."

Her eyes were full of tears, which surprised Archibald Currie. He could not remember seeing her in tears before.

He was quick enough, however, to enter into her mood, and they drifted into talk of their summer plans, which ended in a project of immediate excursions into the country to look for a suitable home as a permanency. The hours quickly passed, and when Charlton arrived to dine at half-past seven he found Miss Wrede in the drawing-room alone. She was looking extraordinarily handsome, in a diaphanous black robe and no ornaments but a big bunch of roses in her corsage.

"Good evening," she said, and her voice had never sounded sweeter or more womanly. "Excuse my uncle not being down, will you? He will be here immediately. He came home very tired and worried from the city, and I persuaded him to lie down. He has had a lovely sleep, and feels so much better. So you have a long journey in prospect? It is good of you to be so willing to relieve my uncle of part of his anxiety. He is very happy about it."

"And I also. It is the chance of a lifetime. He will never understand how much I owe to him," replied Charlton, in a full voice. "I suppose you are aware that he picked me up a derelict and set me on my feet? He has often spoken of my willing service, making far too much of it. You will quickly understand that any service I can render must first of all be a thank offering."

Her eyes glowed, her sweet, proud mouth trembled a little as she bowed her head.

"I understand that; but nothing will ever make me believe, Mr. Charlton, that you became a derelict, as you express it, through any fault of your own."

"Ah, what a comfort you would be to a man who might aspire to be your friend!" he cried involuntarily. "Your words sink deep into my heart, believe me, I am unable to justify them, I can only say thank you. It is women like you, and men like Mr. Currie, who help to lessen the woe of the world."

She heard the sound of footsteps in the distance and her uncle's voice.

With a gesture of infinite grace and friendliness she took the bouquet from her bosom and gave him a rose.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE SPY.

NEXT morning Charlton was startled to find on his desk a letter addressed in a quite familiar handwriting. It bore no stamp, but he needed no telling whence it came. Was not every character familiar; how many times he had joked and

teased his wife about her dashing lines, her somewhat fantastic style. Yet it was characteristic, too, for Bessie Reedham with all her sweetness would be very determined when occasion arose. He toyed with the letter, not immediately opening it. He could guess its contents, and also surmised that the boy had brought it. He nodded to him as he came through the office a few moments before, and had even been struck by a certain wistfulness in his expression; a look that put into words might have said: "Why do you go away?" He looked at his other letters, even opened one or two, but so languid was his interest that he realized his wife's letter must be opened first.

28 Burnham Road,  
Clapton, N.E.

May 14th.

Dear Sir—

I beg that you will excuse my intrusion, but I have heard from my son that you are about to leave England for a considerable period, and I feel I should like to offer you before you go my heartfelt thanks for your very great kindness to the boy. He is never tired talking about it, and I can easily gather how exceptionally considerate and helpful you have been to him. I do not know whether you are aware of the distressing circumstances of my life, of how little chance there is that I shall ever be able to repay you. But at least you have won the lifelong gratitude of a woman who has suffered beyond the common lot. It is my earnest desire and prayer that the boy himself may prove grateful and worthy your almost fatherly kindness. Wishing you the fullest success in your undertaking, and a speedy return.

Believe me, yours gratefully,

BESSIE ALICE REEDHAM.

Charlton smiled strangely as he laid the letter down, and dropping his chin in his hands, kept his eyes fixed on the written words. But it was not of them he was thinking at the moment. A sudden temptation came to him to make a clean breast of the whole circumstances, to go out to Bessie and take her to his heart. His heart beat a little at the thought, but he tried to repress the ardor of his desire, telling himself the time was not yet ripe. This journey to the Cape, if brought to a successful issue, would certainly so consolidate his position that it would be safe to own up. Even the money might then be restored, for everything is forgiven to a successful man. "No, no, we must wait, poor old girl," he said tenderly, as he folded up the letter. "I must not even write unless I dictate it. I'll send a message by the boy."

He replaced the letter in its envelope and slipped it into an inner pocket. It touched something there that impeded its smooth progress. He put his hand in a trifle impatiently, and drew out a piece of tissue paper in which something was wrapped. Then he flushed dully, for it was the rose Katherine Wrede had given him, and which he had said should be his talisman of success. He changed it to another pocket, and then with a sudden effort of the will took it out again and threw it in the small, clear fire, which the chill of May mornings rendered acceptable. It was the right thing to do, yet he did not like to hear it crackle. He rose and stepped out into the office where all the clerks' pens were scratching busily, and made his way to the particularly high stool on which Leslie Reedham was perched. He spoke a few kind, almost tender words to the boy, and while he was speaking the head of the firm came in, smiling genially, as was his wont, on one and all.

"You seem very fond of that boy, Charlton," he remarked, as Charlton followed him to the private room. "I don't wonder at it; he's a promising lad, and his mother will be grateful, I am sure."

"She wrote to me to-day, thanking me," said Charlton, with some difficulty. "But it's a very trifling thing, after all. The initial kindness, the great service, was rendered by you."

"Ah, yes, that's very true; but more even depends on the environment after the chance is given. Now, that lad's spirit would be easily crushed. Put him under Turner, for instance. His jeers and jibes would soon take the heart out of a sensitive lad like that. I wish you'd tell me what to do with Turner, Charlton. I don't like him. I've tried to get over it, and be just to him, but something tells me I ought to get rid of him. He's merely an eyeservant, and a poor one at that. But I think of his wife and children; I am told he has five children, and at his age he wouldn't find a berth so easily. I fear I must endure him a little longer."

Charlton made no reply. He did not care for



the man, and could easily have proved a case against him. But gratitude for mercy vouchsafed to himself made him generous and forbearing towards others.

"Keep him on, sir," he said in a low voice, "as long as you possibly can. As you say, he will not easily find a berth."

"Well, since you plead his cause, I'll leave him in the meantime. But I wish I could feel more certain about him. I don't trust him, as perhaps I ought—"

Immediately he changed the subject, for there was much to discuss and settle regarding affairs at the Cape. Next afternoon Charlton left London with a wonderfully lightened heart, determined to put forth the most strenuous efforts on his employer's behalf, to leave no stone unturned to make his commission a success. Had Archibald Currie even faintly guessed what the success might mean to the man who had undertaken the journey, he could not have had a single qualm. But indeed he had none, and that evening, over the dinner table at his house in Hyde Park Square, he extolled him to the skies. Katherine seemed to listen so well-pleased that a curious thought—or, rather, intuition—flashed through Archibald Currie's mind. Seldom had she appeared so interested in any man.

"You still like Charlton, Katie?" he said enquiringly, as he took up the half glass of '47 port with which he invariably concluded his dinner.



"Yes, I like him," she frankly replied. "He is simple, honest, and sincere. And so much a gentleman. I would give something to know the story behind those eyes."

"And if it should be a discreditable story, as James assured me yesterday was most likely?"

"Nothing could make me believe that of Mr. Charlton," she replied, in the same firm, steady tone.

"Well, he's a lucky man to have gained your confidence—generally a difficult feat for his sex," observed the old man whimsically. "There's no doubt about his ability, at any rate; and my mind is extraordinarily at ease about the Cape affair. Well, I heard to-day of an old Dorset Manor House that may suit us, I think. Not too much land, but an ideal house, and the old oak in it they say is worth a king's ransom. Yet it's to be had cheap. It belongs at present to Gelderstein, the stock broker, who bought it from Lord Brinkwell. Shall we go down on Monday and look at it?"

Katherine was all interest at once, and they went on to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of country life, while Charlton, tossing on the English Channel, was thinking of the strange web of his fate, and speculating regarding its ultimate issue. Against his better judgment he had penned a note in a disguised hand from the boat at Plymouth to his own wife. It was unnecessary, also, since he had sent a verbal message of thanks by the boy. But the temptation was too great. A good many people in London thought of Charlton that night, the majority of those immediately interested wishing him well. Among them Mary Anne Webber, busy putting away all his things, having liberty to let the rooms if she could in his absence, pondered on the lapse of time, and how apparently, without regret, he had been able to live the solitary life. It was inexplicable to her. Mary Anne was an elemental creature. Cut her off from the usual routine of life, withdraw from her the ordinary family ties and obligations, and she would be at sea. She could not understand Charlton, she had given up trying. More than once she had hinted that it could not be right for his wife to remain in ignorance of his whereabouts, and on the morning of his departure he had called her in, and partly explaining the nature of his journey, had said that on his return all would be cleared up; with that she was obliged to be content. In the interval, however, another person intervened in time to hasten matters to a crisis.



Turner, by nature a spy, had easily discovered his rival's place of abode, as well as the very few and quite innocent facts regarding his private life. A mere suggestion thrown out by his wife, a stupid creature, at the best, had sent him off on a strange track regarding Charlton. When he discovered that Mary Anne Webber had once been a servant in Reedham's house at Norwood he began to piece the story together; Charlton's absence from London gave him an extraordinarily favorable chance to prosecute the enquiries which, if satisfactory to Turner himself, would put a very effective spoke in Charlton's wheel. There are men to whom no dirty work comes amiss. Turner was in no way troubled with any qualms regarding his underhand dealings where Charlton was concerned, and continued to proceed with them in a leisurely fashion. He had a final step in view, but was in no haste until Charlton should be well across the ocean.

It was the month of June, on a fine Saturday afternoon, when riding on the top of an omnibus all the way from Victoria, he arrived in Camden Road. He wore a light tweed suit, a straw hat, and a flower in his buttonhole; and he smoked hard all the way through the crowded streets, while he pondered on all the issues which might arise from that afternoon's work. If his suspicions should really prove to be correct, he was not even certain that he could not claim a reward from Scotland Yard. Just two years ago John Reedham had been badly wanted by the authorities. The excitement grew upon the spy, and he was glad to get off the omnibus at Britannia, and take a brisk walk for the remainder of the way.

His visit was to Mrs. Webber, and he had decided upon a very bold move. He found the house with-

out difficulty, having on two occasions shadowed Charlton almost to the door.

The exterior of No. 47 in the crescent was very trim and inviting, with its clean curtains and bright window boxes. A card with "Apartments" printed in bold letters in the sitting-room window furnished Turner with an excuse, if he required any, for intruding on Mrs. Webber.

Mary Anne was very busy getting ready to take her numerous brood out to tea at the house of her sister-in-law at Dalston, and was considerably flustered when Alice said a gentleman was in the sitting-room waiting to see her. She kept him waiting some few minutes, and was profuse in her apologies when she did appear at last, very red in the face, but resplendent in her Sunday clothes.

"Don't mention it, ma'am," said Turner smoothly. "I'm in no hurry at all. Merely lookin' for rooms for a friend of mine. Saturday afternoon may be inconvenient for you, ma'am, but for a business man like myself it suits uncommonly well. Fact, it's the only time we have to do a little business."

"Yes, sir. I understands, but though the card is hup in the winder, it can't be a permanency, as the gentleman wot 'as 'ad 'em is only away for six months, an' I promised to keep 'em ready against the time 'e comes back."

"Yes, yes, I quite understand," said Turner, and in spite of himself his voice betrayed a sort of trembling eagerness. "Fact is," he added, lowering his voice, and suddenly jerking his thumb vaguely round the room, "all fair and square here, Mrs. Webber, nobody but friends in this house, eh?"

"We are friendly folks, sir, yes," said Mary Anne, but a trifle drily, for she did not feel favorably impressed by the stranger, and his familiarity somehow annoyed her.

"Fact is, Mrs. Webber, I shouldn't have known of these lodgings except through the gentleman we needn't name. He recommended them to me."

"Did 'e? Well, it's queer 'e didn't tell me. 'E wasn't at all keen about my lettin' 'em, and would 'ave paid while he was away. But as I pointed out, it was a silly waste o' money; an' 'e 'avin' to spend so much travelin' about. An' I promised to put all 'is things away an' tike great care o' 'em. How long would your friend want the rooms for?"

"Till Mr. Charlton comes back. You see, we're all pals, we saw him the last thing before he sailed. We are in the know, you see, ma'am," he added, lowering his voice. "We were friends of John Reedham's before Thomas Charlton was ever heard of—"

He spoke the words deliberately, and watched with ferret eyes for signs of their effect on the woman listening to him. He saw her start, and a deepened flush overspread her face. But she shut her lips.



"I dunno what you're talkin' abart, sir," said she. "My Mister Charlton will be back this side o' Chrissmus. If any gentleman likes to tike the rooms knowin' 'e'll 'ave to turn hout the moment Mister Charlton come back 'e can 'ave them a sovring a week hand no extries."

Turner nodded and slightly winked. He had not perhaps achieved the instantaneous effect he had looked for, on the other hand he had not failed. The start, the flush, and the uneasy eye of Mary Anne told their tale. Turner was now absolutely convinced that Reedham and Charlton were one.

"Well, I'll tell my friend he may call next week to see the rooms. Meanwhile I'm certainly obliged to you, good-day."

"Good-day," answered Mary Anne with most unpromising severity, and as she closed the door another word escaped her lips. "Varmint!" She sat down trembling on the hall bench, and vigorously fanned her face with her handkerchief. She had very nearly given herself away, indeed she was not quite sure whether she had not done so wholly. The memory of Turner's eyes upon her when he had uttered Reedham's name made her feel cold yet. She was wholly miserable lest she had inadvertently wrought some mischief to the man she had so long befriended. Turner, sneak and spy, had found her off guard. She felt that though her spoken words had been all right, her looks had belied her.

The children came clamoring on the stairs to know when she would be ready to leave for the party, and with a sigh she was obliged to put her own misgivings on one side. To-morrow was Sunday, she told herself, as she gave little Tommy's collar a somewhat impatient jerk to bring it into position. Perhaps then she might steal an hour for quiet reflection. She would send the children to the park in the afternoon, and perhaps pay a visit to Burnham Road, Clapton, where Mrs. Reedham lived. She felt that this might be the right thing to do—something warned her that Turner was a person to be guarded against, and that he had treachery in his black heart regarding John Reedham. As Reedham had promised everything should be cleared up on his return from the Cape, there could be no great harm in letting the secret out. It was weighing on her so heavily she felt she could bear it no longer. At her sister's house in Kingsland Road she suddenly remembered how near she was to Clapton and how easily she might pay an experimental call on her old mistress. Alice Emily—otherwise Mrs. Higgins—made no objection to her leaving the company for an hour, having had the reason partly explained, and about six o'clock she got into the car in the High Street and proceeded out Clapton way. Mary Anne Webber, a Londoner born, was in her element seeking out new places. She found Burnham Road quite easily by a sort of homing instinct as it were. She began to feel very excited as she drew near the house, but reflecting that she could explain her call to Mrs. Reedham on perfectly natural grounds, she calmed herself with an effort and

knocked at the door. She was disappointed with the appearance of the house. It did not look well-kept. A little sigh escaped her as she recalled to memory the beautiful Norwood home in which her old mistress had taken such pride. She rang twice, and then a maid, out of the usual uniform, though quite neat and tidy, opened the door.

"Mrs. Reedham—no she ain't at home, and there ain't no Mrs. Reedham now," she said somewhat pertly.

"She lives here, don't she? My nime's Webber, I'm an old servant of 'ers, when she was at Norwood. Ain't this 'er address?"

"'As been, but never no more, thanks be to goodness," said the other one. "I think I've 'eard of you. Come in, won't cher, if you've come fur, an' I'll get yer a cup o' tea. I'm on me own jus' now. Keepin' open 'ouse fer Master Leslie till they comes back."

Mary Anne looked completely mystified, and after a moment's hesitation accepted the invitation to step inside. Her new friend conducted her to the little kitchen at the back, which looked upon the garden and was a very cool and shady place on a hot afternoon.

"The stove's hout, but I can boil the kettle in a trice on the gas ring. Sit down, Mrs. Webber. Well, ain't this a how-dye-do?"



"I don't know what you mean," said Mary Anne desperately. "Whatever are you talkin' abart?"

The damsel bustled about quietly, with the important air of one who knew great secrets, but was in no hurry to impart them.

"My, ain't it 'ot fer May? I was that glad yer can't think to git the stove off. I'm to begin turnin' hup to-morrow, only keepin' Master Leslie's room rite till they comes back."

"Where is Marster Leslie. I should like dearly to see him."

"No; 'e's gone down to 'em to-day in the country. Not at liberty to say where. It's a secret, like it always is in 'igh society," said the damsel, with her finger on her lips. "Missis only told me 'erself yesterday. But everybody'll know this week—least-ways, all them as 'as any business. There 'ear the kettle singing; it's the cutest ring yer ever saw. The pore gel's friend, I should christen it, I should—"

"What is it they're going to tell Marster Leslie, an' who's they?" enquired Mary Anne, with a desperate note in her voice. She did not know what she was going to hear, she only felt a great and growing apprehension, rapidly approaching panic.

"Well, as you're a friend of the family, so ter speak, I suppose I may tell yer. There ain't no Mrs. Reedham now; an' pore, dear, she must a bin mighty glad to get rid o' that nime. It ain't ever done 'er no good. But there's a Mrs. George Lidgate now, of 13 Cranbrook Terrace, Regent's Park; a lovely house, with double drorin-room. It's nearly settled, I think, though Missis, I know, was keen on the country. It was only thinkin' on Master Leslie, she said she'd live in London—"

To the damsel's astonishment, the visitor threw up her hands.

"God-a-mighty, it's a lie; it can't be true. Why—"

She drew herself up sharply there, remembering what mischief is wrought by careless talk. But she moaned, and leaned upon her chair, rocking herself distressingly to and fro.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE RETURN.

REEDHAM returned to Southampton in November, by which time war had been declared in South Africa, and the long tragedy in England had begun. So rapidly had the time passed, so full of events had it been, that he could scarcely realize that six months had actually elapsed since he left England. He had left in the glory and glow of an English summer, he returned to find winter on the landscape and winter in the souls of men.



By the steamer in which he had his passage were the first batch of wounded from the front, consigned to Netley, where they were sadly, yet eagerly, waiting for them. The great leviathan moved to her dock with a stately dignity, almost as if she felt the importance of her mission. Charlton, standing impatiently on the deck, glanced with but a casual interest at the small crowd gathered on the quay. Among that crowd there would be none to welcome him. A fine, thin rain was falling through the soundless air, and a dense mist hung low over Southampton Water, obscuring the great hospital on the one side and the fringes of the New Forest on the other. It was a dismal, depressing day, reflective of the deep, almost sullen, depression in every Englishman's soul.

Charlton, it may be at once said, had been extraordinarily successful in the object of his journey. He had arrived at a moment the most opportune, and armed with full credentials and power to act immediately, according to his judgment, he had made excellent terms for his employer.

He found that he possessed organizing powers of a high order, these coupled to a conciliatory manner, and ability to work smoothly with all sorts and conditions of men, stood him in good stead.

The opportunity for securing a large share of the transport trade consequent upon a sudden and serious civil war, was certainly unique.

(To be continued.)





# HYGIENE FOR RURAL SCHOOLS

The Third Article on the Schools Which Are Making Citizens

By A. A. BACKUS, M.D.

TO sum up the suggestions in our former articles upon this question we will divide this one under four heads, viz.: Light, ventilation, drinking water and seating.

In the first place the fact that so many school children suffer from some form of eye trouble shows plainly there must be something wrong in the lighting of our schoolhouses. The difficulty in cities is sometimes unavoidable, because of the difficulty in procuring open space, but in the rural schools this is never the case. Therefore it is always possible to have sufficient light if care is taken in arranging for windows. To get the best effect windows must reach within a few inches of the ceiling. Lighting from the sides is considered by most of our architects insufficient, and by an oculist impracticable. Therefore the easiest remedy is to have windows at the back as well as at the sides of the schoolrooms. The windows ought to have square rather than Gothic tops, and no projecting outside casing or ornaments to cut off the light. Awnings are undesirable, as are yellow, white and red shades. A neutral grey tint is best, and the same neutral grey tint carried out on the inside walls is pleasant to the eye. Dr. F. Lincoln, M.D., writes: "It is a cardinal rule that no one shall be forced to face the windows while reading or otherwise exercising his sight. Therefore no windows must be in front of the scholars. Excessive use, even under favorable conditions, wears the eye. It seems well proved that in general, students who spend longer hours over home lessons are affected by near-sight in larger proportions." Poor light not only fatigues the eye, but also induces the pupil to bring the eye closer to the book.

The eye of a child has an astonishing faculty of seeing things at the distance of two or three inches—and this cannot be done except by the "muscle of accommodation" and in using this muscle, which arranges the focus, there is a change in the shape of the eyeball. An eye in this condition is working in a state of tension and if too long continued is liable to produce permanent change in the form of the shape which produces eventually the near-sighted eye.

□

THIS peculiarity of accommodation also makes it difficult to get children to obey the physiological laws of distance, particularly as there are so many faults in the school furniture to encourage this defect. Separation of the seat from the desk rather than having the desk partly over the seat is one fault, a desk too high in proportion to seat is another, and the stooping position of children in writing is not only bringing the eyes too close to the object, and consequently harmful to them, but the body as well.

During childhood, while the tissues are soft and in formation, it is easy to acquire any deformity, and the eye of the growing child is peculiarly liable to conform to wrong adjustments which are sometimes difficult to connect with any form of lens. The limit at which a book should be held from the eye for small children is from nine to fourteen inches, for larger children, fifteen or sixteen inches, and in the well-lighted schoolroom with properly adjusted desks and seats, there will be little difficulty in getting the pupils to adopt this "physiological" distance. Hypermetropia—long-sight—is a common trouble, astigmatism is also common, both of which are aggravated by poor lighting, and require the attention of an expert medical doctor.

A poorly lighted schoolroom is not only the cause of abnormal conditions of the eye, but the cause of general ill health as well. Sunlight must enter the schoolroom, and will enter it if proper attention has been given to the lighting. Ventilation is a part of lighting, for without that there can be no proper ventilation. When we remember that for every scholar there should be an allowance of two hundred and fifty cubic feet of space, this air space being renewed and changed from time to time, it is easily seen that in no way can that change be brought about so readily and so well as through the open windows.

□

AS schoolhouses are now built, ventilation must be carried out through open windows. Until the system of ventilation by flues is more perfect than it is at present. There must be, even when flues exist, an additional income of fresh air through the windows. This is accomplished by lifting up the lower sash and lowering the upper sash; window boards are placed under the lower sash, filling the entire space, the air entering the crack between the sashes. In this way all direct drafts of air are avoided.

Heating and ventilating go hand in hand, and in our rural schools both are left to the care of the teacher. Here we have wood fires, and often the fuel is green, so that under the very best management the temperature will vary from 50 degrees to 85 degrees, and a thermometer is something almost unknown in the country schoolhouse. The only way to discover the amount of heat or cold is that teachers and children are burning or freezing.

There are some ventilating stoves now on the market, and no doubt, although they cannot supply a quantity of air sufficient with the needs of a school, yet they are good as far as they go.

Fireplaces in private houses are remedies for bad ventilation, but are not equal to the requirements of a school, although a partial remedy in some cases.

The great difficulty in ventilating schools in cold weather is that the impurities in the air cannot be got rid of by themselves, and as the question is not of pure air, our only remedy being to dilute the air by letting out some that is foul and letting in some that is pure. In some cases there is a greater fear of too much dilution by fresh air than of contamination by foul, as children and teacher suffer the consequences of the present conditions through many years to come, and without doubt many patients in consumption hospitals to-day are now paying the penalty of bad ventilation in the schools which they in childhood attended. Of so great consequence is the ventilation of schoolrooms that the thought governing the mind of the architect ought to be, "How can we get rid of the bad air from the exhalations from all these lungs? How can we introduce enough pure air properly warmed to feed these same lungs?" Every device of flues, fireplaces, ventilating stoves, windows, sunlight, ought to be considered and introduced in rural schoolhouses regardless of present cost, as it will be a better investment for the future than even Weston Farm, and will enable the children to develop into strong, vigorous men and women.

□

SOME teachers of the present day have very wisely introduced the custom of opening the windows for a few minutes during school hours, and at the same time giving the children some form of calisthenics. If a school is so fortunate as to own a piano a musical march or drill of five or ten minutes' duration does a great deal of good, helps discipline, relaxes the tension of the mind, relieves the eye and prevents any tendency to take cold from the open windows as the pure air comes in, and the contaminated air escapes. Perhaps there is no greater need in the physical development to-day than increased breathing capacity. This could be greatly encouraged by suggestion during exercise.

There can be no more profitable education than that which fits each for the everyday duties of life, and surely the knowledge of hygiene, or the laws of health, is most important, and this teaching should be practical rather than theoretical, carried out every day in the school life and its adjustments.

Light and ventilation are the most important sanitary agents, and put the body in condition to withstand the onsets of disease.

Care of drinking water for school children is often neglected, and the custom of all pupils drinking from one common cup is not only unsanitary, but has a tendency to develop habits of carelessness and an indifference to the common and "sweet civilities of life." There is a form of nervous drinking by children, and much water is taken which is not needed at all. If you have noticed children in the train, you know the constant running up and down to and from the drinking cup. This is not so much evidence of thirst as of an uncontrolled nervousness. This same thing is carried out in school, and many children if not checked will drink fifteen or sixteen cups of water each day. This causes distended stomachs, and results eventually in some form of indigestion difficult to correct. That the supply of drinking water should be uncontaminated is so evident it would seem unnecessary to write of it, but the condition of the pumps and platforms at the wells in the rural school grounds so often indicates a disregard of ordinary cleanliness, we cannot but call attention to the need of care in this respect.

Pure drinking water, individual drinking cups, a proper pitcher from which to pour it, are some of the requisites to remember in the water supply. The obvious disregard of the comfort of school children is evident in the manner of supplying seats and desks for the pupils, and that this very disregard is the cause of physical deformities there is no doubt. The rarity of a well-formed body is a disgrace to the race; in the lower animals deformity is most uncommon, but probably ninety per cent. of all children after the age of fourteen show some lack of symmetry acquired at school from improper seating, the attitude taken at the desks when writing, and the lolling habits indulged in, both at school and at home.

Perhaps of all the departments in school hygiene to be considered, that of the country privy is most needed, and if the checking of youthful immorality is desirable, here is a splendid place from which to work. "Unclean! unclean!" is the cry of this wooden leper from its ever prominent position in the rural school grounds.

The sanitation and beautifying of our rural schools means so much to the education as well as the health of the pupils that only from the educational side it is worthy of consideration. Children coming from well-regulated, sanitary, orderly schools must bring ideals of health and system which will be carried out in their own homes later on, and the three greatest elements towards health are light, ventilation, proper physical development.





## The Home Grounds

By C. ERNEST WOOLVERTON

THERE is perhaps no subject on which opinion differs so widely as on the ideal treatments of home grounds. Why this is so, and what home owners should do to strike the right trail, I will endeavor to explain.

First, why is it that in walking down a city street or along the country road, you pass homes which you not only see, but feel that the surroundings belong to the home and the home to the surroundings. One seems a part of the other. And again you pass homes that at once give you a feeling of something wrong—out of place, and not the home-like surroundings of the former place.

Let us suppose that each person belonging to the two different types of homes has had equal advantages in building up his home and surroundings. Neither have employed expert aid and neither have an expert knowledge of landscape work. Then, why the difference? Why has one succeeded where the other has failed? Is it not because each person has displayed his own individual taste? Now the one person's taste was educated along right lines while the other's was not. I do not mean by that that either person had studied landscape art, but simply that the one's good taste would express itself in whatever he did in dress, in the inside or the outside of his home, etc., while the other's would be vice versa. Therefore, if you wish to have beautiful homes and home surroundings, you must first educate your taste to appreciate that which is good.

The reader may ask: How are we to know what is really good or bad taste in landscape art? How are we to educate our tastes along this line? I would reply by asking you, for instance, if you intended to acquire good taste in your dress, how would you go about it? Would you order a suit made up just because the goods were of the latest fashion or would you select a color and pattern that would best suit your own requirements. Or again, if you were furnishing and decorating the interior of your home and had no expert advice, would you choose furniture, wall coverings, draperies and rugs without taking into consideration the fitness and harmony of each when brought into their respective relations. If you use your judgment and common sense you would not. In the first instance, you would first study what color and style of clothes were most becoming to you. In the second instance, if your house was colonial architecture, you would wish for colonial furnishings and colors in draperies, upholstery and rugs that would harmonize one with the other. Therefore, you will see that in educating your taste along any line whatever you must not only study and consider the individual merits of the parts, but these parts must harmonize when brought into relationship one with the other.

This applies directly to the ideal treatment of your home grounds. If you are to make a success of laying out your own grounds you must think not only of the merits of each component part, but these parts must be placed and arranged so as to form a harmonious whole. You are, in fact, making an outdoor picture and using real models instead of brush and color. Just as the artist in painting a picture always has some central object or feature with all other parts of the picture in subordination, so you must plan your home surroundings. Your home is the central feature in the picture you are making. You must group your large trees and shrubs to the rear to form a background or setting for the home, and if your lawn is spacious enough, frame in the sides with massed shrubbery, trees and flowers. Always keep an open unbroken expanse of turf in the front and widening as it recedes from the house. Use the brighter colored flowers and shrubbery near the house, being careful that the colors harmonize, and, as you recede, tone the colors down to dull greys and greens.

Do not place any formal flower beds on your lawn. They belong to formal work and should be kept for the formal gardens. Such a garden must have a reason for existence. It must be built



THE GARDEN AT "FLAGCOURT," RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN FIRSTBROOK, TORONTO

on some produced axis of the house and be connected to the house by one or more straight walks and located preferably in the rear.

For instance, you may have a living room with a door or French window located at the rear, and on the centre axis of the room. Now produce the axis from the door by a straight walk leading to some architectural terminus. With this, then, as your major axis, the formal garden may be designed.

As to hard and fast rules, none can be given, for each and every place requires a different treatment according to location, surroundings and existing natural features. I can only say that in planning your own grounds each one must use good common sense and good taste. Think not only of the different flowers and shrubs that you wish to include on your lawn, but think of the composition as a whole. Your success depends proportionately on the amount of harmony that you are able to produce. The design, of course, must fit;

that is, it must be in keeping with the surroundings or lack of harmony would result. Study to make your home home-like, try to give it that feeling of repose and rest which only comes through unity of design, by avoiding loud and gaudy colorings and by using colors that rest the eye instead of dazzling it.

## Artistic Porch Boxes

By C. A. BARRY

WHEN it is not convenient to cultivate flowers in beds, resort may be had to the use of boxes on the porch or veranda. Pretty porch boxes, containing bright-hued flowering plants, add to the attractiveness of the home, whether there is a garden or not.

Any strong box that is long and narrow with a depth of six or seven inches will be suitable for the purpose. It may be painted the color of the house

or be of a contrasting shade. Green is most useful as it harmonizes with the foliage of the plants the box contains.

For an interesting effect the box might be covered with rough bark. Large pieces should be selected. This scheme makes an ornament of the box itself. When filled with blooming plants and trailing vines the effect is very pleasing.

In the bottom of porch boxes a layer of barnyard manure should be placed. It is not necessary to provide for drainage as the excessive moisture will escape through the crevices in the box. The soil needs to be quite rich. If an abundance of water is used almost any plants will do well.

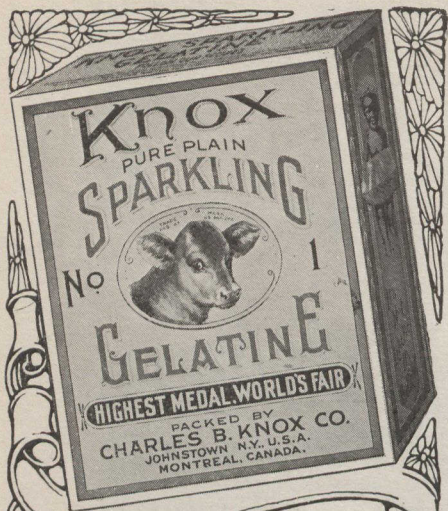
If geraniums are to be used young and thrifty plants should be secured. Petunias and nasturtiums give good satisfaction in boxes. Foliage plants are favorites for the purpose, and a fern or two is a pleasing addition. Crowding should be avoided. Do not forget to provide lots of water.



AN INTERESTING DETAIL OF THE GARDEN AT "FLAGCOURT," RESIDENCE OF MR. JOHN FIRSTBROOK.

Chadwick and Beckett, architects. Courtesy of Construction.





**Ask the Best Cook You Know About Knox Gelatine**

Ask your neighbor or friend who is "A Splendid Cook" and see if she will not tell you that Knox Gelatine is just as much a staple article in the pantry as flour, sugar or butter.

Thousands of housewives have used Knox Gelatine in countless ways for twenty years or more. Most of them buy at least two packages at a time—and order two more when the second package is broken into—so that Knox Gelatine may never be wanting at the critical moment in preparing a meal.

The transformation of any seasonable fruits—such as apples, oranges, or bananas—into a quickly prepared dessert is a delight both to the eye and to the palate.



**Try This New Dessert**

**Maple Sponge**—Boil 2 cups Sugar and 1/2 cup hot water to a syrup. Soak 1/2 package Knox Pure Plain, Sparkling Gelatine in 1 1/2 cups cold water and pour the hot syrup over this.

Put in cool place and when nearly set beat in the stiffly beaten whites of two or three eggs and a cup of English walnuts cut up fine.

Serve with a custard made of the yolks of the eggs, 1 pint milk and 3 tablespoonfuls sugar.

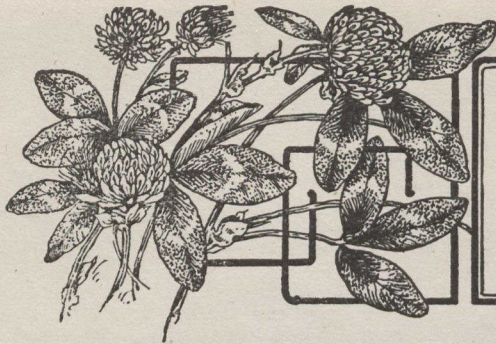
Knox Gelatine comes in two packages, both in GRANULATED form, QUICKLY DISSOLVED—the PURE, PLAIN, SPARKLING, UNFLAVORED, UNSWEETENED and the

**Knox Pure, Sparkling, Acidulated Gelatine** called "The Busy Housekeeper's Package" because in addition to the two envelopes of Pure Sparkling Gelatine, it also contains an extra envelope of Pure Concentrated Fruit Juice (Lemon), affording the busy housewife a ready prepared flavoring.

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*Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and grocer's name.*

501 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N.Y.  
Branch Factory: Montreal



**With the Journal's Juniors**

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

**The Winter Adventure**

WE have received from our young friends quite a number of letters on the subject of a winter adventure—and have found a variety of experiences narrated by the writers. In next month's JOURNAL we expect to announce the names of the prize-winners, and hope that we shall be able soon to announce also another competition. In the meantime, write to us and let us know how you are getting on. Some of you forget, and write on both sides of the page. This is breaking the rules—and you must remember in future to write on one side only.

**Some Winter Letters**

Gore Bay, Ont., Jan. 30, 1912.

Dear Editor:

Seeing that a competition on "A Winter Adventure" was open, I decided to send in a description of one of my adventures.

One beautiful winter afternoon (when my cousins were visiting me) we decided to go out sleigh-riding. The day being appointed, we were ready when the sleigh arrived at the door to take us to the hill immediately after dinner.

Soon we were flying over the new-fallen snow, delighted with the thoughts of the beautiful afternoon we had planned to have.

When we came to the hill which was very well beaten, because the boys and girls went coasting there frequently, we saw a number of our friends who had arrived in advance.

After enjoying ourselves immensely for about two hours, my brother returned to take us to his house for tea.

On our way, I am sorry to relate, the horses became frightened at a couple of dogs fighting on the road, and ran into the ditch, sending us flying in the snow. Fortunately no one was severely injured. After getting the sleigh and horses on the road we were once more on our way.

We soon arrived at my brother's, and I was very pleasantly surprised by seeing an old friend of my father's and mother's, who had been traveling around for years. We knew he would have many interesting stories to relate. After partaking of a delicious supper and hearing some of his very interesting stories we started for home, taking my friend with us.

We soon arrived home, tired but happy, and our little adventure was brought to a close.

My little cousins soon went away, and I was very sorry when they were gone. Aged 11

ETHEL McCracken.

I certify that this is the sole work of Ethel

MRS. T. McCracken.

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Dear Ethel:

This is a very nicely-written letter for a young person eleven years of age. I am a little uncertain about the whereabouts of Gore Bay, but think it is on Manitoulin Island. If this is correct, then you are a very fortunate girl, for I remember how beautiful that island seemed when I visited it many years ago. Write to us again.

Hampton, Ont., Jan. 15th, 1912.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I am just going to tell you about the place where I live. I am ten years old, and live in the village of Hampton. It is in the township of Darlington, the county of Durham, and the province of Ontario. It is about fifty miles from Toronto. I go by rail on the C.N.R. My father keeps a store, and I am going to try to help him when I get older. We grow apples, pears, grapes, turnips, mangels, and other things here. We have a great deal of snow at present. Skating in this place is very good. In the summer I go boat riding and

bathing. I enjoy going to Toronto, because I have a sister up there. We have just one church here; it is a Methodist, but we have a good Sunday School. We have about one hundred and thirty scholars, when all are present. I go to Sunday School, and I have a lovely teacher; her name is Mrs. Kerslake. I go to school; it is called S. S. No. 11. I am in the third book. There are seven boys in my class. We have one mill here. I think I have told you all, so I will close now. Hoping Cousin Clover much success with the letters,

Yours truly,

MILTON AVERY.

This is to certify that the above letter was written and composed by himself.

Yours respectfully,

RICHARD AVERY.

\*\*\*

My Dear Milton:

So you are a Durham boy! I belong to that good old county, too, and was born in Canton, near Port Hope, ever so long ago. So I have always been fond of Durham, and am glad to receive such a well-written letter from you.

Orillia, Feb. 17th, 1912.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I am sending you a composition for the competition, title, "A Winter Adventure." This is quite true, and happened last winter.

One afternoon, about two o'clock, my brother and I started for the "Muskoka Hill," one mile to the north of us. Reg. was pulling our new "Mountain Flyers," which we received at Christmas. The Muskoka Hill is quite steep, and is situated at the extreme north of our beautiful town. By the time we reached the summit we were slightly tired.

The hill was coated with ice, which made it good for coasting. Reg. sat at the front and steered. We needed no shoving, so I jumped on and we started to descend at a rapid rate. The first ride we were successful enough not to have an upset. The second time we weren't quite so successful. Near the foot of the hill there is a huge tree in the centre of the sidewalk. Each time Reg. had to steer to one side, but this time he hadn't measured the distance accurately enough. One side of the bobs touched the tree, and over we went into the deep ditch. We picked ourselves up, and were relieved to find no bones broken, but bruises, we had plenty of them.

Neither of us were at all alarmed, so ascended the hill the third time. Just as we reached the summit, we saw our cousin, come in from the country in his cutter. He called to us to race his new racer down the hill. We called back, "Ready." One, two, three, go! We both started at the word "Go." For a while we kept in advance, but having to turn out for the pine tree stopped us some. George (our cousin) said he was surprised, because he never dreamed we could go so fast.

We ascended once again, and Reg. said, "See that side street, Ruth; let us turn down it for a change." We did so, and this time took the road. Neither of us thought of the railroad track or the time. We were going at our highest speed, and never noticed or heard the 4.20 p.m. train coming, until we were right in the centre of the track. Luckily for us the bobs never stopped, or we should have been crushed to death.

We both concluded we would have no more rides on that hill. We went up the Muskoka Hill, then jumped on and rode down. Our father was out driving, and just happened to come around the corner as we got off the bobs. We were driven home, left the bobs there, and went for a drive. While out driving we came upon other children coasting. My brother and I decided the next time we went coasting we would try the west end, where there were no railroad tracks.

Yours sincerely,

RUTH ROBINSON.

Certified, Mrs. A. ROBINSON.



JOHNNIE CANUCK IN WESTERN COSTUME



# AN EASTER LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY  
MARY H. NORTHEND

WITH the many suitable decorations purchasable at slight cost, the arrangement of the Easter luncheon table is a simple matter. No season of the year, with the possible exception of Christmas, boasts a more complete array of appropriate adornment, and the many pretty flowers typical of springtime afford to the Easter table the same sense of fitness and beauty, as do the lovely greens of December woods to the Christmas scheme.

One effective theme is described as a blossom table. Here the dainty cherry blossom, with its delicately tinted petals, is used as the central feature. Clusters of this fragrant bloom have been massed with wide spreading ferns into a green and white wicker basket, sounding the keynote of the color scheme. Tiny white candy rabbits outline the basket base, and between the projecting ends of the fern mat, crystal candlesticks, with green tapers, lend a decorative touch. Good-sized bunnies, with green ribbon bows tied around their necks, serve as favors, and the bon-bon dishes are small green and white baskets filled with egg-shaped green and white candies. There is not an inharmonious note in the entire theme, and the restfulness of the coloring renders this table particularly attractive.

Jonquils and narcissi may be used to excellent effect in an Easter luncheon scheme. Combined with ferns or smilax either is sure to prove wonderfully attractive. One of the prettiest tables I have seen showed a central arrangement of the former. Into a round tin pan, filled with moist sand, jonquils were solidly massed on an outline of curly fern leaves. Smilax covered the pan base, and surrounding the whole were tendrils of this same pretty greenery looped into wide half-circles. Brass candle holders, equipped with yellow candles, graced the several loops, and the completed arrangement in its effective coloring of green and gold was most artistic. Small ducklings served as place cards, and for favors, yellow egg-shaped boxes, filled with candies, were used.

The star-like narcissus permits of a wider scope of treatment than the jonquil, the slenderness of the bloom adapting itself to any number of artistic effects. One pretty scheme shows as a central feature a narcissi-filled birch bark covered basket, depended by smilax tendrils from the chandelier, directly above a circular mirror, wreathed in smilax, studded with narcissi. Small crystal candlesticks, with white tapers, outline the whole, and ropes of smilax extend from the candle holders to each plate. Egg-shaped boxes or baskets, filled with candies, and tied with yellow ribbons to match the gold of the narcissi centres, can be used as favors with this scheme, and for place cards simple white cards adorned in one corner with a spray of narcissi will be attractive.

As to the menu suitable for an Easter luncheon, any number of attractive and appetizing dishes suggest themselves as appropriate. The following is offered as an idea:

- |             |                            |      |
|-------------|----------------------------|------|
| Olives      | Corn Soup                  | Nuts |
|             | Jellied Tongue.            |      |
|             | Oyster Pies                |      |
| Potato Snow | Buttered Peas              |      |
|             | Tomato Salad               |      |
|             | Compote of Pears with Rice |      |
|             | Cake                       |      |
|             | Coffee                     |      |

**CORN SOUP**—Press one can of corn through the colander and add to one quart of boiling milk. Season to taste with butter, pepper and salt. Serve hot.

**JELLIED TONGUE**—Cook beef tongue until tender, cool and slice. Fill a mould with alternate layers of the tongue

and aspic jelly. When hard, unmould on a lace paper doily, and garnish with tiny gherkins and olives. To make the aspic jelly, soak half a box of gelatine until soft. Add to one and one-half pints of clear beef stock mixed with the white of one egg beaten with one spoonful of the cold stock. Season with salt, pepper, two cloves, and one large slice of onion, if desired. Let come to a boil and then strain.

**OYSTER PIES**—Make generous shells of good puff paste, bake and fill with hot oysters in cream sauce. Top each pie with slightly slated whipped cream and garnish with halves of pimolas. To make the puff paste, take two teaspoons of baking powder and one teaspoon of salt and mix with one quart of sifted flour. Then sift the whole. Measure one teacup of butter and one of lard, hard and cold. Rub the lard into the flour until very fine, smooth paste. Then add one-half cup of ice water, mixed with a beaten white of egg, to mix very stiff dough. Roll out into thin sheet, spread one-fourth teacupful of butter,

sprinkle over with little flour, then roll up closely in long roll like a scroll, double ends toward centre, flatten and re-roll, then spread again with another one-fourth teacupful of butter. Repeat this operation until butter is used. Put it in an earthen dish, cover with cloth and set in a cool place. Let it remain until cold before making pie cases.

**TOMATO SALAD**—Slice six ripe tomatoes and lay on bed of parsley. Serve with dressing of vinegar, salt, pepper and oil. Garnish with pimolas.

**COMPOTE OF PEARS WITH RICE**—Cook a cup of rice till soft and put into a double boiler with one cup of milk, half a cup of sugar and the beaten yolks of two eggs. Cook to consistency of soft custard, then fold in the stiffly-beaten whites of the eggs, and pour over a dish of fresh or canned pears. Garnish with slices of pear and candied cherries.

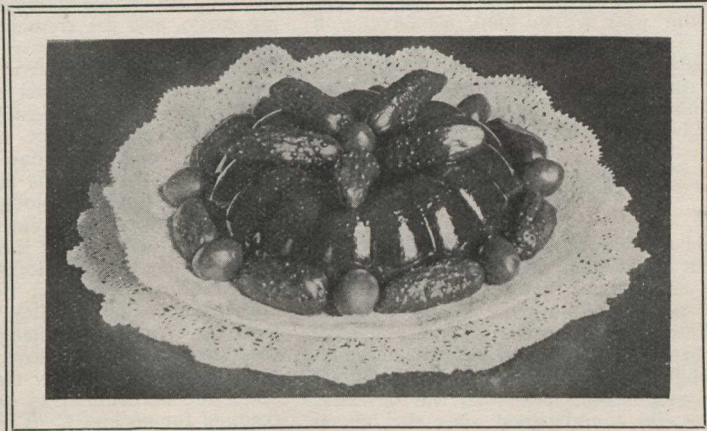
## Mustard and Cress

TWO small salad plants, each of the *cruciferaeae*, dwell yearly in the kitchen garden, occupying small patches of ground, which they enrich with the brightness of their vivid greenery. One is white mustard, near akin to *Sinapis Nigra*, which gives us the biting, yellow condiment of our tables, the other is *Lepidium Sativum*, the garden cress, excellent in the salad dish, famous as an accompaniment or garnish with cold meat.

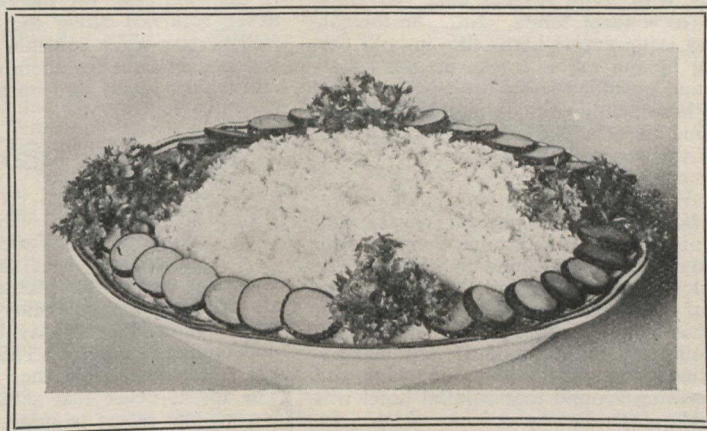
Tossed in oil and vinegar, a very little of *Sinapis Alba*, the white mustard, with its companion cress, *Lepidium*, goes a long way in giving zest to a cold dinner. Eaten with a good mayonnaise sauce or salad dressing, the mixed cress is equally good. Made into green butter, it is delicious at tea time, the succulent leaves, juicy and sharp, blending with the fat.

The green butter is made by chopping the cress as finely as mint is chopped for mint sauce. Then equal quantities of the cress and mustard will be worked up with butter, half and half of each being the rule. The green butter, formed into dainty pats, set with pats of plain butter in a glass dish, is very nice for tea. It makes a pretty sandwich also.

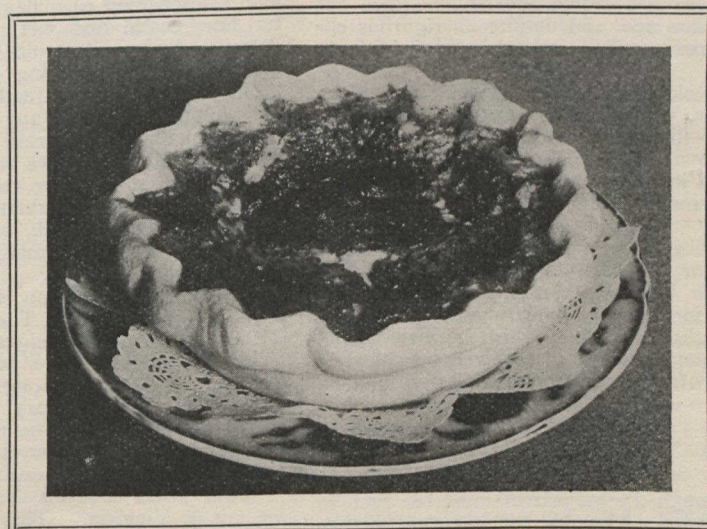
Mustard, like cress, is an annual, bidden to depart at once when autumn brings frosty nights. White mustard lacks a property called sinigrin that is found in the black musard, otherwise the two are identical. In the salad bed, however, only the seed leaves of the mustard are wanted, hence the fixed oil that comes from the seed itself is not developed. Fifty seeds of mustard weigh one grain, and the tiny seed leaves that emerge from these minute specks of protoplasm are charged with some of their pungency.



BEEF TONGUE IN JELLY



POTATO SNOW



OYSTER PIE

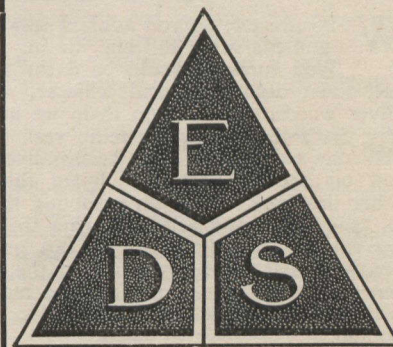
## What one Man has Done

Several years ago E. D. Smith felt that there was a demand in Canada for a line of absolutely pure Preserves and Jams.

His faith was so strong that he spent thousands of dollars in equipping up-to-date, sanitary kitchens in Winona, right in the garden of Canada, where he could preserve the fruit picked just when in perfect condition and without having it shipped half ripe in dusty cars, where freedom of contamination was impossible.

The motto of Absolute Purity has been followed ever since starting until now these goods can be found on every high class grocer's shelves in all parts of Canada.

"Purity" means that the true flavor has not been spoiled by the use of preservatives or glucose and you may always feel sure when buying a packing bearing this trade mark

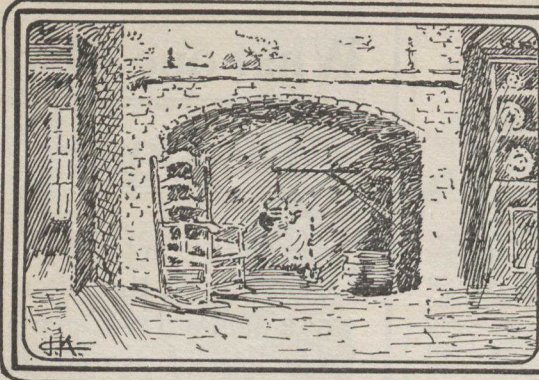


that you can enjoy eating the contents.

- Preserves
- Jams
- Marmalade
- Catsup
- Jellies
- Grape Juice

E. D. Smith  
Winona, Ont.





# AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

Out over the great wide prairies we go,  
Through lofty mountain peaks white-capped with snow,

Away to the end of the track,  
Through villages small, towns, and cities great,  
Till we reach the port of the Golden Gate,  
To the broad Pacific and back.

## WESTWARD HO!

"I'M off fer the West to-morrow," a man said to his chum.

"How far are yez goin', Mike?"

"Just as far as the thrain will take me."

"Begorra, an' I'd like to go wid yez."

"Sure, now, an' I'd like to go mesilf," said I in my heart, but it looked a long way off. And true enough, it has been a long time since I heard that, but the reality has come at last. I find myself packing the new steamer trunk, gathering together from all corners of the house the things I will need, and many, I suppose, that will go along for the trip. "Take as little as possible," warns one friend, and "Take plenty of stuff along, for you don't know what you may need," cautions another. I filled the trunk and toilet satchel too; handbag likewise, and before I reached Fort William found I had forgotten my tooth brush. Ah, well, I console myself, better that than "me shpecks," for then I could not write at all, at all.

The train is an hour late, so I seat myself at the table in the handsomely equipped waiting-room of the C.P.R., and haul out a handful of postals I addressed yesterday, also my new fountain pen, and proceed to inform my relations and friends of the trip that is rapidly materializing. In the midst of it all, in steams the great mogul of an engine, with its long string of cars, and faces peering through the frosted panes, as we hurry along to where the porter stands with his stool. Hurried good-byes, up the steps, followed by the man and the grips, into the coach where sleepy people are just emerging from behind the curtains; take a seat anywhere until we are placed "All aboard," from outside; toot-toot, the wheels begin to move; we're off for the West, and our tickets take us "as far as the thrain kin go," right until we run into the Pacific Ocean, and farther, for that is at Vancouver, and we sail right on to Victoria, which is the jumping-off place, for certain, because it sits secure on its "right little, tight little island."

WHO are we, do you ask? I spoke of the man and his grips follerin' me in. Now, who do you suppose would be darin' to do that but me own ould man, and whisper, it's off on a silver weddin' honeymoon thrip we are, so we are! Yis, that's the thruth I'm tellin' yez. 'Tis a memorable day this, when after twenty-five years we set sail on another "tower." I am thinking of that other day, and have been resolving that I'll be just as "pacable" and tractable during this journey as I was in the long ago, that I'll not permit any propensities that have developed in the quarter of a century in the line of managing a man to interfere with his happiness in arranging to give me this holiday.

More than that, I can be perfectly happy in my corner of the luxurious car, if he spends hours of the journey in the smoking compartment. I can lie back on the cushions and close my eyes and day-dream. I can take time to go slowly backward over the years, I can rest my hands in my lap, and then I can smile when he sits opposite me with a cheery "Well, how are you getting along?" and not even feel a pang because he stayed out of my range of vision. That's the difference in the two trips—I ask no questions. You see he is twenty-five years older, and so am I, and again whisper, women don't expect as much attention on silver wedding trips, because they have more sense, and understand their husbands better. Then the bond has cemented between the two lives—or should be—and they have confidence in each other, an abiding trust that somehow is delineated in the face, a smoothing over of little tyrannical ways on the one side, and selfishness, perhaps, on the other; the women do not recognize their failing, and the men, bless 'em, they mean well!

I have always held that an occasional trip from home is a necessity for every woman. It lifts her out of her usual surroundings, and sets her brain thinking in a new direction, and a new world of thought has been the means of saving a person's reason at times. One gets tired physically and mentally, and a change of scene rests the strained nerves, and awakens fresh vigor. When I have traveled around for two or three months, and am set down at my own door again, my pulses beat time to the joy I feel. The lassitude is gone, the

weariness fled, and as I hang my belongings in the closets, or place them in the drawer, there is a song in my heart that wells out in "There's no place like home." The simple breakfast of toast and coffee outshines all the menu cards of train and hotel. Coffee—made as I like it, clear, amber, not too strong, and cream right off the top of the bottle; toast, hot, made to suit my taste, ah, away with the long list of fruit, fish, eggs, meat, omelettes, etc., that are so tempting on paper, and tasteless on the plate. It is good to wash the dishes, to wield the broom, to brighten the silver, even to wash and scrub. Give your wife a trip, man, whenever you can arrange it, if only for a day, a week, a month. It pays, yes, doubly; she will come back happy; she will appreciate the homely things that make up so much of woman's life; she will be grateful for the blessings of her home, no matter how small or plain.



WINNIPEG! the hub of the West, with its cosmopolitan population, its broad streets, its splendid educational institutions, and magnificent churches, not mentioning the stores, and our own Toronto Eaton's, where we can shop, and have tea, and hunt bargains. Oh, the delight of again wandering through Eaton's, and when tired, quietly writing in the rest room, letters to our friends! The hum of the city sounds good after the barren country through which we traveled to reach there, just rocks and trees—not maple, either—and frozen rivers and lakes, with some villages scattered along the road. No nice farm lands, with comfortable brick houses and large frame barns like in old Ontario. Judging by the rabbit tracks on the otherwise unbroken and unscathed snow banks, there must be millions of those small animals in that territory. It was interesting to note the criss-cross racing in and out among the trees. What unmolested gambols they must enjoy!

But back to Winnipeg and the Royal Alexandra. That is "some hotel," to use a popular phrase, and within five minutes after our entrance there was an expression of loyalty that was good to witness. The orchestra was closing its evening programme, and as the first notes of "God Save the King" were struck, every man in that vast rotunda rose to his feet and remained standing until the close of the national anthem. It did me good, all honor to our king and country. Everything around that palatial hotel was on a grand scale, even to the prices, which are startling at times, when the "tips" are added in, but one becomes more used to that as they journey westward. Winnipeg has grown enormously since our last visit six years ago, and despite its rigorous climate, people are crowding in and making business and homes.

The next break in our journey was Calgary. Such a surprise there, with its real estate population of sixty thousand—the real count being some thousands less. It is a busy city, a delightful place, and bids soon to outrival its neighbors, but there is no telling in this land of mushroom growths what will develop in a few years. One can only stand amazed at the conditions as they exist in those places of phenomenal increase for the few years of their existence. There we shook hands with many old friends and neighbors, and formed new acquaintances, rubbed up against the hustling crowd, took in the view from the highest vantage point, and renewed our journey filled with a profound respect for Calgary and its possibilities.



THE trip through the mountains must be seen to be appreciated. Lovers of scenery, mighty and stupendous, would find their longings gratified in the grandeur of those lofty peaks piercing the sky. The immensity fills one with wonder and awe. They tell me the day must be bright to reveal the beauty of the magnificent panorama, but we were not so favored, the skies being clouded; however, my impressions are none the less vivid and memorable. It was entrancing to behold the vastness, straining the eye to reach the top, then a sudden plunge into the inky blackness of a tunnel, emerging again into the welcome light. How like our lives, I thought, is this journey through the mountains! We sail along smoothly, and then right in our path a mountain looms up. Sometimes we make a circuit around it, again we cut through the difficulties, hewing a hard but sure pathway; we are plunged into the darkness of despair where we see no ray of light, then a gleam of hope appears, and on we glide again. The spaces between the dark passages are sometimes close, then at longer distances, the stops are where we are laid aside from sickness or other causes, the outlook is bright and variable as our anticipations, the views

are fleeting like our pleasures, the journey is often irksome, like many of our duties, but we are borne along by an unseen but irresistible influence until the goal is reached.

As we sped along in our luxurious coach, mile after mile on the southern side of the Thomson River, we saw the C.N.R. in its incipient stages, sort of blazing the trail in places, and again blasting operations, or the roadbed was in course of preparation, men and machinery being in evidence. In fancy we could see, ere long, another giant engine speeding along the mountain side, carrying the living cargo, and the tremendous freight that must be the product of the vast and resourceful country through which we have traveled. I wondered would I ever glide over steel rails laid on what looks now to be impossible places. There is no doubt that the privilege will be mine, for the engineering feats of to-day cannot be conquered by such minor obstructions as rivers and mountains.

How insignificant alongside looked the old Caribou trail which we followed, winding along the mountain side! What thoughts the sight of it gave rise to! In imagination we could see the seekers for gold carrying their heavy packs, bowed down with their loads, wending their way on that lonely trail far from human habitation, the eager gleam in their eyes for the yellow metal that would mean fortune and comfort for the rest of their lives. What about the hardships they would have to endure, that counted for nothing! The lure of the precious mineral beckoned them on, the fever was in their veins, and home, friends, everything, was sacrificed in the mad rush for Caribou gold. Many of them never returned along the trail, another and more treacherous fever consumed their life-blood, friends watched in vain for their return, but a grave in the mountains, lonely and unmarked, tells the tale.



WHAT a change! Twenty-five below at Winnipeg, and at Vancouver the first sight that greeted my eyes the morning after our arrival was that of the plants and flowers of the hotel all drinking in the balmy rain. Beautiful palms were out on the balcony being washed by a warm midsummer shower. This is the rainy season we are told, and truly the skies have been weeping. The fog is dense that settles over the city at times, but no one seems to mind rain and fog. The women dress up and go about seemingly unconscious of the wetness, which corresponds to the Irishman's description of a flannel shirt, which "no matter how cowlid and wet, was always war'm and dhry." And so it would seem, one would meet a man dressed in working clothes carrying an umbrella, and a few steps farther a lady with a plumed hat would be without any shelter. A man laughingly explained, "Our rain is like your cold." You will say, "Yes, we have it twenty below zero, but it isn't cold, so we have rain, but it isn't wet."

Vancouver city is almost an island, surrounded as it is by False Creek, caused by the tides, and which is crossed by many splendid bridges scattered through the city. There is a great influx of people, the population is said to have doubled in the last five years. There are many magnificent homes and beautiful helges of ivy, rose and privet; which, of course, were not at their best at this season. We drove through Stanley Park, and went through Carnegie Library, the museum being well worth the trouble. The unfavorable weather during our stay did not permit of viewing the scenery, but we will visit there on our return, so more anon.

Four hours' run on the "rale salt wather," and we are in Victoria. This is no city of mushroom growth. You can tell that by its architecture, you can feel it in the air, you can see it in the people you meet, the British lion is everywhere, and especially at Esquimalt, where the old fortress still looks impregnable, and where the guns given by the English, which have lain on the scrap heap for sixteen years, are now being placed in position ready to defend our land. There, too, we saw an immense freighter in the dry-dock for repair, result of a collision. We see activity everywhere, but not rush; there is business, but seemingly no boom; there are doings without dash, and a climate that the citizens claim is unexcelled, incomparable, hard to beat. Listen, those of you who are shoveling in coal, and making paths to the gate, there has been no heat in our room since we arrived four days ago. I am writing between two open windows on this day in early February, have on a thin dress and elbow sleeves, am listening to the sound of carpenters' tools at buildings near, and to-day watched men sodding and making flower beds, and children playing in the parks. Time's up.





# In My Lady's Garden for 1912

CONSULTING EDITORS:  
MISS M. E. BLACKLOCK AND MR. A. B. CUTTING, B.S.A.

(Dates of planting, when mentioned, are for Toronto and vicinity. Allowances must be made for local differences in climate)



## VEGETABLE GARDENS FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY

By A. B. CUTTING

MUCH loss of time in planting a vegetable garden can be avoided, and better results can be secured by making a diagram of the plot to be planted some weeks before the work is to begin. Whether the garden is to be large or small, in a city or village backyard or on the farm, the vegetables to be grown should be decided upon in advance, and a definite plan made of their arrangement. An excellent system is to arrange the vegetables in the order in which they are to be planted. By planting hardy kinds first, following later with half-hardy kinds, and still later with the warm-season crops, the requirements in temperature and moisture of the respective classes are met as closely as possible and the poor results of haphazard planting are overcome. The scheme facilitates also the preparation of the land, and makes it easier to maintain the unplanted portion in good friable condition.

The size of the garden will depend chiefly upon the amount of land that is available for the purpose. On the farm, almost any area desired can be had, and vegetables for winter storing can be grown as well as the summer supply. In the village, the area available for gardening may restrict the kinds to those grown only for summer use, and it even may be necessary to eliminate those vegetables that require a large amount of space. On the city lot, which may be and often is, very small, only those vegetables should be grown that give the most edible product for the space occupied. Whether in town or country, the principles that govern the planting and care of the garden are the same, although the distances of planting, methods of tillage, intensity and systems of cropping may differ considerably.

### THE FARM GARDEN.

In the farm vegetable garden, horse power should be substituted for hand labor wherever possible. The garden should be laid out in long rows, sufficiently far apart to permit the use of a horse and cultivator. The saving of

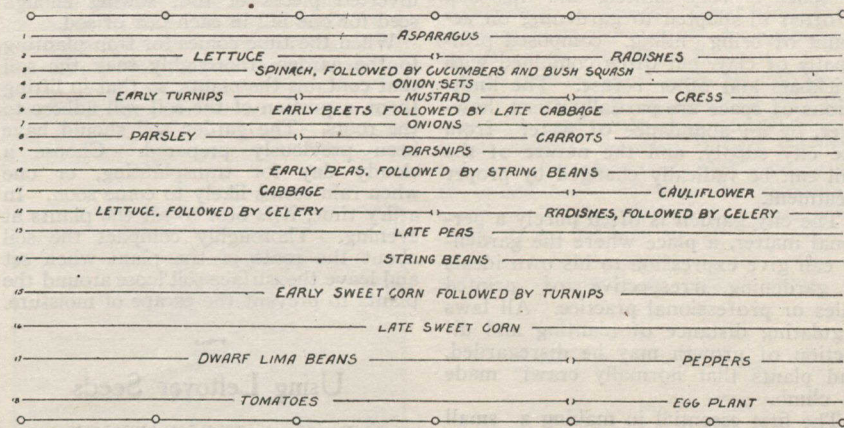


DIAGRAM OF VILLAGE GARDEN 30 BY 60 FEET

| Planting Schedule   | Row Description   | Distance from preceding row. |
|---|---|------------------------------|
| Early planting, beginning as soon as soil is ready (about May 1): | Row 1.—Permanent row of asparagus.  | 1.5 ft. from edge.....       |
|   | Row 2.—30 ft. lettuce; 30 ft. radishes.....                                       | 1.5 "                        |
|   | Row 3.—Spinach (followed by cucumbers and bush squash) planted in early June..... | 1 "                          |
|   | Row 4.—Onion sets.....  | 1 "                          |
|   | Row 5.—20 ft. early turnips; 20 ft. mustard; 20 ft. cress.....                    | 1 "                          |
|   | Row 6.—Early beets (followed by late cabbage set in July).....                    | 1 "                          |
|   | Row 7.—Onions from seed.....  | 1 "                          |
|   | Row 8.—20 ft. parsley; 40 ft. carrots.....  | 1 "                          |
|   | Row 9.—Parsnips.....  | 1 "                          |
|   | Row 10.—Early dwarf peas (followed by string beans planted in July).....          | 1.5 "                        |
| Second planting, about May 15—                                    | Row 11.—2 dozen cabbage; 1 dozen cauliflower.....                                 | 1.5 "                        |
|   | Row 12.—30 ft. lettuce; 30 ft. radishes (followed by celery set in July).....     | 1.5 "                        |
|   | Row 13.—Late wrinkled peas (with support).....                                    | 1.5 "                        |
| Third planting, late May—   | Row 14.—String beans (green and wax).....   | 2 "                          |
|   | Row 15.—Early sweet corn (followed by 2 rows turnips sown August 1)....           | 2.5 "                        |
| Fourth planting, early June—                                      | Row 16.—Late sweet corn.....  | 2.5 "                        |
|   | Row 17.—40 ft. dwarf Lima beans; 20 ft. peppers.....                              | 2.5 "                        |
|   | Row 18.—1 dozen tomatoes; ½ dozen eggplants.....                                  | 3 "                          |
|   | Margin.....   | 1.5 "                        |
|   | Total width of garden.....  | 30.0 ft.                     |

labor and time is an important consideration, not only in tending the crops, but also in harvesting them, and therefore the garden plot should be located as near the house as possible.

The accompanying diagram of a farm garden (and also the one of a village garden) is drawn after a plan proposed by the Illinois Agricultural Experiment

Station, and adapted to Canadian needs and conditions. It suggests an arrangement that will give a large assortment and a continuous supply of vegetables throughout the growing season with some for storing, and at the same time simplify the planting and minimize the labor of tillage. The area designated comprises nearly half an acre. Smaller

or larger gardens could be arranged in much the same way. Some of the vegetables mentioned in the plan may not be suited for growing in all parts of the country. The personal choice of the grower, as well as local climatic conditions, will influence the selection.

The vegetables are arranged strictly in the order of their planting, so that planting may begin at one side of the garden and proceed across the area as the season advances. This makes it possible to fit a piece of land for planting or to harrow the unplanted portion at any time desired, and thus keep it free from weeds, and in a moist, friable condition. Another feature of this plan is that while two or three kinds of vegetables may be planted in the same row, all the crops in a given row require essentially the same kind and amount of tillage and other care. It is also true that the crops occupying the land, about the same length of time are planted together. After the early-maturing crops are harvested, it is therefore possible to clear quite a wide strip of land for the planting of turnips and other late crops, if desired.

While this farm garden plan specifies four different times of planting, besides the celery, late beans and turnips, it is possible in some seasons to combine the second and third plantings, so that if celery is omitted, there will be only three plantings besides the turnips or other incidental late crops. This simplifies the planting, and better adapts the garden to the tastes of the average farmer.

### THE VILLAGE GARDEN.

In a village garden where space is likely to be limited, the rows of vegetables may be planted rather close together, and hand methods of tillage must be employed. The latter feature, unlike on the farm, is not looked upon as troublesome or a waste of time, for village gardening is often done fully as much for the pleasure of working among the plants and seeing them grow, as for the edible products they yield. Planting may begin as soon as a strip of land wide enough for one or two rows has

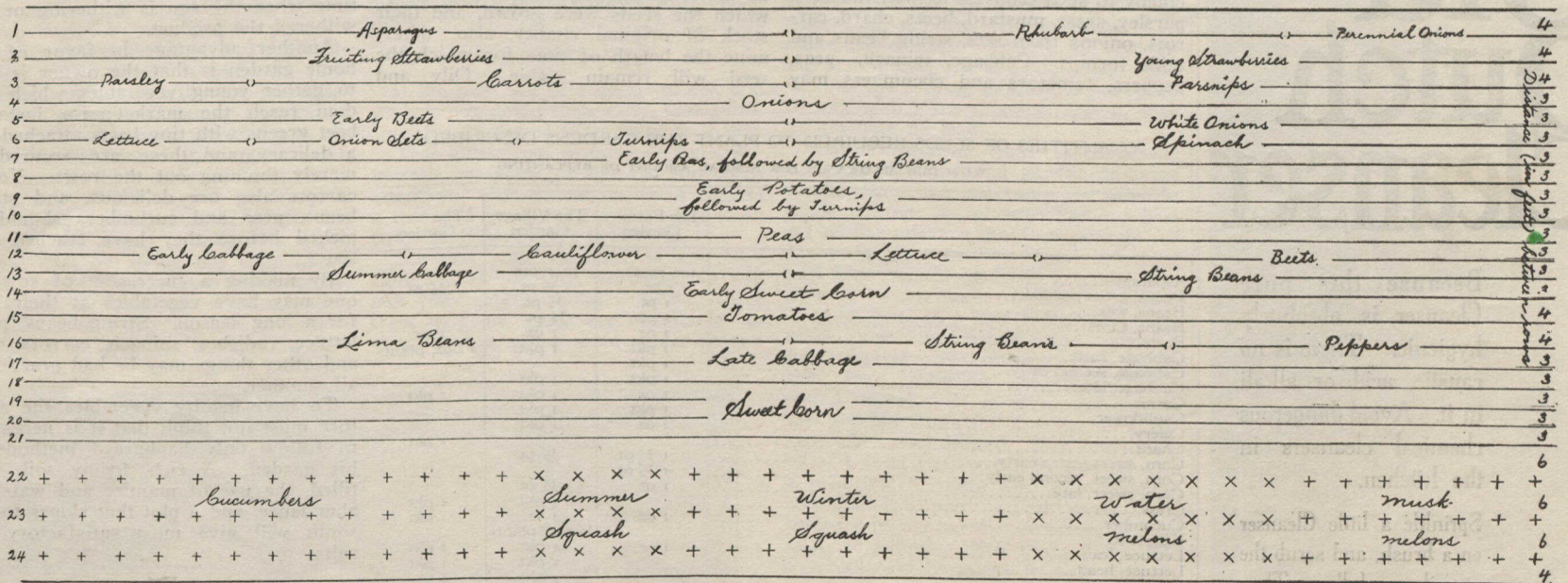


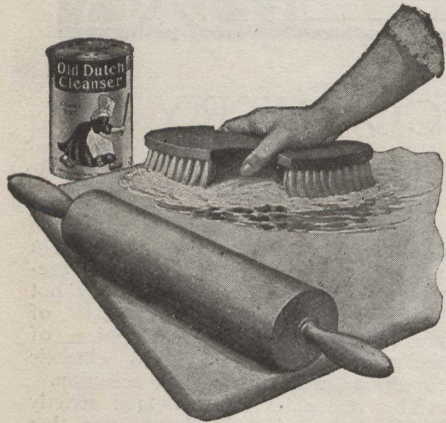
DIAGRAM OF A FARM VEGETABLE GARDEN 90 BY 240 FEET, WITH ROWS ARRANGED IN ORDER IN WHICH THEY ARE TO BE PLANTED.

First planting, as soon as ground is ready in spring (about May 1st)—  
 Row 1.—Perennials: ½ row asparagus; 1-3 row rhubarb; 1-6 row perennial onions.  
 Row 2.—½ row old strawberries; ½ row young strawberries. (First year half of the row may be planted with vegetables.)  
 Row 3.—1-6 row parsley; 1-3 row carrots; ½ row parsnips. (Marked with turnip radishes.)  
 Row 4.—Onions (yellow).  
 Row 5.—½ row early beets; ½ row onions (white). (Marked with long radishes.)  
 Row 6.—1-6 row lettuce; 1-6 row onion sets; 1-6 row turnips; ½ row spinach. (Followed by celery planted in July.)  
 Row 7.—Peas: ½ row extra early, smooth; ½ row early dwarf, wrinkled. (Followed by string beans planted in July.)  
 Rows 8, 9, 10.—Early potatoes. (Followed by turnips sown August 1.)  
 Second planting, about May 15th—  
 Row 11.—Peas: ½ row early dwarf, wrinkled; ½ row late, wrinkled.  
 Row 12.—¼ row early cabbage (30 plants 2 feet apart); ¼ row cauliflower; 1-6 row lettuce; 1-3 row beets. (Marked with long radishes.)

Third planting, late May—  
 Row 13.—¼ row summer cabbage (transplanted); ¼ row of same (seed sown) ½ row string beans  
 Row 14.—Sweet corn: ½ row extra early; ½ row second early.  
 Fourth planting, early June—  
 Row 15.—Tomatoes (60 plants 4 feet apart).  
 Row 16.—½ row Lima beans; ¼ row string beans; ¼ row peppers (30 plants).  
 Row 17.—Late cabbage (seed sown).  
 Row 18.—Sweet corn: 1 row extra early.  
 Row 19.—Sweet corn: 1 row second early.  
 Rows 20, 21.—Sweet corn: 2 rows late varieties.  
 Rows 22, 23, 24.—Vine crops in hill, 6 by 6 feet, in blocks crosswise the three rows, as follows: 39 hills cucumbers; 12 hills summer squash; 27 hills winter squash, 21 hills watermelons; 21 hills muskmelons.



# Just WHY



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Sprinkle a little Cleanser on a brush, and scrub the utensil carefully. Then wash in clean water. This removes every trace of stale dough or meat juices and leaves the woodenware clean and sweet-smelling.

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been prepared. By planting the same day that the land has been prepared, quick germination of the seed will be insured, and weeds will not have time to gain headway.

Most of the work in a village garden can be done with a spade, a hoe, a rake, a chalk line and a few stakes, but greater pleasure can be had by the use of a wheel hoe. By its use a person can cultivate his whole garden before breakfast, and feel proud of the accomplishment. As it does not do satisfactory work in badly-crueted or weedy ground, the experienced gardener will use it often, and thus keep the soil in ideal condition.

#### THE CITY GARDEN.

The conditions attendant upon gardening operations in the residence portions of a large city are in marked contrast to those of the village or farm. Usually space is very limited, and the soil is often ill-adapted to gardening on account of being "filling," composed principally of clay, but often combined with brickbats and other refuse. The limitations of space are partially offset, however, by an abundance of water from the city supply, and the nature of the soil can be radically changed by proper treatment.

The city garden is often purely a personal matter, a place where the gardener can give expression to his own ideals in gardening, irrespective of printed rules or professional practice. All laws regulating distance of planting and direction of growth may be disregarded, and plants that normally crawl made to climb.

The first essential in making a small area yield an abundant harvest is the improvement of the soil. At the first spading, all stones, brickbats and other trash must be removed. A stiff clay soil should be lightened by the addition of sand and manure. Sand to the depth of about one inch should be spread on the surface and spaded in. One wagon load of sand containing two cubic yards will cover an area of 640 square feet to the depth of one inch. Fine manure at the rate of about one-half ton to each square rod of ground should then be worked into the soil.

In order that maximum yields may be produced from a minimum space, it is essential that the ground be kept fully occupied all the time. This means not only that the rows of vegetables should be planted close together, but that short season crops should be planted between the rows or even between the plants of longer-season crops, and that as soon as one crop is harvested another will be planted in its place. Transplanting may be practised also to a considerable extent to save space during the early growth of the plants. By virtue of the richness of the soil, combined with heavy watering, the land is kept at work from early spring until late in autumn, and two, three, or even four crops may be harvested from the same spot.

The city garden should be devoted chiefly to such crops as lettuce, radishes, parsley, cress, mustard, beets, chard, carrots, onions from sets, string beans and table turnips. Cabbage, spinach, peas, peppers, tomatoes and cucumbers may

sometimes be included. If tomatoes and cucumbers are grown they should be trained in an upright position so that little ground space is occupied. This close planting calls for an abundance of tillage as well as of plant food and water.

### Transplanting Seedlings

By A. C. BLAIR

WHEN the seedlings in the hotbed or in boxes in the house begin to show the third or fourth leaves of fair size, they should be transplanted to about two inches apart each way, either in the beds or in other boxes or "flats." By the time that they begin to crowd again they will be ready for the garden. Such plants as cucumbers, melons and beans, which do not transplant readily, may be grown in strawberry boxes or on inverted pieces of sod, sowing enough seed for one hill in each box or sod.

When the time comes for transplanting to the garden, thoroughly soak the soil that contains the plants, so that in lifting them, a portion of the soil will adhere to the roots. The garden soil should have been previously prepared. Choose a cloudy day for transplanting, or one when rain seems likely to come soon. In a dry time, it is best to set the plants at evening. Thoroughly compact the soil about the roots of the plant when set and leave the surface soil loose around the plants to prevent the escape of moisture.

### Using Leftover Seeds

By K. A. KIRKPATRICK

WITH many persons the question of using left-over seeds from last year's operations will arise. Such may be used with perfect satisfaction in many cases. In fact, where a strain has proved especially good in one season's trial, it is often much better to use old seeds rather than to risk buying a new strain. Even if several years old, seeds may be tested for germination; and if they give a high per cent. of strong germination, they should be used.

To test such seeds is a simple matter. Secure two large dinner plates and some pieces of blotting paper of about the same size as the plates. Place a blotter in one plate and place one hundred of the seeds upon it. Over them lay another blotter. Pour water into the edge of the plate until it rises high enough to soak the blotters thoroughly. Turn the second plate upside down on top of the first, covering the blotters, to prevent the evaporation of the moisture. Set the improvised tester in a room at about 70 degrees F. Supply moisture as needed, and within a week the germinated seeds can be counted, and the value of the sample ascertained.

If seeds have ideal storage, i.e., a dark, cool, airy place, they will retain their germinating power longer than where they are stored in a close, warm or moist place. The conditions under which the seeds were grown, and their stock of original vitality, also determine the length of time for which the seed will remain viable. Oily and

starchy seeds usually deteriorate more quickly than those of an albuminous character. With good conditions, the following may be roughly stated as the dependable length of life for the various garden seeds:

Muskmelon, 4 to 6 years; cabbage, 3 to 4 years; cauliflower, 3 to 4 years; cucumber, 3 to 4 years; kale, 3 to 4 years; lettuce, 3 to 4 years; watermelon, 4 to 6 years; radish, 3 to 4 years; tomato, 4 to 10 years; sweet corn, 2 years; squash, 3 to 4 years; turnip, 3 to 4 years; asparagus, 1 year; beet, 3 to 4 years; carrot, 1 year; celery, 2 years; egg plant, 1 year; onion, 2 years; parsnip, 1 year; pepper, 2 years; bean, 2 years; parsley, 1 year; pea, 2 years; sal-sify, 2 years.

### Quality Vegetables

By A. B. CUTTING

THE leading commercial varieties of vegetables are not always the best for home use, especially after being in a store window a few days. The only way to have quality vegetables is to grow them yourself. Some kinds of vegetables which the amateur may grow are never seen in the market because they will not stand shipping well or do not make as attractive an appearance as some of the other sorts. Moreover, many kinds of vegetables ought to be eaten as soon as they are harvested. Corn loses much of its sweetness in twenty-four hours. The best early corn for quality is Golden Bantam, but seldom is it sold in stores, because it is yellow. Peas must be eaten the day they are picked, if one is to have them at their best.

In growing potatoes the intelligent amateur knows that the dry, mealy tubers come from sandy soil, while soggy flavorless ones are the usual production of heavy soil. The commercial grower may know this; but he also knows that the heavy soil grows the biggest crops, and it is quantity not quality that he is after.

To realize what quality lettuce is like one must eat the new young leaves, and these are not to be found in the markets.

In the home garden tomatoes can be picked at just the moment when they are fully ripe, and that is the stage at which they should be eaten, for they begin to deteriorate quickly. It is seldom possible to buy tomatoes at the quality stage of ripeness.

No one knows the taste of a melon at its best until he has eaten it within an hour or two after it has been parted from the vine. Melons sold in stores are very unsatisfactory substitutes for the kind one may grow in his own garden.

In the home garden all kinds of vegetables can be picked when they are at their best, and that usually is in the cool of the morning when the dew is on the plants. The commercial grower picks his vegetables when he has the opportunity, and that occurs often at the time when the sun is withering or has withered the product.

Another advantage in favor of the home garden is that the owner is able to gather young vegetables which seldom reach the market; for instance, beet greens with tiny beets attached are a delicacy, and these are secured by merely thinning out the rows. Young carrots also are delicious, and string beans, peas and cucumbers should be picked before they have reached full size.

By making a succession of sowings one may have vegetables at their best for a long season. String beans, peas, lettuce, radishes, spinach, carrots, corn and other things may be had practically all summer.

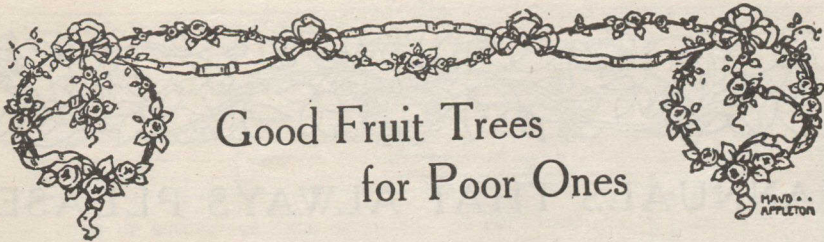
To have quality vegetables the amateur must not think that it is necessary to follow only haphazard methods in his garden. A rich, loamy soil, well tilled, the use of manure and water in abundance, and a plot that slopes to the south will give most satisfactory results.

The main thing in gardening is good seed and intelligent use of the soil. We have all seen gardens on rich soil that were anything but good, and again we have seen fine gardens on rather poor soil. It requires lots of work to have gardens when the soil is not the best, but it can be done. Never work the soil unless dry enough. Thoroughly pulverize the clods before any seeds are planted, and frequent cultivation will bring good crops if the seed is good. Enrich the soil and get it in as fine tilth as possible as soon as it can be done.

QUANTITIES OF SEEDS REQUIRED TO PLANT THE GARDENS DESCRIBED WITH DUE ALLOWANCE FOR NORMAL AMOUNT OF REPLANTING

|                                  | The Farm Garden | The Village Garden | The Garden      |
|----------------------------------|-----------------|--------------------|-----------------|
| Asparagus.....                   | 100 roots       | 50 roots           |                 |
| Beans, green podded.....         | 1 pt.           | 1/2 pt.            | 1/2 pt.         |
| Beans, wax.....                  | 1 pt.           | 1/2 pt.            |                 |
| Beans, Lima.....                 | 1 pt.           | 1/2 pt.            |                 |
| Beets.....                       | 2 oz.           | 1 oz.              | 1 oz.           |
| Cabbage, early.....              | 1 pkt.          | 1 pkt.             | 1 doz. plants   |
| Cabbage, second early.....       | 1 pkt.          |                    |                 |
| Cabbage, late.....               | 1 pkt.          | 1 pkt.             |                 |
| Carrot.....                      | 1 oz.           | 1 pkt.             | 1 pkt.          |
| Cauliflower.....                 | 1 pkt.          | 1 pkt.             |                 |
| Celery.....                      | 1 oz.           | 1 pkt.             |                 |
| Chard.....                       |                 |                    | 1 pkt.          |
| Corn, sweet, extra early.....    | 1 1/2 pt.       | 1/2 pt.            |                 |
| Corn, sweet, second early.....   | 1 1/2 pt.       |                    |                 |
| Corn, sweet, late.....           | 1 qt.           | 1/2 pt.            |                 |
| Cress.....                       |                 | 1 pkt.             | 1 pkt.          |
| Cucumber.....                    | 1 oz.           | 1 oz.              | 1 pkt.          |
| Eggplant.....                    |                 | 1/2 doz. plants    |                 |
| Lettuce, leaf.....               | 1 oz.           | 1 pkt.             | 1 pkt.          |
| Lettuce, head.....               |                 | 1 pkt.             | 1 pkt.          |
| Mustard.....                     |                 | 1 pkt.             | 1 pkt.          |
| Muskmelon.....                   | 1 oz.           |                    |                 |
| Watermelon.....                  | 1 oz.           |                    |                 |
| Onion seed.....                  | 2 oz.           | 1 oz.              |                 |
| Onion sets, bottom.....          | 1 qt.           | 1 qt.              | 1 qt.           |
| Onion sets, top (perennial)..... | 1 qt.           |                    |                 |
| Parsley.....                     | 1 pkt.          | 1 pkt.             | 1 pkt.          |
| Parsnip.....                     | 1 oz.           | 1 pkt.             |                 |
| Peas, extra early smooth.....    | 1 pt.           | 1/2 pt.            |                 |
| Peas, early dwarf, wrinkled..... | 1 qt.           | 1/2 pt.            | 1/2 pt.         |
| Peas, late, wrinkled.....        | 1 pt.           | 1/2 pt.            | 1/2 doz. plants |
| Pepper.....                      | 1 pkt.          | 1 pkt.             |                 |
| Potatoes.....                    | 3 pks.          |                    |                 |
| Radish.....                      | 3 oz.           | 1 oz.              | 1 oz.           |
| Rhubarb.....                     | 25 plants or    |                    |                 |
| Spinach.....                     | 1 oz.           | 1 oz.              | 1 pkt.          |
| Squash, summer.....              | 1 oz.           | 1 pkt.             |                 |
| Squash, winter.....              | 1 oz.           |                    |                 |
| Tomato.....                      | 2 pkts.         | 1 pkt.             | 1 doz. plants   |
| Turnip.....                      | 1 oz.           | 1 pkt.             | 1 pkt.          |





## Good Fruit Trees for Poor Ones

By GEO. W. TEBBS

IT is surprising to notice how many people everywhere are contented even in small gardens to allow trees that are doing no good to occupy valuable space, when with a little trouble the "barren fig tree could be made fruitful." Why should it be so? Why need it continue if this be true? One of the causes may be that the trees are of poor varieties, or else have been neglected from their youth up.

There are only two ways of dealing with trees that produce fruit of only poor quality: First, cut them into kindling wood, or else graft some good variety upon them. Why should you not get as much fruit as your neighbor? There is a great deal of fascination and pleasure in tree grafting, and it is not as difficult as many people imagine.

It is strange yet true that a graft will really grow even although the grafter (and I use the term in the good sense) has not passed an examination in pomology, and it really is quite unnecessary to be put on just when the moon is at the full. New moon time is just as good.

### TOP-WORKING OLD TREES.

When you have your trees already in the garden, you have no choice as to the stock upon which to place your graft. All I would say is that providing proper care is taken, you can graft on anything made of wood. I have had pear grafts growing on maple trees, just as a curiosity of course, and with no idea of increasing the sweetness of the fruit; and it might be quite possible to get a scion going on a fence post, providing the latter was not too long dead. But it should be remembered in grafting upon old trees, say upon an old seedling apple, as in one of the accompanying illustrations, there must be lots of vigor and healthy wood as a basis for operations. There is always the disadvantage also in working upon an old tall tree that the fruit from your new grafts will be away up in the ethereal blue.

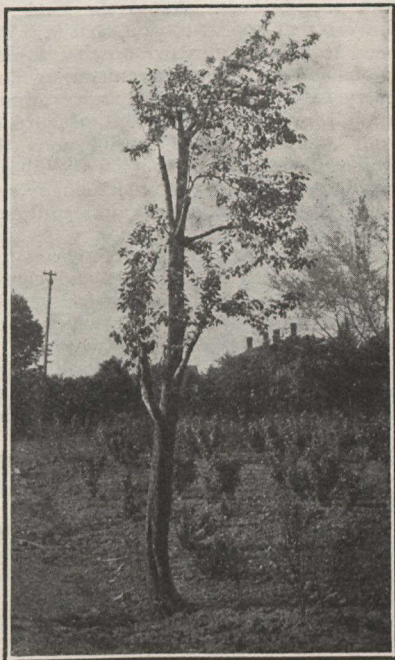
In commencing operations do not cut all the top of the old tree away. Leave enough branches and foliage for breathing purposes, otherwise "tuberculosis" rapidly ensues. Be moderate in the amputation of the limbs.

The new scions or slips, should be taken from the good variety early in the spring, taking off vigorous shoots some three or four inches long for scion making, and laying them in a moist, cool shady place until wanted. Head back the old tree as stated above, clearing the branches away in good time, before the sap begins to rise, thereby preventing unnecessary bleeding, and facilitating the actual operation when the proper time comes. It will only be necessary then to saw off one or two inches to get to fresh wood, and the tree is ready for grafting. The actual work had better be done early in April.

Personally I prefer cleft grafting. It makes tying scarcely necessary. In this operation the stump is split to a depth of one inch by laying the edge of a strong heavy blade across the centre, and giving a sharp tap with a mallet. The blade is removed, and the cleft held open by inserting a small upright

chisel in the centre. A portion of wood is cut out of each edge at both sides so as to form a wedge-shaped space, and the scion which is two to four inches in length, is cut to fit it. By slightly depressing the chisel the scion can be got well in, and directly the chisel is withdrawn the cut pieces come together and hold the graft tight.

As so much of the success of grafting depends on excluding the air, it is necessary to cover the stump, especially the cuts, with grafting wax. The following is an excellent recipe: Melt together in a pan on the stove, with care, four parts of resin, two parts of bees-wax and one part of tallow. When all



WILD PEAR TREE GRAFTED

are thoroughly melted and mixed together pour a handful at a time into a pail of cold water. Grease the hand and roll like toffee until light-colored.

An old broken sickle makes an excellent grafting knife. I had an old wild pear growing in my garden, which I have successfully grafted, as the accompanying illustration shows, and the new grafts are now in full bearing, four years after the scions were placed on the tree. The illustration shows the young grafts overweighted with blossoms.

### FEEDING THE TREES.

If the trees are of a good variety, and yet are not doing their duty, it is probably due to one of three causes: It may be that either root pruning or top trimming is necessary, or that the soil needs attention. You cannot starve or neglect a tree and get good results. Try it on yourself if you don't believe it.

See that your varieties, if you are thinking of planting, are such as will suit your neighborhood. Don't force trees to grow which are unsuitable to your locality. Give them a fair chance.



NORTHERN SPY GRAFTED ON AN OLD USELESS TREE. The first season. Three years after fruit was produced.

See that the drainage is good. Apple trees are not water lilies.

Trees are often treated, when heavy croppers, as if they were light bearers. Poor soil is left alone just as though it were richly stored with nutriment, and the owner of the trees doesn't need any lecturer to show him or any writer to tell him that he is wrong. Here is a splendid fertilizer for unsatisfactory trees: Eight parts of superphosphate, six parts of nitrate of potash, four parts of basic slag, four parts of nitrate of soda, and four parts of sulphate of lime. Mix and use at the rate of four ounces per square yard as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

### THINNING OUT THE BRANCHES.

The thinning out of trees is most important. Let in air and light and so stimulate the remaining fruiting branches, but it must be done with care. Don't butcher the poor tree. Err on the side of leniency. Remove small branches growing inwards, and all the sprouting suckers from the main limbs.

Root pruning must be done with care. I only attempt it on one side of the tree each year when it is necessary. It is the fibrous root that is fruit-producing, and the object of root-pruning is to create more of these by removing some of the heavier roots whose tendency is to produce wood. In cutting away the roots, remove them with a sharp saw, leaving no jagged edges.

### Spray the Fruit Trees

By E. C. McROBERT

IN these days when insects and fungous diseases of fruit trees are so prevalent, it is necessary to spray in order to get clean fruit. No up-to-date commercial fruit grower would consider for a moment the possibility of growing fruit without the aid of the spray pump. The need for spraying is just as great in the city and village garden; in fact, insects and fungi often are found in greater numbers on small lots than on equal areas in large orchards.

There is nothing mysterious or difficult about the operation of spraying. It is a simple matter when prepared spray mixtures are purchased and not much more troublesome for the gardener or fruit grower to prepare the mixtures at home. For the average amateur, the best plan is to find out from a well-informed neighbor or from the nearest agricultural college or experiment station the names of the pests that are troubling his trees or crops, and also the kind of spray mixture to use for their control.

Probably the best all-round remedy for fungi and some kinds of insects, such as San Jose scale and oyster shell scale, is the lime-sulphur wash. A commercial form of this can be purchased, which requires only mixing with water to be ready for use. For applying in winter or spring, before the buds commence to open, the usual proportion is one part of lime-sulphur to ten of water; in summer, one to thirty. To make this mixture effective for controlling insects that bite and chew their food such as the codling moth, it is necessary to mix with it an arsenical poison, such as arsenate of lead.

Another solution that is commonly used for orchard and garden spraying is the Bordeaux mixture. It can be made at home as follows: For one barrel of the mixture use four pounds of bluestone, four or five pounds of lime and four ounces of Paris green or two pounds of arsenate of lead. Dissolve the bluestone in a half barrel of water; slake the lime and add another half barrel of water; then bring the two solutions together, making a barrel. It is important not to mix the bluestone and lime together, except when well diluted. Mix four ounces of a good Paris green to a paste, with a little water, dilute with water enough to enable it to pour and add same to the mixture in the barrel. Arsenate of lead is more adhesive than Paris green, and is absolutely harmless to the foliage. Buy a knapsack spray pump and go to work.

It is best to spray fruit trees four times. First, when the trees are dormant in spring, for fungi; second, when the buds are opening, for bud moths and cigar case bearer; third, immediately after the blossoms fall, for codling moth; fourth, about three weeks later, for apple scab and leaf-eating insects.

Planting vegetables, with the possible exception of peas, onions, lettuce, beets and early potatoes, before the soil is thoroughly warm, is labor and seed almost as good as thrown away.



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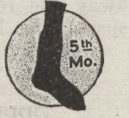
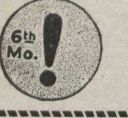
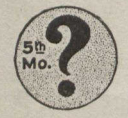
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## ANNUALS THAT ALWAYS PLEASE

By F. E. BUCK

YOU may or you may not remember that in your childhood days your baby fingers had a habit of reaching after some flowers in preference to all others. You may or you may not recall that as you grow older there were sweet odors in the garden which made you love to pluck, in the cool of the evening, those flowers which appealed so strongly to the sense of smell. You may not now care for the flowers you once loved long ago. But this last statement is hardly likely. Be you man, filled with the cares of business and the interests of other hobbies, or woman filled with the cares of the house and the pleasures of the enlarging realm of social activities, you are almost sure to possess some measure of interest in, and love for, flowers. As to the kind of flowers that appeal to you, that will depend to a large measure on past associations and present temperament. Almost everyone has at least a passive admiration for the flowers. The measure of your admiration will depend upon the way you view life, and upon the liberty you have given to your more poetic self when it tries to assert its legitimate function in your life's economy.

The "flowers which always please" of this article are all annuals, and consequently if you are looking for certain ones to be mentioned—for which you have always had a good word or a strong admiration—and are disappointed at not finding them in the list, remember that the length of the article forbids the mention of "many dear old familiar" flowers because they come under the heading of perennials rather than of annuals.

The aim of this article is to reintroduce to your notice some of the most popular of the annuals. A semi-descriptive style will help us best to find out why they please. A feature of the article will be its appeal to you personally to grow some of them in a way that, perhaps, may be new to you.

#### FAVORITES OF CHILDHOOD.

There is no doubt at all that many of the flowers which please us most do so because they were known and loved by us when we were young. The many colors and velvety feel of the pansy petals always appealed to our youthful tastes. The primness and purity of the button-like heads of the daisies caught our eye with equal force. And flowers which possessed odor or had "honey pockets," as we used to call them, such as the foxgloves, which are favorites of the bees, had also a particular charm for the inquisitive mind of childhood.

As typical of this class, and to show that odor is a big factor in making us love a flower, let us take the well-known mignonette, because that certainly could not appeal to us on any ground other than that of fragrance.

Mignonette.—The fragrant mignonette, or "little darling," to give the word its French interpretation, is one of the most cherished of all garden favorites. It is the simplest and sweetest of plants; so modest that it hardly pretends to be a flower. Perhaps it is because of its modesty that we love it the more. It is of Egyptian origin, and with us is still less than two hundred years old. Many have called it the love flower or *herbe d'amour*, because it once played a part in marriage ceremonies. In this connection, a story may not be out of place:

The mignonette has found a place in the armorial bearings of a noble family of Saxony, and it is said that it got there in the following way: The Count of Walstheim once loved a lovely maiden by the name of Amelia of Nordbourg, who was, however, a spoiled child and a coquette. This same Amelia had a humble companion whose name was Charlotte. One evening when they were at a party together it was arranged by the hostess that all the ladies present were to choose a flower, and the gentlemen were to make verses on the selections. Amelia picked the beautiful rose and Charlotte the modest mignonette. But in the course of the evening Amelia coquetted so much with a dashing colonel who was also present, that the Count could not suppress his vexation.

On this he wrote a verse for the rose, which translated, is as follows:

"She lives but for a day, and pleases but for a moment."

He then presented the following line on the mignonette to the gentle Charlotte:

"Your qualities surpass your charms."

The Count transferred his affections to Charlotte, and when he married her he added a bunch of sweet mignonette to the ancient arms of his family, repeating this motto.

Maeterlinck says that "the mignonette hides herself in her laboratory, and silently distils perfume that gives us a foretaste of the air which we breathe on the threshold of Paradise."

We love some flowers then because of the associations with which they are entwined, and we love the fragrant types, perhaps, as much as any. And that is why they please. In this list then we must include the sweet "old-fashioned" annual pinks, and the stocks, the wall-flowers, in addition to those mentioned earlier.

#### THE TOMMY ATKINS TYPE.

There is another class of annual flowers which appeal to us for quite different reasons. Some of them may be slightly fragrant, but that is not the ground of their appeal. As a rule they make us conscious of their worth by means of their gay colors. As types of this class we might mention petunias, geraniums and verbenas. We often see flowers of this type in our public places, and sometimes get the impression that they lack refinement of character. But that is not really so. They are not to be thought of as decking themselves in gaudy colors like the African native. But it is permissible to think of them as attired in bright congruous colors like Tommy Atkins on parade. Nature is never incongruous, and we should, and do love, these gay flowers because they are gay—and in a way belong to the public life. They must be thought of as "heroes for foreign service." But before we give up our "boys" for foreign service we learn to love them in the home. So with these flowers. There is no reason why we should not grow and love these flowers in our gardens because they have the merit of being fit for public service.

Petunias.—Amongst the showiest flowers of this class are the petunias, Petunias make very rapid growth. They come to us from South America, and next to geraniums, they are without doubt the most satisfactory flowers for massing in beds. Some are quite strongly perfumed, and all are varied and most attractive in their colors.

Verbenas.—The verberna, or "herb of grace" was worn in olden times as a charm to ward off evil associations. We have found at Ottawa that some of the modern strains of verbenas are unsurpassed by any flower if a gorgeous mass of beautiful color is required. Some are sweetly fragrant. Verbenas grow with a very spreading habit, and will stand a good bit of cutting back if such is necessary, to keep them in bounds.

Geraniums.—The very word "geranium" calls to mind bright patches of color on open lawn or in public park. The fact that this flower is so popular is its best recommendation. Apart from the fact that the geranium is a flower which will continue in bloom for the whole season, we should remember that it has other merits which have raised it to such a high place in the national esteem. It has attractive foliage at all seasons, and this is in most cases pleasantly aromatic. There is a sweet-scented section of these plants which is not so well known as it should be. The geranium comes to us from South Africa, and the very large number of varieties of all gradations of color which may be obtained would give the geranium a place amongst the "flowers that please" if it had no other merit. But it has merits belonging to few other flowers. It can be propagated with the greatest ease from cuttings, and the number of different ways in which it may be used is greatly in its favor.

In a sense the geranium is not a true





PLAN OF BORDER FOR "ALL ANNUALS," 40 FEET LONG BY 9 FEET DEEP

For list of flowers see article and plan at the bottom of this page.

annual, neither is the next flower to be mentioned; however, since both have to be treated as annuals in our gardens in the north they are included in this list.

**Gladioli.**—The gladiolus is another plant coming to us originally from South Africa. While the last-mentioned plant, the geranium, is generally propagated by means of cuttings, the gladiolus is propagated by means of corms, or in popular language, bulbs. The gladiolus is a modern plant, and the many beautiful hybrids which have been produced by man's ingenuity during the last few years is a piece of pleasing evidence to two facts which everyone growing plants of any sort will do well to note. The first is that Nature will always accept man's help; this is seen in the fact that the size of the individual flower of the gladiolus, and also the length of its flower spike have both been vastly improved by skilful breeding. The second is that although Nature will accept man's help, she will not yield into his hands her secrets by means of which she establishes her claim to be the great Artist; this is seen in the most marvellous blendings of several colors in a single flower. This blending of color she does with perfect congruity, and gives man no reason to think that he has a share in the result.

**Other Favorites.**—While it is not necessary to discuss in a list of "annuals that always please," every flower that one would place in such a list, it would be impolitic, if not unfair, to pass by altogether some which have merits equal to others discussed at some length. However, space, the purpose of this article, and the "fortunes of war" require that many of the most worthy will have to be dismissed with the briefest word possible.

Zinnias are well-known garden annuals, bearing large showy flowers of several colors. Well-grown and selected zinnias often produce flowers almost as large and attractive as dahlias. They are particularly pleasing when flowers of a formal type are required for vase use.

Balsams are among the showiest and most popular of the garden annuals. A strong point with them is that they are seldom troubled with any insect or other pest, and in addition they have a very bush-like and attractive habit of growth. They are generally covered with an abundance of bloom.

HOME FAVORITES.

There is still a third class of flowers which may very well be named "home favorites." For generations flowers of this class have made home surroundings brighter and happier by reason of their ever radiant or fragrant presence. Most of these, like the two last-mentioned, will have to be dismissed with a short word only.

Who is he that does not know the odor of pinks? In the annual pinks, both single and double varieties may be obtained which are always worth growing. Pinks seldom fail to attract our attention and win our regard. They are loved particularly by the children.

The carnation of the florist belongs to the same family, so also does the old-fashioned biennial, sweet william. The carnation of the following stanza is evidently the pink of our gardens because the former as we know it is without much fragrance, while the garden pink still retains it, and the poet has well described it as heavenly:

"Red carnations blushing bright,  
Sun-kissed flowers of love's own hue,  
Fair adorners of the light,  
Heavenly odors spring from you."

Next to the sweet peas, the nasturtiums seem to hold their own as popular climbing plants for the home surroundings. Some very desirable colors are now obtainable in the dwarf or "Tom Thumb" types. The popularity of both forms is due to the many merits possessed by this "old-fashioned" favorite.

Poppies are obtainable in many annual varieties, and should have a place in every garden. The Shirley poppies are among the best.

Salvias are entitled to premier place amongst the best scarlet flowers.

Asters are wonderful flowers, and no list would be complete without asters, and the next, and last, flower to be mentioned.

A few other flowers which might well be included in this section of "the home favorites" will be found at the end of the article.

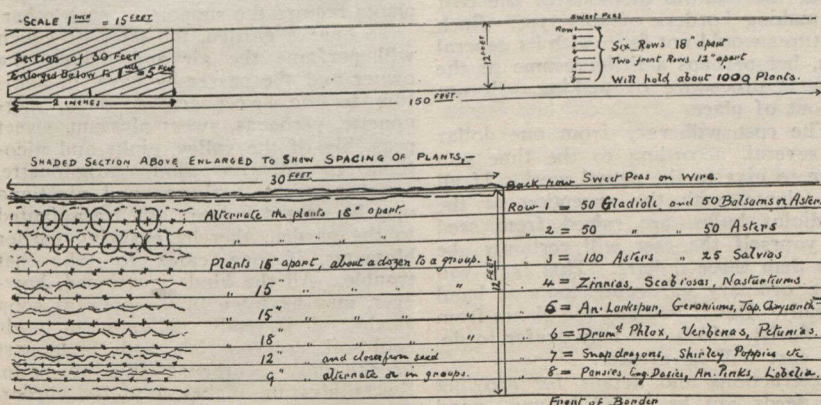
It might be mentioned, perhaps, that the three divisions into which "annuals which always please" have been placed, namely, "favorites of childhood," "Tommy Atkins types" and "home favorites," are divisions suggested by the flowers themselves, and that such divisions are used to suggest the functions of the flowers more than for any other reason.

SWEET PEAS.

The sweet pea is the emblem of delicate pleasures. It is so universally admired and so easily cultivated that perhaps no one would question its right to a place in any list of "annuals that always please." Its original home is the island of Sicily, and it is only within the last few years that it has been developed both in its form and popularity to its present high standard.

It is a beautiful flower for table decoration, and as evidence of its popularity in this connection it may be mentioned that there are in existence now national sweet pea societies, and that quite recently a first prize equal to about five thousand dollars was given for the best table display of these flowers.

In the garden it shows up to fine



A PLAN OF A BORDER OF "ANNUALS THAT ALWAYS PLEASE," 150 FEET LONG BY 12 FEET DEEP

As arranged above, the dwarf plants are all placed in the front row (row 8). Poppies, mignonette and candytuft do better if the seeds are sown in the open ground. If these are sown in row 7, the verbenas, etc., in row 6 will spread forward and fill up the space after the poppies are past.



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advantage, and when grown as will be suggested later on in this article, it nearly always thrives in all seasons. Here again it should be noted that Nature seems to have selected the sweet pea to show how color may be blended in perfect harmony. Seldom do the varied colors clash. It always pleases. It dispenses its fragrant odor to all alike without regarding the rank of its possessor or begrudging the calls which the bees make on this store of sweet nectar. The fanciful lines of the poet Keats well describe some of its features:

"Here are sweet peas on tiptoe for a flight,  
With wings of gentle flush, o'er delicate white,  
And taper fingers catching at all things,  
To bind them all about with tiny rings."

As everyone knows, the petals of the sweet pea flower are called the "standard" the "wings" and the "keel," because they bear a resemblance to these objects in both shape and position. The Rev. W. T. Hutchins, a great American authority on sweet peas, pleasingly alludes to them thus: "The sweet pea has a keel that was meant to seek all shores; it has wings that were meant to fly across all continents; and it has a fragrance like the universal Gospel; yea, a sweet prophecy of welcome everywhere that has been abundantly fulfilled."

### HOW TO GROW THESE FLOWERS.

Many of these flowers, as has been suggested, are ideal for massing in separate beds on the lawn or in a public park, but where flowers for the home or for cutting are required, the best way is to grow them in mixed borders.

Nothing, perhaps, is nicer than a well-arranged perennial border, but if you call that to mind that is not what is meant here. A border of *all annuals* is what is meant, and that is not very common. The way in which it is suggested that these should be grown, and the way that has given us great satisfaction is to prepare a special border for their exclusive use.

The arrangement of such a border should be quite different to that of the perennial border. In a perennial border the flowers must be arranged in clumps, and straight lines must be avoided as much as possible, but in growing annuals in a border the straight line method should be used as much as possible. Sketch out a plan of your border beforehand, and grow these flowers in the greatest abundance which are likely to be in the greatest demand for cutting.

Annual flowers are splendid for giving away to friends, hospitals, churches, etc., and in a border of annuals you appreciate those flowers which you "can cut and come again." But at the same time you will find that you will need some that are not suitable for cutting in order that the border may not be left too ragged after an extra severe demand upon its resources.

Grow several types of those flowers you like best, therefore, and give them all an equal chance to show you that they will please you if they have a fair opportunity. A fair opportunity is one where they will have a good soil and be so arranged that in dry weather all the ground will be shaded by their foliage in order that the moisture may not evaporate too quickly. Flowers so grown, simple as this sounds, will please about ten times as much as flowers grown under medium conditions only.

The accompanying plans are suggestive of borders of the type suggested.

### CULTURE METHODS AND COST.

In this article very little will be said about the cultural methods or the cost of making borders of this type. Such features would not fit in with its general aim, but perhaps a little resume of the general procedure of making will not be out of place.

The cost will vary from one dollar to several, according to the time you have to give to the actual work. If all the plants, with the exception of the gladiolus bulbs, are raised from seed by yourself the cost will certainly be less than three dollars. That is if you have ordinary gardening tools at hand already. But if you buy the plants from the florist, which you may prefer to do, the cost will be greater.

Instructions and details for growing the seeds can be found in any good book on flower gardening. The salient points for making a border of *all annuals* are:

1—Get the border itself ready in the previous autumn.  
2—If it has not been prepared in the

autumn, preparations as early as possible in the spring will answer, provided that the ground is well enriched, with the best well-decayed compost.

3—Select the flowers you intend to grow, and be sure and order them not later than March.

4—Sow the seeds in late March or early April, some perhaps earlier than this. Sow them in flats or pots.

5—In April and May transplant the young seedlings, and put outside to harden off. Sweet peas must be sown as early as possible outside. Sow about two inches deep.

6—Plant out the border in late May or early June. Choose a cloudy day for this work.

7—During the growing season water very heavily about twice a week if watering be necessary.

8—Until the flowers commence to blossom keep the ground slightly stirred, even if there are no weeds.

9—In October dig up the border ready for the same process another year.

The best annuals to grow this way are: Pansies, daisies, pinks, stocks, wall-flowers, nasturtiums, petunias, zinnias, asters, salvias, poppies, balsams, verbenas, sweet peas, gladioli, lobelia, annual larkspur, annual phlox, scabiosa, golden orange daisy, candytuft, single Japanese chrysanthemums, annual hollyhocks, mignonette, coreopsis, cosmos, marigold.

### English Cowslips

By J. E. ORR

FOR perhaps more than fifty years we have had abundance of these pretty flowers. They are a dearly loved favorite with all who see them. They grow with very little care. Some of the most beautiful blooming plants grow in the grass and in the shade of the trees.

During May and June they produce armfuls of flowers, and burst forth in a great variety of colors, from bright yellow to deep crimson. Many are variegated and extremely rich in markings, and all have pretty centres. Their perfume is sweet and pleasant to inhale, as it is wafted through the air. For bouquets they are first-class, for they have long stems, and while lasting well, they never litter up a room with falling petals. They are well adapted for the country, as they can care for themselves, and also add much to the cheerfulness and beauty of the surroundings.

The cowslips and tulips bloom at about the same time, and a mixed bouquet of them looks well. They are a hardy perennial; therefore are not disturbed by zero weather. Many Old Country people show a decided pleasure when they see the cowslips in Canada, as they are reminded of scenes in the Old Land.

### A Garden of Sweet Odors

By C. B. ALDEN

FRAGRANT flowers are the special joy of gardeners. A hardy annual that gives off a delightful fragrance at night is the sweet-scented stock *Matthiola bicornis*. Although its flowers are inconspicuous, this annual is well worth growing near the veranda where you are accustomed to sit in the evening. Sow the seed in the open ground just as soon as the soil is in good condition to work. Later on, thin them somewhat, but not enough to prevent them from growing in a compact mass. As they are rather weak-stemmed, the plants require the support of each other.

To have a garden, the odor of which will perfume the air and delight the owner and the passersby have, in addition to the sweet-scented stock, mignonette, verbenas, sweet alyssum, sweet peas, lily of the valley, pinks and nicotiana or tobacco plant. Mignonette, sweet alyssum, verbenas and nicotiana may be started indoors and transplanted to the garden, thereby ensuring earlier blossoms, if one cares to take that trouble. All the kinds mentioned, however, may be sown in the open as soon as the soil is ready. Mignonette needs cool soil, not too rich, and shade part of the day. Verbenas like the sun. Sweet alyssum makes a pretty border. Sweet peas should be planted as early as possible for best results. Lily of the valley comes up each year; plant the roots in a shady place. Nicotiana is very fragrant at night and, like the sweet-scented stock, will add another charm to the evening hours.

## AN EASTER GIFT

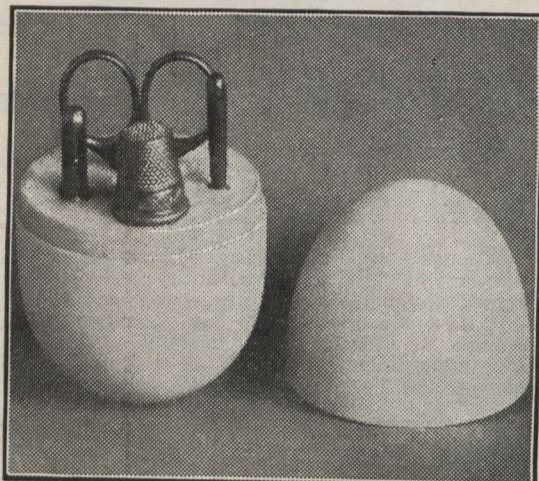
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# A Garden From the Woods

By MRS. A. G. H. WHITE

A GARDEN should be, in a measure, the expression of the owner's self. It represents an idea of beauty or usefulness, according to the taste and pocket of the possessor.

If it fall to you to have wide spaces in which to garden, then you can dream dreams and make pictures to your

all the breezes through, and is a dainty background for the flowers.

The plea of "destroying privacy" by removing board fences does not hold very well, because if you are really so interested in your neighbor's doings, and cannot see him through the fence, it is so easy to walk upstairs and look at him out of the back window.

With soil and fences arranged to satisfaction, next comes growth. If the lot is long and narrow, shorten it by putting shrubs in the corners. Not a straight line of them, "nature abhors straight lines," but group them so as to make a kind of semi-circle at the back.

In these groups, some of the native shrubs are exceeding beautiful, and only need energetic hands and care to get them. The red-osier dogwood, with its rich crimson wood, dainty green oval, deeply-veined leaves, is beautiful at all times—in the winter against the white snow, in spring just budding, in summer with its masses of white flowers, and through autumn with its heavy clusters of white berries.

The elders, both red-berried and black-berried, also are useful. The red-berried elder blooms early, and its pyramids of creamy white flowers, are followed by groups of red berries. If planted with a black-berried elder, which flowers late, the large flat flower masses of the latter, mingled with the red berries of the former, make an effective group, if the birds leave you the pretty fruit.

The viburnums, maple-leaved, and high-bush cranberry, are beautiful shrubs. None requires any care after planting, as they are used to looking out for themselves in their woodland home, and scorn wrappings and coddling.

Along the fences bunches of boltonia will give fountains of white bloom to-

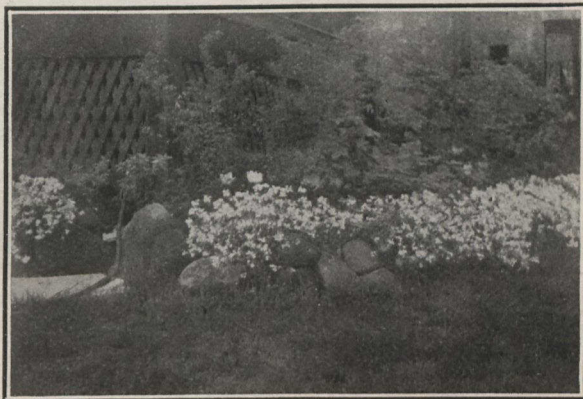


WILD CRANESBILL—GERANIUM MACULATUM

heart's content. But if only a narrow city lot be your portion, imagination must work out something that will show your individuality. Copy as little as possible. Let your garden be a phase of you.

Of course, soil is the great factor. If a heavy clay that will not drain, get your coal ashes worked under the surface, and a heavy coating of manure on top. If put on in the fall this will render the top soil easier to work with in the spring, but it takes a long time to make a clay soil friable. It has its advantages, though, because there is always moisture at the roots of things, that helps them through the hot days of summer. But drainage is indispensable; otherwise the clay packs about the roots and no air reaching them, they rot away and the plants die.

If your neighbors are not severely conservative, you may induce those on either side to do away with the high board fences which keep out the air and sunshine and harbor ice until late spring. A light wire fence, open meshed, over which vines can clamber, lets



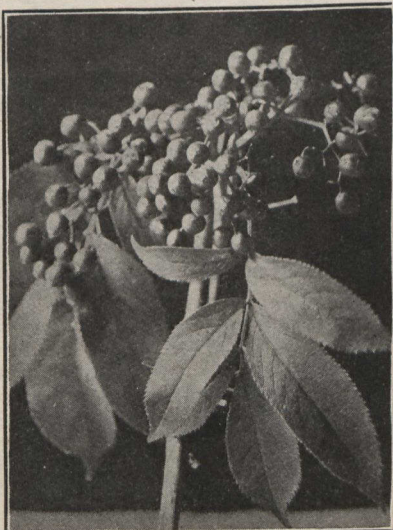
ALPINE CRESS WITH TULIPS GROWING OVER BIG STONES  
Behind are elder and Japanese knotweed as shrubs—planted to make a high, bare veranda look lower.

wards autumn. Under these have a few rare pæonies, with their exquisite flowers of varied colors, some groups of stately iris, and phlox of any kind you fancy. Our own wild phlox makes a dainty garden flower if a mass of it is planted with something richly green behind. The large lavender-blue flowers are lovely. Wild geranium also is not to be despised in a large clump, but it must be kept within bounds, or will become troublesome.

The Canada lily, with its deep red-orange bells, spotted with brown, is a graceful guest to be entertained. Anemones and bloodroot, violets of five or six kinds and wild columbine, with its scarlet and gold swaying honey-cups, are beautiful reminders of golden days of rambling, when seen in the border.

Along the edge, following the lines of the border, Alpine cress is the prettiest of pretty things. The foliage is so compact, and there are so many thousands of white blossoms, and they come so early that they make the heart joyful. Among this, many bulbs of tulips, squills and snowdrops may be hidden, which in blooming above the snowy mass of tiny cress-flowers in the early season, give an effect which puts the finest confection in Parisian hats into the shade.

Asters for fall bloom must not be forgotten, and these may be planted al-



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# There was a MISTAKE In the Address

Probably you noticed the big, double-page advertisement printed in colors in the February issue of The Canadian Home Journal. If you did not, look it up now, it's worth reading. Unfortunately, through a mistake some of the advertisements gave the address as Canal Road, Cleveland. It should have read 897 Centre Street, Montreal.

You should have a copy of the portfolio of twenty color plates of interiors mentioned in the advertisement. It is not too late to get one. Sent free on request, so write to-day. You and everyone else interested in the interior decoration and furnishing of your home will want a copy. Be sure and write to-day.



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most on top of the bulbs, whose foliage dies away after the bloom is over. Lots of white asters, pale and deep pink, rich Burgundy purple and lavender make a lovely show, and supply house flowers in plenty. One hundred plants give countless flowers if the plants are strong. Of course there are thousands of other things to put in, but this gar-

den of my mind's eye is one that is to be inexpensive, not requiring great care, supplying work for brain and hands without overworking strength, and giving an immense amount of pleasure to one who likes a quiet place with specks of beauty in it and a chance to see nature at play with her little children, the birds and bees and flowers.

## CELERY FOR THE HOME GARDEN

By GEORGE BALDWIN

THE elements of success in celery growing are many. First and foremost among them is a love for your work. If you do not like your job you will never be a real success, no matter what line of business you are in.

I will now give a few brief details of my own experience in growing celery. For two reasons my remarks in reference to raising your own plants will be very brief, as by the time this article is in print it will be too late for sowing seed of early celery, and then again you can procure all the plants you require from local seedsmen at very reasonable rates. In the latter case, do not leave the ordering until too late.

To begin with, get all the seeds you want about the end of February. I should recommend (providing you can make room for a three-row trench) White Plume, Paris Golden, and Rose Ribbed Paris. Next prepare your hot-

not have the roots turning upwards, but dibble your holes big enough to allow the roots to go down in their natural position, and above all, press the earth very firmly around the roots. Give a good supply of water and shade for a day or two with boards or paper.

Along each side of your trench you have a hill running the whole length, probably a foot high. Level this off on top to about eight inches wide, and sow radishes, which will mature long before you need the soil for earthing-up purposes; in fact, I get two crops of radishes off these hills.

From this out (your rows being wide enough) run your hoe through one day and water the next day by taking off the nozzle and holding the hose down close and giving a liberal supply. About once a week give the rows a watering with liquid manure, and about the end of July you will have some celery fit



GARDEN OF MR. GEORGE BALDWIN, TORONTO

This garden in 1911 produced 82 varieties of vegetables and 100 varieties of flowers.

bed or seed pans. Sow the seed thickly, firming the soil down well before putting the seed in, and then again after you have sifted about one-eighth of an inch of soil on top of the seeds. Give lots of air and moisture. As soon as the seedlings have got three leaves, prick them out into more space, giving them about one inch of room each way. Keep them as close to the glass as possible to prevent them getting too long and spindly. Stir the earth frequently with a small pointed stick. When they are about two inches high, transplant again, giving three inches of space. Along about the second or third week of May they will be ready to plant out in the trench.

Prepare your trench in the following manner: Mark off your ground six feet wide by length required to take care of the quantity you intend planting. Dig this out to the depth of eight inches, throwing the earth equally on each side, then fill this eight inches up with good rotten manure and dig it in thoroughly and deeply. To insure it being thoroughly incorporated with the soil, tramp all over it and then dig it up again, then level and rake it over, after which mark off with a string the three rows which should be from eighteen inches from each bank and eighteen inches between the rows, which should run north and south. Next get your plants, which should now be about eight inches long; that is, four inches of tops, and one-quarter inch of roots. Take the shears and clip off about one-half inch of foliage and one-half inch of roots, and then plant eight inches apart in the rows. Be sure in planting that you do

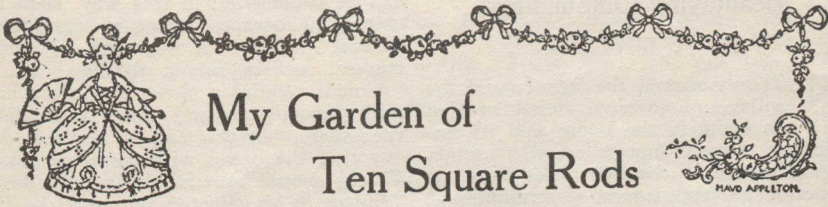
to pull. About the second week in July start the earthing-up operations by drawing from the hills on either side and putting about four inches of earth around the stalks. Do this by holding each individual plant firmly with your left hand, and using your right to draw the earth, being very careful not to let any earth run in between the stalks.

To thoroughly bleach the celery fit for table use, allow yourself ten days or two weeks, covering up to within four inches of the tops of your foliage. Scatter a little sulphur or slacked lime over your bed twice during the season. Look occasionally for a green and yellow caterpillar. Do not squirt water on the foliage. Carry out the foregoing instructions, and you will have celery fit to place before a king.

My reasons for recommending the earth instead of paper or boards for bleaching is because I have tried all three ways, and find the earth far preferable. It gives the celery a sweet nutty taste, and the bleaching is more complete.

There is no reason why the city man should not have a garden as well as the man in the country. It is not necessary to have a large area of land to get good returns. Often the 5 or 10-acre farm returns as much as one of 40 or 60 acres; good results may be obtained from a city lot of 50 by 50 feet. It depends very much upon the man (or woman), as well as on the crop raised.





# My Garden of Ten Square Rods

By W. N. ROBERTSON

THE rear half of our city lot is an important factor in the domestic economy of our home.

Before coming to East Toronto to reside I had been for two years roving about the district of the Bay of Quinte, digging up data relating to the United Empire Loyalists, and previous to that time for a number of years following historical pursuits in far-away Australia, where the almond-eyed Celestial monopolizes the truck industry and daily brings the vegetables round to your kitchen door.

The lot belonging to my residence on Danforth Avenue is 54 feet frontage by 150 feet deep, with a lane at the back and a water tap, of which I have the use, at the north-west corner. My house stands about twelve feet from the street, with a strip of land thirteen feet on each side of the building, which with the front forms a lawn, while from the back of a shed at the rear of the kitchen there is the whole of the remaining portion of the lot available for garden purposes, to which it has been devoted since I came into possession.

As a gardening experience, perhaps the spring of the first year I tackled the proposition was the most strenuous, as I found the surface of that area which I intended to operate had been used by previous occupants as the handiest place to throw old tins, and every other worn-out accessory of civilized life. However, there was nothing else for it, so I raked the surface fore and aft and basely threw everything found over the fence into an adjoining vacant lot. owned, as I was told, by an Italian who, at the time, was on a protracted holiday among the olive groves of his native country.

Having in childhood and youth been reared on a farm in Grey County, I realized from the subconsciousness of early rural experience that the soil should be dug over and dug deeply. This I did thoroughly, and may say that nearly every second spadeful would bring up some kind of metallic nuisance in the shape of a jam tin, a piece of wire or any other kind of broken rubbish that had been discarded by the tenants of the past. This second crop of obstructions which the spade unearthed supplied a fresh contribution to the Italian's lot, which by the way, is still vacant, and as I have hopes of buying it to add to my own property, the just retribution in store for me as a result of my method in the solution of a difficulty will be sufficiently obvious.

I bought two loads of manure from a dairyman who delivered it, and as I dug each bed I incorporated it with a fairly generous portion of the fertilizing medium as the simplest way to enrich the soil if poor, as an incentive and assistant to the regular routine that Nature follows as a law.

I adopted the plan of making one garden bed and planting it before starting another, carefully observing the directions on the outside of the seed packet used, which I take it, are mainly correct as to instructions concerning preparation, suitability of soil and the right time to sow.

Peas, cucumbers, wax beans, shallots and radishes we sowed first, and afterwards duplicated them, the second crop of each coming into useful maturity as the first was going out. This system gave a continuous supply, and far beyond the usual season of each.

Onions, beets, parsnips, salsify, carrots and turnips were planted in drills and thinned out to proper space when old enough, the leaves of the extra turnips and beets furnishing excellent greens for table use in the meantime, and being quite equal to spinach, a bed of which had not been omitted. Sweet corn we sowed later on, as to plant it prematurely invites disaster from early rains, which are apt to be too copious and rot the seed.

Pumpkins, squashes of the Hubbard variety, melons and potatoes we put in last, as a possible frost would be fatal to the three former, and the tubers, except for very early use, are apt to be better if planted round about the 24th of May.

From a florist we bought tomato and cabbage plants, and set them in odd corners that were otherwise unprovided for.

Here and there among the potatoes were a few English marrows, which during their career evinced marvelous growth and productivity, the only drawback to their presence was their tendency to crawl everywhere and over everything that came in their way, and while they well repaid all pains and care, they had to be watched and guided in their devious progress to prevent strangling their inoffensive neighbors.

I also planted some diminutive beds of parsley, sage, thyme, garlic and mint, all of which flourished and furnished seasoning material for the various products of the garden that were converted to pickles, catsup, chutney, sauces and the many other conditions of preserving that may be applied to the majority of vegetables.

I may say that the garden was a great success from start to finish, and grew more vegetables than our family of myself, my wife and two little girls, could consume. From the middle of May, when the first lettuce, green onions and radishes were ready for use, until the snow flurries of late November, our garden of ten square rods furnished a plentiful supply and variety of food that favorably reflected on the expenses of the household, while the healthful recreation of planting, watching and cultivating during the season, filled our leisure hours with a solicitude and interest that was both pleasurable and wholesome.

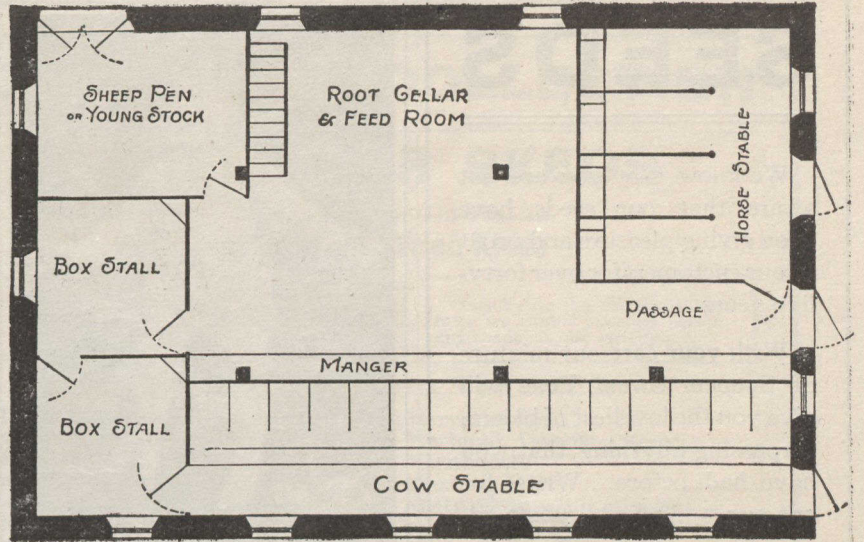
My two little daughters, Isabel and Jane, became quite proficient in the useful knowledge they gained through Nature study thus afforded, and when the muskmelon patch materialized, about the middle of September, there were as many as 175 of the Montreal variety, from small to very large, that ripened at the rate of four or five each day. These occupied the especial attention of the two children who considered them the most valuable yield of the garden, and they could be frequently seen wending their way to school in the morning with a melon under each arm.

We employed no secret nor particularly scientific methods with our first vegetable garden, nor have I supplemented any different process since, although I have made and enjoyed five successive gardens in the same place. Plenty of manure, plenty of cultivation, and plenty of watering in season may be defined as the three principal factors of success. Of course, I kept the garden clean, right from the first, as a weed should no more find a place in a garden than a pug dog on a farm. In gardens I have had since, I have added to the variety of vegetables first grown, as for instance, celery, rhubarb, artichokes, horseradish and perhaps one or two other products which are generally planted in odd corners or places in the garden to make the most of space available.

I also grow my own cabbage plants, and have them well up in a box inside the house, so they will be ready first thing in the spring. Whenever a bed early becomes vacant, like that of green peas, shallots or radishes, I dig it up at once and set cabbages or tomatoes, if it be not too late for the latter, and in this manner I keep every square foot of the garden land, except that used for paths, occupied and producing something that will eventually find its way to our dinner table.

I might say that to those who have much of the æsthetic or artistic in their temperament, the vegetable garden lends itself to those two phases of the senses more than is generally supposed. The different and varied foliage of the many plants can with a little forethought be so arranged for when sown as to form a color scheme that will be extremely restful to the eye and the mind.

The brilliant light green of the lettuce, the burnt sienna and vandyke brown of the beets, the emerald of the pea beds and the blood-veined gamboge of the rhubarb, the silken blonde of the corn tassels contrasted with the tropical russets and greens of squash and pumpkin leaves, with all the colors here and there relieved by the tawny patches of well-tilled soil, create a harmonious picture that might vie with many a flower garden, and suffer little or none by comparison.



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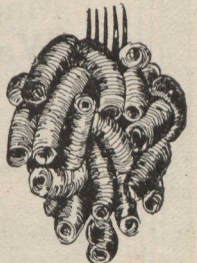
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## Beautifying Outbuildings

By C. B. ALDEN

NOT only should the farmer and the village or town householder plan to beautify the house and its immediate surroundings, but also something should be done to make more attractive the appearance of outbuildings, sheds and even the barns. I know a farmer who takes as much pride and pleasure in what he has done in the way of planting vines and flowers by his barns and carriage shed as he does in his lawn and flower garden. The front and the sides of the barns are covered with vines, and along the front are narrow beds of herbaceous plants, such as columbines, foxgloves, bleeding heart and similar old-fashioned sorts which, when once planted, require very little after-attention. At the rear of the buildings, where is located the barnyard, no planting has been done.

The idea could be applied with advantage to hundreds of farm buildings in this country. Schemes of improvement like this attract the attention of passersby, add to the value of the place, and make it more pleasant and more worth working and living for on the part of the owner and his family.

## Propagating From Cuttings

By T. McVITTIE

FOR propagating plants by cuttings in the home, use a shallow box, say, four inches deep. Put in one inch of cinders or broken crocks for drainage, and fill with clean sharp sand. Insert the cuttings in the sand about one inch deep and two inches apart each way, making the sand quite firm around each. Then soak thoroughly, place in the window and shade for a few days. Cuttings should root in about three weeks' time, and be ready for planting in stronger soil.

One good soaking is usually sufficient until the roots appear. A light spraying may be given on bright days to keep the leaves from wilting.

As soon as well-rooted, the cuttings should be potted or boxed, and carefully watered until well established. Keep the blooms pinched off until the young plants are well rooted.

There are a great many plants which

can be propagated in this way, such as coleus, heliotrope, geranium, ageratum, several varieties of begonias, alyssum, cuphea, fuchsia, salvia, abutilon, etc.

Coleus require a closer and more humid atmosphere, and more heat than the others, but this can be secured by covering the boxes with panes of glass. Coleus should root in about eight days.

Ferns of the Boston type can be increased at any time by taking off some of the smaller pieces with roots that grow around the edge of the larger plants. Pot them in small pots at first, but care should be taken not to overpot them. Overpotting is putting a large plant into a small pot. They root more quickly in small pots, and can be re-potted as often as they require it.

Plants require a shift into a larger size of pots as soon as the present ones get full of roots, and they should never be potted sooner. They grow more quickly if only a small shift be given each time. It is best to use a pot about one size larger than what the plant has been in.

There are quite a number of plants which with a little care can be readily propagated at home, and the pleasures of gardening are greatly increased by this practice.

## Some Good Dahlias

By ALEX. BALLOCH

THE decorative type of dahlia has always been my favorite, although there are quite a number of the standard type that I like very well, especially in the whites, "Mrs. John Walker" being one that I would not be without. "Mrs. Winters" and "Henry Patrick," decorative whites, are good and free blooming. (Delice, a new variety, is one of the best of the decorative class.—Ed.) "Grand Duke Alexis," a very large white with sometimes a tinge of pink, is a good one; the petals overlap to the point.

"Mrs. A. D. Livonia," standard, shell pink, although neither new nor very large, is still a favorite for its pretty shape, rich color and free blooming qualities. Another good one is "Gloire de Lyon," being very large and pure white.

To have large-flowered peonies, remove some of the early buds.

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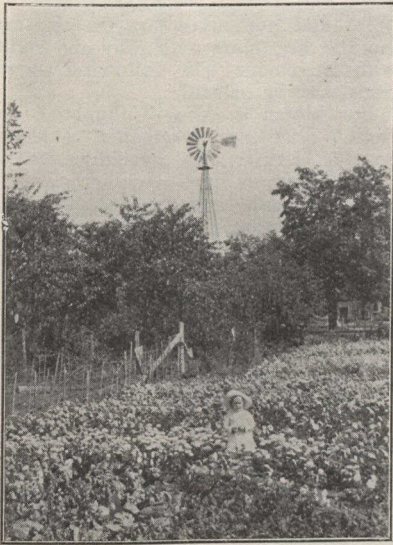
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### How to Grow Asters

By LEN. W. BARCLAY

ANY flower lover who is not already acquainted with the aster and its culture should try to have a few plants this season. With ordinary care asters give flowers until hard frosts destroy the plants. They are most desirable for midsummer and autumn blooms. The types and varieties have been much



CHOICE ASTERS IN GREAT PROFUSION  
Corner of a field of three thousand plants grown last year.

improved in recent years, and some of them now are perhaps equal to choice chrysanthemums.

Asters succeed best in a rich loamy soil, although with a little care they can be made to give good results in any good ground.

The seed should be sown as early in April as possible. Various methods are used to start the young plants. I find a cold frame more suitable than a hotbed. The plants are more hardy, and do not mind transplanting like tender hotbed-grown plants do.

Sow the seeds in shallow drills one inch deep and three inches apart. Cover

lightly and press firmly. Water well and cover with newspapers for two days to hasten germination. Do not leave the papers on longer. Transplant to the open ground when the plants are three inches tall. The young plants will stand light frosts without injury. Do not set closer than twelve inches in the row, and have the rows twenty-four inches apart. Asters need plenty of water and frequent cultivation throughout the entire season.

In varieties, the Queen of the Market and Express Comet are the earliest bloomers, and very desirable. Early Branching Rose is a choice variety. The Cregos are among the best and should be given a trial. Royal Purple, Mikado, Rochester Pink and Late Branching also are excellent varieties.

Asters are not much troubled with insect pests. Out of over 3,000 plants that I grew last year not fifty were lost. If the ground is too rich, or if fresh manure has been added to the soil the same season that the plants are set out, they may be troubled with stem rot. In this case the only remedy is to pull and throw away affected plants.

### Marguerite Carnations

By C. M. BEZZO

THESE beautiful flowers will do well in any fairly rich garden soil. To insure a long season of bloom the first year, seed of this flower should be planted in a cold frame as early in the spring as the weather will permit it being brought into use. They may also be planted in the open seed bed when the trees are bursting into leaf, covering to a depth of one-eighth of an inch, firming the soil over the seeds to prevent it drying out before they germinate.

When the young plants have made a good start they should be transplanted to the lower bed, setting about one foot apart. They usually commence to bloom about four months from the time the seed is sown, and under good cultivation many of the flowers will be equal to those grown and offered for sale by florists.

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## WHAT TO PLANT AND WHEN

By JOHN CAVERS

WHEN the winter snows disappear and the sunshine begins to revive what has been dormant for several weeks, the question, "What shall we plant?" recurs annually to many people. It is not generally recognized that much of this annual anxiety about planting might be avoided by the more general use of bulbs and herbaceous perennials, which, when once obtained, are a permanent source of floral beauty and ornamentation. It is not claimed that these should take the place wholly of annual flowers, but that the latter may, with advantage, be relegated to a secondary place.

The herbaceous perennials when once well planted, come up year after year without any attention as to arrangement, and they require only some cultivation of the surface soil about them to yield annual dividends of floral loveliness. The half-hardy bulbs and plants, such as dahlias, gladioli, kniphofias, etc., must be taken up before heavy frost occurs in the fall, wintered in a cellar, and replanted in the spring, but the annual increase of these bulbs and plants richly compensates for the annual digging and planting of them.

Most of the herbaceous perennials increase in strength and vigor of plant, and in wealth and quality of bloom for several years without disturbance, and all of them increase their kind from year to year. The pæony, for instance, should remain undisturbed for eight to ten years, by which time it will have increased many fold. It should then be taken up, divided into sections, and replanted. The delphinium, helenium, iris, phlox and others should remain for three years, then be divided and replanted. The daffodils and late tulips may also remain undisturbed for three or four years without deterioration of the bloom.

The best six perennials in the order of their merit are: Pæony, iris, phlox, delphinium, chrysanthemum (hardy), and helenium. The most reliable of the flowering bulbs are gladiolus, daffodil, tulip, lily, hyacinth and ismene.

It is not difficult to arrange for a continuous succession of bloom from

bulbs and perennials for six or seven months, beginning with May and ending with November. The following suggestions may be helpful:

For bloom in May—Columbine, daffodil, *Dicentra spectabilis* (bleeding heart), German iris, hyacinth, etc.

For bloom in June—Achillea, *Clematis recta*, German iris, *hemerocallis* (day lily), oriental poppy, pæony, pyrethrum, spiræa, etc.

For bloom in July—Anchusa, delphinium, gaillardia, Japanese iris, *Lilium Candidum*, phlox, shasta daisy, stokesia, yucca, etc.

For bloom in August—Dahlia, gladiolus, helenium, helianthus, *Hibiscus Moscheutos*, kniphofia, phlox, etc.

For bloom in September—*Anemone Japonica*, boltonia, hardy aster, hardy chrysanthemum, kniphofia, phlox, etc.

For bloom in October and November—Hardy asters and hardy chrysanthemums.

When shall we plant? is another question frequently asked. This general rule may be given as a reply, viz., bulbs and perennial plants that bloom in May or June should be planted in the fall; plants that bloom later than June may be planted in either spring or fall. There are exceptions to this general rule; e.g., the half-hardy bulbs and plants, such as dahlia, gladiolus, ismene, kniphofia, etc., as well as the hardy yucca, must be planted in the spring, while the lilies should be planted in the fall. The oriental poppy should be planted in August, and the daffodil in the latter half of August or first half of September.

Just a word as a plea for a closer knowledge of the flowering plants. Plant nothing, except the mixtures, that is not named and labelled, and preserve the labels until the name and characteristics of the variety have become familiar. To quote Mr. W. T. Macoun, the Dominion Horticulturist:—"How much more interesting it is to know the names of the species and varieties of plants that we grow than to merely know that they are phloxes, or pæonies, or irises!"

### The Giant Purple Cone-Flower

By M. E. BLACKLOCK

THE giant purple cone-flower (*Rudbeckia purpurea*, syn. *Echinacea purpurea*) is not seen often enough in our gardens. It is a handsome showy plant, the flowers, from 5 to 6 inches in diameter, being of a rather peculiar but pleasing shade of soft magenta pink with a large cone in the centre of a strongly contrasting rich brown. It needs a warm soil and sheltered position, to stand our Toronto winters, for although a native of this continent, its home is considerably south of us, Gray's manual giving its range as W. Pennsylvania to Virginia to Iowa and southward, adventuring occasionally eastward.

*Echinacea angustifolia*, a sister, is found on our north-west prairies around Brandon, Manitoba. The flower of the latter species is somewhat smaller, and the color, Gray tells us, is rose or red. If some enterprising gardener would produce a hybrid from these two species, a hardier plant would probably be the result. This proves that, where the snow lies steadily all winter long, many things can be wintered that die where it is milder, and the snow cannot be depended upon as a covering that will "stay put."

Even if you live in a locality where this plant does occasionally winter kill, so stately a perennial is well worth growing, as it can be bought for fifteen cents, and at that price one can afford to renew one's stock when necessary. By the way, Why is it that people who spend large sums on tender bedding plants each season seem to think it the height of extravagance to spend a few cents on a perennial plant that is tolerably certain to give them one or two seasons' bloom, but may eventually winter-kill? This seems to be the particular form of economy that pertains to the average gardener, reminding one of Miss Matty and her candle saving, in Cranford.



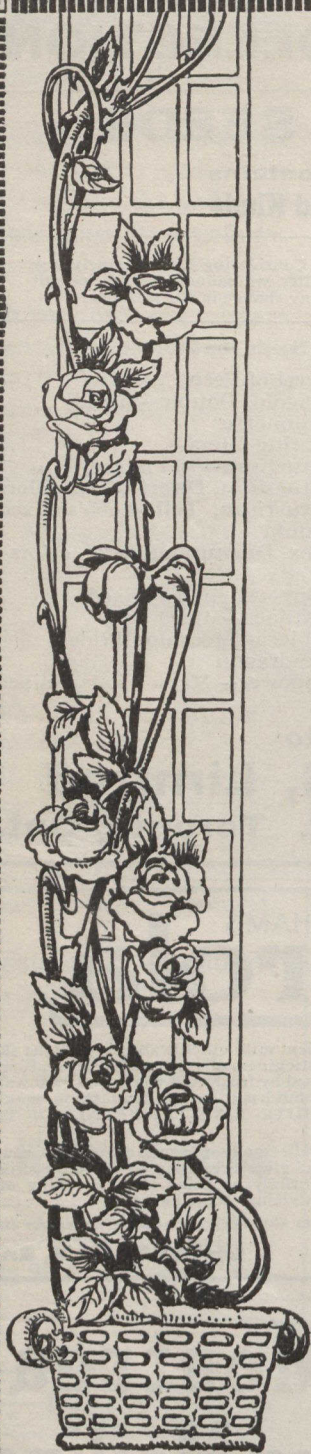
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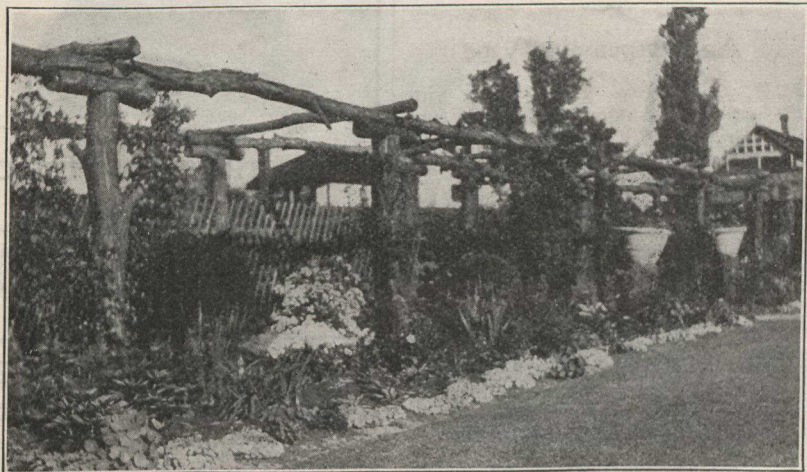


By WILLIAM HUNT

THE first week in April is usually early enough to prune roses. Rose bushes should not be pruned until growth buds show the first signs of breaking into growth. It is then an easy matter to distinguish between the dead wood and the live wood. This is not such an easy matter if they are pruned earlier in the season. Even to an expert rose grower, it is difficult to pick out the wood that is partially or wholly dead very early in the season. Prun-

growth near the main stems. The terminal point of growth on roses is not the kind of growth that produces roses, hence the need of its removal. These directions refer more particularly to the hardy hybrid perpetual roses (H.P.), such as the General Jacqueminot, Mrs. John Laing, Magna Charta, and similar hardy roses.

HYBRID TEA ROSES (H.T.)—The method of pruning given for H.P. roses will also apply to the hybrid tea



A CHARMING RUSTIC PERGOLA THAT WILL BE A DELIGHT WHEN VINE-COVERED.

A pergola properly used is a delightful adjunct to a garden. The one illustrated is a very pretty rustic one, that is very effective in the beautiful garden of Mr. W. G. McKendrick at his summer cottage on Toronto Island. The construction is simple, and in a country place where the rustic posts could be easily obtained it ought not to be a very expensive or difficult thing to make. In the city, of course, this simplicity (and almost everything else) is a luxury. One can easily imagine that in time this pergola will be covered with such roses as Dorothy Perkins, Hiawatha, Tausendschon and Crimson Rambler, and with *Clematis paniculata*, *Adlumia cirrhosa* and other dainty vines forming a background for the roses. —M. E. B.

ing should be done, however, before the growth buds really burst into leaf. It must not be delayed too long.

Remove all of the main dead branches first. Then cut out the small weak shoots that start from near the ground. These should be cut off close to the ground, as small weak main shoots are of no use either to produce roses or to replenish the growth of the tree. After these have been removed, the remaining growth may be thinned out so as to secure the proper density of growth. It is seldom, however, that many of the main stems have to be taken out. If any are cut out, remove the very old ones, and leave if possible strong young canes or shoots that have started right from the ground or near to it. The lateral or side shoots of last season's growth on the main stems should now be pruned. These should be cut off about three or four inches from the main stem or branch, removing as a rule about two-thirds of the length of each lateral shoot. The top or terminal growth of the main stems should now be pruned. The shape of the tree has to be taken into consideration in this operation. Most rose bushes can usually be pruned into a dome or balloon-shaped bush, or possibly the natural habit of the bush may tend more to a conical or pyramid shape. Do not attempt to make any radical change in the natural contour of the bush. And do not prune so as to have the shape of the bush too stiff and formal, as if pruned with a hedge-clipping shears. The terminal shoots should be pruned so as to present a broken, but on the whole, a symmetrical shape. About one-third to one-half of last season's growth should be removed from the terminal or top shoots. It is difficult sometimes to leave a rose bush symmetrical-looking after pruning, from the fact that very often a great deal of the growth is winter-killed, and has to be cut out.

It will be seen by the description given that after thinning out the dead wood and the unnecessary growth, the pruning proper is done by shortening back from one-half to two-thirds of the length of the last season's growth, leaving short spurs only of the base of the

type of rose. As a rule, however, the hybrid tea roses, being of a more tender nature, and not of such vigorous growth as the hybrid perpetual roses, do not require quite such severe pruning as the last named. At the same time, if the best blooming results are to be obtained, the young growth of the preceding season must also be shortened back on hybrid tea bushes. The hybrid tea roses are becoming more popular every year,



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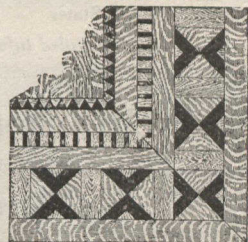
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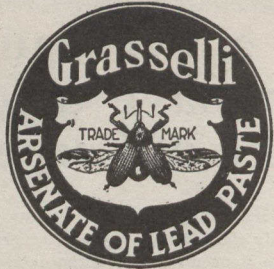
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  - 1 Mosella, clear Yellow

The above splendid collection delivered to you direct from our nurseries. Catalogue of Roses, Shrubs, Herbaceous Plants, and Perennials on application.

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## This Washer Must Pay For Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse, and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said, "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see, I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tubful of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—  
A. D. Bach, Manager 1900 Washer Co., 357 1/2 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



being continuous flowering during the summer, but they are not, as a rule, quite as hardy as the hybrid perpetual type of rose.

### PRUNING CLIMBING ROSES.

The method of pruning these differs very little from that of the bush roses. The dead wood and the weak, puny canes must be cut out, leaving only strong, vigorous canes. It is best to leave a young, vigorous cane or two of last season's growth on each bush, cutting out any old canes more than three years old. The old canes do not, as a rule, produce such fine roses as the younger canes. The young canes should be shortened back about one-third of their length from the top of terminal point of growth. The lateral or small side shoots of last season's growth on the old canes should be shortened back about one-half or two-thirds, leaving a short spur about four or five inches in length.

### BLACK SPOT AND RUST.

All trimmings and dead leaves should be carefully gathered up at once and burned to prevent the spread of the fungous diseases known as black spot, mildew and rust. If the dead leaves of last season are left lying around, the spores of the fungous growths mentioned will develop as soon as warm weather comes, and possibly give a great deal of trouble later in the season. Spraying the bushes with a solution of lime sulphur, as used for fruit trees, or with Bordeaux mixture, will not only help to keep down black spot and rust, but will also prevent to a very great extent the visit of insect pests later on in the season. These solutions must be applied before the leaf buds open, or they may do very serious damage to the bushes.

After the pruning is done, all weeds should be carefully forked out from around the bushes, and a good coating of well-rotted barnyard manure forked in around them as soon as the ground is dry enough. About half a pound of bone meal for each bush may also be added to the manure. Chicken manure is also a good fertilizer for rose bushes. Care must be taken not to apply too much of this. About a pailful will be sufficient for five or six good sized bushes. A potato fork should be used for digging around rose bushes, or, in fact, around any small bush or tree. A spade should never be used; it often injures the root system very badly, especially if used by an unskilful person.

### LISTS OF VARIETIES.

The following lists of roses will be found to be suitable varieties for almost any locality in any part of Canada where roses can be grown at all:

**FIFTEEN GOOD HARDY H.P. BUSH ROSES**—Frau Karl Druschki, pure white; Margaret Dickson, white; Clio, pinkish white; General Jacqueminot, scarlet crimson; Prince Camille de Rohan, crimson maroon; Jubilee, very dark crimson; Dupuy Jamain, bright cerise red; Jules Margottin, cherry red; Magna Charta, rose red; Ulrich Brunner, cherry red; John Hopper, rose pink, with reverse of petals silvery lilac; Mrs. John Laing, soft pink; Oakmont, bright pink; Soliel d'Or, yellow.

**FIFTEEN GOOD HYBRID TEA ROSES**—Alice Lindsell, creamy pink; Bessie Brown, creamy white; Caroline Testout, salmon pink; Countess of Annesley, rosy salmon and old gold; Dean Hole, silvery carmine shaded salmon; Florence Pemberton, creamy pink, large; Grus au Teplitz, bright crimson; Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, cream, shaded lemon; Killarney, flesh pink; La France, silvery rose pink; Meteor,

velvety crimson; Mme. Ravary, golden yellow; Richmond, rich bright red; Souv. de Wootton, reddish crimson; Viscountess Folkestone, creamy pink, shaded salmon.

**FOUR GOOD CLIMBING ROSES**—Crimson Rambler; Dorothy Perkins, pink; Lady Gay, pale pink, shading to white; Queen Alexandra.

**FOUR RUGOSA OR JAPANESE ROSES**—Blanc Double de Coubert, white; Conrad F. Meyer, pink; Sir Thomas Lipton, white; Rubra, deep rose. The rugosa roses are very hardy. Suitable for hedges or planting in a shrubbery as well as in a rose bed. These roses require very little pruning, except to shorten back the main growth.

**FOUR MOSS ROSES**—Blanche Moreau white; Comtesse de Murinais, white; Crested Moss, rosy pink; Laneii, rosy crimson. The moss roses require much the same pruning as the hybrid perpetual (H.P.) roses.

**FOUR POLYANTH AND SMALL-FLOWERING ROSES**—Hermosa, silvery pink, a beautiful little rose, hardy, flowers nearly all summer; Clotilde Soupert, creamy white; Baby Rambler, crimson; Yellow Soupert. A bed of these dwarf-growing roses is very pretty and effective.

### An Indispensable Vine

THE Allegheny vine, fairy vine, mountain fringe and climbing fumitory are all popular names for *Adlumia cirrhosa*. This dear little vine is a biennial, but reproduces itself very freely from self-sown seed. The first year the young plants form beautiful clumps of foliage, as fine and as useful as the fronds of maiden-hair fern for



ALLEGHENY VINE—MOUNTAIN FRINGE

putting with cut flowers, and very much more lasting.

The second year they climb, flower and die at the end of the season. The photograph shows the vine in bloom. The flower, of a faint dull pink, is not conspicuous, but a trailing bit of it is the daintiest possible addition to a bouquet, and as it festoons itself on some shrub or fence one sees the appropriateness of the name of "mountain fringe." Try it for a season, and you will feel that you can never again get on without it.—M.E.B.

The cypress vine is very acceptable for running over trellises, as it grows rapidly, and is a free bloomer. Sow the seed where it is to grow, or it may be sown in the house and transplanted to the garden when the weather becomes fine and warm.

### White Swan Yeast Cakes

can always be depended upon to make good, light, wholesome bread. Ask your grocer for a 5c. package, containing six cakes, or send for free sample. White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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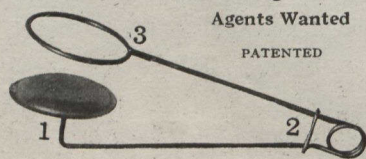
Mr. Cowie, N.Y., who grows over 15,000 varieties, thus pronounces the collection below.

Peace, white Blue-Jay, blue  
La Luria, yellow Victory, the best yellow  
Dawn, salmon Faust, crimson

This collection, one bulb of each \$2.00 post paid. Dahlias the best. Catalogue.

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**HOW IT IS USED**—Place cap (No. 1) in stocking under the part to be mended, slide link (No. 2) up, which clamps ring (No. 3) to stocking and holds it in place while being mended. Can be used to darn anything from a stocking to a dress; does not stretch the hole, but holds the stocking or goods securely.

You are so sure to like it that we will send one to you on trial for 25 cents post paid. If you do not like it return it and we will refund your money. Send cash with order.

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Write for terms and territory.

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China Asters are more prominent this year than ever.  
Queen of the Market, White and Pink, Lavender Gem, Royal Purple, Vick's Branching White and Crego Pink.  
75c. per 100, carriage prepaid.  
Gladioli, Groff's Hybrids, 10 for 25c., 25 for 55c.  
Light colors, 25 for 75c.  
Red and Scarlet, 25 for 60c. Carriage prepaid.  
Kniphofia, syn. Tritoma, (Torch Lily) var. Pfitzeri, grows 3-4 ft. high with spikes of bloom of a rich orange scarlet. A free continuous bloomer. Highly recommended. Each 15c., 10 for \$1.25. Carriage prepaid.

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MENTION HOME JOURNAL

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Even the plainest fare becomes dainty and appetising with a few drops of H.P.  
Wouldn't it be worth your while to get a bottle to-day?



# The Fashionable Punched Embroidery

Want of space will not permit us to illustrate the large diagram which shows the method of working this embroidery, but a stamped envelope sent to the address given at the end of this article will bring

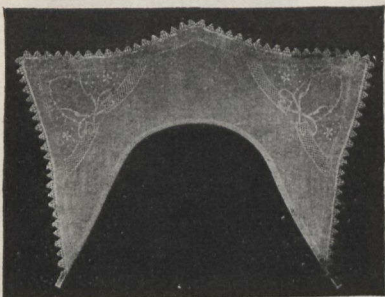


No. 8502—Waist on 45inch Voile, 75 cents.

by return mail a diagram lesson clearly showing the method of working this embroidery.

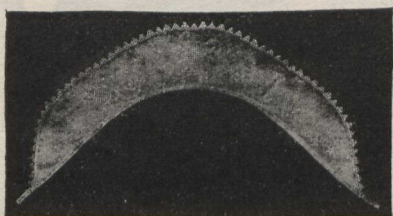
NEW ideas in embroidery are being constantly brought out, and sometimes one is instantly taken up and springs into widespread and sudden popularity. This has been the case with the "punched" work.

One sees complete matched luncheon sets, cushions, towels, etc., in fact, there seems to be no limit



No. 8227—Coat Collar, 25 cents.

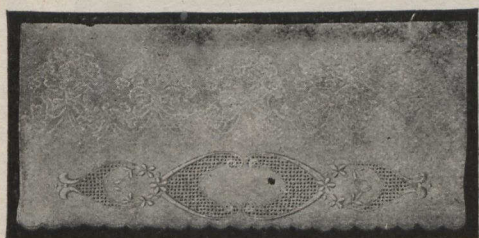
to the possibilities of this embroidery. There is nothing difficult about the working of punched embroidery, as it consists simply in punching the threads of the material with a large special needle and tying the strands securely with fine, strong thread. Punched embroidery is used chiefly for backgrounds, the materials being stamped with evenly spaced rows of dots so that the designs clearly show the placing of the stitches. Special linens of a rather open weave are necessary for this work, which may be also successfully applied to either voile, sheer linens and lawns. The other portions



No. 8226—Coat Collar, 25 cents.

of the design may be worked in either solid padded embroidery, that is, if the designs are small; but large, bold designs require outlining, only using a corded outline stitch worked with a rather coarse thread, this brings the linen design in high relief against the lace-like background.

A beautiful example of this is shown on the embroidered waist, No. 8502, which has been em-



No. 1503—Towel 75 cents.

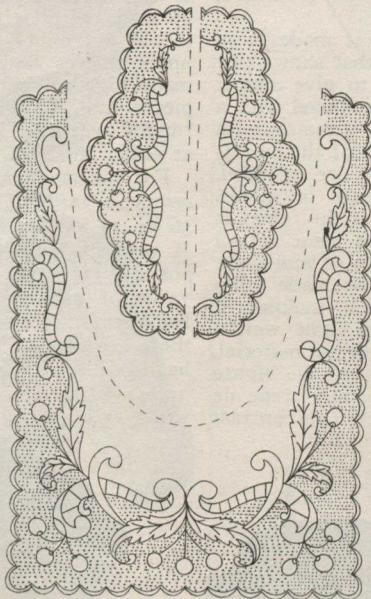
broidered on a 45-inch voile, the design being outlined with heavy thread and the background being filled in with fine punched embroidery.

Design No. 8227 shows a beautiful coat collar, which has been embroidered on fine handkerchief linen, with a combination of punched and solid padded embroidery.

No. 8226 shows another collar somewhat different in shape, medallion forms are filled with punch embroidery, while the remainder of the design has been embroidered solidly.

No. 1503, towel, which is a figured damask, bordered towel, with a fine huckaback centre, has been beautifully embroidered with a simple, graceful pattern. The other end of this towel is finished with a plain scalloped edge only.

No. 2227 shows one of the fashionable deep sailor collar shapes, with cuffs to match. This beautiful

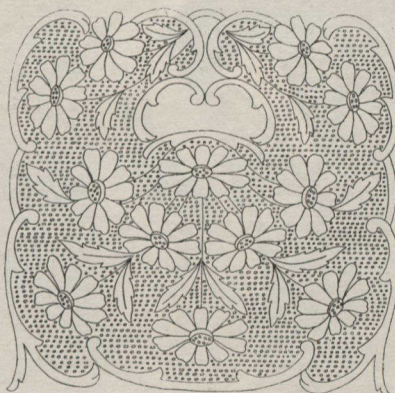


No. 2227—Collar and Cuffs Set, 60 cents.

design would be effective worked upon either cream or white linen.

No. 6500, cushion, is a dainty design which could be effectively worked up on either a white or cream linen background. The design on this need only be outlined with the exception of the centres of the daisies which must be worked in satin stitch and French knots.

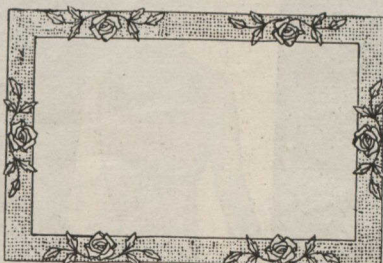
Another effective pillow is 5608, which should be embroidered on fine linen. This cushion, if preferred,



No. 6500—Cushion, 75 cents.

may be stamped as a lingerie pillow within the scalloped border. Front and back are supplied to be laced together with ribbons run through the eyelets.

Belding's lustered cotton is one of the best threads for this embroidery. Letter F is suitable for the punched background and B or C for the outlining; if the design is to be worked in solid padded satin stitch letter D will be found suitable. If the designs are to be worked with silks Dresden Floss



No. 5608—Lacing Pillow, 60 cents.

is the right size for the punched background, and Mountmellick E is a suitable size for the remainder of the designs.

Special needles for the punched embroidery can be supplied at five cents each.

Readers will please note that the prices quoted on this page are for stamped linens only. If further information is required as to prices for materials to finish, etc., address Belding, Paul Corticelli, Limited, Linen Dept., Montreal.

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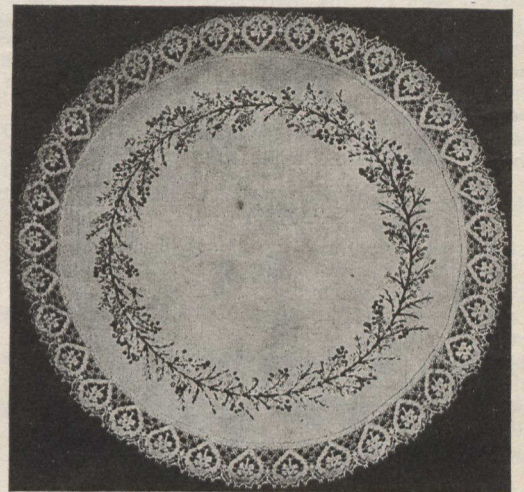
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sufficient lace to edge this Centre Piece, and the diagram enclosed will furnish full instructions for this beautiful embroidery which is simple but effective.

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# HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

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

### Models for Silk and Wool

THE indoor gowns of the spring are very charming and very graceful. The three shown are typical. The girl's dress shown to the extreme left is in the favorite semi-princess style, and is made of crepe de chine, with trimming of dotted foulard. The design is an excellent one, for it can be utilized both for silk materials, such as this one, and for the lightweight wools of the season, and for washable fabrics. It can be made just as illustrated with a stock collar and long sleeves. The three-piece skirt is lapped on to a narrow panel and is joined to the blouse, which is cut with front and back portions and with sleeves sewed to the armholes on the long shoulder line. For the 16 year size will be needed  $5\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 27,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide, with  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 24 for the trimming. The pattern, 7348, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The second costume is designed for evening and dinner wear. It is exceptionally graceful, altogether showing the styles at their best. The blouse includes over-ports in surplice style that can be made from banding, as in this instance, or from material trimmed. If a decoleté effect is desired it can be cut out to form a square neck. The skirt is made in three pieces that are lapped on to a panel. It can be finished at the high or natural waist line. When cut to the natural waist line it is gathered at the upper edge. In the illustration the gown is made of charmeuse, trimmed with lace. For the medium size the blouse will require 3 yards of material 27,  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 36,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide, with  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of banding 8 inches wide, and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 18 inches wide for the V-shaped portions; for the skirt will be needed  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards 27,  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36, 4 yards 44 inches wide, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of banding. The train allows of three lengths. It can be made round and longer or shorter, and it can be made pointed and longer than shown in either view. The width with the train in pointed outline is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards, with long round train 3 yards and with the short round train  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards at the lower edge. The pattern of the blouse, 7323, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust, of the skirt, 7352, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

The third and last costume is made of the taffeta that is promised such favor throughout the entire season. It is finished with scalloped edges that are bound with the same, and such finish is exceedingly new and eminently smart. The blouse is a simple one with separate sleeves that are sewed to the armholes. It can be made with or without lining that includes under-sleeves. The fichu is arranged over it and the closing is made at the back. The postillion can be used or not, as liked. The skirt is made in two pieces, with three slightly circular flounces, the uppermost one being scalloped at both upper and lower edges. It can be finished at the high waist line or at the natural waist line with a belt. For the medium size the blouse will require  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide, with  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards of all-over lace; for the skirt will be needed  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36 or 44; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards. The pattern of the blouse, 7351, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust; of the skirt, 7344, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

well adapted to the bride's trousseau, and also to general use.

The gown on the left is made from one of the new foulards that shows tiny dots arranged in a way to give almost a checked effect. It is combined with a blouse of lace and it is trimmed with little satin buttons. Many of the smartest features of the season are included. The deep trimming portion, or girdle, on the blouse that matches the skirt is an important one. The same model could be used for a variety of materials. It would be very charming made from taffeta with coat to match, making a three-piece suit, or from light weight serge or any seasonable suiting material, and for the upper portion of the blouse can be used chiffon, lace, net, crepe de chine, or any pretty material in contrast

to the lower portion. The blouse can be made with or without a lining, and the lining can be used with or without under sleeves, and the neck also can be made high. The skirt is made in two pieces, and the trimming portion is arranged over it. The finish can be made at either the high or natural waist line.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27,  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard 36,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 44 for the trimming portion,  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards of banding, and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of all-over lace 18 inches wide for chemisette and under sleeves when these are used. For the plain skirt will be needed  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27,  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards 36 or 44; and for the trimming portion,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 27 or 36,  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard 44 inches wide;

the width of the skirt at the lower edge is  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

The pattern of the blouse, 7357, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, 7280, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

The street costume shows one of the very new coats that are semi-fitted, yet give exceedingly straight lines, and a skirt that gives quite the effect of a complete overskirt and foundation, yet which in reality consists of upper and lower portions that are stitched together at the line of the facing. Such a model is adapted to every seasonable suiting. Serge is a favorite for the early season, taffeta is a pronounced feature, satin is to be used, heavy ribbed silks are exceedingly smart, wool poplins and ratine are much in vogue, and for simpler use there is the long list of chevots,



### Smart Models for Spring Costumes

SPRING fashions have many charming features to recommend them. In the illustration are shown two typical costumes, one for the street, one for indoor wear, that are admirably

Dress Pattern No. 7348

Blouse Pattern No. 7323  
Skirt Pattern No. 7352

Blouse Pattern No. 7351  
Skirt Pattern No. 7344



homespuns and the like, while broadcloth is one of the stand-bys for handsome suits. Ratine, satin, silk and contrasting wool materials are used as trimming. In the illustration taffeta is combined with satin, and the collar and cuffs are made of ratine. The coat can be trimmed to give the Empire effect or made with a plain back, as liked, and the skirt can be finished at either the high or natural waist line.

For the medium size the coat will require 4 yards of material 27, 2¾ yards 36, 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard 27 inches wide and ¼ yard of satin for the trimming. For the skirt will be needed 3¾ yards 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards 21

smart. The blouse is made with a little vestee that is in every way attractive, and with one-piece sleeves that are sewed to the armholes. It is closed at the back. If liked it can be made with high neck as shown in the back view. The skirt is a simple two-piece one. It is slightly full and gathered at the upper edge, and it can be made in walking length or with a train, and with high or natural waist line. The model is a pretty one for voile and for crepe de chine, as well as for the taffeta, and also for many of the simpler cotton and linen fabrics.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2¼ yards of material 27, 1½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with ¾ yard



Blouse Pattern No. 7357  
Skirt Pattern No. 7280

Coat Pattern No. 7368  
Skirt Pattern No. 7372

for the foundation; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅞ yards.

The pattern of the coat, 7368, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust; of the skirt, 7372, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

### Afternoon Gowns of Silks

SILKS will be extensively worn throughout the spring and summer, and they are very charming. Many of them are extremely light in weight and sufficiently cool for even real warm weather, while they are so soft and pliable that they take exceedingly graceful lines and folds.

The costume to the left is of chiffon taffeta with trimming of a darker color and tiny little satin buttons. These buttons are being extensively used, and they can be applied after this manner or in any way to suit the fancy. The model is an exceptionally attractive one, simple in the extreme, yet exceedingly

of allover lace; for the skirt will be needed 3¾ yards 27, 2¾ yards 36 or 44; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2⅞ yards. To trim the entire gown will be needed 1¼ yards of silk 21 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse, 7354, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, 7304, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

The second gown combines silk serge with satin, but it could with equal success be made from wool serge with satin or with taffeta, from striped and plain taffeta, or from striped and plain linen. The blouse is a very practical, as well as smart one, for it is closed at the left of the front. The centre portion or chemisette, can be made of two materials or of one, and the collar can be cut with a pointed or square back, while the square back may be extended to the shoulders or to the waist line, as preferred. The skirt is one of the very newest. There is a two-piece tunic portion that is joined to a two-piece foun-



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and this foundation is laid in inverted plaits at the sides, consequently there is a suggestion of the slashed effect that has been so much talked of, and there is freedom for walking, while the straight lines are preserved. The finish can be made at the high waist line, as in this instance, or at the natural waist line, as preferred.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2 7/8 yards of material 27, with 1 1/4 yards 21, and 1 yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide; 2 3/8 yards 36, 2 1/8 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 2 1/2 yards 27, 36 or 44 for the lower portion, and for the upper portion will be needed 3 1/4 yards 27, 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide; the width at the lower edge is 2 1/2 yards, 2 yards when the plaits are laid.

The pattern of the blouse, 7362, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust, of the skirt, 7367, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

**Colors for Coming Season**

HERE is the color-man's list of shades for spring, 1912, in the order of their popularity: Pigskin, Indian, Manila, Reseda, Castor, Apricot, Amethyst.

The blues will, as usual in the spring season, hold first place, the medium shade of navy blue, with just a tinge of purple, being best; then the Wil-

and reseda; and in pastels, apricot (a pinkish tan shade) champagnes, corals and reddish tints.

Other colors, staple or hold-overs, in the spring color scale include French grey, taupe, king's blue, maduro, snuff, olive, seaweed, wildrose, edge, salmon, Saxon green, hunter's green, myrtle, mullein, salmon, covert, smoke, steel, and a light navy.

White and cream will play the most important part in the demand for spring suits, inasmuch as no smart woman's wardrobe will be complete without this addition.

**Semi-Princess Dress**

SEMI-PRINCESS frocks are smart and exceedingly well liked this season, and this one will be found excellent for small women as well as for young girls. It can be made in two quite different ways, as shown on the figure and as shown in the small view. The two effects are so essentially different that they scarcely suggest the same model, yet only the neck line and sleeves are changed. The skirt gives the tunic effect and is as smart as it is new. In the illustration chiffon broadcloth is combined with satin, but any two materials can be used.

The dress consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse is made with front



Blouse Pattern No. 7354  
Skirt Pattern No. 7304

Blouse Pattern No. 7362  
Skirt Pattern No. 7367

helmina, Nattier and Copenhagen shades. Next to the blues will come the tans, including Manila chamois and pigskin (the color of the pigskin leather).

Then, in about equal demand, will come the amethyst, violet ash, castor

and back portions and with straight sleeves that are joined to it. When made as shown on the figure the right front of the blouse is finished with a revers and the closing is made beneath it. When made as shown in the small front view, the collar finishes the neck

**Home Dyeing  
Made Easy**



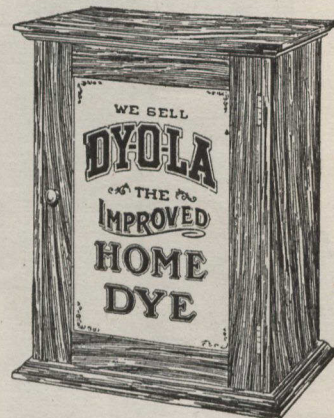
It looks just like "New," doesn't it? That's because I DYED it with

**DY-O-LA**  
ONE DYE FOR ALL KINDS OF GOODS

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One day I went into a drug store and saw a little cabinet like this on the counter.



I asked the obliging drug clerk if he really thought one could have any luck with dyeing one's own things. "Well," he said, "the manufacturers of DY-O-LA furnish us with a Signed Guarantee that if it doesn't give Perfect Satisfaction that we are to Refund the Money."

Just for fun I tried it. I had never done any "Home Dyeing" before, and you can imagine how delighted I was when it turned out—"Simply Splendid."

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**The  
Johnson-Richardson  
Co., Limited**

Montreal, Canada



and front edges. The skirt is made with a three-piece upper portion and a two-piece foundation.

For the 16-year size will be required 5 5/8 yards of material 27, 3 1/2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1 3/4 yards 27



Pattern No. 7272

inches wide for the foundation and trimming, 1/8 yard 18 inches wide for collar.

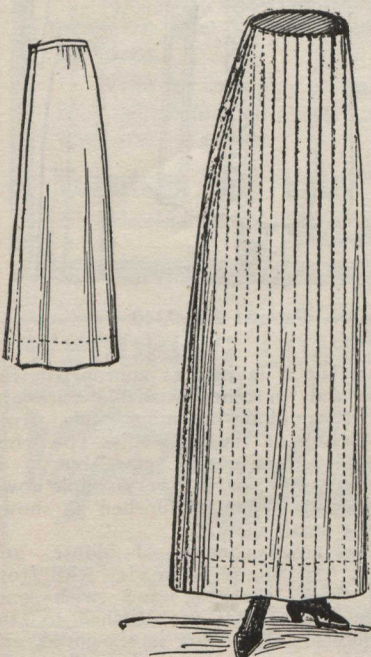
The pattern, No. 7272, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

**Button Trimmings**

**B**UTTONS are to play an important role in the trimming of both coats and suits. They are varied in size and material. Belts and belt effects are also good for coats and suits, either made of the self fabrics or of leather in matching or harmonizing tones.

**Two-Piece Skirt for Small Women**

**T**HE two-piece skirt is a favorite one and in addition to its smartness, it is simple and easily made. This one is of moderate width, and the seams at the sides can be left plain or trim-



Pattern No. 7283

med. A pretty effect is obtained by arranging buttons in groups over the hips and again above the facing, and often braid is arranged over the seams. The skirt is an excellent one, both for the street and for indoor wear, and as

it can be finished either at the high or natural waist line, it can be adapted to all figures.

The skirt is made in two pieces. When it is cut to the high waist line it is arranged over a belt; when it is cut to the natural waist line the back is gathered, and the skirt is joined to the belt. The closing is made at the left side.

For the 16-year size will be required 3 3/4 yards of material 27, 2 1/4 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, the width of the skirt at lower edge is 1 7/8 yards.

The pattern, No. 7283, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

**Paris Notes**

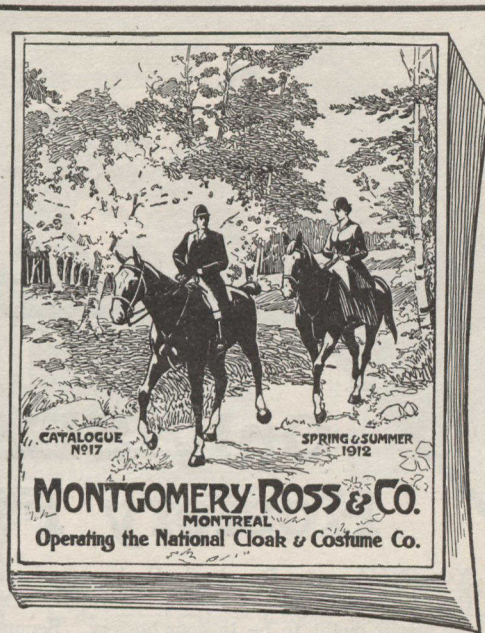
**A**LL waists are of the surplice, or shaped in the Marie Antoinette style, the sleeves being very long. Some of the new kimono sleeves are right at the top of the arm, while the rest is of puffed chiffon. Generally the waists are collarless, in some cases suggesting the De Medici collar kept close to the neck by a velvet band. Sashes of heavy embroidered gold and silver worn over simple dresses are in as great favor as the English embroidered sailor collars.

The waist line is normal behind, with a tendency to run up a couple of inches in front.

Taffeta striped shot pompadour, heavily glaze or very dull, is almost the only material employed. In the panier skirt it gives an effect that can hardly be called pretty.

Evening skirts are all draped, of satin or changeable taffeta, on which a great deal of lace is used, also Hungarian embroidery in vivid colors. Empire effects are still retained in some evening gowns, the sleeves of which are very wide and made to go into folds under the arm, giving the effect of negligee.

Tea gowns are of Grecian style, generally with black satin showing in wide folds under a dress of white lace. Crash toweling, a cotton material in all colors, is used for walking costumes. One feature of the season will be the rich coloring of materials, peach,



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 No. 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.  
 No. 1020—Same quality as 1760, but heavier. Black only. Box of 3 pairs \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.  
 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, 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. 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 splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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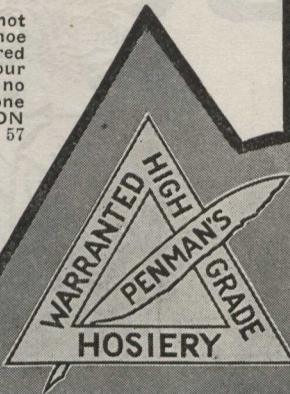
We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

### ORDER THIS WAY

Ask at the store first. If they cannot supply you, state number, size of shoe or stocking and color of hosiery desired and enclose price, and we will fill your order postpaid. Remember we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box. BE SURE TO MENTION SIZE.

ADDRESS AS BELOW:

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geranium, red, apricot, yellow, new blue, that is between royal and nattier.

The hair is worn low, without coiffure ornaments, in perfectly flat bands an inch and a half wide, retained by means of a diamond buckle, with an osprey drooping backward, following the line of the head.

Worth shows an evening dress trimmed with a great deal of rhinestone. Nearly all his dresses have tunics, also black satin robes opening over white linen, with elaborately embroidered petticoat, plenty of buttons being used.

Beer is conservative this year. Drecoll is using long sleeves even on evening gowns, and much lace. Doucet shows one suit entirely made of chamois leather, of geranium color, very simple. It is understood to be for the Riviera season. Artificial flowers are used by everyone.

Poiret is featuring the Empire style in real Recamier gowns, cut V-shaped and exceedingly low at the neck, with rather a high back. The colorings are rich, the trimming being of strikingly luminous silver braiding mixed with brilliant wool embroidered with flowers. Poiret is the only one to retain the narrow skirts. He uses paniers, but the skirts tighten immediately below them, and above the knees there is a polonaise, showing the petticoat in each case.

### Semi-Princess Gown

SEMI-PRINCESS gowns such as this one can be made from many different materials, and consequently, are adapted to many uses. In the illustration mohair is trimmed with plaid silk and the gown is adapted to afternoon



Pattern No. 7340

wear, but it is just as appropriate for linen and for other washable materials, and it would be charming made from broadcloth or similar wools. The trimming is effective and smart, but it is not necessary; or, if a very simple gown is wanted, it can be finished as shown in the small view.

The gown consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse is made with front and back portions, and with one-piece sleeves that are stitched to the armholes. The skirt is six-gored, and the closing of the gown is made at the left of the front.

For the medium size will be required 9 1/4 yards of material 27, 5 3/4 yards 36, 4 3/8 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 27 for the trimming; the width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The pattern, No. 7340, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

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LADIES of refinement and culture know that fine gowns add lustre to youth to the appearance.

FINE gowns and everyday dresses cost money, but the life of a costume may be doubled by proper care.

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or something unusually dainty for evening wear, ask to see

**Priestley's**

**AMBROSE**



It is a beautifully soft silk-and-wool cloth—and comes in all the most wanted shades for afternoon and evening wear.

"Priestley's Limited" stamped every 5 yards on the selvedge of genuine "Priestley's" cloth. Look for the name.



In the Shops

PARISIAN women are searching for Persian veils, the more elaborate and the older the better. No inclination to use them as face coverings has manifested itself; the ladies are merely tired of Russian embroideries, and they see in these Persian patterns something novel. Attractive, too, they are, for, from their length and suppleness, they lend themselves to decoration of all sorts. An evening dress may be draped with an antique Persian veil.

In French eyes it is absurd for the woman of limited income to wear light or flimsy dresses, or to wear the extreme of fashion, which is bound to pass away long ere she finds herself in a position to renew her costume. A black muslin dress for evening wear, cut square, and outlined with jet, is her idea of cheapness combined with nicety, and she dresses her hair low on the neck.

HATS are still the objects of special feminine interest and observation, and the new models are carefully studied and copied by those anxious to keep up with Dame Fashion's vagaries. The one illustrated on this page is an Eaton sample, a charming hat for misses, a most becoming shade of fancy straw braid, with dome crown and roll-



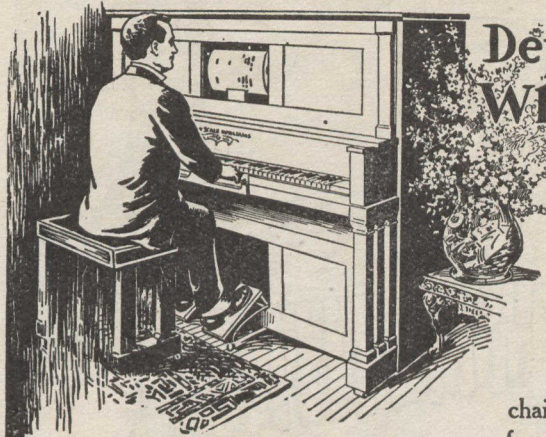
A PRETTY APRIL HAT

ing brim; artistically trimmed with piece satin shirred on wires around crown and upper brim, trail of moss roses around crown and pretty bunch of flowers at side. Colors white, burnt, light navy, light brown, with satin to match, and roses to harmonize.

SOME of the hair ornaments which the girls are using are the prettiest things seen in ages. On a little head there was seen the other night a fine plaiting of tulle which was mounted aigrette fashion in a small jeweled sheath. The ornament was worn just at one side the front with the tulle aigrette pointing off slantingly toward the back. Another ornament consisted of a narrow band of black velvet outlined on each side with a single row of rhinestones, and just at the front there was a diamond-shaped ornament catching an aigrette. On still another pretty head there was worn a double bandeau made up of tiny green velvet ferns and little cerise berries. Such garnitures as this can be bought by the yard at the trimming counter. They are easily fixed up for hair ornaments. A very original ornament had a handsome satin ribbon rose centred with a rhinestone, and the rose was fastened to pale green loops and ends which were shaped and veined like long slender lily leaves.

THE kimono sleeve maintains a degree of popularity which is really remarkable, but at the same time there are variations appearing which relieve the strictly kimono sleeve of its severity and at the same time retain its lines. On the more dressy models the sleeves are of the three-quarter type, but on tailored and demi-tailored lines the full length is much shown. While the regulation sleeve is in excellent request and favor, and the set-in designs show a considerable strength, there is still a noted demand for the peasant styles.

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Made by the LIQUID VENEER People

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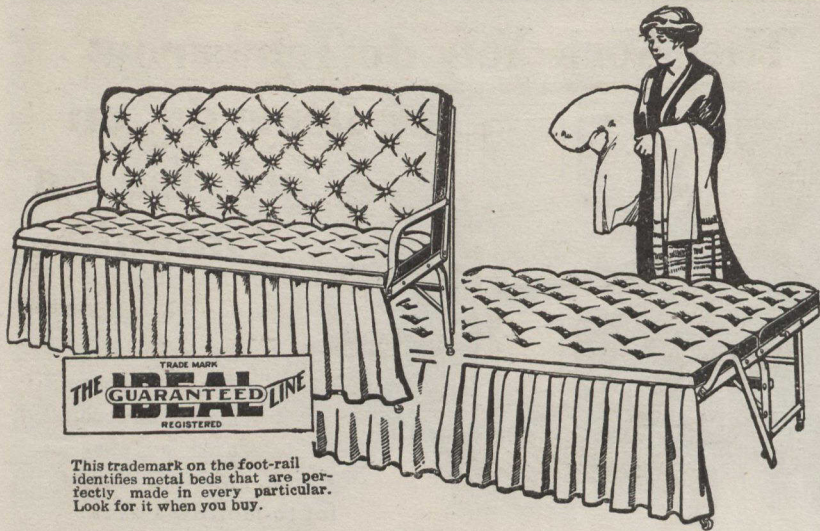
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All steel frame, finished in gold bronze. Springs in seat and back. Mattress securely fastened to both back and seat, covered with green denim. Length is 73 inches, width of seat 22 inches, width when open 47 inches.

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**THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED**  
MONTREAL—TORONTO—WINNIPEG

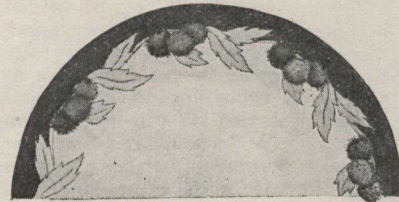


By JESSIE E. RORKE

THOUGH few of us can claim really to enjoy housecleaning, it is not without a certain amount of pleasure that we begin the campaign against the season's accumulated dust, and watch the house growing fresh and spotless under our busy hands. Then, too, there is the pleasure of the new things, for each cleaning is likely to bring with it some added piece of furniture, a rug or curtains replaced, or freshly-decorated walls, or, perhaps, it is only a cover for the table or a new cushion, but whichever it may be it fills its own place in completing our plan for a beautiful home. But it is possible that we may as far advance this "house beautiful" by discarding some of our possessions as by adding new ones. We are not always as ready to bring the severe tests of good taste to the consideration of furnishings to which we have become

or; and the clock that we did not altogether like in the first place, but that has just been "the clock" to us for so long, would suddenly look cheap and tawdry with all its gilt trimming. Perhaps it is well for our comfort that we find it difficult to take this impersonal view of our surroundings, but once a year at least, it is wise to compass it if possible, and surveying our bric-a-brac, ruthlessly discard any that only our sentiment, and not our knowledge of the beautiful can approve.

IT is not sufficient that an ornament shall be beautiful in itself; it must also be appropriate and in harmony with its surroundings. The character and uses of the room must be considered, and if ornament is not its sole purpose, the first consideration must be appropriateness to its own uses. It is often here that we may add rich touches of color that may repeat and intensify the colors of the room or give a pleasing note of contrast. A few pieces of silver give a charming effect in the drawing-room furnished in gray and old rose, while a piece of dull red pottery amongst furnishings of green or a brass bowl or jug contrasting with blues will be equally beautiful. The placing of an ornament will often enhance or detract from its effect. A brass or copper bowl while beautiful in any position, will be doubly so if placed where it catches the flickering light from the open grate or near a window where it becomes a glowing piece of color in the sunlight.



DESIGN FOR NUT BOWL

accustomed in our home, as we would be in the purchase of new ones. This appears to be especially true of the things that are purely ornamental. We tolerate many things because they have become so familiar that we have long ago forgotten to consider their claims to be really beautiful, and put them back in their places as a mere matter of course when even the empty spaces might be greatly to be preferred.

As a rule we are quite too much afraid of empty spaces, and in our fear of leaving a room bare and unfurnished fail to achieve the quiet simplicity and beauty that is attained by the repetition of a few simple, graceful lines and harmonious tones of color. One or two ornaments of real merit will give an effect that can only be marred by the use of other poorer ones, while even if all were exquisitely beautiful too many would only divide the interest, and each would lose something of its charm. A mantel with only one ornament, if that fails to be beautiful, will be poorly furnished indeed, and will be insufficiently so if the ornament fulfills every requirement of beauty and still lacks interest enough to hold our attention, and fill so large a space. One of the dainty rose bowls of iridescent glass, while a perfect thing in its way, with its pretty lines and glowing bits of color, will give its full share of pleasure for the moment, but for the moment only, and will seem quite inadequate if placed alone upon the mantel, but put in its stead the Winged Victory or the Venus of Milo and we look for nothing more, but find sufficient interest no matter how often our eyes may return to the place.

Though the costliest things are assuredly not always in the best taste, it is true that much that is most beautiful in the line of ornament is expensive, and some of it no doubt to be placed among the things we may only admire but not possess, yet if we counted the cost of the bric-a-brac in our rooms would we not often find that we might have replaced it with one or two of the pieces we coveted at no greater cost and with infinitely better effect. And even if we cannot afford the things that fulfil our standard of what is most beautiful, at least we need not tolerate that which has no claim to beauty at all. If we could only spend a few moments as strangers in our own houses and view our possessions with impartial eyes, seeing only the final effect and forgetting all the associations, how differently things would impress us. The blue vase on the mantel would present itself as a jarring note of color amongst the tan and red furnishings of the living room instead of a familiar wedding gift calling up pleasant memories of the don-

nishings of an ordinary home. Though we are told that tinting invariably takes away from the delicacy and clearness of detail of a cast, the dead white rarely harmonizes with the color scheme of the room, and one turns in preference to the ivory. What is called a snow finish gives a medium between the dead white and ivory. Many of the casts taken originally from the bronze are tinted a dull green, and harmonize beautifully with some color effects. Flowers, the most beautiful of all ornaments, are within reach of all of us, but most especially those who are fortunate enough to possess country homes. Endless variety in beauty of form and color are at our hand only waiting for us to choose. For our living-room with its tan and brown fur-



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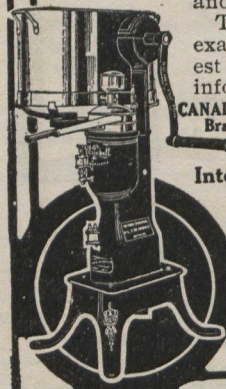
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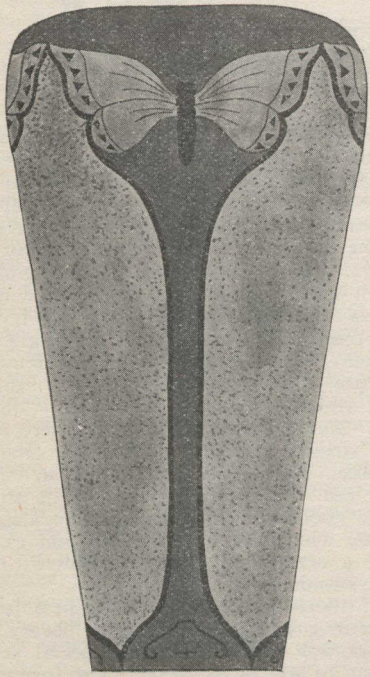


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nishings we may follow the round of the season always with something new yet equally harmonious—gay crocuses, yellow daffodils, the many-tinted nasturtiums, orange lilies, roses, yellow and red, gladioli, marigolds, goldenglow, sunflowers—until winter comes, and we coax the daffodils to bloom indoors, to replace them later with pretty red geraniums or some of the many varieties of ferns. And so, if we are fortunate enough to possess a garden, we find something for each of our rooms what-



DESIGN FOR JARDINIERE

ever its color scheme may be that looks as though it might have grown just to be placed there. Among the costly bric-a-brac that is offered in the shops few things will give greater pleasure than an old ugly gray stone mustard jar filled with graceful branches of purple lilac. To be sure they are not so lasting as a piece of pottery or brass (perhaps that is part of their charm), but when they are gone the irises will be here, and then the white roses and the August lilies, each one seeming with its first coming more beautiful than the last.

When all has been said on the subject of ornament we come back to the old familiar rule—each piece must be more beautiful than the space it occupies, or there is no excuse for its presence. Furnishings that are a necessity we can only make as beautiful as we may, but ornament that fails to meet the test has no reason for existence at all.

**Concerning Pyrography**

OF the various arts that are used in the decoration of a home pyrography is perhaps the oldest. Some of the earliest attempts at expression in the form of a picture or design were

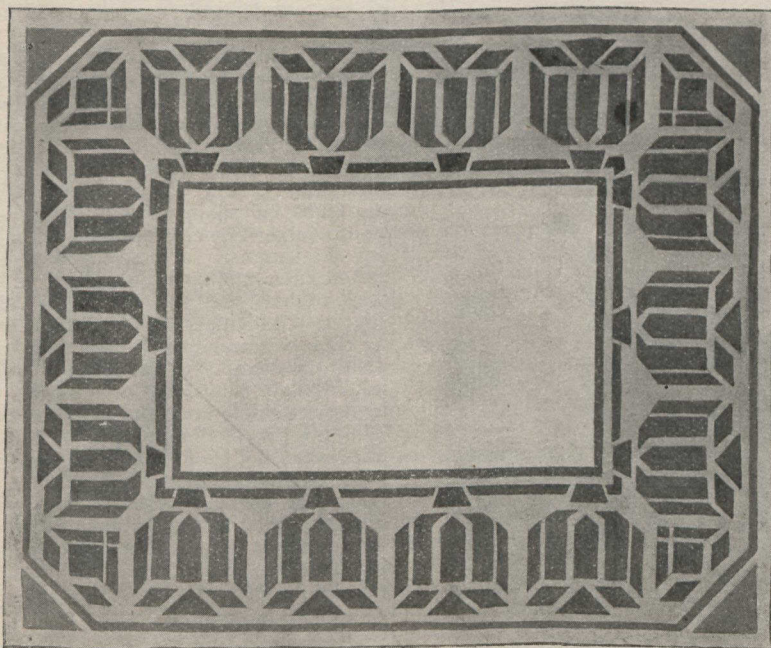
made with some sort of red-hot tool upon wood. Nations that had made but little progress in civilization produced wooden articles decorated with quaint arrangements of lines and dots burnt upon the surface, while familiar objects are outlined in the same way, sometimes traced so delicately that some very fine

tool must have been used. Some of these old specimens of burnt work may be seen in the museums and are exceedingly interesting, the very simplicity of the design frequently giving a most pleasing effect. It is said that the first outline drawing was made when a man, charmed by the shadow of the woman that he loved as it fell upon the wall, caught up a charred coal from among the embers and traced its outline. It is probable that burnt work may have had some similar origin; some idler dreaming by his camp fire attempted perhaps to trace his thought on a nearby piece of wood with the hot end of his poker, or perhaps only to trace the strange pattern made by the shadow of the dancing flames.

This first tool would do its work but awkwardly, and yet the result might have more artistic value than much of the pyrography that is done to-day with our greatly improved point and facilities for heating it. Skill in the handling of a point is so easily acquired that a knowledge of the technical part of the work is often considered sufficient, and poor, and inefficient work is the result. It is to this that the varying popularity of pyrography is due, and after a surfeit of department store designs applied without artistic feeling or consideration of appropriateness we are inclined to turn in dislike from it all. Yet it has all the possibilities of any work in black and white, and the warm rich brown of the burnt wood gives a most attractive color. But the work must be done with the same careful study of effects, of light and shadow of the varying tones of color, of harmony of lines and appropriateness of design that would be given to work with the brush or crayon. The fact that the article to be decorated is usually of wood or of leather and seems to demand a choice of subject more bold and decided than we might use in decorating china or designing some exquisite bit of embroidery, should not prove hampering, but rather lend individuality to the work.

Basswood is most commonly used for this work, and most of the pieces that are shown in the shops for burning are made from it, though some which are imported from Germany are holly, which on account of the shortness of its grain is better for burning. If one is near a reliable cabinet-maker, however, it is better to have the pieces that one desires made up by him. The workmanship will be better than in the ready-mades, and one may exercise their individual taste in the choice of shape and wood. Basswood, butternut and pine are soft woods, and burn most easily, but where a design is to be finely executed and not too deeply burned such hardwoods as oak, maple and elm may be used. Of the three mentioned, elm will give the blackest line under the pencil. There is no wood that will give more beautiful results than teak, though it is, of course, expensive.

The illustrations offer some suggestions in design for the amateur burnt wood worker. It is wiser to attempt only the smaller pieces, unless one has perfect confidence in their own good



DESIGN FOR TRAY IN BURNT WOOD

taste and skill. A piece of furniture such as a chair or table, may not be lightly discarded when we become tired of it, and this we will be sure to do unless the design is extremely simple, conforming to the lines of the furniture itself, and having sufficient decorative value to give it added interest and beauty.

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## Flowers for Rural School Grounds

By MRS. JOSEPH DAVIDSON

A PAPER on the above subject by a member of the Kemble Branch should be of special interest at this season. The writer says:

This is a sweet and beautiful subject. How eagerly we look forward to the first flowers of spring, and watch each sunny slope and rock for the resurrection of the first buds! And, having found a few, how our souls warm and glow with joy and love toward the Creator Who has been so bountiful in beautifying the earth that it may be pleasing in our eyes and educate us in all that is good, pure and lovely.

I have read somewhere that Canada produces more species and their varieties of wild flowers, shrubs and trees than any other part of the world, and I know that a great variety can be got within our own township (Keppel). The woods are carpeted with flowers, and no sooner does one fragrant beauty close its short life than several others awake to the call of the season.

As to the educational value and refining influence of flowers there is no question, and our native wild flowers are by far the most potent. The flowers of the hothouse and garden, the so-called improved varieties, are over-fed and coarse in comparison. They are not so delicately fashioned, they have not the inimitable shadings or the subtle woody perfume of so many of our native wildlings. So the wild flowers are the very best to bedeck our school grounds, and they cost nothing but the labor of planting them. The first thing to see to is the soil. It should be a rather light loam, but if it is clay, and too heavy, then we will have to haul enough leaf mould to make it right. I have known of more than one fruit and flower garden made up in this way, and it brings the quickest and best results. If the drainage has not already been seen to, it should be done before anything is planted. If there is a low wet corner it does not matter, as we can get suitable plants to put into it, and thereby have a greater variety. But the trees

should be the first planted. After marking off a liberal space suitable for a playground, we can plant trees, shrubs and flowers in the space left, the flowers and low shrubs in front, and the trees and taller shrubs more as a background, and none so near the school as to keep out air and sunlight. Now, having the ground prepared, we are ready to chose the stock and plant it. I have practiced puddling the roots for a number of years, and find it is the best and surest of success. It is done this way: Dig a hole large enough to admit the tree, or plant without doubling any of the roots, and deep enough to set it just an inch or so deeper than it was before. Set the tree or plant in straight up, then pack fine earth in all round the roots; fill in about two-thirds of the earth, packing well down, then throw in water till the plant stands in a soft wet puddle or mud, then throw in rest of earth, and finish with fine dry earth on top to keep the moisture. Carefully planted in this way, there will be no more watering needed, and the plant will go on growing with but very little check. Therefore we will use the same method throughout with trees, shrubs and plants.

Our greatest difficulty in choosing our stock will be in the great number of fine things we have to choose from. In our own township we have at least four varieties of maple—and where can you find anything more handsome than a well-grown maple tree? They are the aristocracy of the forests. The "mountain maple" is little more than a shrub with us. I have never seen it taller than a well-grown lilac. We usually find it on rocky ground along roadsides. It blooms in June, and its spikes of creamy yellow flowers and its bright orange red foliage in autumn make it quite ornamental. The "silver maple," with beautiful sharp-cut leaves, white beneath, glossy dark green above, which turns to a brilliant red in the fall, has long drooping branches, and makes a very distinct specimen tree, not plentiful, and found along the lakes. The "red maple" is found in swamps and low damp woods near lakes and on river banks, and can be easily distinguished

when not in leaf by its dark red branchlets. This also makes a fine specimen tree, and most helpful in the coloring, and would do well near our damp corner.

Last, but not least, is the emblem of our country, the "sugar maple." This is the most common maple we have, and taking it all round, there is no other tree that will bear comparison with it. It should be planted largely, not only in the school grounds, but along the roads and in waste places everywhere. It is clean, fresh and shapely at any time, and in its autumn dress of red, green and yellow, it is a most brilliant sight. A few "paper birch" helps to light up the coloring, also some "mountain ash," whose bright red berries are fine in the early autumn. A few "hawthorn" and "june berry" are to be recommended. Beech is splendid as a specimen tree. There are a great many more desirable trees which could be utilized if room permitted, but the usual rural school grounds are not often more than an acre, and we must not omit evergreens. We have a fine list to choose from: "White" and "red pine," the "black" and "white spruces," "cedar," "balsam" and "hemlock." The "tamarack" with its slender limbs, makes a very graceful tree, and a fine variety, although not an evergreen.

Our native shrubs are as plentiful and beautiful as the trees. "Leatherwood" and "shipherdia" are the earliest in flower, blooming before the leaves come. The "holly" is another fine shrub, with its dark green glossy leaves and bright red berries in late fall and early winter. Then we have two varieties of spiraea which would grace any grounds. Common "meadowsweet," both red and white flowered. "Nine bark" is a beautiful shrub, and easily grown. "Button bush" does well in a damp place. Our numerous family of "dogwoods" should have a place; *C. paniculata* is one of the best, and the "bush honeysuckles" are some of them worthy of a place, and "staghorn sumach" makes a good showing in the fall, with its spikes of bright red seeds. Our wild rose is another family that has some beautiful members. I would not confine myself entire-

ly to wildlings in the case of shrubs. There are so many hardy varieties which bloom later in the season, and some of them are so much like a part of home, such as the syringias or lilacs, spiraea in variety, yellow flowering currant, French honeysuckles in pink and white, etc. Among the wild native climbers there are a few fine ones. The wild clematis (*Virgin's Bower*), is fine in both flower and fruit, because of the long, fuzzy tails to the seed vessels the children call it "old man" and "fuzzy head." Then there is the "virginia creeper," another fine clean climber. In the fall its leaves turn to fiery red. "Climbing bittersweet" is another good one, with its bright orange fruits, which burst in the fall and expose a scarlet pulp, which renders it quite ornamental.

Of herbaceous plants, the first to greet us is hepatica and "spring beauty." Either will succeed without special selection of soil or situation. The former can be lifted in early spring as soon as you can find the plants, and if laid on a plate in the window and kept moist, will bloom right away, and will be very interesting to the children to watch the blossoms come up and expand. "Spring beauty" is a fitting name for so fair a flower, so dainty is the cluster of blossoms between the two dark green leaves. Look into the tiny floral cup of delicate blush, veined with crimson-purple, which no human hand can imitate, so delicate is the penciling. It has a long stem like fragile silvery cord, sometimes over a foot in length, and springs from a tiny tuber buried in the ground. Closely following are three members of the fumitory family, "Dutchman's breeches" and "squirrel corn." The school children often call them "boys and girls," also I have heard some call them "white hearts." The third one is the "pale corydalis," with its pale lilac blossoms just tipped with yellow—not common, but is found in rocky or burnt woods.

The wild columbine is another beauty, and easy of cultivation, and the trilliums, or wake robins, are general favorites. We have three varieties of them: *T. grandiflorum*, with its large white blossoms is beautiful; *T. erectum* is the dull brick red variety, and *T. erythrocarpum*, or painted trillium, is a pink and white beauty, who loves good living; but all are easily grown. The "dog-tooth violet" is the most common flower of our woods, and in beauty will hold its own with soft yellow blossoms, the petals curving backwards like a lily, and trimly set on variegated foliage and grows anywhere. We find the wild blue phlox (*P. dwarficata*) in damp woods. And the large family of violets; who could desire flowers more lovely than they? And we must not forget the ferns for shady places. There is a host of other flowers appearing throughout the summer, such as the wild geraniums, the toothwort, blue and yellow flags, orchids, the pink and yellow lady's slipper, wild ginger, or coltsfoot, with its curious scented buds, blue and "cardinal mimulus," "wood betony," Jack-in-the-pulpit, campanula or bluebells, the tender touch-me-nots, the shy but beautiful piroilus. Bloodroot is a curious plant with red, blood-like juice, and pure white blossoms. In the fall we have the two great families of asters and goldenrods. What a bare autumn we would have without them! But it would take months to enumerate all the beautiful flowers of our woods. On going into the woods it always seems to me like entering the Temple of the Living God not made with hands, and when I am particularly tired or worried about something, I like to steal away into the unbroken forest and let the little birds and squirrels come close to my feet. The murmuring of the trees sounds to me like prayer making continual intercession for a sinful world, and anon as the wind rises I fancy I can hear psalm-singing, and great anthems of praise for all God's goodness to us. As I look above and see the long limbs stretched



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forth, as arms in solemn benediction, one's soul is refreshed and strengthened to go back and take up life's work with renewed vigor, as Mrs. Browning tells us: "Every bush is a fire, but only he who sees takes off his shoes."

### Books for Children

By MRS. J. McDONALD

FROM the Ethel Branch comes a paper on this subject, which contains many suggestions of value.

The books we read have a wonderful power in moulding our character for good or evil. While reading we are usually unconscious of any influence upon our minds, but after we have mastered the book the thought will work out in our daily lives. We cannot say how much the sense of honor, the courage, the energy and the broader outlook upon life is due to the inspiration of our reading; while on the other hand we cannot tell how much the dwarfed mind, the gloomy outlook on life and the lowered morals are due to the reading of a bad book. For these reasons the choice of reading material for our children is a matter of great importance.

Gibbon says, "My early love of reading I would not exchange for the treasures of India."

Joseph Cook says: "When a boy has once acquired a keen interest in biographical and historical reading he cannot thereafter be wholly vulgar in his taste for literature."

Beecher says: "Books are the windows through which the soul looks out." A home without books is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family; he cheats them. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books.

Parsons says: "If you teach a child to economize time and fill him with a love of good books, you ensure him an education far beyond anything he can get in the university, an education that will cease only with his life."

Ruskin says: "And I would urge upon every young man, as the beginning of due and wise provision for his household, to obtain as soon as he can, by the severest economy, a restricted, serviceable and steadily—however slowly—increasing series of books for use through life, making his little library, of all the furniture in his room, the most studied and decorative piece, and one of the earliest and strictest lessons to the children of the house being how to turn the pages of their own books lightly and carefully with no chance of tearing, or dog's ears."

The cultivation of the child's taste for good reading should begin early in life. It is a sad thing to see children deprived of books. It is worse to see them supplied with literature injurious to their moral or intellectual growth. Before the children learn to read much may be done to prepare the way for good literature. The love of stories in some form or other is a characteristic of childhood. In all lands and in all conditions of life the mother's words, "Once upon a time" open up to the young child a vague retrospect of the past. Fairy stories are types of certain feeling which pertain to the early years of life. They are most effective when they are told rather than read. "Ghost stories" are objectionable, as they foster a dread of the unseen. On the other hand to cut off "Jack and the Bean Stalk," "Red Riding Hood," "The Three Bears," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Cinderella" from a child's life is to proclaim him to be stupid after he grows up.

It is scarcely necessary to be reminded that the stories of the Bible can never be surpassed, either from an intellectual or from a moral aspect. The history of Adam and Eve, of Cain and Abel, of Abraham and Isaac, and of Jacob, the lives of Joseph, Moses, David and Daniel will ever have their interest for children.

Aesop's fables are very popular among children. Many of them are valuable in consequence of their teaching of moral principles. For instance, the evil of greediness is shown in the fable of "The Dog and the Shadow," of lying, in the fable of the boy who cried "Wolf," and of improvidence in the case of the man who killed "The goose that laid the golden eggs." As the young reader advances in knowledge, stronger food should be furnished. "Grimm's Fairy Tales" and "Household Stories," and the delightful "Wonder Stories" of Hans Andersen should form part of

every child's library. Other books that will be read with interest are: "The Fairy Land of Science," Charles Kingsley's "Water Babies," "The Arabian Nights' Entertainments," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Tanglewood Tales." The stories of Indian life, "Swiss Family Robinson," "Gulliver's Travels," "Robin Hood" and "Robinson Crusoe." Later the romances of Scott and others will have place, also Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," Lamb's "Tales From Shakespeare" and books of stories from history.

Stories of real men of adventure like Livingstone, etc., "Books of Golden Deeds," by Charlotte Yonge, would shape the taste away from cheap novels, and detective stories. "Servants of the King," by Robert E. Speer, contains eleven stories of lives of Christian missionaries, written especially for young people. Chapman's "Book on Birds," "Adventures of Nils," by Selma Lagerlof is full of Swedish folklore and one of the best new books for children.

Hamilton W. Mabie's selections of books are good; his "Heroes and Heroines" are books which boys and girls are very fond of. "Peeps Into Other Lands" is a good series. Girls especially should be given more stories of the world's famous women that their ideals may not be shaped altogether by stories of men. Too often the mistake is made of fostering a relish for nothing other than the novel. Many novels are far from being desirable food for children. Books about places and people of far-off lands will implant a love for geography and works of travel. Cultivate a taste for poetry, history, biography and science. It is a mistake to suppose that children should be kept in ignorance of these fields until they become fit to enter a High School.

### Hints on Flower Culture

MISS CLARA RUTHVEN of the Everett Branch makes the following remarks regarding this seasonable subject:

The long bright days of March are with us again, and we will very soon have to make preparations for our spring gardening. And what a pleasure the average housewife finds in making the various small changes to brighten up her home in honor of spring's coming. Soon there will be the gardens to make, the flower beds to arrange, vines to set by the porch, and seeds to plant of the flowers we like the very best. I think it is best to plant your flower seeds in a hotbed early in the spring, or if these are not convenient, plant in shallow boxes in the house, and set in windows where there is plenty of sunshine.

I generally plant the seeds about the last of March. In doing this you have bloom much earlier, and can see much more for your labor. Select good loamy soil, not having it heavy, as when it is watered frequently it makes it soggy. I generally mix some of the soil in the woods (decayed leaves, etc.) with rich garden soil, thus making the soil light, and it does not harden. Water lightly every day. (I would say here that it is advisable to have these boxes ready in the fall, as it saves time in the spring), and perhaps you cannot always get the earth just when you need it.

Do not sow the seeds too thickly. It is better to sow the seeds sparingly, as the little plants grow more sturdy and strong. When these are an inch or two high they can be transplanted into the garden. It has been remarked that flowers started in the house should not be set out in the garden till corn-planting time. However, care should be taken not to set them out too early, not till all danger of frost is over, and the nights are warm. As a rule, people rush out at the beginning of a rain to set out their plants. If a few cloudy or rainy days succeed, this will be all right, but if the shower be immediately followed by a hot sun, it is all wrong.

Hence the most successful transplanters do not depend on rainy days, but set out their plants even on a warm, bright evening. In the first place, the beds should be made a few days, at least, ahead, so the soil may have had time to settle. Now then very carefully take out just a few plants, so few that you are absolutely certain they will not have time to wilt before you get them in the ground again. Disturb the roots just as little as possible during the moving process.

Have holes made quite large enough to receive the roots without danger of overcrowding, and pour in a little water. Next set the plants very gently (remember that the young rootlets are very tender and delicate) and work in the



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Then you'll believe it. And looking back—won't you be sorry.

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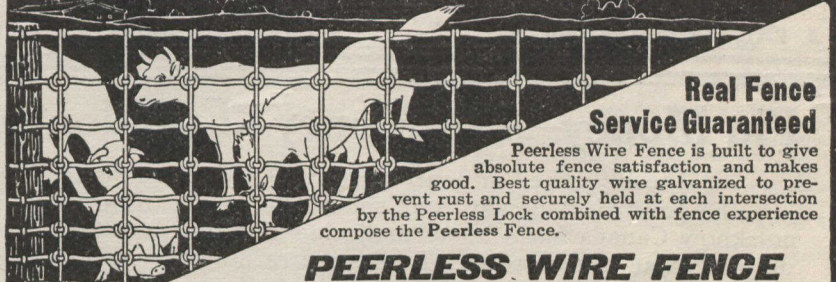
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Peerless Wire Fence is built to give absolute fence satisfaction and makes good. Best quality wire galvanized to prevent rust and securely held at each intersection by the Peerless Lock combined with fence experience compose the Peerless Fence.

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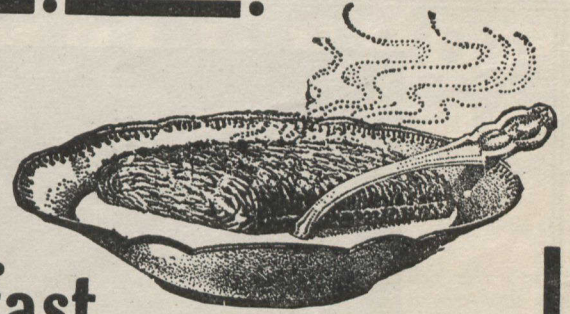
That is the kind you should use on your farm and save expense and worry.

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Agencies almost everywhere. Agents wanted in unassigned territory.

Banwell Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd., Dept. Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

## An Early Breakfast



An early breakfast without getting up early! That's Winter joy without Winter worry or work. Such a thing is possible in the home where

# SHREDDED WHEAT

forms the daily breakfast. Being ready-cooked and ready-to-serve one does not need to wait for kitchen fires or slow servants for a warm, nourishing, strengthening breakfast.

Simply heat the biscuit a few moments to restore crispness, then pour hot milk over it and salt or sweeten to suit the taste. Deliciously wholesome with stewed prunes, baked apples, sliced bananas, canned peaches or other canned fruits. At your grocer's.

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Made by

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**Would you like to try these toilet necessities?**

A trial is all that is necessary to convince you that these three preparations combine all that is necessary to enable a woman to appear at her best all the time.

**DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S  
PERFECT COLD CREAM**

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**LUSTR-ITE  
NAIL ENAMEL**

used frequently, gives that tasteful, well-groomed appearance that no care in dress or other details can obtain.

All of the above can be obtained at every good store handling toilet requisites.

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All to be earned in your spare time, by telling your friends and acquaintances why you like the Journal, and why they should subscribe. Tens of thousands of women in Canada do not know Canada has a home magazine, and thousands more do not realize into what a splendid magazine it has grown. Ladies are earning thousands of dollars in our magazine subscription work. If later you care to give us all your time there is a good salary and expense money ready for you. Write for our salary and commission offer.

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**Canadian Kodak Co., Limited  
Toronto, Canada**

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clay over and above the roots, pressing it down firmly, but not too roughly as to bruise any of the little threads. Last of all, cover the surface of the ground about the plant completely with fine, perfectly dry earth. This will act as a mulch, and conserve the moisture about the roots, instead of allowing it to pass off into the air.

I think people who find it impossible to have a flower garden should at least try to have a few outside window boxes to attract the butterflies and humming birds, and add a little more of the glory of summer to the long bright days. We cannot have too much of it. In selecting plants for the window box one should always choose one or two for drooping, one or two for climbing, and a few uprights. Do not overcrowd, but give each plant room to develop. Choose your colors carefully, and if possible, have some white flowers to give tone to the assortment.

For southern and western windows, geraniums, heliotrope, petunias, nasturtiums, phlox, verbenas, and ivy geraniums, will be found very satisfactory, as these can stand the sun's hot rays. It would be as well to keep the windows open as much as possible in order to do away with the harsh reflection of the sun, from the glass, which is so injurious to plants on a hot summer day.

**From Several Branches**

THE Meaford Branch of the Women's Institute met in the auditorium of the town hall, January 25th. There were two hundred and seventy-five ladies present at the afternoon session. The president, Mrs. B. Long, presided at this meeting, and greeted the audience in her usual cheerful and cordial manner, giving all a hearty welcome. The president in her opening address stated that a very important feature in our Institute work here was the starting of a special fund to assist in erecting a General Hospital in Meaford at no far distant day. The collections to be taken up at the afternoon and evening meetings are to be put aside for that purpose.

Miss C. Smith read a letter from the head nurse of the Oshawa Hospital, which was full of encouragement and inspiration to the members of this Institute to press on with the noble work. Fifty new members were added to the roll, which now makes Meaford Branch the largest in North Grey district. Mrs. Parsons, the talented and gifted representative of the Provincial Government in the interests of the Ontario Women's Institute, was present, and gave the audience a rich, intellectual treat, which was highly appreciated. The subject of her address was "The Books We Ought to Read." The solo by Mrs. S. A. Gray, accompanied by Mrs. (Dr.) Bennett, was well received. Miss McPhee, a representative from the Ogilvie Milling Company, gave demonstrations at the afternoon and evening sessions on pastry and breadmaking. These practical demonstrations were both interesting and helpful to the members.

Miss Langton of the Melagama Tea and Coffee Company, was also present at both sessions, and gave the audience the opportunity of testing that brand of tea and coffee.

Miss Wright favored the audience with excellent music, while refreshments were being served. The meeting adjourned to meet again in the evening with the Farmers' Institute. The mayor, Dr. Clark, presided at the union meeting in his happy, jovial manner. The first number on the programme was an instrumental by Miss Mary Wright.

Mr. Shearer, the Provincial Government representative for Farmers' Institutes, gave an excellent address on the advantages of agriculture.

Mr. Duff, B.S.A., the provincial representative of agriculture for Grey County, gave an excellent address on the "Problem of Co-operation in Agriculture," showing the advantages to be gained, also stating that it required the producer and the consumer to fully realize their interests were mutual. He said that was most necessary in order to bring to a successful issue the co-operative system. The speaker also recommended the advantages to be gained by adopting the methods which were advised by the Provincial Government in the improvement of orchards. Miss Georgie Sutherland then delighted the audience with a patriotic reading entitled "The Private of the Buffs."

Mrs. Parsons in her closing address set forth fully the aims and high ideals of the Women's Institute which centred in their motto, "For Home and



**Kellogg's**

**TOASTED CORN FLAKES**

Twenty generous platefuls for ten cents! You'd pay more, once you taste these sweethearts of the corn.

64

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Country." This organization is strictly non-political, and has as its aim the removal from its meetings of all creed, church or social distinction. One strong feature is combined in the improvement of home and national life, for in the love of home the love of country has its rise.

**Annual Meetings**

IT is again time for the Institutes to begin to plan for their annual meeting, and it is advisable that arrangements be made at the April meeting, for the annual meeting in May or early June.

If there are any accounts outstanding in the Institute, these should be paid, if there is money to meet the same, so that the books may be properly closed at the end of the Institute year.

It is important that the annual report of each branch should be sent promptly to the district secretary. The work of the district secretary is very often delayed because of the neglect of perhaps one branch secretary.

The district officers might also at this time begin to plan for their annual meeting, and should urge that each branch in the district be represented at the said meeting. The department will be glad to make suggestions regarding district annual meetings.

If any branch secretary has not already done so, she should at once send paid members for 1911-12 to the district secretary, or where there is no district secretary, direct to this office, in order that all members may receive the annual report for 1911.

**Nobleton Joint Meeting**

THE Women's Institute of Nobleton held their joint meeting with the Farmers' Institute at Nobleton, January 18th, in the basement of the Methodist Church. The first exhibition of cooking and butter took place, and was a decided success, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather. Judging from the number of entries, there being sixty-two in all, a live interest is shown in Institute work in Nobleton, and the branch is only a year old.

The following is a list of prizes given:

- Cake, Dark Layer—1st, Mrs. J. A. McCutcheon; 2nd, Mrs. Jeffry.
- Tarts, one dozen Lemon—1st, Mrs. W. Snider; 2nd, Mrs. H. Snider.
- Pie, Plain Apple—1st, Miss M. McCutcheon; 2nd, Miss Ella Fry.
- Pie, Fancy—1st, Miss E. Stewart; 2nd, Miss A. Ballard.
- Fruit, 1 quart Preserved Pears—1st, Mrs. W. Snider; 2nd, Mrs. A. Hill.
- Jelly—1st, Mrs. S. Hill; 2nd, Mrs. A. Campbell.
- Marmalade—1st and 2nd, Mrs. H. Snider.
- Cucumber Pickles—1st, Mrs. H. Snider; 2nd, Mrs. S. Davis.
- Catsup—1st, Mrs. H. Thompson; 2nd, Miss Flo. Fry.
- Bread—1st, Mrs. W. Snider; 2nd, Mrs. George Hill.
- Butter—Mrs. S. Davis won the first special given by Mrs. J. W. Larkin. Mrs. John Mitchell was successful in winning Mrs. H. Pringle's special.
- Butter, Institute Class—Three-pound prints, 1st, Mrs. H. Snider; 2nd, Mrs. Dew.
- Cake, White Layer—1st, Miss Ella Fry; 2nd, Miss Dobson.

Proceeds from selling prize articles were \$6.35.

After judging competition, meeting was addressed by delegate, Miss S. Campbell, Brampton, subject, "Housekeeping and Home-making." Miss Campbell congratulated the ladies on their display and said she did a great deal of judging at fall fairs, and this was as good a specimen of articles as she had judged at many places in the agricultural buildings. "Progress" was the word for Institute workers, and Miss Campbell hoped to hear of more competitions in future. Housekeeping was a fine art, and if the young ladies were taught this art, how many happy homes we would have in future. The Farmers' Institute members came in and an auction sale of articles took place.

Tea was served to all and the gentlemen made happy with the good cup of coffee and nice dainties. Prize articles were sampled. Joint meeting was held in the evening, when a large number were present. Nobleton is to be congratulated on the success of their meetings owing to the systematic management of the ladies.

Any Edison dealer will demonstrate to you how Thomas A. Edison doubled the entertaining capacity of

**The Edison Phonograph**



when he invented

**Edison Amberol Records**

—the record which plays twice as long

Then you will understand why so many good songs, so much good music or every character never appeared in record form until the Amberol Record was perfected.

Then you will understand how, when you own an Edison Phonograph, you can now have all of the very best entertainment of every kind.

Then you will understand how this one advantage alone makes the Edison Phonograph the greatest sound-reproducing instrument as well as the greatest musical instrument—even if it had no other advantages. But it has: the sapphire reproducing-point, that does not scratch or wear the record and lasts forever—no changing

needles; exactly the right volume of sound for your home; home recording—the ability to make and reproduce your own records in your own home.

Any Edison dealer will demonstrate these great Edison advantages to you.

**BRITISH RECORDS**  
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In addition to our regular monthly list of Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records, we issue regularly a number of British and French Records. Our British and French record catalogs contain the complete list of these selections, published in record form. Be sure to get them from your dealer when you go to buy your Edison Phonograph—and ask to have the new Record Supplements mailed you free every month.

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us. Edison Phonographs, \$16.50 to \$240.00. Edison Standard Records, 40c. Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long), 65c. Edison Grand Opera Records, 85c to \$2.50.

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A small crop is proof that your land is run down—it is a warning to fertilize promptly.

Manure is the ideal fertilizer because it contains the very elements that crops have extracted from the soil. To get 100 per cent value from the manure you spread, you must use a good manure spreader. The pitchfork method is wasteful, entails hard, disagreeable work, and takes too much time.

When buying a spreader, be sure you get one that will last. You can make sure of the quality, efficiency and durability, by investing in one of the

**I H C Spreaders**

**Corn King Cloverleaf**

These spreaders are used on thousands of farms. Their strength, simplicity, and durability are matters of record. Why not look into the matter?

When investigating, remember that the power transmitting mechanism used on I H C machines is the most durable used on any line of spreaders. This results from the fact that the beater gears are held in a single casting which prevents them from springing out of alignment and cutting the teeth. The teeth are long and chisel-pointed to insure positive pulverizing of all manure. There is no wedging of manure against the beater bars. The teeth do not rim the bars.

The beater is large enough in diameter so that it does not wind. You will find many other striking advantages which will convince you of I H C superiority.

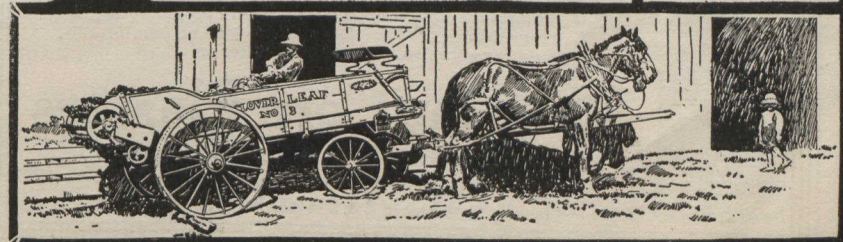
Why not see the I H C local agent at once? I H C spreaders are made in different styles, in many sizes for every need. If you prefer, write nearest branch house for catalogues and full information.

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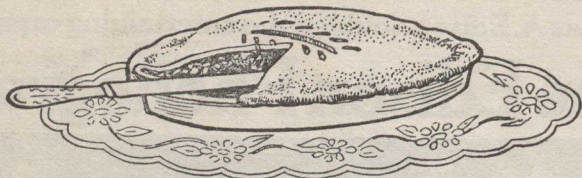
**International Harvester Company of America**  
Chicago (Incorporated) USA

**I H C Service Bureau**

The Bureau is a clearing house for agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problems to the I H C Service Bureau.







# Make your pastry with PURITY FLOUR It will be delicious

WE tell you frankly that it will likely cost you slightly more to make pastry with PURITY FLOUR than with an ordinary flour. But thousands of home-cooks, who have tried both, willingly pay the difference.

Because of its *extra* strength and *extra* quality *more* shortening must be added to PURITY FLOUR than to blended or soft wheat flours, when making pastry.

PURITY FLOUR gets its *extra* strength and *extra* quality from the *high-grade* portions of the hard wheat berries. There is no low-grade hard wheat flour, nor no soft wheat flour, mixed with PURITY. It is all *high-grade*.



But think of the added delicacy of flavor, the extra deliciousness of the pies and the cakes! Surely it is worth paying a little more for greater enjoyment.

And the pleasure of using such a high-class, reliable flour for all manner of cooking and baking purposes cannot be counted in mere dollars and cents. And remember that PURITY FLOUR makes

Naturally, such a high-class flour will cost you slightly more. It costs more to make. It is worth more money.

## "More bread and better bread"

It takes more water because it's a strong, thirsty flour. It goes farther in the baking. Get a pencil and add

# PURITY FLOUR

to your grocery list right now.

101

## Say Farewell to Every Corn

Don't pare off the top layer and let the real corn go. That's simply folly.

It is dangerous, too. A slip of the blade often means an infection. Sometimes it means blood poison.

That form of home surgery doesn't belong to these intelligent times.

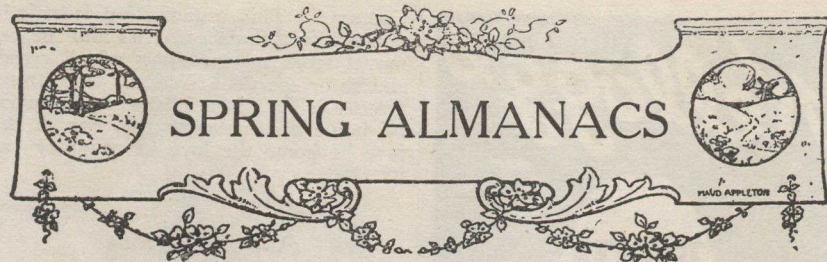
- A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
- B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
- D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

### Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package  
Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (150)

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Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.



By ELLEN R. C. WEBBER

HAVE you ever questioned "Why" when you see half the neighborhood semi-ill each spring? All nature is recruiting, the earth is putting forth new life, the birds are rejuvenated and fairly overflowing with happiness and joy. Only humanity is at its lowest ebb, is ill, tired, depressed, sick with a nameless, unplaceable, indescribable, might-be-most-anything sort of disease; a combination of universal symptoms hastily summed up as "spring fever."

Oh, yes, I know the explanation your doctor gives; poor fellow, he must give some seemingly logical explanation, else where would his chance for a fee come in? So he says: "Too much fat and sugar in the winter diet; a superabundance of hydro-carbonates; a serious tendency towards *perihepatitis*, or perhaps *hydatids*, or it might be *icterus neonatorum*. Anyway, this prescription will help you: two dollars and fifty cents, please."

Goodness gracious! If that wouldn't scare you loose from two-fifty, what would? And after all, boiled down into everyday English it simply means that your liver is "out of whack." But I know better; I have learned from experience, and when a woman has learned a lesson from that teacher, she is a fool no longer; and a Latin word as long as a boa constrictor could not detach her from that hard-gained knowledge. My lesson? Well, I'll tell you about that.

We are, as a rule, a healthy lot; and had been as well as usual all winter, so that when one after another of my family fell a victim to some death-dealing malady, I was sorely puzzled to account for it.

I looked about for a cause, but so far as my knowledge went I saw none. The table, while not luxurious, was well supplied with wholesome food. The cooking was no worse than usual. The meals were regular, and yet John suddenly developed strong symptoms of dyspepsia.

IT was only at Christmas, that upon my remonstrating with him upon a tendency towards overeating, he assured me that he had the digestion of an ostrich, and the only limit to be set upon the capability of his stomach was its capacity. Yet, while the second month of the new year was still in its morning, here he was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. Melancholy had claimed him for her own; he made his will (my half to go to the children in case I married again; just as if I hadn't earned twice as much as all he owns) and he chose a spot to be buried in. His face grew long and solemn, and the children were not allowed to laugh in his presence.

He must have felt very miserable, judging from his success in making everyone else feel so. At last he went down to the drug department of the village store and bought a bottle of—never mind what; I'm not drawing commissions on free ads.—but whatever it was, it brought no relief to John, though he took it with the same regularity and faithfulness that a man always gives to a bitter dose—twice the first day, and a second portion three days later.

However, John was just; he didn't blame the medicine; but said "he thought his case was an unusually severe one, and that in all probability he was a doomed man." While the symptoms in John's case were rapidly growing worse and more numerous, Fred was seized with severe pains in his back; and at last he broke the news as gently as possible, that he expected to pass away before the summer waned, through the agency of kidney disease. He, too, purchased a well-advertised remedy, and took his doses every two hours; though the directions only asked you to step along towards the next bottle at the rate of three doses a day.

Fred said "he didn't believe in spending money on medicines and then not giving them a fair chance." Fred's medicine had its "fair chance" till the

bottle was two-thirds emptied. I overheard eleven-year-old Joe telling him "he had better burn the cork and eat the powder so as to get everything there was in the bottle." But poor Fred was too near the grave to take kindly to childish jokes. His disease developed so rapidly that by potato planting he was unable to do a stroke of work.

Joe and I had to "help"—at least that's what John called it, though I maintain yet that John hindered Joe and me—in the planting of the potato crop. With this extra work added to house-keeping and the nursing of John and Fred, I was pretty well done out; so I could not fail to observe that Melinda, my daughter, was unable to help me, even to the extent of washing up the dishes. I turned to her woes, to learn that she was wasting away through a cough, which, unless speedily checked, would end in consumption.

I had noticed her little hacking, nervous cough, which I had taken for a disagreeable habit rather than any real disease, but she insisted that it was the first symptom of consumption.

I saw that she would be unhappy without her 'deadly complaint, so I gave in, and let her enjoy her misery. She asked me to get for her a particular preparation of cod liver oil, as this was the only known remedy for such a case as hers.

Now Melinda, as you know, can roll as well as she can walk, and I wondered if she would be obliged to omit walking, and roll altogether after her course of cod liver oil. However it did not increase her flesh any, for Melinda being fond of the good things of life, did not find cod liver oil, even in its most refined form, at all to her taste. She recovered quickly from consumption, and developed various symptoms of apoplexy; was afflicted with vertigo, almost by falling fits. I think the only thing that saved her was her inability to concentrate her mind firmly on her symptoms; the distraction being due to the fact that she was in doubt as to whether she was threatened with apoplexy or epilepsy. She asked me which I thought it was, and I was obliged to admit that there were one or two items regarding these diseases upon which I was not altogether certain. I could nearly always tell measles or smallpox within an hour after the health officer had gone round; a white flag meant measles and a yellow one smallpox. And without any assistance whatever, I could distinguish toothache from sciatica; but beyond this I was a complete failure, and always consulted a physician when I thought I needed rescuing from a premature grave.

And right there I discovered one peculiarity about my sickly family. They one and all declared against doctors. Their arguments sounded so much alike that I was amazed at the unity of ideas, particularly between Fred and Melinda; it is so unusual to see these two agree upon any subject.

THEN, too, there was a mystical, elusive familiarity in their arguments against the medical fraternity that haunted and yet puzzled me, till I settled it finally in my own mind as being a memory from a past incarnation. Whenever I fail to recall an idea clearly, and haven't time to look it up, I always shunt it on to a past incarnation. It's satisfactory, and saves bother.

Next I found Joe boiling the drinking water, as he explained, "to kill the typhoid germs." It seemed he already had it, "would take to his bed in another five days." I rose in rebellion; I simply could not run a ranch, a house and an hospital single-handed. Going to the big apple tree I cut a switch, and then interviewed Joe in the woodshed.

"Joe," I said, "you see this switch; now I'll wear it out across your back if you show any more symptoms of typhoid fever! I'm worn to death with dyspepsia and kidney complaint, consumption and apoplexy, and I won't have any more invalids in the family. Now tell the truth, Joe, and I'll let you

Continued on page 54





**THE DRESSING TABLE**

Edited by MARIE

THE winds of early spring-time that are so invigorating to wearied hearts which have grown tired of the long winter, are rather trying to the woman of delicate skin. There is a peculiar, "burning" quality in the March winds which leaves the nose and cheeks red and smarting. Some women are so fortunate as to be little affected by the most blustery roar which the March lion can produce, but most of us are sensitive to the breezes of early spring and prefer their attention in modified form. There are many good vanishing creams which may be applied to the face before one goes out on a windy day which will prevent the worst ravages of the boisterous breezes.

A veil is almost a necessity in the days of early spring, and the thin chiffon variety is the most appropriate. "Every spot in that veil means five dollars to an oculist," said a doctor to a woman who was wearing a veil dotted with a few huge "coin" spots—and, before many months had passed, the wearer realized that the doctor's words were only too true.

A home-made powder is preferred by many to the bought article, and here is a formula, given by an authority on matters of toilet preparation:

Pure rice powder, one ounce; powdered boric acid, twenty grains; powdered oxide of zinc (best quality), two ounces; powdered carbonate of magnesia, one ounce; oil of rose, two drops. Sift each ingredient through bolting cloth, throwing away all coarse particles. Combine and sift repeatedly, adding the oil of rose before the last sifting.



**The Spring Fashions in Hair Dressing**

It is every woman's wish to have her hair well dressed. Particular people consider the proper care and arrangement of the hair, not as an exhibition of vanity, but as an expression of appreciation of propriety and good taste.

**DORENWEND'S HAIR GOODS**

represent the highest achievements of expert hair workers and challenge your impartial comparison.

Our Handsome Illustrated Booklet "X" of Spring Fashions.

will be sent to you on request. This booklet illustrates and describes all the latest styles of hair dressing. WRITE NOW.

**THE DORENWEND CO. of Toronto, Limited**

The House of Quality Hair Goods  
103-105 Yonge St., Toronto

WOMEN who have a fondness for the perfume of sandalwood can supply themselves now with small sticks of the wood for perfuming their dresser drawers and closet compartments. The sticks retain their odor for an indefinite period, and when they seem to be on the point of losing their native fragrance an immersion in water will restore all their Oriental charm. Sandalwood perfume and toilet water are a fad among some women, who prefer this spicy aroma to others of flower-like daintiness. The sandalwood scent is fresh and inviting and it does not grow stale and unpleasant.

**ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS**

TRoublesome—Well, you have given me quite a list of questions, which I shall answer to the best of my ability.

1. Deep breathing is an excellent exercise for developing the chest. The use of a good skin food on the neck would be beneficial for such a condition as you describe, but remember that results are not to be expected in a day. A diet of milk and eggs would help in the good work. 2. The three "foods" you mention, especially the first, are to be recommended. You can understand that in this column it is not desirable to mention such articles directly. A stamped and addressed envelope for reply would enable me to send you information which must be given privately. 3. The yellow or brown line on the neck may be caused by wearing the collar too tight. The use of the cream mentioned should prove beneficial. 4. The exercise you describe should result in improvement, if persisted in. 5. The recipe you quote is quite safe. 6. I would not care to say what is the best dentifrice. If you care to send stamped envelope, I shall give you a list of the most favorably known. Use dental floss, as well as a powder or paste, if you wish to keep the teeth in good condition. 7. If your hair is in the condition you mention, you are not washing it too often. If you could consult a good hair-dresser on your next visit to the city, there might be discovered some slight ailment of the scalp. 8. I could not undertake to advise as to the tonic you should use. I do not care for those which you mention and would advise that you consult a physician. Many of these "patent" remedies are worse than useless. Fresh air, sunshine and the proper diet are more to be desired than most drugs. We women make the pill proprietors rich by rushing off to the nearest drug store on the slightest provocation. Write again and tell me if you are better.

Mrs. A.—I am replying to your note in the addressed envelope which you sent, but I may say here that a good cold cream is almost essential if one desires to keep the skin in good condition. As the years go by, Time does some unkind scribbling on forehead, cheeks and neck, and the cold cream is one method by which we may conceal some of his marks. In fact, he may be kept away much longer than we suppose by the use of simple "preservatives." The woman who obviously tries to look young has been ridiculed frequently. However unpleasant she may be when she over-powders and colors her face, she is not more distressing than she who has no regard for her personal appearance, and who is quite indifferent to shiny nose on stray locks. Only—remember that the skin should be treated delicately—not scrubbed as if it were a washboard.

CANOVA—I have not known the substance you inquire about to have such an effect as to make the hair come out. I am glad that yours is improving. Let me know how it progresses. I know nothing about the preparation you mention. For the discoloration referred to, you might use a solution of peroxide of hydrogen, but be very careful to note instructions on the bottle, as a weak solution would probably be all that would be required.

**Crow's-feet.**

Yes, very disfiguring and aging. But you can avoid them all the same. Never mind. Simply rub in Vinolia Cream—that will soften, and feed your skin, making it smooth as satin, flexible as elastic.

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## Canadian Girls' Club

JUDGING from the letters we are getting it will not be long before dozens of members will have secured the little silver watch that I told you about in the February Journal. They will be a bond of honor, a club within a club. It will be a reason for constant "boosting" of the Journal. Every member of the club will want the watch, but she will appreciate even more the honor of belonging to the watch circle. Listen to what they tell me.

Dear Secretary:—

What a splendid present the watch will be. I am sure I'll have it in a few weeks. It has been too stormy this winter to really do any work, though I have got an occasional subscription from my friends. But now that I can get out again, and with this special inducement, besides all the commission and bonus, I'll certainly give some of the leaders a hard run for their honors.

Very sincerely,

A WESTERNER.

That is what lots of members have written me. It certainly has been a hard winter—too bad to work—but after the winter's rest all the members will get busy again. There are lots of acquaintances, I am sure, who have to be told of the Journal, and renewals to collect.

Dear G. C. Secretary:—

You are always offering us something nice. I don't see how you can afford to do it. The commissions have been a great help to me. I do not know what I should have done for pin money without them. And now that you offer a watch in addition to these, I certainly will work for I have always wanted one.

Very truly,

A. R.

The answer to "How can you afford it?" is that we are particularly anxious to have a good hustling member in every town, someone who knows a lot of people and whose opinion of a magazine has influence.

Then we do not have to bother about getting the renewals, confident that you will look after them. These same renewals, by the way, are the very best part of our subscription plan, for they are so easily secured, and pay just the same.

Dear Miss F.:—

Thanks very much for writing to me about the watch. You can look for me to be one of the first to receive it. It certainly is a splendid offer, the best, I think, of all you have made. . . The Girls' Club has been fine for me. I must send you a photograph of the room that has been decorated and refurnished "almost entirely from earnings in the Club."

Very sincerely,

R. L.

I am hoping to get that picture to place among the collection of photos of rooms in which the Girls' Club has an interest. They range from the girl's own sanctum, pretty and comfortable, that invites long conferences on personal things, to reception rooms and dining-rooms, and even kitchens, with shining aluminum ware. In some it is just a Morris chair or a comfortable rocker or curtains and wall paper or a gleaming toilet set, in others a larger share.

Dear Secretary:—

I must annex that silver watch to add to my Club collection of pretty and useful things. I wish I had more time to work, but a busy housekeeper has her hands full most of the day. It is easy to champion the JOURNAL when I find it so attractive to me, and believe that all loyal Canadians should give their support. The subscribers I have secured are delighted with it, and I know I'll get renewals from nearly all of them.

Wishing you all success,

K. N.

Dear Miss F.:—

Please tell me all about the watch offer. I have already told a number of my friends that I am going to win a watch, and they have promised me their subscriptions. You will be surprised to hear from me after such a long time, since I did any work for the Club, but we moved out here and have been very busy settling in the new home. I am going to make this a JOURNAL town. My neighbors who have been reading my copies of the JOURNAL are delighted with it.

Yours sincerely,

F. B.

I feel sure that the Girls' Club and its members are going to have the most successful season in its history, and I hope that we will have hundreds of new members to share in our success. We will welcome them gladly, just write us to tell you all about the club.

THE SECRETARY.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,  
Toronto.

# Gerhard Heintzman Pianos Pianos of Prestige

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THE piano question is peculiar unto itself. Everything about a piano is vital to its tone or life and a weakness anywhere proves eventually to be like the bad apple in the barrel. In other words, there can hardly be "a pretty good piano"; it is good or it is not good.

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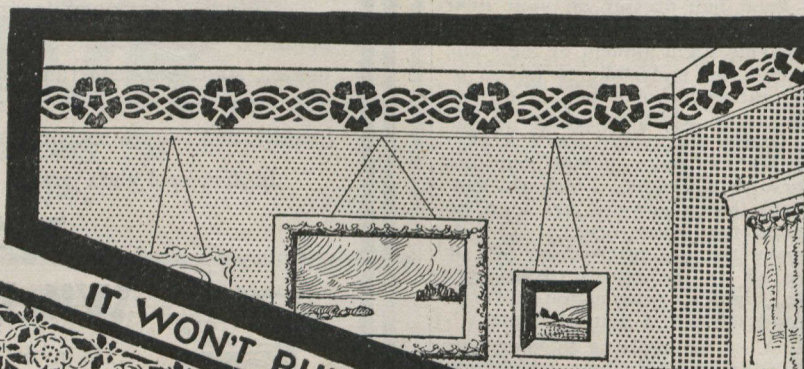
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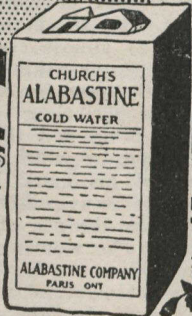
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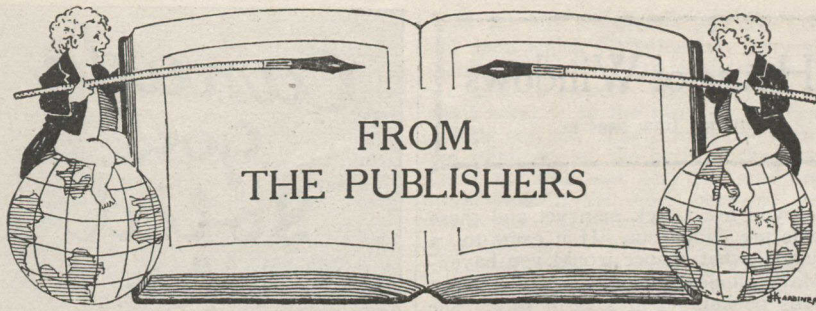


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FROM William Briggs, Toronto, comes a biography which should be in every household, "The Story of Tecumseh," by Norman Gurd. Canadians are deplorably ill-informed concerning their own history, and in this respect may be compared unfavorably with their cousins in the States. The people of the neighboring republic may have gone too far in their spread-eagle type of patriotism, and may have exalted their great men into figures of impossible and extravagant heroism. However, we have erred on the other side, and have shown a regrettable slowness in acquainting ourselves with the prominent characters of Canadian history. Tecumseh is one of the most admirable and picturesque figures of the War of 1812-15, and showed a devotion to British interests which was not excelled by any of the generals of Saxon breed. He was a born warrior, and his death for the cause he loved gives him a place with the brave soldiers who have been ready to sacrifice all for the Empire. Kipling tells us that it is "on the bones of the English that the English flag is stayed." He might have gone further in his description of British evolution, for the deeds which won the Empire have often been accomplished by those of other race and color.

This story of Tecumseh is well and graphically told by the author, and the narrative is illustrated in spirited and historic fashion by Mr. C. W. Jefferys. In this book, it may be noted that the description of the Battle of Tippecanoe differs very much from the account of the Battle of Tippecanoe hitherto accepted. In the researches by the author he was fortunate enough to come across a despatch signed by Colonel Elliott, Superintendent of Indian Affairs at Amherstburg, to Major-General Brock, containing a full account of the battle as related to Colonel Elliott by a Kickapoo chief, who was present at the engagement. His description of the battle is founded on this Indian account, and on the account given in the pamphlet issued by the Louisville Historical Society written by Captain Pirtle of the American army, who had made a thorough examination of the archives at Washington. These accounts corroborated one another in many details, and differed from the account of the battle given by Drake in his Tecumseh, which was published in the early thirties, and by Eggleston, in his later work, published in 1878.

The book is one which teachers and parents should give to Canadian youth as a biography of one of the race which stood manfully by Britain throughout a critical conflict. It will be read with interest by all who enjoy a good story.

From the War of 1812-15 to the dark days of the Vendean War in France, is not such a very long jump backwards. In "Chantemerle," a story by D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor, published by the same firm, we have a romance of the thrilling old-fashioned order. Lucienne, the heroine, is a vacillating but attractive heroine, whose charms win more hearts than one—and then the trouble begins. Gilbert and Louis, both ardent Royalists, fighting valiantly for a lost cause, are well-depicted in their contrasting characteristics, and we hardly know with which lover to sympathize, as the course of true love proceeds on its unsmooth way. The strongest and most memorable personality in this eminently readable story is that of M. des Graves, the priest who ministers to his bewildered and stricken people throughout the horrors of war and pillage. "Chantemerle" is a story you will find worth while.

"My Lady Caprice," also from Briggs, is by Jeffery Farnol, the English novelist who made such a success of "The Broad Highway" last year. This story of a heroine of many moods was written at an earlier date than "The Broad Highway," but is now being republished, by reason, no doubt of the latter's great popularity. "My Lady Caprice" is a dainty bit of fiction which may be read in an hour and which will afford pleasing diversion for those who enjoy a story of love-in-idleness. The Imp

is a small boy of engaging pranks whom we shall hope to meet again.

### The Song of Life

Continued from page 11

"Oh, nothing much," she answered. The sun through the western window, or some other flame, nearly blinded her eyes with joy. "I could see the flowers in that side window, right up there on the road. What daffodils!"

"Eh, they're gay bits of flowers," answered the hostess, joyfully.

"And you grow them here yourself?"

"Where else? My bulbs lie in the dark all winter, ye ken, but by the first of March they get that green you can almost see them pricking up through the earth in these tubs I plant 'em in. They cry out for the sun. And I let 'em have it. They grow so fast there is a windowful by April."

"It's my only way of Easter," she continued gaily. "I never get to the church, as I am crippled with rheumatism. So I send these along to our meeting-house on the next concession. You'd pass it on the way. A fine red building it is. Sam used to carry 'em down every year, regular as Easter Sunday morning came. He was took away last year. It was awful sudden—the only son I had. Neighbors say I'm too old to grieve over Sam like I would if it had been that he and I was both younger. But it ain't that"—she walked over to the side window so blazing in green and gold—"it ain't that. It's just I've got to know something lately—that, *we all go on—through the dark, like these daffodils, to the spring.* He ain't dead. You don't need to tell me that, any more than these flowers will die in a week or so. *They've roots, ain't they? They all come again.* . . . Well, here's your young man I guess. And hope you're warm again. . . . I'm sure I'm glad you came in."

And then—after a breathless proposal. . . . "A story? Me, to have given you a story! And for the *Weekly Sun!* Why, we've took that paper as long as I can remember. They did used to say Pa believed every word of it, like the Bible itself. I guess the *Sun* is about the biggest paper in America. And to put me into it and this kitchen—into a photo—why, I ain't even got it spring-cleaned yet. Come right along to-morrow. The daffodils will look beautiful. Bring your young man, too, I like his looks. . . ."

Back through the deepening day, to their little city-of-life, rode two who had found the springtime through gates of Faith and Work.

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**House of Windows**  
Continued from page 10

sides you are a sick man yet, and these people are dangerous. If it came to a struggle, what chance would you have?"

Mark slipped a serviceable pistol out of his pocket. "I'm a dead shot," he said cheerfully. "I wouldn't need to commit murder in order to effectually disable any undesirable opponent. And I feel quite sure that they will not be on their guard against me. I am known to be a sort of useless fellow, and I have been back from Europe for such a short time—most of which I spent in Vancouver—that it is ten to one against their knowing me by sight. Besides—well, the other is a sentimental reason."

"Let's have it anyway."

"Well, you see, the one ride Miss Christine and I took together was along that very road and to that very inn. I showed her a way to make the motor horn, which is out of order, scream like a banshee. If she is anywhere in that inn she would remember the sound of it, I am sure. That would put her on the watch for some way to help us. She would recognize my voice also if I could get within hearing distance—and," bluntly, "I do not think that any one of you (except the governor, whom they know by sight), could possibly have the thing at heart quite as I have."

"Think we might fall down on the job, do you?" grinned the big detective. "But there may be something in what you say. Only there must be modification of the plan. You do not realize how desperate these people will be. Now, how long do you think you will need to convince yourself whether or not the girl is in the house?"

"A half an hour—twenty minutes ought to do it."

"It would certainly give the thing away if you loafed longer than that. Well, then, in twenty minutes a second auto will be on hand, and on it will be reinforcements. Mr. Torrance, Mr. Burns, Cunningham and myself. We

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will go by the side roads so as to come upon the inn quickly. I'll have a search warrant. If you think the lady is there, give us the signal. Then everything will depend upon our quickness. There is a risk. If we are not quick and quiet and sure—well, you know as well as I do that we may not find her alive. The old woman is crazy, she will stick at nothing!"

"Very well," said Mark briefly. "Benson, order the motor, the old one with the horn that is out of order. And remember, gentlemen, I want twenty minutes clear, before you interrupt me."

They shook hands with him gravely. When they heard the motor drive off Mr. Johnson took out his watch and laid it upon the table. "We have twenty minutes, gentlemen," he said, "and, if you don't mind, I'll get a wink of sleep."

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE next thing which Christine remembered after being carried through the vaguely familiar door was a sense of violent sickness. She was so ill, and her head was so confused that she did not care where she was or what was happening. She was in a poorly lighted room, and there were other people there also, but that is all she knew before, the violence of the sickness over, she sank again into the healing unconsciousness of sleep. When she awoke she felt better, only very tired, very thirsty, and actually aware of very sore lips and aching mouth. She looked around her in bewilderment. She was lying, fully dressed, upon a small camp bed in a strange room with very low sides, and a ceiling which in the centre sloped upwards into a peak. High up in the wall, directly under the peak, was a small window, partly open. It was a room that she had never seen before, and she lay for a moment idly speculating about it. Then her sleep-filled eyes fell upon a bundle tied up in a dirty pillow-case lying on the floor, and with a rush memory came back. It had not been a terrible nightmare, after all! With a half sob the poor girl raised herself and looked around with frightened eyes. There was nothing very terrible to be seen—just a bare, oddly-shaped room—a storeroom evidently, for against both of the low side walls stood chests or wardrobes, and there were old trunks in the corners

Save for the wardrobes and the camp bed upon which Christine lay, there was absolutely no furniture in the room but a couple of rickety chairs. The one small window in the peak let in plenty of light and air. There were two doors; one small one at the back of the room, where the wall was very low, and one larger one in the side between two wardrobes. Christine's eyes were still upon this door when it opened and a young girl came in carrying a basin of water, a cake of soap and a towel.

"I thought you might like a wash when you woke up," she said in a matter of fact tone, and pulling one of the chairs, she arranged the basin upon it within reach of the bed.

Christine's heart gave a great bound of relief! Here was help at last!

"Oh!" she said, for, though speaking was difficult on account of her sore mouth, the gag had been removed. "Oh, I have been so frightened!"

The girl made no reply; did not seem even interested, and, with quick disappointment, Christine noticed that she was not a nice kind of girl at all. In the first place, she was not as young as she dressed, her face was hard, her eyes were lack-lustre, and her hair was terribly and undeniably bleached.

"You had better get up and take off that raincoat," she remarked, "but wait—" she went to the door and called, waited a moment, and came back again with the man of last night's nightmare beside her.

"She may as well get her coat and things off," she said to him. "You had better take charge of them and these," she indicated the pillow-case bundle.

Fully awake now, Christine's brain worked quickly. They were going to take everything away from her, everything that might leave a trace! Almost instinctively she felt for the bottle in her pocket, and while the girl talked to the man she managed to slip it unseen inside her blouse.

"There is only one glove," said the man, "and some bottles and a handkerchief in the raincoat pocket. Feel if they are still there."

The girl put her hand in the pocket and felt the bottles of glycerine and rose water. "They are here alright," she declared, and, not unkindly, she raised Christine and helped her to slip off the raincoat and the one remaining glove. Then she quietly unfastened the

little gold pin which held her collar, removed the collar itself, removed Christine's belt, and slipped the little turquoise ring off her finger. "I think we would notice at once if any of the other things were missing," she said, with a vulgar giggle. The man nodded, and taking the things and the bundle upon the floor, went out. The girl stayed, sitting upon the other chair, and watching Christine impassively while she washed.

"You have pretty hair," she remarked suddenly, "but I think mine is a little more yellow, if anything."

"It is very yellow," said Christine. The wash had done her good, the long sleep had quietened her overstrained nerves, and her courage was beginning to come back. "What time is it?" she asked.

"About noon. You slept all morning."

"Where am I?" demanded Christine.

"It doesn't matter, does it?"

"Why was I brought here, and what is wanted of me?"

"You can search me."

"When am I to be allowed to go home?"

"I'm sure I don't know." The girl stifled a yawn.

"See here," said Christine. "You must know that I am here against my will. When my friends find me it will mean penal servitude for you."

"Yes?"

"Yes. And they are certain to find me."

"Think so?"

"You are a girl like myself (it was not true, but Christine stretched the point), and you can't want any harm to come to me! If you will help me to get away I'll guarantee that you shall go unpunished and that you will receive reward."

"Your folks are rich, are they?" drawled the girl.

"They are rich enough to pay you."

"Sorry, but there's nothing doing."

"You refuse to help me?"

"Do you want something to eat?" The girl was evidently tired of the conversation. Christine realized that further appeal was useless, and as she was exceedingly hungry, said so.

"Well, I'll bring up breakfast. But let me give you a tip. Don't call out—not that it will wake any difference, but Granny will tie your mouth up again if you do." She went out, giggling, and

Christine heard the key turn in the lock.

Left alone she did not lose any time. First she examined the small door. It was strong and securely locked, and it opened apparently upon the roof on another portion of the house, for there was fresh air coming in through the crack at the bottom. Climbing upon a chair, Christine found that she could bring her eyes upon a level with the window sill, but the outside ledge was broad, and she could not see over it. All that she could see was the sky and trees, but from the quietness and the tinkle of a cow bell she knew she must be in the country. If she could drag the bed over to the window and stand the chair upon it she might be able to see more. The bed was light and easy to move, it was not much trouble to push it under the window. Quickly she placed the chair upon it and mounted. It seemed almost too good to be true! She could see out now over the outside ledge!—beneath her ran a long white road thickly lined with maples in the full glory of late autumn. With a sob of remembrance she thought of her childish play with Celia. "Sister Ann, Sister Ann, do you see anyone coming?" It seemed that she could almost hear Celia's voice replying, "Only the long road and the swaying grass and the dust before the wind!"

But there was someone coming! Far off down the road a buggy was approaching—a country top buggy, drawn by a heavy farm horse going very slowly. Christine caught her breath! Oh, if it would only hurry.

"Do you want me to lift you down?" enquired a sarcastic voice behind her.

Instinctively she drew in her head, and the next moment she was lifted off her swaying chair and deposited, not too gently, on the floor. Then, without a look at her or a word, the man drew the bed away, and mounting on the chair, began securing the window with an oblong of close lattice work which fitted the frame exactly, and which he very quickly screwed in securely.

"It is only wood," he said, as he stepped down, "but it's strong wood. Two like you could not budge it, and I advise you not to try. If you're caught at the window again, you will have to be—well, we'll see that you don't get a second chance."

(To be continued.)



**"What's flour gluten, Bud?"**  
**"It's what makes your dough rise, Rose."**  
**"Yes"—she encouraged.**  
**Added Bud very sagely:**  
**"Makes it rise in the mixer and expand in the oven. It's the elastic part of flour—absorbs all the water and milk—and things."**  
**Rose grew interested.**  
**"FIVE ROSES, said Bud, is exceedingly rich in gluten. I s'pose because it's all made from Manitoba wheat. Takes up a lot more water—makes those fat loaves—lasts longer too."**  
**"Saves money, doesn't it?" asked Rose.**  
**Bud in a big voice:**  
**"The fat loaf makes the fat pocketbook."**  
**Use FIVE ROSES always.**  
**And Rose said YES.**

# Five Roses Flour

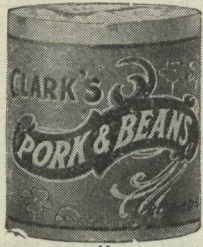
Not Bleached



Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL





The essence of economy is getting full value for money.

Full value means quality.

Quality means **CLARK'S**

Every tin containing food packed by W. Clark is absolutely guaranteed.

**CLARK'S** sell what they advertise

Insist on Clark's

**W. Clark - - Montreal**

Manufacturer of the CELEBRATED PORK and BEANS



"Remember my face—  
you'll see me again."

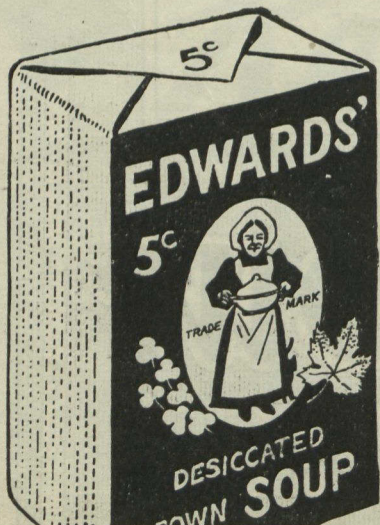
**It  
makes you hungry**

Wives! Here's the soup for the husband who leaves his appetite out in the cold—Edwards' Soup.

It's the soup he's eager to begin and sorry to finish; the soup that warms him through and through; the soup that gives him such an appetite that it makes you hungry to see him eat.

Yet Edwards' desiccated Soup is no trouble to make—all the preparation is done long before you buy.

**EDWARDS'**  
DESICCATED **SOUP**



Edwards' Soup is a thick, nourishing, home-made soup. You taste, distinguish and approve of the fresh, full-flavoured vegetables as you eat.

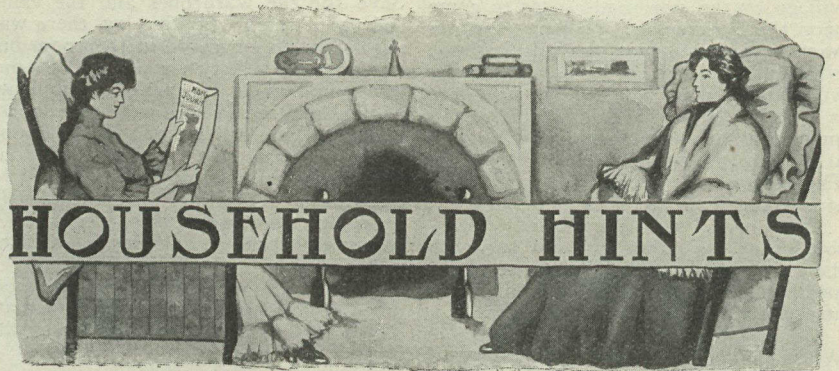
This soup is also an excellent addition to your own soups—it imparts flavour; it thickens; strengthens and gives a richer colour.

It is one of the best things that ever came from Ireland.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup, prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

1175 **5c. per packet.** U.S.P.

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.



### Kitchen Suggestions

**A**N egg beater never should be left to soak in water, as the oil will be washed out of the gears, making it hard to turn.

Do not make the mistake of serving large oysters raw at a woman's luncheon. Most women prefer blue points or cherry stones.

To destroy moths put the moth-infected articles into a baker's oven which has just been used for baking. Let them remain there over night, and in the morning take them out and shake and beat them in the open air.

Turpentine is a powerful disinfectant and will dispel all bad odors. Add a teaspoonful to every bucket of hot water used in scrubbing or washing utensils in a sick-room.

Don't pour water in which cabbage or other green vegetables have been boiled down the sink. The unpleasant smell that arises is likely to be decidedly unhealthy.

Never stand on the edge of a chair when reaching up for anything. You may quite easily overbalance and have a nasty fall.

Don't, however fond you may be of it, have very much brass or copper about if you have to clean it yourself. To keep it clean takes up a lot of time and strength, and you don't want to wear yourself out looking after your household goods.

### Pertinent Paragraphs

**F**OR summer use, doubtless the wicker work will require a good cleaning; do not scrub it with soap and water, that invariably turns it yellow and causes unpleasant squeaking; try scrubbing it with strong salt water. If there are shabby pieces, give the articles a thorough salt-water bath first; scrub well, and dry as quickly as possible in the open air and sunshine. Should you decide to paint the furniture, get well-mixed paint, rather thin; if paint is too thick, it will always rub off on the clothing. It is well to finish with a coat of enamel to make it last longer; enamel does not hold dust like ordinary paint, consequently is more easily kept clean.

The economic value of the fireless cooker is well established. Its practical utilities await development. Here is a suggestion: For an evening supper to be served after a card party, I prepared creamed oysters and chocolate au lait, during the late afternoon, and turned them respectively into the two compartments of my fireless cooker. Sandwiches were made ready and were wrapped in oiled paper, and a salad, prepared and garnished, was set in a cool place. At the hour of supper I had only to slip into the kitchen, place the salad and sandwiches upon the dining table, open the fireless cooker, and find the oysters and chocolate steaming hot and ready to serve. There was literally no waste of time or effort, and the guests, who knew that I was "servantless," marveled at my dexterity and efficiency, until I told my secret.

In the half-bleached table linen, without dressing, you can better see what you are buying. Pay about one dollar a yard, which insures a good wearing cloth. In ironing, it is better not to fold the same way every time. When my tablecloths begin to wear I cut them into pieces to put under the plates. This is a great saving to the tablecloth, and by changing the pieces often the tablecloth can be used for two or three weeks. A tablecloth of this quality needs no starch, but will look fine if well dampened and then ironed dry. When they are worn enough to make tablepieces they are thinner, and keep clean longer if, when preparing to iron, every alternate one is dipped in thin cold starch and rolled tightly for a short time.

To launder centrepieces, wash in luke-warm soapsuds, using a pure white soap,

and gently squeeze out the water. Then while wet, fasten them to a clean flat surface, using pins, on the same principle used in drying lace curtains. Great care must be used to stretch the piece with the grain of the linen running straight, and also to use enough pins so there will not be short curves along the edge between pins; I use at least two pins to the inch. If there are small scallops, put pins in every scallop or point. This method is also most satisfactory for drawn-work pieces; these are exceedingly difficult to iron, but in either kind, done this way, the designs stand out better, there is a stiffness not attainable in any other method, and in colored work the colors do not run or change as they do with even the most moderately heated iron. A certain amount of heat must be used to dry the padded embroidery, but the design can be left stretched till it is thoroughly dry.

A simple and good rule to remember and to follow is to buy nothing in the baking powder line unless all the ingredients are plainly printed in English on the label. This information is stated on every package of Magic Baking Powder. All grocers sell it.

### Hints for the Bathroom

1. Open the window, top and bottom.
2. Take out all the soiled towels, washcloths and linens.
3. Take out the rug, if there must be a rug, and leave it in the air a while after shaking.
4. Run hot water into the bath-tub with a dish of ammonia or soda or plain soap, and scrub well—ends, sides and bottom. Rinse well with hot and cold water and wipe dry.
5. Wash all sponges and hang in the air to dry.
6. Wash soap dishes, mugs, slab, faucets, bowl and closet with soapy water, and wipe dry.
7. Wring a housecloth as dry as possible and lightly wipe over the closet seat and lid and all woodwork, and last of all, the floor.
8. Bathroom walls should be painted to permit their being washed frequently. Painted walls are much more sanitary than walls covered with paper, and more easily kept clean.
9. Where possible, the floors and walls up to four feet in height should be made of tiling. This material is moisture proof, and will not absorb odors.

### Potato Pointers

Change the water while cooking if strong.

Never allow potatoes to stand in the sun.

Always pour off the water as soon as done and remove the cover to allow the steam to escape.

Baked potatoes should be rolled in a cloth till the skins burst. This prevents the potatoes from cooking too long, which makes them sticky and soggy.

Potatoes should be simmered (not boiled). It is a waste of fuel, and spoils the potatoes. Too rapid boiling makes them a solid paste, which is both unpalatable and indigestible.

Cook potatoes with the skins on as often as possible. They are more nourishing and palatable. Mashed potatoes are delicious cooked in their jackets, peeled and mashed.

Potatoes may be kept warm a long time without spoiling, if the skins are broken and the kettle well ventilated.

Potatoes well ventilated while cooking are more wholesome and of better flavor.

They may be baked, boiled, riced, mashed, scalloped, potato balls, French fried, O'Brien, potatoes and mint, hot potato salad, Saratoga chips, shredded potatoes, potato fritters, warmed-over potatoes, creamed, hashed brown, fried or sauted, Lyonnaise potato and curried potatoes.





**MEXICAN RICE**

TRY this Mexican or Spanish dish for your husband, and see if he won't like it. Three strips of bacon fried until crisp, one-third cupful of rice browned in bacon grease, four good-sized tomatoes, one large pepper and a medium-sized onion—all cut up together and poured over the rice and bacon. As it cooks, add water enough to keep the rice from sticking. Cook slowly for three-quarters of an hour, and add salt and a small piece of butter when ready to serve.

**CARROT GINGER**

SCRAPE and boil some carrots and mash them, and to each pound of pulp allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and to every three pounds of pulp the grated rind of a lemon and two ounces of powdered ginger. Boil for half an hour and you will have a delicious jam.

**CREOLE PUFFS**

BLANCH half pound almonds, finely shred half of them and dry slowly in the oven; put quarter cup boiling water and half cup sugar in a saucepan, and as soon as it boils add the remaining almonds and cook until the syrup is of a golden brown color; turn into a pan, cool, and finely pound; beat the whites of four eggs till stiff, add gradually one and a quarter cups powdered sugar, half teaspoon vanilla, almonds and quarter teaspoon salt; put into shape, sprinkle with the shredded almonds and sift sugar over them. Bake in a slow oven for twenty-five minutes.

**SCOTCH WAFERS**

SCOTCH wafers are well adapted for children's luncheons and also are much enjoyed by convalescents. Mix one cup fine oatmeal, one cup rolled oats, two cups flour, quarter cup sugar, one teaspoon salt, one-third teaspoon soda; melt quarter cup butter or lard in half cup hot water and add to mixture, toss on a floured board, roll as thin as possible, cut in strips with a sharp knife and bake on a buttered sheet in a slow oven.

**POTATO SCRUB**

BOIL and mash six good-sized potatoes, add salt, pepper, and butter to taste. Put into a baking dish, sift over the top one-half cupful of grated bread-crumbs, pour over the whole one-half cupful of sweet cream, and bake twenty minutes.

**MAPLE PUDDING**

A DELICIOUS pudding that is easily made, and is nicer than ice cream, is as follows: whip four eggs very light, add gradually, constantly beating, one cup of well warmed but not hot maple syrup. Put on fire in double boiler and stir till it resembles rich cream. Set aside and when nearly cold add one pint of rich whipped cream. Do not add any liquid cream. Pack in salted ice for five hours. Do not stir.

**CABINET PUDDING**

BUTTER a mould or pudding dish and scatter in it bits of candied orange peel, chopped nuts, chopped raisins or currants, or a mixture of these; fill the dish nearly full of bits of broken cake, and through it add more bits of fruit or nuts; mix a cup of milk with two table-spoonfuls of sugar, the beaten yolks of two eggs, and a pinch of salt; pour this a little at a time over the cake; cover tightly, and set in a pan of boiling water in the oven and bake an hour, or till it is firm. Turn out and serve with a fruit sauce.

**RICE LOAF**

STILL another way of utilizing odd scraps of meat is this: Chop the meat, put into the frying-pan with gravy or water, season well, and let it simmer till it is hot and smooth; thicken with a spoonful of flour rubbed with one of butter. Cook half a cup of rice till very tender and dry; season well; butter generously a bread-tin or any mould, and line it with the rice, pressing it firmly; in the centre put the meat, draining it if it is not thick; cover with more rice, and bake in a pan of boiling water in the oven half an hour; turn out on a hot dish and serve as it is, passing gravy in a boat, or put a tomato sauce around it. Croquettes are, of course, one of the best ways of using up meat.

**CHEESE PUDDING**

BUTTER a baking-dish, and put in thin slices of bread on the bottom and sides; lay on this slices of American cheese; salt well, and add a sprinkling of cayenne and a tiny bit of baking-soda; repeat till the dish is full, with cheese on top; pour on milk to just cover, and set in a hot oven for about half an hour or till the dish puffs and browns; serve at once.

**SALMON CUTLETS**

DRAIN and pick up a small can of salmon; add sufficient thick white sauce to make a paste; season well, spread it out, and let it grow firm; cut into chop shape, dip in fine crumbs, and egg, and let it stand an hour; fry two at a time in deep fat; put a bit of parsley stem in the small end of each one.

**FIG TAPIOCA**

COOK till clear three tablespoonfuls of granulated tapioca in two cups of water with a teaspoonful of butter. Stir constantly. Chop fine half a pound of figs, add a cup of water, and one of sugar; cook these till smooth and thick, and cool; mix the tapioca, and add half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Chill well, and serve in glasses with a little whipped cream on top.

**ORANGE COMPOTE**

PEEL small seedless oranges; dip each one into syrup made of boiled sugar and water so stiff it will thread; pile up the oranges one at a time on a glass dish, and slowly pour over what is left of the syrup till all are well coated; serve very cold with whipped cream around the base.

**CHOCOLATE CREAMS**

MAKE a fondant of a pound of granulated sugar and a little over a gill of boiling water. Boil until the mixture threads, then drop a little into iced water, and when it can be rolled into a ball between the thumb and finger it is done. Season with vanilla, and beat the mixture until soft and white; then knead with the fingers to a soft doughlike mass and form into round balls. Spread these on waxed paper to dry. Melt in a double boiler a cake of sweet chocolate. Run a tiny skewer or a stiff wire into each cream ball, roll it over and over in the melted chocolate, then set on waxed paper until dry.

**CREAM CANDY**

Put two cupfuls of granulated sugar and one cupful of brown sugar into a saucepan and pour over this one cupful of water and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Cook until it hardens, when put in cold water. Pour into pan and cool. Then pull for about thirty minutes, then cut into small pieces with scissors. Set aside to cool. When thoroughly chilled put into quart jars and seal tightly. In a couple of days you will have the finest cream candy you ever ate. Flavor with peppermint and you have something for "after dinner mints."



# This Costly Process-- Why Foods Are Shot From Guns

Most people imagine that Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are made to be merely enticing.

That the grains are exploded—puffed to eight times normal size—just to make them porous, thin-walled, nut-like, crisp.

But these foods were invented by a college professor—an expert on foods. And his whole object was to make them digestible, so every atom feeds.

## Blasted Grains

The whole object of this costly process is to change the moisture in the grain to steam.

Then to cause an explosion—a separate explosion inside of each granule of grain.

This blasts the food granules to pieces, so digestion can act. All the other results are merely incidental.

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

But you merely see gigantic grains, with countless cells surrounded by toasted walls.

You taste crisp, nut-like whole grain foods, ready to melt in the mouth.

And people forget, in sheer delight, that these foods were designed to be healthful.

## How to Serve

For breakfast, serve with cream and sugar. Or mix with any fruit.

For supper or luncheon, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Let boys at play eat them like peanuts. Let girls make candy with them.

In pastry making use them just like nuts.

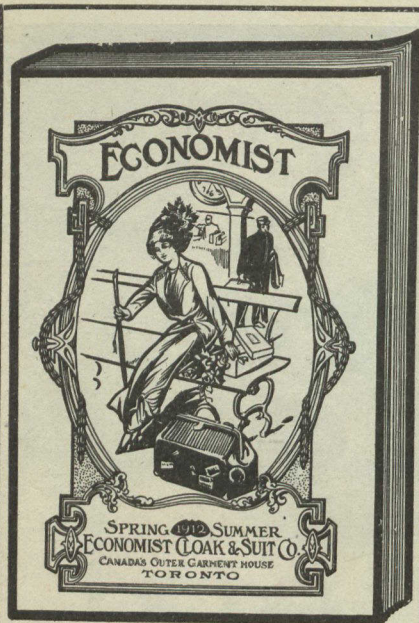
Almost a million dishes a day are being served in these ways. Do your folks get their share?

Telephone your grocer now.

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers—Peterborough





## LADIES!

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J-96

## AUNT MARY ANN

Continued from page 8

had tried to be such a help at the time of the wedding, and had ended by being so in the way. As Hilda had no mother, she had offered to take her mother's place, coming over every evening, for a fortnight previous to the event, to watch the progress of the *trousseau*, to praise and to admire and hinder Hilda with her sewing. One night she had brought two gifts—a centre piece and a d'oyley, with calling cards attached, from Julia and herself, and three times she had reminded Hilda "not to get the cards mixed."

But the climax had come when Hilda finally agreed to let her run the luncheon, and Aunt Mary Ann, waiting on the table herself, had gone from guest to guest with the enquiry: "There are seven courses. Will you have soup?"

A firm, springy step on the walk brought her back to the present. She was in the hall, and had the light turned on before her husband could open the door.

He let in a draught of cold air and she snuggled into his embrace for he had been away since the day before.

"I can look up to you," she said, kissing the cleft in his chin.

"Who was insinuating that you could not, little girl?" said Clayton.

"No one. But Aunt Mary Ann advised me to marry a tall man. She said more trouble came through not being able to look up to your husband than through anything else."

"I hope you'll always be able to do that, little woman. Speaking of Aunt Mary Ann, she was on the train yesterday. She was taking a basket of live stock to the city—a clothes basket—hens, I think it was. She got off at every station between here and Brighton for fear she would miss her own. The fourth time I saw the conductor pick her up in his arms—basket and all—and deposit her on the platform of the train. He was ripping mad, and he told her that if she dared to get off again before she reached her destination she might stay there."

"Oh, Clayton. Why didn't you look after her?"

"We were on different cars; and, to be frank, I dislike traveling with fussy people. Is supper ready, dear? I'm famished."

Hilda hurried out to the kitchen. Her husband followed her and thrusting a hand into his coat pocket, drew out the mail. There was one letter for Hilda, which he threw on the kitchen table.

"What does that mean?" he asked, a little coldly.

Hilda turned from the stove in surprise, and picking up the letter, which had been opened, drew forth the single

sheet and perused its contents swiftly.

"It's the end of the year," she said, looking her husband frankly in the eyes, "and there is a deficit in the church funds. All the members were asked to help wipe it out. I am a member, so I sent ten dollars."

"I thought it was addressed to me or I would not have opened it," said Clayton. "There's just one thing that I wish to be fully understood, Hilda, you may have all the money you want to spend on yourself, but I don't believe in subscribing to the church or to foreign missions. I was brought up in a house where all the spare money was given to the church, and I saw my mother wear her life out slaving and slaving, and trying to make ends meet."

She lifted the supper, and all through the meal there was a grim silence.

Later, when the dishes were washed, she threw herself on the divan and closed her eyes.

Clayton took up a book and pretended to read. Finally the tension grew unbearable. He threw down his book, and crossing the room, knelt beside the divan.

"What is it, dear?" he asked.

"My head aches."

"Oh, Clayton," she cried, taking his big hand in two of hers, "I can't bear to quarrel."

Clayton lifted her head from the pillow and held her close.

"We won't, dear," he said.

"I think I would always rather give in to you than have any coldness spring up between us—even when I thought you were in the wrong." Clayton held her closer.

"You grow more alike after you've been married awhile—unconsciously." Hilda shivered.

"Clayton, dear, would you like me to be like Aunt Mary Ann when I'm old?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"And yet at my age she was soft and pretty and pliable—generous, too."

"It's a big stretch of imagination," said Clayton, drolly.

"Clayton"—Hilda's fingers closed tensely over her husband's—"when we were married you asked me if I would like a regular allowance, and I said 'No.' May I change my mind?" There was a long silence.

At last Clayton spoke. "Am I such a miser, little girl, that you alter your mind in four months? All that is mine is yours, dear, and to-morrow I shall see that our bank account is made joint. And"—he drew a deep breath as though the resolution cost him something—"you may spend the money as you like."

"Thank you, dear."

## SPRING ALMANACS

Continued from page 46

off on this whipping. Where did you get those symptoms of typhoid you told me you had?"

Joe whimpered a little; but soon solved the mystery of all our troubles by the astonishing confession: "I got 'em outen a nalmanc over in Fred's room!"

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed I, dropping the stick. "I believe the whole family got their sickness outen a nalmanc."

That elusive memory wasn't from a past incarnation after all: it was just the same old almanacial theory.

"Joe," said I suddenly, "you're a treasure to your mother." And in my exuberance of gratitude I made a foolish offer. "I'll bake you a turnover for every almanac you find and burn," I promised. "We will clear the atmosphere of 'symptoms,' and that will be equal to destroying germs."

Then I went to Fred's room. On the wall at the side of his bed hung his source of misery. I opened its pages only to be surprised at the many symptoms of kidney disease which were my own daily companions, though they had not held my attention before. I often had a pain in the back—especially after doing my own work, and then helping the men folks out on theirs, weeding a couple of hours. "That tired feeling," well! I guess every rancher's wife has that occasionally.

Fred's almanac pointed to the disease with one hand, and to the "cure" with the other, while it preached loudly of the failures of doctors to help the patient even. In Melinda's room was another death indicator, and I grew so dizzy over its many and intricate paths to the grave as almost to believe that I too was either apoplectic or epileptic.

On the sitting-room table lay a hot-bed of dyspepsia which John had just left off studying, to lie on the lounge and moan as he gripped his waist between two weak hands. No wonder he thought he was doomed. No man could revel in all those symptoms daily and live. I gathered all these sources of contagion and destroyed them by fire. The remnants of the "cures" I collected and poured down the drain.

A few days later I found that my indebtedness to Joe amounted to thirty-two turnovers. He had proven himself a financier on a sure proposition, and had begged from the stores and borrowed from the neighbors many extra almanacs before I wakened to his methods; thereby earning for himself a steady diet of pastry. But the family, lacking fuel to feed the fires of imagination, became healthy and able-bodied once more.

And this is the lesson I learned from experience, in answer to that question, "Why?"

# BENGER'S FOOD

**Wherever there is a case of enfeebled digestion, whether from advancing age, illness, or general debility, there is a case for Benger's Food.**

When the stomach becomes weakened, the digestion of ordinary food becomes only partial, and at times is painful, little of the food is assimilated, and the body is consequently insufficiently nourished.

This is where Benger's Food helps. It contains in itself the natural digestive principles, and is quite different from any other food obtainable.

All doctors know and approve of its composition, and prescribe it freely.

**For INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.**

The "British Medical Journal" says: "Benger's Food has, by its excellence, established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S NEW BOOKLET deals with the most common doubts and difficulties which mothers have to encounter. It is sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

*Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.*

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## The Hall

### A Good First Impression

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Or if you wish to retain the original effect, try clear "Lacqueret" on any piece of woodwork.

It's effect is almost magical. Our little book, "Dainty Decorator," tells of the many uses of "Lacqueret" in the home.

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Sick headaches—neuralgic headaches—splitting, blinding headaches—all vanish when you take

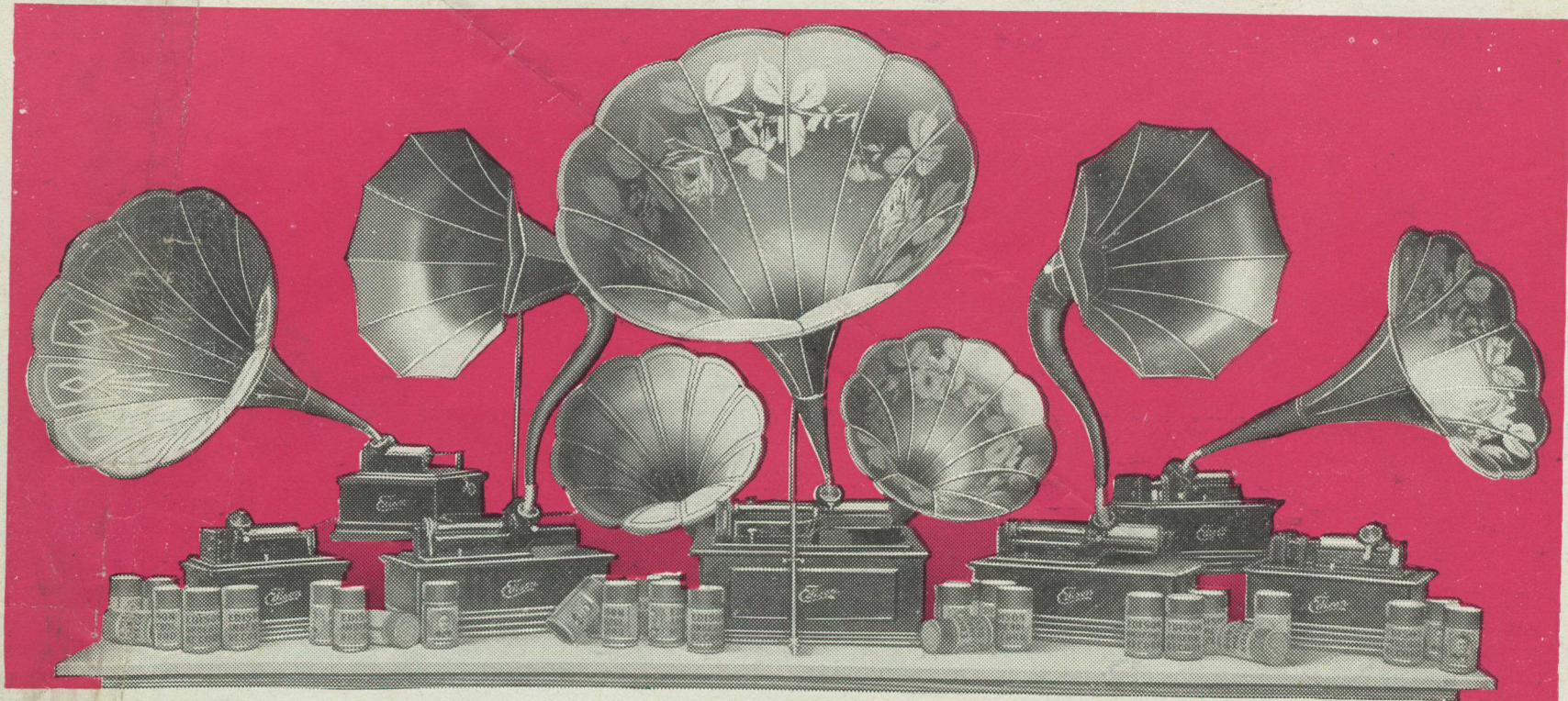
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**National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited.**

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