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### Editor's Chat

OUR MARCH NUMBER is sure to please the feminine fancy, for it will simply blossom in a variety of spring styles and fashions. As our women readers are aware, the spring gowns, coat suits and hats are settled in the minds of the *modistes*, months before the violets bloom and the wildflowers are gathered. Hence, the woman who desires to plan a spring costume must become acquainted with the modes which are to prevail, in time to decide on the fashion which will be most becoming to her individual style and most in keeping with her financial resources. In our March number, will be found not only a glimpse of the costumes which will come with the months of spring, but also the styles in millinery, hosiery and other details of the feminine wardrobe. Our September issue was favorably received as a fall fashion number, but March will fairly surprise you.

THE PHOTOGRAPH COMPETITION, announced in our Christmas number, has aroused interest among those who enjoy "camera conflicts." Thus we hope to receive from all quarters contributions which will prove the excellent quality of the products of Canadian photography. The competition of 1909 proved most successful and we anticipate even finer results from this contest.



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TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1910

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### Editor's Chat

Competitors will kindly remember to write name and address of sender, also designation of photograph on each entry.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS now include all provinces of the Dominion. We are always pleased to consider manuscripts and are especially desirous of securing good illustrated articles. Stories are invariably welcome and we are always looking out for new Canadian talent. We are in daily receipt of inquiries from would-be contributors, and these may be generally answered here. Manuscripts, unless very legibly written by hand, should be typewritten and should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. No letter need accompany contributions, but the latter should always bear the name and address of sender.

THE CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB is a department which is rapidly increasing in interest and membership and we trust that our girl readers appreciate the effort we are making to meet their needs and desires. Correspondence on any subject of interest to girls will be welcomed by the Secretary, who has taken up the work of this department with an enthusiastic belief in the value of the girl subscriber or contributor.

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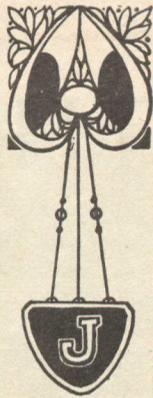
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#### Emphasizing the Heroic

THE remarks made on this page last month concerning the influence which women may exert in lessening yellow journalism have met with encouragement from several of our readers. In connection with this subject, it is interesting to note that "Pharos" of the *Globe*, who is the centre of a most interesting Circle, instituted, by way of protest against the prominence given to brutal, mean, selfish and cowardly acts, a collection of brave deeds. The list presented on the first Saturday of the year showed a goodly array of such golden deeds as made the reader feel that the bright side of Humanity's shield is radiant indeed. We are glad to know that "Pharos" is to continue the anthology during 1910 and will probably present us in another year with a still more convincing list of worthies. No one denies the existence of dark spots on this old Earth, of sordidness where there should be nobility and gloom where there should be sunshine. But we are not going to keep sane and helpful by dwelling continually on crime and misfortune and exhibiting the small and sinful traits in our human nature. The anthology of brave deeds is a healthy record and we hope it may be kept faithfully.

\* \* \*

#### Meeting an Emergency

AT this point, however, we are reminded of a condition in Montreal which shows both the selfish and the self-sacrificing aspects of humanity. This city, as every Canadian knows, has not the best of civic administration, although there are few towns or cities in the country which can afford to throw stones on this account. During this winter there has been a typhoid epidemic in Montreal that has been a disgrace to the authorities. As the *Standard* remarks: "Typhoid fever is a preventable disease; but in a large community, like a city, the preventative measures must be on a commensurate scale, and they can only be carried out by the authorities that regulate or perform the great public services, such as supplying water, removing garbage and providing sewers."

However, the private citizens of Montreal rose to the occasion in a manner worthy of the best traditions of Canada's greatest city. When they learned that the facilities of every hospital were taxed to the utmost and that many cases were still uncared-for, an emergency hospital was hastily secured and as well equipped as possible, to afford shelter and attendance to the sufferers. Lord Strathcona, whose gifts are manifest in every quarter of Montreal, came with characteristic promptness and liberality to the rescue and many other Montreal people showed a commendable public spirit in providing funds to meet the emergency. However, it is time that the aldermen of that city developed the semblance of a civic conscience.

\* \* \*

#### Overdone Charities

SOME of the merchants of Stratford, Ontario, have united in protest against the continual demands made upon them to buy tickets and contribute towards a variety of "objects," charitable and otherwise. This is a matter in which women are often

to blame. Ticket-selling is an operation which demands qualities that are not always to be desired. Most women shrink from the undertaking, but reluctantly take a dozen tickets to sell when they are assured: "It is for a good cause." There are appeals made and measures taken which are hardly in keeping with good taste, but which are excused on the ground that such methods are needed to attain the desired end.

The rapacity of the feminine seller at the fashionable bazaar or "Carnival of Nations" has long been a subject for newspaper jest. This became such an abuse that conditions have altered for the better, and it is possible to buy either a pin-cushion or a glass of lemonade for a reasonable sum at the entertainment in behalf of the hospital or the sanitarium. The manner in which some women virtually demand that the merchant or the lawyer shall

buy tickets for every entertainment under the sun is both offensive and undignified. Ticket-selling is not to be condemned altogether, but it should certainly be carried on with no view to intimidation or unpleasant resentment, should the man in the case refuse to buy.

The feminine instinct to aid the distressed is amiable and entirely benevolent; but too often a woman fails to see that the means to be used should be in keeping with the worthy end. In these days, we hear much about what woman may be able to accomplish by way of purifying politics. Let her begin with charities.

\* \* \*

#### The Necessity for Play

THERE was one warning which ran throughout the addresses at the recent Guelph convention—to take thought for the "play" side of life. This was an indication of the serious impression that this is the age of overwrought nerves and that women are too apt to lose sight of the homely adage: "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The saying applies to Jane, also, who needs a bit of brightness to enliven the rounds of small duties. This is not to say that work, in itself, is dreary or merely an obligation. It is one of the blessings, whatever the original curse may have been. But unrelieved work becomes a burden which

eventually proves too much for weary shoulders, and a breakdown means that the nervous energy is never fully restored. There are many foolish housekeepers who have the idea that it is lazy to rest, that it is silly to spend a few hours in recreation. There is infinite variety of nature, so far as the necessity for play is concerned; but we all need a degree of relaxation. The farmer's wife, more than most of us, needs to take into consideration that the "system" which ignores the wear and tear of constant toil is misapplied. Human nerves are not made of brick and cement and will give out long before they should, if common-sense does not prompt us towards a little nonsense now and then.

There used to be a rigorous idea that play in itself was an evil and laid the foundation of a frivolous character. This mistake accounted for many girls and boys leaving the farm for the (supposed) brighter life of the city. It is absolutely necessary to include fun and frolic in home life, if it is to be many-sided and to develop a symmetrical character.

### GRANDMA'S VALENTINE

Lace paper, torn and faded,  
The edges dull and brown!  
But what a lovely white it was  
When Grandpa went to town!  
He saw its dainty splendor  
'Way back in 'Fifty-Nine,  
And thought it just the very thing  
To send his Valentine.

There lingers yet upon it  
The fragrance of the rose;  
The gleam of ancient satin  
Its inner folds disclose.  
The perfume of a happy past,  
Of love the tender sign,  
Still hovers o'er the faded edge  
Of Grandma's valentine.

Preserved for half a century,  
While nations strove and fell,  
Its crumbling leaves and pictured flowers  
Of olden homage tell.  
Fairer than sheen of jewels  
Or riches of the mine,  
Blushes the faded rose-tint  
Of Grandma's valentine.

J. G.



# THE PSYCHIC PHRENOLOGIST

*The story of how Three Investigators were entertained by this Profession*



THE phrenologist is by no means so much sought in the modern city as he was a decade ago. The "bumps" are not exploited so freely as in the day of the mighty Fowler, yet there is in this dawn of the Twentieth Century a decided interest in affairs of the hand, head and heart, as set forth by palmist, phrenologist or clairvoyant. Humanity is naturally bent upon learning something about its own characteristics and probabilities. The present article is concerned mainly with the adventures of a trio of investigators who set out to discover for themselves what a "psychic phrenologist"—for thus the gentleman advertised himself—had to tell them.

The first to enter the august quarters of the scientific reader of the head was a married woman of gentle mien who prepared to hear just what the various elevations and depressions on her prettily "coiffed" head might betoken. The psychic phrenologist, Mr. Headley, as he shall be called, was a gentleman of medium height, slender form and sprightly manners. He ran his hands hurriedly over the "client's" head, spending hardly more than three minutes in the operation and then spent his energies in expatiating on health, disposition and adaptations.

Strange to say, this gentleman dwelt at length upon matters of diet and general physical condition. He began his exhortation with a dissertation on nerves.

"You are nervous," he said firmly, gazing solemnly at the fair subject. "You want to do everything in a rush. Your great trouble will come from nerves. If you wish to overcome this difficulty, you must walk more slowly and eat more slowly. Be careful of diet. Do not indulge in pork and bacon. Take life more slowly and all will be well."

In this strain did the worthy adviser continue, for fully half an hour, dilating upon matters of diet until the air was filled with warnings as to what to eat and what not to eat. The subject of this counsel was also informed that at the age of eighteen she was decidedly ambitious and had wide and glorious dreams of the future. With these few vague and glittering generalities, the client departed, to give place to an unmarried feminine investigator, who had added her mother's wedding ring to the store of jewellery on the significant finger of the left hand, in the hope that the psychic gentleman might notice the golden band and be misled.



THE professor greeted her with a buoyant air of certainty and spent a few fateful moments in passing his hand over her head, coming in contact with two or three combs and a hair net as he did so.

"Now," he said briskly, "I'll talk to you on the subject of your general characteristics and your health. Your head indicates," he continued, "that you are a very simple subject."

"Yes," murmured the subject amiably.

"Nothing complicated at all—just a few strongly-marked qualities. Now as to your health." There was a long pause, and the subject, who was comparatively robust, gazed at the slender gentleman inquiringly.

"Nerves," he said solemnly, even as he had to the former. "You have a high-strung organization and you do things with a rush. You must learn to take life more slowly. You know we have but one life to live."

The subject assented cheerfully to this solemn statement and the phrenologist continued:

"You were very ambitious in your youth"—a safe statement to make about most members of the human race.

Then followed a series of generalities, which would be a matter of certainty about the majority of us. We all like to be told that we are sensitive, artistic, fond of music, of a psychic temperament and sure to succeed if we will only not work too hard. This scientific gentleman, not content with describing the qualities of the person he addressed, ventured upon predictions and

also references to the former life. Encouraged by slight suggestions in speech or manner, he becomes quite confident in statements of this nature. For instance, he gave this subject to understand that she was a forlorn widow, her unfortunate spouse having departed from this world after a long and painful illness.

The third experimenter with Mr. Headley's art, was a business man, who sought the psychic gentleman's services and thus narrates his experience.



HAVING a desire to look into the future and find out what good things or otherwise were in store for me, I visited this phrenologist, who is also reputed to be gifted with sufficient foresight to give psychological readings. The person who was to conduct me into the unseen and to divulge my future, proved to be a man of medium height, smooth-faced, rather high forehead, and was dressed in a smoking jacket and a pair of shepherd's plaid trousers. He welcomed me with a very decided English accent, which led me to ask him if he were not a native of England. This question brought forth the reply that he was born in the United States, partly educated in England, and returned to the United States at a later date. His father had been a Church of England clergyman and had educated his son with the intention of his entering the ministry. He served three years as a curate in Great Britain, where his belief changed to that of a spiritualist, then to theosophy. The spirit again seemed to change his views and he is now a member of the sect known as the New Thought Church.

Passing a tape line around my head, to obtain the size, he immediately told me that I had a head above the average in size, a fact that I had already known from the size of hat I have always been compelled to wear. Fingering my head gently, he made notes on a pad, sat down in front of me and started to tell me several things that I was already aware of and others that he was quite safe in saying to the average man. Among them was that I was better fitted to earn my living by the use of my brain than by my hands. It was quite evident that he had judged from my hands that I had done little manual labor for some time, and he was quite safe in making the guess.

He said I had a keen perception, was quick in passing judgment and could keep a secret; my body was physically all right and any trouble that would arise would be from my nervous system.

So far, I was aware of everything that he had told me. The part that interested me the most was the psychological reading. Although he did not tell me when he divided the two readings, yet I was made aware of the fact by the attitude he assumed and the closing of his eyes. I became rather nervous, as I felt I was face to face with my whole future. He certainly told me things that I never knew before, and I am still busy trying to find out if they are true, and to find out who the persons are to whom he referred.

One of the first things he told me was that a woman entered my life with a purpose, when I was between the years of eighteen and nineteen. As I had many acquaintances among the fair sex about that time, I confirmed his opinion when he asked me if this was not right. He went on to tell me about this woman keeping in my life and he then described her appearance. She was rather a well built woman, with a straight nose, firm but not thin lips, passably good-looking and of fair education. I became anxious about this time, to know the color of her hair. He told me he was unable to say, as the picture he saw, was like looking at a photograph. This woman had remained in my life and her presence even overshadowed that of my wife. The startling news was imparted to me that she thought even more of me than my wife, and that should events so shape themselves that it would be possible for her to become my wife, she would even make me more happy than the person whom I favored by making my wife. I tried hard to think of some woman that I had a secret with, but I had to tell him frankly that up to the present my mind was open and I had no secrets with any person. He

then described the character of the person whom he insisted was mixed up with me. Some man in her younger years had entered her life and things had been very uncomfortable for her. In fact, he told me that she had at some time been married and that she was either divorced or was contemplating a divorce. This set me thinking, and to obtain further information that I might be able to identify my fair companion, I asked him to again describe the person, that I might recognize her when I met her. He informed me however, that the picture had gone from his mind, and that he was unable to give another description of her. This was the part I was most anxious to learn, as this was a revelation and something that I really should know, as any man has a right to know when a woman enters his life, with a "purpose," more especially as inside of two years' time that woman would become my wife and make me more happy than I am at the present time, owing to her knowing my disposition better than my wife does.

The phrenologist would insist that in certain years which he named, a very dark cloud had hovered over me, and that I had either a very severe illness or death in my immediate family. I contradicted him in almost every year that he named, until finally I told him that just about one year ago, trouble of this nature had visited me. He was then quite sure of it and told me that he knew something of this nature had happened at some time.

He told me that my wife and I did not get along very well together. This was owing to our dispositions being at a variance; that we sometimes had our spats, but that we made up and she pretended that she thought a lot of me. He was away off in this case, as we have yet to have our first quarrel. He could not describe the appearance of my wife, neither could he tell me anything regarding my family.

In my business affairs he said I would make a great success of the business in which I am now engaged; that I had the proper amount of energy and push, and that all I needed was capital. This appeared to me to be a very safe guess with any man.

I felt when I handed him my dollar, that he had given me much to think about, but very little definite information as to my future, and I intimated that I should have liked to learn more.

When leaving, he gave me a very pressing invitation to attend his lecture the following Sunday evening, but as I am still busy trying to find out who the woman is that entered my life, I did not have time to attend the service.



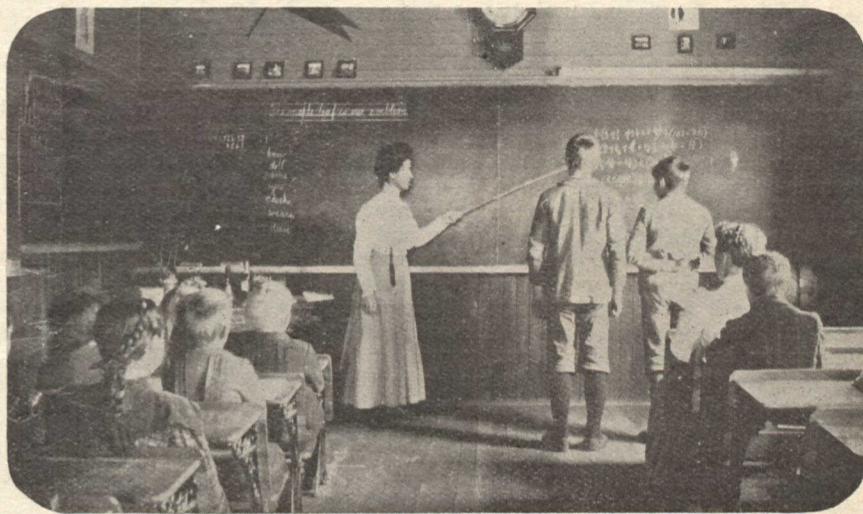
THE conclusion to be drawn from these experiments, so far as Mr. Headley is concerned, is that this psychic phrenologist ventures on ground which is comparatively safe, both in personal observation and in advice as to health. It is entirely natural that a young person should be ambitious. Consequently, to inform the mature man or woman that he or she was ambitious in youth is a mere platitude. It is quite safe to conclude that a boy of eighteen was somewhat enamored of a member of the opposite sex, also that a girl of eighteen was admired by one or two juvenile adorers. There is nothing "psychic" about such a revelation. In fact, any ordinary observer of human nature would be in position to make the same statement.

As to health observations and warnings, the same might be noted. In each case, only the most general and vague remarks were made, with an air of wisdom which Solomon might have envied. Everyone knows that the modern malady is nerves and that it is perfectly safe to tell any citizen of Canada in the Twentieth Century that he or she must avoid nervous strain in order to keep in a healthy condition. The advice as to diet was also such as any ordinary observer of food values or effects might give without money and without price. The remark that one requisite for business success is capital is also one of utmost commonplace. The conclusion of the whole matter is that it is fairly safe to be a psychic phrenologist.

# WESTERN EXPERIENCES OF AN "UNDERGRAD."

## *A Graphic Account of the Trials and Compensations of Pedagogy in a New Land*

By "MISS TEACHER"



ICELANDIC PUPILS LEARNING "FIGURES"

ONE evening last March, as I sat at my study-table in my Kingston boarding-house, preparing an essay on Goethe's "Faust"—which essay was to be written in German script as well as German language and handed in to the professor the following morning—I paused to read over, for the seventh time, a letter I had received that very afternoon. No! It wasn't a love letter,



FAMILY IN FRONT OF TWIGGED FENCE.

but a plain business communication—but oh! how exciting the severe type-written lines were for me. Listen! This is what charmed my eye: "We have pleasure in informing you that we have to-day engaged you for the position of teacher in the P— S. D. No. — Sask.; duties to commence May the first and continue for six months, at a salary of seventy dollars per month straight. This school is situated at a distance of ten miles east of S—, a station on the — branch of the C. P. R. There are twenty-five pupils enrolled, with an average attendance of twenty. Board may be secured at a distance of from one to one and a half miles from the school, at a cost of about twelve dollars per month. The residents of the district are Americans and Icelanders, and the secretary, Mr. P—, will meet you at S—, if notified the date of your arrival there. They receive mail from S— every Friday."

Now, didn't that sound somewhat alluring? It certainly made me feel that fortune had smiled favorably on my quest for the position of "school-marm" out in the "wild and woolly West." But you may ask—"Whatever could induce you to think of leaving your home in that pretty town beside the St. Lawrence River—and your parents and brothers and their motor-boat, not to mention other attractions—and go and bury yourself out in the prairie where conditions are vastly different from those to which you have been accustomed?" Well—I can scarcely define what the inducement was—but the "Lure of the Labrador Wild" wasn't in it for a minute with my longing to follow a famous man's advice and "Go West, young man." Tales of the experiences of several fellow-students who had ventured out to Saskatchewan the previous summer, had certainly had an influence on my plans; and that love for adventure which slumbers more or less in us all, had seemed to suddenly awaken within me, and the call had to be obeyed. Last and not least was the thought of all the wealth I should be able to bring back, and how many added pleasures would come to me because I had made money of my own. What a vision was called up of new gowns and other finery so dear to the feminine mind—of many books I had long wished to call my own—of operas and good concerts—and of the future pride I would have in telling my father that *this* year he would not need to set aside so much money for my college expenses. So I had made application for a school, through a western

teachers' agency, and this was the result.

Behold me, then, one fine spring morning, bidding a fond farewell to the home-folks and setting off on my journey—quite alone. When it came to the last, I really felt faint-hearted—but it would never do to show the white feather—so, outwardly calm and inwardly quaking, I waved my last good-byes. However, fortune smiled favorably on me, for when I boarded "No. 95" that evening in Toronto, I found to my great surprise and satisfaction that there were three boys and one girl from my college, who were also going west to teach. Maybe we didn't have a good time! We all suddenly felt as if we were related and it was wonderful how we all excelled ourselves in entertaining each other. Probably the re-action from the recent exams., as well as the stimulus of the unknown experiences we were going to have—had much to do with it. The journey began to look as if it would not be such a lengthy undertaking, after all. It was very interesting to observe the country in Northern Ontario, as we sped along. Everything seemed so strange. To begin with, the weather was vastly different from what we had been experiencing the last few weeks in Kingston. There it had been warm enough to doff one's furs and go along with one's coat flying open, and already the tennis courts were as green as in summer. Here the earth wore a white mantle and the many small lakes and rivers presented an expanse of ice. Often the tortuous rivers were so swift that they were quite open and the black, rushing water stood out in strong contrast to the white



AT THE SLOUGH, WHERE OXEN ARE WATERED.

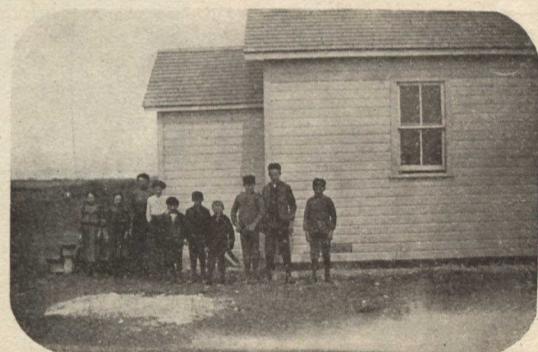
land. Nothing could be seen from the car-window but hill after hill, surmounted by scrubby bushes and the tall, naked trunks of trees that had been destroyed in some forest fire—quite a difference from our scenery at home among the Thousand Islands. There, to be sure, it is rugged too, but the trees are larger, broader and more picturesque, while here they were regular darning-needles in shape. At all the divisional points where stops were made, we got out for a sprint along the platform and inhaled deep breaths of the welcome fresh air. Many strange, uncouth men were on the platform and the station was surrounded by very few houses, which were often very crude in architecture and had no grounds of their own worth mentioning; apparently the houses were erected just wherever the owner had taken a notion, and the limits of the street would have been hard to locate. Between these stations the wilderness was unbroken, save for a few Indian tepees scattered along the course of the railroad.

At Winnipeg I was sorry to have to part from my friends, but my way was by another line. Here I keenly felt the want of friends to talk to; after such a jolly journey it seemed hard to have to console one's self with magazines and writing post-cards. To look out of the window

wasn't very entertaining either, for the land lay flat as a pancake on either hand, with spots like pimples to represent the houses. Here and there were little pools of water which we would name "duck-ponds" at home, but here they went by the name of "sloughs." The railroad boasted a fence on either side but the rest of the country was quite untrammelled. The absence of trees was very noticeable. To be sure, away against the horizon, one could see bush, but on near approach it proved to be of small growth. After several hours had passed, the land became more rolling and boasted many little knolls or hills and some small-sized trees. Finally at a late hour that evening, S— was reached, and when I stepped off the train and looked into the faces of so many strange men, it was quite consoling to have one of the most refined-looking step forward and speak my name. He was the Methodist minister with whom I was to stay until someone from my school came for me the next day.

Right here I must digress to mention how a good idea came to me. About a week before, as I sat "cramming" away for my exams., the thought suddenly entered my head: "If only you had friends in S— with whom to pass your first night in a strange land, instead of going to a hotel! Seeing that you haven't, why not write a letter to the Methodist minister at S— to meet you and arrange for your accommodation at the hotel or some good boarding-house?" No sooner thought than done. I seized my pen and wrote a hasty letter addressed merely to the "Methodist Minister" of S—, for I didn't even know his name. And just the day before I started on this journey, back came a prompt reply, with the comforting news that I would be met and taken to the parsonage. And I was certainly well cared for and much more comfortable my first night in Saskatchewan than was a fellow-student who had arrived at this same town about a week before. Like myself, she was a stranger in a strange land, and in some way, someone directed her to a poor boarding-house, instead of to the one hotel which was really a very good one. But this boarding-house proved to be no place of rest for her, and she spent the night on the floor, with the window wide open. I believe she intends adding a chapter to Seton-Thompson's book, "Wild Animals I Have Known."

Next morning, about ten o'clock, my kind host came into the house with a foreign-looking man in a great bearskin coat. He was a German, recently come from Austria and could speak but broken English, but the minister had already found out that I was to board at his home, which was two and a half miles from the school. This



SOME ICELANDIC PUPILS POSING.

last bit of news didn't tally with what I had been given to understand, and I began to have inward doubts about the rest of the alluring news that I had taken for the gospel. However, I was

soon ready for my long drive and saying a cheerful good-bye to my new friends, I mounted the lumber-wagon and climbed on to the spring seat beside my future landlord, and as I didn't feel very secure away up in the air like that, I unconsciously hung on to the seat with both hands—for which fact the minister has many times since chaffed me. After getting my trunks at the station, a lad of apparently sixteen (I found out later he was only thirteen) added himself to us and he was introduced by Mr. D—as one of his "Buben." Then I volunteered the information that I could speak a little German and was instantly flooded with a torrent of eloquence in that tongue, which left me not much wiser than before, since it proved to be not the German that I talked, but a sort of dialect used in Austria, whence he had come four years before.

However, by degrees, by speaking a mixture of German and English, we three managed to carry on a conversation. Imagine my consternation to learn that his home was twelve—not ten—miles from town, that the school was two-and-a-half miles distant in another direction, that no children went from his house and I would have to walk the distance quite alone; also instead of Americans and Icelanders, my pupils were all Icelanders except two Norwegians—some of these had previously lived a few years under Uncle Sam's Venetian blind, so in a distant way were entitled to be called Americans.

We wended our way very slowly and frequently had to make wide detours to avoid bad places in the roads. The mud was of an inky blackness and up to the hub in many places. We met a few Galicians driving behind their oxen, saw three houses and as many fences on our way home. I also saw some "cute-looking" little animals much resembling chipmunks, which Mr. D— said were gophers, and several flocks of wild ducks. It was a cloudy day and the air was cold and raw, and the elevated swaying seat on which I sat, had soon reduced me to a state of dizzy numbness. Having no rug to protect my knees, the wind was able to penetrate to my very marrow. How thankful I was, that at the last moment, my mother had insisted on my taking along my fur neck-piece, which I had decided to leave at home. Here, in this wintry-like atmosphere, it was more than welcome, and when finally some flakes of snow began to lazily fall down, I felt as if I had been transported to a different climate indeed. After three hours of very slow and tiresome driving, during which time the country became more and more desolate, I began to feel about as blue as it was possible to feel, and mentally compared myself to Uncle Tom taking his last drive through the swamps to Legree's plantation. However, I was determined to look cheerful outwardly, even if I should die in the process.

But there is a limit to everything, and the drive at last was ended and we drove up to a neat frame house surrounded by quaint sod-roofed mud-plastered outbuildings and curious twig-fences. In front of the door was a kindly-faced motherly German Frau of about fifty years and I felt quite at home the minute I saw her. Her English was very poor, but her welcome was very hearty and on going indoors I met her mother, a bright old lady aged eighty-three. The interior of the house was fairly shining and I felt glad to know that I was to have such a good housekeeper for my landlady. I was divested of my wraps and given a seat beside the pug-stove in the corner, and cheese-cake placed before me, so I would not feel too hungry before I received my dinner. Then Mr. D— came in with a neighbor and Mrs. D— went to the cupboard and produced a bottle and a small glass and after the men had partaken I was invited to have some from the same glass. However, my temperance principles prevailed and I declined with thanks.

After dinner I went upstairs to unpack my things and found I had a pleasant large room to myself, and best of all, the window looked west so I could see the glorious sunsets. Mrs. D— asked if I did not want to rest a while, and proceeded to make my bed ready. I wish you could have seen it. When she took off the curious red counterpane, there was disclosed a huge, billowy, pink-striped feather-bed. Pulling this back, she revealed two monstrous pink-striped pillows on top of each other—(it would take four ordinary pillows to make one) and under these was a coarse hand-woven linen sheet over several straw mattresses which made the lack of springs not perceptible. I had my doubts about being able to sleep *under* a feather-bed, but my slumbers that night and all succeeding nights were as good as if I were in my own good bed at home; as for the pillows, I had two ordinary-sized ones substituted that very night.

The next day being Sunday, I was able to get a much needed rest. When I had decided I would arise and pushed back my feather-bed, Mrs. D— called "Fraulein" through the curtain and when I bade her enter, she brought in a

basin of warm water, which custom she kept up for the first month. When I descended, the whole family were seated around the table, singing German hymns to the accompaniment of an accordeon. I was given a book and invited to join and did so, and we sang for an hour. Then a chapter from the Bible was read and soon after dinner was ready. In the afternoon I sallied forth with my camera to "shoot" some of the many quaint bits I saw around. The oxen being watered at the slough afforded one picture and another one was of the family in front of the curious twig fence beside the house.

The next morning I was driven over to my school in the lumber-wagon. We wended our way across the prairie, making our own trail for the most part, around sloughs and bushes and hills, and finally after a forty minute ride we were there. As it was only half-past eight, no one was in sight, and as the building was still locked, Rudolf left me and my books standing disconsolately outside. But as soon as he was away, I found a window that would shove up and soon I was inside. There the desks and everything were in confusion, so I kept myself warm by arranging the desks in rows and winding up the clock and hanging it in its place. By this time a man arrived to open up the school and he seemed quite surprised to find me already within. He proved to be an Icelander and the chairman of the School Board, but could talk English fluently and soon we were becoming acquainted while he made a fire in the stove. Several children then appeared. Two were little Norwegian girls who had never gone to school before and could not speak a single word of English, then there was an Icelander girl taller than myself and three little Icelander boys, one of whom was just seven years old and did not understand a single word I said to him.

Finally homeward bound I turned my steps and "All alone was I." The prairie was "a surface dappled o'er with shadows flung from brooding clouds," and it certainly was a gorgeous afternoon. But although all nature looked pleasant, my way home did not seem attractive. To begin with, I soon lost all sign of the slight trail made by the wagon, and so I had to rely on my own sense of direction, which, never before tested on the open prairie, did not make me feel very confident. The first large slough almost dismayed me. First I went one way, then another, but couldn't find any road, so finally in desperation I plunged right ahead and got past, though with wet feet. Then ditto, ditto, a good many times until I began to think it must be time to see some sign of my boarding place. I looked in every direction but none of the distant houses looked like the one I had left that morning. So I went ahead in the direction I felt must be right. At last I caught sight of the first human being I had seen since I left school—a man was sowing grain in a distant field, but between us were some loose horses and cattle. Fear made me brave, and I went past them until I was near enough to hail the man and ask him where the D— farm was. He stopped and listened, but apparently my wild questions were as so many vacant sounds to him. However, he waited until I plunged through a swampy piece of land, and when I got there, I found he was Rudolf, and that I had been going in the right direction all the time. So I felt quite proud of myself and soon after was safe at home.

The next morning I was again driven over and took a good look at my bearings so as not to get lost this time. More Icelander pupils were present and I felt that the work would surely prove very interesting. It seemed strange in the extreme to hear them playing in the school-yard and not be able to understand a single syllable they uttered. In school they used English, but once out, they quickly returned to their native tongue. Their dress was like that of any other Canadian children, except that they wore primitive Icelander moccasins instead of ordinary shoes. Some of the children did not understand a word of English, so it was quite a problem how to teach them, but necessity soon devised means. When school was dismissed, I helped the girls to sweep up the school and then began my homeward jaunt all alone again. This time I had no difficulty in seeing the trail and so proceeded quite leisurely. Spring was in the air all around me; the frogs in the numerous sloughs were "singing" and a few birds, too, were making themselves heard. Some saucy black crows were perched on the tree tops and overhead a hawk was circling round. On several hill-tops in the distance, large herds of cattle stood out prominently. They seemed to be surveying me too, but the distance calmed any rising fears. The loneliest part of my walk was within a mile of the school-house. Here the way was completely shut in by a succession of small clumps of bushes—but the thought that this place was too remote from anywhere, for any tramp to be around, made me feel quite safe.

Again, the next morning, I was favored with a drive over to school, but Rudolf made me feel quite nervous all day, by his tales of prairie wolves that had been around the school during the winter and which were likely still in the vicinity. So all that day I felt as if I would find some sitting down waiting for me to come along. Coming home I kept a sharp watch for "enemies" of any description, but saw none. But from this on, the lonely walks were only a source of terror to me, and always I reached home completely exhausted by both the physical and nervous strain. But in other respects the first week passed along very quickly and then Friday came—a red-letter day for me, for did not the weekly mail arrive then and with it letters from the home-folks and friends in the outside world, which seemed so far away now? How good those letters looked to my eyes! And I read and re-read them until I almost knew by heart what they contained. Then I climbed up into my window and gazed at the wonderful sunset and watched "a sympathetic twilight slowly steal" over the prairie.

## How I First Achieved Fame

**M**R. ARTHUR STRINGER, the well-known Canadian writer, contributed to the columns of "The Echo" (published in London, Ontario) an account of his early days which will be of interest to many.

The editor of "The Echo" has very flatteringly asked me to confess "How I First Achieved Fame." This I can relate to "The Echo" both openly and appropriately, for it was in the fair city of London itself that eminence first crept upon me. It came about when I was an indolent, obstreperous and altogether unregenerate pupil in the old Wortley Street School, for it was in the room which was ruled over by "Mack" (and I like to use the old name of those old years, for a great deal of gratitude and affection and genial memory cluster about that respectfully yet familiarly curtailed cognomen of "Mack"! ) that I became the cynosure of all eyes and the envy of the young, through inventing, in sooth, the "Stringer Shake."

This "shake" will need some explanation. And here it is: As spring turned into summer, and the days grew hot, every seeker after knowledge in the old Wortley Road School would begin to remember that The Cove was only a five-minute sprint from the school-gate. Instead of thinking of blackboards and the three R's, we used to think of the pellucid yellow waters of that delectable and frog-haunted body of water. We thirsted more for its oozy banks and its diving-raft than we did for Knowledge. We watched the clock-hands creep round to four. Then came the scramble, the mad Marathon, the eruption of shrieking boys through the school yard and down the Cove Road for the swimming-hole, from whence we were wont to emerge, two, sometimes three, hours later, with woefully blue lips, a troubled conscience and a puff or two at some punk-wood to keep down chills and fever.

Now, it was my habit and device, after much thought and much experimenting, to prepare for that Coveward migration long before the stern-eyed pedagogue who presided over our education ever dreamed. The process would begin sometime shortly after three, each afternoon. It consisted in the loosening of a shoelace here, the releasing of a button there, the liberation of some cumbersome article of clothing somewhere else. This, mark you, was all done surreptitiously and cautiously, with no open or apparent mental digression from the grave subjects before an equally grave roomful of students. But it resulted in this: a metamorphosis that seemed truly miraculous, a disrobement that was incredible, an adamitic emergence from the trammels of apparel that left me famous among my kind. From the moment the school-gate was past there was never a second's interruption in the race to the water. I don't think a Longboat could have outstripped us. Yet the moment I arrived at the brink of that swimming-hole I was able, by one quick shake and wriggle of the body, to cast off every shred that cumbered and clothed it, and to take a running long-dive (which sometimes mis-termed a "belly-whopper") in between the water-lily pads and the mud-turtles that sunned themselves on the drifting log-ends. I have often wondered what good fortune it was that kept me from shocking and painful disaster, when called "Mack" on occasions when that fateful hour of four had drawn dangerously near; just as I have often wondered why, following the line of my early and natural bent, I did not develop into a "lightning-change artist" and seek a lucrative and highly honored career on the vaudeville stage!



# THE GAME AND THE CANDLE

*The story of the Triumph of a Nobler Nature*

By CAMERON NELLES WILSON, Illustrated by Lester J. Ambrose



It was apparent that a family row was imminent. Such had been distressingly frequent of late and the angle at which the Senator held his paper, the aggressive turn of his waxed moustache, the cup of untasted coffee, were unfailing signs to his two daughters.

A third imperious summons clanged from the Japanese gong in the hall, followed by a leisurely descent of the stairs and the belated entrance of Graydon Hilary.

"Morning, dad! Hello, girls! Bully day!" He dropped into his chair, flicked his serviette, and made a quick survey of the somewhat depleted table. "Bacon and liver—again!"

He replaced the pewter cover and filled his glass from a Wedgewood pitcher in which fragments of ice clinked musically. A long drink partially restored his equanimity.

"Coffee, Louie, if you please—clear. Pass the toast, Sis, if the pater doesn't want it all."

The Senator lowered his paper and pushed his cup to one side. The movement was suggestive, and Graydon Hilary devoted himself to his simple breakfast. A trailing fern from the centre-piece dangled in front of him; he broke it off and tossed it over his shoulder.

"I'd like to know, my boy, how long this thing is going to last. You were with that woman again last night."

"Supposing I was, dad. You've had my opinion once on that subject—and on Mrs. Westrope personally. Do you want it again?" A sudden color burned in the son's smooth oval cheek, but his eyes failed to meet his father's keen glance.

"No, but I do want to know how long you are going to bring unfavorable criticism upon your family by your—your association with a woman like Mrs. Westrope. She has lived in the town three years—her husband is a myth—and I have yet to hear a single good word of her."

"As I told you before, dad, it's the narrow prejudice of a lot of old cats and the men who are afraid of their claws. She's a good sort notwithstanding the fact that she was placed on the social *index expurgatorius* in being blackballed by your highly respectable Country Club."

There was a feeble ring to young Hilary's defence, a something lacking that the other was not slow to detect.

"That is not your true opinion, my boy. If you don't already know, you at least surmise that Mrs. Westrope is not a good sort—nor a good woman. You've begun a chase that can only end in your downfall and—the game isn't worth the candle."

The Senator rose from his chair and gazed into the depths of a small aquarium whose golden treasures flashed iridescent in the morning sun. The girls had quietly withdrawn. He turned abruptly, his face a shade paler than usual, his trembling hands clasped behind him.

"Graydon, you are my only son but unless you will listen to the advice of an older man—of one who has your deepest interests at heart—well, we have come to the parting of the ways."

He watched the handsome, boyish face of his son as he sipped his coffee and nibbled the crisp toast.

"You have come completely under the charm of this woman

—a creature with whom you'd be ashamed to have your sisters associate. To pay your gambling debts you have sold your violin for a mere pittance—regardless of the hundreds that I paid for it."

The delicate, whimsical face glanced upward, an unasked question gleaming in the fine eyes.

"It is unnecessary for you to know how I found that out," continued his father. "After years of study you have given up your music—the one thing through which your shallow nature touched the deeper meaning of life and now—what is to be the end?"

"It strikes me that you're horribly melodramatic," cried the boy with unveiled passion, as he pushed back his chair and drew a cigarette from its case.

"There is tragedy enough to form the basis of a drama," replied the Senator quietly, more of genuine regret than of anger in his voice. "But it has come to a choice, Graydon. You must either drop this woman and retain your place as my son or—you must seek a future elsewhere."

Young Hilary arose and faced his father with a look of hot defiance. His hand rested on the back of his chair and the unlighted cigarette trembled between two slight fingers.

"The choice is quickly made then. I absolutely refuse to be governed by such meddling tyranny as you choose to exert, and until I have some better reason than yours I refuse to drop Mrs. Westrope. As for my future—which I suppose means *your* money—well, money be hanged!"

He was gone. With a quiet gesture of despair the Senator adjusted his pince-nez and, with unseeing eyes, crumbled a fragment of bread into

the gleaming fish-bowl. The protest was in vain.

"Since I am the cause of your expulsion from Eden, the only thing for you to do is to come here—for the present, at any rate."

"From Eden to Paradise—that's rather a reversal, dear Mrs. Westrope." Graydon Hilary smiled into her eyes but a look of seriousness therein successfully parried the deeper meaning of his words.

"It seems the only thing to do, Graydon, and yet, perhaps you are running too great a risk." She thoughtfully twirled the rings upon her finger. "You see, my reputation is plentifully bedaubed with local color—mainly red—and you are *very* young—pardon me!—with a future before you. Your talent is exceptional—you've already made a fair name in a professional way—and possibly it isn't right to besmirch it at the very outset."

"Look here, Mrs. Westrope—Candida. Let us cut out that kind of rot. I am twenty-four—a fairly reasonable age, you must admit. I've chosen between two paths. The one leads to you, the other to—to the nursery and the pap-spoon."

His hearty, boyish laugh brought a smile to Candida Westrope's thin lips, and the entrance of a maid with a huge silver salver was welcomed by both.

The firelight gleamed upon the tea-table whose spindly legs sank deep into the fur of a Polar rug. Mrs. Westrope sat in a low Moorish chair and adjusted the gleaming glass and delicate china with slender, well-formed hands. A gown of filmy material accentuated the girlishness of her figure, the loose sleeves partly disclosing a smooth, firm arm. Her hair was coiled in a coronet of braids and her grey-green eyes held in their depths the smouldering fires of intense feeling.

Hilary's glance followed her every movement, silent, unmistakable adoration limned upon his features.

"You see, the pater is so unreasonable——"

"Tea?"

"Tea, please. If he would only listen——"

"Lemon or sugar?"

"Sugar, thanks. He doesn't understand——"

"One or two lumps?"

"One—plenty. He is so eternally prejudiced——"

"Strong or weak?"

"Oh, I see. You are parrying! You don't want to hear about my troubles." He spoke childishly and the reproach in his tones touched her. Leaning over, she pressed his hand with warm, friendly fingers.

"It is not that, dear boy, but the whole thing is so serious and I don't want you to say things against your father that you'd regret later on. It is the mother in me that speaks."

"The mother! My dear girl, you've never had a child and you're only twenty-eight."

"Twenty-eight in years and a hundred and twenty-eight in experience. However, if you are willing to take the risk—to live in the very blackness of the Gorgon's shadow—well, it can at least do me no harm—*now*."

"I consider myself honored in being admitted as a member of your charming household, dear madam, until my stormy skies show signs of clearing. In the meantime, may I have another cup of tea?"

A low hum of voices in the hall proclaimed the arrival of other visitors.

"Ah, dear Colonel—so glad



"I WISH THIS COULD GO ON FOREVER."

to see you. And Teddy—the ever-welcome Teddy. Now we have enough for a few hands at bridge. It is scarcely five o'clock. But first, you must have something to drink, and smoke. Ring the bell, please, Graydon."

"It is six weeks since Graydon went to see her and I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to see her to-night—now."

"Why, father, it is ten o'clock. You can't call at such an hour! And if you go, do you think it will do any good?"

The younger Miss Hilary regarded her father across the library table with its litter of magazines, its reading-lamp and brilliant Japanese shade, its bowl of spicy carnations.

"They're night-hawks at the Westrope's—probably just finishing dinner and settling down for a night's gambling. I can't see the boy going to the devil like this and I'm going to intercede with her—straight to headquarters. She's a woman, I suppose, in spite of everything."

The Senator arose with an air of finality; the gentle closing of the door announced his exit a few moments later. It was a cold night and he was glad to find himself in Mrs. Westrope's dimly-lighted hall. On receiving the information that she and her guest were at the theatre, he asked if he might wait. He was shown into a large drawing-room whose air of general comfort and evident good taste came as a surprise. Silken rugs of misty blues and greens covered the floor. Quaint brasses gleamed upon the bookshelves and round rosewood table. On the mantel-shelf were rare ivories and priceless bronze, odd pottery and many candlesticks. Through a curtained arch he could see the cosy den with its cushion-laden couch, its crackling fire and atmosphere of good cheer. There was nothing vulgarly tawdry in the whole equipment.

As the maid disappeared he gave a sigh of relief and sank into a comfortable chintz-covered chair. His temples throbbed mercilessly and, rising, he turned low the glaring gas to a quiet half-light.

Overcome with drowsiness and a sense of bodily comfort, he became oblivious of all externals. A light laugh and the sound of his son's voice aroused his dormant faculties. They had returned and were as yet ignorant of his presence. In a moment he was wide awake, an unwilling spectator of their doings. His first impulse was to make his presence known; his second, to slip quietly into the snow-wrapt night; his third, to wait and learn.

"It was good—especially the Dream-Song," a low, musical voice was saying, and with some grim fascination he watched the slight figure as she slipped off her opera-cloak and stood before the fire. One foot rested on the fender and as she pulled off her long gloves, the flashing of many jewels marked the light movement of her hands. She was dressed in a black lace gown, her gleaming neck and arms accented by the contrast. Around her throat was clasped a necklace of barbaric splendor. Hilary stood beside her, puffing small rings of smoke into the scented air. He sent a bluish cloud into her face and laughingly she sank into the cushioned settle. In a moment he was beside her, leaning towards her, his handsome face aglow. He threw his cigarette into the fire.

"Candida," he almost whispered, "I wish this could go on forever. Do you know, I have lived during the last six weeks!" The passion in his tones made the silent watcher wince painfully.

"Dearest—can't you see—you must know that I love you? I have given up everything for you and now I want you to give me something in return—your love—a return of my coin in kind."

His voice was feverishly low as he slipped his arm about her and drew her face to his. He kissed her upon the lips and a half moan escaped from his father.

Firmly but with a sudden concentration of strength she freed herself from his arms. She was not angry; her face was pale, her shadowy eyes wide-strained.

"Ah, Graydon—it is all wrong! I suppose that unwittingly I have led you on, too."

"No—no. Don't, dear, please. Let us talk the thing over quietly. I don't love my husband and—yes, I do love you. But I love you so much that I can't bring you to the inevitable end of such a thing as this. I separated you from your own people. I can't upbraid myself for that because there was no reason why we shouldn't be friends—except the dictates of Madam Grundy. I shouldn't have let you go on caring as I have done, but the temptation was too great. I was so happy—I thought I could ward off this ending, but—" She laughed rather plaintively, and the Senator felt a sudden throb of sympathy.

"You see, in the first place I wanted to save you from myself. I knew I could do it if I could see more of you—if I could have you with me. I didn't love you then or I wouldn't have let you

come to me as I did. It was foolish—it was weak—but it was womanly."

"Candida, I don't care for anything but you. Life is barren—meaningless—"

"No—no. Listen to me for a while and then you may speak if you wish to. Your whole life is before you, dear boy. Your talent is exceptional. You care for your work and your future more than you do for me—if you'd only realize that. I am a woman and my love for you is the ruling passion. You are a man and your bigger interests lie outside of your love for me. No—it is true! I can give you my love but I can't accept yours. I can give you a woman's truest friendship and—I can give you something else."

Haltingly she walked to a corner of the room and, returning, placed a violin-case upon the settle beside him. Without comprehending he looked up into her face.

"It is yours," she said. "I bought it back from the dealers with the money that you've lost to me in cards. I put it all aside for this very purpose. And now, boy, if you love me I want you to take it and make the best of it and of yourself. I'm not all bad and, remember, I am your friend always. Your success will be my glory because I'll be able to feel that I hold a small part in it. And to-night I want you to play for me—as you used to. The music is here. Come—the Venetian love-song! It is the first I ever heard you play."

She gave him the notes upon the piano and in a few moments the full, rich tones trembled through the room. To the silent watcher it was all wonderful beyond words—the soft passage from the cloyed atmosphere of passion to this exquisite calm of crystal emotion. The cosy room faded into nothingness and in its place was the soft, mystic radiance of Venetian nights, the purling of waters beneath slow-moving gondolas,

the faint tinkling of mandolins, the heavy perfume of flowers.

Beneath the wondrous touch of his son's bow lay the power of a passion purified and transformed into something divinely potent. The crimson had died from his face; his art alone held control of the soulful eyes, the delicate, sensitive mouth, the strong, slender fingers. Candida too had fallen under the witchery of his magic bow. The last note trailed into silence and her fingers slipped from the keys. She arose and placed her hands upon his shoulders. There were tears in her eyes.

"Candida, you have given me a new lease of life, and you've told me some plain truths. I was a cad to speak and act as I did to-night, and yet I am not sorry, for now you know. And even though you cannot give me the greatest gift—yet, I know too."

"Spoken like the man that you are, Graydon. And, to-night, that I may know you are in earnest, I want you to go to your father—good fathers are scarce, dear—and tell him the whole thing. Place your future in his hands and, remember that I am your friend always."

A figure stepped from between the Bagdad curtains.

"And mine, too, Mrs. Westrope—if you will. I've been an unwilling listener to all you've said. I want to thank you for your interest in my son, and I want you to forgive me for my former attitude towards you. I see my mistake and I offer you my friendship—if you care to have it."

Candida Westrope placed Graydon's hand in that of his father and retained one of each in her own.

"United we stand—you know the rest!" "Friends *always*," laughed the Senator with the faintest quaver in his deep voice.

## Antique Furniture

By DORA C. RIDOUT

OUR houses are often ugly and ungainly on the outside through no fault of our own, but the interiors are ours to make or mar according to the power that is in us. We live in a rich age—rich because we have centuries of art to look back upon, and from which to draw models for our own use. This is in truth no period of destructive productions, so that we are free to choose from the past what most appeals to us. We are taking, as it were, a resume of the world's work both in literature and art. But in selecting therefrom we should be clever and careful. Not only must the styles we choose be suited to our way of living, the various periods should not be mixed.

The writer visited a house not long ago which was typical of the age, in the grand conglomeration it presented. It belonged to a multi-millionaire, and was perched on a hill surrounded by farm land. The structure was wooden and of no particular architectural pretensions—low, rambling and verandahed. We motored out, and on arriving the door was opened by a smiling Jap. The hall was dark, but one soon became aware of beautiful Persian rugs, of that peculiar blue shade so valued by connoisseurs. Moorish chairs, and Oriental hangings, and suggestions of sandalwood and myrrh. A narrow white enamelled stairway led us upstairs and here we were shown into a room which was a complete copy in every detail of the period known as Louis Fifteenth. There was the low dressing-table, with its highly decorative oval mirror, and the accompanying gilt chain, delicate and graceful in design. A three-fold screen with Watteau panels stood in one corner, while placed in correct positions about the room were elaborately wrought inlaid cabinets and commodes. The gilt sofa and chairs were covered with the blue flowered brocade so much admired in those days. The whole spoke charmingly of the time of boudoirs and artificiality.

Next we were led across a narrow, unpretentious hall into a room which might have belonged to the First Consul himself, so perfectly Napoleonic was it. The contrast was very marked. The style in furniture was as dissimilar in character as were the regimes they represented. The chairs were straight and severe in outline, depending upon the rich coloring of the mahogany and ormolu mounting rather than an inlay or lacquer. Almost all the furniture in the room was ornamented with these metal decorations, in gryphon shapes, sphinx, eagles, bees. Where there was carving it was more massive. The bed was solid and boxlike, and showed much beautiful wood, while over it hung a silken drape

caught once in the middle and hanging in simple lines over both ends. Above a small desk was a picture of Napoleon beside the cradle of his infant son. The color scheme was the strong blue which since those days has been called "Marie Louise."

The next room was Dutch, and so on throughout the house. The setting in every case was as perfect as is possible in modern times. Everything matched, save the hostess and ourselves. And so it became evident that though the various continental styles and periods may be interesting from an historical point of view, yet Anglo-Saxons are safer in drawing their models from English designs.

We might go back to Gothic, Elizabethan, Jacobean and Queen Anne periods, and find beauty and suitability in all. But let us now examine such well-known makers as Chippendale, Hepplewhite and Sheraton, firstly because of their charming character, and secondly because some of us may be lucky enough to possess a piece or two handed down to us from our Eighteenth Century ancestors.

Chippendale began as a wood carver, but so artistic and original a workman was he, that before long he had set up a shop of his own in St. Martin's Lane, London. In a few years it became the rendezvous of a fashionable and brilliant company who flocked there to admire and discuss the latest design. In 1754 he published a book illustrated with his own drawings, which of course, is exceedingly valuable in distinguishing his work.

Although Chippendale followed in some respects the prevailing French designs, yet he created a style of his own. His chairs were much plainer in outline; the back was broad at the shoulders, tapered to the waist, and sloped gradually inwards to the ground. The centre backs were carved in many ways, the best known device being the ribbon pattern, which Chippendale himself greatly admired. The front legs were more massive than the back, and curved outward at the root, terminating in famous claw-and-ball foot. These chairs were mostly made of mahogany which only came into common use in 1720. Card-tables, tip-tables, four-post bedsteads, mirrors and cabinets are among the many articles which were turned out of the little workshop. Of course, now it is well-nigh impossible to obtain any of the original pieces, but for those lucky few who have them it will be interesting to know that two Chippendale chairs were sold lately at Christie's for one thousand pounds and a tea-caddy ten inches square for fifty-two pounds.

# THE MUTINY OF MARY

## The Story of a Fair Maiden's Rebellion

IT is a favorite fiction with novelists and poets that women may indulge in weeping without damaging in the least their charms of feature and expression. But I may as well admit at the beginning of this truthful narrative that Mary Raymond was not looking at all pretty as she gazed from her bedroom window on the snow that was falling lightly from the February sky. For two long hours, this young person had been indulging in the luxury of angry tears, and the result to nose, eyes, and cheeks was nothing short of crimson disaster. But who could wonder at the maiden's grief? She was just nineteen years old, she had a new light blue gown which was eminently becoming to her blonde locks and fair skin—but a stern parent had that morning forbidden her to join the sleighing-party that was to set forth just after tea for the Ferguson's, the jolliest old homestead near Benton, with a host and hostess who were never so happy as when they were entertaining a houseful of young people. Robert Ferguson, a sturdy specimen of the Scotch-Canadian, had made a neat little fortune in lumber when the Georgian Bay district was almost a wilderness, and he had built for himself "Stratholm," as handsome a house as could be found in the county, and then he had run for parliament with happy results. He had no children, but "Stratholm" was usually so well-filled with youthful visitors that people seldom remembered that there were no young Fergusons. A party at "Stratholm" meant the best of good cheer and Mary Raymond felt all the world grow dark as she reflected on what might not be.

"Mary," said her young brother from the hall, "Bob Hillyer's down in the parlor and wants to see you. I think it's about the party."

"I can't go down like this," said Mary, appearing forlornly at the door.

"Phew!" whistled the youthful Thomas Raymond, "you *do* look a guy. But girls can always fix up. I'll tell him you'll be down in five minutes." Tommie departed, leaving Mary to wonder at his unusual urbanity, not knowing that a large bag of walnuts, not to mention certain slabs of "taffy," had gone far to convert Tommie into an angel of helpfulness who was only too willing to aid a lover in distress. When Mary reached the chilly little parlor, her face was losing its excessive glow and it was a pink and pathetic countenance which met Bob Hillyer's sympathetic glance.

"I've heard about it," he said gloomily. "It's a beastly shame. Isn't there any way out of it?"

Mary shook her head. "I'm afraid not," she replied, with quivering lips; "it's all the fault of Mrs. Broker. Father would be all right if she would leave him alone. But she came around last night and said that there was going to be dancing at the Fergusons' party and that it would be an everlasting disgrace to the church if the minister's daughter were seen there. So father just put his foot down this morning and said I wasn't to stir out to-night."

"But you needn't dance if you go," urged Bob, "though of course it will be rather slow. That wretched old Broker woman! She's always meddling in other people's affairs. In the meantime, her only son's spending most of his time in low taverns. I don't wonder that she's a widow. I believe old Jabez Broker was glad to die." Mary giggled faintly, for Mrs. Broker was the torment of the town and was dreaded by more than one household in Benton, which was, on the whole, a pleasant little town, with a cheerful spirit of neighborliness and good-will, as most of the people were too busy and prosperous to cherish envy and ill-feeling. By the young men, Mrs. Broker was especially detested, for she was possessed of the idea that no good thing was ever accomplished by a young man and she was constantly magnifying juvenile escapades into crimes of shocking enormity. "Carrie Gordon and May Gardiner are both going," said Bob, "and they are members of the church. Why, Carrie Gordon's father is the superintendent of the Sunday School."

"I know," sighed Mary disconsolately, "but their fathers are only members. You see, being a minister's daughter is perfectly horrid. I shouldn't mind so much if it wasn't for that hateful Mrs. Broker. She'll be perfectly delighted to think she's kept me from having a good time." Bob was taking a university course and was home for a week on account of his father's needing him in the office. He recalled now a sen-



tence of Macaulay's to the effect that the Puritans disapproved of bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators.

"Where's your father?" asked Bob suddenly. "It might do some good if I were to ask him."

"He and mother have both gone out. Don't you remember, Mary? They're to go to tea over at Mrs. Rogers'. Let's have pancakes!" exclaimed Tommie from the hall.

"I've a good mind," said Mary, with a light of sudden defiance coming into her blue eyes, "yes, I will! Tommie, if I make some pancakes and let you ask Frank Bailey over to an early tea, will you stay here with him while I go away to the party?"

"Gee!" said Tommie, gazing at his sister with the awe which her sudden rebellion aroused, "you're pretty cheeky to go when you was told not to."

"I don't care," continued the reckless maiden, "I'm sure that mother wants me to go, for she was just as interested as anything in my dress, and when father made a fuss she just sighed and said afterwards it was a pity John Wesley was so strict. I don't see what John Wesley has to do with it, anyway. He was a cranky creature whose wife ran away from him." A shudder seemed to pass over the portrait of that great and good man at this reference to his domestic unhappiness.

"Go on," urged Tommie. "It's only half-past four now, and they are going to make a lot of calls and then go to Mrs. Rogers'."

"You can be at Ethel Baker's, then, after six o'clock," said Mr. Robert Hillyer, who was divided between delight and uneasiness. "There are to be two sleigh-loads—forty of us going. Well, I'll go around to Ethel's now and tell her that you'll be there and to keep quiet about it."

A dainty little figure with tucked-up blue skirts and head covered with a white "cloud" appeared at Ethel Baker's about two hours later and was greeted with much rejoicing. Tommie and Frank Bailey had been left in possession in the parsonage, and, having devoured a huge platterful of pancakes, were preparing to do justice to the walnuts and the "taffy."

"Your sister's the stuff," said Frank, with the happy glow of the well-fed small boy, "and she's got a lot of pluck to go to that party. But why didn't they want her to go?"

"'Cause there's dancin'," answered Tommie briefly.

"What's wrong with dancing?" questioned his young friend, who had been reared in the bosom of a Church of England household and who had already been sent to a small dancing-class, which he regarded with aversion; "it's just awful silly and you have to put your arm around girls and do bows."

"What's the matter with bows?" said Tommie. "I dunno, but father thinks you're no Christian if you do it." But the conversation soon turned to matters more congenial.

The sleigh-loads from Benton had in the meantime sped swiftly over the eight miles between the town and "Stratholm" and no one received more cordial greeting from the host than Miss Mary Raymond, whose flushed cheeks and bright eyes were carrying off her defiance very prettily. Bob Hillyer had confided the whole story to Mr. Ferguson, whose genial heart was aroused to indignation that a nice girl's enjoyment should be spoiled by a mischiefmaker.

"Now, mind you, Bob," he said, in warning, "I don't approve of this disobedience, at all. She should have stayed at home if the parson said so. But the girl's here and I'll see that she has a good time. She's a pretty little puss, too, with lots of spunk. I'm glad you got ahead of that Broker woman. She's the worst old cat in Canada." He bustled away, leaving Bob rather amazed, for Mr. Robert Ferguson was a man who was never known to speak harshly of womankind.

"Aren't you going to dance at all?" said Bob to Mary. "You know the lancers, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Mary briefly, "and I'm going to dance them and the Virginia reel and Sir Roger. I think I can waltz pretty well, too, for I've been practising with Ethel Baker on Friday nights. But I don't think I'll try here, for I'd be nervous." It was surprising to most of the party to see Bob Hillyer, one of the best dancers in Benton, quite content to sit out so many "round" dances. But Bob was fast reaching that state of mind and heart when the society of one bright and particular maiden is worth all the waltzing in the world with the others. He was just wondering whether he might venture to suggest an engagement, with the marriage ceremony six years in the distance, when the opening notes of the "C.P.R." Lancers startled him into action.

"This is our dance," he said, "let's be a head couple." The third figure of the dance was going merrily forward, when a slight commotion was observed at the door, and the Reverend Edward Raymond, with his overcoat starred with snowflakes, walked into the midst of the circling crowd and the musicians paused in amazement. In the course of the evening, the minister and his wife had returned and had forced the truth from the reluctant Tommie. Mr. Raymond was not in the best of humor, for Mrs. Rogers was an incapable housewife, and the "tea" had been a meagre repast followed by a headache. The news of his daughter's rebellion made him resolve that he would follow her at all costs, and before eleven o'clock, the lights of "Stratholm" gleamed before his angry eyes. The young dancers were aghast and Mary stood with her face as white as the snow-drifts outside, for public mortification was not a pleasing prospect.

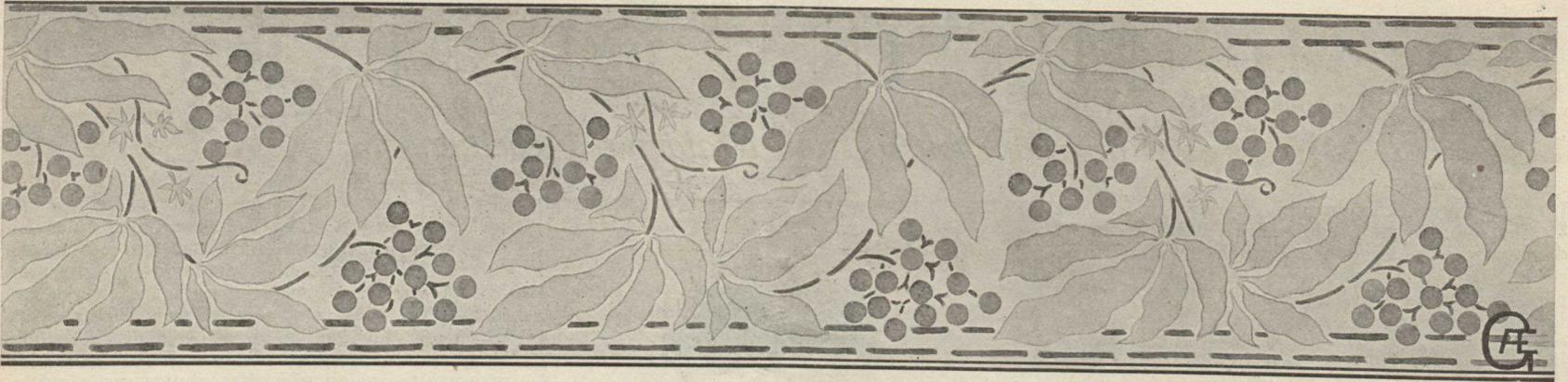
"Mary," he said solemnly, fixing his eyes on her pale blue gown. "I have a sleigh outside and I want you to come home at once." There was the sound of rustling silk skirts and a large and florid matron of forty-five who had been visiting the Fergusons for some time came suddenly towards the minister.

"Why, bless my soul, if it isn't Ned Raymond! Why, I haven't seen you for more than twenty years. It's many the good dance we used to have in the old days, eh, Ned?" He gazed about him in dismay and several of the girls giggled. "Oh, I know you're a minister now, my boy," resumed the irrepressible Mrs. Milligan, "but there wasn't a boy in the town could touch you, either in a waltz or a polka. Come away off with me and have a talk about it. This boy I'm dancing with can get another partner." She led the bewildered and helpless clergyman away and the orchestra resumed the "lancers."

"Isn't it a lark?" said Bob, as Mr. Raymond smiled awkwardly from one end of the supper-table. Mary was allowed to remain until the close of the party, but her father left somewhat hurriedly as soon as he could free himself from Mrs. Milligan's reminiscences, which became even tenderer after supper.

Benton was amused for a whole week, Mrs. Broker was furious and scandalized, but the trustees of Mr. Raymond's church were entirely appeased when Mrs. Milligan appeared the next Sunday evening at the service and actually subscribed ten dollars towards the missionary funds.

"And just to think!" confided Mary to Bob, as they sat on the slippery discomfort of the sofa in the ministerial parlor after church, "that we never knew that father had danced—mother was awfully surprised."



## FURNISHING OUR FIRST LITTLE HOME



WE had very little money when we were married, Will and I; our chief asset being our good health. Our little bank book recorded a net savings of two hundred and fifty dollars; Will's position paying at that time seventeen dollars a week. Of course it goes without saying that we were very deeply in love and consequently were rich in anticipations.

It was our wish to spend not more than two-thirds of our bank account in setting up housekeeping, thereby leaving a little nest egg for use on a rainy day.

To furnish a little home of five rooms completely and attractively at a cost of not more than one hundred and sixty dollars would seem to be a difficult task, yet this is what we did and we are proud of the results of our efforts.

I have always been interested in home-making and since my childhood have read with absorbing interest books and magazines dealing with this important subject. Therefore, at the time of my marriage I was the happy possessor of enough information to enable me to begin housekeeping without too many experiments with my husband. But alas! I must confess to many ignominious failures which would have brought floods of tears were it not for Will's unstinted praise of both my housekeeping and cooking, he being blind to my faults. My apple pies he told me were "even better than mother's." What more could I ask?

In furnishing our home we resolved to adhere strictly to two rules, viz: "Provide for the kitchen and dining room first," and "The balance of the house with what is left." Therefore we set about this task and have never for a moment regretted our course.

In the kitchen we desired a good range, either coal or gas, not necessarily an expensive one, but one which would be reliable as to baking facilities and also durable. A good stove! By what better means can a young wife fully count on maintaining the adoration of her husband than by placing before him such well cooked and nourishing edibles as will keep his digestive apparatus in a satisfactory condition, his brain clear and his face in smiles? We are told that the stomach and heart are extremely sympathetic organs, this being particularly the case with our fathers, brothers and husbands. Certainly every young housekeeper sooner or later discovers this statement to be a fact. Is it not sometimes a sad fact?

Well, to return to the home! I might say that next in importance to the range came a kitchen cabinet. I felt that my kitchen would be incomplete without this coveted accessory and right here I encountered my first problem. Will's savings would not permit the expenditure. Nevertheless, I was determined. "I *must* have one," I said to myself with emphasis. Accordingly I tossed the matter back and forth in my mind but without arriving at a satisfactory solution. Then I decided to talk it over with Will and when I sought an interview with the man of my choice and explained the difficulty, I was surprised and delighted with the way in which he came to the rescue. "Why not make one?" he said at once, smiling. "It certainly would be possible to do so at a cost of a dollar or two." Right here I made the delightful discovery that I had married a handy man. What a prize! I gave utterance to my joy with all the ardor of my young heart and then—but never mind that.

So Will tried his hand at a kitchen cabinet, commencing the work at once. Being an amateur, he of course needed an assistant, and I offered my services, my duties being to hold the hammer and saw and run on innumerable small errands in search of nails, screws, and other small essentials.

I will endeavor to explain the result of a few

hours' work. We purchased an ordinary kitchen table costing a dollar and a quarter. Directly under the small drawer in front we placed a long drawer about fifteen inches deep, making it the entire width of the table. We used the lightest timber obtainable for the purpose. This drawer was divided into several compartments and I found it useful for holding bread, flour and sugar on one side, and towels, napkins, etc., on the opposite side.

The base of the table we reserved for a cupboard having two doors in which I kept everything in the line of kitchen utensils, such as granite kettles, griddles, pie-plates, covers, etc. A covering of white enamel cloth on the bottom shelf made it possible to keep this little department perfectly clean at all times.

On the top of the table we arranged a tier of shelves, one corner of which was divided off into a tiny cupboard having a glass door. This was the cook's library holding the cherished cook books and other household helps. The most useful part of the cabinet, however, is now to be explained. I refer to a "merry-go-round" at the extreme right of the upper shelves.

Imagine, if you will, please, an immense rolling pin suspended perpendicularly on pivots, the sides of which have been hollowed out in triangles and dotted with small hooks for holding long spoons, cutters, choppers, etc. One of the four sections, or triangles, was equipped with tiny shelves on which I kept bottles of extracts and seasonings. The "merry-go-round," as we learned to call it because of the pleasure derived from its use, revolved smoothly and swiftly when turned by a slight motion of the hand and brought immediately into sight anything that was wanted from an egg beater to a panhandle.

This cylinder consisted of two perfectly round boards about twelve inches in diameter, one at either end, between which were nailed narrow, light boards of equal width to form the triangles and tiny shelves referred to. The long shelves above the table I covered with strips of white enamel cloth and placed upon them pint fruit jars (with the rings off) for holding such staple articles as rice, tapioca, sago, chocolate, beans, spice.

After it was completed we gave the whole affair several coats of pure white enamel paint. Its snowy whiteness, glistening enamel cloth and shining bottles made it stand out with special prominence in our little kitchen. Will was indeed proud of his achievement at so trifling a cost, while I declared that its value was priceless—because—well—can the reader guess?

A small refrigerator, linoleum, two chairs and an old piano stool (also enameled white) completed the furnishing of the kitchen and I have always considered it well furnished.

We were anxious that our dining-room furniture should be of good quality. Thus when we discovered that the entire dining-room set was out of the question, we decided on a high-grade dining table, four leather chairs, and a china closet to hold the lovely wedding gifts consisting of cut glass, silver and china. We preferred to content ourselves with these articles rather than purchase a cheaper outfit which would include a gaudy sideboard. I believe a china cabinet is a better investment than a sideboard, if one cannot afford both, because, if well selected, it will show off to better advantage the lovely things a bride usually has in her possession and which she loves to display before her friends.

Our living-room was easily disposed of, for, with two or three good-looking chairs, also a Morris chair, a table, a home-made divan bedecked with pretty cushions, also pictures, books and flowers, this room was made a haven of rest as well as a delight to the eye.

The bedrooms were likewise inexpensively

and daintily provided for. For curtains I bought a fair quality of thin mull over a yard wide and made this material up into pretty ruffled curtains. The advantages of this material are that it is soft and drapes gracefully and being extra wide it is capable of accommodating a good-sized window without seaming.

My husband's salary was seventeen dollars a week and as we were anxious to save for our own home as quickly as possible, I realized that the work would have to be done by one pair of hands, viz., my own. Therefore, my household duties had to be arranged systematically in order to leave time for reading, recreation and entertaining our friends.

Let us begin, then, with the first working day of the week. On Monday morning after disposing of dish-washing and other light duties the hamper came forth and I began a rapid assortment of the week's wash, dividing the articles in small piles in order as to "rank." Each piece I then quickly dipped in a solution of soft soap; rolled it into a small tight ball and placed it in a tub and so on until each article had been immersed. By that time the first pieces had undergone a steaming process, the object of which was to loosen the dirt. They were then plunged into the washing machine which was filled with boiling water and rocked back and forth for five minutes or more. After wringing out of the washer they were ready for rinsing, blueing and hanging out on the line where they could sway back and forth in the sunshine and finally be gathered, stiff and dry, a mass of snowy whiteness, ready for a second handling on ironing day.

On Tuesday, I mounted the piano stool, which had been raised to a convenient height, and proceeded to iron carefully all starched clothes and table linen. I simply smoothed out quickly the plain articles, such as towels, sheets, stockings, etc., disposing of them entirely in this manner. On Wednesday morning the rips and tears were carefully mended and everything laid away in their respective places.

On Thursday I planned to clean silver, wash windows and sweep upstairs. On Friday the lower portion of the house was thoroughly swept and dusted, the stove polished and the linoleum and veranda washed. This left Saturday morning absolutely free for baking and preparing the Sunday meals. Most of Saturday's marketing I managed to accomplish on Friday, thus eliminating the waiting for provisions on baking day. The meat for the Sunday dinner was roasted or boiled as the case demanded, the potatoes and vegetables prepared and allowed to stand in cold water. The dessert was also made and put away.

My object in doing this was to make the Sabbath Day one of rest for both my husband and myself. Then, too, we were at liberty to attend divine worship together; read aloud and visit without the necessity of my spending any extra time in the kitchen wearying myself and exasperating my husband by doing work which should have been done the day before.

As to expenditures for food and raiment, we made definite calculations. The sum of four dollars a week was set aside for milk, meat and groceries. This was divided into equal amounts of fifty cents for each day, and a dollar and a half for Saturday's large order. A small slate and pencil conveniently placed in the kitchen assisted me in figuring my needs closely and keeping within the required amount.

And it is a dear, sweet place to abide in, this home of ours. We hope some day to live in better style, to add a beautiful buffet to our dining-room, also a dome over the table, with book-cases, more books and many other useful and ornamental things to the balance of the house, but I am sure that we can never be happier than we have been and are in our first little home.



# IN THE LAND OF FLOUR AND FURS

## An account of a Woman's Journey through Canada to the Arctic



MISS Agnes Deans Cameron, whose speeches and stories have made her known from her beloved Pacific coast to the Eastern shores of this Dominion, has come into fame once more. Miss Cameron's latest book, "The New North," has just been issued from the press of D. Appleton and Company,

while the lady herself has recently sailed for England, there to take a position on the London *Daily Mail*, one of Lord Northcliffe's flourishing publications.

Miss Cameron is a daughter of Vancouver Island and is proud of the fact. Also, as was mentioned in this magazine some months ago, she is of Scottish descent and is not anxious to conceal her preference for the heather. She taught school for years and having set certain trustees at defiance, retired from that profession to enter upon the wider field of journalism and exploration. Miss Cameron has succeeded, as few of us have, and has gone on such far journeys and written such glowing chapters as set us wishing that we too might heed the call of the Red Gods. The very headings of the chapters are bits of travel talk.

So we set forth with the first account, "The Mendicants Reach Winnipeg," with a nice new map of the author's route opposite the beginning of the story. Miss Cameron is fond of a snatch of poetry to give the prose a fillip, and the verses which preface the chapters are veritable songs of the road, with Kipling or Stevenson flavor. Thus she announces her purpose of travel:

"We will take the great waterways, our general direction being that of all the world-migrations. Colonization in America has followed the trend of the great rivers, and it has ever been northward and westward—till you and I have to look southward and eastward for the graves of our ancestors. The sons and grandsons of those who conquered the St. Lawrence and built on the Mississippi have since occupied the shores of the Red, the Assiniboine, and the Saskatchewan. They are laying strong hands upon the Peace, and within a decade will be plating townships on the Athabasca, the Mackenzie and the Slave."

Of the Hudson's Bay Company, which furnished information as to the contemplated journey, the writer remarks: "This concern has been foster-mother to Canada's Northland for two hundred and thirty-nine years. Its foundation reaches back to when the Second Charles ruled in England—an age when men said not 'How cheap?' but 'How good?' not 'How easy?' but 'How well?' The Hudson's Bay Company is today the Cook's Tourist Company of the North, the Coutts' Banking concern, and the freshwater Lloyd's. . . . They plan your journey for you, give you introductions to their factors at the different posts, and sell you an outfit guiltless of the ear-marks of the tenderfoot."

Winnipeg the Wonderful naturally arouses the enthusiasm of those who like men who do things and appreciate towns which grow by leaps and bounds. "This city," declares Miss Cameron, "is the greatest grain market in the British Empire and from it radiate twenty-two distinct pairs of railway tracks. Architects have in preparation plans for fifteen million dollars' worth of buildings during the coming year. The bank clearings in 1903 were \$246,108,000; last year they had increased to \$618,111,801; and a Winnipeg bank has never failed." Truly the "buckle of the wheat belt," as Miss Cameron calls the capital of Manitoba, is a jewelled buckle, set with gems of the first water. Then comes the westward journey to Edmonton, all the way marked by prairie towns. "In England it takes a bishop to make a city, but here the nucleus needed is a wheat elevator, red against the setting sun."

It would be delightful to linger over Miss

Cameron's descriptions of Edmonton or Calgary; but the way is long and the first part of the northern expedition opens with the journey from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing. "This little ridge where the harebells grow divides the drops of rain of the noon-day shower. Some of these drops, by way of the Saskatchewan, Lake Winnipeg and Hudson Bay, will reach the Atlantic. Others, falling into the Athabasca, will form part of that yellow-tinged flood which, by way of Great Slave Lake and the mighty Mackenzie, carries its tribute to the Frozen Ocean. These last are the drops we follow."

There follows the trip down the Athabasca one hundred and sixty-five miles to Grand Rapids to the music of

"Set me in the urge and tide-drift  
Of the streaming hosts a-wing!"

The ninety miles of rapids which ensue make those of us who have surveyed Lachine and the Cedar Rapids from the deck of a swaying steamer feel that we have lived in vain. On reaching Lake Athabasca, there is caught the first glimpse of Fort Chipewyan. Of this far post the writer says: "Fort Chipewyan is the oldest post in the North, and every boulder of red gneissic rock,

enthusiasm and hopes that "one day a Canadian artist will travel north and paint the Ramparts, some poet, gifted with the inevitable word, here write the Canadian epic. . . . The setting of the picture is that ineffable light, clear yet mellow, which without dawn and without twilight rises from flowing rivers to starless heavens, and envelops the earth as with a garment—the light that never was on sea or land."

One expects nothing but frost and snow on the edge of the Arctic Circle—but what is found? "We wander out into the midnight daylight where with dogs and Indians the whole settlement is still a stirred-up ant-hill. Splendid vegetable gardens are in evidence here—potatoes, turnips, carrots, cabbages. Should we reach the North Pole itself, we would expect there a Hudson's Bay fort, its Old World courtesy and its potato-patch." When we are assured that from the shrubbery outside the "Little Church of the Open Door" comes the perfume of wild roses, we are soundly converted to the Arctic Circle.

However, it is the Eskimo whom we find the most interesting feature in the Arctic landscape, for, as the writer assures us, "he is the one man without a master on the American Continent.

. . . The Mackenzie River Eskimo is a man who commands your respect the moment you look at him, and yet he is withal the frankest of mortals, affable, joyous, fairly effervescing with good humor."

Miss Cameron gives us an enlightening description of these people of the far places who, in some respects, put our civilization to shame. One is reminded, when reading of their oily and happy existence, of Emerson's sage remarks on "Compensation." Certainly the Eskimo's lot, as depicted by his latest chronicler, is by no means to be despised. He appears to lead a fairly contented life, even if he has a strenuous conflict with walrus and seal. In fact, it would be far better to lead the life of the Eskimo than to be an Italian laborer in one of our large cities. The slum-dweller is a miserable being in comparison with these free and fortunate children of



AGNES DEANS CAMERON AT FORT RAE MISSION

if we could interrogate it, has a story to tell. Peter Pond, of the North-West Company in 1778 built a post on the Athabasca River thirty miles to the south of the lake."

The wide stretch of Lake Athabasca, with its beautiful, picturesque Fond du Lac affords a tempting prospect, and we share with the writer the fascination of the ultimate woods, with their "worn north trails of the trapper beaten as hard as asphalt with the moccasins of generations." Then the voyagers are once more away, on "the magic road to Anywhere," and after much water and more mosquitoes come to Fort Smith, where a splendid steamship, *The Mackenzie River*, has been launched. Slave River and Great Slave Lake are the next scene of travel and beyond Great Slave Lake, forty-five miles down the Mackenzie River, they come to Fort Providence, "as strongly French in its atmosphere as Hay River is British." From Providence to Simpson, one hundred and fifty miles down the Mackenzie, brings them to Fort Good Hope, on the magic rim of the Arctic Circle.

The writer's comments on the people and places, in this far corner of our inheritance, are rare and illuminating. "Talk of civilizing these half-breeds of the North! They have that gift of repose which we know nothing of, which we may hope to attain after we have lived through automobiles and airships and when many incarnations will have allayed the fever of that unrest which we so blatantly dub 'progress.'"

What a wonderful world it is, to which this woman traveller opens our weary city eyes! "Three thousand miles of waterway, forest-fringed and rampart-guarded, and of its treasures the world knows naught! They await man's development and acceptance—banks of pitch, wells of oil, outcroppings of coal, great masses of unmined salt, mineral wealth uncounted and unguessed." As the "Ramparts" of the great river come in sight, the reader shares the writer's

the Arctic Seas.

The return journey is even more full of interest than the trail to the North. The party leaves Chipewyan on August seventeenth and proceeds up the Peace River to Vermilion. This district affords an immediate prospect of agricultural progress to the settler. "On the Mackenzie, swarthy forms are in evidence, Cree and French is spoken on all sides, there are no fields of waving grain and the dog is the only domestic animal. On the Peace is an essentially white race, cows, chickens, trustworthy old nags, porridge for breakfast, 'the tongue that Shakespeare spake,' rendered in an accent born far ayont the Tweed."

We have all heard of the flour from Vermilion, though our grandfathers would have laughed at the idea of wheat in the Peace River country. Yet we realize what an aristocratic old settlement it is, when we read that people were at work there in 1792. "The first thing to meet our eye," says the writer, "is the red roof of the flour-mill of the H. B. Co., a picture of progressiveness, set in a living frame of golden wheat, the heavy heads nodding to the harvest. . . . The flour-mill that we now inspect is the most northerly wheat-mill on this continent, and it has been running for five years. . . . For thirty years, wheat, oats, barley, and vegetables have been grown in Vermilion, not as an experiment, but as regular commercial crops. Cereals are sown late in April or early in May, and the harvest is gathered in August. More than once, wheat has matured in eighty-six days from seed-sowing to seed-garnering. . . . Vermilion, in its soil fertility, its modernism, culture and arrivedness, is a source of recurring marvel and pleasure. If a handful of people four hundred miles from a railway, as the crow flies, and seven hundred miles by actual practical trails, can accomplish what has been done, into what status

Continued on page 33



# The Mystery of Barry Ingram

BY ANNIE SWAN

## SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Thomas Ingram, of Tyrie Castle, is urged by Carita, his second wife, to send Stephen and Christabel, her step-children away to another home. Barry, her own son, is idle and dissipated and is paying foolish attention to Nancy Simons, the keeper's daughter. Nancy is murdered and Christabel finds the body. Barry is suspected of the crime and cannot be found. Barry revisits home by stealth and Christabel gives him money. He denies any knowledge of the crime. Barry manages to escape by the Irish Mail. A Bank disaster ruins the Forbes fortunes, and distresses Mrs. Ingram who had wished Barry to marry Evelyn Forbes. Mr. Forbes is imprisoned for fraud. Barry arrives in London and goes to groomer's hotel. Barry finds Scottish acquaintances at hotel and departs. Christabel, some time after Nancy's funeral, indulges in conversation with Alan Hastie, the keeper



MISS CHRISTABEL, is it true that ye are agaan to London to seek for Maister Barry?"

The suddenness of the question greatly surprised her.

"Well, not exactly, because you see we are not even sure that he is there," she answered.

"But what makes you ask that?"

"He has never been heard of, has he? You've never heard at Tyrie anything about him?"

"Nothing; it is a complete mystery, and sometimes we all incline to the belief that he is at the bottom of the loch. Mrs. Ingram holds that so strongly that she always wears a black frock now, but I cling to the hope that we may hear something about him yet."

"But it will be London, if he is alive?" persisted Hastie.

"We don't know, we only think he may be there. It is the place where everybody hides. We really don't know what to think, Hastie. It looks like guilt, doesn't it?"

It was somewhat of a relief to Christabel to speak out quite openly to one like Hastie, who though intensely interested, was on the outside.

"It looks like it, maybe, but things are never what they seem," he answered, unexpectedly. "What I should like to do, would be to go to London wi' ye, Miss Christabel, and help ye to search. Maybe ye have a bit of garden that I could work in. I wad seek nae wage only my meat."

Christabel had now no doubt whatever that sorrow had partially unhinged the brain of the man walking by her side.

"There will be no garden where I live," she said a trifle sadly. "Probably I shall have to live at a Settlement House."

"What's that?"

For a moment Christabel was at a loss.

"It's a sort of institution where workers among the poor live together and go out to help others. But even of that I am not sure. I am going just for a few days to a quiet, little hotel I know of in London, and then I will decide."

"Then you would hae no use for me?" she said dejectedly.



Christabel cast a half-smiling, half-compassionate glance at the big, somewhat uncouth figure walking by her side.

"Certainly not; and you would never be able to live in London, nor in any big city after the open life among the wild things. Stick to it, Hastie, and do take my advice and let me seek you another situation," I believe she added with a slight blush. "That I might be able to get you a place with Lord Fincastle, in Ireland. He is there at present. My brother Stephen could write to him."

Hastie shook his head.

"I thank ye kindly, but I'm tired o' the gun," he answered. "Can I tak' it now, Miss Christabel, I gang off here?"

She hesitated a moment before she returned the weapon.

"I have your promise, Hastie?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Christabel. I'll no dae awa' wi' mysel' yet, onyhow. It's very guid o' ye to

tak' so much interest in a worthless fellow like me."

"I have never heard that you are worthless, Hastie, and I don't believe it now. Good-bye. I'll write to you after I get to London, if you will promise to write to me."

"Yes, Miss Christabel."

She hesitated a moment, and then offered her hand. But Hastie's color rose, and he took off his cap, as he shook his head.

"No, but I winna forget that ye wad hae shaken hands wi' me, Miss Christabel. It'll maybe help me yet."

So saying, he grasped the gun and plunged once more into the depths of the wood. Christabel continued her way towards the cottage in the clearing, her mind lifted above the grey of her own thoughts.

The man interested her, the intensity and passion of his nature, and his evident suffering appealed to her very strongly. She could not help speaking of it to Simons whom she found in his kitchen at the cottage, drinking his tea.

"I've come to say good-bye, Simons," she said as she stepped through the open door. "I suppose you have heard that I am going away?"

"Yess, miss, I did hear it, and it wasna guid news for ony of us," said Simons, rising to his feet. "Will ye come in and sit down?"

"I haven't time, thank you. You look very comfortable here, but still, I think it may be wise for you to leave a place full of such painful associations."

"I havena got a job yet, Miss Christabel, but I daursay one will turn up. Whit wey did ye come?"

"Round by the loch and past the dell. A strange thing happened, Simons. I met Alan Hastie wandering about there all alone with his gun, looking the picture of desperation and despair."

"He's never aff the place, and that's gettin' on my nerves, too, Miss Christabel. I wad be feared to say what I think oot lood about Alan Hastie."

"I can guess, I think? You think his conscience is at work?"

Simons nodded emphatically.

"He kens more aboot the thing than we think, that I could swear."

"You would not go so far as to say he fired the shot, Simons?" hazarded Christabel, leaning against the lintel of the door.

"I wadna go so far, at least, as to say it oot lood. If he fired them, it might hae been an accident. We have that to think on—"

"You don't believe that grief for your daughter could make such a change?"

"Not that kind o' change. He was very fond o' her, I grant, but this is mair than common sorrow, like. He aye seems to me like a man pursued. He was here last nicht, and him and me had words. I doot I forgot mysel', and said some things I shouldna; I was sorry for it after, because him and me's saye been freens, but the vera thocht that he nicht hae had a hand in it, and let anither be punished for it, mak's my bluid rin cauld. I canna be the same till him. It's mair than can be expeckit of flesh and bluid."

"I wonder what will be the end of it? Do you know what I think, Simons? That Hastie will put a bullet through his own brain one of these days if nobody keeps an eye on him."

"We dinna want ony mair bluid in the Cardyke woods," observed Simons grimly. "D'ye mind Jamie Barclay, the forester, that used to lodge wi' Hastie in the bothy?"

"I've heard the name. I don't think I can have seen the lad."

"He said Alan was terrible. He couldna bide wi' him ony longer. He has hardly ever sleepit since it happened, and is aye mutterin' to hisel'. If it's no' a guilty conscience, it's a very oncommon grief."

"But we can't do anything. It's the duty of the police, and not ours, Simons, to hound them on to what may very easily be an innocent man."

"I'm in two minds aboot it, whiles, I'll be drappin' a word to the sergeant one of these days, I doot."

"Take care you don't make a mistake; well, good-bye, Simons, I hope to hear that you have a good situation soon, and that time is dealing gently with your sorrow."

"Thank ye, Miss Christabel, very kindly. We are a' wae that ye are leaving Tyrie. It's no' the best that's left."

Christabel shook her head, and with another good-bye passed on her way.

Not caring to return by the haunted path to the dell, she passed on through the thicket immediately in front of the keeper's cottage, and presently came to the wider spaces of Cardyke park, from whence she got an exit by the lodge gate to the high road.

Just outside the gate she met Miss Cousins, the dressmaker of Cardyke, returning from a fitting appointment at a customer's house.

"The very person I wanted to see," she said joyfully. "I was sorry you were out when I called yesterday to pay my account. Tell me, is it Bridgewater Square where your cousin's hotel is? I forgot to write it down."

"Yes, Miss Ingram, it is Groome's Hotel, Bridgewater Square. I made bold to write to her the other day after our talk, and she is very pleased and proud at the idea of having you there, even if it should only be for a very few days."

"I am only too glad to know of such a place recommended by you," said Christabel, as she noted the address in the little memorandum book she always carried in her pocket.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### ON THE THAMES EMBANKMENT.

LADY WELLDON presents her compliments to the Lady Superintendent of the Hermitage Mission, and would be much obliged if she would send one of the Sisters to call upon her this afternoon, if possible, at 83, Prince's Gate."

The sister in charge at the Hostel in Beringer Street, Regent Street, regarded this note with a somewhat perplexed expression on her face. She was a middle-aged woman, with a strong, sweet face, behind which lay a history. "Welldon, Welldon — now, who is Lady Welldon?"

She knit her brows a moment, and after brief meditation arrived at some conclusion satisfactory to herself. She nodded and smiled, and then rose and, opening a door which communicated with a smaller room, asked the sister cutting out some garments at a table to come in.

"Look at that, Christabel? What do you make of it?"

Christabel Ingram, who had now been a year in London and was one of the props of the Hermitage Mission, ran her eye over the sheet of small, delicately perfumed notepaper upon which this summons was traced in a woman's handwriting.

"Who is Lady Welldon?" she naturally asked.

"I couldn't think for a moment, now I remember. She was one of last year's hostesses — in fashionable society, I mean. Her husband has immense works somewhere down Bermondsey way. He gave thousands to charity and endowed a hospital — for that he was knighted. Just when they got all they wanted he died suddenly. I have heard since that she is inconsolable."

"She will help us, you think?"

"I am sure that must be the meaning of the note. You had better go out, dear, this afternoon."

Christabel nodded and noted the address on the hanging tablets at her side. The year had changed Christabel but little, except, perhaps, that her face wore a more peaceful and contented expression. She had found her niche, undoubtedly, and had lived through a very busy, eventful year.

About three o'clock that afternoon Christabel, in the sober garb of the sisterhood, entered an omnibus going out Knightsbridge way. She

alighted at Prince's Gate and sought for number eighty-three. She found the house to be one of the largest in a fine row of mansions facing the park, and its magnificence within fully came up to expectations. The manservant ushered her upstairs at once as if she were expected, and presently Christabel found herself in a small but elegantly furnished boudoir, where she was left for a few moments alone.

Presently a woman like an upper servant, who proved to be Lady Welldon's own maid, opened the door.

"Lady Welldon begs you to excuse her receiving you in her dressing-room, where she has been lying down. She has not been very well to-day. Will you come this way, if you please?"

Christabel followed the woman along the softly carpeted corridor to another room, where a middle-aged lady was lying on a couch drawn up towards the fireplace.

She had no beauty, but rather a harsh face, which looked inexpressibly sad. Her eyes were keen, however, and she fixed them on Christabel's face. Something in her look and bearing seemed to please her, and she stretched out a very friendly hand.

"Thank you so much for answering my note so promptly. I am afraid it was a little vague. Are you Miss Cresswell herself?"

"No; I am one of the sisters. They call me Sister Belle. My name is Christabel Ingram."

"You are a lady, I can see. Do you take-up this work for love of it? I suppose there is no money in it?"

"Oh, none. All the sisters have a little income of their own—I mean, as much as will defray their personal expenses—so that the mission funds are not encroached upon."

"I see. And how comes it that you have given up your life to this sort of thing? You are young and attractive. Had you a disappointment?"



Christabel could not forbear a smile at this blunt questioning, and yet she did not feel that she resented it. Lady Welldon's manner was bad, certainly, but there was a ring of honesty about it which impressed Christabel favorably.

"No, I had no disappointment, but I was not needed at home," she replied, with equal frankness.

"You are Scottish — your tongue betrays you."

"Yes; my home is in the neighborhood of Glasgow."

"Well, and do you like this work? Don't you find it terribly depressing?"

"At times it is, especially when we don't have enough of money to relieve the distress we come in contact with—that is the most depressing of all."

"I suppose you hoped, when you got my letter this morning, that I would offer to help?"

"We certainly did hope so, Lady Welldon," replied Christabel, with a smile.

"Well, I will help; though that is not my immediate object in bringing you here. Yesterday afternoon I read an article in one of the monthlies on the waste of London life. It dealt with the poor people who wander about the Embankment at night. If what the writer says there is true, it is really terrible. Have you ever been on the Embankment at night?"

"Very often."

"In the middle of the night, I mean, when all the seats are occupied by these poor creatures whom the policemen are perpetually moving on?"

"Yes; often. Someone I loved very much has been lost, Lady Welldon, and I have gone there sometimes—in fact, I go regularly to see whether I can find him there."

"How terribly sad! What happened to him? Did he sink down, as so many of them do, through drink?"

"No. It would be a very painful story, Lady Welldon. I would rather not tell it now."

"Ah, well, you will excuse my asking. You don't know anything about me, of course, but I will tell you something. I am a woman who has lost everything in this world she cares about. I had a husband and child. Both are dead. There is nothing left but money. I must spend that. I should like to help, if I could, to stem this terrible drift of which that man writes in the magazine."

"Wherever you give it it will be welcome, Lady Welldon, and—and blessed," she added simply, feeling so much moved that her ordinary reticence seemed to fall away from her.

"Yes; but I want to see for myself. The writer makes mention of the Hermitage Sisters in his article; that is why I wrote last night after I read it. I want to go down there and see for myself. Will you take me?"

"I could do so, of course, Lady Welldon."

"When?"

"Any night."

"To-night, then. Will you come here to dinner, and we can set out together?"

And so it was arranged.

Shortly before nine Christabel returned to Prince's Gate, and after a small but exquisitely served dinner and some further talk over their coffee they got ready for the midnight expedition. Lady Welldon covered her black dress by a long coat lined with fur and trimmed with astrachan, and shortly after eleven they entered the neat one-horse brougham which came to fetch them. It was a night of bitter cold, a north wind driving the snowflakes before it, the sky of inky blackness, though the cheerful lights of London somewhat relieved the general gloom. When the carriage drew up just beyond Westminster Bridge and they stepped out a little shiver shook Lady Welldon, in spite of her enveloping furs. The place and the scene seemed so desolate, with the black river yawning like a gulf in front of them, the snowflakes scudding through the air and resting on the boughs of the sparse trees.

Lady Welldon turned to her companion, at the same time gripping a roomy black satin bag in her two hands.

"Loose change," she explained. "It isn't any use coming unless one can do something, and we can at least pay for a night's lodging for some of them."

"Let us go over and interview that big policeman," suggested Christabel. "He has turned his lantern on us, anyhow, and is regarding us with suspicion."

"Why, I thought every policeman in London knew you!"

"When did I claim such notoriety?" smiled the sister. "Let us cross the road. He's waiting for us."

He was, with a very odd expression on his face.

"You do the talking, Sister. Policemen always terrify me; and though I have never done anything very wicked in my life, I am sure they would like to apprehend me. You do things so naturally you disarm suspicion."

The sister took her companion's arm and piloted her across the now slippery roadway. They were a little beyond the brighter glare of lights from the bridge and the great sweep of Westminster, but the constable's brilliant lantern turned full on their faces helped to relieve the gloom.

"Good-evening, constable," said the sister cheerfully. "You don't know me, I suppose?"

"I haven't seen ye afore that I mind on," he answered, with an accent which delighted the ears on which it fell.

"Oh, you're Scottish; so am I. I'm one of the Hermitage Sisters, don't you know?"

"I ken the uniform, miss, of course. Is it somebody you're seeking?"

"Not exactly—to-night, at least," she answered, but it seemed as if a slight shadow fell across her sweet face. "This is Lady Welldon; she has come down with me to see for herself that there really are so many of the lost here, and she wants to invite them to a supper."

"The night?" asked the policeman bluntly.

"No; one night soon. She wants to get some idea of the number."

"If ye tell them what's on, sister, you'll get them in their thousands. Guid news as weel as bad travels quicker on the Embankment than ony ither place I've ever seen."

Lady Welldon made no remark as they crossed the road in a slanting direction once more and came to the greasy pavement running parallel with the Embankment wall. They stopped presently at the seats about Cleopatra's Needle, on which were huddled many forms, some of them almost bent together, none of them sitting up, alert or on the watch.

Several heads were lifted as the dull eyes looked in momentary inquiry at the two figures, but no one spoke. The wretchedness of the scene, the apparent dazed apathy of the poor creatures, part of the great drift of London life, had the effect of terrifying the rich woman, who had never in her life faced the facts of poverty and misery, but had resolutely kept all unpleasant things away from her until overwhelming sorrow had awakened her heart.

"Shall you speak to them, Christabel?" she asked hurriedly. "Do you think it will be safe? They don't look as if they would comprehend what anybody said. I almost wish I hadn't come."

Christabel drew her forward, and touched the arm of a poor woman who was sitting at the extreme end of one of the seats, her head half hanging over the arm.

"Garn!" she growled. "Lemme alone, carn't yer. I ain't doin' no 'arm to naybody."

She drew herself up angrily, expecting to see

the policeman and to hear the eternal mandate to move on. But when she observed the two ladies her manner instantly changed and she became the servile and whining beggar waiting with outstretched hand for a copper.

Lady Welldon dived into the bag of loose coin on her arm and produced a silver piece, over which, however, Christabel's fingers instantly closed.

"No, no, that is far too much. A sixpence is quite enough. Don't! I assure you that for sixpence, or less, she can have both bed and supper and breakfast."

"Take the bag, Christabel, and disburse the contents. I should give it all away at once. Poor creature, she looks dreadful—hardly like a woman." Christabel offered the sixpence, which was instantly closed upon with wolfish eagerness.

"If you want a meal—a good supper—on Friday night," said Christabel clearly, "come to the shelter at Larcombe Street at ten o'clock. Yes, all of you. Here are the tickets."

Christabel took the bundle of tickets, held with a rubber band, from an inner pocket, and gave one to each. By this time the whole of the loungers were aroused at the prospect of something in store for them, and to each was given a small dole to purchase shelter for the night.

Lady Welldon would not touch them. She stood behind the sister, whose year in London had somewhat accustomed her to such sights; she eyed them furtively, however, appalled by the depths to which human beings could sink.

"I had no idea such things really existed," she said breathlessly as they turned away from the Needle to walk to the next seat. "And how you can bear to go so near to them and to touch them as you do I can't comprehend. I am filled with nothing but disgust and fear."

"I am used to it, dear," said Christabel quietly. "Did you see the hunted look in that man's eyes—the older man, who hung back a bit? He has sunk by his own misdeeds, I am sure."

"But surely they have all done that? That poor wretch of a woman looks capable of anything."

"There are heaps of sad stories on the Embankment, Lady Welldon, and there is a surprising proportion of these poor creatures who have sunk through no fault of their own. Here's another batch. Shall we go on as long as the money lasts?"

"Yes. But the thing that seems so dreadful to me is that this is less than a drop in the ocean. I suppose this is no exception? If we were to come to-morrow night should we see just the same thing?"

"Yes; and every other night throughout the year," replied Christabel, with a sort of quiet mercilessness. "You challenged me, you know, Lady Welldon, to prove to you that things were so bad. You are convinced now?"

"Oh, quite; and I should like to go home now and lock my door and forget that such things exist."

"That will not be possible, I fear. Come, and let us get the bag emptied."

The next seat was full also, and when they approached a figure nearest bounded to its feet. It was a man, wearing an overcoat very shabby and thin, and the holes in his boots were pitifully in evidence. He had his hat drawn well over his brows, from which his eyes looked out furtively as if suspicious and ill at ease. But some attempt at respectability, even at cleanliness, was there, which always touched Christabel more than anything. Her heart warmed to the man or woman who went down with a struggle, fighting to the last.

"Don't go just yet," she said in her quiet, kind voice. "We are friends. Won't you take from us as much as will give you a clean bed to-night and a good breakfast?"

Something in her voice seemed to arrest his attention so that he was rooted to the spot. Christabel took another step so that she could see the face on which the light of the neighboring lamp fully shone.

Then she gave a little cry. It was not Barry's face, but another, which she had last seen in the spring setting of the Cardyke woods.

"Hastie—Alan Hastie!" she said, almost trembling. "Whatever has brought you to this?"



#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE NIGHT SIDE OF LIFE.

ALAN HASTIE looked round a little wildly, as if he would have fled the place. But Christabel laid a firm, detaining hand on his arm.

"No, you don't go like this. I heard from home, of course, that you had left the neighborhood. What tempted you to come to London?"

"You ken," he answered in a sullen whisper.

Continued on page 32



# PUNCH AND JUDY

## The Story of this Fascinating Traveller

By ESTELLE M. KERR

I SUPPOSE there is nobody in this enlightened age who has never seen a Punch and Judy show. We are all familiar with the antics of Punch from our youth upwards — but especially in our youth. He becomes a less real personage in the "upwards."

Most people think he is English. It is a common error and not a surprising one. To begin with, his name is English and his

wife's name is English too, or possibly Irish. Toby, too, has an English sound. If anybody told you Punch was an Italian, you'd punch him, wouldn't you! And yet he is. I've met him in France and Italy, and many other countries, but that doesn't prove anything; everybody knows that Punch is a traveller, he's always on the go! I never knew him to stay more than a week in one place, and that only during fair time. The question is, where was he born? And the answer, Italy. "Then how does he come by his name?" you will say, and I tell you he has changed it. Many people change their names when they come to a new country. Some of them have done something they are ashamed of in the old land, and want to start life afresh; but that wasn't the way with Punch. Not that he had never done anything to be ashamed of, but he was a hardened old villain.

I once knew two Frenchmen called Blancpied, brothers, who came to America, settled in different parts, married and forgot about each other, but they both grew tired of their name, for the Americans couldn't pronounce it, not even their own wives; so one of the brothers translated the name and called himself Whitefoot, and the other ended by spelling it the way the neighbors pronounced it, Blumpey; so if you met Mr. Whitefoot and Mr. Blumpey, you would never dream they were brothers, would you? That is the way with Punch. He is Pulcinella in Italy, Polichinelle in France, and Punchinello in England. Only, as that is too long a name, the English-speaking people call him Punch.

Now, don't blame Italy for Punch's bad manners, for I tell you he is thoroughly cosmopolitan. The Italians have not a monopoly for wife-beating, indeed Punch has degenerated since he came to our country. In the puppet shows of Italy, he fought with allegorical figures of Want and Weariness, as well as with his wife and the policeman; he was on intimate terms with the Patriarchs, he sat in the lap of the Queen of Sheba and had dukes and queens for his companions. He cheated the Inquisition, as well as the common hangman.

Punch does in Rome as the Romans do. But he always keeps his Roman nose, you will say. There again, you mustn't blame Italy for his looks! He was not a Roman, but a Neapolitan, and was much better-looking in his native land, than he is in our country. There he wore a mask on his face, a white smock and trousers, and a Neapolitan grey felt hat. In fact, he dressed just as Puccio d' Anniello, the Father of all Punches, dressed before him.

Sometime in the Seventeenth Century, a company of strolling comedians set up their stage in a little town near Naples, and started to entertain the people with their jests and capers. The jokes were old, the clown was stiff, and the spectators began to yawn, when a funny little man who cultivated a vineyard on the mountain-side, and had driven to town with a wagon-load of grapes, passed by, and seeing the players he stopped, returned their jests with nimble wit, and soon had the entire audience convulsed with laughter, not at the players, but at himself.

The comedians were very much provoked at first, but seeing what great talent the little man possessed, and that his droll appearance alone made everybody smile, they begged him to join the company. The life appealed to Puccio d' Aniello—for that was his name; he was tired of his vineyard, and longed for travel and excitement, so he went with them from place to place, and all the people flocked to see him. He became

so popular that at his death, a masked actor took his place and imitated his voice and manner. In course of time puppets were made in his likeness and called after him, so that he still played on mimic stages, at all the Fairs in Italy, and delighted the people, young and old. This miniature Puccio d'Aniello had a hooked nose, like a beak, a squeaky little voice, and was of a very timorous nature, so the people said: "He is like a little chicken!" and his name gradually changed to Pulcinello, from the Italian "pulcino," a chicken.

The original puppet was a cowardly, boastful country clown, given to knavish tricks and shrewd sayings; the Punch that went to France, developed a hunchback and became extremely

\* \* \*

## PEGGY'S VALENTINE

### How a Small Girl got an Unexpected Blessing



DABNEY'S drug store in Mereford had the most beautiful valentines in the window — hearts of blue forget-me-nots, hearts of roses, hearts of violets and hearts of ivy-green. Four small girls stopped on their way from school, to look at the lavish display, and sighed over the beautiful valentines which made the window "almost as good as Christmas-time." There was one which was especially gorgeous — a pink frosted dove on a cushiony card of pale blue satin.

"That must be nearly fifty cents," sighed Della Martin. "I wonder if any of the boys in our form will have money enough to buy it."

"Tom Gibson may buy it for Grace Linton. She always gets such lovely valentines. But then she's so pretty!" sighed Peggy Lee.

"But she knows it," said Bessie Mitford.

"She couldn't help knowing it," said the loyal Peggy, who had a heartfelt admiration for Grace's blue eyes and golden curls. "She's the prettiest girl in the school."

"Well, I don't believe Tom has money enough to buy that valentine," concluded the practical Bessie. "Of course, he works on Saturdays in Wilson's store, but he'd have to save up a long time for a valentine like that."

"Grace got ten valentines last year, and I believe my brother Ted is going to give her one this year," said Della Martin. "I was teasing him about it the other night, for I saw a pink valentine hidden away under his ties, and when I asked him about it he was awfully angry and said I was always sneaking around. I'm sure it's for Grace because he gets red every time we say that she's a pretty girl. I'd be perfectly satisfied if some one were to send me those two little cupids with the lovely frosted wings."



So they all admired the dove to the satisfaction of their hearts and then departed for the rink where Grace Linton was cutting all manner of fancy figures in a style which brought an increase of envy to the hearts of Bessie and Della. Was it not enough that Grace should have beauty and fine clothes, with furs that were the best in town? It seemed a shame that she should also be able to skate backwards and do figure eights and "rolls" in a way to make the less dexterous wonder how one shiny pair of skates could carry out these icy experiments. Peggy Lee, however, refused to join those who were criticizing and remained spellbound in admiration of Grace's fanciful feats.

witty. He was introduced into France during the reign of Louis XIV. and was hailed with delight by the French people, who used him as a medium for political satire. The "Letters of Polichinelle to Cardinal Mazarin" excited attention, and puppet shows were seen nightly in French country villages, where people listened eagerly to the witty remarks of Polichinelle, and learned the latest news from court. Judy was called Joanne, and a cat was sometimes used in place of Toby.

Punch went to England with King William, retaining the hunchback he had acquired in France, but little of the wit. He became very domestic, quarrelling only with his wife and ordinary tradespeople and his programme has varied but little in the course of generations, though in one of the early English productions a pig was introduced who danced a minuet with Punch.

The Punch and Judy show is now a British institution, and therefore is most conservative. We would be surprised and shocked if Punch began to talk politics or do anything different from what he did when our grandmothers were children. In Italy the puppet theatres are very numerous, and other characters rival Pulcinello in popularity, but with us our own funny little British Punch is the king of all puppets and will always have first place in our affections.

There came the twelfth of February, when there were rumors of valentine parties and of "comics" which were to be inflicted on certain unpopular characters.

"We're going to send Sarah Roberts such a funny one," announced Bessie Mitford, as she was having tea at Peggy's. "You know she's the crossiest thing you ever knew. She lives with her Aunt Nancy, who takes in laundry work, and I bought a funny valentine to-day of a girl hanging out clothes, which looks a little like Sarah. It's a dreadful scarecrow with hair all flying and an old purple petticoat on."

"Don't you think the poor girl has some excuse for being cross?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"Perhaps. But she says the rudest things all the time and made fun of me yesterday because my shoes squeaked."

"She has dreadful clothes," said Peggy thoughtfully. "I know she has a horrid disposition, but don't you suppose that she has loads of trials?"

"Just think," continued Mrs. Lee, "what it would be like to have no nice clothes, no dainty things to eat—no mother."

Bessie looked reflective and Peggy began to wink painfully. "I'll tell you," said the latter. "I've got five cents to spare. Suppose that you and I put our money together and get a nice ten-cent valentine for Sarah."

"That wouldn't be a bad idea," said Peggy's Cousin Ralph, who was eighteen years old—almost grown-up—and was visiting Canada for the first time. He came from the West Indies and was in Peggy's words "ever so much politer than the young men in Mereford."

Bessie regarded Cousin Ralph with great respect and yielded at once to his superior opinion. "Very well. Perhaps that *will* be better and the poor thing will be so surprised."

So a pretty daisied heart was sent to Sarah Roberts, who actually showed it to Bessie and Peggy on St. Valentine's Day and forgot to be disagreeable when they told her how beautiful it was, and thawed, in the sunshine of their friendliness, into a likable girl.

But when Peggy reached home that night with skates "chuck full" of snow and cheeks like Killarney roses, she found a white parcel beside her plate, tied with blue ribbon.

"I wonder if it's a valentine," she said, in delightful anticipation.

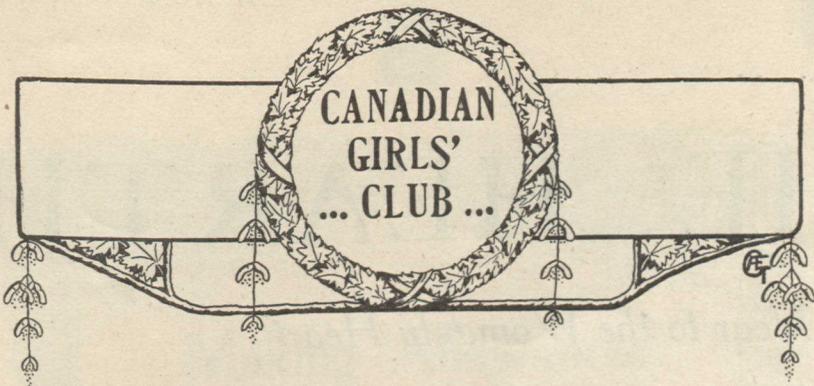
"You'd better open it," said her father with a chuckle.

With trembling fingers she untied ribbon and parcel, and disclosed—the wonderful pink dove, on a blue satin resting-place.

"Did you ever see anything so beautiful?" exclaimed Peggy. "I wonder who could have sent it."

"He must think a great deal of you," said Cousin Ralph.

But to this day Peggy has not found out who sent the prettiest valentine she ever saw.



AS you go around among your friends I wonder if you hear the remarks that many subscribers are writing to us—they say they feel independent now of foreign magazines, they are glad that Canadian women have a magazine of their own. Everywhere is a pride in THE HOME JOURNAL because it is a Canadian magazine.

And doesn't it seem that as the Dominion grows stronger and richer, we Canadians take an increasing pride in our country—in the railroads that, boldly forcing their way through unsettled lands have carried civilization with them, in the grain fields of the West—the granary of the Empire; in the increasing growth of manufacture and commerce? It is certainly a worthy pride, for it is the pride of doing and accomplishing, winning by brain and energy, not merely pride of heritage.

The HOME JOURNAL is just one of these industries, forcing its way ahead in spite of the opposition of foreign magazines, having heavy losses by constantly keeping its size

a girl's room. It ought to arouse a keen competition among all the JOURNAL girls, for most of you have a camera or can prevail upon a friend to help in securing a good picture of your room at its very best. Some girls are fortunate enough to possess a sitting-room or studio, as well as a bedroom. These also are eligible for the competition, although such a room ought to suggest in some way the feminine individuality of the possessor. We have received, from some of you, descriptions of rooms which sound most charming, such as a "blue room" and a "rose room"; but pictures, or rather photographs, are what we require at present.

One of our girl friends has a room which is a perfect rest and refreshment. The girl's name is Violet and, strange to say, her appearance and personality are in keeping with the name. It is so dangerous to give a girl baby a flower name, for she is more than likely to develop tendencies which are not at all in keeping with the namesake. I know a Daisy, who is an excellent athlete and



HOCKEY TEAM, 1910, ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, MONTREAL.

and quality just ahead of its patronage; recognizing that the understanding and sympathy and unity of a country of such wide territory depend upon its literature.

Entirely aside from energy that demands an outlet and the desire for the money to be earned, it would seem that the working members of our Canadian Girls' Club should feel a special pride in the HOME JOURNAL and determination to widen its usefulness. Many letters I receive express just such a feeling, probably many who do not speak of it feel the same way. *What does it matter to us?* Perhaps nothing in the way of business. We do not trade on such a sentiment, the liberal payments are for all alike, and are open to all of our girl readers—yet we like to think there is such a feeling.

We have some specially attractive offers at this time, and hope that every girl that is interested and is not now enrolled among the workers, will write us.

Very sincerely,

SECRETARY, CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB.

\* \* \*

OUR girl readers will, of course, be interested in our photograph competition, which closes on March 1st. The third prize of five dollars is offered for the best photograph of

who would like nothing better than to go on a hunting expedition in British Columbia, or with Miss Agnes Deans Cameron in a dash for the Arctic Circle. Sewing she does not care for, and domestic duties generally are not included in her catalogue of things desirable. Of course, it is most sad that a Daisy should be of this temperament, but such is the truth regarding her proclivities. Then there is a Pansy who is anything but thoughtful, in spite of her name, and who is just a fluttering butterfly girl—and there is a Lily who has the ardent temper and brightness of a rose. However, *this Violet* is in keeping with her name and has made a point of having everything in her room to accord with her floral fancy.

Curtains with a dainty violet border, a hanging-cupboard with violet leaves entwined in decorative effect and a set of toilet silver, engraved in violet design are worthy of the care and expense in the planning. After all, a girl's realm is well worth the extra dollars. Many a girl who spends most of her allowance on clothes has a room which is cheap and tawdry in furnishing and decoration—not a good book or picture to be seen. In the next two months we hope to receive many a "counterfeit presentment" of a girl's room.

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# AROUND THE HEARTH

*Bright Paragraphs on Subjects Near to the Womanly Heart*

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

## TRUE AND UNTRUE.

He was a dog;  
But he stayed at home  
And guarded the family night and day.  
He was a dog  
That didn't roam.  
He lay on the porch, or chased the stray—  
The tramps, the burglar, the hen away;  
For a dog's true heart for that household beat  
At morning and evening, in cold and heat.  
He was a dog.

He was a man,  
And didn't stay  
To cherish his wife and children fair.  
He was a man;  
And every day  
His heart grew callous, its love-beats rare.  
He thought of himself at the close of the day  
And cigar in his fingers, hurried away  
To the club, the lodge, the store, the show,  
But he had a right to go, you know—  
He was a man.

\* \* \*

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

"HE went his way, and I went mine," were the explanatory words of poor little Mrs. McLachlan, the victim of her husband's perfidy. And that is the keynote of thousands of domestic tragedies one reads of in the daily papers, whose columns tell us of death by hanging, drowning, razor, or carbolic acid. The bitterness of such a mode of living becomes greater than human strength can endure and so the poor, tried soul cuts loose from its cruel thralldom, and through the gate of suicide escapes what, to it, is worse than death.

It has become so common that we read unmoved, many terrible happenings, and only when the crime is singularly atrocious or pathetic, do we devote our attention, or expend our sympathy, as in the recent outbreaks in Ontario, and the above-mentioned. He lived his own style of life, and she lived hers, and in heart and purpose were as far apart as the poles. She centred her interests in her children, and found her solace in religion; he sought his pleasures outside his own home, and enjoyed the society of women other than his wife. And so the terrible crime ended it all, severed the hateful ties that bound them together, sent her to an untimely grave, and branded him as a murderer.

The world reads, makes a nine days' wonder of it, and rushes along, while all around the same silent tragedies are being enacted, hearts slowly breaking; lives being lived apart, but the gall and wormwood of it all are hidden away beneath the stoical surface of the stern-visaged business man, who carries his hurt in silence, none daring to intrude, or drowned in the fascination of a society life, steeling the heart, covering up the wound, wearing the mask of happiness, while the poisoned arrow is fastened with its deadly grip, and hope fled, tenderness all gone. Husband and wife! Oh, me! the thought is overwhelming, but we know it is true, because we see it; yes, we see it, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true!"

\* \* \*

"DO you mean it? Is that what you want? If so, we will do it," said a young wife to her husband, looking straight into his eyes from across the table, after remonstrating with him for his neglect of her, leaving her to spend long evenings, while he sought his boon companions of old, and spent the time at his club, often far into the night. "Do you want to do as you say, live your own life, and let me live mine? Let us understand each other, for I am willing, though it means one of three things for me: the grave, the asylum, or another roof. It is not my idea of married life, for I always pictured us as sitting around our own hearth, reading and revelling in the happiness of each other's company, having mutual interests, and ready for any entertainment we could enjoy together. But this way of living is contrary to all my ideals of home

life. To sit alone hour after hour waiting and watching; to strain my ear for the sound of your footsteps, which I learned to love so well, when you thought the hours all too short that you spent with me, it crushes me; it is killing me. So I am willing to accept anything, so long as it relieves suspense, even to a final blow to all my fond expectations." She was in deep earnest, and he realized it, which probably saved two lives from being wrecked on the reef of what some are pleased to call their freedom, their liberty to do as they please after they are married the same as before they were pledged to each other for life. There is no domestic rock which blasts the happiness of so many homes as that of neglect—the husband who finds his enjoyment anywhere but by his own fireside; the wife who leaves her home and family for outside pleasures and gayeties, until her husband believes that his chief attraction in her eyes is his ability to furnish her the wherewithal to follow the pursuit of fashion and vanity. Misunderstandings arise, and are never explained away; quarrels ensue, and there is no desire to straighten them out; pride on one side, resentment on the other, so the gulf widens, reproaches fall unheeding, sarcasm loses its power to cut, they are learning to forget. She drives out in her carriage with attendants, envied by less fortunate women; he steps from his automobile, and goes up to the door of the brown stone front, the picture of prosperity, and then—Yes, beyond it is cold and lifeless, and cheerless, despite the grandeur of the surroundings. No brightening of the eye to welcome him, no relaxation of the set muscles as he unsmilingly greets her! All is over between them, the hearts have become callous to love's emotion, they are living their own lives.

\* \* \*

NOT long ago, a company of women were discussing whether or not it were advisable for persons of exactly opposite temperaments to marry, or should they choose one who had the same aims in life, like dispositions and qualities of mind. It was conceded that, while in all probability life might run more smoothly were the couple always in harmony with every point at issue, still it might not be beneficial to the up-building of the individual character for this constant unanimity. It certainly has an agreeable sound, this gliding along the matrimonial path in mutual sympathy, and is well worth coveting. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his "Professor at the Breakfast-table" says: "The idea that in this world each young person is to wait until he or she finds that precise counterpart, who alone of all creation was meant for him or her, and then fall instantly in love with it, is pretty enough, only it is not Nature's way. It is not at all essential that all pairs of human beings should be, as we sometimes say, 'born for each other.'"

Sometimes a man or a woman is made a great deal better and happier in the end for having had to conquer the faults of the one beloved, and make the fitness, not found at first, by gradual assimilation. There is a class of good women who have no right to marry perfectly good men, because they have the power of saving those who would go to ruin, but for the guiding providence of a good wife. "I have known many such cases." I am glad he wrote that, and I believe—well, I think I believe all of it—and I, too, have known such cases. Occasionally we come across the marriage where they were "born for each other." They are rare, remarkably so, but they do exist, for I have seen it proven, homes where the most perfect harmony existed. "In all the years of our married life, my husband has never once spoken a cross word to me, in fact, he has never even looked cross at me," said a happy wife to me, and I know she spoke the truth. Think of it, Heaven on earth as it must be! But alas! too few can testify!

\* \* \*

MANY a time have I marveled at the incongruity of matrimonial alliances, the jolly light-hearted man treating life's problem as a

huge joke, tied to a serious, economical wife, who sees only the practical side of things; and again the tight-fisted, domineering husband tyrannizing over a gentle, timid woman. I have puzzled over the why and wherefore of the handsome husband and the plain wife; the homely, austere man, and pretty, frivolous woman; the educated and talented united with the ignorant and commonplace; the vile with the pure; but the solution was always elusive. Joined in wedlock, and no two characteristics alike! Religion linked with infidelity, the ignoble with the true, what power has drawn them together? How is it possible for them to conform, to assimilate? What does it mean?

It means, ah, the sometimes cost of it, the giving up of one's own pleasure and inclination to suit the taste, the ease of another; to deny one's self the proper rights, even to resign what one believes to be the duty; to yield; to compromise; yea, even to bury one's identity to meet the whim of another! Yes, that is what it means, oh, man, or, woman, and how we quail to face the situation!

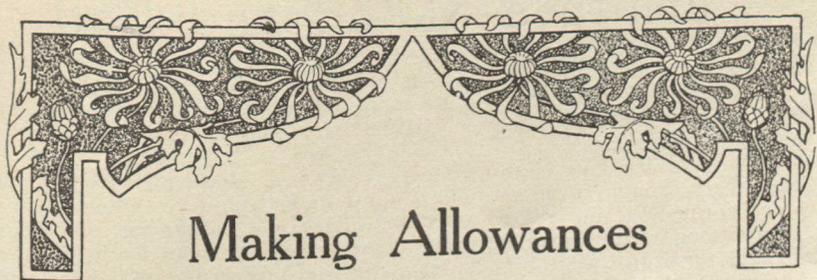
We don't choose to solve the problem of this inexplicable law that seems to attract opposites; we don't want to remember that happy wedded life depends on two great promoters, congeniality and unselfishness; we forget our marriage vows to "love and cherish" each other always; we chafe and fume over each other's faults, often inwardly, 'tis true, but will not accept that process of assimilation whereby we might drift into calm seas. Instead we drift apart, the distance always widening, silence, resignation settles upon our countenances, martyr-like we endure the years together, love is lost, the cord is snapped asunder, and

What silences we keep year after year,  
With those who are most near to us, and dear!  
We live beside each other day by day,  
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say  
The full sweet word that lies, just in our reach,  
Beneath the commonplace of common speech."

\* \* \*

WE often require direct antagonism to bring out the best that is in us; the indolent man needs the energy of his wife's disposition to spur him on; the strong character upholds the weak; the sordid nature should have generosity to offset it; and so on down the catalogue of virtues and vices, and thus men and women are helped and led. Example is stronger than precept, 'tis said, and so the gruff and uncouth become kind and refined, the cross and irritable grow gentle and patient. The moulding is done unseen and unnoticed, but looking backward over the years, remembering the rough and rugged path, the cup so bitter to our taste, we see our mistakes, they stand out distinct in our past, and we know the remedies were what we needed, for we understand that every scar was of intrinsic value in character-building.

The great majority of us move on in the even tenor of our daily struggle with the husbands and wives we have chosen, we agree to disagree on many things, sometimes matters look serious, but we "kiss and make up," and start afresh. We take for granted that our partners love us, although they never take time to tell us so, we study their likes and dislikes so long as it does not inconvenience us too sadly, and thus we jog along, and fight shy of divorce courts. We are horribly shocked when people call marriage a failure. We women keep house, raise the family, have some little glimpses of society, pleasure and travel, and the men, bless 'em, why they supply the bread and butter, and—let me use the words of a man (a man, mind you) in writing to a correspondence column conducted by a man—"Between our tobacco and whisky, clubs and gambling, we are becoming a very degenerate race." Hard on them, eh? Well, anyway, it was not "my man" they meant, nor yours, no indeed, dear fellows, they're all right.



## Making Allowances

THE subject of the allowance is a vexed question in many households and often occasions a serious difference of opinion.

"At last, Harry has consented to give me an allowance," said a matron of several years' experience to an unmarried friend.

"What is the difference?" asked the spinster, who is earning fifteen dollars a week and seldom troubles her head about finances.

"Oh, it's the greatest difference in the world. You see, I know now just how much I have to depend on and I can plan things and count on saving just so much and it's perfectly lovely."

Does a man ever realize just how humiliating it is to a woman to ask for money? She simply hates to do it. Of course, some women become callous to the situation and do not care how many shrugs and grunts there are, before the cheque or the bank-note is forthcoming. There are husbands who seem to have grasped the awkwardness of this situation and lose no time in having a serious talk over the financial situation and ar-

regular allowance. Believe me, she will be satisfied with much less than the hired helper who would be a necessity should the "siren call" strike your home. Moreover what hired help could take the place of the daughter of the house? The girl who gives you cheerful service day after day, who attends to the thousand and one duties of your house as a matter of course, who entertains your guests—in short the girl of whom you are proud enough when you take time to think about it.

Make your daughter as independent as the city worker, give her an allowance as her right, not making her ask for every cent she spends as a favor on your part, and I believe very few country girls will have any desire to leave their comfortable homes for the crowded "hall bedrooms" of a city boarding house.



MANY of our readers will be interested in the opinions quoted above, and we should like to hear



THE ANNIVERSARY—THE LADY'S REALM

ranging for a stated allowance. Then there are wives who seem to take endless time and experience before learning how to make the allowance "last" and who are decidedly stupid in not being able to apportion the requisite sums for household expenditure.

There is another allowance aspect which is sure to agitate the family circle as soon as the girls begin to grow up. Each girl, as she becomes a woman, feels the need for independence and her own purse. Then comes discontent, while the struggle is going on for parental recognition of a daughter's needs.

A writer in *Farm and Dairy* says: We hear a great deal in these days of the lure of the city, and the craving for unhealthy amusements which draws young people there. Now the subject "How to keep the Boys on the Farm," has been pretty thoroughly discussed, so let me say a word for the girls.

In nine cases out of ten, it is no longing for mere pleasure, nor is it any innate depravity, as some good people would have us believe that takes country girls to the factories and offices in the cities. It is simply the desire, natural enough too, for money of their own which they may spend as they please.

The remedy is simple enough—why not try it? Make your daughter a

from them on these subjects—both as to the wife's allowance and that accorded the daughter. It is a subject which needs consideration from all sides, for one of the most serious disturbances in the domestic circle arises from dispute over financial matters. The extensive entrance of women into commercial life has caused more or less unrest in home circles. Yet home seems the natural sphere for woman and most girls, if taken into the financial confidence of their elders and given their share of the family profits, would show a much keener interest in their work and their expenditure.

Married women, when talking about "how they manage" almost invariably touch upon the matter of allowances and compare notes as to financial policy. Let us hear from our HOME JOURNAL readers on this momentous subject. The experiences of the older matrons in the disposition of the allowance would, no doubt, prove helpful to the younger home-makers.

The men, also, will not be debarred from expressing an opinion on this matter, since they are Chancellors of the Exchequer. Money is a mighty force, after all, and the home cannot be built and cannot be "run" without dollars and cents. Consequently, we wish you all to write about the family purse.

# The popular reason for eating

## Quaker Oats

A BIG dish of Quaker Oats for breakfast or supper with sugar or a little milk or cream is perfectly delicious; it is economical and wholesome.

These things furnish the popular reason for the tremendous consumption of Quaker Oats, exceeding all other oat-meals combined and greater than the consumption of any other food sold in packages.

The appetizing appearance, the rich, delicious flavor, the satisfaction of eating body-building, wholesome food, and the great economy of it have been the things that won the millions of friends to Quaker Oats.

The family that eats frequently and plentifully of this delicious cereal is sure to be a family remarkable for good health and vigor; the baby, the school boy and girl, the college chap, the business man, the housewife and the old folks, all, will gain steadily on such food.

Economical, delicious, strengthening.



The Quaker Oats Company

Peterborough

WHEN YOU BUY

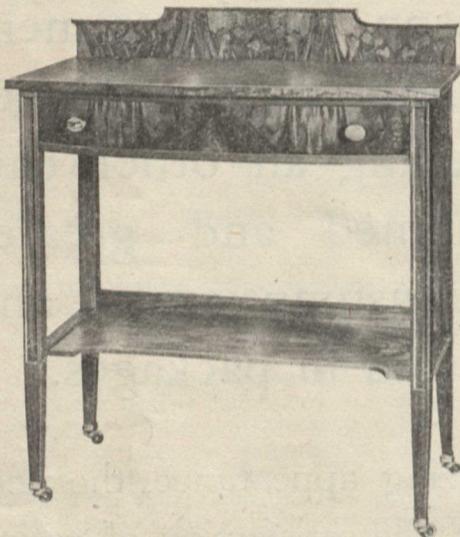
# FURNITURE

You may just as well buy the Best

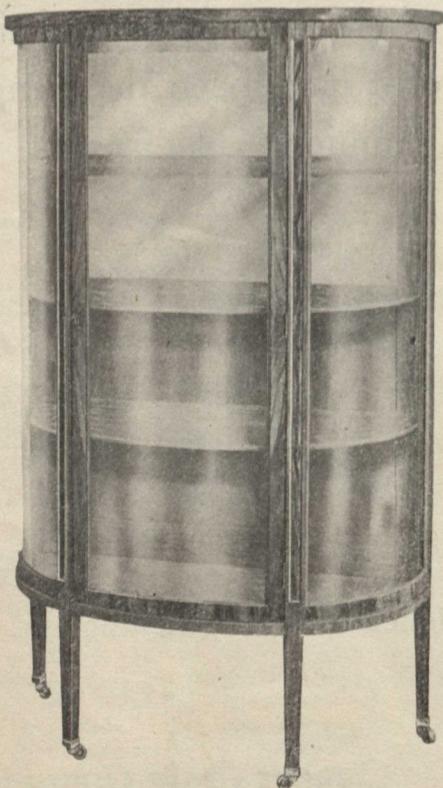
¶ The most expensive furniture is not always the best, as it is often too massive, gorgeous and entirely lacking in artistic design.



To know it is genuine look for our shop-mark on every piece, it is your guarantee



¶ The "Better Make" of "Canadian Quality" furniture is filling a long felt want in homes of refinement and good taste. This make is intended for those desiring to furnish their homes with "out of the ordinary" kind of furniture.



¶ The three pieces we show here give but a faint idea of the extent and exclusiveness of our make. As no furniture merchant can be expected to carry all of our pieces on his floor, we have prepared a PORTFOLIO OF PHOTO-GRAVURES showing over 100 of our pieces. This handsome book can be seen at all stores handling our furniture. Orders can be placed from it almost as satisfactory as from the furniture itself.

WE HAVE TABLE AND CHAIRS TO MATCH

**Toronto Furniture Co.**  
Limited  
TORONTO, CAN.

## Furniture—Good and Bad

THE question of furnishing is, next to the building of the house itself, the most important in the eyes of the home-makers. The fashions which have held sway over dining-room, bedroom and drawing-room are an interesting history in themselves and afford a commentary on varying tastes and tendencies.

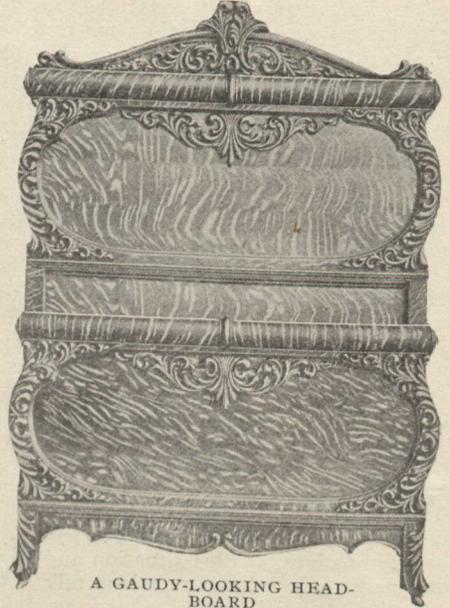
The colonial days in this country saw the solid old pieces which our forefathers brought from the Old Country and set up in humble homes which formed the nucleus of a nation. These old pieces are now being eagerly sought, and fortunate is the possessor of heirlooms in the form of colonial furniture. The high bureau, the four-post bedstead and the ponderous sofa belong to that substantial age when anything cheap was regarded with doubtful eye.

Curiously enough the modern taste appears to be returning to the colonial style. With the fondness for the colonial in architecture comes the desire for colonial designs in furniture and equipment. Even the old-fashioned leaded panes and the glass door-knobs and handles have come back in all their transparent charm.

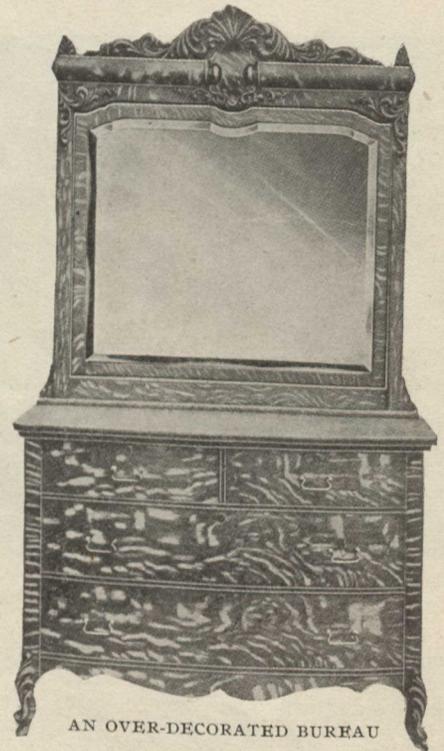
THERE was a time when it seemed as if we were doing our best to over-decorate and carve every article of furniture, when scrolls and flowers appeared everywhere and the dusting of the furniture became a burden. Such atrocities may be seen in the illustrations accompanying this article which exhibit this craze for elaborate devices at its crudest. The more small jig-saw work could be crammed on head-board, wardrobe or bureau-top, the greater was the artistic triumph. Then there was the glad era of the red plush upholstery which was painful to the eye and a lurking-place for dust and germs.

A simpler style has come into fashion, and we hope it may abide, for the comfort of dusting day is great when there are no crevices to dive into, no wreaths and scrolls to polish into respectability. On the page opposite is a bedroom suite showing the simplicity and dignity of the favorite modern styles. The lines are severe, yet there is a grace about each piece of furniture which gives an air of completeness and congruity to the suite. The various pieces harmonize charmingly and afford an illustration of modern comfort and simple ease, which are in delightful contrast to the vulgar over-decoration of the earlier types. February is the month which the department stores of our large cities have selected for furniture sales. There is no doubt that many housewives will plan to devote some time and attention to furniture additions during the third month of the winter. The girl who is preparing for an April or May wedding will also be interested in the furniture floor. May the housewives, whether bride or matron, avoid the snare of tawdry decoration and choose the dignified severity.

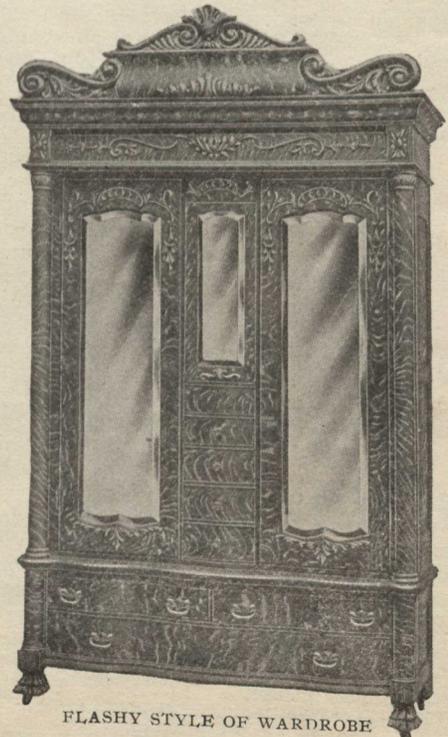
There is a greater variety of pieces displayed on the page opposite than belonged to the old-time bedroom set. The writing-table is nearly always found in the modern bedroom, while the somnolent is an article which fashion has lately decreed and which makes a most convenient addition to the comforts of a room. A small table may be used instead of the conventional "dresser" and a pretty stool is a desirable adjunct. However, in this connection, the size of the room should be carefully considered. In the ordinary small bedroom of the city, there is a stern necessity for economizing space. Hence the pieces of furniture in such an apartment should be few and carefully chosen. Above all the appearance of over-crowding should be avoided. It is not necessary to expend a large sum to have a suitable suite.



A GAUDY-LOOKING HEAD-BOARD



AN OVER-DECORATED BUREAU

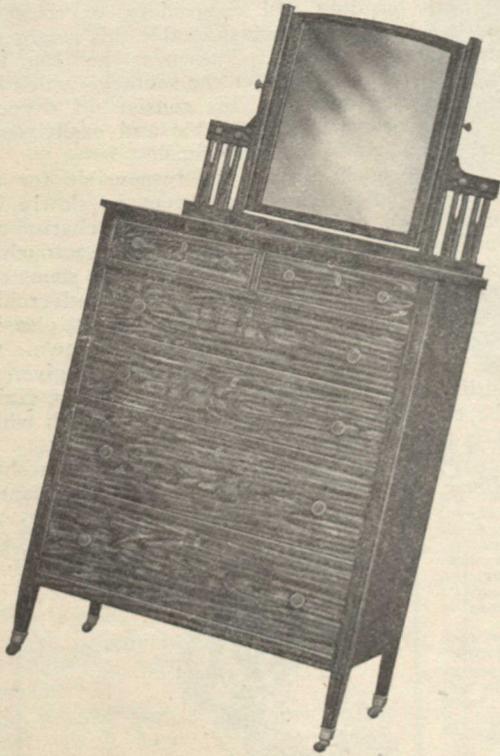


FLASHY STYLE OF WARDROBE

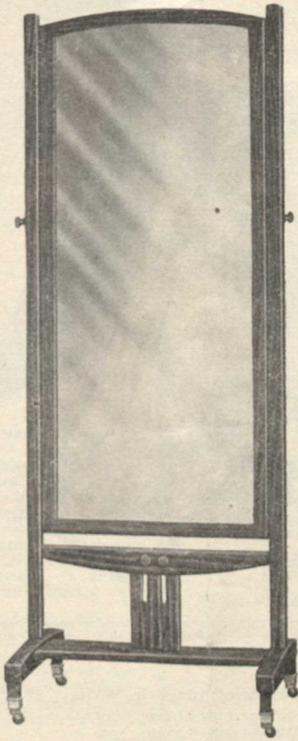


# A Dainty Bedroom Suite

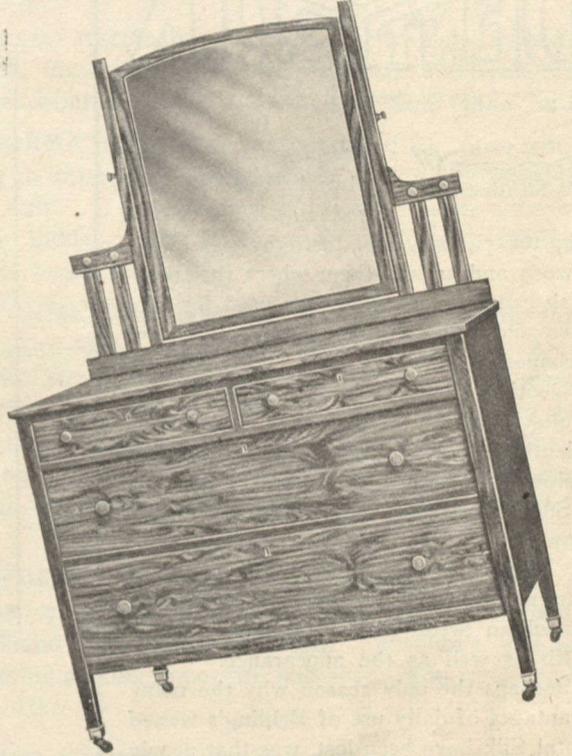
*Illustrations Showing the Best of Modern Taste in Furnishing*



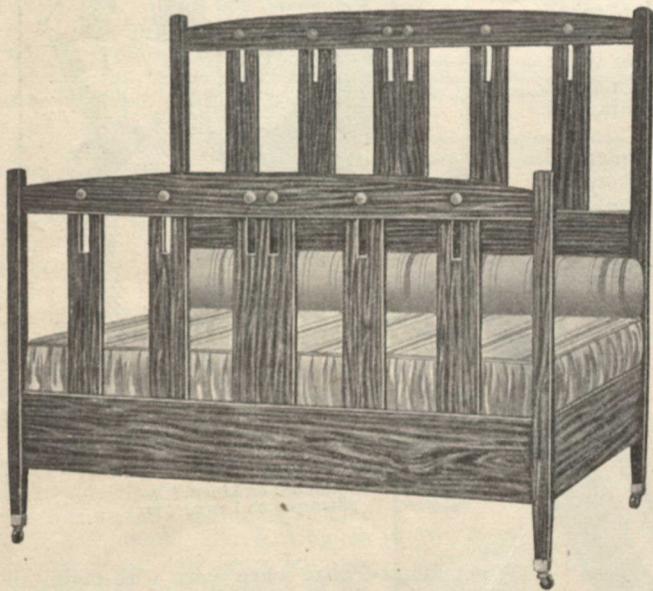
A Handsome Chiffonier.



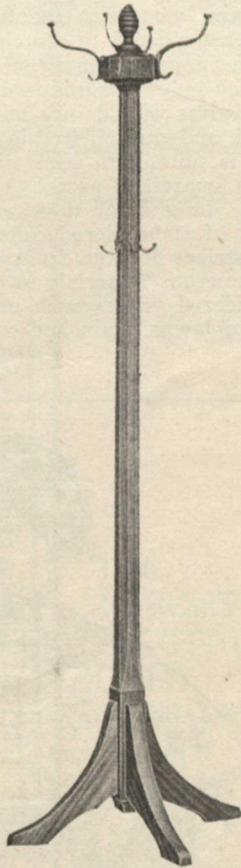
An Effective Cheval.



An up-to-date Bureau.



A Neat Bedstead.



A Simple Dressing-Table.



Dainty Writing Table.



A Somnoe.



A Convenient Table.



# BELDING'S

# DENTYSILK

(PATENTED IN CANADA)

## DENTYSILK

is a new name for an old and valued Belding product. This waxed Silk, for cleaning the teeth by passing it between and around them where the tooth-brush cannot reach, has been used for fifty years, and millions of yards per annum are consumed.

Dentists use it and recommend it; yet, peculiarly, most people seem to regard it as a dentist's tool or perquisite, and do not employ it at home.

Such home use is easy, and will avoid many a trip to the dentist's and many a bill for "repairs" to the teeth. The resulting cleanliness keeps the mouth sweet, the stomach in better order. It improves the health as well as the appearance.

Perhaps the only reason why the many advantages of daily use of Belding's waxed Dental Silk have been lost, was that people thought it was unhandy and that they must find a clean place to keep it, also to have something to cut it with, since it is far too strong to break in the hands.

Our new pocket container, now labeled DENTYSILK, solves all this perfectly.

Ten yards are coiled in a little 10c. box about the size and shape of a quarter dollar coin. The end leads out of a hole in the middle and tangling is impossible; absolute antiseptic cleanliness insured.

Also there is a little projection, near the hole. Pull out the six inches or so needed, pass it around the projecting "knife," and the piece in your hand cuts off clean, leaving the other end caught and held. Thus is formed a small loop between the hole and the knife, secure from unwinding, yet ready at a touch of your finger for pulling out the next piece. There's no trick in cleaning the teeth with it—it's easier than a tooth-brush and far more thorough.

Now, with DENTYSILK in its patented container you have this great help *always clean, and always ready for instant use.*

Only silk of Belding quality is strong enough for the fine thread which will pass between the teeth, to have strength enough to do the cleaning. The silk is treated with pure white antiseptic beeswax, which makes it draw easier and clean better.

It is the only means by which you can clean the crevices between your teeth. After a few days' use of DENTYSILK you will never be without it.

Sold by Druggists, Department Stores and dealers generally.

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Silk Manufacturers

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## Embroidered Shirt Waists



EVERY spring new materials and ideas for the indispensable embroidered shirt waists are brought forth. These designs are now to be found for all varieties of waists from the very elaborate sheer lingerie waist with its beautiful design of fine French embroidery and dainty touches of lace, to the strictly tailored waist of

forms a plain shirtwaist into one which may be worn on dressy occasions. These ruffles are illustrated on this page, and may be embroidered on either soft lawns or linens with a dainty scalloped border, or they may be hemstitched and embroidered with a simple design of rings or dots in either white or colors.

Both braiding and embroidery, or combinations of these, will be fashionable this season. A new variety of braid is known as the "Rat Tail Braid" which will replace the soutache which has been so fashionable. This consists of a round tubular cord which is pliable and easily sewn, and has a handsome, silky finish.

The French models are responsible for the touch of color which has crept in slowly but surely, and one has to admit the charm and variety of the finished models. Thus a touch of coral pink, delicate mauve or blue for stems and seeding on white embroidery, on handkerchief, and other sheer linens gives a most pleasing effect, and has a dainty charm of its own. On the heavier goods the color scheme is given by outlining dots or scrolls in suitable shades, giving the connecting touch to the costume with which it is to be worn.

Women of good taste realize that the sheer blouse elaborately embroidered and lace trimmed

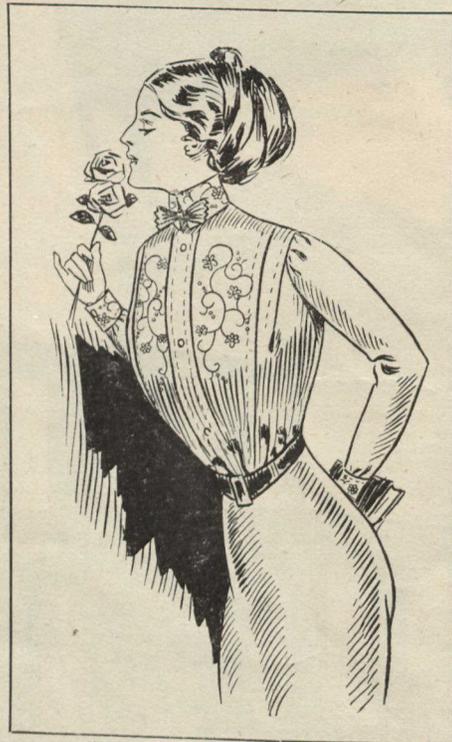


No. 5082

Embroidered Lingerie Waist  
Stamped on Linen, \$1.50  
Stamped on Lawn, 75c.  
Lustered Cotton 5c. per skein

the plain linen with the turn over collars and cuffs embroidered to match. The color note is very fashionable for these waists, and a touch of which may be introduced into the embroidery, or a madras with dainty colored stripes on white ground, and embroidered in white, makes a waist which is suitable to wear with tailored suits, and is both smart and useful.

The designs for these waists are simple and consist of embroidered collars, cuffs, and one or more stripes for the front of the waist. There are numerous materials to select from for these embroidered waists such as linens, sheer handkerchief lawns, plain and cross barred materials,



No. 2106

Tailored Waist  
Stamped on Linen, \$1.50  
Stamped on Lawn, 75c.

is not in good taste when worn with plain tailored costumes, or for street wear, but to-day so many different materials are to be found which bridge the gap between the above mentioned blouse and the severely plain tailored one, that every woman who is deft with her needle can gratify her desire for suitable waists for every occasion. Touches of Irish Crochet can be successfully combined with French embroidery, and the fascinating but very expensive French waists show dainty hand-sewn tucks, and fine beadings as a finish to the collar and shoulder seams.

The French embroidery which is used on the embroidered waists is almost too well known to need further description. One point we wish to emphasize, and that is a simple, graceful design, well worked, is far preferable to an elaborate pattern carelessly embroidered. The best results are obtained by using a smooth Lustered Cotton for the embroidery. The padding, which must be carefully placed, is put in lengthwise of the design, and the satin or surface stitch laid across this, each stitch lying close to the preceding one.

Next month we will describe some of the newest suggestions for embroidered costumes and dresses, which will be very fashionable for summer wear.

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

Linen catalogue of the latest spring designs will be sent on receipt of 10 cents.



No. 5325

Waist with Ruffle

cotton crepes (which are so easily laundered and useful) and now come in all colors. These designs may be simple or elaborate as one prefers, and embroidery worked on good material fully repays one for the time spent on it.

Both long and short sleeves will be fashionable, the former belong to the plain or tailored waist, and the three-quarter sleeves slightly full are always pretty for the dressy lingerie waists.

Another fancy which is sure to be popular is the embroidered ruffle and collar which trans-

## The Mystery of Barry Ingram

Continued from page 15

"I explained it to you that day when we met by the lochsideside."

"You followed me to London, but why did you not take a little trouble to get my address from the castle? Surely you know that I would have done my utmost for a man from my own village, even if I disapproved of the step he took."

Hastie shook his hopeless head.

"I thocht London was different. I had heard that there was aye room for them that was willin' to work, but it's a lee, like a lot mair o' the stuff folk write and speak."

"Have you had no work, then, since you came up?"

"Odd jobs about mews and the like," he answered; and at the moment a fit of coughing rent his enfeebled frame and caused the blood to rush to his pallid face.

"You ought not to be out in this weather at all. You are fit only for the hospital. Will you go there tomorrow, if I get you admission?"

"Yes," he answered, "I would. I haven't been weel for a long time, an' maybe if I were patched up again I could get something to do."

"I should be inclined to send you back to Scotland."

"What would be the guid o' that, Miss Christabel? I left my place at Cardyke an' I never askit a character frae Mrs. Dundas. Then I have nae folk, so where could ye sent me?"

"Poor fellow, it is a sad case that you have nobody belonging to you," said Christabel, pitifully. "Just wait a moment."

She stepped back to the low wall against which Lady Welldon was leaning, awaiting the result of this colloquy, and in no doubt that the Sister had discovered in this appalling wreck of humanity the person of whom she had spoken that day. But if it was true, as she had said, that she had loved him very much, there was not the evidence of joy one might have looked for in such a reunion.

"Lady Welldon, this is a poor man from my village at home. He is not only quite penniless, but very ill. Will you give something to get him a shelter for the night, and I will see about his removal to the hospital tomorrow—"

"There is the bag, my dear. Help yourself."

Lady Welldon handed over the bag as if glad to be rid of it. She had seen enough, and had not the smallest desire to pursue her investigations further. A clever, far-seeing woman, she realized the futility of a casual dole of charity to meet the problems of these wasted lives, and a larger scheme was already beginning to take shape in her mind. But looking on as she was doing now for a few moments, gave her no conception of the magnitude of the problem she felt she would like to solve.

"It is not the one you spoke of today, then?" she asked sympathetically.

"Oh, no. Thank God, no! I come here expecting to find him sometimes, but I know now that if I were to find him like this, it would break my heart. I pray that God may have taken care of him better than that, if he is still in life."

At Tyrie all hope of Barry's existence had now been abandoned. Madam never spoke his name, the family had gone into mourning, and even Stephen had acquiesced in the general belief.

It seemed the only one to accept after the lapse of so much time. It was only Christabel who clung to the hope that in the course of her varied wanderings day by day she might yet come across her half-brother, who had so mysteriously disappeared from the world of men.

She stepped back to Alan Hastie's side and put her hand in the bag.

(To be continued)

# Wouldn't You Like to Know How to Judge a Fine Piano?



**S**OME day you will want to buy—or help someone buy—a Piano. Why not have the knowledge NOW that will enable you to unerringly choose the only piano anyone really wants—the high-grade, artistic, pure toned instrument, as against the cheaply made, commercial piano, built to sell on appearances; which cannot hold its tone, and soon becomes an affront to the eye and ear of its possessor.

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"INSIDE INFORMATION" has been published for those who wish to be able to judge so important a purchase as a piano by other means than appearances only. It really gives a master builder's knowledge of the inside—the hidden parts of a piano, in simple, easily read language, devoid of technicalities.

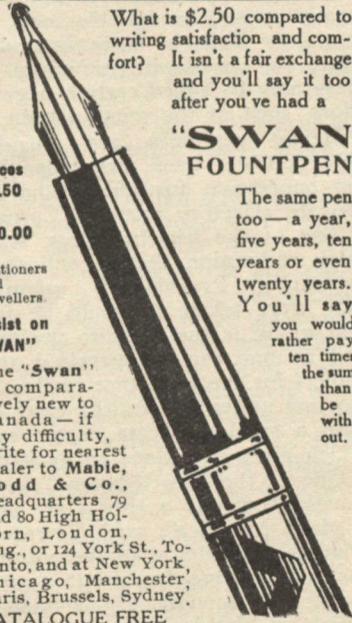
"INSIDE INFORMATION" does this by taking the reader through one of the most up-to-date, successful Piano Factories in America, telling him why each step is taken, from the selection of the timber to the delivery of the finished product; how the function of every department of a high grade piano should be filled; above all, how the heart of the Piano—its tone, is arrived at; and how to decide whether the tone of any Piano, no matter how pleasing at first, is likely to be enduring or not.

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

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"CEETEE" Underclothing is knit to fit the form by a special process, making the garments comfortable from first to last—also your outer clothes will look well. "CEETEE" is made from the finest Australian Merino Wool and is guaranteed against shrinking.

All sizes for men, women and children. Ask your dealer to show you "Ceete." 1877

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once will use no other. It is most efficacious in the removal of lines and wrinkles, for feeding and nourishing the skin, thus keeping away the marks of time. For faded and lifeless complexions it is unsurpassed. Massage directions with each pot. Men are delighted with it after shaving. Price \$1.50, delivered.

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**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR**, moles, warts, birthmarks, etc., eradicated forever by our method of electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Send stamps for free illustrated booklet "H" and sample of our new greaseless cream.

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## The Dressing Table

NEARLY every woman in the land receives perfume for a Christmas present. Happy the girl who has a dainty gilt-edged box containing two bottles of the "very best" and a cake of the Frenchiest soap. Before the end of the winter, she is blessing the donor, for good perfume is an expensive item, and cheap perfume is an abomination. There are some women who dislike all liquid perfumes but who revel in dainty and elusive sachet odors which haunt each holder of gloves or handkerchiefs. Lavender is the old-time favorite, and certainly there is no "cleaner" smell than the fragrance of this spicy herb, which gives to linen a peculiar and refreshing perfume. In most Canadian cities there are street vendors of lavender, although one would not like to vouch for the genuineness of the English lavender which they are supposed to sell.

"Women are strangely fickle in their choice of perfumes," says a famous London chemist. "Tired of the scent of single flowers, they are now demanding subtle blendings. But the fashion in scents is undying. More than five hundred thousand dollars is now-a-days to be made from the evolution of one new perfume.

"Perfumery has risen to be an art. Beautiful music and lovely pictures strike their note upon the senses; so does a delicate blending of odors. In the evolution of a new perfume I play upon a certain number of harmonious notes.

"Large sums of money are often spent upon preliminary laboratory work. Here"—he produced a tiny fragrant pot two inches high—"is the perfume essence derived from half a ton of violets. It is worth two hundred dollars. Our flower basis for laboratory experiments includes also jasmine, rose, orange blossoms, and cassia—a French flower, produced solely for its use in perfumery. To these may be added certain vegetable odors, such as the tonquin bean."

Heavy perfumes are considered objectionable, even heliotrope being too oppressive for many who have delicate olfactory nerves. Carnation is one of the healthy odors, with a spicy suggestion that is entirely invigorating. Probably, if the feminine vote were taken, it would be found that violet is the favorite perfume—and no one can be surprised at the choice, for the fragrance of this little blossom unites the healthy earth odor with a subtle, delicate flower aroma which gives it a place all by itself.

One of the latest "fancies" in perfumes shows us a tiny vial, having a glass "dropper" within, reaching from the top almost to the bottom of the bottle. One drop of this essence is strong enough to perfume any article of clothing to a "lasting" extent. The name "illusion" is popularly given this departure in perfumes, which comes from Germany. The price of the small bottles is a dollar and a half, but the violet vial goes up to two dollars. However, such figures are by no means exorbitant when one considers the strength of the extract.

Queen Alexandra's favorite perfume, it is well known, is a certain scent which is a combination of rare essences, the secret of which is so carefully guarded that no money can purchase the recipe. The late Queen Victoria used this same perfume for more than fifty years. Nobody but the manufacturer knows the formula, but a Paris perfumer of long experience has pronounced it a blend of

rose, violet, jasmine, lavender, and orange blossom.

\* \* \*

THIS is the season when the hands are so likely to present a roughened and chapped appearance unless extra care is taken to keep them smooth and white. Glycerine and rose water used to be the favorite specific, but for some skins glycerine is not at all desirable. Camphor ice is preferred by many to all other softening agencies, while cold creams of infinite variety present themselves on the counters of the drug store.

It is curious to note in this connection how much is accomplished by a "fetching" name or a jar of attractive appearance. It must be admitted that, to feminine taste, anything of delicate color or daintiness makes an immediate appeal.

A Chicago authority declares that a paste which does wonders with the hands is made as follows: Oil of sweet almonds, two teaspoonfuls; glycerine, one teaspoonful; rice flower, one teaspoonful; rosewater, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, thirty drops; yolks of two eggs. Pour the oil of sweet almonds over the rice flour and stir; then add the yolks of eggs and the glycerine. Stir in last of all the rose water and benzoin. This paste is put on thinly and then the hands are covered with linen cloths. The mixture, adds this authority, is also a good face bleach, but it is so unpleasant to use that few have the courage to try it. We should think so! Anything so smeary would be decidedly uncomfortable to the average woman. However, it may have a decidedly beneficial effect on the epidermis of some afflicted sisters.

Here is another recipe called cosmetic jelly, for the hands, which is said to be beneficial. It is to be used immediately after bathing. Soak sixty grains of whole gum tragacanth in fourteen ounces of rosewater for two days; strain forcibly through muslin, and add one ounce each of alcohol and glycerine. Perfume to suit.

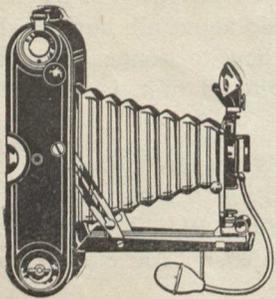
Another delightful preparation, said to be reliable, is creme marquis. For this, take one-quarter ounce of white wax, two and a half ounces of spermaceti, two and one-half ounces oil of sweet almonds. Melt these, remove from the fire and add one and one-half ounces rosewater. Beat until creamy, not till cold. Be sure that your druggist gives you only one-fourth ounce of white wax. More will make the preparation too hard. With all these creams, it is necessary to rub well into the hands.

\* \* \*

AN astringent wash, which is said to accomplish wonders for coarse pores and oily or flabby skin is made as follows: Take a half-pint bottle and in it put one and one-half ounces of cucumber juice, half fill the bottle with elder flower water, add one ounce of eau de cologne and shake well. Then add one-half ounce of simple tincture of benzoin, shake slightly and fill with elder flower water. Apply with soft sponge night and morning.

An orange flower skin food for wrinkles is made according to following recipe: One-half ounce of white wax, one-half ounce of spermaceti, one ounce of coconut oil, one ounce of lanoline, two ounces of oil of sweet almonds. Melt in a porcelain kettle, remove from heat and add one ounce of orange flower water, three drops of tincture of benzoin. Beat briskly with egg-beater until creamy.

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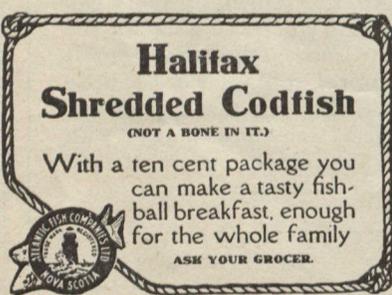
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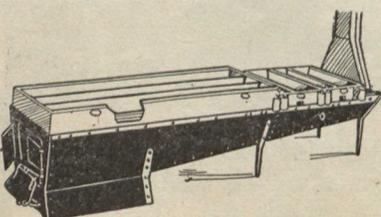
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# MATTERS MUSICAL

THE Ontario Chapter of the American Guild of Organists is now fully organized, with the following officers: Dean, J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Doc., F.R.C.O.; Sub-Dean, Edward Broome, Mus. Doc.; Secretary, T. J. Palmer, A.R.C.O.; Treasurer, H. A. Wheeldon, Mus. Bac. (Cantab.), F.R.C.O.; Registrar, W. E. Fairclough, F.R.C.O.; Librarian, Richard Tattersall; Auditors, Alex. Davies, M.D.; Norman Anderson, M.D.; Edward Fisher, Mus. Doc.; A. S. Vogt, Mus. Doc.; E. Hardy, Mus. Bac.; James Galloway, A.R.C.D.; G. D. Atkinson, C. P. Hunt, A.A.G.O.; J. W. F. Harrison, T. C. Jeffers, Mus. Bac.; W. H. Hewlett, Mus. Bac., are also members. The chief proposition in connection therewith, the formation of an international body, says the *Mail and Empire*, was made practicable through the action of the powerful American Guild of Organists of the United States, which body, at the suggestion of a number of leading Canadian musicians, secured legislation to amend its charter so as to change the name of the Guild to "American Guild of Organists of the United States and Canada." The position of absolute equality demanded by the Canadian organists who have had the matter in hand and which has been accorded is a tribute to the high esteem in which the profession in Canada is held beyond the borders of this country. The Canadian chapters instead of being affiliated with a "foreign" body, have entered into an important international movement on a basis which is certain to prove of mutual advantage to the profession on both sides of the international boundary line. The prominence which has already been accorded many of our most able Canadian composers, whose published church and organ works are largely used across the border, cannot fail to be emphasized through more active intercourse between the musicians of the English speaking portion of the continent. International recognition of successful candidates in the examinations of the guild will also prove a strong factor in the growth and activity of the guild.

\* \* \*

AT this particular season, when that part of the musical public, especially interested in choral work is looking forward to the Mendelssohn Choir concerts, it may be interesting to many, to review briefly the history of the Champion Choir and its conductor.

The Mendelssohn Choir was first organized in 1894, but the perfection to which it has attained has probably been the gradual working out of many years of an intensely musical bent developed by industry and intelligence.

Dr. Vogt is a Canadian, but of German parentage. His father was a skilful organ builder. At twelve years of age the son was organist in the little Lutheran church in the village of Elmira, and ever since then he has been more or less associated with church choirs. In 1885 Dr. Vogt went to Leipzig, Germany, where for three years he studied piano, organ and harmony. There was the old historic church of St. Thomas where long ago Bach conducted the choir and produced some of his divine music for the first time. There also Mendelssohn revived that music, and there Dr. Vogt received the inspiration that led him to undertake in Canada such work as was still being done by that splendid choir.

He arrived in Toronto in October, 1888, and accepted the position of organist and choirmaster of the Jarvis Street Baptist Church. There he effected such an improvement in the style of choral singing that very

tempting inducements were held out to him to take up musical work in the United States. He, however, organized his Mendelssohn Choir, and while he was leading it on to victory over thorny as well as flowery paths, his professional duties increased to such an extent that he was obliged to resign the leadership of the church choir which he had held for eighteen years. That left him more time for the work of the Mendelssohn, and as a result of his labors he now presents to the world an organization that allures critics and lovers of music not only from the great cities of the United States, but from the musical centres of the world beyond the sea.

From its first modest concert in Toronto in 1895, its field of choral performance has been steadily enlarged, and in 1907 five concerts were given in Toronto, one in Buffalo and two in New York. The choir achieved a great success in Chicago in three concerts, when they were the guests of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra. Europe remains as a future scene of their endeavor, but there are many ways and means to be considered before a Mendelssohn steamer will be chartered for a trip across the Atlantic. Dr. Vogt's ambition is equal to his perseverance and, no doubt, the Choir will some day sing in Albert Hall.

The realm of interpreted music is one in which woman may fairly claim equal honors with man, and it is a gratification to all Canadian women interested in music to know that their own sex has contributed materially to the success of the Mendelssohn Choir. In the production of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, a work which introduces choral tests that would be a snare to any choir not tremendously in earnest, the soprano voices proved nobly equal to the occasion. The work demanded by such an organization is of the most exacting, but the feminine members of the Choir are quite as devoted to practice and rehearsal as those who belong to the tenor and bass sections.

\* \* \*

CONCERNING Mrs. Geddes-Harvey of Guelph, the *Toronto Sunday World* says:

The town of Guelph seems to have been pervaded with some very subtle, artistic influence, for three distinguished names in music are associated with it. Mrs. Roberta Geddes-Harvey, whose work bears the stamp of much refinement and originality, has to her credit a long list of musical compositions, and her latest production, "Salvator," was probably the first oratorio written and published by a Canadian. Before its publication it was performed in St. George's Church, Guelph, and on December 3, 1907, in Chalmer's Church, Toronto, under the direction of Edmund Hardy, Mus. Bac. It is a massive structure and teems with delightful bits of melody and harmony and inspiring choruses. "It Was a Winter Wild," brings one to the first Christmas, and then the mystic beauty and grandeur of the theme are adequately dealt with and the splendid finale reached in the thanksgiving chorus, "Hail to the Lord's Anointed."

In 1902 Mrs. Harvey composed an opera, "La Terre Bonne," which achieved considerable success, and among her other works are notably a minuet, "Old Time," an organ march, "L'Esperance," "Deux, Chaussonettes," "The Noble Life" and "Silver Clouds," the duet "Parting," and several anthems, choruses, and very pretty songs, "Our Own," "Wayfarers," "Good-Bye My Summer," "Song of the Leaves," "Wild North Sea," "The Daisy's Answer," "A Song of Hope," "Sweet Jessie McRae" and "Baby's Evensong."

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# Ontario Women's Institutes



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## From Various Branches

FROM Miss E. A. Skimmings of Goderich comes an account of the progress of the Women's Institute in that locality. There was a "tea biscuit" demonstration some time ago, given by Mesdames Strough and Bogie, and as Mrs. Bogie is a representative of the teaching profession, she reflected great credit on the aptitude of "school-ma'ams" in domestic science. Everything necessary for the preliminary work was on a large table—flour, butter, baking-powder, salt, milk (sour and sweet), rolling-pin, bake-board, pastry bowl, sifter.

Mrs. Bogie filled her quart sifter with Port Albert flour (make no mistake) in which she put a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and a pinch of soda, one pint of sour milk, and a lump of pork dripping which she first rubbed through the flour, before adding the sour milk. In a few minutes the dough was deftly rolled out and cut with a "Purity" biscuit cutter into shape, then deposited in a pan in the Oddfellow's range. Mrs. Strough then followed suit. She used sweet milk, London baking powder, salt and butter for shortening. In a few minutes the tea biscuits were served with lovely fresh butter, good tea and cream.

Before the demonstration, the secretary, Miss Salkeld, read an article mingling a piano solo. Then followed two recipes—one for grape on Christmas gifts, while Miss Skimmings, the other for pumpkin butter, which will be found among the culinary conceits of this issue of the HOME JOURNAL. Miss Iris Warnock added musically to the interest of the occasion.

The Scarboro Junction Branch of the East York Women's Institute is in a flourishing condition. There were twenty-five members present at a recent meeting held at the home of Mrs. A. Bolton, a promising number when one considers that this branch was organized in January, 1909. The subjects discussed were apples and home-made candy, each member bringing samples and recipe. Miss Calender gave a good paper on apples also a recipe for using all the different kinds of apples, from the earliest to the latest. After some music was enjoyed, the candies were introduced and a tempting array they made. There were about fifteen different sorts and recipes for each. Mrs. F. Walton, the secretary-treasurer, reports a visit from a few members of the Highland Creek Branch at this meeting, which was a source of pleasure to the Scarboro Junction members.

Mrs. A. W. Callander of North Gower sends an account of the work in this branch which is doing good work in Carleton County. There is much freedom of discussion at these meetings, all subjects relating to home comfort or progress being taken up freely.

"So far, the meetings are having a good influence, enlarging our views, making us become better acquainted with one another, broadening our minds and giving us something else to think of besides our own little selves. The members of the different churches are brought together as they never were before."

Mrs. M. L. Robertson of the Stratton Women's Institute remarks:

"What may we not do to improve the social life of the country? Here is the task of the first magnitude. How much we can do, to make rural life more attractive and thus stem the tide of exodus that flows so continuously city-ward, no one knows—for, as yet, the task has not been tried. In our little home branch of the Women's Institute, we realize the benefits we derive from the meetings which are held monthly, although sometimes we are slow to see the effects, and, of course, we have our difficulties. But we know that we are working together for the benefit of our homes, and our difficulties are only opportunities to test ability. We fully realize that we are working for the strongest forts of the nation, and as we discuss the problems of the home together, we receive encouragement from one another."

Mrs. W. Buchanan of Breezy Brae, Ravenna, is the president of the local branch of which Miss E. Buchanan is secretary-treasurer. This branch in Centre Grey appears to be thriving, if one may judge from the programme of the year's work. For January it consists of: Thoughts on the opening year, weekly programme of work and a paper on winter egg production.

The Women's Institute of the Echo Bay branch was organized some time ago and is in a healthy state, but unfortunately, as Mrs. G. W. Wilkinson, our correspondent, remarks, the numbers are few. "We seem," says this officer, "to have missed the knack of gathering or interesting a great number. The women on the farm, especially, seem to be difficult to reach and we should be grateful for hints along the line of interesting and attracting them. I notice in your last issue a subject for discussion, and it is one which we as an institute have

discussed largely. We meet, as do a great many, from home to home, and when it comes to the busy mother of little ones, it is a task too great for one pair of hands to serve refreshments to a roomful of women. This consideration has debarred mothers, really anxious to attend, from joining us. We have arrived at a happy medium and leave the matter entirely to the hostess of the day to serve lunch or not. Sometimes a plate of fruit is offered and again quite a nice lunch, or a favorite candy is sampled or we meet and have such a good meeting that refreshments are not thought of until we reach home. These suggestions may help some other institute."

The secretary of Grand Valley Institute, S. I. Tibbett (Miss or Mrs.?) sends a bright account of progress in that part of the world. At the Christmas meeting, a prize was offered for the best essay on Women's Institutes and this was won by Mrs. T. C. Hamilton, the ex-president. From it, we quote these suggestive sentences: "To women, more than men, there is danger of becoming narrow-minded when we live to ourselves. At church we meet those of our denomination, but in gatherings like this we meet and become acquainted with others whom it is a pleasure and benefit to know. Those who know much should give us the fruits of their knowledge; those of us who know little should be willing to learn. Good housekeeping does not always mean good home-making; but we know that good home-making always means good housekeeping." The correspondent gives us the cheerful information that the Grand Valley branch has forty-eight members and holds regular monthly meetings, while the officers intend to give prizes in order to interest the girls of the community.

## Winter Home Amusements

FROM a paper, "Home Amusements for Winter Evenings," read at Ravenna Women's Institute by Mrs. McNeill, we quote the following:

The fact that such a subject is placed upon the programme of our Women's Institute, shows that the question has been deemed of sufficient importance to be worthy of discussion. And I believe that which gives it importance is the effect that home amusements have on the character. That to which we give ourselves most heartily affects our character most directly and deeply. And to what do we give ourselves more heartily than to amusements? And where should we find a better field for amusement than in the home? The chief purpose of a home is not to have a mere stopping place for a family but rather the greatest character-training school on earth. In that training, amusements play a chief part, for are we not so constituted, to desire pleasures instead of pain?

Any one who has studied children even casually, will have observed that one child will entertain himself while another is at a loss unless directed or aided by the company of others. To find amusements for the first class of child is an easy matter. For the second class the problem is greater. To such a nature the necessity of company may develop into a habit of thinking that to be amused he must seek it away from home. But the most fatal mistake that can be made in the mind of anyone is to believe that his best source of amusement cannot be found in his own home. We have mastered a most important problem in home amusements when we have taught ourselves and our children that the most interesting and lasting pleasures may be provided at home. If you will but consider the matter you will realize that any game will afford the keenest pleasure in proportion to the spirit we put in it. It is not therefore so necessary to have an elaborate list of amusements as to make those we have interesting. And nothing, perhaps, makes a game so interesting as to have the parents join heartily in it. This may cost thought and time, perhaps, on the part of the parents. But surely anything is worth while which puts within reach of a parent so important a factor in character training. It is a well-known fact that Charles Dickens knew how to entertain children if anyone did. With his own and other children he was always a prime favorite. On one occasion when some important visitors called, his servant who answered the bell, on going to call his master, found him engaged in a pillow-fight with his children, and so covered with feathers that he had to be vigorously brushed before being presentable. It is this spirit of youthfulness and sympathy that is the very genius of home amusements—the form they take being secondary. As to the nature of amusements, their mental and moral tendencies should be considered. For mental recreation there is a vast field of material to be found in books and reading. To stimulate a desire for reading should be one of the chief aims of the home. A well dressed back and an empty head



A CANADIAN GIRL IN A JAPANESE GARDEN

# IN THE SHOPS

AS the social season becomes gayer and brighter, with the advent of midwinter amusements, the busy housewife and mother begins to plan for herself and her daughters festivities which make this season enjoyable. Then comes the consideration of what is to be worn, for the hostess herself, as well as the debutante daughter, must be well gowned.

It is not possible to look one's best in "dowdy" evening or dinner gowns and always remember "fine feathers make fine birds." And where is the woman or girl who does not want to look her very prettiest and best?

Most beautiful are the materials and trimmings shown for the evening gowns this season. Such exquisite French bead and crystal trimmings to form almost anything possible to use, such as guimpes, overdress or panels. One shown recently and just opened, among many others imported from Paris, ready to cater to the exclusive buyers, has a low waist effect with shoulder straps. The entire waist is of pearls and crystal beads with a medallion of net here and there. This net is embroidered solid in amethyst silk. The shoulder straps are finished with a two-inch pearl fringe.

An exquisite evening gown could be fashioned out of cream satin, a tunic skirt of white net, embroidered in amethyst silk with pearl fringe round edge and the low bodice of satin finished with this beautiful garniture before described. A less elaborate but most useful gown is the black one. No woman can afford to be without at least one in her wardrobe. So many changes can be made that few would recognize the same costume.

A handsome black silk net is made with a full gathered skirt, low bodice of tiny tucks, short cape sleeves, a folded wide belt of tulle fastened on the left side with a large jet buckle. Jet fringe is around the neck and at the bottom of short sleeves. The same gown could be made most effective, worn over old rose satin petticoat, crush belt of rose satin, and satin slippers of the same shade—or even any color most suited to the wearer.

Then for the daughters of the house there are all sorts of sweet, dainty frocks. A very stylish little dress was made of the new turich silk in white ground with a tiny pattern of pink rose buds. A young, fair girl could wear this to great advantage and look like a dainty bit of Dresden china. Wear pink slippers, stockings, gloves and a wreath of wee rose buds in the hair.

Here is an idea for the younger miss. A white mull dress is worn over a pale blue slip, the full gathered skirt made with three frills edged with valenciennes lace. The waist, of very fine tucks and valenciennes insertion is cut with low, round neck and short sleeves.

The additional necessities for this frock, to add success to the appearance of the young wearer, would be, pale blue wide silk sash with fringed ends, a bandeau of blue ribbon across the front of the hair fastened on one side with a rosette, white stockings and slippers with small rosettes of blue ribbon. The woman or girl who cannot look well in an evening gown this season is a hopeless bit of femininity, for the designers have given us so much latitude. A woman may wear almost anything and wear it in any style and not present an extraordinary appearance.

While we are speaking of woman's

appearance let us say something about our hair. Why will the majority of women be careless about their hair, for a woman's hair is her crowning glory, appearance and beauty? We all know the woman who is too indifferent careless or indolent to ever change her coiffure, not because she thinks the old way most becoming but because she doesn't care.

The average woman tries to make the most of herself. So, for goodness' sake, when your hair does grow thin don't screw up the few remaining strands into a tight, hard "bob" at the nape of the neck, or crown of the head, and be satisfied, but buy more hair if you haven't enough of your own, and pin it on, and do pin it securely and where it is the most becoming and see how it makes you look ten years younger.

Even the men of your family will wonder where and how the change has been made in your beauty, age and appearance. Your hats will have the same surprise and will feel better balanced, firmer and a thousand times more becoming. The present style of hair dressing is flat on the top of the head, low at the neck and close to the head—no more distinctly false curls pinned out half a yard from the head and half a dozen different shades. In all the shops we find every imaginable addition our coiffure needs to make us attractive—switches, fronts, "bobs," curls, braids and a whole and most fascinating "wig" if necessary.

It is not surprising that as the colder weather is upon us, shivering humanity should be looking for furs and fur bargains that usually commence about the first of the year. No woman is really comfortable nor does she look comfortable without some piece of fur added to her out-of-doors costume. Alaska sable has been in great demand this season and is within reach of most people's pocket.

A cross-over tie may be bought for seven dollars and a half. A longer tie with head and tails for trimmings costs fifteen dollars. Large sable pillow muffs are from ten dollars up.

Black lynx is a very popular and most becoming fur but comes much more expensive. A lynx stole very wide with head and tails at the back and tails and paws at the ends comes at forty dollars. A large pillow muff with heads and paws for trimmings at forty dollars and up.

Very smart and stylish are the Persian lamb sets, hats, stoles and muffs, and range in prices from twelve dollars and as high as twenty-five dollars apiece.

A great favorite fur this year is otter, for those who can afford to wear it. An otter jacket with collar of silver fox, a muff and hat crown to match makes an ideal choice for a smart appearance.

Here are a few things we come across in looking through the busy stores. A good guaranteed French kid glove in any shade for one dollar and up. A Russian calf handbag, the most fashionable bag used at present, with a German silver frame from two dollars and a half.

Stockings must match our gowns this year and are for sale in any wanted color and at any price.

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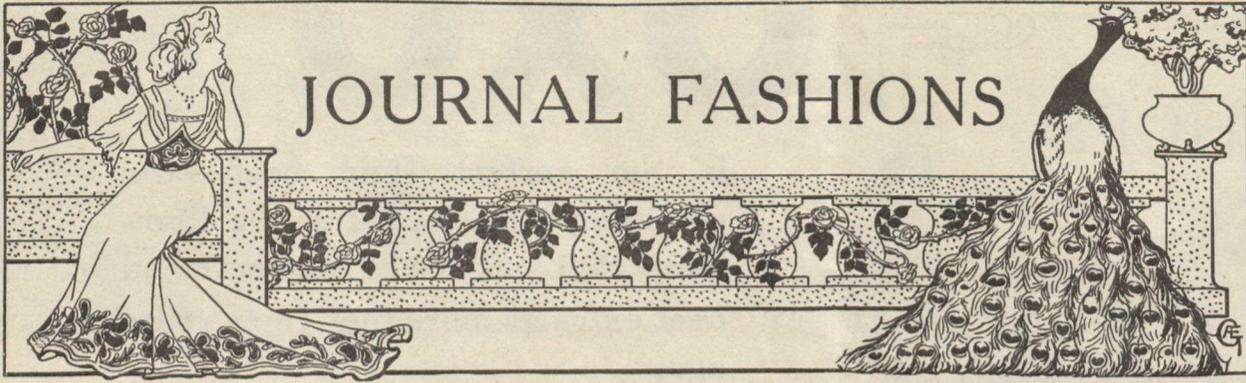
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## GRACEFUL EVENING GOWNS

THE evening gowns of the late winter are exceedingly charming. Here are two that are typical. The one to the left is made of embroidered chiffon trimmed with pearl and crystal banding. The blouse is made with the square neck and short sleeves that are so well liked this season and the simple seven-gored skirt is tucked over the hips. If liked, the yoke and long sleeves can be added, making the gown available for daytime use. It will be found suited to every material that is thin enough to be tucked successfully and the blouse can be made of one throughout or of one material for the lower portion and another for the tucked upper portion and sleeves. For the yoke and long sleeves any pretty all-over material will be found appropriate.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of material 21,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards 27 or  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards 44 inches wide with  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of applique,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards of all-over lace for yoke and long sleeves when these are used; for the skirt  $8\frac{1}{2}$  yards 24, 7 yards 32 or  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide for material without figure or nap, but if there is figure or nap  $9\frac{1}{2}$

yards 24 or 32,  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide will be needed. The blouse pattern 6545 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6539 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The second gown illustrates one of the prettiest of the tunic skirts and an exceedingly attractive draped waist. The material is soft finished satin and the trimming is narrow bands of fur. For the centre portions of the waist and the short sleeves beaded net is used and they are finished with beaded applique. Altogether the gown is a singularly graceful one. The skirt is made with a plaited flounce that is joined to a foundation and over this foundation the tunic, including the box plait at the back is arranged. If liked the skirt can be made with a high waist line and in walking length. Also the waist can be made high at the neck and with long sleeves if preferred.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of material 27,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards 18 for the centre front and back portions and the short sleeves,  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yards 18 for the yoke and long sleeves when they are used; for the skirt  $9\frac{1}{2}$  yards 27,  $7\frac{1}{4}$  yards 44

inches wide; to trim the entire gown  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards of banding. The waist pattern 6540 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6455 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

## WITH THE FASHIONABLE RUSSIAN COAT

RUSSIAN coats are among the smartest of all things for late winter wear. This costume shows a



Coat Pattern No. 6542  
Skirt Pattern No. 6471

simple, attractive one combined with a skirt that is plaited below a smoothly fitted yoke. The material is broadcloth and is trimmed with soutache applied over a simple design combined with a wide, flat band. There is a yoke of lace and the sleeves are cut off to three-quarter length. The coat is a practical one, however, and can be treated in a number of ways. The sleeves can be extended to the wrists, the yoke can be omitted and the coat made perfectly plain, as shown in the small view, or the neck can be cut out to reveal the gown worn beneath, or the yoke can be

braided or treated in any similar manner. The blouse portion and the skirt are separate, joined beneath the belt, so that making and fitting become simple matters. If narrow material is used both blouse and skirt portion can be seamed at the back.

The skirt is made with a plain five-gored upper portion that extends well over the hips and the plaited flounce, which is gored and attached to it.

For the medium size will be required, for the coat 6 yards of material 27,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44 or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 52 inches wide with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard 18 for the yoke and the collar; for the skirt  $7\frac{3}{4}$  yards 27,  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards either 44 or 52 inches wide.

The coat pattern 6542 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6471 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

\* \* \*

## THE FASHIONABLE VELVET

VELVET is being extensively worn this season and it makes really ideal princess gowns. This one is Mediterranean blue in color and is trimmed with black and combined with chemisette of cream-colored net dotted with gold beads. The velvet is of the chiffon sort and takes really ideal lines and folds and the gown is altogether one of extreme grace and charm. The model is simple, however, and it will be found appropriate for such materials as cashmere and henrietta cloth quite as well as for the more costly ones. It can be made either with or without the train and with or without the fancy over sleeves. For a simple afternoon gown the plain long sleeves only made of the material will be found satisfactory. For a slightly more dressy one the long sleeves could be made of chiffon in color to match the gown while the chemisette only is of white, so that there are many possibilities to be found in the design.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 18 yards 24 or 27,  $8\frac{3}{4}$  yards 44 for velvet or other material with up and down, but if



Blouse Pattern No. 6545  
Skirt Pattern No. 6539

Waist Pattern No. 6540  
Skirt Pattern No. 6455



Pattern No. 6536

there is neither figure nor nap, 13 yards 24, 12 yards 27 or 6½ yards 44 inches will be sufficient. For the chemisette and long sleeves 1¾ yards 18 inches wide will be needed.

The pattern 6536 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

\* \* \*

**SIMPLE SHIRT WAIST GOWN**

**S**HIRT waist dresses are always needed. This one will be found adapted to washable materials and also to simple wool fabrics. In the illustration it is made from one of the new inexpensive printed wash fabrics but linens are charming and varied this season, poplins are to be much used for the early season and thinner materials include a long list of beautiful lawns, batistes, dimities and the like. If an entire gown is not wanted the skirt can be used for heavier material and the waist for thinner. The skirt is a plain seven-gored one that can be made either in round or walking length and with inverted plaits or habit back, and the waist is of the tailored sort laid in wide tucks at the front with a plain back.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist 3½ yards of material 24, 2¾ yards 32 or 2½ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 7½ yards 24, or 32, 3½ yards 44 when there is no up and down, but if there is figure or nap 10 yards 24 or 32, 5½ yards 44 inches wide will be required.

The waist pattern 6450 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6514 is cut in sizes for a 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inch waist measure.

\* \* \*

**A GRACEFUL GOWN AND A SMART SUIT**

**G**OWNS made of foulard or other thin silks with slightly draped skirts are much liked for afternoon occasions. This one is exceptionally graceful and attractive yet quite simple withal, while the skirt gives a



Waist Pattern No. 6450  
Skirt Pattern No. 6514

suggestion of the favorite draped or over skirt idea yet is circular, the right side simply over-lapping the left to form the drapery. The over blouse is one of the very newest, made in sections which allow effective use of contrasting materials. In this case the under portion of the blouse is made of heavy all-over lace while the guimpe is of net embroidered with silver. Simpler materials can be used, however, for the guimpe is entirely separate and can be made from lace, net, silk or lingerie material as liked. For the under portions of the over blouse any pretty contrasting material is appropriate or if better liked it can be made of one material throughout.

For the over portion of the over blouse will be required 1¼ yards of material 21, 1⅞ yards 32, 7⁄8 yard 44 inches wide; for the under portion 1⅞ yards 18; for the guimpe 4 yards 18; for the skirt 8½ yards 24, 6¼ yards 32, 5¼ yards 44 inches wide. The pattern of the over blouse with guimpe 6555 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6066 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The suit shown on the figure to the left combines a perfectly plain tailored coat with one of the very latest skirts, which is made with each alternate gore cut to form panels and is exceedingly smart and chic. With it is worn one of the new over blouses of chiffon in matching color, the guimpe beneath being made of Persian silk; and waists of this sort are among the very latest and smartest to wear with street costumes. The over blouse is absolutely simple, cut in one with the short sleeves that are tucked to be becomingly full. Any guimpe that may be liked can be worn beneath, and the guimpe would be quite correct made from plain silk, from net or from simple lingerie material. The skirt is eight-gored and each alternate gore is made plain at the upper portion but plaited at the lower.

For the medium size will be required, for the over blouse 2½ yards

of material 21 or 24, 1⅞ yards 32, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 8¼ yards 27, 5 yards either 44 or 52 inches wide. The over blouse



Blouse Pattern No. 6557  
Skirt Pattern No. 6544

Blouse Pattern No. 6555  
Skirt Pattern No. 6066

pattern 6557 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6544 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

\* \* \*

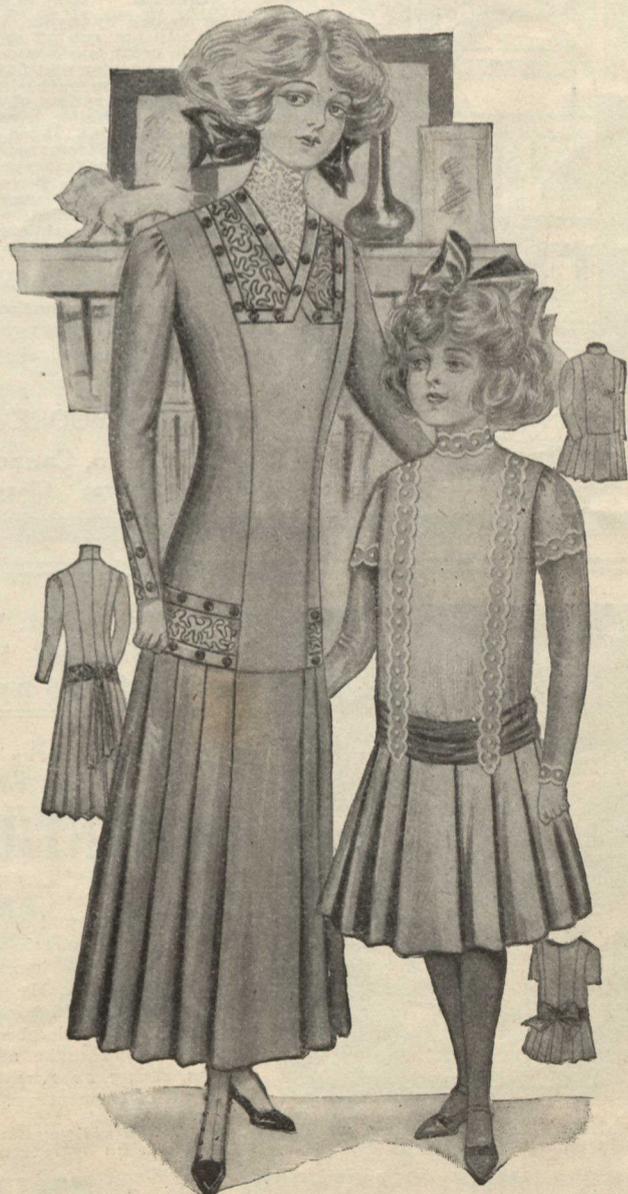
**SMART FROCKS IN SEMI-PRINCESSE STYLE**

**T**HE semi-princesse frock is a very charming one and a well-deserved favorite. Here are two, one designed for the slightly older, one for the younger girls. In the illustration the older girl's frock is made from canvas linen with trimming of soutache and buttons and the yoke is of all-over embroidery. The same model will be found appropriate for wool materials, for pongee and for all fabrics of the sort, however. It can be made dainty or perfectly plain with all the trimming portions omitted and the dress may be high at the neck with the collar of the material, so that the model is adapted both to the dressy frock and to the everyday useful one.

For the sixteen year size will be required 7¾ yards of material 24 or 27, 6 yards 32 or 4¾ yards 44 inches wide with ¾ yard 18 for the yoke. The pattern 6535 is cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

The young girl's dress is made with straight plaited skirt that is joined to a jersey or cuirass portion. It can be made with double sleeves or with single, long or short sleeves as liked, and it can be made high at the neck or low so that this dress also can be made available for a great many occasions and a great many different materials. Pale blue cashmere with trimming of the material embroidered by hand makes the dress illustrated but it would be charming made from linen or poplin or from any other suitable washable material. With the trimming and the sash omitted it becomes the plain dress shown in the small view. With low neck and short sleeves it becomes the dressy one shown in the back view. The quantity of material required for the four

Continued on page 31



Pattern No. 6535

Pattern No. 6534

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In 1 and 2 pound sealed tins—never in bulk—at your grocer's.

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**CHASE & SANBORN, Montreal.**

## From the Publishers

WE have it on excellent authority that "Two things greater than all things are, The first is Love, and the second, War."

As the sands of the sea, have been the books on love—its science, its art and its final mystery. Philosophers, poets and novelists have given their thought and fancy to this immortal theme, only to leave something more to be said. When, on a cover of old rose and silver, one reads the title, "Hints for Lovers," there is a faltering hesitation. Will it be cheap flippancy, idle cynicism or saccharine sentiment? It will be none of these, for the author's name is Arnold Haultain, and no one who has delighted in Mr. Haultain's "Two Country Walks in Canada" and "The Mystery of Golf" will doubt for a moment that "Hints for Lovers" will prove as wide a ramble as the first, as whimsical a "game of links" as the latter.

In truth, the various aphorisms with which more than three hundred pages are filled, prove more than entertaining reading. A woman hardly knows whether to smile, weep, become angered or feel flattered by the various illuminating lines concerning feminine wills and ways. There are fourteen divisions of this volume and among them may be found such enthralling topics as girls, men, women, lovers, courtship and engagements, all of which are treated with a delicate seriousness, with a smiling sophistication which may sometimes pique but which never offend. The author has excelled in the most subtle task in the world. There is but one fault to find and that is with the title. Such a flower-strewn *via amoris* should have a less prosaic name than "Hints for Lovers."

True philosophic reflection appeals to the thoughtful in such words as these:

"The young think love is the winning-post of life; the old think it is a turn in the course. Nevertheless, it is a fateful turn."

Those who delight in the playful analysis of the masculine attitude will smile slyly at such an admission as this: "What a man doesn't know about a girl would fill a Saratoga trunk; what he does know about her would go into her workbox."

There is subtle scholarship in the contents of these chapters on the most elusive of all emotions, yet never does the author allow his aphorisms to "smell of the lamp." Wit, humor, and a certain plaintive appreciation of the "still, sad music of humanity" make this volume one of the most unusual contributions to the history of the heart. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.)

\* \* \*

FROM William Briggs, Toronto, comes an interesting compilation by William T. Robinson, entitled "Choice Thoughts from Master Minds." The work has been carefully and discriminatingly done, with an avoidance of the trivial or the commonplace. Best of all is the healthy optimism which permeates the volume. "It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things" is a saying with which one may well begin the year.

From the same firm come two volumes of pioneer, one might say missionary travel. "Through Five Republics on Horseback" by G. Whitfield Ray is an account of wanderings in South America, the five particular scenes being the Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Paraguay, Brazil and Uruguay. The writer depicts the natural features of these Latin countries as possessed of great charm but gives a somewhat gloomy picture of the ignorance of many of the in-

habitants. The latter is true, as he informs us, of certain districts only. The Argentine Republic is described as a land of wonderful fertility, and Rev. John F. Thompson is quoted as declaring: "Argentina is a land of plenty; plenty of room and plenty of food. If the actual population were divided into families of ten persons, each would have a farm of eight square miles, with ten horses, fifty-four cows, and one hundred and eighty-six sheep, and after they had eaten their fill of bread they would have half a ton of wheat and corn to sell or send to the hungry nations." This book gives the reader a rapid but comprehensive view of the southern half of our American continent.

"The Broken Trail," by George W. Kerby, is a collection of western sketches. The clerical author informs us: "These incidents form some of the more outstanding experiences of my pastorate in the West. There are three of these novelettes, as they may be called, for they are longer than the average story. "A Son of Holland" gives a depiction of a sturdy type, a man who triumphs over the odds of circumstances and affords another instance of the conquering dominance of the Dutch pioneer. "The Desperado" is a somewhat bloodthirsty narrative of a young criminal who paid the extreme penalty for his offences and left a warning letter to those whose youth was yet unspoiled. This is the strongest feature in the collection and the narrator's sincerity makes a deep impression on the reader.

Mr. Barlow Cumberland's "History of the Union Jack and Flags of the Empire" is sent out in a suitable scarlet-and-gold cover. This is the third edition, revised and extended, with index. Mr. Cumberland invests the flag story with color and picturesqueness and his book is a valuable contribution to historical and patriotic literature. We are fain to conclude with the writer:

"There is something marvellous in the world-wide influence of this three-crossed flag of the parent nation, whose sons have followed its ideals through all the centuries. Sometimes they have made mistakes, or blundered into difficulties, but undaunted, masterful and confident, have profited by the hard-won experience, and progressing with the march of time, find at the beginning of this twentieth century that they 'have builded better than they knew.'" This is a book which every British household ought to be glad to add to the "standards."

\* \* \*

EVERYONE who read it remembers "Jimbo," that queer fantastical tale of the little frightened child and his magic dreams. Now, comes "The Education of Uncle Bob," another volume by the same author, whose name is Algernon Blackwood. Indeed, this is a wonderful book, a story which will be foolishness to the worldly-wise, but a spring of living water to those who would believe in the things which are unseen and eternal. Paul Rivers comes back to England after twenty years absence, a man who had spent his days and nights in the forest until the wilderness had become his own. He finds himself awkward and constrained with the "grown-ups," for he has kept the spirit of eternal youth; but the children make friends with him and admit him at once into their own charmed circle. "Nixie," his elder niece, becomes his dear, familiar friend, and it is the story of their exquisite comradeship which gives the story a fragrance, as of woodland depths. This is a book which may not become a "best seller" but which will be treasured as a rare gem by those who catch its innermost gleam. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company.)

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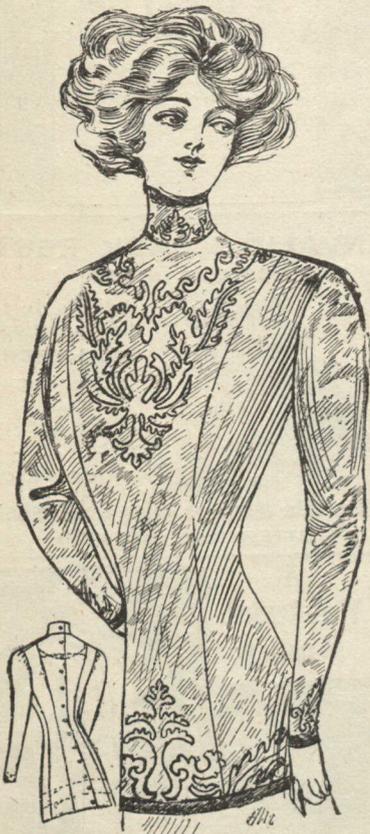
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# Home Journal Fashions

Continued from page 29

year size is  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards 24 or 27,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 32 or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards 44 inches wide with  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of banding and  $2\frac{1}{2}$



Pattern No. 6459

yards of ribbon for sash. The pattern 6534 is cut in sizes for girls of 2, 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

\* \* \*

## A HANDSOME JERSEY WAIST

WAISTS in jersey or cuirass style continue all their vogue. They are very pretty made from jersey silk and also from everything that is soft enough to cling to the figure. This one shows one of the new chiffon moire silks braided with soutache and is exceedingly rich and handsome in effect. It will be found equally available for wear with the skirt to match and for use with odd ones. It fits the figure perfectly, it is graceful and it is altogether desirable. If liked the neck can be cut out in either square or round outline and the opening filled with a chemisette. If braiding is not liked trimming of any pretty sort can be substituted. Simple bands over the seams are effective and easily applied. Such a cuirass together with a straight plaited skirt joined to its lower edge makes an exceedingly practical and exceedingly smart gown, and for the skirt either wool material in color to match or plaid or striped material with waist of plain will be found satisfactory as well as the entire gown of one fabric.

For the medium size will be required 4 yards of material 24 or 27,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards 32 or  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards 64 or 72 inches wide. The pattern is 6459, sizes 34 to 44 inches bust.

\* \* \*

## FASHION NOTES

Dark sepia is the most stylish shade of suede footwear.

Among the new purses, the square ones are popular.

In silks, brocade is the ultra petticoat material at present.

Seal plush coats, made up after real seal models, are in demand.

Cerise, a shade so popular a few years ago, is again to the fore.

A novelty is a coat sleeve laced the entire length with a silk cord.

Newest hairpins are square topped instead of having tops with curves.

Ribbon sashes are appearing with full length ends and a puff rosette.

Short skirts may now be used for the most elaborate daytime occasions.

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—and all the faded curtains, cushion-covers and other things—  
come out fresh and glowing—when you use the new soap-dye—

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Fast shades, rich and even. Goes further—does better work with less trouble than the old-fashioned powder dyes.

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Did you read the Special Offers in Magazines on Page Three, if not turn back and read.

# Home Dressmaking

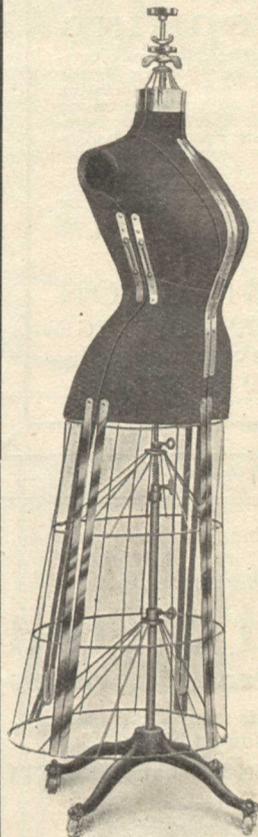
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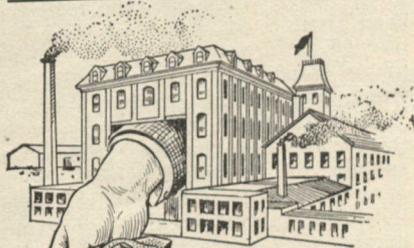
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That 2 for 1 guarantee—the most liberal given anywhere—is backed up by the largest hosiery mills in Canada. You can depend upon the guarantee being fulfilled to the last letter.

Buying hosiery on this plan you make doubly sure of satisfaction, for if the hosiery does not fulfill the guarantee the makers have to pay a double penalty.

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They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

Don't be content another day with hosiery which has those horrid seams up the leg and across the foot—with hosiery

less serviceable—but get Pen-Angle 2 for 1 guaranteed hosiery

## For Ladies

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 them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. 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, hello, 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, hello, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

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No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark

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

No. 330.—"Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

## Instructions

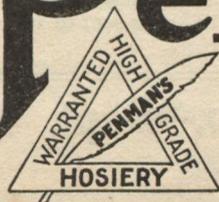
If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order post-paid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

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**Women's Institutes**

Continued from page 26

do not fit well together. The back must be clothed, of course. It is just as imperative that the mind be suitably equipped. When we stimulate a desire to read we have overcome one of the greatest difficulties in home entertainments. Not only because of the mental stimulus, but the world of books opens up to us such a vast and varied source of amusements that may be applied in so many ways. For instance, we may take some of the more recent and popular books, such as "Sowing Seeds in Danny," and find, in the reading of it aloud by the member of a family, a source of intense pleasure. Then we may discuss it and form cuttings for the different characters to be recited by members of the family. And even a dramatic representation on a small scale might be attempted. As the interest grows we might take up biography, history and poetry. He who has cultivated a desire to read good books will never want for a friend to wile away a winter's evening.

In considering the moral tendencies of amusements, some by their very nature must be eliminated. Each home must decide this for themselves. Happily we can leave out all amusements whose effect may be regarded as harmful and even all doubtful ones and yet have plenty left. All games that constitute a test of skill or wit are stimulating. But where there is stimulus there is always the necessity for self-control. Any one who has learned to accept defeat gracefully has added an estimable quality to character. Any one who feels the keen rivalry of a contest and has learned to surpass the baser elements of his nature, even if it be only in a game, has become stronger morally. The game which affords no test in this way was hardly stimulating enough to be worth while. Some parents prevent their children from indulging in certain kinds of games because they foster, they say, quarrelsomeness or cheating. In all these instances the fault is not so much in the game as in the child, and the game may become in the hands of a wise parent, the very agency needed for teaching the child to overcome its weakness.

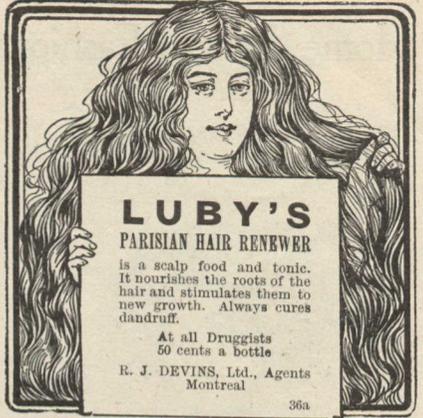
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**Concerning Refreshments**

MRS. WILLIAM ELLIOTT of Galt sends the following communication on a subject which appears to interest many branches of the Women's Institute:

"In the December issue of the HOME JOURNAL we note an article inviting discussion on serving lunch at our Institute meetings. Of course we easily see the path which lies so open for such hospitality. Our meetings being held in private homes, the hostess ever awake to her duties, feels badly if not permitted to give 'a cup o' kindness' before the meeting closes. Not in a spirit of rivalry, do I think for one moment, will any of our Institute members serve elaborate lunches—it is what they take pleasure in and they desire to serve all alike. But to avoid hurting any person's feelings, the matter could be thoroughly discussed at a meeting and a decision arrived at, not in any case making it compulsory to do so. But it will in a great many cases relieve the hostess if it is decided by the Branch not to serve lunch. The chief objection which we South Waterloo members see to serving lunch is, it keeps the meeting too late. A meeting commenced at 2.30 should close promptly at four o'clock. Then the members can have a little social chat and disperse.

"In almost all our branches there is a resolution in the minute book not to serve lunch. Sometimes a thoughtful hostess will have a refreshing drink or a piece of cake she wishes to serve 'just to refresh the body as the mind has been refreshed,' and



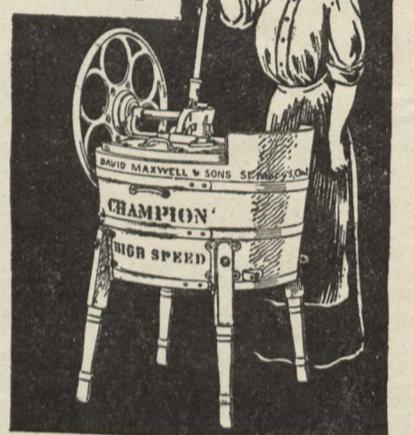
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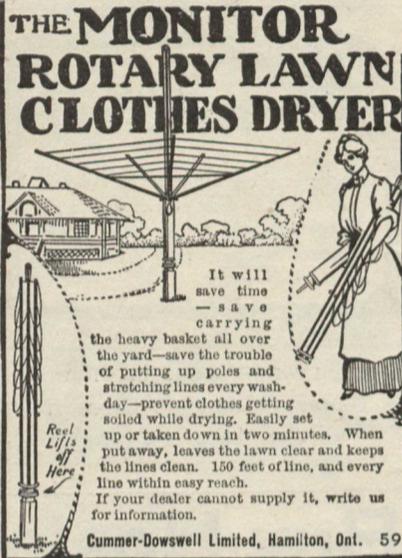
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will serve it quickly, apparently unconsciously—not delaying the members much longer. But it is on a hot day or a very cold day such thoughtful acts are appreciated. The members depart, feeling a little kinder to that hostess in particular and the Branch members in general, because they have had a little 'cup o' kindness' thrown in when they did not expect it. When meetings are held in halls, there cannot be any excuse for serving lunch, excepting on special occasions, when the Government Delegates or the District Officers are our guests. Then it does us all good to indulge in the social cup o' tea and a few sandwiches and a little cake."

\* \* \*

THE Women's Institutes of Ontario are looked upon by the American Home Economics Association as one of the most effective means of reaching home makers and giving them instruction in domestic economy in the broadest sense. In recognition of the excellent work which has already been done by the Institutes, the superintendent, Mr. George A. Putnam, has been elected a councillor of the American Home Economic Association for a period of five years.

The Women's Institute annual report for 1909 is now ready for publication and copies have already been sent to all secretaries and a considerable number of members. Copies will be sent to other members as fast as possible. Institute officers will do well to solicit members during the winter series of meetings, and all members whose names are received during the winter or spring months will receive a copy of the report and of a bulletin on "Flours and Baking," which is soon to be issued.

\* \* \*

THERE is no subject of more interest to the farmer's wife than the matter of poultry raising. In a recent report of the Farmers' Institutes, an account is given of the success attained at Hillside Farm, about a mile north of the city of Toronto, owned by Mr. L. H. Baldwin.

"Beginning with incubation, the proprietor states that there is undoubtedly much to learn in artificial methods. Probably much of the failure to make poultry farming an assured success can be attributed to improper methods of artificial incubation. Too many chicks dead in the shell and too high a mortality with those that hatch out is, in Mr. Baldwin's opinion, attributable to improper development during the period of incubation. Lack of stamina and vigor in breeding stock must be taken into consideration, but in all probability this condition began in the parent stock at the time of their incubation.

"Incubators vary considerably—even machines of the same make. However, from personal experience, Mr. Baldwin inclines to favor the radiant machines rather than the diffusive, believing that something may be learnt from Chinese methods of incubation which provide absolutely no ventilation except when the eggs are taken out of the ovens for turning or cooling. The Chinese usually secure a sixty to seventy per cent. hatch, while our averages range from forty to fifty per cent. with chicks not nearly so healthy as theirs. By way of further explanation, we are referred to Prof. Graham's test of the atmosphere under setting hens, indicating a high percentage of carbon dioxide, which condition obtains throughout the hatching period.

"About the middle of March set the incubator going so as to produce chicks about the first week of April. Put any brooding hens on china eggs till the chicks are hatched; then transfer the chicks to the care of the hens. Any that may not have such

care must go into the brooder. This method will reduce much of the care and attention that the chicks require during the busy season, and this part of the work—care of the brooder—is the most trying and exacting of any work connected with poultry raising. Farmers should pay more attention to increasing vigor and productiveness in their stock rather than to go into it more extensively. They should make use of any available space which may not now be used, or which may at the present time be used for poultry, provided these spaces are suitable. There is no better place for a hen to spend the winter than around the barnyard, but several things should be considered in adapting these places for hen-houses, amongst which may be mentioned cleanliness, dryness, freedom from drafts, and plenty of fresh air. It is also necessary to allow fowl to secure plenty of exercise and plenty of suitable dusting facilities."

\* \* \*

IN a recent issue of *Suburban Life*, a writer tells how to grow the German and English varieties of ivy at home.

For a growing green which is beautifully decorative in the home in winter there is nothing more satisfactory than ivy. There are so many artistic ways of arranging the ivy, and the English variety particularly is so hardy that it cannot fail to grow. Artists have painted it and poets sung of it—the romantic ivy green.

With a pot containing the ivy standing on a table, floor or shelf the creeping branches may be trained in any direction about the room. Have the vine clamber up the window casing, and the green and leafy screen through which you can look out upon a wintry landscape will make it seem less bleak. Stand the jar containing the ivy on a bracket shelf at one end of the mantel and let it wander, with skillful training, up over mantel and walls, stray tendrils drooping gracefully over pictures and the like.

Ivy may be trained over the archway which divides rooms, and no portieres will be needed. There is also the more delicate German ivy, which requires gentler handling. It will grow effectively without soil. I saw one growing in a large bowl of water—the kind of glass bowl used for small aquaria. The ivy grew over the sides of the bowl, festooning itself in tangled masses of vivid green, which gave a living beauty to the whole room.

## In the Land of Flour and Furs

Continued from page 13

of producing activity will this whole country spring when it is given rail communication with the plains-people to the south? . . . Everything on a Vermilion dinner-table is produced in the country, with the exception only of tea, coffee, sugar and pepper. The country furnishes beef, pork and fowl all locally matured; home-cured ham and bacon; every known variety of hardy and tender vegetables; home-made butter; bread made from flour grown and ground on the premises; pies whose four constituents—flour, lard, butter and fruit—are products of the country; home-made cheese; wild honey; home-made wines; splendid fish caught from the Peace, and a bewildering variety of wild game."

This book is one of exceeding interest and value. It is enlivened by many a story of fun and adventure, for Miss Cameron is blessed with humor and a sense of the dramatic, which would make any tale of travel as entertaining as any romance. May the best of good fortune attend her in the Heart of the Empire!

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In homes of refinement,

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**Cresolene** is a powerful germicide acting both as a curative and preventive in contagious diseases.

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Makes delicious Fish Patties, Creamed Cod and dozens of other dainty dishes.

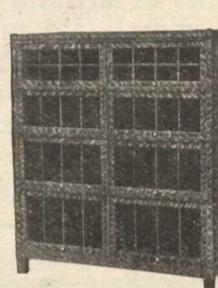
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## DECORATE YOUR HOME

The advent of Spring is the signal for remodelling the house, and the usual house cleaning.

The dirtiest and most tiresome work is paper-hanging and replastering—patching the plaster walls where they have cracked or chipped—replacing the torn and discolored paper. Dirt—dust—germs in everything.

Really it surprises me how people will stand a repetition of this drudgery year after year.

I stopped it five years ago. I had become tired of the papering and of continually fixing the plaster—tired of the dirt and the dust. I tried painting the ceilings and walls—but no relief—paint will not prevent the plaster cracking, and the dust and small pieces from falling.

At last, after trying most everything, without any improvement whatever, I called in my friend the METALLIC MAN. He showed me photographs of metallic ceilings and walls in many fine residences and stores. I was surprised at the great number of artistic designs, and they are so easy to lay—why I laid mine entirely by myself in a very short time, and what a relief—no more dust—no plaster falling—no vermin—so clean and sanitary—and more, *absolutely fireproof*. I went right down and had my insurance rate reduced. "Every sheet of Metallic laid increases protection from fire," said the Insurance Man.

My friends remark on the handsome appearance of the rooms—each one different, for the designs are so artistic and varied—pretty scrolls—dainty checkered patterns or deep massive effects—any style desired.

They are so easy to keep clean—soap and water makes them like new again, and a little paint gives you a new ceiling at a very small expenditure. Metallic will save you labor and expense every year.

Send measurements of your rooms to the Metallic Roofing Co.—they will give you good suggestions and designs.

—THE PHILOSOPHER OF METAL TOWN.

WRITE US, THE MANUFACTURERS

The **Metallic Roofing Co.** Limited  
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

## Seeds of Undoubted Purity

Among the newest and best varieties of seeds and plants listed in our 1910 catalogue are the following: Chrysanthemum, Well's New Early Flowering Single Hydrangea, Arborescens Grandiflora Alba Impatiens, Holstii Liegnitzia Sweet William Scarlet Beauty, Sweet William Pink Beauty, Linnia Red Riding Hood, Four Grand New Sweet Peas of "Spencer" Type.

Send for our Catalogue giving full description.

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## STEELE, BRIGGS' SEEDS

Are noted everywhere for their PURITY and RELIABILITY

Don't run the risk of spoiling your whole season's work by using cheap or inferior seeds. Our policy has always been to get the very best regardless of expense. And the standard reputation of

**Steele, Briggs' Seeds**

all over Canada is evidence of honest quality. Send your name and address for a copy of our Illustrated Catalogue for 1910. It tells all about good seed.

**STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., LIMITED**

TORONTO HAMILTON and WINNIPEG



## MY LADY'S GARDEN

WHILE there is not much actual work that can be done in the garden in February, yet there are many things which can be done indoors that will be found to make things work easier when the actual planting season arrives. If you have not received your spring catalogue from the seedsmen, send your name and have one mailed to you at once.

You should plan now just where you will plant your flower beds and your vegetables next season. By making a careful plan you should be able to estimate just about the amount of seeds you will require and the proper varieties. Order them at once before the spring rush begins. It will give the seedsmen a chance to put up your orders correctly and will greatly relieve the rush of the spring season.

During the long winter evenings is the best time to plan improvements for the garden. We should endeavor to change the appearance of the garden every season. While it may not be necessary to change the general outline, yet by a change in the location of the different vegetable and flower beds one is led to believe that it is

every person with a garden does not provide himself with one for spring use. They are so inexpensive and easily made that they will pay for themselves the first season. If you have not the sash available, you can procure it from manufacturers who make them especially for this purpose. A few old boards and a couple of loads of manure are all that is required to produce abundant crops of early lettuce, radishes, onions and cress and at the same time afford room in which to plant flower seeds or the rooted cuttings for an early start.

\* \* \*

LOOK over stored root crops in the cellar. With the approach of spring they are liable to rot rapidly. Open the cellar doors on fine days and admit as much air as possible. Pick out and destroy diseased specimens.

Hardy annuals can be sown indoors or in the hot-bed the latter part of February. The seedlings will be ready for transplanting as soon as the ground is warm enough.

Canna roots should be sorted over and divided and placed near the light



WHEN SPRING SHRUBBERY BRIGHTENS THE GARDEN

not the same garden that was seen last year.

Do not buy bargain packets of seeds. Buy only from reliable dealers that from years of standing have proved their honesty in selling only high-class seeds. It is better to buy a few more seeds than you require than to be short at the time of planting.

If you would like some early annuals you could sow them inside during the latter part of February. Such annuals as petunias, verbenas and other slow germinating varieties will receive a much earlier start if planted in boxes in the house.

So much enjoyment can be had out of a hot bed that it is a wonder that

to enable them to get an early start.

Prune fruit trees and grape vines during February.

Fertilize lawns, vegetable gardens and asparagus and rhubarb beds.

There is so much to be done when the planting season arrives that it is always best to get as much as possible of the early work done before the snow leaves the ground. Some of this work can be just as well done in February as a month later.

\* \* \*

### BUYING NOVELTIES.

MANY enthusiastic horticulturists have been deceived into buying so-called novelties advertised in seedsmen's catalogues. The demand for something new has had the effect of encouraging many seedsmen to list as novelties in their catalogues, seeds and plants that have long since been discarded as useless and others re-introduced under a new name. Canadian seedsmen as a rule are not as bad offenders in this matter as seedsmen of other countries. In fact, many of the seedsmen in Canada have come out honestly in this matter and stated candidly that there is very little in the line of novelties to offer.

One can scarcely call to mind a dozen of the novelties which have been introduced during the last ten years, that have really been an acquisition to horticulture. That some of our Canadian seedsmen still list novelties in their catalogues, arises from the fact that the public demand something of this nature and unless the catalogue contains something special in the front, it is thrown aside

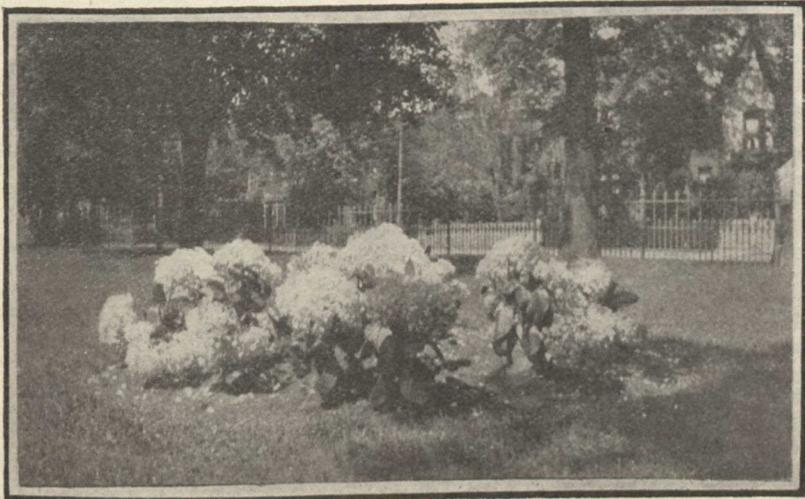
as being "the same old thing as last year," and the catalogue of a competitor taken up and the novelties advertised therein purchased for the coming season.

A well-known Toronto amateur gardener was badly deceived last year. He looked very carefully through an English catalogue that listed something supposedly new in the line of asters. The seeds were ordered, planted and the plants carefully tended to their flowering stage. The flowers came and the aster was easily recognized as the common variety that grows on almost any hillside. In fact, there were hundreds growing within a stone's throw of this gentleman's garden. Another novelty that deceived him was the catch fly, which is one of our commonest Canadian weeds.

A person cannot go very far astray in sticking to the old and well tried varieties. Let someone else try the

earth in spring. When the flowers expand, the contrast between their snowy whiteness and the salmon-pink stems and veinings of the sea-green leaves is very beautiful. Later the leaves grow rather coarse, so it is well not to plant too many.

(3) Well worthy of a place in our shady garden nooks are our two native dicentras. The squirrel corn (*D. canadensis*) is a duplicate in miniature of the bleeding heart (*D. spectabilis*) of our gardens, except that the flowers are white instead of rose color and are very fragrant and more refined in every way. The other ("saving your presence" as an old Irish woman used to say) the Dutchman's breeches (*D. cucullaria*) has flowers of a creamy yellow and no perfume, though it is the prettier of the two. If you pick off a blossom and turn it upside down you will understand the application of the popular name. The airy fern-like foliage



THE GLOWING BEDS OF AUTUMN

novelties. If they succeed, there is plenty of time next year to profit by their experience. If the novelties do not prove successful, then you are saved considerable expense.

\* \* \*

UNKNOWN ANNUALS.

HOW many of us on going into a garden are able to identify more than about ten or twelve annuals? The average garden will not contain even that number of annuals although there are dozens equally worth a place in our garden as those we consider our standard annuals.

When we plant asters, phlox, verbenas, nasturtiums, petunias and snap dragon, we seem to think that we have just about reached the end of the list of those annuals that are worth a place in our garden. When you get your catalogue for this season, look it over and make a list of some of the annuals you have not tried in former years. Buy some seeds from your seedsman and plant them this spring. You will be surprised at the results. You will make new friends that are just as worthy of a place in your garden as any of the above mentioned plants.

\* \* \*

THE BEST CANADIAN WILD FLOWERS FOR TRANSPLANTING.

NO country in the world produces wild flowers as abundantly as Canada. There are so many that are worthy of a place in the hardy border that the following paper, prepared by Miss M. E. Blacklock, and read before a meeting of the Toronto Horticultural Society, will be read with interest and will prove a source of much valuable information.

(1) I place the hepatica at the head of my list because of its beauty, perfume, earliness, and ease of cultivation. It will flourish almost anywhere, though it will do best and look the prettiest under some deciduous shrub or tree—little groups of them under shrubbery being the most charming way to grow them.

(2) The bloodroot (*sanguinaria canadensis*) is another easily naturalized wild flower, and its leaf-enfolded buds soon push their way out of the

of both is so alike that it is difficult to tell them apart, but the squirrel corn has roots like two or three large ripe peas, attached to each other, while the roots of the other are shaped like the pointed grains of pop corn and formed into a little clump. Plant them in sandy leaf mould.

(4) The trillium is a most valuable addition to our gardens. It is readily transplanted, uncomplaining as to soil, and blooms as freely as in its native haunts. The large flowered one (*T. grandiflorum*) turns from pure white to a deep rose before it fades. It is a very beautiful flower. The red one (*T. erectum*) is scarcely pretty enough to be worth growing, though some people admire it. The painted trillium (*T. erythrocarpum*), white with purple stripes at the base of the petals, is apparently quite common in Muskoka.

Continued in March issue

**Established 1856**

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**For the year 1910**

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Type of Sweet Pea. Countess Spencer Hybrids.  
Pkt. 5c, oz. 10c, 2 oz. 15c,  
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**Ontario Seed Co., Waterloo, Ontario**  
IN 1906

**UNFERTILIZED**

**COMPLETE FERTILIZER**

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GIVES BIGGER YIELDS OF BETTER QUALITY. IMPROVES COLOR OF FRUIT and FLOWERS and PROMOTES MATURITY.

This important "Plant Food" can be obtained from all leading seedsmen in the highly concentrated forms of MURIATE and SULPHATE of POTASH. Write for full particulars and copies of our FREE publications, including "Fertilizing Orchard and Garden"; "Fertilizing Root Crops and Vegetables"; "Artificial Fertilizers, Their Nature and Use"; "Potato Crops in Canada," etc.

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Abounding in stimulating goodness, a most health-ful and pleasing beverage. Its sustaining and invigorating qualities are beyond dispute.

**SHREDDED**

Insures sturdy health—a thorough enjoyment of the crisp winter weather.

To serve at this season—heat biscuit in oven, pour hot milk over it and salt to taste.  
Delicious! Try it.

Sold by all grocers, 13c. a carton, two for 25c.

**WHEAT**

Every Woman who keeps house should know

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

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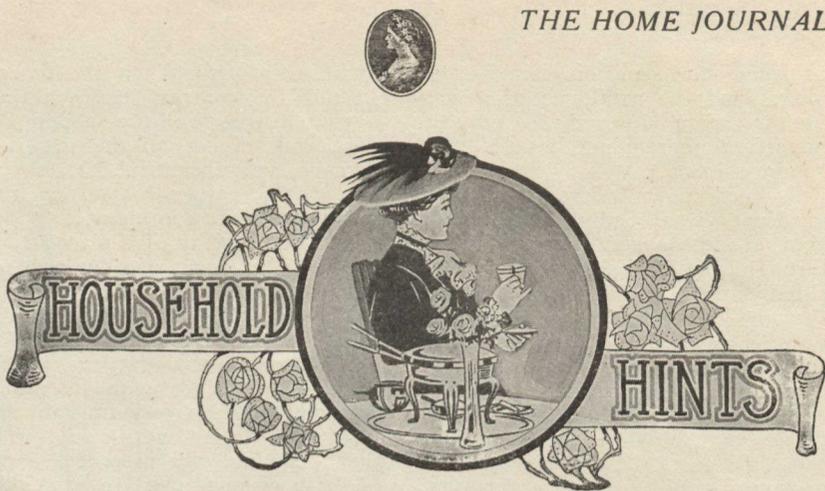
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It is used by all the large Bakers and Caterers, as well as by the best home bakers and cooks. Food products that are produced in clean factories are best.

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Lace Washing at Home

WHEN lace in its many delightful adaptations is as much in evidence in our toilettes as it is at the present time, the question of washing or cleaning it at home becomes one of considerable importance, on the score of economy, as well as for the sake of preserving the lace itself. Of course, many people prefer to send their special treasures to be dry cleaned by experienced and reliable firms, and for valuable laces, which require such attentions only at very long intervals, this is doubtless the best plan; but for the more ordinary laces that are in constant use there remains the possibility of home cleaning or washing, which saves the rough handling at the laundry.

Lace which is only slightly soiled may sometimes be satisfactorily cleaned by rubbing lightly into it a mixture of equal quantities of fine salt and flour, leaving awhile, then shaking the powder out, and, if necessary, brushing with a soft clean brush, and dry magnesia will sometimes serve the purpose, used in the same way.

Generally, however, except where the lace is made up with colored materials that do not soil so readily, and it becomes advisable to try cleaning, washing is more satisfactory, and many kinds of lace, if carefully treated, will emerge looking nearly as good as when new, even after many washings.

To begin with, the lace must be examined, and any necessary repairs made, for, with the utmost care, there is danger of small holes being converted into large ones. Then, for the washing, make a lather by shredding plain white or yellow soap into boiling water, and when this has cooled somewhat, dip the lace in, moving it up and down, pressing with the hands and half squeezing until all the dirt is removed. Be careful to avoid any semblance of rubbing, wringing, or even definite squeezing, for the delicate threads snap most unexpectedly, and destruction lurks in even a suspicion of rough handling. Rinse carefully in several tepid waters, and if the lace is to be deepened in shade, put the tinting material into the last of these, to which also should be added any stiffening that is to be used other than starch.

Carefully strained coffee or tea may be used for the tinting, on the old-fashioned plan, or very effective tones can be obtained by the use of a few crystals of the permanganate of potash, that is probably kept in the house for flushing the drains. These dissolved in water will give pinkish tints, which, however, soon change on exposing the lace to the air, to cream or brownish tones of corresponding intensity, and when the required depth is obtained the solution can be kept for use on future occasions, when it will have itself changed from pink to a brownish color. It should be remembered that a very few crystals will suffice, and experiments may be made with a piece of old muslin until the required shade is obtained; if it has not already changed, the pink will become cream under the warm iron.

For ordinary purposes the lace will be stiff enough if ironed while still wet, and those home laundresses who

have not tried this method will be surprised to find how well it answers. For some very fine laces that require a little more “body,” milk is good. Dip the lace into it after rinsing in tepid water, squeeze lightly, and roll up in a piece of soft white cloth, and iron when partly dry. For a greater degree of stiffness dissolve a little sugar in the final rinsing water, or pour some gum arabic solution into it; the quantity of either will be small but the degree of stiffness required will regulate it, two lumps of sugar being generally sufficient for about a pint of water. Some people prefer to use starch, and in that case the lace should be put through rather stiff hot starch, then rinsed immediately by dipping up and down two or three times in a bowl of cold water, which helps to preserve the clearness of the lace, especially if it has a net foundation. The starch may be prepared in the ordinary way, and then strained through muslin, or it is better if mixed to a paste with a little cold soft water, then thinned somewhat, and finally boiled in a glazed jar or enamelled pan until it is clear and thick; thus prepared it maintains the light, clear, transparent character of the lace or muslin. When only slight stiffening is desired a little cold starch mixed to a cream may be put into the last rinsing or tinting water, and will be found effective.



After either of these processes the lace should be squeezed very carefully, or, better, pressed between the hands, for in definite squeezing the fingers may easily rupture the threads, then shaken out, beaten lightly between the palms of the hands (while a helper holds it suspended and spread out), then pulled very carefully into shape, the edges receiving special attention. Be sure not to use the finger-nails in this pulling out, or tears will be almost inevitable; the thumb and finger-tips will do the work quite well after a little practice. When quite ready for ironing lay the lace carefully in a clean cloth, rolling it up as each article or piece is added, so that it can be gradually unrolled, and the articles taken out in turn when the ironing is in process.

For ironing use a soft blanket folded several times, covered with a piece of fine soft white material, nainsook for preference; lay the lace on this, right side downwards, and turn the nainsook up over it. Press lightly with a moderately hot iron until fairly dry, then remove the nainsook covering, and iron the wrong side of the lace itself, taking care to keep the edges in good shape, threads straight, etc., and continue until quite dry. After a little practice the left hand will grow expert in manipulating the lace while the right hand wields the iron, and it is on this manipulation, together with the previous pulling into shape, that the success of the ironing very largely depends. Without it, or, indeed, with any want of care in the ironing process, lace ties and sleeves assume ugly shapes, edges and scallops lose their beauty, threads take all sorts of unlovely curves.

(To be continued)



CULINARY CONCEITS

E. G. BARNES

butter. Tie them securely from the air, if intended to keep for any length of time.

Tested Recipes

**GRAPE JELLY.**—Use in the proportion of two-thirds grapes and one-third apples. The grapes that are part green and part ripe make the best jelly. Cover apples with water and cook until tender. The apples need not be pared. For the grapes, use just enough water to prevent them from sticking. Drain the fruit but do not squeeze. Use equal parts of juice and sugar, and cook only a few moments.

**PUMPKIN BUTTER.**—Cut the pumpkin in as many pieces as you like, taking out all the seeds, after which the pieces are cut into dice like citron. Leave the rind on, so as to enrich the "butter," then cover with water to which a little salt has been added and boil until soft. Strain and put back the juice into the kettle. Have nice tart apples pared, cored and quartered and put into the juice, adding sugar enough to form a jelly, and a little more water if necessary. Then cook until thick like marmalade. Before taking from the stove, add any spice you like.

**FRANCONIA FUDGE.**—To make this, put one-fourth of a cupful of butter in a saucepan, and when melted add two cupfuls of sugar, one-half of a cupful of milk and one-fourth of a cupful of molasses. Heat to the boiling-point and let boil seven minutes. Add two squares of unsweetened chocolate, and stir until melted. Then let boil seven minutes more. Remove from fire, beat until creamy and add one teaspoonful of vanilla and one-half of a cupful of nut meats cut in pieces. Pour at once into a buttered tin, and mark in squares. This candy is very good without either vanilla or nuts, while in their places one-half of a teaspoonful of cinnamon may be used.

**CHOCOLATE DOMINOES.**—Mix thoroughly together one-half of a cupful of pecan-nut meats, one-half of a cupful of English-walnut meats, one-half of a cupful of figs cut in pieces, and one-half of a cupful of dates (from which stones have been removed), forced through a meat-chopper or finely chopped. Add the grated rind of one orange, one tablespoonful of orange juice, and one square of melted unsweetened chocolate. Toss on a board sprinkled with powdered sugar and roll to one-third of an inch in thickness. Cut into the shape of dominoes, using a sharp knife. Spread thinly with melted unsweetened chocolate, and decorate with small pieces of blanched almonds to imitate dominoes.

**LEMON SHAPE.**—Two ounces of arrowroot, six ounces of loaf-sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon grated; mix with one pint of boiling water. When cold, add the yolks and whites of three eggs well beaten, and boil all together well; then pour it into a mould and let it stand till the next day. This is a delicious sweet, and very nourishing.

**FISH PASTE.**—Bloaters, smoked salmon, shrimps, prawns, lobsters, anchovies, are suitable for paste. Take the flesh of the already dressed fish, carefully bone it, and divest it of skin, fins, etc.; season it plentifully with spices, and pound it in a mortar; add to it a small proportion of very fresh butter and, when quite a smooth paste, press it down well into pots and cover with a layer of clarified

**CREAM TARTS.**—Line tart pans with a rich, short crust, and bake until brown. Whip a cupful of cream until stiff, add a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, flavor with vanilla, and, when the tarts are cold, fill in with cream. Set in a cold place until ready to serve. Just before serving drop a spoonful of jelly or preserves on top of each tart.

**CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.**—Take two cups of granulated sugar, half a cup of milk, two ounces of butter, and three ounces of grated, unsweetened chocolate. Place in a saucepan over the fire, and boil to a crack. Then add one teaspoonful of vanilla and pour in shallow buttered pans. When cool, cut into squares and wrap in buttered or wax paper.

**DAINTY TEA SCONES.**—Take one pound of flour, two ounces of sifted sugar, one heaped teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of baking soda, one egg, beaten, one breakfastcupful of sweet milk. Mix dry ingredients, stir in egg and milk. Stir quickly until the dough is nice and soft. Turn out, roll lightly, cut into rounds, and brush with milk. Bake in quick oven until they turn pale brown. Split open, and spread with butter or raspberry jam.

**CHEESE TOAST.**—This is a capital way to use up stale bits of cheese or bread that will not do for anything else. Cut the bread into rounds and fry in boiling fat. Grate the cheese very finely, flavor with a little cayenne, white pepper and salt. Mix it up well with the beaten yolk of an egg. A very little milk may be added. Pile this mixture on the rounds of fried bread, and put into the oven till it is set. Serve very hot. If liked, a little tomato sauce may be added when beating the cheese and egg together, but it is quite as good without.

Antique Furniture

Continued from page 10

Hepplewhite and Sheraton came after Chippendale, and were making furniture about 1780. It is sometimes a little difficult to distinguish between them, for though they were both original, they were not above copying each other's work. For those who wish to study the differences, two excellent books are recommended—Arthur Hayden's "Chats on Old Furniture," and Helen Churchill Candee's "Decorative Styles and Periods."

The chief feature of the new styles was that all carving on the legs was done away with. Curved legs were replaced by slender, tapering ones. In Hepplewhite they were four-sided, while in Sheraton they were round. Both used the carved shield backs with variations, though those of Sheraton were the most delicate in design. Frail, spindle-legged sofas and sideboards became general.

Though we cannot now furnish our house or even a room with these charming old pieces, yet here and there may be found cabinet-makers who are artistic enough to follow faithfully the old designs, and produce almost facsimile of them. Mention should be made of the Adams Brothers, architects and decorators, who had such an effect upon the designs of the Eighteenth Century. It is interesting to note that Robert Adams was buried in Westminster Abbey in 1792.



What Mamma Said.

"Mamma wants a package of Lemon Jell-O and a package of Strawberry Jell-O."

Groceryman: "I suppose something else wouldn't do, would it?"

"Mamma said be sure and get

JELL-O

because she's got company and she wants to visit 'stead of working in the kitchen, and everybody likes Jell-O."

There is the whole thing in a nutshell. There is no kitchen drudgery making Jell-O desserts, and everybody likes them.

All grocers sell Jell-O, 10 cents a package.

Send for the beautiful new Jell-O book, "Desserts of the World." THE GENESEE PURE FOOD CO., Le Roy, N.Y., and Bridgeburg, Can.

"There's a Christie Biscuit for every taste"

Uniform in Quality  
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You know that Christie Biscuits are the best your money can buy; but—do you know the reasons why? The superiority of

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is largely due to the concentration of all our energy and ability in the biscuit industry. We have manufactured biscuits for over half a century and each succeeding year finds us endeavoring to improve our product—enhance Christie reputation. We blend the best of the nation's flour scientifically, sift and test our blend by actual baking. Every ingredient entering our bakes must be generously good. Butter, milk and eggs—all of the high-grade quality you use on your own table.

N. B.—Always insist on Christie's if you want the best biscuits.

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LIMITED



# BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY



## THE REAL CITY.

THE story is told in Toronto that a Cockney laborer was in the habit of annoying his fellow-workmen by informing them constantly that this sort of work is better done in London. Whenever he made this remark, the others would slyly ask:

"London, Ontario?"

One day a new workman joined the gang and the Cockney workman proceeded to say:

"This ain't like London."

In utter innocence the newcomer asked:

"London, Ontario?"

This was more than the man from Great Britain could endure. Raising his voice and throwing aside his pick, he replied:

"No—I mean London at 'ome wot 'arf the world comes from."

\* \* \*  
IN 1910.

Father's in his airship  
Gone to spend the day,  
Looking after loans and bonds  
In Europe, o'er the way.  
Mother, who likes comfort,  
And does not care to roam,  
Is shopping via wireless,  
In Paris, at her home.

Brother, who in deep seas  
Has a coral grove,  
Is going in his submarine  
Among his crops to rove.  
Uncle, in the navy,  
Who's left his ship a span,  
Is shooting through pneumatic tubes  
To join her in Japan.

Sister, who's a suffragette,  
Has worked reforms so rare  
That even the ward meetings  
They open now with prayer;  
And when, tired by their labors,  
She'd body rest and soul,  
She goes to spend for pleasure  
A week-end at the pole.  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

## WHAT HE THOUGHT.

IT was easy enough to see that the man in the centre of the trolley car with a scowl between his eyes was bored to death with the subject, and it was easy enough to see that the little man opposite was determined to make him more trouble. Therefore, no one was surprised to hear the query:

"Sir, you probably read the papers, and I should like to ask you if you think Doctor—?"

"I won't answer you!" snarled the other.

"Sorry you won't, but you look like a man who thinks deeply on such questions, and I wanted to ask—"

"Ask me nothing!"

"It's too bad you feel that way about it," continued the little man. "I am bored myself, but still feel a duty to express an opinion when asked to. Let me ask, sir, if you think that Commander—?"

"Didn't I say I wouldn't answer!" shouted the man with the scowl.

"You did, but I was in hopes you would change your mind. You look like a man capable of giving an unbiased opinion and while I don't want to annoy you I would like to ask what you think of the statement that—?"

"I don't think! I won't think! You are annoying me, sir, and there

are limits beyond which you must not go."

"Sorry—very sorry. I would not willingly annoy anyone, but I thought I might perhaps ask you whether you thought Dr. Cook or Commander Peary took—?"

"Stop, sir!"

"Took a spare white shirt along with them to put on when they discovered the Pole!"

"No! Never!" shouted the man with the scowl; and he got up and left the car.

\* \* \*



PLAYING HEARTS

## WHEN THEY KICK.

IT is said that among Billy Sunday's converts in an Eastern city was a stripling of a horse jockey, a rider in the running races. At the close of the revival a conference was held, in which all was not harmony. Several speeches were made, pro and con, and the spirit of some of the participants was heated. Finally, the little jockey was asked to express himself. He said: "Well, friends, I don't know much about religion, for I ain't had it long; but I know something about horses, and I've allers noticed that when they're kickin' they ain't pullin'."

\* \* \*

## AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

LITTLE Robert and "Jim," the grocer's delivery man were great friends; and on the momentous day of Robert's promotion from dresses to knickerbockers he waited eagerly in front of the house for "Jim's" coming. But the delivery man, when he came, busied himself about his wagon, without seeming to see anything unusual in his small chum's appearance. Robert stood around hopefully in various conscious positions until he could stand it no longer. "Jim," he burst out at last, "is your horses 'fraid of pants?"

\* \* \*

## NO ASSISTANCE NEEDED.

LUCINDA stood in the presence of two famous surgeons who had just assured her that her present condition demanded an operation and that unless it was performed within a short time she would in all probability die.

Lucinda listened respectfully.

"I'm jes as much obliged to you gen'mans as I can be," she assured them, "but ef de deah Lord has done made up his min' to call me home, I thinks he kin translate me widout no assistance."

\* \* \*

## WITHOUT HIS HOST.

WHEN the new boarder went into the dining-room and sat down, there was only one other person at the table. The new boarder had a

kind heart and thought he would be affable.

"I s'pose you've boarded here for some time?" he said to the other man.

"Yes; quite a while."

"How is it? Any good?"

"Yes, pretty fair. I have no complaint to make."

"Landlady treat you decent?"

"Well, perhaps I ought to"—and then he hesitated.

"Oh, never mind, old man," said the new boarder. "That's all right. I'm on. But, say, mebber you never tried chucking her under the chin once in a while. That's the way to get on with 'em. I never had a landlady that didn't treat me At yet. It's all in the way you handle 'em. See! I'll bet I can live here for a month on end without being asked for a shilling. Watch me banter her when she comes in. Before this time to-morrow she'll be telling me her family history. Poor old girl! She looks as if she'd had her troubles. Probably got tied up to some John Henry, who was about man enough to shoo chickens out of the yard, and that's all. My name's Smith. Let's see, I haven't heard yours, have I?"

"No—no, I believe not. But it doesn't matter. I'm just the landlady's husband."

\* \* \*

## WOMAN'S WORK.

"IT'S a perfect shame!" A fair feminine face looked up petulantly from the work upon which its owner was engaged. It was an old coat, minus the buttons.

"Well, my dear," replied the husband, "you shouldn't complain. You know, it is said that as a man sows, so shall the woman reap. Well, similarly, as the man rips, so shall the woman sew."

"You don't understand!" retorted his young wife. "I don't complain of doing the work, but I do complain of the careless way the tailor sewed that button on. This is the fifth time I've had to sew it on again for you."

\* \* \*



APRIL AND DECEMBER—LIFE

\* \* \*

## MARRYING IN HASTE.

AN English lady who visited Chicago relates how her maid, who accompanied her, quickly became imbued with the desire to become Mrs. Somebody. One morning she appeared before her mistress and, with glowing eyes, announced that she had named the day and would become a wife at the end of the week.

"Are you going back home, then?" the lady asked.

"Oh, no, ma'am; it's an American gentleman," replied the maid.

"But," remonstrated her mistress,

"we've only been here a fortnight."

"That's no matter. He wants the wedding to be on Saturday."

"Well, can't you get him to postpone the marriage just a little till I can get another maid?"

"Well, ma'am, I'd like to oblige you, but, ye see, I don't feel well enough acquainted to ask him to do that."

\* \* \*

## TOOLY LURAL!

"HOW far is it between these two towns?" asked the lawyer.

"About four miles as the flow cries," replied the witness.

"You mean as the cry flows?"

"No," put in the Judge, "he means as the fly crows."

And they all looked at each other, feeling that something was wrong.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

\* \* \*

## WHEREABOUTS OF HONEY.

LUTHER M. BURBANK, the plant wizard of California, said of honey, apropos of a flower that bees love:

"This flower grows abundantly near Santa Barbara, and there was once a young Californian who often visited a leading Santa Barbara hotel because they have such excellent honey there—a honey that bees make from this flower.

"Well, the young man got married in due course, and the wedding trip itinerary must include Santa Barbara, so that the bride might taste this superb honey.

"But the first morning at the Santa Barbara hotel there was no honey on the breakfast table. The bridegroom frowned. He called the old familiar waiter over to him.

"Where's my honey?" he demanded.

"The waiter hesitated, looked awkwardly at the bride, then bent toward the young man's ear and in a stage whisper stammered:

"Er—Mamie don't work here no more, sir."

\* \* \*

## THE TALE THAT TAFT TOLD.

WHILE spending the winter in Georgia, before his inauguration as President, Mr. Taft went to the city of Athens to deliver an address to the students of the University of Georgia. He met a member of the faculty—a staunch Democrat—who said:

"Judge, I voted the Democratic ticket, but wanted to see you win."

Judge Taft replied:

"You remind me of the story of Brer Jasper and Brer Johnson, who were both deacons in the Shilo Baptist Church, although avowed enemies.

"Brer Jasper died and the other deacons told Brer Johnson he must say something good about the deceased on Sunday night. At first he declined, but finally consented.

"Sunday night, when time for the eulogy arrived, he arose slowly and said: 'Brederen and Sisteren, I promised ter say sump'n good 'bout Deacon Jasper to-night, an' I will say we all hopes he's gone whar we knows he ain't.'—*Uncle Remus' Magazine.*

\* \* \*

## A WOMAN'S DIPLOMACY.

IT was the Chicago man's turn, and he told this one:

"Diplomacy, you know, is a remarkable agent. The other day a lady said to her husband:

"James, I have decided to do without a new fall dress, and with the money it would cost I shall have mother here for a nice long visit."

"James turned on her excitedly. 'What, wear that old brown cloth thing another season? I guess not!' he exclaimed vehemently. 'You go right down to your tailor's to-day and order something handsome. Remember, please, that as my wife you have a certain position to maintain!'

"The wife bowed her head in submission. On her lips played a peculiar smile."

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MANY women nowadays are earning \$100 a week—\$5,000 a year—by dressmaking. One woman, the head designer in Chicago's largest retail dry goods house, is said to receive \$10,000 a year. Salaries of \$25,00 to \$50,00 a week are common. Graduate dressmakers are wanted right now in many good towns and cities. Never before has there been such a demand for competent designers. *We teach you by mail and equip you to command a good income. Or you can start in business for yourself. Become a Graduate Dressmaker.* The regular diploma of this College is issued to all who complete this course of lessons. *The American System* is most thorough and complete in every detail, and yet very simple and easily understood. *These lessons will teach you how to Design, Draft, Cut, Fit, Make, Drape and Trim* any garment, including children's clothing. This study will not interfere with your regular duties.

This College is endorsed by leading high-grade fashion magazines—McCall's, Harper's Bazar, Paris Modes, Fashions, Woman's World, Woman's Magazines, Etc., Etc.

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SAVE MONEY by drafting your own patterns, by doing your own sewing, and enable yourself to dress far better at one-third the usual cost.

SAVE TIME and the worry of having to wait on dressmakers in the busy season of each year.

#### What Are These Lessons Worth?

OUR STUDENTS SAY IN RECENT LETTERS:—"I would not exchange the knowledge I have gained for double the cost." "I would not take \$50 for what I have learned." "I have made 25 waists (6 silk ones)—all perfect fits." "I have just saved the price of my course by making my own silk dress." "I have saved a large dressmakers' bill by doing my own sewing." "The knowledge gained from these lessons is enabling me to help my husband pay for our new home." "I would not sell this system for \$100."

#### The Children's Dresses

Every mother wants her children to be well dressed. Many are not able to have the sewing done by a capable garment maker, and the ready made garments are far from satisfactory. Our system thoroughly covers the subject of designing, cutting and fitting children's clothing.

#### The Author of this Course

Our readers will be interested to learn of the signal success of a western woman who had the initiative to test a new and somewhat unique idea—teaching dressmaking by correspondence. Only a few years ago, Miss Pearl Merwin, now supervisor of the American College of Dressmaking, was modestly but successfully doing such sewing as came to her from her friends, as a natural result of the merits of her work. A college-bred woman herself, she conceived the idea of putting her knowledge and experience into the hands of those less favored, by crystalizing it into a series of lessons which could easily and successfully be taught by mail. She commenced advertising in a small way, until the practicability of the idea was fully demonstrated. Her advertising may now be seen in all of the leading magazines. She has over 20,000 students and graduates throughout the country, and the product of her pen is widely sought. She is a striking example of the new woman—not however, of the mannish sort—who has "come up out of the ranks" largely by her own efforts, and that by confining her work wholly within the generally conceded province of feminine endeavor.—Clipped from "HUMAN LIFE" published at Boston, Mass.

#### A Practical Demonstration

Miss Pearl Merwin, Supervisor, Dear Teacher:—  
BROWNSVILLE, VT.  
I am very glad to have finished successfully the complete American System of Dressmaking, and want to thank you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me.

When I started taking your lessons, they enabled me to make quite a number of things for myself and my friends, who were so well satisfied with my work that I took in all the sewing I could do, and did exceptionally well.

Since completing my course, I have started dressmaking and have been very successful, having made a silk-waist suit, two skirts, two jackets and two fancy gowns, one of which I just completed to-day, and my customer is delighted with it. I appreciate the American System of Dressmaking very much.

After receiving my diploma I started on a large scale, taking in only the fancy and expensive gowns. Have made eight wedding dresses, and several bridesmaid dresses, reception and graduation gowns, etc. I recommend the American System of Dressmaking at every opportunity, and remain, your student, Miss Emma J. Pierson.

#### THIS HANDSOME BOOK SENT FREE

Our new book on dressmaking recently published is proving to be of great value to thousands of women who have secured a copy of it.

THIS BOOK ILLUSTRATED ABOVE WILL BE SENT TO YOU FREE. At an expense of thousands of dollars this college has published 100,000 of these COPYRIGHTED books to advertise the AMERICAN SYSTEM OF DRESSMAKING, and—while they last—will send you a copy FREE. Write for it to-day. One copy only to each woman. Requests will be filled in the order received.

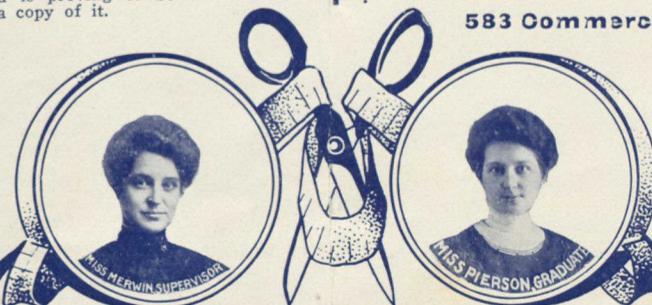
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