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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

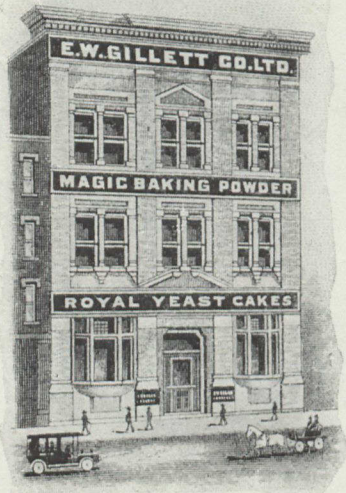


DECEMBER
1911

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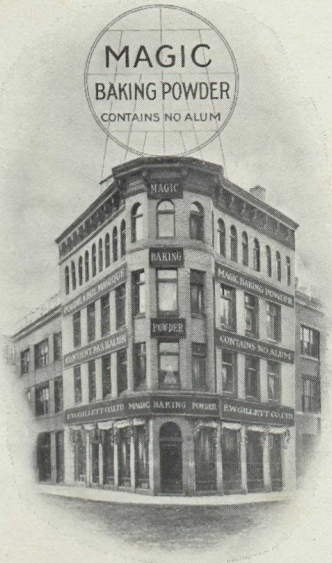
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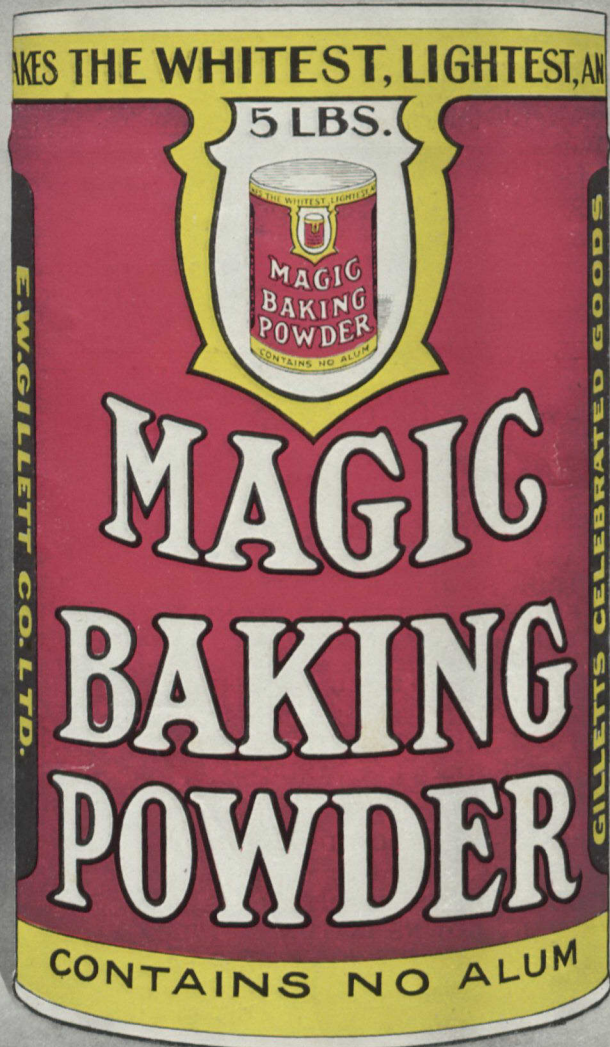


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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

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Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

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EDITORIAL CHAT

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER comes to you in seasonable array, with a wealth of good things for your table. In the first place, we have two Christmas stories by Canadian writers which should prove a pleasing dish of fiction. "A Wedding Witness," by A. Gertrude Jackson, tells of an averted tragedy, and "The True Spirit of Christmas," by a New Brunswick contributor, Kate H. Miles, is a bright picture of two young Canadians who found their best Christmas joy in helping others to be happy. Then there is a charming story by Nellie E. McClung, the author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny" and "The Second Chance."

We are sure that when you read "The Flight of Philip's Pigeons" your heart will be filled with sympathy for the small hero, who found the ways of his feathered pets so trying. Mrs. McClung has a delightful gift in representing the trials and joys of the youngsters, and you will all probably be anxious to hear more about Philip. Then there is an English story, by Annie Tibbits, about a young man who found the course of true love proverbially unsmooth; and there are our serials, which are unwinding their plots in a dramatic fashion which ought to keep you interested. There is Jennie Allen Moore's talk, "Around the Hearth," which comes with special cheer and comfort when the Yule-log is blazing—and there is some good advice in "The Month Before Christmas," and the directions as to the manufacture of Christmas toys. Embroidered trays are among the latest fashions in gifts; any housewife would be glad of such an addition to her dining-room or reception-room equipment—and our Christmas number tells you how to make them. Our musical editor gives some excellent advice on the matter of Christmas programmes, and assures you of attention paid to any correspondence you wish to send.

THE YOUNGER READERS are well looked after in this number, and will, no doubt, take as much interest as ever in the Rebus competition, which has always proved such a popular feature. There is a Christmas puzzle, also, which will give our Juniors an opportunity to exercise their ingenuity. The letters in the recent competition regarding a summer holiday have been entertaining and creditable, and we should like to have given a prize to each young correspondent. We hope you will all take an interest in the new competition, "A Winter Adven-

ture," and send us letters which will tell of our Lady of the Snows.

FOR NEXT YEAR we have stories and articles already promised which will make the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL an eagerly-welcomed visitor. We have a delightfully romantic story of old-fashioned days, by Percy James Brebner, who wrote the novels, "Princess Maritza" and "The Brown Mask." The January number will contain, among other fiction, "The Path of Gold," a story by Ethel Kirk, a young Canadian who is winning a place for herself in journalism. There is not a week that we do not receive

letters of inquiry as to ways in which women may earn their own living. Now, it is generally admitted that, if a woman is not presiding over a home of her own, it is better for her to be providing for herself than to be dependent on others. We intend to publish a series of articles on women who have made a success of certain occupations or professions. These articles will be thoroughly practical and will deal with actual cases of accomplishment. The first is published in the current issue, and tells of "The Lady of Dainty Lunches," who has seen a forty-cent cake grow into an extensive enterprise. There is nothing more stimulating to one's own efforts than to hear of someone to whom industry and perseverance have brought success. This is a wonderful age of opportunity for the woman who is not afraid of working and waiting. And there is no country which offers a finer reward to pluck and endeavor than does our own Dominion. So, these anxious correspondents may find some answer to their questions in the articles we propose to publish. Teaching and needlework used to be the only occupations open to woman; now, there is hardly a field, from ranching to architecture, which women have not entered. An article in a future number will deal with the success of women in poultry-raising, and others will show how financial success has been attained in various walks of business. The series of articles on a nurse's career will be published during 1912, and will give a practical idea of what equipment is necessary for this calling. The work of the Women's Institutes was never so flourishing as at present, and the report of the Annual Convention will be found in our January number. The Institute Department has proved one of the most attractive in the JOURNAL. We regret we cannot publish all papers.

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Mr. Grocer, why don't you sell more Mince Meat? We believe it is because you haven't told the housewife enough about Heinz Mince Meat.

She naturally *lacks confidence* in any commercially-prepared mince meat.

Then why don't you—Mr. Grocer—*explain to her* the difference between Heinz Mince Meat and the kinds usually sold?

Why don't you tell her of the Heinz Pure Food Institution? Why don't you describe to her its clean model kitchens, sand scoured and flushed with water *regularly*, to keep every corner sweet and spotless?

Tell her of the cleanly, uniformed work people who guard the purity and quality of all Heinz products.

Every housewife would *want to eat* Heinz Mince Meat if she could see it made. Every detail of its making is open to inspection, and thousands of visitors *do* see it made every year.

Tell her that we use selected apples—ripe, juicy, and tart; that we wash, pare and core them—taking out every bruise and speck.

Tell her of the luscious Valencia raisins—every one seeded; that our currants, too, are the finest imported and thoroughly washed.

Then you know we get choice cuts of fresh beef every day. And clean, whole knob kidney suet—snow-white and wholesome.

These things, with the finest candied fruits and peels and Heinz-ground pure spices, impart to Heinz Mince Meat its wonderful flavor—delicious—*incomparable*. And it is as *pure* and *wholesome* as the finest home-made product *can* be.

The particular housewife will appreciate your telling her these things because you can save her the trouble of home mince-meat making; and she'll appreciate, too, the fact that you actually pay more in order to give her more quality for her money—in all Heinz 57 Varieties.

Heinz Mince Meat, as you know, is sold in glass jars, in stone crocks—in Heinz Improved Tins, also by the pound from bulk packages. In selling it by the pound you will, of course, always tell your customer that the flavor will be even better if it is allowed to simmer slowly fifteen minutes before using.

And tell your customer that every pound and every package really constitutes a trial sample, because she can return it to you and receive full purchase price if it fails to please her.



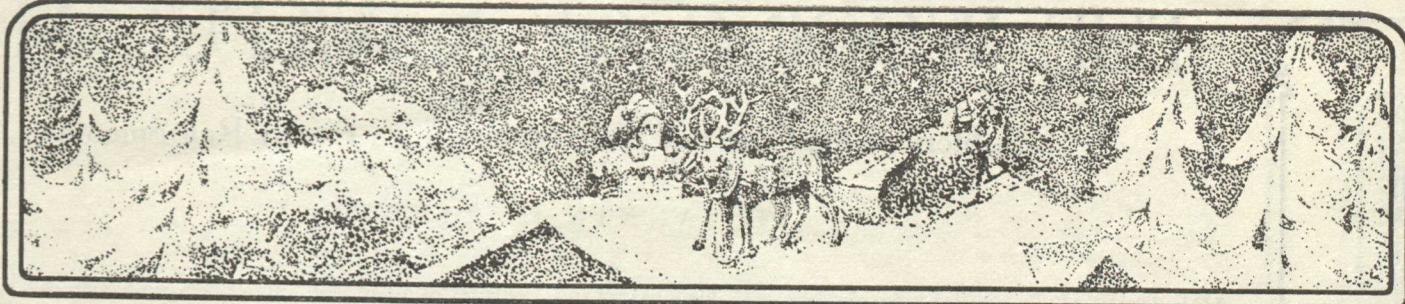
Heinz Plum Pudding

Heinz Plum Pudding is a luxury of luxuries—rich, light, digestible. Big, juicy raisins and currants, seeded and washed, rare spices and candied fruits—every good thing that goes to make a plum pudding good—goes into Heinz Plum Pudding.

Other Heinz good things for the Holiday table are: Heinz Tomato Soup, Cranberry Sauce, Preserves, Jellies, Sweet Pickles, Chili Sauce, East Indian Chutney, Euchred Figs, etc., etc.

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EDITORIALS

At Yuletide

IT is actually here again—the best holiday of the year—and we realize that nothing can spoil Christmas cheer, and that even the modern commercial spirit takes a blushing and shame-faced departure when the rosy face of Santa Claus appears through the snowstorms. “Going home for Christmas” is the glad announcement heard everywhere, and the heart beats faster as the December days are marked off the calendar. Do you not remember the old times at boarding school, when you counted even the hours, as the Christmas holidays drew near? Nothing else will ever look as bright as the lights of the old town and the welcoming windows of the old home.

Yet there are homes, even in our prosperous and enlightened Canada, where Christmas brings neither warmth nor gladness. These are the spots which we must not forget in our own preparations for the festivities of the season.

Above all, let us remember the children in the hospital and do something towards making their Christmas bright and merry. The “small persons” who are suffering demand our sympathy and help, and the Christmas Spirit should inspire the gifts to the afflicted in the tiny cots.

* * *

The Institute Convention

THE tenth annual convention of the Women's Institutes of Ontario, has completed a decade of which the members of the order may well be proud. Even the most hopeful of the founders could hardly have foreseen such gatherings as met in Guild Hall, and the University Convocation Hall of Toronto, during the month of November. For years the convention was held in Guelph at the time of the Winter Fair, but in 1909 it was felt that the demands of the organization had outgrown the meeting-place, and in 1910 the capital of Ontario was the rallying-place for the members. This year, the Horticultural Exhibition was open during the convention days, and the members were privileged to obtain a glimpse of the floral and fruit wealth of Ontario. The first keen frost of winter was in the air, but there was no coldness in the welcome which the delegates received.

Mr. G. A. Putnam, the Superintendent of this work, is to be congratulated on the class of speakers secured for these occasions. Too often the subjects chosen by convention speakers are hackneyed or visionary, with little bearing on the actual needs of the hearers. Such is not the case with the Institute programmes. The addresses are essentially practical and suited to Twentieth Century needs. The women who gather at these conventions are fairly convinced of the importance of the home and do not need to be informed of the desirability of devotion to its needs. Consequently, platitudes on the subject are not regarded with enthusiasm. Such up-to-date addresses

as that by Hon. Adam Beck, “Electricity on the Farm and in the Home,” and that by Dr. Helen MacMurchy on “Social Service,” are both practical and invigorating. In fact, the whole programme presents topics which are vital and progressive.

* * *

More Men Teachers

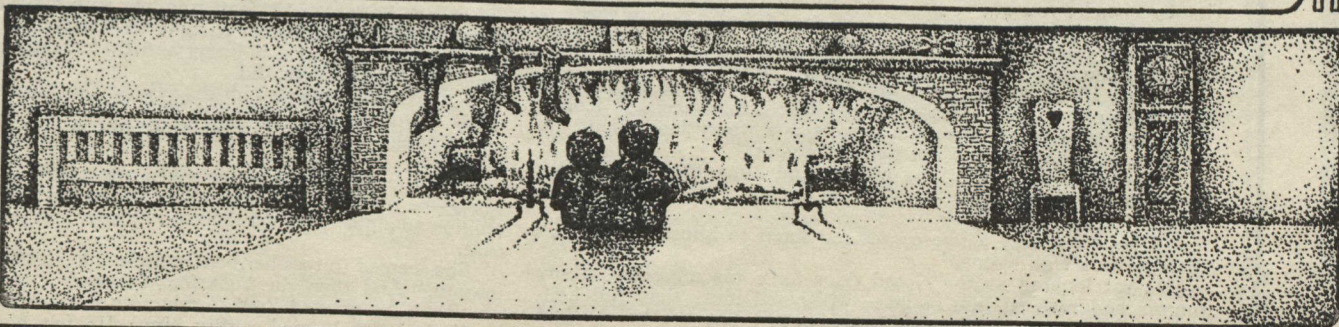
THE teacher's relationship to the community appears to be still of absorbing interest. A tragedy in the remote country districts has led to increased urgency on the part of editors, with regard to the necessity for more men teachers in our public schools, especially in the districts where the rougher element is prevalent. The subject is a somewhat difficult matter to discuss, and there is no special good in dwelling too insistently on an isolated tragedy. There is a practical objection on the part of young men to the teaching profession, especially so far as the rural schools are concerned. The salaries paid are not such as to offer compelling attractions to ambitious youths, who have many ways before them in this land of various and golden opportunities. Feminine competition is blamed by many for this state of affairs; yet woman, also, is finding pedagogy inferior in financial charm to a business career. It is a pitiful state of affairs that young girls should be sent to cope with conditions which would tax masculine strength—but the remedy is not easy to find.

Most observers of our modern school system admit frankly that it is a mistake to have so few men teachers. The man and the woman educator are both needed, if our public schools are to accomplish the best results; but the “feminisation” of the staff of instruction is remarkable. Those who deplore the scarcity of the man teacher are not criticizing adversely the woman teacher. It is quite natural that the boy, as he emerges from childhood, finds in the man teacher a readier understanding of his ambitions than could be expected from the woman instructor. The Boy Scout movement is helping in this crisis—but the cause of the difficulty is economic.

* * *

Music in the Home

IN our large cities, there is no dearth of good music, so far as concerts are concerned. In the country, it has been remarked by several observers that music is generally recognized as a desirable accomplishment and a refining influence. Where there used to be a small melodeon in the farm-house parlor, you will now find an upright piano in all its rosewood glory. It has been generally remarked that so many women give up their music after they are married—and devote themselves to more immediate domestic duties. This is so often the case, that a woman over fifty years of age, who plays duets with her eldest daughter was asked by an astonished guest how she had “managed” to keep up her music.



THE WOOING OF A WILFUL MAID

A Story of the Course of True Love Which Finally Ran Smooth

By ANNIE O. TIBBITS

JIM LEDWAITE stood beside his desk with his face growing slowly grey. His eyes were staring out of the window; his back turned to the old man who seemed oblivious to everything except his own concerns.

"Yes, it's that I'm afraid of, Jim," the old man was saying, "and I want you to help me to find out if you can. If she's in love with that scoundrel it'll break my heart. But I'm afraid there's not much doubt about it. He's always there in the evenings—always hanging about her. Just find out for me, lad."

For a moment Jim made no reply. "Stella wouldn't," he gasped out at last, his voice shaking. "You must be mistaken, sir. Stella can't care for Reid—it isn't likely."

Mr. Herman's face looked a trifle hard in the morning sunshine, and he apparently did not see Jim Ledwaite's strange pallor when he turned after a moment and faced him.

"But—why did you ask me, sir?" Jim asked.

"Well, two heads are better than one, and I've nobody else to help me. If her mother was alive she would know, but a young lass is a difficult thing, Jim, and you've known her so well—been so close to us all these years. You'll be the very one to find out for me."

All these years! How the words echoed in Jim's mind. "All these years" dated back to the time when he had been brought, a waif of six or so, into Mr. Herman's house. Though eighteen years had gone by since then, that day stood out clear in Jim's mind as though it had been yesterday. He remembered it as a nightmare—a sullen, foggy day when his mother had been carried out of Herman's factory a shapeless mass, a helpless, covered body that lay strangely still when they put it on the table—that never moved again.

Dimly, through a fog, his mind had gathered what had happened. Only vaguely in his six small years had he heard from the fragments of talk in the streets that such things as "accidents" happened in the factory where his mother worked, but he had never thought what an accident meant until then—until the moment when a ghastly whisper told him that that still and awful thing was his mother.

After that he remembered only a figure coming out of a group of people towards him—the figure of young Mr. Herman, the master.

"You come home with me and play with my little lass a while," he had said. "Will you, lad?"

Jim's eyes shot to the figure of his mother, but she never moved—she gave no sign.

"Your mother will not say nay," Mr. Herman said, with a choke in his voice, and a minute later with the boy in his arms he strode out of the cottage up to the great house on the hill.

And Jim, remembering now the little fair-haired child who came running from the firelight to meet them, felt his heart jump and throb in his breast at the thought of that moment, even though eighteen years had gone by.

"Stella, my lass, I've brought a playmate for thee. Come and give him a kiss and tell him you're glad to see him."

And Stella, who had grown into a grand lady, who had been to France to school, who wore silk clothes and rode in a carriage, who was an heiress now—had flung her arms about his cold and ragged body eighteen years ago and kissed his tear-stained face.

In the eighteen years that had gone by he had worked and risen. His master had done well by him. He had fed and clothed and educated him, and at last put him in the office in the factory where, until the last month or two, he had done well.

If Mr. Herman had been a bit disappointed in the last month or two, he said nothing now. All his thoughts were on his daughter Stella, the beautiful young lady who was so different from the tiny child who had hugged the dirty boy in her chubby arms eighteen years ago.

"You see, there's nobody else, Jim, that I can think of," Mr. Herman was saying. "She's in love with somebody, Jim, and if I only knew whom, I should know how to act, maybe. You and she were such chums always, I thought you'd be able to find out better than anyone."

Jim's mouth gave a bitter twist.

"But—she's grown up," he stammered. "She's different now since she's come from school, sir. Things have altered, and she doesn't make a chum of me now, sir."

"Doesn't she?" Mr. Herman sighed.

"Tisn't to be expected, sir," said Jim. "There's a difference between her and me. When I think that if it hadn't been for your goodness I should have been at the workhouse"—his voice choked—"I—"

"Tut, tut, lad. I don't want you to think of that. And anyhow, if you do it's all the more reason for helping me now. The lass is in love with some one," he went on. "That's very clear. I've seen it this last week or two since she's been home, and I want to find out who it is, for it's plain enough she's ashamed of it and afraid for me to find out. I don't want to ask her outright. If my suspicions are right, she won't tell me. I believe it's young Tom Reid. But I shall know what to do if we can only find out. Will you try, Jim, lad?"

Jim turned and nodded.

"I'll do my best, sir," he said. "Only since she's been to France she's got new friends, and she doesn't seem very friendly to me. But I'll do my best, sir."

"That's right. Now for certain we shall get at the bottom of it—two heads, you know, Jim; and if it's young Reid I'll take her for a trip round the world the week after I find out. She shan't have him if I can help it."

"But she may be fond of him, sir, and then—"

"Then I'll cure her," said Mr. Herman. "You help me—" He broke off to look a little sharply into Jim's face. It looked white in the morning light, and there was a weary look about the his eyes, as though he did not sleep at nights.

"You find out, Jim," he added, and then turned abruptly to his desk. As Jim left his office he looked after him, sighing a little.

"I hope it's only a phase," he muttered to himself. "I hope that lad won't go wrong."

He sat looking at the closed door for some minutes. Many rumors had reached him of late—whispered hints that Jim Ledwaite had started on the downward path—that the lad he had taken and reared and befriended was becoming a gambler, a fre-

quenter of a bad club and a boon companion of Tom Reid, a man who was, in his opinion, a scoundrel.

Jim had been always punctual in the mornings so far and had not neglected his work, but Mr. Herman had looked anxiously often at the tell-tale lines about his face, at the heavy look in his eyes that spoke of late hours, and perhaps worse.

"Thinking about Stella will cure him, maybe," he said to himself as he settled to his work. "I'll give him something to do, and"—he suddenly chuckled—"two heads are better than one, they say. Well, we'll see."



JIM'S task was bitter enough. All his life he had adored Stella Herman, and now to be set to watch her, to look for the lovelight in her eyes, to find out who was the lucky man she loved, was almost more than he could bear, even though she had grown proud and cold since she had been in France. She no longer seemed even friendly. But he loved her just as he had always done all his life.

Ever since Mr. Herman had adopted him he had lived in the great house on the hill almost as if he had been the millowner's own son. Stella had treated him almost like a brother until lately, and now the sense that he was in the way in the drawing-room at night when he returned with her father from the factory, that she resented his appearance at their dining-table, had sent him out into the streets, to wander about restlessly until one night Tom Reid had introduced him to the club in the town.

After that he had always somewhere to go, and it seemed to him better that than face the coldness in Stella's eyes or risk the snubbing she might give him.

Now he would have to stay at home to keep watch, and it seemed to him that he was face to face with a crisis in his life as bitter as the one of eighteen years ago when his mother had been killed. It meant another break—another upheaval, for he could not remain in Medchester. He had, in fact, been on the point of telling Mr. Herman that morning that he wanted to go, and it was only the suggestion about Stella that prevented him. He would do just what Mr. Herman asked, and then go somewhere out of sight of Stella—and out of memory of her—if he could!

But at the door of the drawing-room that night he stood aghast. How could he ever forget her?

She stood by the fireplace, tall and slight, and fair, and as he opened the door she turned her head quickly. A strange flicker passed over her face when she saw him.

"You!" she said coldly.

Jim crossed the floor with an effort to appear indifferent that seemed to drive all the blood from his cheeks; and sat down in a chair on the hearth. He did not look at her, but he seemed to feel her hard, cold eyes upon him—seemed to see reflected in the very fire the proud curl of her lips. He knew the contempt she had for him, but he dared not look to see it in her face.

From a confused want of something to do, he took out a tobacco pouch and began making cigarettes. Stella stood looking down at him, with her face curiously hard and white. If he had looked up he might have thought she hated him.

"Has the attraction in the town paled—or what?" she asked with a slight sneer. "I don't believe you have spent an evening here for weeks. You'll be bored to death."

He did not lift his head.

"I daresay," he said.

"Besides," she paused, "besides, Frank and Alice Currie and Mr. Reid may look in. We shall probably play cards, and you'll be out of it. I wonder why you came in to-night?"

His fingers paused in the act of rolling a cigarette.

"I wanted a change," he said. He looked up. Ah, why did she hate him so? What had he done? How was it that his own wild love for her seemed to rouse in her such fierce antagonism?

"I believe you hate me," he said suddenly.

She turned away her head.

"Don't be silly. Why don't you go out as you always do? You'll only be in the way to-night—you'll put everything out. The others won't like to play unless you do, and you'll be the odd one. Why have you chosen to-night to stay at home? It's just like you to do such a stupid thing."

He did not speak for a moment. He rolled another cigarette, and a sudden queer silence fell between them.

"I suppose," Stella said abruptly at last, "that the girl has given you up, or something."

"What girl?" Jim lifted his head sharply.

Stella's lips curled.

"Of course there is a girl," she said. "Do you suppose I don't guess? You're like an ostrich, burying your head in the sand. But, after all, who cares? And hark! Isn't that someone outside?"

She lifted her head to listen. As she did so there was a knock at the door, and Tom Reid came in.

Jim felt the blood stand still in his veins as he watched her, and for a moment he could not believe his eyes, for a decided look of annoyance flashed over her face before she went forward to greet him.

Then it was not Reid!

Jim drew a breath. Reid came in, gave an abrupt, condescending nod towards him, and settled down to talk to Stella.

If it was not Reid, then who was it she loved? Not Reid! How his heart bounded now in his body! Not Reid!

He waited impatiently for the others to come in, and when they did at last, he rose to his feet, standing with his back to the mantelpiece almost as if he had a right to be there, forgetting for the moment that he was a nobody, and that the Curries looked down upon him just as Stella did.

She glanced towards him sharply, and for just a breathing space stood watching him—watching him, Jim thought, with a fierce, angry pang, as if she was thinking of some way of getting rid of him.

But nobody should get rid of him to-night. He had one thing to do—he would do it, and go! He was independent even of Stella's opinion to-night. He was like one at bay, and just then he did not care.

She seemed to toss her head a little. Doubtless it was his imagination. And then she bent forward, and it was no imagination now that she greeted Fred Currie with warmth.

Jim's heart burned within him. He felt hot, desperate, and



sick. If Tom Reid was a scoundrel, Fred Currie was something worse—a white-faced, cringing hypocrite.

He felt ashamed and angry. That Currie should dare to speak to her! That a blackguard like him should even touch her hand!

Jim's own hands clenched. At least, whatever his origin, his life had been clean and open and straight. And while she sat encouraging this coward who was beside her, she treated him with open contempt.

It was the longest evening Jim had ever spent. Mr. Herman was away, and no one else came to break up the little party of four.

There were songs and music. Stella and Currie sang together, and then afterwards for a bitter half-hour before they went he and she sat together on the far side of the room; and Jim watched the flush rising on her cheeks, the light sparkling in her eyes, with bitter misery. If Mr. Herman had been afraid of Reid, then what of this other—a man who knew neither truth nor honor? Better even Tom Reid, he thought, than an unscrupulous coward like Currie.

They were going at last. He rose, too, almost unconsciously following them out into the hall where they stood laughing and talking, finally saying good-night and disappearing in the darkness of the street outside.

He was brought to himself by the slamming of the hall door and the sound of Stella's retreating footsteps. She went past him proudly, not even glancing at him, and with the depression bitter and heavy upon him he turned, walked in a mechanical way towards Mr. Herman's study, where he sat sometimes.

He dropped into a chair before the dying fire, sitting for a long time cold and still, with a sense of almost bodily ill being upon him. When he heard the rattle of a key in the hall door at last he



"He dropped into a chair before the dying fire."

started; and it was a strange grey-white face that Mr. Herman saw when he came in.

"Hallo?" he said, "what brings you here?"

Jim did not reply to the question.

"I've found out for you," he said abruptly. "I've found out who it is Stella cares for."

"Eh?"

"It's Currie—young Fred Currie," broke from his lips. "I'm sorry, sir."

For a moment Mr. Herman stared with a puzzled, bewildered look upon his face. Then he laughed outright.

"Go and tell that to the marines," he said.

"But it's true, sir."

Mr. Herman looked again sternly into his face, and stood for a moment with steady eyes fixed upon him. A faint shadow seemed to have crept over him, but Jim expected more than that.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said. "Currie—Currie isn't a good fellow—not good enough for Stella."

"Not good enough, eh?"

"Didn't you know, sir? He's bad, and he comes of a bad stock. No, he's not good enough, but he's the one she cares for."

Another odd look swept Mr. Herman's face. He raised his hand and stroked his beard, and if Jim had happened to look at him then he might have seen that he was hiding a smile.

"There's one thing I ought to tell you," he said, "I meant to tell you before. I want to leave you, sir."

"Eh?" Mr. Herman looked startled.

"I want to go. I've felt it for some time, sir. I want to go to America."

"Good gracious, Jim!" broke in Mr. Herman. "You can't mean it? Don't talk nonsense, lad—"

"I do mean it, sir." Jim swung swiftly round. "I can't remain here any longer—I can't stand it—"

"Can't stand what?" Mr. Herman repeated sharply.

"The life, sir. I don't like it. I want to see a lot more of the world than I can see in Medchester."

His voice was steady enough, but Mr. Herman stared hard into his face as if he was seeking the key to a riddle.

"Nonsense, Jim. Think it over. Sleep on it. But now—are you sure of what you say about Stella and Currie?"

"Sure!"

"Well, I must put a stop to that. But tell me how, Jim? Two heads are better than one, aren't they? Well, put yours against mine and tell me how we are to turn her fancy. What do you think of getting some other fellow to make love to her?"

Jim made no reply.

"What do you think would be the result if you did?"

"I?" Jim blazed round, hot and breathless.

"Yes, you. Don't you think you could cut out young Currie?"

"But—for fun, sir? Make love to her—for fun!" There was a depth of hoarseness in his voice that stirred Mr. Herman sharply. He bent forward, his face changing and growing serious, and put his hand on his shoulder.

"Why should it be for fun, Jim?" he asked.

Jim started sharply. His face went quickly white, the blood drained from his very lips.

"I—I don't understand, sir," he said in a whisper. "Don't torment me—I'm in a torment already. It is more than I can bear. Don't tease me, sir."

"I'm not, Jim. I mean it; I can see a lot farther than my nose as a rule, and when I suggested to you to find out who she was in love with, I knew what I was doing. I've seen how you felt for a long time. I know, my lad, why it is you began to spend your nights in a bad club, and I determined to stop it—and I set you on a job which I thought would keep you at home. Yes, I've seen it in your face—your looks. God bless her, lad! how could you help falling in love with her? The bonniest lass in Medchester. And you—do you think she couldn't care for you?"

"She hates me, sir," whispered Jim. "Snubs me—"

"Go and snub her in return, my lad," said Mr. Herman.

"I?" cried Jim, startled. "I? If you are good enough to forget who I am and how I came to you, she doesn't, sir. And you can't mean it seriously—not really."

"I do, Jim, lad. I know you for what you are, and I'd rather have you for a son-in-law than any chap in Medchester; and if you'll go in and try, I'll back you up. You'd better set to work at once and make love to her before my very eyes. And how would it be for me to be indignant, eh? To forbid her to flirt with you? That's the way wise parents set about things, I believe. What do you think, Jim?"

"I don't know, sir," said Jim in a whisper. "I only know that she hates me more than you think. She detests me."

Mr. Herman shook his head.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," he remarked; "but all I can say to you is—save her from Currie. Seriously, my lad—his voice and face changed—"seriously, she must be saved from him, and you can do it—I know you can do it."

"Know." What did he mean? Jim was puzzled, but the chance he had given him, the hope of success worked a magic change in him.

Stella's snubs lost half the effect. He even snubbed her back, to her dismay and astonishment, and somehow the look of indignation and rage which she flashed at him scarcely hurt him.

"Tell her what you told me," Mr. Herman suggested to him.

"Have it out to-night—I'll keep it up."

He did; and his words fell like a bombshell upon Stella's ears.

"Has Jim told you," her father asked, "he's going to America?"

Stella drew her breath with a little gasp.

"Jim?" she began, and stopped.

"Yes, and he wants to go at once, as far as I can make out."

"For—for how long?" Stella faltered.

Mr. Herman rose from his seat with the gesture of a man in a rage.

"That's just it. He wants to go for good—wants to go and leave us forever. His mind is set on it, I'm afraid. He's been restless for some time, and now—he'll be off unless you can persuade him, Stella. He won't stop for me—even though I'm as good as a father to him. I've called him ungrateful, but he don't care for that. But anyhow, I can't stand in his way, can I, Stella, if it's for his good?"

Stella was deathly white. All the gaiety of her seemed to have vanished like a smiling country under a mist, and as she went up to her drawing-room she stooped heavily, looking suddenly like a little old woman instead of a girl who had just left school.

She went up to the mantelpiece, and putting down her head upon it, gave a sudden sob.

Jim came in just as Mr. Herman crossed the hall, and was sent to her at once.

"Jim, go and see if I've left my tobacco pouch in the drawing-room and bring it to me."

Jim did not suspect, and at the door he stopped abruptly.

"Stella," he cried, "what is the matter?"

She stood still, scarcely breathing, her head down upon the marble.

He went forward.

"Stella," he repeated, "you are crying."

"I'm not," she lifted her head, and was instantly betrayed.

"You are," Jim took her by the shoulder and swung her round. He would not have dared do that a few days ago. "Stella, what are you crying for?"

"Father says you are going away."

"That's true."

"Why are you going?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Tired of Medchester, I suppose," he answered.

She took a step suddenly towards him.

"Oh, Jim, how you've altered lately," she said. "You're not a bit the same—not like you used to be. Jim, we used to be such chums—"

"That was before you went to France and became a fine lady,"

he said. "I'm not good enough for you now."

"Not good enough?"

"Well, it seems so—and, after all, it's natural, Stella. My mother a weaver and my father only a working man. I ought not to have felt it so when you snubbed me. I ought to have known my place better."

"Jim, Jim, forgive me," the tears were streaming down her face again. "Jim, I've been a coward—I—I—Oh! do forgive me."

She held out her hands, and the touch of her was too much for him. He trembled sharply. His face went from grey to white.

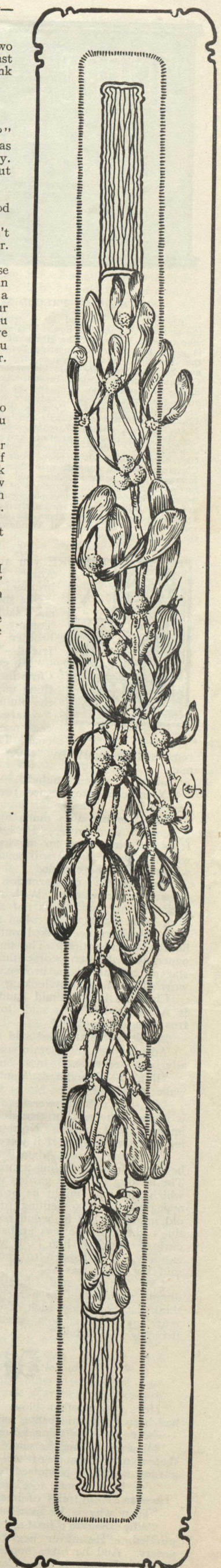
"Stella," he said hoarsely, "I—I can't help loving you—it's been torture to me day and night—I love you—that's why I'm going. I can't stand it—I can't bear seeing you and Currie together, and I've told your father so. He knows. Oh, Stella! I wish I had dared—to try to make you—forget him. I might have saved you—I might—"

A sudden flush ran up into her face.

"Oh, Jim, do you think it is too late now?"

For a moment he stared at her. Then suddenly his arms were round her, and he was saying over and over again: "I love you, Stella, I love you."

"Oh, Jim, it was because you wouldn't say it that I snubbed you so, and tried to flirt with Currie," she whispered at last,



THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

ILLUSTRATED BY C.W. JEFFERYS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada. Celia is in financial distress and Christine determines to apply for position of "reader" to Miss Torrance. Mark Wareham, nephew of the latter, follows the unsuccessful Christine, and contrives to make her acquaintance. Adam Torrance, who has returned to the city, sends Mark, his nephew, out to British Columbia. Christine secures a position in "the Stores." Christine is followed by a sinister-looking old beggar woman, and is further annoyed by the attentions of Gilbert Van Slyke. The woman, whose daughter's employment in "the Stores" long ago, had led to moral disaster, is determined to wreak vengeance on Christine, whom she had stolen. Adam Torrance visits "The House of Windows" in order to relieve the sisters' distress.



"ARE you all alone?" he asked Ada. "Have you — no brother?"

She shook her head. "No," she said, "but there is Tommy. He is like a brother. He is such an old friend—"

"My godfather," explained Christine. "He does everything unpleasant for us, sees the plumber when the bill is too large, and sees that the coal man sends us decent coal. There are times," she

remarked thoughtfully, "when one really needs a man."

Adam Torrance laughed.

"You increase my respect for my sex immensely," he told her.

"Oh, Tommy does much more than that," said Ada, quick in defence. "He helps us in every way. It is he who keeps up my garden. No one else would bother. If you will come to the window you will see what he can do."

To Christine's consternation their visitor at once crossed to the window. With a proud air Ada drew back the curtain. "It is not at its best now," she said, "you should see it when the roses are out." Adam Torrance looked out eagerly and caught back an exclamation! The tin cans and the waste paper looked even worse than usual to-day. A starved cat sat on the broken fence. An ugly dog worried an unhealthy-looking bone.

Christine laid a timid hand upon his arm. "It is Ada's garden," she said slowly. There was entreaty in her look.

"It—it is remarkable! said Mr. Torrance.

Ada dropped the curtain smiling. "One is naturally surprised to see it in so busy a street," she said. "But," he floundered, "don't you—do you never walk in it?"

"Oh, no!" she answered. "It is closed. No one is allowed there. But that does not matter. I can imagine it all so well. No doubt it would be nothing but a wilderness if it were not for Tommy."

"No doubt," said Adam Torrance. In his heart he found himself feeling a curious envy of Tommy. The making of Ada's garden was an achievement of which any man might be proud. And this fellow appeared to be something of a gentleman. How old might he be? he wondered. If he were Christine's godfather he was probably old. Nevertheless curiosity pricked him. "I wonder," he remarked casually, "if I happen to know your friend. You said his name was—"

"Mr. Burns," said Christine. There was a dimple of mischief in her cheeks. "No, I do not think that you know each other. He left the Stores years ago. He is now managing a department in Brindley's Bookshop."



Here was another blow. He, Adam Torrance, had been guilty of feeling enviously toward a clerk—where was this thing going to end?

"You amaze me," he said. "I would have thought that a man capable of—er—thinking out—such a garden would be possessed of some imagination."

"Oh, he is a poet, too," said Christine carelessly. "He has simply piles of imagination."

"Then why is he in a bookshop?"

"Why shouldn't he be?" The girl's voice was puzzled. "He never neglects his work to write poetry. And he loves books."

"Oh, Tommy is very clever," added Ada earn-

estly. "Mr. Brindley simply could not get along without him—must you go?"

"I am afraid I must." He felt if he stayed much longer he would begin seriously to doubt the stability of his scheme of things. "For once in my life I am a busy man. I am, as you know, investigating the state of things in the Stores. Perhaps you will allow me to call again when Miss Celia is better. As it is, you have given me many things to think about." Again he took the small hand she extended to him and again it seemed to change miraculously from the hand of Miss Brown into the hand of some delectable princess. He bowed over it as a courtier might have done.

Upon the stairs it was already growing dark, and Christine, mindful of the third step from the top, lighted the lamp and held it so that he might not have to feel his way. When safely past the pitfall he looked back, laughingly, to thank her, but the laugh died on his lips. He put out a blind hand grasping the greasy bannister, for it seemed that he was at home, in the old home of his early youth, and it was Mona who stood there looking down upon him from the dim stair with the lamp-light like an aureole round her head.

"Good-bye," called Christine cheerily. The vision faded, and he stood alone upon the dark landing.

CHAPTER XIX.

IT was getting on for supper time in Brook Street when Adam Torrance came slowly out of the House of Windows. An aroma of frying fish was in the air. Through a dirty window, from which the draggled curtain had been jerked aside, he could see the table destined to receive this delicacy; its cloth, white once, was soiled and stained, its edges were ragged, its sprawling crockery ugly and chipped. Mr. Torrance had not seen such a table for many years, indeed he had almost forgotten that such horrors existed. A vision of his own beautiful dining-room came to him, and, mingling with it, pictures of all the dining-rooms to which he was accustomed, their soft light, their pictures, their polished tables, their shining glass and silver and porcelain, their soft masses of flowers, the silent tendance, the delicate food. A sense of angry shock went through him. What was Providence thinking about? What did He mean by allowing people to live in places like this, to eat from tables like that, to be part and parcel, in fact, of Brook Street, and everything which Brook Street stood for?



As he stood there a little child came up to stare at him, and then another and another. They seemed to rise out of the ground and their sole business in life seemed to be staring. Mr. Torrance was irresistibly compelled to return the stare and what he saw surprised him not a little. These children who lived here and ate fried herring were just like any other children. They were dirtier and more ragged, but for the rest they were just little plump, round-faced children with childish eyes.

"Going in to supper, kiddies?" he asked casually, buttoning his glove.

The starrers did not seem interested in supper. "Say, are you the doctor?" asked one little fellow curiously.

"I said he ain't," sang out another. "I told you he's the preacher."

"Well, he ain't," echoed a third. "He's a undertaker. Look at his gloves."

This seemed conclusive. They all looked at his gloves.

"I'm afraid you are all wrong," said Torrance, laughing. "I'm the ice cream man. That's what I am."

How the eager eyes searched his face. "Ah, what's yer givin' us?" said one sceptically.

"I keep my ice cream in a store at the corner," said the ice cream man. "You'd better run and get some before it's all gone."

But they were not going to take a big thing like this on trust. Before he knew it two dirty little hands were slipped in his and the remainder of the escort lined up behind.

"You come too," said the spokesman. "They won't give us nothin' unless they sees you."

"You surprise me," he said gravely, "I did not know that the scepticism of the age was affecting the ice cream business."

"Can we get the pink kind?" inquired the spokesman.

"Certainly. If I have any pink kind left. I think I have some left," he added quickly.

The escort gave a faint "Hooray!" quickly checked. They entered the store at the corner in good order. Not for worlds would they have imperiled their promised treat by want of decorum.

"We have come for ice cream," said their conductor. "The pink kind."

"Five or ten-cent dish?" asked the waitress briskly.

A dozen eager necks craned forward.

"Ten-cent, of course!" said the ice cream man.

A long sigh of contentment passed around the circle. He was a really ice cream man after all.

Mr. Torrance's last sight of Brook Street was a dingy ice cream parlor crowded with happy children and presided over by a hard-faced woman, who, for once, seemed strangely human and not above the extravagance of putting an extra peak upon those gloriously pink ten-centers.



"Good-bye, Ice Cream Man!" shouted the children, and it is significant of yet another change in the outlook of this personage that as he waved good-bye, he quite forgot to pity the youngsters or to feel his own manifest superiority in the scheme of creation. "Nice little kiddies," he thought comfortably, as he swung himself on a car, and, chuckling a little, he removed the now soiled gloves of the "undertaker."

In the quiet of his library he thought of it again, and again he chuckled, wondering what Mark would have said had he been there to see. Mark—Mark was almost a child himself. A child longing for something which he could not have—that was why he had been sent away. With an impulse of loneliness he rang the bell and asked if there were any letters.

"No, sir," answered the correct Benson. "That is to say, yes, sir—there is this, sir. It did not come by the regular mail, sir."

"This" was an object upon which any well-regulated servant might look with scorn. It was an envelope of sorts, but so dirty, so dog-eared and so scrawled upon that one did not wonder that the "regular mail" had scorned to deliver it. Lying upon its silver salver it looked like a very bad joke or—a message from the fates.

Mr. Torrance regarded it with disfavor. It was a begging letter, of course, and as such was not his affair. "Give it to Mr. Jones. Tell him to attend to it."

But Mr. Jones, it appears, had attended to the regular mail and had, then gone out. There was nothing for it but to open the unsavory communication himself or to wait until Mr. Jones should return. Ordinarily, he would most certainly have waited, would have thought, indeed, no more about it, but the influences of the afternoon were still strongly with him.

Strangely enough, he had no premonition of horror, no foreboding of any sort, as he picked up the soiled thing lying on the salver. We call that sixth sense which sometimes gives us warning of the approach of great or terrible things "strange." But is it not far stranger that these things should steal their step should be silent, their approach unheralded? Is it not passing strange that one moment a man may stand facing the future, head up and with a smile, while hidden from him by only a few moments, a few ticks of the clock, is some undreamed-of blow of fate which will bring his life a clattering ruin about his feet.

Adam Torrance opened the soiled letter with a rather tired smile, but with a comfortable feeling in his heart that he was really doing his duty at last. No more shirking of unpleasant things, no more passing over of responsibility to Mr. Jones.

Not until he had the single sheet of paper which his reading lamp did the first dim warning sound. Then some instinct at the back of his self-satisfied brain seemed to stir. "There is trouble here," it awoke, his heart began to beat more rapidly. "Danger, danger!" telegraphed the inward monitor, but its warning was not very loud, and Mr. Torrance himself was conscious only of an unexplained premonition of evil. Carefully and still smiling he adjusted the glasses which he really did not need in black across his world.

"Mr. Adam Torrance. Sir—" he read (the writing looked like that of a bad hand at its best or a good hand purposely made almost illegible.

Where had he noticed the same peculiarity before?).
 "You never expected to hear from me again," he read on slowly, "but now the time has come. You thought your baby died, but she didn't. That would have been too good. She's alive all right, and going down to hell like my poor girl that your Stores ruined. My girl was a shop girl. Your girl is a shop girl, too. Where my girl went, your girl is going. When she's lost forever like my girl was I'll tell you. You can have her then if you want. But you can't save her. The end will come soon now. I'll let you know when. Never say one mother didn't get her revenge. To show you I speak the truth I send you her ring."

Mechanically he shook the dirty envelope and there rolled out upon the polished table a baby's gold ring set with a pearl. He knew that ring well. He grasped it with a choking sound. It rolled away from him, falling, and hiding itself among the rich rugs upon the floor. After staring a moment he fell upon his knees, searching with frantic eagerness—it was such a tiny thing, so easily lost, so frail a thing, so easy to trample under foot. He thought only of the ring, he did not dare to let his thoughts stray from it. There was something else, something horrible—unthinkable—something about the child who had once worn the tiny ring. He dared not think of that—only of the ring.

But the ring, so small, so frail, eluded him—he could not find it.

When, later, the stolid Benson came in with the respectable information that Mr. Jones had returned, he thought that the library was empty. Then suddenly he saw his master lying face downwards among the crumpled rugs upon the floor.

CHAPTER XX.

AGAIN, as if, in defiance of aphorism, history were taking pleasure in repeating itself, the servants in the Torrance house went about with frightened faces. Of the strange seizure which had overtaken the master the night before they had no explanation, but real tragedy brings with it an atmosphere as impalpable yet as penetrating as the air we breathe. Mr. Johnson, the detective, felt it as he sat in the library, waiting. He had scented calamity from the moment of coming into the house, and now Mr. Torrance entered with its history writ large upon his haggard face. As once before upon entering that room, he came slowly, and in his hand he held a scrap of dirty paper; only this time he left no distracted woman upstairs; whatever the burden was, it was one which he must carry alone.

The two men shook hands in silence. Both were thinking of that other meeting and the memory weighed. The detective was the first to recover himself. He cleared his throat delicately.

"Nothing very wrong, I hope, sir?" he said. "You are not looking yourself. Must have had a nasty shock. They tell me—"

"I fainted? Yes. I believe I did. It was very sudden—the shock. But I am quite recovered. Physically I am well, but I cannot answer for my mind if—something is not done." His firm lips trembled—a bad sign.

"Something shall certainly be done, at once," declared the detective calmly. "As you say, it will be better not to prolong the—the suspense. If you will tell me just exactly how things are." He sat down comfortably and crossed his feet with a show of ease.

"First, do you remember the other occasion upon which your help was needed? Do you remember the details?"

"Certainly. It is my business to do so. Before coming here I looked up the whole case. I keep a full record of all my cases, even such as appear to be settled."

"Ah—yes. Such as appear to be settled. We thought that case was settled—"

"Excuse me," interposed the detective neatly, "you thought."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that it was you, if you remember, Mr. Torrance, who thought that the case was settled. When you received the letter announcing the death of the child you were convinced that the child was dead. It was a matter of conviction, not of proof."

"I was convinced," said Adam Torrance. "Do you imply that you were not convinced also?"

"For argument's sake we will say that I was, although, as a matter of fact, I am never certain of any death until the law, so to speak, has passed upon the body. This child's body was never found, therefore, speaking from a professional standpoint, I could not go so far as to say that the case was definitely closed."

"That is beside the point. As a matter of fact we both were convinced that the child had been murdered or had been allowed to die in revenge for a real or fancied wrong. What we might have done had we not been so convinced I cannot say. I dare not think. If I should once begin to reproach myself with negligence or too much credulity at that time I should go mad. At present I am still sane and I know that I was blameless in the matter. Let us put it aside if I am to retain my senses."

"I think you are wise," said Mr. Johnson quietly. "Let us begin all over again. You have another

letter? I have the first here. I have brought it with me."

The two men placed the slips of paper under the reading lamp side by side. In silence the detective read the scrawled words of the second letter. "My God!" he said.

"Is the writing the same?" asked Mr. Torrance dully. His hand did not shake as he spread the papers out more carefully. They went over them together.

At first glance it could be seen that the paper was different, the ink different, but, allowing for the fact that the second letter was much more shaky than the first, more soiled and more blurred, the writer of them both was undoubtedly the same.

Adam Torrance wiped a cold sweat from his forehead. "That proves it," he said. "I felt that it was the same. Now I know. The same fiend wrote both the letters."

The detective's examination was more minute, but his conclusion was similar.

"It is undoubtedly the same," he declared. "The hand that wrote this second letter is older, and more unsteady with continual drinking or illness—drink, I should say—the paper smells of it. The envelope is poorer, probably the sender is poorer also. The ink is thick and old—like the ink in a bottle seldom used; perhaps a bottle in some third

on like that. Don't imagine. Refuse to imagine. Get down to facts. There may be nothing in this at all. If there is, we will soon find it out. Stick to that. What makes you imagine that she may be hidden in this city?"

"I don't know—a feeling. It came to me last night. The fiend who wrote the letters is here. This letter was delivered by hand, slipped in the letter box. See, it has never been through the mail at all. Would she not in her morbid revenge have the girl under her own eye? Would she not add zest to her revenge by having my daughter within reach of my hand and yet so utterly beyond me? I tell you, Johnson, I believe that, if we find her at all, we shall find her in this city."

"You may be right. The first thing to do is to offer a large reward for information leading to the finding of the person who dropped a letter in the letter box of this house. Money is no object, I suppose? It gives us a chance, for, if the letter-writer did not venture here herself, someone ventured for her. And it will be a queer thing if money will not make that someone speak. Of course, if she brought it herself, we lose that chance. But it is worth taking. You have questioned the servants?"

"Yes, they know absolutely nothing."
 "Well, I'll question them again. I'll mention that there is a reward. It may help."

But no persuasions of the bland Mr. Johnson, and no offer of reward could extract from the servants information which they did not have. Whoever had brought the letter had managed to bring it unseen and unheard; some time while the master of the house, in the character of benefactor, had chatted with the sisters at the House of Windows, or while, in the character of ice cream man, he had brought Paradise to Brook Street, a sinister shadow had flitted by, leaving this dreadful thing in its wake.

"They don't know anything," said Johnson, at last. "We will insert the reward in the papers at once. Then we will go through the stores of this city with a sieve. How is it with your own Stores? Any record kept of the family connection of its employees?"

"Yes, there is supposed to be a complete record."

"We'll hope the others are the same. We'll sift them out. We'll investigate all orphans, all adoptions, all households which have anything at all irregular in their families. It can be done quietly and without giving offence. Not until we know the parentage of every girl in every store in the city shall we be justified in concluding that she is not among them."

"But think of the time?"

"With money we can shorten time. It will not be a long job at all if I can have all the help I'll need. The cases needing special investigation will be comparatively few. You yourself are not in touch with any of your employees, I suppose?"

"No. That is, I have not been up until the present. But since my return from abroad I have been personally looking into the management of the Stores. I have met only one family personally. It is a family of three sisters—the name of Brown. The eldest sister is ill, and the youngest sister is taking her place in the Stores. The other sister is—blind."

"No one else in the family. No adopted child?"

"No."

"Well, that is one family off our list. We will begin at once. The age of the lost child would be sixteen? Is that right?"

"She would be seventeen next May."

"That narrows our search still more."

For although it would be unlikely that the child would know her proper birthday, she would probably be aware of her age within the limit of a year. Things look brighter than I had expected. Perhaps the old hag who wrote the letter has given us all the clue we need in telling us that the girl we seek is working in a store. I fancy that she does not mean a small store, such a store as might employ one clerk or two or three. Far more likely the girl is lost in one of our great departmentals, where she is one of a hundred, a tiny spoke, almost lost to sight in turning the immense wheel. That is probably what the woman's own daughter was—stay. It is what she was, for was she not employed in your own Stores?"

He pocketed his notebook and picked up his hat with a brisk air of confidence and, so potent in suggestion, that for the first time since the shock of the letter, Adam Torrance felt something like hope.

"Do not spare money," he said. "Thank God, there is plenty. But you must let me help too. I could not stand the suspense otherwise. And I have telegraphed for Mark—Mark Wareham, my adopted son."

"Oh," said the detective, pausing and darting a keen look at the other. "I did not know that—er—"

"That I had adopted Mark? At least, it is the same thing. He has been like a son to me for years. But, don't mistake—if my child is found, no one would rejoice more than Mark."

"Um-m," said Mr. Johnson. "Just so. Let me see—is Mr. Wareham a nephew?"

"No. He calls me Uncle, but if we come down to actual relationship, he is only a distant cousin."

"Independent fortune?"

"None. But you mistake if you think that Mark



"The corner of a crowded street car is as good a place as another for the reading of a letter."

rate eating house or tavern; the pen has been almost past its use. All these things might be feigned, but I am inclined to believe them genuine. If there is anything in the story at all they must be genuine, for the person writing must by her own story be in the depths of poverty and degradation. Yes, I think we must consider them genuine."

Adam Torrance moistened his dry lips. "And where does that lead us?"

"Nowhere—at present. But it shows us that we must look for our party in the slums, among the very poor."

"The party who wrote the letter?"

"The party who wrote the letter."

"You have not told me what you think of the letter itself—of the truth of its assertions, I mean."

"My dear Mr. Torrance, I do not know what to think. The letter appears to be genuine. It is horrible enough. We must do our best to find the writer."

Again Mr. Torrance moistened his dry lips.

"If the letter is genuine, the assertions stand at least a chance of being true. There is at least a chance that my daughter is alive to-day. That she is a young girl at an age which needs every loving safeguard, that she is somewhere in this city—"

"Now—go easy. You'll break down if you go

is mercenary. He is no weakling either, and could at any time make his own way. It has been my will and not by his that he is in the position he is. You will find him as eager in this search as if he were my own son."

The detective snapped his notebook shut again. "Well, I'll take your word for him, and you'll excuse my questions. I don't come across many such disinterested young men—not in my business. Let me know when he arrives and we'll keep him busy. And don't you worry—er—more than you can help. You know," he added awkwardly, "I don't believe that there is anything in that—er—threat, you know. If the young lady is alive it is quite possible that she may be—er—supporting herself. But, bless me, there's no disgrace in that. Lots of young ladies do it. Doesn't hurt them at all; does them good. You can take it from me that there's nothing in the other—er—suggestion."

Adam Torrance shuddered. "How do we know?" he asked. "How can we be sure? Such things have happened. If she is alone and helpless—"

"Now, don't think of it. Such things have happened. But they don't happen anything like they might. If you were in my business you'd be surprised. Yes, sir, you'd be surprised how seldom such things do happen—everything considered. And blood tells. Don't you ever believe but that good blood tells. Yes, sir, I've seen it too often not to know."

The miserable man looked at him gratefully. "Yes, I have thought of that. It is my best hope. Her mother's daughter—surely her mother's daughter—"

"Don't you ever doubt her mother's daughter," said the detective cheerfully. "Wherever she is, she'll pull through."

But as he left the house behind him he looked very grave.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE sun, which in these autumn days was getting lazier each morning, was well up and shining cheerily through the curtains of the House of Windows when Celia woke upon the day which was to see Christine return to the Stores. They had told her about it the night before, and it had seemed to Celia, then, that somehow life had cheated her. Ada and Christine and Tommy had urged, explained, and entreated. They were all against her and, perforce, she had given in. Their victory had been the more easy in that Celia herself had few arguments to support her opposition. She did not herself understand the reason for the stand she had taken, she only knew that she had fought for it, given herself for it, lavished on it every energy of heart and brain. To be defeated at last was bitter. She looked back slowly, heavily, through her sixteen years of struggle and realized how impossible they would have been had it not been for the hope which had upheld her. To give Christine what she had missed herself, to hold back with frail hands the Juggernaut which had crushed her own youth, and to see Christine free, healthful and beautiful. This had been the one sustaining purpose of her life. She had lost all sense of proportion, of course; and when they explained to her that Christine's work at the Stores was but a temporary expedient, she had no real sense of their meaning. She could not realize the calamity as a partial one. To her the fact of Christine's entering the Stores at all was defeat open and avowed.

Yes, life had cheated her. It had whispered to her to work on and on, and then, when the goal was within sight, it had allowed her to be stricken down, drained of strength, a helpless, useless being, too weak to raise a hand to avert the overthrow of her one hope. They had all been so kind, she felt no resentment against anyone, but not one of them had understood. She knew that they considered her unconquerable opposition stubbornly unreasonable—lacking in common sense.

She awoke, to find the autumn sun bright upon the wall and Christine standing before the mirror pinning her pretty hat over her bright hair. Celia could see the face in the mirror thoughtfully smiling. The hat was being adjusted very carefully, with a slow sliding in of the long pins.

Christine gave the hat a last adjusting pat and turned to her. "Oh, you are awake, dear!" she said, slipping her round young arm under Celia's head, in order to kiss her more thoroughly. "Isn't it a scrumptious morning? I am starting early, so that I may walk all the way. I don't believe they ever have weather like this anywhere else in the world."

Celia managed to smile faintly, but Christine's eyes were sharp enough to see the effort. Immediately she abandoned her idea of walking to the Stores and sat down comfortably upon the bed.

"Cissy," she said, using the old baby name which had been the first word she had ever said. "I don't believe you are a bit resigned in spite of all our efforts. You do not look resigned, so I am going to tell you the other part of my plan. Tommy and I have been talking it over. When you are quite well and have had a good holiday and are strong again, I am going to leave the Stores at once and take a special business course. Tommy is going to lend me the money. I think I am just as proud as you are, dear, and you can trust me that it will be a strictly business proposition. The amount needed will not be large, and Mr. Brindley has guaranteed me a good position as soon as I can take it. Then I can pay Tommy back. We won't insult him by offering him interest, and of course no one could ever pay back his kindness, but, otherwise, we shall be business-like to the last degree. You know, he wants to give me the money to go to the university, but I couldn't take that. The time is too long and the risks too great; but the other proposition seems reasonable. What do you think?"

"Yes," said Celia vaguely. There was no use in disagreeing. But she had no faith in the plan. It would never be carried out. The Stores would see to that. They would never let her go, this ignorant young thing, sitting there so confidently, planning impossible things with level brows and smiling lips.

"Christine," called Ada's voice from the sitting room. "You will be late—"

Celia turned her face away, and Christine, thinking that she wished to sleep, drew the blind quietly and went out.

"You'll have to take the car now, dear," said Ada. (She had all the wonderful time-sense of the blind). "But before you go look at the letter behind the clock. It came yesterday when you were out. It is only a circular, I suppose."

"From the directory, I suppose," said Christine. Her cheeks were flushed and her hand was trembling. The letter had come then, after all.

"Is it a bill?" asked Ada anxiously.

"No, dear,—it's—oh, nothing. I'll take it with me. I must run. Good-bye."

"I must tell her," thought Christine, as she sped down the steps. "I feel like a conspirator. I'll—I'll get Tommy to tell her. No, that would be cowardly. I'll tell her myself. I'll read her the letters. She will enjoy them. There's nothing in them



that anyone might not see—only I don't seem to want anyone to have the chance." She laughed in amusement at herself. Somehow the world seemed a specially pleasant place this morning. The crowded car was flooded with autumn sunshine, but she did not realize that it was she herself who brought some of the glory with it. She only noticed tired faces looked up at her brightly, and that one fatherly old gentleman beamed upon her broadly as he made room for her in the corner.

And the corner of a crowded street car is as good a place as another for the reading of a letter. Truly one's toes may be trodden upon and one's hat crushed, but there is something delightfully private about a crowd. One may blush and smile at will, quite hidden by the broad party who hangs upon the strap in front of one.

Christine's letter was shorter this time. Her correspondent frankly confessed a falling off. "I do not seem to be able to write for nuts any more," he wrote despairingly. "I don't know why. I always thought I was rather a dab at writing. And all the time I am thinking such jolly things to say, but when I sit down I can't think of them, 'not if it was ever so.' Thank goodness I shan't have to be here much longer. On Monday we start up the Coast. In another month I'll be back, and then I'm coming East, uncle or no uncle. I have absorbed enough atmosphere and assimilated impressions sufficient to satisfy a cannibal."

"We start up the Coast next week in a tug called the 'Shuswap.' According to Macgregor it is a fine name, and 'byordinar' lucky." No one, he assures me, has ever been lost off a 'Shuswap.' No 'Shuswap' has ever been wrecked, but all have come to a natural end in their beds, or, to be more exact, their scrap-iron heap. All names are either lucky or unlucky, it seems, some much more so. For instance, there are some names which simply fly in the face of Providence and are disciplined accordingly. There is in the harbor, now, a trim looking yacht with shining brass and dainty cabin. It is rumored that she carries silver plate and hand-embroidered linen, but no one will buy her because her name is 'The Davy Jones.' Already she has sent two successive owners to join her namesake in the 'locker.' Macgregor seems to think that it served them right. I suggested that the name be changed, but he shook his head. 'I doubt if there's paint made thick enough to hide a name like yon,' he said. Then he told me tales until I declare he made me wonder if there might not be something in a name, the immortal Bill to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Last Sunday we took out a picnic party on the 'Shuswap.' There were Miss Jane and Miss Marian and pretty Miss O'Hara (and don't forget the O). For men, we had Mr. Rickman and Mr. Macdougall (whose folks in Scotland have a real, live piper to assist digestion, and who is revered accordingly), Macgregor and myself. I had an instinct that I was supposed to devote myself to Miss O'Hara, and I did. I don't think it was my fault that I happened to be devoting myself to her in the bow when a big wave came over and soaked us both. It was entirely Rickman's fault, for insisting on steering through the tide-rip in the Narrows without knowing his business. It also was not by any want of devotion on my part that there were no curling tongs on board. I scarcely see how Macgregor and I could have foreseen their necessity; but it is certain that Miss O'Hara appeared to blame me for the whole catastrophe.

"But this was the only unpleasant incident of the day, and even it was not without its good effect. Macgregor, who was gloomy in spite of himself, as he felt uneasy about going 'pleasuring' on the Sabbath, quite cheered up after it. He seemed to think that we had got what was coming to us and could now call quits.

"Vancouver is very American in taking its Sunday lightly. That morning the Narrows were quite gay with bobbing pleasure craft of all kinds, launches, excursion steamers, yachts, and little rowboats with a single sail. Even the water was unruly. But when we had steamed into Howe Sound, Sunday came upon us unawares. It is a wonderful stretch of water, walled in by mountains, dotted with quiet islands. I don't know where all the dancing little pleasure boats went, but in half an hour we had lost them all. Five minutes more and Macgregor and Macdougall were arguing predestination, Marian and Mr. Rickman discussed esoteric Christianity as expounded by Mrs. Besant, Jane and I had agreed that whichever died first was to haunt the other, just to prove that it could be done, and little Miss O'Hara had accepted the fact of no curling tongs with a beautiful and Christian resignation.

Later on, we quoted poetry, though, when it came to my turn, I could think of nothing save

"Far and few, far and few, are the lands where the jumbies live,
Their heads are green and their hands are blue, and they went
to sea in a sieve."

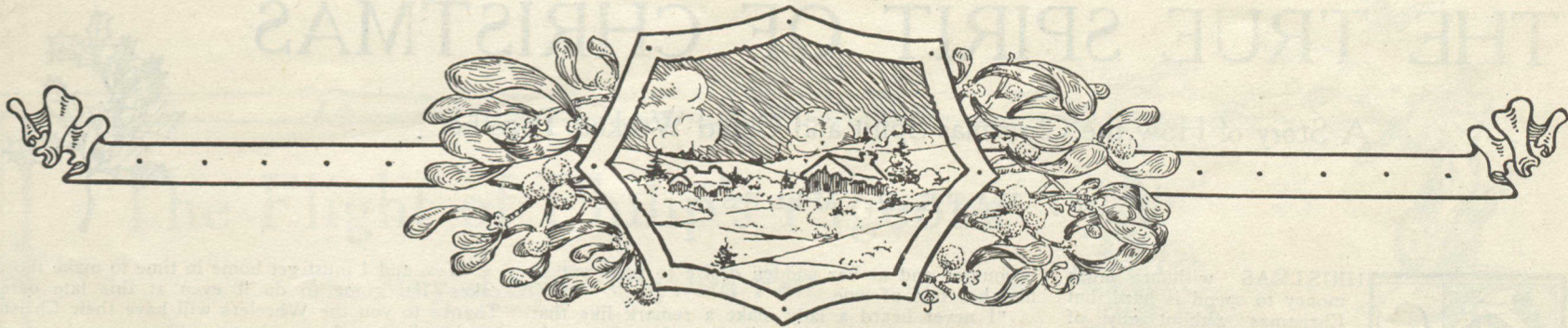
"Miss O'Hara surprised me by quoting Keats. She does not look like a Keats person. Rickman said he didn't know any but patriotic pieces, but he knew so many of them that he had no call to feel shy. He informed us in many different ways and at much length that in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations he remains an Englishman. And then Macdougall told us about the flowers o' the forest which are a' weed awa'. (Don't know what it means.)

"By this time we were all horribly hungry, so we took the 'Shuswap' in to a place where a single house is perched upon the hillside and partook of soft-boiled eggs and hard-boiled tea with fixings. I never saw anything more peaceful than that place. It had a beach of colored pebbles and water as clear as if it weren't so gorgeous that Macgregor shook his head at it as being too perfect for a Sabbath evening. As usual, when every prospect pleases, only man was vile. The owner of the house was all and complained bitterly that things were more lively here before he lost his license.

"Coming home (there were no waves now) Miss O'Hara con-tug boat. Steam, she said, was so soothing after the eternal chug-chug of the launches. (Rickman owns a launch.) I said for so laudable a purpose, but the reply did not seem to please her, for she went over and talked to Macdougall about Celtic poetry.

"Have I bored you with all this scribbling. I know that at least I have not said anything that I wanted to say, or that I really thought in that peaceful Sunday amid the mountains, but I could not do it. Thoughts seem so pretentious, so pompous, so affected when written down. Are they really so, I wonder, or is it a kind of false shame that keeps us always on the surface, ashamed to speak of deep things, so terribly afraid of provoking a smile?"

"When I come East again and you and I meet (as you have promised) shall we discuss anything and everything save the



A WEDDING WITNESS

The Story of a Dramatic Ceremony with Happy Ending

By A. GERTRUDE JACKSON



LOIS EMERSON hesitated as she viewed the only empty place in the train. For one moment a touch of racial pride curled her scarlet lips, then the Christmas spirit filled her heart, and she dropped into the seat with a smile. Its occupants, two Armenian women and a man, scowled openly. The young woman beside her jerked a magnificent mink collar around her neck, and drew back into a corner. She was short, and round, and plump, with a pretty, babyish face in dusky curls, and set with eyes like sloes. Her whole expression was a childish pout, and she turned the gold band on her finger petulantly. The young

man, a swarthy, low-browed, weak-faced fellow, whom Lois took to be her husband, called her Anys.

The other woman was taller, older, and consequently more womanly. It came out in their conversation that she was a sister of the little wife. She talked to the man in low whispers, and he met the caress in her tones with covert, adoring glances. At times the girl Anys leaned forward to address them, and their open indifference aroused a smouldering fire in her black eyes. After the first dark looks they ignored Lois completely.

Across the aisle were four deaf and dumb boys, who were apparently telling stories. Their unrestrained merriment touched a chord in Lois' own happy heart, and she almost laughed aloud when they rocked to and fro with laughter. It was four months since Lois had been home, and she was bubbling over with gaiety and good spirits. The Christmas feeling intoxicated her, and her whole soul was aglow with the infectious happiness of it. Then she caught the somber eyes of Anys upon the scarlet rose on her coat, and the smile faded from her lips.

It was her first insight into a world that had been far from her own sheltered girlhood, and it fascinated, while it repulsed her. She marvelled at the youth of the little wife; she marvelled at her indifference to publicity. She wondered who they were, how they lived, and how they happened to be traveling together. The man's hands, though dark-skinned, were soft and well kept. The dress of the two women spoke of wealth and cultured taste. All around them people were laughing and joking. The crowd of young men at the door were teasing each other good-naturedly; there was a smile on the face of the peevish woman in front of them; the tired mother of four restless urchins was giggling like a girl as she shifted the weight in her arms. But back in the corner the pretty face of the Armenian girl was set and cloudy. Lois looked at her wistfully, hoping she would speak, but Anys still twisted the gold band and pouted her already heavy lips. Two crimson spots burned upon her cheeks as she watched the man, whose attention was riveted upon the woman at his side; the latter was showering upon him the subtle flattery so fascinating to a young man when it comes from a woman of maturer years.

The train stopped at last, and Lois drew a long sigh, half relief, half regret, as she picked up her suitcase to change trains. The Armenians were getting their wraps too, but she slipped out quickly. The train for Waverley was not in yet, so she wandered into the little alcove of the waiting-room, and found a quiet corner. She was scarcely settled when in came her companions of the train and seated themselves not far from her.

The woman dropped a jeweled chatelaine on her sister's lap and went off in search of a drink. Anys crept close to her husband and fondled his hand in her own, and touched her cheek against his sleeve lovingly. She said little, but the passionately clinging touch spoke volumes. Lois couldn't stand it. She turned her rocker that she might not see the bored yawns of the foreigner as he submitted indifferently to the caressing fingers.

"I wouldn't be like them," thought Lois, "for all the money on earth, though the money'd come in mighty handy just now." Then she sighed—a very wee one, for she laughed before she finished sighing. A pretty set of fox furs danced before her eyes, but she shrugged her shoulders daintily. After all, it was Christmas, and who could be bothered being sad because one's father happened to be a minister in a little outside city church, where money was a rather scarce quantity? She was going home, too. Even as she smiled at the thought of little Bub at home with his mop of curls, a shadow fell aslant her lap, and she looked up to see the Armenian girl, Anys, standing by the window. Lois looked back slowly towards the man. The woman had returned, and was talking softly to him; he was laughing, and Lois shivered suddenly. Just as the shadow of the proud, little figure at the window had shut out the sunshine, so these people clouded her happiness. Her impulsive little soul ached to throw both arms around the lonesome wife, but decorum and inbred tact forbade it, so she just tapped her rubbered foot impatiently, as she looked up at the slowly-moving cloth.

"Pshaw!" she muttered, as she went to the door to see if there was any train in sight. "You're a great goose, Lois Emerson! The very idea of getting yourself all balled up over affairs that are no business of yours."

The train was coming, but with a schoolgirl's impulse she unfastened the red rose that the girl had looked at so long, and tore back to the window in the alcove.

"I love roses, don't you?" she cried impetuously, laying it on the small, dark hand on the sill. Then she fled, but not too soon to have seen that rare smile light up the gloomy face.

She boarded the train and, to her amazement, a few moments later, she caught a glimpse of the Armenians getting on the same one, but in another coach. A feeling of irritation came over her, but the nearness of home soon dispelled it, and when she rushed off the train at Waverley into Father's arms, the Armenians faded into the oblivion that, sooner or later, is the fate of all clouds.

Talk of clatter! Lois descended on the parsonage like a cyclone, and three small tornadoes were waiting for her. She could not get near Mother, for Bub was clinging to her skirts, and Elsie was showing doll dishes, and when she grabbed up Baby, he beat his new spoon on her head in an ecstasy of joy. Father set down the suitcase, and chimed in laughingly, "Now, Mother, what do you think of this for a quiet, college-bred young lady?"

Mother smiled, but her eyes were suspiciously dim as she kissed the happy face, and took Baby.

"You noisy people!" she laughed. "Don't you know enough to give the poor girl a chance to sit down after such a long trip?"

Lois flung off her coat and caught Mother round the waist. "It's your turn to sit now, Mother. I'll run the shack."

"The shack!" echoed Father in mock annoyance. "The idea!"

"Ting-a-a-ling!"

"That awful bell!" said Mother. "Hush, children, hush. There's someone at the door."

It was Father who was wanted, and Lois grumbled merrily. "There, Father, some old garrulous thing has come to pour his troubles into your Christmas ear."

"Lois!" reproached Mother gently.

"Oh, well then, Mother, it's Mr. Rich with a turkey, and a new fur coat for Father, and a pig, and a set of Limoges china for you."

The dancing grey eyes were irresistible, and Mother burst out laughing. "Oh, you're a perfect terror, Lois. I laugh more in a day when you are home than in a month when you're away."

"Mmm-mmm-mm," murmured Lois reflectively. "Do you suppose I'd make a fortune if I took out a patent?"

The door opened, and Mr. Emerson put in his head: "A wedding," he said softly. "I'll need you for witnesses, Mother and Lois."

Lois made a dash for the mirror and caught the stray ends that had escaped from the well-arranged masses of brown. As they entered the hall, she caught a glimpse of the bride and groom in the parlor, and stopped with a gasp of dismay. There sat the Armenian and the woman! They were alone!

She advanced into the room, half-dazed, and waited for a look of recognition from them; but they were totally unconscious of ever having seen her before. She drew her hand across her eyes as one awakening from a dream, and, spellbound, watched them stand up together.

"So Anys wasn't his wife, after all," flashed through Lois' brain. Then she remembered the wedding ring upon the girl's hand, and her attitude towards the man.

The woman's dark face was aglow with more than love. Lois closed her eyes to shut out the gleam of the triumphant light in the black eyes. The boy—he was no more—looked ill at ease and restless.

Lois clenched her hands. She looked appealingly at Mother, but her eyes were downcast. What should she do? Did anyone ever hear of interrupting a wedding? And then—maybe it was all imagination! Maybe they were not married!

"If only I could tell Father," thought Lois wildly. He was saying it now—ah—"If anyone among you know ought that should prevent this man and woman being joined in the holy ordinance of matrimony, speak now, or else for ever hold your peace."

Then followed that awful silence. The very beat of Lois' heart cried out to stop, but her tongue was stiff, and refused to move. The deep voice began again. For one instant Lois was again in the alcove of the station, and trying to escape those agonized black eyes. Then an overwhelming flood of sympathy swept away all the barriers of diffidence, fear, conventionality.

"Father, Father!" she cried hoarsely. "Oh, stop! He's got a wife."

The sudden stillness was more appalling than a peal of thunder. Mother was speechless with amazement, and Father looked wonderingly over his glasses. Lois took two quick steps forward, and her hands were outstretched impulsively. "Oh, don't, don't!" she cried again passionately. "Such a dear little wife, with her cheek against your sleeve! Oh, how can you? How can you?"

The boy was sobbing unrestrainedly, but the woman stood with a sneer on her face. Her bitter antagonism was fast changing to disgust. The tears were coursing down Lois' flushed face, and the slight, girlish figure trembled like an aspen leaf, but she did not hesitate.

"Oh, you'll be so unhappy, when it's too late. Oh, I'm so sorry—so sorry. Please, please go to her! Do go quickly! And it is Christmas! Oh, do go!"

With eager hands she pushed them gently towards the door. The woman was silent, but the tears fell softly now from her averted face. The boy caught Lois' hand, passionately, wildly—"Ah, Mees—Mees—"

Lois withdrew it gently. "You will love her," she whispered brokenly. "Always you will be good to her—she is so little—so sad—and—and it is Christmas!"

The door closed. For an instant Lois stood motionless. Then with a swift step she crossed the room and buried her face on Mother's breast. "Mother, oh, Mother!" she sobbed.

"Dear child," murmured Mother, and she stroked the sunny brown head with trembling fingers and a thankful heart.

And among the things that Lois prizes most there lies a letter, written in a childish script and stained by tears. It came by the hand of a little newsboy who said he had been charged to give it to the minister's daughter.

"I know now," it read, "what your Christmas means. It has come to me, too. I hope you will have Christmas all your life. Anys Settissian."

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

A Story of How the Christmas Spirit and Cupid Worked Together

By KATE H. MILES



CHRISTMAS without much money to spend is hard, but Christmas without any of the true spirit of the day is unbearable."

Nancy Langford spoke the words aloud, although there was no one to hear. She was so thoroughly in earnest that she felt she must relieve her feelings by getting some of those heated thoughts off her mind, so spoke them out to the crisp, frosty, December air, through which

she was traveling swiftly, settled comfortably in the warm musk ox robes which made the light and daintily built pung a luxurious resting place, and drawn by a spirited little chestnut mare, who seemed to enjoy the pace she was setting over the smooth, well-packed snow of the country road. There seemed no reason, if one could judge by appearances, why the driver of this turnout, herself arrayed in a big fur coat, fur-gauntled gloves, and fur hat with a scarlet wing on its side, should bemoan the lack of that spirit which it seems at this particular season should permeate everybody within the radius of Christianity and the Christmas story. Indeed, one could not discern, even after a careful survey of the attractive face beneath the close fur hat—almost the color of the little tendrils of hair which curled up around its edge—any deep-rooted evidence of discontent or melancholy. It was a serious face, and just now there was a pucker between the golden brown eyes, and a little droop of sadness to the mouth. Yet the eyes observed and twinkled in sympathy with a squirrel who whisked with business-like haste along a fence rail, and the corners of the drooping mouth went up in a smile which sent a glow straight to the heart of the small boy who received it as he stood fastened in his tracks by the snowdrift into which he had plunged and waited for her to pass.

"There are all the Wheelers, or as many as can get near the window," she mused, the droop returning, although she did not forget to wave her hand to the faces in the window, watching so expectantly. "Poor kiddies, they think I'm going to town to buy their Christmas presents, I suppose, and of course they won't be able to understand when they find they have been left out entirely. It seemed the right thing when Mother and I decided that, as we couldn't afford to spend as much money for Christmas gifts as we usually do, we should cut the neighborhood families out of our list. We have saved money and time, for the cooking has been so much less with only our own family to consider; but we've lost, I know we've lost so much more happiness than the actual reducing of household expenses can ever repay. I know Mother isn't satisfied, and I'm actually sorry I have to go to town—and it's the day before Christmas."

Soliloquizing along this line, Nancy let her little mare dash over the smoothly-frozen road at its own pace and they were soon opposite the town which lay stretched along the bank of the broad river, whose covering of pure and glistening crystals was sparkling and glittering in the sunlight. She guided the lively little beast down the bank, then sighed deeply.

"It's a beautiful world and ideal Christmas weather. I must try and catch some of the right spirit which insufficient attention or something has failed to develop in myself."

She did her best to keep the pucker from her forehead and the droop from the corners of her mouth, but it was hard to set these mood vanes for fair, when, after leaving her horse at a stable and finishing her few last-minute errands, she wandered through the busy, good-natured crowds in the shops and saw the toys and books and inexpensive gifts in such quantities—and the poor little Wheelers were waiting and watching so hopefully.

"Oh, you poor kiddies," she thought in despair. "Why are you so many? I couldn't get one little gift for each and have a parcel worth while without the candy and cookies and other things which I haven't got home."

Things before the golden brown eyes grew misty, so their owner was startled when a voice at her elbow spoke her name.

"Hullo, Miss Nancy? Up to your eyes in shopping?"

She managed to smile at the big broad-shouldered fellow who had worked his way to her corner, and she hoped he did not notice the droop and the lack of cheerfulness. His glance seemed to rest on something satisfying to its owner, and his expression would lead one to believe that there was no lack in what he had found.

"Not half as far up to my eyes as I would like to be," she confessed in a tone which plainly implied that there was more to tell.

Nancy knew this man, Harold Binney, the young manager of one of the local banks, very well, as she did all the eligible young men about town, but she was surprised at her feeling of pleasure in this

encounter and at her sudden desire to pour out to him her tale of woe.

"I never heard a lady make a remark like that before. You arouse my curiosity, for, strangely enough, I was just thinking along this very line—wishing I knew of some poor young beggars who would appreciate a few pennies spent on them. That's the real Christmas idea in my mind—not this empty meaningless exchange of obligations. I have just got away from the bank and I've been wishing I had some real Christmas shopping to do. Was that your idea—sighing for suitable subjects for your efforts? I dare say we can find some if we go about it properly."

Nancy's golden brown eyes were clear and direct and sparkling as she gazed at the pleasant face above her in a speculative fashion as though debating whether or not she would speak.

"I see you've got something on your mind, Miss Nancy, so can't you share it? If you know of someone who will fill the bill for our Christmas philanthropic efforts, it's your plain duty to confide in me. If you will you'll be distributing kindness in more than one direction."

"I believe," said Nancy slowly and uncertainly, "I believe I'll tell you about the Wheelers."

"Good for you. I knew you had a good card. Tell me about the Wheelers by all means, and while you are telling me can't we test that shopper's lunch which the 'Palms' people advertise?"

A very few minutes had wrought a marvellous change in Nancy's feelings. Her poor little Wheelers were looking and longing for a share, a wee tiny share, of Christmas; this big-hearted and big-bodied man was anxious for a suitable opportunity to show his faith in the season's teaching. Surely it would be right for all concerned that she should unburden her heart. Thus she reasoned as they worked their way up the crowded street, chatting gaily, and noting now and again, with newly-aroused interest, some special figure in the throng, which touched them with its unconscious joy or pathos. An old man, poorly clad and bent with age and rheumatism, stumping along with a cane, brought a lump to Nancy's throat when she saw the brightness of his face and the smile of interest and admiration he cast, as she and her attendant passed close by. When she saw a group of happy youngsters standing entranced before a Santa Claus, who was performing in a shop window, her heart warmed towards the would-be patron of her un-Santa Claused ones.

"And now for the Wheelers," smiled her companion across the little table as they waited for the shoppers' luncheon of baked beans and brown bread and aromatic coffee.

"It's rather hard to tell you all about it," confessed Nancy, looking out of the window with unseeing eyes, "but I'll have to try or you won't understand." Bravely, with now and then a little glance of appeal for sympathy at the silent and interested listener, she told of the necessity for lessening the Christmas expenses and of the doleful result as far as the Wheelers were concerned.

"I didn't even make some cakes and candy for them, and I just can't bear to think of their disappointment. I have known all week that something was wrong and to-day it came to me in full force what it was."

"Thanks," said the man simply when she had finished her story. "I'll show my belief in your true spirit by saying I'm glad your Wheelers are unprovided for, and glad and grateful for the opportunity you are giving me. Let's eat something and then make a list of the entire Wheeler family with suggestions for gifts for each. Why, the prospect of some real Santa Claus work gives me an appetite that makes these beans look good to me."

Nancy was happy, and when Binney produced pencil and notebook and bade her begin with a list of possibilities from which they might later choose a reality for the Christmas pleasure of Mrs. Wheeler she gave herself over to the joy of the task. Through the family they went, from Miss Valerie Wheeler, aged fifteen, whose name struck awe to her fairy godfather, down the seven steps to Nancy, the baby of two years.

"Nancy," murmured Binney absent-mindedly, as he wrote the name, "brown eyes and hair with real live gold in them. Nancy must have something crimson, roses perhaps."

"If you could see little Nancy's auburn curls you would shudder at the thought of crimson," laughed the possessor of the red-locked one's name. "A nice, comfortable, unbreakable dolly will make Nancy the happiest baby in the land. You don't know what a fine thing you are doing."

"I know what a fine time I am having," he retorted. "All I regret is that this afternoon must end. I've got to spend Christmas in a boarding house, refused three dinner invitations, and just decided to stay by myself and be miserable. Do you wonder I'm eager to seize the only bit of real Christmas which is coming my way?" Then, looking at his watch, he said reluctantly, "I suppose we must go and begin on Mother Wheeler, for it will take time to shop this afternoon."

"Yes, and I must get home in time to make those cakes—I'm going to do it even at this late date. Thanks to you the Wheelers will have their Christmas yet."

"All thanks is to you," he reminded her, "but, I say, can't you do without the cakes? We'll buy enough sweets to make the whole family sick."

"I must call Mother up," she said, as they made their way back to the shops. "I'll speak to her about the cookies. I'll leave you in the toy department and then we won't be wasting time."

On Nancy's return from the telephone booth she discovered the busy Binney on all fours on the floor, quite oblivious of the crowds, explaining to an entranced youngster of diminutive stature, the intricate mechanism of a toy engine.

"I'm sorry," he explained sheepishly when aware of his companion's presence, "I had to wait until you came back. I couldn't decide such a momentous question on my own responsibility. What is your good news?"

Nancy's eyes proclaimed wonderful things, and her smile endorsed the announcement.

"Why," she said, interpreting those signals of joy, "Mother has been cooking all day, she couldn't bear not to have any mince pies and Christmas cakes to give away. And she and Dad want you to come down and spend Christmas with us."

Binney wondered swiftly what part of the pleasure in her face he might take as his share in the matter. Aloud, he said, "Really? I say, that's awfully nice of your mother. Do you think I ought to accept the invitation?"

"Why, of course. If I hadn't thought so, I wouldn't have told Mother about you. You know you can help me take the parcels to the Wheelers to-night after the kiddies are in bed."

If Harold Binney was a bit disappointed by the frank unconcern of her reply, the thought of the walk under the Christmas Eve stars comforted him.

"I can't refuse such a chance. I'll go with pleasure."

"Now we must get to work," reproved Nancy in her most business-like tone.

Like two children they attacked that list and worked their way through it, not without much hard thinking and planning, for Nancy insisted on being practical as regards the amount Binney should spend, and was so considerate of the individual tastes of each of the subjects in hand that they were involved in many complicated questions. At last they were through. Baby Nancy's rag doll of prodigious size had been purchased. Binney had gone for his bag and returned, laden with a big box of flowers—crimson of course—and a basket of sweets. The little mare had been brought out, fresh and eager for the return trip, the parcels were stowed away with that necessary overflow of the larger ones from under the sides of the robes, which seems so characteristic of the season, and they were started for home.

Binney drew a deep breath as Nancy, having skilfully guided her frisky trotter past a big team and down the river bank in a breakneck fashion, shook the lines and they dashed across the expanse of white, now touched with the last ray of lingering daylight towards the west, and marked with the first shadow of abrupt twilight in the east, which lay far down, down, down that seemingly endless stretch of lifeless silence.

"I believe we'll go down the river," Nancy decided, suddenly, pulling the mare into a road which branched off from the one they were following.

"The Wheelers won't see us pass if we go this way." "It seems a shame to break into this long white line," Binney observed.

"Yes, but there is always a never-ending stretch ahead," his companion reminded him, and so he found it, for when they turned up a bank, which, to Binney, seemed an unmarked spot in an unbroken line of snowbank, there it went, on and on, now drawing the mantle of quietness and mystery more closely over it. There was something unreal to the city-bred man in this expanse and silence and he did not shake the spell of it from him until the lights of the rambling old farmhouse flashed a welcome to them and Nancy's father shook his hand and bade him be at home.

The farm kitchen, alive with light and warmth and satisfying odors, the hospitable dining-room and the table with its abundance of dainties, the whole house charmed Binney, and seemed a fitting setting, he thought, for the girl who had been revealed to him that day. And when, later, they trudged happily along under the stars, laden with the Wheeler's Christmas joy, the spell of the charm was still on him.

Quietly they crept to the back door of the little house, from whose windows all the expectant faces had vanished. Nancy tapped gently, and the door was opened quickly. It was good to see the expression of relief and pleasure which came to the face of the worn, patient-looking woman.

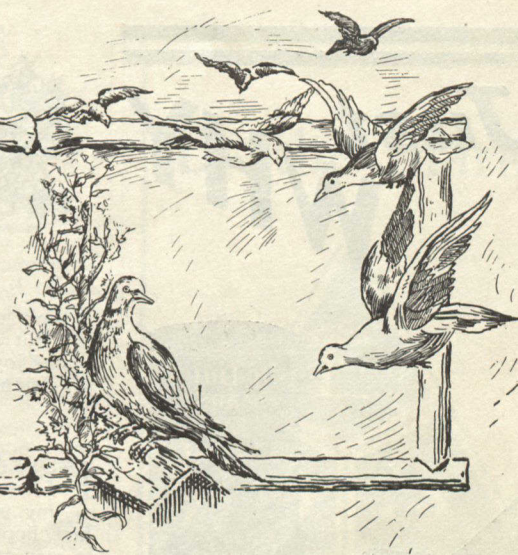
"Come in, Miss Nancy," she said in a subdued voice, lowered as if to avoid waking some sleeper in the adjoining room.

Continued on page 58

The Flight of Philip's Pigeons

The Story of Some Wayward Pets

By NELLIE E. McCLUNG



PHILIP was a boy of ten years, with a generous growth of freckles and a loving heart. Most people saw the freckles, but it was only his mother who never lost sight of his affectionate nature. So, when one warm spring day, Philip sat moodily around the house, she was ready to listen to his grievance, for an air of gloom shadowed the cheerfulness of the spring freckles.

"I want something for a pet," said Philip. "I have no dog, or cat, or anything!"

"What would you like the best of all?" his mother asked, with the air of a fairy godmother.

"I want pigeons," said Philip. "They're so soft and white and pretty, and they lay eggs, and hatch young ones."

All his gloom had vanished. "What will a pair cost?" said his mother, who was a business woman.

"Twenty-five cents. Out at Crane's they have millions of them. I can walk out for them. It's only five miles."

His mother produced the money and Philip was ready to start on the instant.

"Where shall we put them when you bring them home?" she asked.

Philip's suggestion that they could share his room until he got their house built was promptly rejected; but Philip's father, interviewed in private by Philip's mother, agreed to nail a box on the end of the stable.

It was Saturday morning, and a beautiful day of glittering April sunshine. Philip was back at tea time with the pigeons, tired but happy. It seemed there had been some trouble about catching them. The price of twenty-five cents was for raw, uncaught pigeons, but Philip had succeeded, and brought back two beauties, one with blue markings, the other almost pure white.

The path of true love never ran smooth: difficulties were encountered at once. Philip put a generous supply of straw in one end of the box for a temporary resting place for the pigeons, but when he put them in they kept turning round and round as if they were not quite satisfied, and Philip was afraid they were not pleased with their new lodging. Then Philip had one of those dazzling ideas, which so often led to unpleasantness with the other members of the family.

He made a hurried visit to his sister Rose's room. Rose was a grown-up young lady of twelve.

When he came back he brought with him a dove-grey chiffon auto veil, which was much favored that spring by the young ladies in Rose's set for a head protection instead of a hat. Rose's intimate friend, Hattie Matthews, had tied a knot in each side, which caused it to fit very artistically on Rose's head. Philip took out the knots and draped it over the straw and was speechless with admiration over the effect. They looked so "woozy," he said.

In the innocence of his heart, he rushed in to get his sister Rose to rejoice with him.

Rose's language was dignified but plain, and the pretty sight was ruthlessly broken up. Philip's mother, however, found an old pale blue veil of her own, which was equally becoming to the pigeons, and all was well, for the time. It was Philip's mother who proposed a Pigeon Book, and a very pleasant time was spent making it. Not a common book, bought for money, but one made by loving hands.

Several leaves of writing paper were used, and stiff yellow paper for the cover, the whole fastened together with pale blue silk. Then Philip printed on the back of it, "Philip Brown, Pigeon Book," but not in any ordinary plain little bits of letters. Every capital ended into a feather and was topped off with an arrow, and even each little letter had a blanket of dots, and the result was very gratifying.

The first entry was as follows, April 7th: "I wocked out to Cranes, and got 2 fan tales. I payed 25 cents.

"My father put a box on the stable for me, and I put them in on bed of straw. They are bootiful. My sister Rose would not let me have her vale, but I got a prettier one, blue. They look woozy."

On Sunday Philip declared he could not go to Sunday School—he had not time; but his mother agreed to watch the pigeons, and so his religious obligations were not set aside.

Monday he made a roost, planing it smooth with sandpaper to prevent slivers in their feet.

Monday, after four, the Browns' back yard was full of boys, inspecting Philip's pigeons, not merely idle onlookers, but prospective buyers, as shown by the next entry in the Pigeon Book.

"I sold a pare to-day to Wilfrid Garrett. He can't get them till July."

Underneath this entry, in better writing than Philip's, there was an entry, made by his brother Jack—fourteen years old:

"This is called 'selling pigeons short.'"

Philip's friends told him many and varied things that were good for pigeons to eat. He did his best to supply them all, so far as his slender means allowed. He went to the elevator for wheat, he traded his jackknife for two anaemic heads of squaw corn, which were highly recommended for pigeons, by an unscrupulous young Shylock, who had just come to town, and needed a jackknife. His handkerchief, pencils, and scribblers mysteriously disappeared, but other articles made their appearance, a small mirror to hang on the wall of their house, which Gordon Smith said would make them more contented, and seeing as it was Philip who wanted it, he was willing to sell at a sacrifice—two lead pencils and a rubber. There also appeared a swing out of a bird cage, which was duly put in place. It was too small for the pigeons, but there were going to be little ones, weren't there? Four sunflower seeds, recommended and sold by a mild-eyed little Murphy girl, who had the stubby fingers of a money-maker. Philip wanted her to take it out in eggs, but Miss Murphy expressed a preference for currency. Philip thought it just as well to make no entry in his book of these transactions.

His youngest brother, Barrie, began to be troublesome, about this time, and showed an unwelcome interest in the pigeons. The ladder which was placed against the stable under their house at first had seemed too high to climb, but, seeing the multitude of spectators, who went up and down without accident, he tried it too, and so successfully that he was able at last, after a few attempts, to carry a stick up with him, stand on the rung, and poke up the pigeons.

One day he was caught with the goods by Philip himself. So indignant was Philip that for a moment he stood speechless. His young brother, jarred by a guilty conscience, came hastily down the ladder, raising a bruise or two on his anatomy in his descent. He sat on the ground and reflected. In his infant soul he felt that it was a just punishment. Nothing was said about the affair. Philip felt that the claims of justice were met. The only really dissatisfied parties were the pigeons.

The next Sunday in Sunday School, Barrie quoted the golden text, with a slight variation. "At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like a ladder."

Only Philip knew what he meant, and he said it served him good and right.

The following entry appeared in the Pigeon Book:

"My brother barrie poks them, but he's got his lesson. To-morrow I'll let them out, there fond cnuf of home now I guess."

The next day being Saturday, the pigeons were let out, and Philip's heart was torn with hope and fear. They looked so beautiful, circling and wheeling over the stable, and then away across the road. The pride of possession thrilled him, but a chill fear of their never returning kept him in suspense all day.

The Pigeon Book showed this entry:

April 14.—"I let them out and they came back. There a pritty site."

April 15.—"I dreem about them every nite. I have to dreems. My good dreem is theve layd. My bad dreem is about a tom cat and to piles of fethers, its horrid."

April 16.—"I sold another pare to-day. I have razed the price. This pare will be delivered in August. I gave them a bran mash to-da, it makes them lay."

Under this in Jack's writing were the words: "Thinking of the August delivery."

Then the entries went on: Aug. 20.—"Wilfred is pritty meen, he thinks he's smart. They ain't goin' to lay all in a hurry."

It seemed that the last statement was true. They were not. In spite of bran mashes, pepper, cotton batting nest, and tender care, they refused even to consider laying.

Philip was quite satisfied with them, as they were, if they would only stay with him, but the customers, who had bought and paid for very handsome young fowl, were inclined to be impatient, and even unpleasant when the two parent birds were to be seen gadding around the street at all hours, utterly regardless of their young master's promises.

Philip learned to call them. "Cuta-cuta-coooo, cut-acutacoo," could be heard up and down the street. Sometimes they seemed to come for his call, and then his joy was full. More often they seemed to say, "Cutacutacoo yourself," or some such saucy words, and fly farther away.

A rainy day came, when Philip had had them about two weeks. He came home from school to see how they were, and put in the morning fixing an oilcloth over their house. The pigeons were out, as they usually were now. At night they came home and ate their supper, much to Philip's delight. As they grew more and more independent of him and stayed away for longer periods, it seemed to him that he could not do enough for them. He changed their bed every day, he gave them fresh water, and washed their water dish twice a day.

One night they didn't come home. Philip's "Cutacutacoo" brought no answering call. He begged himself of alleys and marbles to hire boys to help him to look. He even dared the town constable by staying out after the curfew rang, looking and asking. No one had seen them.

Through the night it rained, a cold cruel rain, or so it seemed to the little wideawake boy. He stole quietly out, afraid that he would be sent back to bed, but no one heard him but his mother, and she understood. It was dark and lonesome outside, but love lighted his way. He crawled up the ladder, hoping to find them. The straw, the cotton batting, the blue veil, and the water dish were there, but no pigeons.

Philip came back to bed. His feet were wet and cold, and he couldn't keep back the tears.

His mother, who had heard him going out, and who understood, called to him softly and sympathized. She said they were safe enough with some flock of pigeons; they would come back when they were hungry, and the rain would not hurt them, and be sure to wipe his feet.

The next day they were found across the street with another boy's pigeons, unconcerned as you please. Philip gave his Lost Heir game to the boy to help him catch them the next night when they were roosting. He shut them up then for a few days. The Pigeon Book would have been neglected only for his mother, who said it was only right to put in the bad as well as the good. That was the way of all stories, she said.

Philip wrote: "They went awa and staid all night. I gess they were lonesome. I don't no why they don't like me. I like them."

When his mother read that she said, "Poor little fellow," and made pancakes for tea.

In a few days he let them out again. This time he was almost in tears.

They did not hesitate a minute, but flew straight down the street to the place they had been before, to the place where the people often made pies out of pigeons, and were not ashamed to say so.

Philip followed them, with a set little face.

"Say, Phil," the boy of the house called to him, "you might as well sell them to me. I'll give you ten cents each for them. They'll never stay with you. We've got about a dozen now. I'm goin' to sell a bunch of them to the hotel."

With difficulty Philip answered:

"No, Jerry, I won't sell them, but I'll give them to you if you promise not to kill them." He was watching them as they circled so gaily over his head, they were so lovely and so dear. His chin was quivering, but Jerry did not notice.

Jerry was astonished, but being a business man closed the deal at once.

The Pigeon Book was put away. One day his mother came across it, in Philip's drawer. She found a final entry:

"I gave them away—they seem to be happy." Then there was a smear on the paper and below it these words:

"They are ongratefull broots!"

AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE



Just WHY



Old Dutch Cleanser

Is a

Pure Hygienic

Cleanser

For

Cutlery

& all

Food Utensils

Because the Cleanser is entirely free from Acid, Caustic and Alkali. It is mechanical in its action—avoid dangerous chemical cleansers.

Wash steel knives and forks, etc., then sprinkle a little Cleanser on a damp cloth and rub over a few times. Wash again and wipe dry. This is a great improvement over the old-style scouring brick.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc

"For somehow, not only at Christmas, But all the long year through, The joy that you give to others Is the joy that comes back to you."

CHRISTMAS 1911

INSTEAD of my usual Christmas talk, I am going to give the readers of my page a little story, founded on fact, hoping it will carry its moral alike to men and women, whose lack of sentiment dulls the lives of their families and friends. Those who have read my former Christmas articles, know that I regard much of the giving at that season as an imposition on mind and purse, yet firmly believing in it as a family institution, making a bright spot in each year by the bestowal of some necessary, useful or ornamental gift, that one has longed for, and which rouses all that is tenderest in the family life and affections. It seems a fitting climax for the year, to banish for a time self-interest, and lavish some thought on husband, wife, and children, with such relatives as are needy, and upon "the poor, whom we have with us always."

Many readers will not be able to understand the vastness of the great West, where neighbors are miles apart, and which made it possible for those little children to be unacquainted with Santa Claus, but the Western folk know, and the distance, with the painful silence between the parents on this one subject, made the conditions as they happened to exist when the tale was told to me. Wishing all the readers of our CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I submit my little Christmas story.

"MOTHER, oh, Mother!" shouted little Georgie Holden, not quite seven, as he bounded into the house from school, "Say, Mother, who is Santa Claus? All the boys and girls say he is coming at Christmas, and he fills their stockings with toys, and nuts, and candy, and everything. Only they must go to bed early, and leave them hanging, and he comes down the chimney, and out of a big pack, he takes the dolls, and drums, and things. Tell us about him, Mother, 'cause I saw his picture in a paper one of the boys had; say, he looks jolly, and has a red face and white whiskers."

Mrs. Holden smiled at her little boy's enthusiasm, and Nettie, and little three-year-old Billy-boy stood at her knee, looking from her face to Georgie, flushed with his wonderful nerve, all eager to hear what her answer would be.

"Tell us what else they said about this jolly old man," she said, in order to give herself time to frame her reply.

"Oh, I can't remember all the boys and girls said, but they can scarcely wait, and they must hang clean, clean stockings with no holes in, else the candy would drop out, and the presents are all mixed in with the goodies, and, oh, say, won't we have a dilly time? And he caught the two eager-eyed little ones in his arms, and hugged them tightly. The laugh awakened baby sister in her cradle, and her rosy cheeks and cute smile brought them all to their knees beside her.

"P'raps he'll bring baby a kitty," said Nettie, "oh, come on, Georgie, and tell us every word."

So Georgie, who felt quite a hero, carried baby to mamma, and looked quizzically into her face, for he noticed an expression of sadness there. "Mother, did you ever hear of him before? Did he live when you were a little girl?"

She smiled. "Oh, you do know about him. Tell us, please, Mother."

AWAY back over the years her memory swept, and she was hanging her stockings by the old fireplace along with seven other pairs. She was snuggling down beside her little sister, talking in whispers, guessing what the morning would reveal. The country was new, and money was scarce, but the week before Christmas there was always a journey to the nearest town, and always

a mysterious box which mother slipped out of sight very suddenly, and its contents came to light when sixteen little hands trembling with delight, emptied the bulging and unshapely stockings early in the morning of the glad day.

How pleased they were with the simple gifts, and the sweetmeats, the candy animals and the walking sticks, and a big rosy apple in each stocking to fill up! Then the new mittens that mother somehow managed to knit when they were in bed or at school, and a delicious plump doughnut that was irresistible, and kept the little ones wondering when others that looked and tasted just like them appeared on the table during Christmas week. Then as they grew older, and prosperity came to them, there was the bestowal of richer gifts to each other, and she remembered her father pinning a pretty cameo brooch on mother, telling her he wished it was made of diamonds for she was worthy of the best. She saw again the glad look in her mother's face, as he kissed her, and held her close to him, and how she had wondered why her eyes filled with tears.

The old memories held her silent, as she recollected the one great pleasure of the year—the sleigh ride—when big and little were all bundled into the big sleigh, half filled with straw, and warm, woolen quilts were tucked around them. Father and mother, with the youngest between them, or on mother's knee, occupied the seat in state, and were protected by the one "buffalo skin," occasionally turning to ask, "Are you all warm, children?"

Then she married and went West, away out on a lonely ranch, a childless couple being their nearest neighbor on the one side and an old bachelor on the other. The first Christmas a box full of presents was sent, and the two lonely young hearts, so far from their friends were gladdened because they were remembered. The next year she lay at death's door, with a little wailing infant in her arms, and two more anniversaries followed without much notice being taken, for times were hard, and it was a struggle to keep going. Then little Georgie was three years old, and Nettie one, and the nice box that appeared annually, arrived as usual. She hung the little stockings that year, and put in the presents to the little ones, the little red boots, the picture book, and woolly dog, and told the happy little fellow that Santa Claus had put them there. He was too young to remember about that day, and the stockings were never hung again. Away out on the prairie, there was one house where Christmas passed as uneventful as other days, except that a goose or turkey graced the table, and the old bachelor was invited to dinner.

"MOTHER, what are you thinking about, that your eyes look so big, and you won't answer us?"

"How would it be if I told you about Santa Claus at bedtime?" she asked. "Run away, now, and have a little play, while I get tea ready."

Then she laid her head upon the table and cried, great sobs that rent her heart. When the storm had passed, she dried her eyes, placed baby in her chair, saying, "Mother's lovey, some day perhaps we can have a Santa Claus."

Then she prepared the supper, and wondered why her husband did not come in, sending Georgie to the barn in search of him. Presently he appeared, not from the outer door, but emerged from the front room, a peculiar look on his face. "Are you ill, James," Mrs. Holden asked anxiously.

"No," he said, "I was all done out shaking those heavy sacks, so I dropped on the couch for a few minutes' rest, and fell asleep."

Yes, that was what happened, but the children's voices and chatter had roused him, and he listened to all that was said. Then he witnessed the heartbroken wife, as she wept bitter tears by herself, and memory began its work. For an hour and more, a stinging remorse had lashed him. What sort of a husband and father had he been? He recalled the morning when Georgie had said in

his childish prattle, "See, Daddy, see my pretty red boots, Santa Claus gave them to me."

"No such thing," he retorted, "your auntie May sent them to you," and turning to his wife, he said in an angry tone, "What's the use of filling a child's mind up with a lot of that silly twaddle?" Then he had gone out to see his dead thoroughbred colt, and indulge in the bitterness of its loss, and which had led up to the stage of irritability that made the little lips quiver, and baby eyes fill with tears. It led up to something else also, for as Mrs. Holden held the repulsed baby heart close to her own, she made a resolve, and she had kept it—no more stockings ever were hung up on Christmas Eve.

He determined he should hear the story that night, and consequently prepared to write some letters, but kept a listening ear to the merry voices in the kitchen. Presently they all went upstairs, closing the stair door behind them. He softly opened it, and sat with bated breath hearing the old, old story of Christ born in Bethlehem, the little babe in the manger, and the questions the eager little ones put to her showed at what high pressure their young minds had attained listening to the wonderful tale. Then they must know all her experiences of Santa Claus, and she went back to the days of her childhood, and told them the joys of finding her stockings full on Christmas morning, and what a happy day it always was for them, and how they looked forward to it the whole year round.

"AND now dearies, say your prayers and jump into bed." Georgie knelt a long time, kissed mother good night, and was very quiet. Nettie knelt at her knee, and asked God to bless everybody, then added, "And dear Jesus, send Santa Claus to us this Christmas. We want our stockings filled, too, and don't forget our mamma's and daddy's, and our baby's little ones, for Jesus sake. Amen."

"I want a little dog," said Billy-boy, "that wuns on wheels." The door below closed as softly as it had been opened, and Mr. Holden was busy with his letters when his wife descended the stairs, set the lamp on the table, and picked up a little blue slipper, upon which she worked quickly and silently. Her thoughts were a medley, and at times she sighed unconsciously; then again her lips closed firmly, and a set look appeared on her usually placid face. Nothing was lost to her husband, who watched her furtively as he pretended to write. He would have given worlds to hear her say, "James, let us give the children the merry Christmas they deserve after being cheated out of it so long." But she never spoke, her mind seemed elsewhere, and he felt very much alone. Not for one instant did he falter in placing the fault at his own door; he had repulsed her warm loving heart in an angry temper, and she had closed it effectually on this one point. It was his to make the advance, but how? She seemed so invulnerable that it would be like storming a fortress to break down this barrier of his own making. A thought struck him; he wrote on thoughtfully until the clock struck ten.

Christmas was drawing nearer, and the children talked scarcely of anything else, asking questions of both parents. Sometimes Mrs. Holden looked anxiously at her husband, lest he should dampen their childish anticipations with a rude awakening, but he usually evaded the direct question, and smiled indulgently, while she kept her own counsel, asking no favors for the day, but was ever ready to help on the happy delusion. In a locked drawer was a gift for each, of her own making, and she had sent with her neighbor for a picture book, a china cup and saucer, a little tin horse and cart, and a rattle. With the gifts that were sure to come from the East, she meant that her children should not be disappointed. The battle was on, and whether she faced opposition or not was a small matter in her present mood,

A DECEMBER LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY
MARY H. NORTHEAD



THE season of jollity which comes with the Christmas holidays gives ample excuse to the hostess who would exercise the good old privileges of hospitality.

Holly and evergreens make the best possible decorations. Since the holly must be purchased by most of us, it is a good business investment to buy the artificial variety, which is very beautiful and can be used year after year.

A Santa Claus table is very satisfactory. In our illustration, the children's genial benefactor is represented sliding down a snow hill, as the central feature. White cotton, plentifully sprinkled with sparkle, is used in this construction, and a wreath of holly encircles its base, outside of which burn Christmas tapers in crystal sticks. The sled Santa's costume should be fur-trimmed, and as fantastic as desired, not forgetting his pack of toys.

The place cards are set in sprigs of holly, the favors are bonbonnières in the shape of red sleds, decorated with a sprig of holly and a lighted taper. Large crystal candlesticks hold white candles, having paper shades bound about with a wreath of holly. If preferred, red candles and tapers could be used, and the shades and place cards decorated with hand-painted holly patterns.

A suggestive menu is given below, to furnish some assistance to the Christmas hostess, who has so many other plans in mind that help is grateful.

- Chicken Soup
- Salmon in Rice Border
- Chicken au Gratin
- Duchess Potatoes
- Olives
- Tomato Cream Salad
- Raspberry Jelly
- Christmas Cake
- Coffee

CHICKEN SOUP.—Cut up a chicken, put into kettle and cover with cold water, salt to taste, and cook two or three hours; skim off scum and add one small onion, one tomato, two sprigs of celery, one of parsley and one of thyme. Put two bay leaves, three whole peppers, two allspice and two cloves in cheesecloth bag, boil for one hour and strain, cool and skim off fat. Make a batter of one beaten egg, a pinch of salt, and flour enough to allow batter to drop from a fork in the form of strings into the soup. Cook twenty minutes. Before serving add four tablespoons of cream, but do not let boil after adding cream. Sprinkle just a shade of celery salt on the soup after serving. Serve with toasted crackers and celery as a relish.

SALMON IN RICE MOLDS.—Pack hot boiled rice in buttered molds, turn out, and after scooping out the centres, fill the cavities with coarsely chopped salmon. Arrange on a dish with buttered peas, garnish with stuffed olives and lemon, and serve hot with cream sauce.

CHICKEN AU GRATIN.—Left over bits of chicken may be combined with onions to form an appetizing luncheon dish. Peel the onions, cut off the tops and scoop out a portion of the centre. Parboil in salted water, drain and place in an earthen baking dish after filling the cavities with the chicken finely chopped and seasoned, and covering the tops with bread crumbs. Dot with butter, moisten well with milk, and bake until tender.

DUCHESS POTATOES.—Beat the yolk of one egg till thick, add two tablespoons of cream and stir in two cups of seasoned mashed potatoes. Shape in pyramids, brush with the white of an egg beaten slightly with a spoonful of milk, and bake in a quick oven until golden brown.

TOMATO CREAM SALAD.—Arrange slices of tomato in glass serving dish and put on ice. Take half pint of cream, beat with fork until smooth, add one teaspoon of salt, pour over tomatoes and let stand on ice one hour before serving.

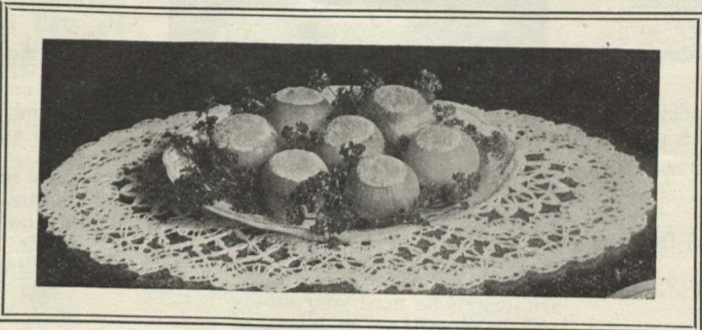
RASPBERRY JELLY.—Strain canned raspberries through cloth. To each pint of juice allow a pint of sugar. Put juice over the fire and bring to the boiling point. Boil for fifteen minutes. In the meantime, melt the sugar in a saucepan. Put the two together, boil for five minutes, and begin to try. When done, remove from fire, and fill into molds.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.—Make any good mixture and bake in ring mold. When cool frost with vanilla icing. Decorate the sides with stockings cut from citron, and adorn the

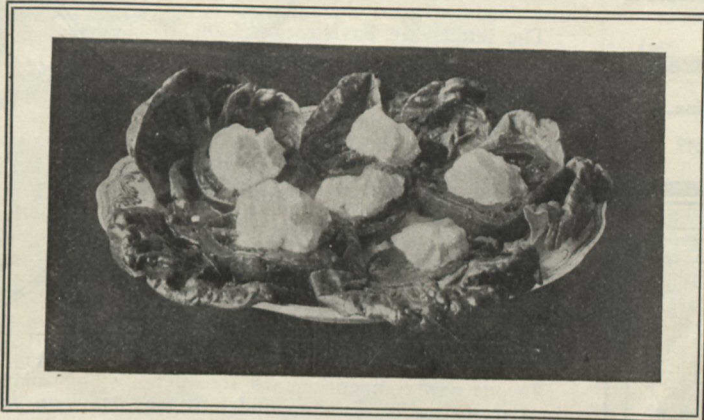
top with strips of citron and tiny red candies to simulate holly berries. In the centre stand a cardboard figure of Santa Claus.



SANTA CLAUSE TABLE



CHICKEN AU GRATIN



TOMATO SALAD



CHRISTMAS CAKE

smoothing complexions for ever. Half this legend owed its being to the idea that lettuce, which contains opium, being a sleep inducer, was a beauty-giver, because a due amount of rest was essential to beauty. The other half owed its being to the fact that green salads in spring chased away roughnesses and pimples from the skin, making it smooth.

In old times, a sleep specific was a lettuce eaten every night for supper. Later in the year, endive had to take its place, though the green food was not quite so tender as a well-blanching lettuce. And it had not the gift of opium, the sleep-inducer. Endive has no narcotic powers at all.

The Endive

A WRITER in that excellent English publication, *The Table*, says concerning this vegetable:

The endive comes as a welcome salad when lettuce begins to fail. In summer it is used as an agreeable change in rotation with the lettuce bed, and for a summer salad, it is sown as far back as April, just when the winter bed of it begins to fail.

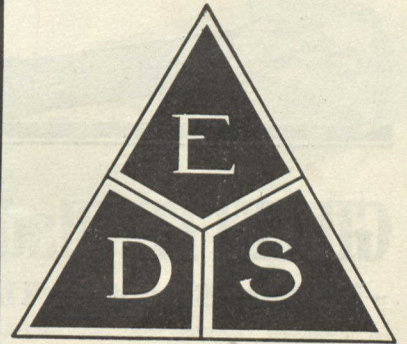
Very hardy is the endive and deserving of a good corner in the garden. It is sown again in June for autumn salads, and at the end of July to carry the bed on to the year's end. For winter plants, the endive is sown in late autumn and unless frosts are very bad, the plants will endure the winter through, starting into good life early in March and providing the first dish of green salad for the year at a time when the garden is practically empty.

Green-curling or white-curling alike, the endive plants are good, the green sorts, on account of their coolness and their plentiful salts being esteemed for the salad bowl, and the white-curling sorts being liked for soups, stews, and boiled vegetables.

Like lettuce, endive can be boiled and treated as a vegetable. If chopped finely and served as spinach, it is excellent. Like all green garden plants, it is a purifier of the blood, as the popular idea runs. This means it can replenish the vital fluid with its own good saline matters, rendering it pure and well able to do its work.

Old wives held that endive shared with lettuce the peculiar property of making the skins of ladies very fair. In olden mythology, the story ran that Venus, goddess of beauty, obtained her fair skin because she loved to lie in lettuce beds and had endowed the green plant with the power of

By this Mark



You will know
the Contents
are Pure

Your grocer may tell you he has something just as good, but has he?

¶ We are content to let the Inland Revenue Department of Canada be the judge, and they say in Bulletin No. 194 that the jams examined by them bearing the name of E. D. Smith were absolutely pure and did not contain an abnormal quantity of water or any glucose, in short they were absolutely pure.

Your

Christmas Table

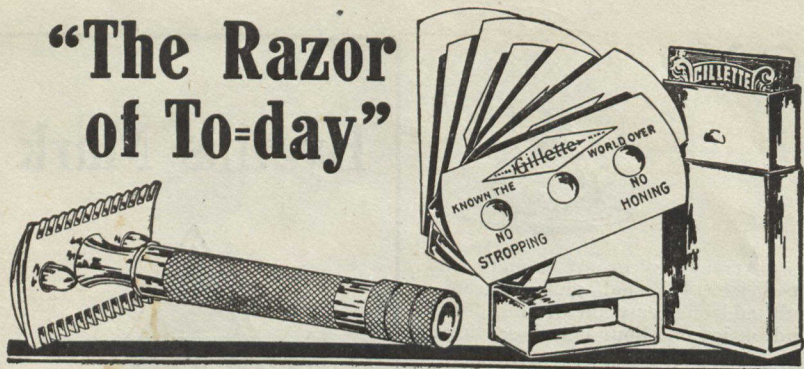
will not be complete without a goodly supply of E. D. S. Pure Preserves, Jams, Catsup, Grape Juice, Jellies or Marmalade. They taste so home like that your guests will enjoy them as well as your own family.

Sold by all good grocers.

Manufactured by

E. D. SMITH
WINONA,
ONT.

"The Razor of To-day"



GILLETTE Blades are Harder —Keener—Smoother Than Forged Razor Blades

Before the GILLETTE was invented razor blades were all *forged*. That is, a piece of mild steel was heated and hammered out till it took the form of a razor blade. Every heating, every hammering, changed the hardness of the steel a little—how much, no man could tell, but more in some parts than others, because these parts were hammered out more.

Naturally, to temper perfectly a blade of such uncertain and uneven hardness is impossible.

In making GILLETTE blades we start with an ingot of steel, *too fine in quality to stand forging, whose composition we know by analysis*. We roll this out to the thinness of the finished blade, then stamp out the blades ready for tempering.

The composition of the steel is not altered by the rolling and stamping as it is by forging, so that each blade comes out not only *even in texture throughout, but of the same quality as every other blade*. As our patented automatic tempering process tempers each blade *through and through* in precisely the same way, the finished blades have an *even, uniform hardness* which cannot possibly be equalled in forged blades.

Two of the hardest, keenest, smoothest shaving edges the world has ever seen are found on each and every GILLETTE blade. Not only is the GILLETTE the safest, quickest, most convenient and only adjustable razor, but it carries the best edge. That is what interests the shaver most.

Standard Sets \$5.00. Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00.

At your druggist's, jeweler's or hardware dealer's.

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory, - 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

Offices also in New York, Chicago, London, Eng., and Shanghai, China.
Factories in Montreal, Boston, Leicester, Berlin and Paris. 249



Essential to Comfort

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATER

Warmth is essential to comfort. As you grow older, it is hardly less essential to health.

Get a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater, and you keep warm and comfortable in your home, no matter what the weather without.

The Perfection gives a strong, widespread heat, and gives it quickly. It is always ready for use and burns nine hours on a single filling—no more trouble than a lamp. It can be carried anywhere; no pipes, no wires, no flues; no smoke, odor or dirt.

The heater that gives complete satisfaction.

This year's Perfection is finished in either blue enamel or plain steel; nickel trimmings; light and ornamental, yet strong and durable as can be made. All parts easily cleaned. Automatic-locking flame spreader prevents smoking.

Dealers everywhere; or write to any agency of the

The Imperial Oil Co., Limited The Queen City Oil Co., Limited



WITH THE JOURNAL'S JUNIORS

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Our Competitions

OF course, the very first thing we want to say to all of you is, "A Merry Christmas." We hope that the December Twenty-fifth stocking will contain all that you could possibly desire, and perhaps that stocking will even overflow with skates and sleds and toboggans, which would never go in a small person's stocking. In the midst

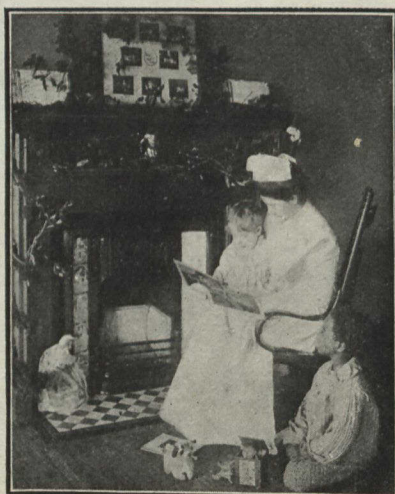


HAPPY TIMES FOR SICK LITTLE ONES

of all the fun of this merriest month, do not forget the little ones who are sick and whose Christmas must be spent within the walls of a hospital. In the Hospital for Sick Children, at Toronto, are many who need your kindly thought and good wishes at this glad season, and we hope some of our Juniors will remember these sick ones with words and deeds of good cheer.

The letters we have received on "A Summer Holiday" are so cheering and bright that we are sure our Juniors, who are scattered so widely, must have opportunities for the very happiest holidays in the world. It has been hard to make a selection where all have done so well, but we have finally selected the prize-winners. The first prize of three dollars goes to Miss Isabel Turnbull, Bird's Hill, Manitoba; the second prize of two dollars is awarded to Miss Dorothy Marston, Toronto. We have found it impossible to publish all the letters, but we know you have enjoyed those already printed.

In our new competition, we are offering two prizes for Juniors under fifteen years of age, for the best articles—not exceeding five hundred words, on "A Winter Adventure." The competition will close February 15th, 1912, and the



CHRISTMAS IN HOSPITAL

prizes will be three dollars and two dollars. We have extended the closing date by a fortnight, and hope to hear from many of you again.

Rebus and Puzzle

FOR your special delight at this season we have a rebus, which you will find on the opposite page, and also this Santa Claus puzzle. The first who sends in a correct solution of the

rebus will be given a prize of two dollars, while to the first who solves the puzzle we shall give a year's subscription to this publication. The following is the clever rhyme, sent by your good friend, Mrs. E. M. Gardner.

A Christmas most happy, dear friends, to you all,

A New Year most prosperous too; Come, guess what I've got in this ponderous pack,

And then you'll know just what to do. For I'm sure you'll agree not a worthier gift

Could a friend on a loved one bestow Than the one you will find if you properly guess

What is written my picture below. My first you will find in my ample moustache,

The next in my old heart so gay. My third shows distinctly in both of my eyes,

My next's in my cap, so they say; My 5th's in my ankle—indeed 'tis in both,

While my 6th in my nose you will see. My 7th and 8th you will find in my hands,

Which are active and strong as can be.

My 9th's to be found in my whiskers so fine,

And the 10th in my shaggy white hair.

My next in my rheumatic knee holds a place,



And my 12th in my shoulders so square.

My 13th you'll find in my mouth when I speak,

And my next when its silent and still. My 14th shows up in my rosy red cheeks—

—You may take a rest now if you will—

My 15th you'll find in my joints rather stiff,

My body so round holds the next. Seventeen you will see in my pupils so bright,

And 18 in my arms—don't be vexed If I tell you the next will be found in my nails,

In each one of the twenty, for sure; And the next, with the last, in the calves of my legs.

That is all! I regret they're not fewer.

Our Holiday Letters

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 1, 1911.

Dear Editor of Journal's Juniors:

As the summer competition is on "Our Summer Holiday," and the best time of the year, except Christmas, is in the summer, I thought I would enter the competition.

We camped for two blissful summers in a little town about twelve miles west of Toronto. We camped in an orchard, and, although we didn't leave the plums and cherries entirely alone, we could have done worse. The only thrilling experience we had in that line was when I broke a limb off a cherry tree, when we were tasting of its forbidden fruits. Have you ever broken a limb off a cherry tree? If not, you can't sympathize. It is impossible to imagine the

awful feeling that rushes over one. Suffice to say, I'll never break another.

We used to play the most original games, for it seems to me that games are adapted to places, and the game that is so popular at home is quite a failure elsewhere.

Our favorite game we called "Chase." My chum and I, who were always together, were generally "chased." The four remaining ones would wait till we ran out of sight, then they would "hunt us down." The exciting part was when we were sighted, and chased. Sometimes it was a very close race, sometimes we were caught, but sometimes we reached the goal in triumph.

Our other game bore the name of "Fort." This was played in the empty barn. My chum and I were generally inside. The object of those outside was to get in, and ours, to keep them out. Such a hacking, pulling, yelling, shouting, and altogether unearthly din that went on when this game was in progress can readily be compared to a wild Indian war dance, Indians being supposed to make a great deal of noise when participating in the above mentioned.

Besides these "amusements," camp life is about perfect, in my opinion, anyway. We always had our meals out-

Wishing the Juniors' Page every success, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

Aged 14. DOROTHY MARSTON.

I certify this is the sole work of my daughter, Dorothy.

C. L. MARSTON.

* * *

Dear Dorothy:

This is a nice letter, indeed, and I am very glad to hear from you. I have never broken the limb off a cherry tree, but am sure that it must be an exciting experience. I think your games must have been delightful. I don't think there is any place quite so nice as an orchard to play in.

Mt. Albert, Sept. 3, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

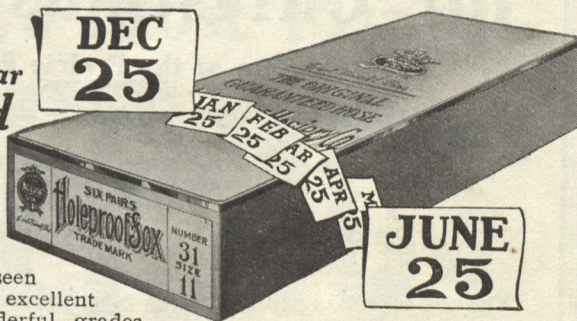
We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and enjoy reading it very much.

The most delightful of my holidays were spent at Lake Simcoe last summer. My mother and father and sister were with me and we had my grandpa's tent. We were right near the lake and I had fine times.

I went in bathing nearly every day. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks had their tent

A Christmas Suggestion

Six Pairs of Soft, Fine, Stylish Holeproof Hose - Six Months' Wear Guaranteed



Here are six beautiful pairs of hose with a guarantee ticket and six return coupons enclosed.

You have never seen finer hosiery, such excellent colors or such wonderful grades. "Holeproof" in twelve years has become the most popular hosiery. A million people are wearing it now.

Give a box to man, woman or child for Christmas. They'll be delighted and so will the one who usually darns in that family.

Our Soft Three-Ply Yarn

We pay an average of seventy cents a pound for Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn. It is three-ply, soft and yielding. There's nothing about it that's heavy or cumbersome. No one in the United States ever wears anything else, once it is tried.

weight LUSTRE SOX, 6 pairs \$3.00. Pure thread-silk sox, 3 pairs (guaranteed three months) \$2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Women's—Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun metal, 6 pairs \$2.00. Same in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00. Same in pure thread-silk, \$3.00 for 3 pairs (guaranteed three months). Outsizes in black, medium weight, 6 pairs \$2.00, and in extra light weight LUSTRE HOSE, 6 pairs \$3.00.

Carl Freschl, Pres.

If your dealer doesn't sell "Holeproof," we'll fill your order direct. Look on each pair for above signature. It identifies the genuine. There are scores of poor imitations.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

How to Order

Choose your color, grade and size from the list below and state clearly just what you wish. One size and one grade in each box. Colors only may be assorted as desired. Six pairs are guaranteed six months, except when stated otherwise.

Men's Socks—Sizes 9½ to 12. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs \$1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs \$1.50). Light and extra light weight (mercerized), 6 pairs \$2.00. Light and extra light

Infants' Sox—Colors: tan, baby blue, white and pink.

Sizes 4 to 7. Four pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00. Ribbed-leg stockings, in same colors and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed six months) \$1.00. Send in your order now. Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

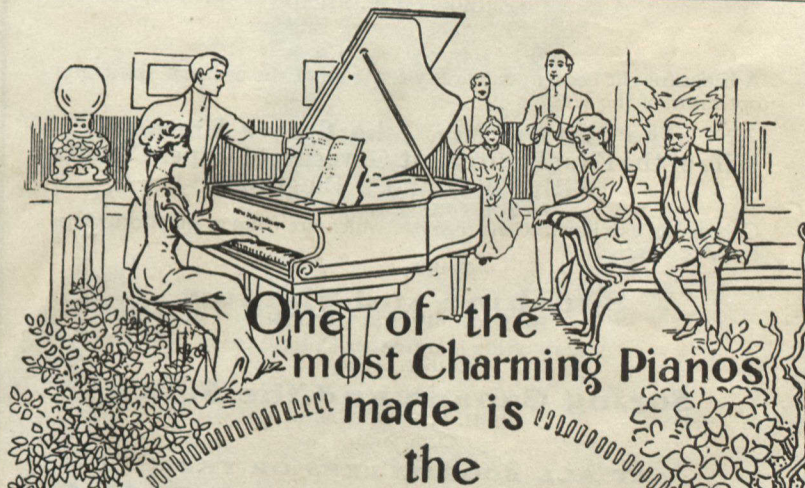
TO DEALERS: Write for our agency proposition. Excellent opportunity. Thousands of dealers in U. S. making big hosiery sales with "Holeproof."



HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO. OF CANADA, Ltd., 96 Bond St., London, Can.

Are Your Hose Insured?

(242)



One of the most Charming Pianos made is the NEW SCALE WILLIAMS SMALL GRAND.

It is becoming more popular every day. The tone is sweet and sympathetic and appeals at once to people with a refined musical taste. It is built on the same lines (only in miniature form) as our famous Concert Grand, which is used by nearly all the great artists who tour Canada, and, as one of them said, "is the biggest little piano I ever saw."

They Are Made Right

because the workmen who build these beautiful Pianos constitute the most skillful organization of piano-makers in Canada, and they are dominated by an enthusiasm for the "New Scale Williams" ideals and standards to the same degree as are the men who guide their efforts.

"The tone is beautiful and the action perfect" — Louise Homer

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The WILLIAMS PIANO CO., Limited OSHAWA ONTARIO



CHRISTMAS REBUS

Solution must be addressed to Rebus Editor.

side, unless there was a drenching down-pour, and even then, in the tent, it is not nearly as bad as one might expect. The sound of the rain on the tent is like a monotonous lullaby, and inside it is as dry as a house—almost.

Then it is simply glorious to sleep almost in the open every night, to discard all unnecessary raiment, and to do just about what you please. Another distinct advantage of camp life is that there is hardly any housework to do, consequently the time is almost all your own.

Then, of course, there were other characteristics of the summer life—boating, bathing, a picnic or two, bonfires on the beach, fishing, long rambles, and rows on the lake and up the river.

Then, to think we have to leave all this for school! Never does arithmetic or spelling look gloomier. Packing-up and moving-day is about the saddest of the year. But there is always a summer coming, to look forward to, and one left behind, to remember.

Now I will have to close, as I fear I am taking too much time and room, but one could almost write a book about a summer holiday.

next to ours and I was down there nearly all the time; if I was not down there I was on the beach or out driving, as Mr. Brooks had his horse (Nellie) with him.

Mr. Brooks and I went driving every day and sometimes we were down to Sutton two or three times a day. About every evening we went over to the Black River to fish. My Auntie was with us, too.

One morning my sister got up early and went over to the river. She caught a large black bass, besides some other smaller fish. One other evening my sister caught a catfish, and as it was dark she could not see the horrid creature, but thought it was a bass. But when she went to take it off the hook it stung her finger. There were a few Indian camps back in a bush and we used to go back and visit them, and one of the Indian girls gave me a basket and I made a handle for it.

My two cousins, aged three and five, came up from Toronto. I used to wade in the water and get clam shells for them. Hoping my letter is not too long, I am

Aged 11.

OTHA VANDEWATER.

Appropriate Books for Christmas Gifts

The Evolution of the Prairie Provinces

By W. S. HERRINGTON

Author of "Heroines of Canadian History."

Cloth 75c.

Life of Father Lacombe

By KATHERINE HUGHES

\$1.50 net

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The best boy's book of the year. A great Christmas present for a boy.

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By H. A. CODY, M.A.

Author of "The Frontiersman."

Mr. Cody has made another success in "The Fourth Watch." His previous volume made a great hit and he has very ably sustained the reputation he made on his first novel.

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An excellent book for a Christmas Gift.

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On Western Trails in the Early Seventies Frontier Pioneer Life in the Canadian North-West

By JOHN McDUGALL

Author of "Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe."

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The latest book from the pen of this veteran pioneer. Full of vim and adventure of the early days.

Through Five Republics on Horseback Being an Account of many Wanderings in South America

By G. WHITFIELD RAY, F.R.S.C.

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Past Years in Pickering Sketches of the History of the Community

By WILLIAM R. WOOD

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Is it Just

By MINNIE SMITH

A story of life in British Columbia. Dedicated to the National Council of Women.

Price \$1.00

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By ROBERT J. C. STEAD

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A beautiful gift book in dainty style. Full of the national spirit and optimism of the West.

The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe Wife of the First Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada With Notes and a Biography

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Containing 236 illustrations many of which are from original drawings by Mrs. Simcoe.

Cloth \$3.00 net.

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By JEAN MITCHELL SMITH

A story of life in a frontier Ontario town.

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Seeing Canada and the South

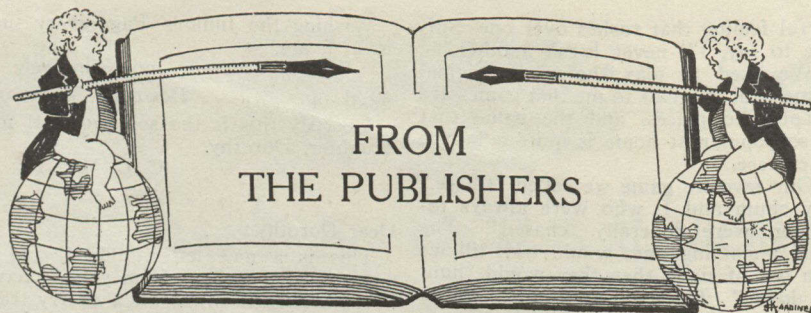
By H. P. SCOTT, M.A.

Cloth \$1.00

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS OR FROM

WILLIAM BRIGGS

PUBLISHER, 29-37 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO



CANADIANS have a healthy love of outdoor life and the diversions which belong thereto. Urban life is not the typical sphere of the Canadian and few studies of what is vulgarly termed the "smart set" appeal widely to Canadian readers. "Love of the Wild," by Archie P. McKishnie, is an unusual story of rural life, which eminently justifies its name. The adventures of "Boy" are sufficiently exciting to hold the reader's interest to the inevitable close, when Boy forsakes the Brotherhood of Untamed Bachelors and takes upon himself the responsibility of the welfare of Gloss, as winsome a maiden as ever gladdened the Wild. The author's sympathy with unspoiled Nature is evident on every page, and his intimacy with the woods and ponds shows that he is undoubtedly a member of the Lodge of the Open Door. Those who know Kent County and the shores of Lake Erie will recognize many a stretch of reedy water, many a glimpse of woodland. Every Ontario boy will welcome this opening scene, with its whiff of autumn forest.

"The hazy October sunlight sifted through the trees and lay, here and there, golden bits of carpet on the mossy woodland. A glossy black squirrel paused on one of these splashes of sunlight, and, sitting erect, preened his long fur, then as the harsh scolding of a red squirrel fell on his ears he sank on all fours again, and bounded into the heavy shadows of the wood. A pair of pursuing red squirrels sprang from an opposite grove, and with shrill chidings crossed the opening to the snake fence. By taking this fence they might intercept the quarry's flight, their object being to make short work of the black, whom they hated with an hereditary hatred, harking back to the dim past.

"In and out they flashed, their yellow-red bodies painting zig-zag streaks of gold upon the forest background of green. Suddenly they halted, and with tails slashing angrily, poured out a tirade of abuse upon the human frustrator of their designs." Toronto: McLeod & Allen.

A MOST artistic booklet, "The Evolution of a Store," has recently been published, setting forth the story of the enterprise which is now known throughout the Dominion as "Eaton's." The record of development from 1869 to 1911 is one of steady progress on a "strictly cash" basis. The late Mr. Timothy Eaton was a man of great business sagacity, with a foresight which enabled him to provide for such an expansion as no other Canadian business firm has known. Mr. John C. Eaton inherits his father's financial gifts, and it is difficult to prophesy the dimensions of the Eaton business for 1920. The little volume recently published is a gem in coloring and style, in which every artifice of modern illustration contributes to the description of this vast departmental system. The modern union of art and commerce, in which the most trained and delicate skill of pen and brush is used to explain and depict mercantile success is most happily exemplified in "The Evolution of a Store."

IT has been asserted frequently of late that poetry is unpopular—that a book of poems is, so far as publishers' profits are concerned, a failure. When we read of the poetic fury of a century ago, when "all London" was reading Scott and Byron, we begin to feel as if ours were a painfully material age. However, as Keats told us in a summer-time sonnet: "The poetry of earth is never dead." The young men who would have been writing cantos and serenades a century ago are to-day putting their creative forces in mines, railways and bridges—and pre-eminently in aeroplanes. The Wrights and their fraternity are poets born, who fly rather than write sonnets and madrigals. In spite of this poetry of motion and commerce, there are a few men of imagination who still cling to the written word as

medium—and of these is Mr. Madison Cawein, whose poems have just been published by the Macmillan Company.

In the foreword by William Dean Howells we are informed concerning the poet: "He is of the kind of Keats and Shelley and Wordsworth and Coleridge, in that truth to observance and experience of nature and the joyous expression of it, which are the dominant characteristics of his art." A poet of German descent, born in Kentucky, has a curious inheritance. There is no State in the Union with a more romantic history than that of blue-grass acres, there is no State where meets more strikingly to-day the New South and the Old. Mr. Cawein, in his sensitiveness to the joyous aspects of Nature, reminds one of certain poets of the older school—Timrod, Hayne and Lanier.

The present volume will prove a delight to those to whom woods and streams are dear, for the poet has entered the woodland with "that joy of life unquestion'd," which brings one very near to the heart of the Great Mother. There is youth eternal in these poems, and, even as his New England critic says, it is the youth of tender regrets, of vague aspirations, of pensive longing. It may be that the poet who feels most keenly the rapture of the sea and the stars, feels also the pathos of fleeting humanity, so much frailer than the oak, so much weaker than the waves.

NO doubt can be entertained regarding the narrative, "Is It Just?" by Minnie Smith, published by William Briggs, Toronto, and dedicated to the National Council of Women. It is a story with a purpose, and that purpose is to show how altogether abominable and unjust are the laws regarding the property rights of married women in British Columbia. Now, why cannot the writer, who is setting out with such a serious end in view, sign a more sensible name than "Minnie" to such a production? If women are to expect to be taken seriously as writers they should give up such absurd "pet" names for their work. What would be thought of the man who signed "Johnnie Milton" or "Ollie Holmes"?

We are introduced to the Pierce family, living on a Manitoba farm. Mrs. Pierce is a toil-worn, patient wife, with all the virtues except firmness and self-respect. Mr. Pierce is a lazy, conceited, good-looking scamp, for whom she cherishes an abject and foolish affection, and the children are ordinary young human beings, who are fortunate enough to resemble the maternal parent. There enters this comparatively peaceful home a real estate agent from British Columbia, with the result that the family is removed to the Okanagan Valley, where the good-for-nothing Pierce neglects a fruit ranch (which he has bought with his wife's money in his own name), falls in love with a wily widow from Chicago, deserts and divorces his faithful and industrious spouse, and betakes himself to the United States with the person who has ensnared his errant fancy. His wife is left almost destitute and is aided in her need by Philip Hastings, who has secretly adored her all these weary years. She refuses quite properly to marry him and suffers the misunderstanding of the community in a mournful silence. But the erstwhile widow wearies of the idle Pierce, who makes a virtue of necessity and returns to the broken-hearted wife, who forgives him in a meek and maudlin fashion, dying in his sturdy arms. Such is the lurid tale told by Minnie, whose surname is Smith. In answer to the title "Is It Just?" we would say that British Columbia laws regarding women's property rights are certainly in need of readjustment. But we should also remark that no laws on earth can protect a woman who is fool enough to love a cad and so lacking in proper spirit as to forgive his insults, and submit to his belated caresses. The next time, Minnie, give us a heroine who is a woman—not a mixture of mush and moping.

X 11

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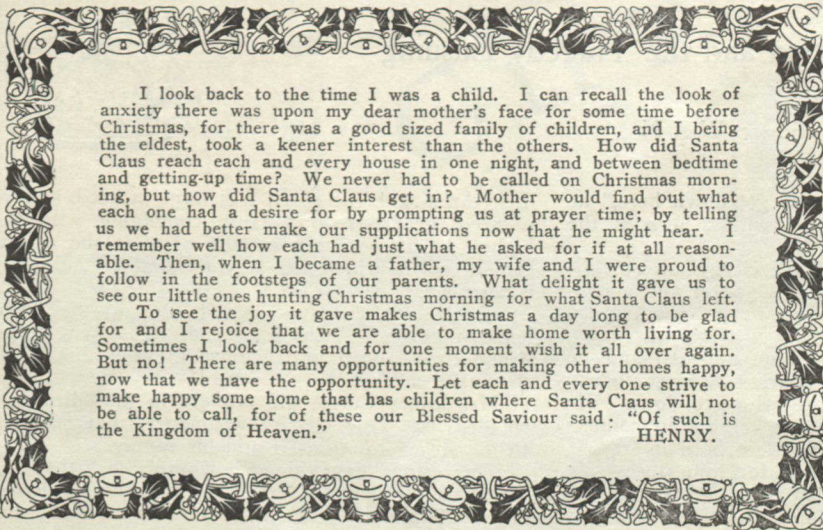
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THE MONTH BEFORE CHRISTMAS



I look back to the time I was a child. I can recall the look of anxiety there was upon my dear mother's face for some time before Christmas, for there was a good sized family of children, and I being the eldest, took a keener interest than the others. How did Santa Claus reach each and every house in one night, and between bedtime and getting-up time? We never had to be called on Christmas morning, but how did Santa Claus get in? Mother would find out what each one had a desire for by prompting us at prayer time; by telling us we had better make our supplications now that he might hear. I remember well how each had just what he asked for if at all reasonable. Then, when I became a father, my wife and I were proud to follow in the footsteps of our parents. What delight it gave us to see our little ones hunting Christmas morning for what Santa Claus left. To see the joy it gave makes Christmas a day long to be glad for and I rejoice that we are able to make home worth living for. Sometimes I look back and for one moment wish it all over again. But no! There are many opportunities for making other homes happy, now that we have the opportunity. Let each and every one strive to make happy some home that has children where Santa Claus will not be able to call, for of these our Blessed Saviour said: "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."
HENRY.

AN air of mystery is beginning to pervade the domestic circle. Small persons are seen in anxious converse with elder brothers and sisters, while "Just what you would like for Christmas" is being artlessly inquired about in a careless discussion. A great industry, in the matter of fancy needle-work, is manifested by the girls of the household, while the tiny folk are awaking to the fact that Santa Claus is mak-



JAPANESE STENCILED SCREEN

ing ready for his pilgrimage from the land of the reindeer. What to buy or make is perplexing many of us—and the question is of absorbing interest to the feminine world especially.

"Something for the house" is always welcome to the mother of the family. A pretty pillow or cushion seldom comes amiss, and fortunate is the maiden who is skilful in drawn-work, embroidery or stenciling. In the case of a present of this nature, care should be taken to consult individual preferences in color and style, so that the gift may harmonize with the general furnishing or environment of the home. To give a handsome blue cushion to a housewife, whose living-room or parlor is furnished in brown and green means confusion and disappointment. A dainty screen or a chair is also a welcome acquisition, and here also the general tone of equipment already provided needs to be taken into consideration.

In small articles, there is infinite variety from which to choose—and the cost is not necessarily in proportion to the beauty or desirability of the article. In the matter of silver, alone, there are so many dainty trifles, from the vanity box or salve jar to the pencil or penholder, that it ought to be easy to select suitable gifts from a trayful of trinkets. In china and cut glass, also, it is not necessary to soar into luxurious prices before finding something which will be acceptable to any woman of good taste. Remember that it is better to buy a good article, however small, than to invest in an imposing bit of cheapness.

Do not buy a cup and saucer of gaudy or splashy design, which proclaims its commonness. It would be better to invest in a pin-tray or tiny collar-button holder in white and gold. Cut glass is desired by almost every woman, and there are many small pieces of this attractive ware which will be within reach of the purchaser of moderate income. Then, in the brass department, one meets with a bewildering array of gleaming objects, from the tiny kettle to the fern jar. In the hammered brass there are many charming articles of use and adornment. The fashion for pierced candle shades in various designs, from acorns to butterflies affords a ready suggestion for a small and pretty gift.

EVERY year, there arises a wail from womankind: "What is a nice present for a man?" For some reason or other, it is ever so much harder to buy a suitable present for the masculine members of the household than for the feminine—perhaps because women are so delighted with a variety of trivialities, and have so many small wants to be gratified with comparative ease. However, a woman need not despair of suiting the masculine taste, though ties or any article of personal adornment may be avoided in most cases, for the remarks which man makes concerning such purchases are far from flattering to womanly judgment. Most men desire to select their own ties and resent the sisterly or cousinly choice of color or fabric.

One girl, however, declares that she found just what appealed to her brother last year, when she invested on his behalf in some superfine hose. A box of stationery—not "fancy"—is appreciated by many men, and a cushion for a "den" is often welcome. However, be sure to avoid anything which is too elaborate or over-trimmed, for the masculine heart abhors anything of a "sissy" nature. A good picture or bronze or a blotter of substantial design would be considered desirable—or even such a trifle as a desk calendar might not be despised. A silver-topped ink-bottle makes a pretty gift and adorns a library table. A paperweight is also a useful article.

In the matter of books, it is rather difficult to be sure one is making an acceptable gift, whether the recipient be man or woman. This is a case in which



A DRAWN-WORK PILLOW

the individual preference should be most carefully considered. To send Matthew Arnold's poems to a man who is a baseball enthusiast is almost as pathetic a blunder as to send George Ade's "Fables In Slang" to a university girl, who has high ideals and admires Pater and Browning.

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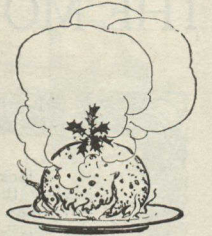
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THE COST OF A CRIME

A Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Reedham steals thirteen thousand pounds of trust money, held by the firm of Lowther, Currie and Company in London, England. He confesses to his friend, Lidgate, who allows him to escape, and who afterwards informs Mrs. Reedham of the crime. The only child, Leslie, is at school in Surrey. Leslie is brought home from school. Reedham, in the meantime, has found shelter in lodgings with Mrs. Webber, an old servant, and assumes the name of Thomas Charlton.

It was a beautiful and sunshiny morning; comforted and refreshed by his safe shelter, good sleep, and wholesome breakfast, and perhaps most of all by the sympathy of the only living being to whom he had spoken more than a few words during these horrible days, he was conscious of some slight lifting of the terrible gloom in his soul. Someone got on the omnibus with him, a man in clergyman's dress, with a fine, strong, kind face and a mobile mouth, which had almost a woman's sweetness. The top of the omnibus being nearly full, they had to share a seat, and the clergyman bade him a pleasant good morning.

Reedham at first scarcely responded. For the moment all men were his enemies, and he feared ulterior motives where none could possibly exist.

"London is a pleasant place on a morning like this," said the clergyman, apparently unconscious of any unresponsiveness on the part of his fellow passenger. "And this is quite a pleasant neighborhood. The Camden Road on a morning like this is hard to beat."

"Going down as a neighborhood, I should think?" observed Reedham brusquely. "If one is to judge by the number of notice boards on the houses."

"It has gone down of late, but possibly we may have a renaissance later on," observed the clergyman cheerfully. "People come back after they have tried other parts of London. It has many advantages and conveniences."

"You live here, I suppose?" hazarded Reedham. "Yes, I am the vicar of St. Ethelred's in Seton Square. If you look along the first opening to the left you'll see the square tower of my church."

They passed it at the moment, and Reedham nodded as his companion pointed out a singularly ugly tower of dull smoke-bitten brick.

"A poor neighborhood, and my people are wholly of the working class, but I would not change it. Yes, I could have moved several times in the last ten years, but I am still here. Are you a stranger to London?"

"No, I have lived in it all my life."

The clergyman regarded his clear-cut profile with the interest peculiar to the real and discriminating student of human nature. He gathered from his speech and manner that he was an educated man, and a certain suggestion of power was in his face. But he seemed to be under a cloud. A quickened interest in him filled the good man's soul; it was his business to heal and help and save, and his name was known as a friend to the troubled far beyond the bounds of his own parish.

"Ah, then you know something of the stress of London life. Yet it has its charm. I could not live, I think, outside of it now, unless I happened to get into ill-health. London is no place for those who are not fully equipped for the race."

"You speak truly, sir," said Reedham, with some bitterness. "And it has been the ruin of many who imagined themselves, as you express it, fully equipped."

The note of personal bitterness rang insistently through the words, and the clergyman knew that in thinking that a troubled soul dwelt in the bosom of the man by his side, he had made no mistake.

"You have had misfortune, perhaps?"

"Yes, brought about by my own incredible folly," admitted Reedham, more and more amazed at himself. But there was really nothing to marvel at in the sudden craving for human sympathy. Only the man who has been wholly cut off from it, even for a period of days, knows how real is the deprivation. To Reedham it was a wholly new experience; he had up till then only tasted the sweets of life.

"But misfortunes pass," said the clergyman quietly. "And to all they have their uses. I hope I do not intrude if I express the hope that you see a way out of your misfortunes."

"No," replied Reedham, and a guarded note crept into his voice. "At present I see no way out."

"May I inquire whether you are what is commonly called out of work, though I see that you are a gentleman?"

"Yes, I am out of work."

"And what is your line of things?"

Reedham hesitated a moment.

"I am a clerk," he replied at hazard.

A faint disappointment, almost touched with incredulity, overspread the clergyman's face.

"It is not a profession affording many possibilities," he remarked kindly. "I hope that you have something in view?"

"No, nothing, and I have to get down here," he said, as the omnibus drew up with a jerk at the corner of Euston Road.

"A moment, friend," said the clergyman quickly, as he drew out a card from his pocket and a pencil, with which he proceeded to write something on the back of the card.

"There, that is my name and address, and on the back you will find the address of a gentleman who delights in helping those who are down. He is an intimate friend of mine, we met in connection with a case in which we were both interested, and I have often thanked God for him since. He will see you if you present that card. I have his permission to send him whom I like, and I feel strangely interested in you. I hope we shall meet again."

He offered his hand, and after a moment's hesitation Reedham accepted it.



"Perhaps if you knew my history you would not touch my hand," he said thickly. "Good-bye, sir, and thank you."

He raised his hat and made haste down the steps of the omnibus to the ground. Immediately he turned towards Gower Street, and in a quiet doorway stopped and looked at the card.

On the one side was written:

"The Rev. Cyrus Fielden, St. Ethelred's Vicarage, Camden Town."

On the reverse side a name which caused Reedham to laugh aloud:

"Archibald Currie, Esq., 98, Hyde Park Square, and 18, Old Broad Street, E.C."

The brother of his own partner, James Currie, though a very different type of man.

He thrust the piece of pasteboard into his vest pocket, and strode on, having no particular object in view. He had merely got down to escape the kindly but embarrassing attentions of the vicar of St. Ethelred's.

But the name on the reverse side of the card pursued him as he walked. Something in the mere thought of presenting himself to Archibald Currie, who had known him quite well in the old days, which already seemed so far away, attracted him with a sort of weird fascination.

He was a very different man from his brother James, and if by means of his sympathy and assistance he could climb back to the paths of self-respect, how great would be the irony of his triumph!

There was something adventurous in the mere idea which appealed.

All day long he wandered in the byways of London, pondering on this strange chance that had come in his way. And from the beginning he seemed to know what the end would be.

Four o'clock in the afternoon found him in the very heart of the city standing with his face turned towards Old Broad Street.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HEIGHTS OF HAMPSTEAD.

THE office boy knocked at the door of Mr. Archibald Currie's private room.

"The carriage is at the door, sir, and Miss Wrede wishes to know if she is to come up."

"No, Baddeley, tell Miss Wrede I shall join her in less than five minutes."

"And please, sir, there a man wishes to see you very particular. Could you spare him five minutes? No name, sir, but he gave me this."

He handed a small piece of pasteboard to his master, who read both the printed words and the name scribbled on the back.

"Another of Fielden's proteges. I don't think I can see him now, Baddeley. But there, yes, I will! Tell Miss Wrede I am engaged for a few more minutes and that if she prefers to come up she will find Mr. Willett's room empty."

"Yes, sir, and shall I show the party up, the gentleman I mean, sir?"

"Yes, now."



Baddeley went off cheerfully. Everybody was cheerful under that roof. The note was struck by the principal himself each morning, when he appeared spick and span and smiling at his business house. The world could have told you that Archibald Currie had good reason for cheerfulness, and that he had been an extraordinarily successful man, that he had amassed great wealth, and had most of the gifts that men prize.

But personally he was a singularly lonely man, without ties of the kind which make the chief joy of life. He was estranged, through no fault of his own, from his only brother. They had never, even as boys, been intimate. It was indeed hard to believe that two men so different could have been born of one parentage and shared the same early home-

life. Archibald, the elder, was large-hearted, sunny-natured, generous to a fault, combining with the highest business gifts a breadth of view and a benevolent spirit which his brother James continually condemned.

"Archie makes paupers, and adds to the problems of existence," he was fond of saying, and would then launch into condemnation of his indiscriminate charity.

Mr. James Currie did not err in that direction. He distributed no charity whatsoever, but required all he earned for himself and his family.

The astonishing thing, however, was, that the more Archibald gave away, the more money flowed in upon him. He did all sorts of unnecessary and expensive kindnesses. His latest was to adopt as his daughter one Katherine Wrede, the orphan child of a woman they had known in their youth, and who had married disastrously and suffered much. This latest indiscretion the James Curries condemned very loudly, because they feared that it might divert the channels of their uncle's money from themselves.

Archibald Currie was a very fine-looking man, resembling his brother somewhat in figure and feature, though on a larger scale. The generous largeness of his life seemed to have written themselves all over his personality; his eyes beamed kindness; his beautiful white hair, which gave him at too early an age a singularly benevolent look, framed a face in which there was nothing to repel.

He drew a sheet of paper before him on the desk, and was busy writing when the door opened, and Mr. Charlton was announced.

"In a moment, sir," he said, partly wheeling round, but not taking a good look at the stranger. "Pray take a chair."

It gave the man whom we must henceforth call Charlton the necessary moment for self-recovery. The very fact that the glance bestowed upon him conveyed not the smallest recognition was in itself most reassuring. He looked round the room with interest, and tried to still his nerves, which threatened to get out of hand. Up till now Charlton had not had any occasion to play a part; he was astonished at his own ability to play it. Surely it was the very madness of daring to venture into the presence of this man, noted as much for his shrewd knowledge and judgment of human nature as for his benevolence! It was said in the city that Archibald Currie had never been known to make a mistake in his man.



To pass the bar of his judgment, therefore, was to go forth hall-marked to the world.

The risk for Charlton was colossal; only success could justify it. The man whose verdict might decide his whole fate and future, signed the letter and rang for it to be taken away.

Then he turned to give courteous attention to the stranger, rising to his feet and standing before the empty fireplace, with his hands folded behind his back. To the day of his death Charlton thought he would remember the pattern of his clothes, the curiously-wrought link of the old-fashioned fob, which dangled from beneath his ample waistcoat, the keenness as well as the kind lines in his deep-set eyes.

"You are a friend of the Vicar of St. Ethelred's?"

"Not exactly a friend, sir—a waif on whom he chanced this morning on the top of an omnibus," replied Charlton, striving to meet Currie's eyes, and succeeding wonderfully.

"You want help? What can I do for you?"

"I am out of work, sir," replied Charlton quietly.

"A post of some kind, however humble in this place, would be at once the saving and making of me."

"You have been in another position," remarked the elder man, easily detecting the educated note, the ease of manner which singled him out from other applicants. "You have been, I could almost swear, an employer of labour yourself?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"It does not seem to come readily to you to use the prefix, 'sir,'" continued Currie in an even, quiet voice. "Is there anything you would wish to tell me of a private nature before we consider how you are to be helped?"

Charlton seemed to struggle a moment with himself.

"Sir, if my own fate only were involved I should speak out freely. I cannot do so. I am here without character or credentials, asking you for the love of God to give me one more chance."

Currie remained silent a full minute, during which he regarded the pleader steadily. There was not the faintest recognition in his look, however, though he felt himself puzzled not so much by a haunting sense of familiarity as by the desire becoming momentarily more insistent to give the desired aid against his better judgment. Something in the pleasant educated voice, in the eager, almost hollow, eyes appealed. And to sum up, the chance to

drag a man back from any pit, was a task after his own heart.

"I have been often disillusioned and taken in," he observed, "and I have even no later than yesterday taken a vow to harden my heart. But you interest me. You are fully aware what an immense thing you ask from me?"

"I am fully aware of it, sir. No one could be more so, but—if I live I shall repay, not betray, your trust."

Archibald Currie cleared his throat.

"I am not to ask a single question?"

"I could not answer any of a personal nature," replied Charlton frankly.

"And your very name, I take it, is assumed?"

Charlton made no reply, and again there was a prolonged silence.

Currie thought of all the men he had interviewed in that room, of the specious lies to which he had listened, of the crocodile tears he had witnessed, the false promises of amendment and reform. And he could not remember any appeal which had so powerfully affected him.

Against every warning of his shrewder judgment he determined to trust this man, to fling one more hostage upon the sea of fortune.

"You have been in business?" he inquired briefly. "So much I must know before I can do or promise anything. And as you have come to me I take it that you understand the nature of my business?"

"Yes, sir, I do understand it."

"The only thing I could offer you meanwhile is clerical work of the elementary order, and that merely superfluous, because we happen to be more than usually busy. The impending trouble in South Africa has quickened all the export trade, but your salary would be of the most meagre description."

"So long as it can provide me with food to eat and a decent shelter I shall be grateful for it, sir. It will give me my opportunity."

"Well, I will take you on your own recommendation solely, and perhaps because you come to me by introduction of Mr. Fielden. He and I together have been at the upbuilding of more than one fallen fortune, and helped to restore a few. You can commence here on Monday morning at a salary of twenty-eight shillings a week. Whether you remain will depend on yourself."

A flush, deep, almost painful, overspread Charlton's face as he sprang to his feet.

"Sir, I cannot thank you. I hope that my future conduct will be my guarantee of good faith."

Currie faintly smiled.

"I re-echo that hope," but he hesitated a moment and then forced back the question that had sprung to his lips.

He would not put it, because something warned him that the man before him either could not or would not answer it. No, he must to-day draw a large cheque on the bank of faith, and if it were dishonored, well, he would not even then be wholly the loser.



Charlton dismissed, passed out; and as he reached the end of the passage which shut off the private room, the swish of silken skirts, the faint perfume of violets greeted him. Immediately he had to stand aside to let a lady pass. He knew who she was, he had heard of Archibald Currie's ward, but he now saw her for the first time. She was beautifully dressed in a gown suitable only for some fete, and which seemed out of place in the bare passages of a city office. She looked at the man standing hat in hand in one of the shadowy corners, and as if the glance interested her, turned to look again. Then the vision disappeared beyond the glass panels at the end and Charlton passed out to the stairs.

"Are you there, Uncle Archie? You said five minutes, and do you know it is nearly half an hour. Mrs. James will be furious."

"Oh, of course, it is the day of the garden party at Fair Lawn, isn't it?" he asked with a facetious smile as he turned to greet the radiant vision invading his privacy and creating a very different atmosphere from that usually found therein. "Why, Katherine, surely this is the height of extravagance!"

"Hush, you naughty man, it will horrify Mrs. James, and Elizabeth and Sophia will bewail your extravagance. But nobody will dare tell them the thing cost two pounds, and that I made it myself!"

She pirouetted on one foot and took up her dainty skirts in her hands to show the delicious frou-frou beneath, and Currie smiled an indulgent smile.

Katherine Wrede had not been four years in the old house in Hyde Park Square, and she was verily the light of his life. He would have lavished his all upon her had she lifted her little finger, but her tastes were simple and her fingers clever, and she spent so little that those who only saw the finished product would have been amazed. There was a secret antagonism between her and the feminine element at Fair Lawn, for which reason she kept them wholly in the dark regarding the actual terms on which she lived in Hyde Park Square. They did not know that the comparatively small sum she spent on her own clothes was more than refunded by the economy and comfort with which she ruled the household. Archibald Currie had never known a home until she came to brighten his with her presence.

At Fair Lawn they were jealous and angry with her, they alternately patronised her and gave her warnings and advice. Katherine Wrede was never at her best there, and went as little as possible.

This was a gala day, however, the one garden party of the season, into which Mrs. James paid off all her social engagements to the somebodies and nobodies of Hampstead. After consultation it had been decided that it would be better not to cancel the invitations, though the blow in the city would of course shed a gloom over it for themselves.

"Who was that man I passed just outside the door, Uncle?" inquired Katherine Wrede as she took his hat from the cupboard and the brush from the shelf to polish its glossy surface.

Instead of answering her he put a counter question.



"Why do you ask?"

"Oh, because his face interested me. He is not a common man. He is very good looking to begin with, and there is a whole story in his face."

"I believe that I have been guilty of what my brother James would call another deplorable indiscretion this afternoon."

Her eyes sparkled.

"Have you? Do tell me what it is. You have given a large sum of money perhaps to that man because his eyes appealed to you. I should have done just the same myself."

"No, my folly did not go quite so far, but I have given him employment without a reference of any kind or any guarantee that he will even serve me honestly. But if I hadn't he might have gone under."

The brightness on her face was arrested by the seriousness of the old man's words. A lovely, still look, which added indescribably to her beauty, because it gave a sudden glimpse of the soul, overspread her face.

"Dear, I am glad you are like that. It must be a splendid thing to be able to give a man his last chance and be willing, that is the greatest of all. So few are willing. Look how you took me from that horrible pension at Bruges! Oh, God knew how much need there was in the world when He made you."

She spoke with such passion that her guardian was at once touched and surprised.

He laid a soothing hand on her shoulder.

"Child, you must try to be less intense. You feel things too much, and make too much of every little service rendered, especially to yourself. Wipe those pretty eyes and keep the tears for the real need there is. Now come, and we shall be restored to a normal temperature by the atmosphere on the heights of Hampstead."

Often now they had their little joke, though it was always kindly, at the expense of the Fair Lawn relatives, with whom neither felt conspicuously at home.

"I don't care for this sort of thing, Katherine," he observed as he took his seat in the carriage beside her. "And James knows I don't, but in the circumstances it is our duty to rally round them. They are feeling this a good deal, and the attendance at the party this afternoon will be a sort of gauge of public opinion."

"I see. Has nothing been heard of poor Mr. Reedham yet?"

"Don't call him poor, Katherine. The man did wrong with his eyes open, and ought to be punished."

"You are not often so severe, Uncle Archie," she remarked in surprise.

"I can be severe when occasion arises. If the man had stuck to his guns and owned up it would have been better for everybody. And nothing can excuse his treatment of his wife. I wish you would go and see her, Katherine, before she leaves Norwood. Perhaps we could go together at the beginning of the week."

"Poor, poor thing; I shall go, certainly. I wonder how she feels about him! But, Uncle Archie, if it was as bad as the papers said, and he would have been committed, that would have been even more painful for his wife and son. I think, were I in her place, I should be glad that he had escaped."

"It was the coward's way out, Katherine," observed Currie, as he laid his hand on the padded morocco lining the side of the carriage.

"I thought suicide was the coward's way. Is it thought he has done that?"

"Nobody knows. I shouldn't think it likely myself. George Lidgate told me himself that he deliberately gave him eighteen hours' start. They all liked him, Katie, men trusted and liked him, which makes it all the worse. I was talking to a man yesterday, who has lost three thousand by him, and he said he would pay the money twice over to see Reedham reinstated."



"There must have been good in him; great good, then," she said emphatically. "People don't talk like that about a weak, or merely wicked man."

"You may be right, but I feel sore and hard about it. When that sort of thing comes near home, as it does in this case, it alters a man's point of view. We must do our best at Fair Lawn this afternoon to show our sympathy."

"Yes, Uncle," she said obediently, and did not add that he had set her a task. For she knew, though he did not, that the moment she felt herself enveloped by the hostile atmosphere of Fair Lawn, the other side of her nature, not the lovable side, would be up in arms.

They drove by way of Haverstock Hill to the

Heath, the air growing purer and rarer as they made the steep ascent. Out there, the dust of the long, dry summer was not so all-pervading, and some freshness seemed yet to linger in the fine old gardens among the noble trees.

"It is very pleasant up here, Katie, but I have always said I would make no compromise betwixt town and country. One day, perhaps soon, we shall turn our backs wholly on London, and find a real country retreat. Then, when I have cut myself off from the London I love so well, you'll turn and leave me—" he added, with a slightly pensive touch.

"Why should I leave you? There is nothing I should like better than the country, and, believe me, I should never once look back."

"Ah, but you will ride off with a handsomer man?"

"Where is he to be found?" she asked, with a touch of gay banter. "If it is marrying you mean, dearest, I am not a marrying woman."

"That sounds bad for poor Stephen Currie," he said amusedly, and yet with a certain furtive anxiety in his glance. He saw her lip curl.

"I could not, and would not, marry Stephen Currie, Uncle Archibald, if he were the last man in the world."

"That would not be a good hearing for Stephen. He will ask you one of these days, Katie."

He did not add that he had already been sounded on the subject by his brother James, who had been anxious to learn the nature of the settlements to be made on Katherine Wrede in the event of such an alliance coming within the province of actual fact.

"I don't like him, Uncle Archibald. Oh, yes, he has brains of a kind, but all his views are opposed to mine, and his ideas about women are mediaeval. He shall be prevented asking me, Uncle Archibald."

When he did not immediately reply she turned her sweet face towards him anxiously. "It would not disappoint you very much, dearest. I mean you are not keen for me to marry Stephen Currie?"

"I, oh no, it is a matter of indifference to me. But Stephen is a good boy as far as he goes, and has never cost his parents any anxiety."

"He is made after their pattern," she said severely. "He will always walk in the appointed path, and do all that is expected of him. You could tell it by the parting in his hair, and the cut of his clothes."

"Hush, my dear, the sarcastic tongue does not become you," he said reprovingly, yet tempering his reproof by an indulgent smile. She asked his pardon immediately, and begged him to remember that she was a Bohemian by nature and upbringing, which pronouncement brought them to the well-appointed gates of Fair Lawn. They were pretentious for a merely suburban residence, towering high and ornate above the young trees planted to flank their buttresses, and they seemed to dwarf the house, visible two hundred yards further on. It was a fine house of its kind, and the lawns surrounding it were soft and fine as continuous attention could make them. They presented an animated appearance that afternoon, with the gay dresses of the ladies, the bright sunshades, the red and white stripes of the awnings, while the pleasant strains of the Viennese band filled the summer air.



Mrs. James Currie always did her garden party well, and, favored with fine weather, usually achieved success. She was looking very gracious, and when she saw her brother-in-law's well-appointed carriage draw up where the avenue took a curve for the wider space of the front lawn, she looked gratified. Archibald was always a gracious and acceptable personality, whom everybody was pleased to meet, and even while she secretly disapproved of Katherine Wrede, she also never failed to interest.

She seemed to strike a new note in the suburban crowd. Her frock of flowered muslin, simply made, with the big sash about her slender waist, seemed to add to her height, and the big picture hat, with its sweeping black plumes made a most becoming frame for her piquant face. Many looked at her with interest and curiosity, and the son of the house, immaculately attired in his frock coat suit and white waistcoat, and with a gardenia in his buttonhole, hastened forward to receive them.

"How do you do, Archibald?" inquired Mrs. James, in her well-modulated, conventional voice. "You are a little late; I was afraid you were not coming. Thank you, I am quite well, Miss Wrede. Yes, we have a beautiful day."

Katherine made her little bow, and turned to speak to Elizabeth and Sophia, who were eyeing her with ill-concealed envy and dislike.

Their gowns, made in Bond Street, bore the unmistakable cachet of the West End, but they were not well worn. To them the simplicity of Katherine Wrede's attire seemed an affront, which made them, in their stiff silk frocks, suddenly feel overdressed. The delicate bloom of lilac scattered over her muslin skirt, the big fichu of old lace, draped about her shoulders with an art they could not copy, annoyed them beyond measure. And she did not wear a single article of jewelry of any kind; the fichu was knotted, and no one could tell how it was kept in its place.

Yet she at once took her place as the most distinguished-looking among the five hundred people present, and many eyes followed her admiringly.

"I say, you're looking stunning, you know," whispered Stephen Currie in her ear, when, after continuous effort, he managed to get a private word with her. "Simply stunning; you knock 'em all

into cocked hats the minute you appear on the scene."

"I hope not. I don't see any evidence of it," she said demurely. "Get me an ice, will you?"

"Of course I will, if you promise not to let anybody else have my chair," he said jealously. With a good deal of engineering he had managed to secure a chair by Katherine's side at a convenient distance from the throng. Stephen was honestly and very much in love, though she did not give him credit for it. By the time he returned his chair was occupied by the clergyman of the church the Curries attended, a middle-aged man for whom Katherine had the greatest respect and esteem. He rose, however, when Stephen returned, gathering from his expression that he was *de trop*.

But Katherine begged him to stop. "I have ever so many things to say to you, Mr. Cadell," she said gaily. "Did you see Mr. Currie and me in the front gallery seat last Sunday when you preached at Kensington? I want to tell you that it was the best sermon I have heard since I came to London. I do wish Hampstead were not so far away."

"That would be nothing to Uncle Archie's horses," said Stephen quickly, while a gratified expression crossed the clergyman's face. He was not a *persona grata* at Fair Lawn, and in some unaccountable way had missed his mark at Hampstead. Very little appreciation came in his way; therefore the sincere and kind words spoken by Katherine Wrede warmed his heart.

"May I bring my wife to speak to you, Miss Wrede?" he eagerly asked.

"I will come to her, Mr. Cadell," she said, with a steady grace. "It is only right that I should. Just let me finish my ice, will you?"

Someone sauntered up to speak to the clergyman, and Stephen bent over her reproachfully.

"Why are you so disagreeable to me, Katherine? You know I am only here to-day because you were coming. I loathe this sort of thing."

"Do you? I am sure it is very pleasant," she said quietly.

"And what do you want to go and talk to Mrs. Cadell for? You'll never get away. She'll pin you down for a week with trivialities. I tell you what, the Cadells are the greatest bores I know."

"You don't appreciate them as you ought. I like him sincerely, and I hope he will find his true sphere soon. He certainly hasn't found it in Hampstead."

"Won't you come for a turn round with me now, Katherine? It's really quite pretty at the back of the house, and the roses are out in plenty yet."

"Mr. Cadell may bring his wife to me at any minute, besides I didn't come to walk about with you. I must make myself agreeable to your mother's guests. That's why people come to garden parties."

"Why wouldn't you see me last Sunday when I called," he persisted.

"I had a headache. No, it wasn't any make-up, I assure you. I never came down all the evening."

"Well, I'll come to-morrow."

"Don't, we have three men already coming to lunch; I shall find them enough." She rose as she spoke, handed him her ice plate, and began to move across the lawn. She saw that she must put a stop to Stephen's talk, that it was approaching debateable ground. But he did not mean to be put off. Later on he managed by constant shadowing, observed by much piquant interest by many of the guests, and with inward chagrin by his mother, to get her alone again.

"Look here, Katherine, you're not going yet. Uncle Archie is still enjoying himself, and that awful Mrs. Cadell has got him fast in her toils. If I mayn't come to lunch when may I see you? Will you come down to Richmond with me one afternoon and we'll dine at the Star and Garter, and have a run on the river?"

She opened her eyes wide. "Oh, Stephen, what will you suggest next? No, I certainly can't do that."

"You're tormenting me beyond endurance, Katherine, but you shan't browbeat me altogether. You know what I'm driving at. You will marry me, won't you?"

She lowered her sunshade until it came between her face and his eyes, and began to walk rather smartly away, but he kept pace with her.

"I mean to have you, Katherine. You've driven me nearly mad of late. You used to be much kinder to me. Do

Continued on page 34

W. A. Murray & Co.
Limited
Established 1853

MURRAY-KAY Limited

John Kay Company
Limited
Established 1843



Do Your Christmas Shopping Through Our New Catalogue No. 5C

The goods illustrated on this page represent a few samples from our line of Roll Gold Plate and Gold Filled Locketts, Necklets, Brooches, Bar Pins, Hat Pins, Buckles, Fobs and Bracelets. All are of excellent quality. We carry nothing inferior.

- M 188.—Neck Chain and Locket... \$1.40
- M 189.—Neck Chain and Locket... 2.00
- M 190.—Neck Chain and Locket... 1.80
- M 191.—Collar Pins, pair... 1.90
- M 192.—Collar Pins, pair... 2.10
- M 193.—Collar Pins, pair... 1.20
- M 194.—Bar Pin... 2.20
- M 195.—Brooch... 1.40
- M 196.—Bar Pin, pierced... .60
- M 197.—Bar Pin, stone set... 1.00
- M 198.—Bracelet, stone set... 2.50
- M 199.—Bracelet, stone set... 7.40
- M 200.—Bracelet, stone set... 7.00
- M 201.—Bracelet, pierced... 6.30
- M 202.—Bracelet, plain... 6.00
- M 203.—Bracelet, plain... 5.50
- M 204.—Bracelet, chased... 5.00
- M 205.—Bracelet, chased... 4.00
- M 206.—Expansion Bracelet, Locket top... 6.30

- M 207.—Expansion Bracelet, plain... \$3.50
- M 208.—Ex Bracelet, Stone Set Locket... 7.60
- M 209.—Locket, stone set... 3.90
- M 210.—Signet Scarf Pin... 1.20
- M 211.—Signet Scarf Pin, shield centre... 1.40
- M 212.—Locket, stone set... 4.20
- M 213.—Plain Bracelet... 2.60
- M 214.—Neck Chain and Locket... 2.50
- M 215.—Neck Chain and Locket... 2.80
- M 216.—Neck Chain and Locket... 2.00
- M 217.—Collar Pins, pair... 1.30
- M 218.—Collar Pins, pair... 1.70
- M 219.—Collar Pins, pair... 1.70
- M 220.—Brooch... 2.90
- M 221.—Brooch... 1.40
- M 222.—Bar Pin Chain... 2.70
- M 224.—Bar Pin Chain, stone set... 3.20
- M 225.—Neck Chain, curb... 1.10
- M 226.—Bar Pin, stone set... 1.00
- M 227.—Bar Pin, stone set... 1.00
- M 228.—Lorgnette, stone set slide... 2.80
- M 229.—Belt Buckle, stone set... 5.30
- M 230.—Belt Buckle, stone set... 5.70
- M 231.—Belt Buckle, stone set... 5.20
- M 232.—Belt Buckle... 2.10
- M 233.—Belt Buckle, stone set... 4.80

- M 234.—Belt Buckle, signet shield... \$4.50
- M 235.—Belt Buckle, stone set... 4.80
- M 236.—Belt Buckle... 2.80
- M 237.—Cuff Links, plain... 2.50
- M 238.—Cuff Links, thread edge... 2.80
- M 239.—Double Link, thread edge... 1.00
- M 240.—Double Link... 1.00
- M 241.—Hat Pin... .70
- M 242.—Hat Pin, stone top... .70
- M 244.—Chain Fobs, gents... 6.00
- M 245.—Metal Fob, ladies... 5.60
- M 243.—Hat Pin, stone top... 1.00
- M 246.—Fob, ladies... 4.90
- M 247.—Fob, ladies... 1.70
- M 248.—Fob, gents... 4.80
- M 249.—Fob, gents... 1.80
- M 250.—Fob, gents... 3.00
- M 251.—Fob, Masonic or Oddfellows... 4.80
- M 252.—Chain Fob... 8.40
- M 253.—Chain Fob... 6.30
- M 254.—Hat Pin, stone set... .70
- M 255.—Square Cuff Link... 2.80
- M 256.—Cuff Link chased... 2.80
- M 257.—Cuff Link, pierced edge... 2.80
- M 258.—Double Link, plain... 2.80
- M 259.—Hat Pin, stone set... 1.00
- M 260.—Hat Pin, stone set... 1.00

Christmas is coming—fast. It is high time to make out a list of the presents you intend giving. This catalogue No. 5C will help you. If you have not already received your copy write for it to-day. It illustrates many beautiful lines of Silverware, Cut Glass, Jewelry and other things ideally suited for gifts and enables you to make selection of new, artistic and reliable goods at lowest city prices.

Note the finely made Jewelry featured on this page, choose any of the articles illustrated; send us your order with payment enclosed, and we will mail the articles selected, postage paid, to any address in Canada. If you are not entirely satisfied return the goods and we will at once refund your money.

MURRAY-KAY LIMITED

17 to 31 KING STREET EAST - - TORONTO



Furnishing a Home on a Moderate Income

By JESSIE E. RORKE

THE DINING ROOM.

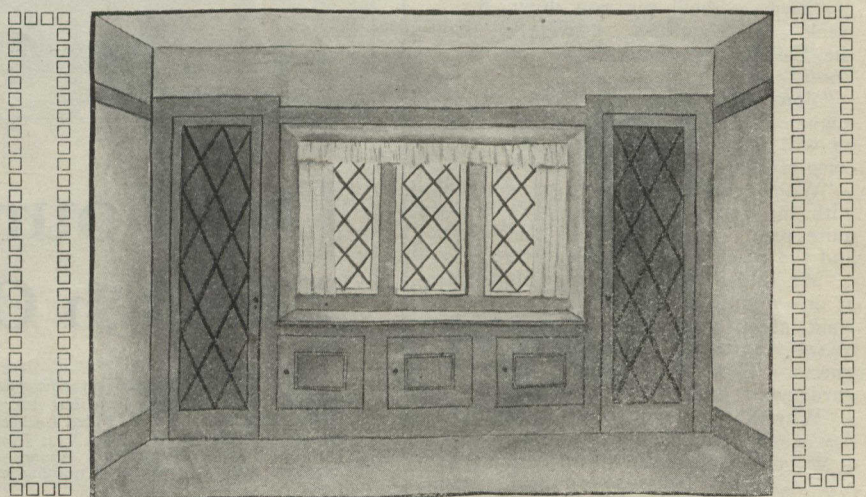
WITH the exception of the living-room the dining-room should be the most cheerful room of the house. Meals are much more attractive if served in a room that is bright and airy, and the family are tempted to linger and discuss plans and subjects of interest, as this is often the only place where they are sure to be all together during the day. Plenty of windows that open readily will go far toward making it a charming room—and where one may choose, an eastern exposure, or, better still, both eastern and southern, is most desirable. It is a pleasant beginning for a day that promises to be chilly and depressing, to come down to breakfast in a room that is flooded with sunshine. Later in the day our environment has less effect upon our feelings, and when the evening meal comes, in the cooler months, the position of the windows makes little difference, as the days are so short as to make artificial light a necessity. In summer, however, it is very necessary to have the dining-room windows well shaded, by trees or vines, if possible, as these make much the coolest shade, but if not by awnings. The housewife whose dining-room opens upon a wide, cool verandah or a shaded corner of the lawn, where the summer meals may be

When curtains are not plain they usually emphasize the contrasting rather than the prevailing color in the room. In hanging the curtains nothing is more attractive than straight, graceful lines from the pole to the sill.

Casement windows that may be swung wide open at pleasure are very suitable for the dining-room, admitting as they do abundance of fresh air and sunshine. Where the panes are leaded only the simplest of hangings should be used and these preferably of some sheer material. Shades may be omitted entirely unless they are needed to temper the glare of sunlight where the window is not otherwise protected.

IN arranging the artificial lighting, top lights should be avoided. The lights should be arranged on the walls, on the table itself, or hung low from the ceiling, so that the brightest light centers upon the table and glitters and glances charmingly upon the silver and glass.

In selecting paper one must decide in the outset whether the walls are to be decorative in themselves or whether they are to form a background for the pictures and china. In either case they should be subdued in coloring, and, in the latter, inconspicuous in pattern as



A BUILT-IN SIDEBOARD

served, is very fortunate indeed, but if this cannot be accomplished plenty of fresh air without sunshine or even too strong a light will make the dining-room a pleasant place to linger after the heat of the office or the fields.

The curtains should be so arranged that they will either admit or temper the light as one may desire, and at all times allow the air to enter freely. This is accomplished easily by using different curtains for the different seasons, in the winter hanging only one set of madras or some other transparent material, and in the summer using fine net curtains next the glass and inner curtains of plain or printed linen, or any material that is woven closely enough to be opaque and yet is cool and light in effect. A pure white in curtains is often not pleasing with the color scheme, a slight shade of cream or ivory harmonizing much more readily. If one prefers to use the same curtains during the whole year nothing is more satisfactory than madras or net. Madras is to be had in pretty designs with quiet harmonious colorings, particularly the soft dull shades of red, green and blue that make attractive colors for a bright dining-room. The net comes in pure white ivory, deep cream or ecru. It is well to remember in selecting the curtains that unless the walls are plain, or have only a very inconspicuous design, figured materials are better avoided.

If the paper has a bold and decorative design no pictures should be hung and very little china displayed on the plate-rail or in any place where it comes in close contact with the paper. This season's tendency to use extremely dark background in the wall paper should not tempt one to introduce such gloomy surroundings into a small home, even a very strong light will not counteract the dull and contracted effect of such walls. Any division of the wall, such as the use of a plate-rail will have a tendency to make the ceiling appear lower, and the use of a ceiling paper with a noticeable design or in any but the lightest tints will have the same effect. In some of the simpler dining-rooms the plaster is left with a rough surface and tinted some soft tone that makes a pleasing neutral shade for the color scheme. This often gives a very good effect, but does not, of course, correspond with expensive woods or draperies.

Plain rugs, or rugs in several shades of one color, are always pretty for the dining-room, though with plain walls and hangings the Oriental colors may be used on the floor. Hardwood floors entail so much labor that most housekeepers prefer to use a large rug, leaving only two or three feet of space at the wall.

Mahogany and walnut are at present the most popular wood for dining-room

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

TRY ordering your Christmas Gifts from HENRY BIRKS & SONS, LIMITED, this year. You will find that it will prove very satisfactory. Your gifts will be different—of the best quality—appropriately wrapped in neat cases. Your money refunded upon the return of any article that is not satisfactory.

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Send your order to nearest address. Order by number.



45888 Shears and Paper Knife, \$1.00

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64334 Dutch Silver Spoon, \$1.50

45829, Knife, 2 blades and corkscrew, 75 cts.

72127, Ribbon Sewing Companion, \$1.25

52087, Pencil Stand, \$1.00

Read our Special Christmas Subscription Offer on page 30 and send the Canadian Home Journal to your friends for Christmas

Your Costly Silver is Worthy of the Greatest Care

Did you ever stop to think of the hard labor and work spent in the average household cleaning the silverware? All the rubbing, scrubbing, polishing and dust. Oh, say, it's awful.

That rubbing WEARS AWAY the silver or plate very rapidly—it can't help but do so.

The best and most modern way of cleaning Silver, Gold and Plated Ware, and with NO RUBBING, is the WONDER-SHINE Way.

This method is now being used altogether by the leading Hotels, Clubs and many owners of Gold, Silver and plate services.

Silver Lasts Longer—Shine Lasts Longer

IT IS SO EASY TO USE. A 25c. package contains everything complete, with full directions for using, and with it you can clean all your silverware many times.

Does all the work in quarter the time.

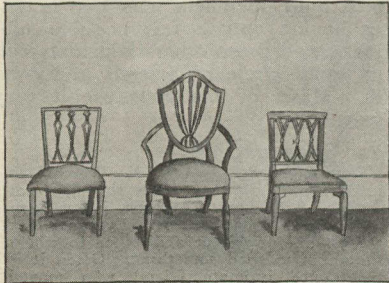
25c. and 50c. Per Package

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SILVER CLEANER

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

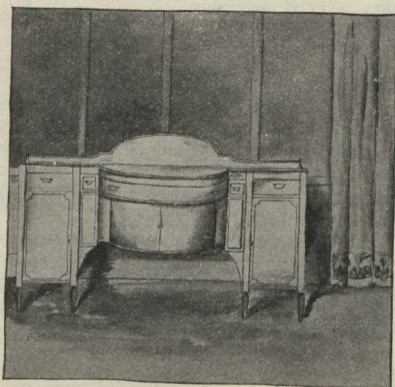
furniture, but some of the cheaper woods are made up in pieces that are almost equally pretty. Birch is perhaps the most satisfactory of the cheaper woods, the sheets of veneer when the grain is convoluted or curly being almost as beautiful as mahogany and quite as substantial. In the dining-room more than in any other we may readily sacrifice any attempt at ornament in the furniture, choosing rather the best of workmanship and simple dignity and beauty of line and proportion. Straight-backed, comfortable chairs, a sideboard and table making up the necessary furniture, though a small



DINING-ROOM CHAIRS OF THE 18TH CENTURY

serving table or a cabinet is often added. The eighteenth century sideboard has never yet been excelled in beauty and grace, but many of the modern designs that follow the general type of the Hepplewhite and Sheraton models are very attractive. An overloaded sideboard is never pleasing. A few good pieces of silver, glass or china are sufficient to display, or some prefer to keep even these away where they will not be exposed to the gas and dust and require less care, and use only a bowl of flowers or a potted plant on the sideboard.

MOST important of all is the table. It is not necessary that its appointments should be costly—they may be dainty and pretty at very small expense, indeed so small that we have little excuse that they should be otherwise. Little need be said of the table itself; it should be simple and appropriate in design and with a polished top if possible, though this is not essential unless one wishes to use it without a cover. The plainest of linen is in the best taste, but its quality will depend on the limit of what one feels they may spend; it is one department in which every housewife longs to be extravagant. Highly colored embroideries in realistic designs are no longer used on the table. Plain white in solid embroidery is in the greatest favor, though delicate shades that correspond with the colors of the room are sometimes used. A love of pretty china often tempts one to buy indiscriminately any dainty piece that catches the fancy at the moment. But though each of these may be quite beautiful enough to make



AN 18TH CENTURY SIDEBOARD

us covet their possession, the result may be a table that, in variety of color and design, suggests nothing but a counter in a china store. A few odd pieces may add a pleasing touch of contrast to the table, but in their selection the general color scheme should not be forgotten, and the contrast must be a harmonious one.

Good taste demands simplicity in the decoration of the table; elaborate arrangements of flowers and ribbons are out of place on the home table, even when it is laid for most formal entertaining, and is much less artistic than a natural arrangement of the flowers in a pretty bowl or vase.

A fireplace is an additional beauty

Continued on page 32

Such a good Soup.

Such a little price.

Such a thick, nour-

ishing, strengthening soup is Edwards'; so small is the cost that everyone can well afford it.

Edwards' Soup is prepared from specially selected beef and the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce. It comes to you all ready for the saucepan. The cook will find Edwards' Soup a great help in the kitchen. It goes with lots of things that aren't as tasty by themselves; it strengthens her own soups and there's double the variety in the menu when Edwards' Soup is on the pantry-shelf.

Buy a packet to-day.

EDWARDS'
DESICCATED
SOUP
5c per Packet

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable Soups.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland by Irish labor. There and in England it is a household word.



"Remember my face — you'll see me again."



A Christmas Morning KODAK

All the child world invites your Kodak. Wherever the children are there is endless opportunity for a Kodak story—a story full of human interest to every member of the family. And there's no better time to begin that story than on the *home* day—Christmas.

There are Kodaks now to fit most pockets and all purses and practical little Brownies, that work on the Kodak plan and with which even the children can make delightful pictures of each other. There are Brownies as cheap as one dollar and Kodaks from five dollars up—no excuse now for a Christmas without the home pictures. Write for our catalogue—or better still, let your dealer show you how simple and inexpensive Kodakery has become.

Make somebody happy with a Kodak.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited, Toronto, Can.



Canadian Girls' Club

Christmas Gifts

EVERY year thousands of subscriptions are sent as Christmas gifts, and each year the custom is increasing. Do you realize what an opportunity this offers to our members for securing orders quickly, often several from one person? Especially will it help those members who live in villages having only a few possible subscribers, and those others who only call on a small circle of friends and relatives. Many of the girls use it very largely.

Dear Secretary:

Your suggestion to urge the Journal as a Christmas gift has been the financial wonder of the year. At least, it has been worth many dollars to me. Everyone has at least one friend at a distance to whom she wants to send something. Often it is some once intimate friend who moved away and gradually stopped writing. My inquiry recalls them to mind, and a gift often follows.

Your friend,
L. A. R.

This is from one of our seasonable members:

Dear Club Secretary:

I am very busy, but I simply cannot afford to miss \$25 or \$30 when I can earn it so easily. So, though I do not have time to see any new people, I will try to renew all my old subscribers, and get their Xmas subscriptions. Every year the number of gift orders increase, as they find how delighted their friends are with the Journal. Please send all supplies.

Yours in haste,
A. N.

For gift subscriptions we send a card to arrive on Christmas morning, announcing gift and giver, which will explain this letter to the uninitiated.

Dear G. C. Secretary:

Please send me another Christmas card to show my friends, mine is all worn out. I find the idea of having a copy of the Journal and the Christmas card arrive on Christmas morning adds to the attractiveness of the Journal as a gift. A subscription is such an easily sent gift, and one remembered so long that it is becoming more popular every year. Few people get too many magazines to enjoy them all. I count on my Christmas gift business to pay for all my own gifts and many other things besides.

Faithfully,
L. E. C.

I wish I could publish all the letters that come in from those who wish to join the club; they are so enthusiastic in their praise of the Journal. I am quoting one because it seems to belong to the subject of this month's letter.

Dear Secretary:

Will you enroll me as a Girls' Club member and send all supplies. Last year I sent a number of subscriptions as Christmas gifts, and all of my friends were delighted. I know several people who will subscribe and probably send some gifts. Of course I want to earn some money, but principally I want to help the Journal, because it is Canadian and such a good magazine.

Very truly,
Mrs. C.

"Start now!" Let me give this advice to the many Journal readers who have been intending month after month to write to me, so that they too may take a hand in this movement that is paying the members so liberally and helping the Journal so much.

Take advantage of the best subscription season and the constantly increasing use of magazine subscriptions for Christmas gifts. Last year many new members succeeded just at this time.

Dear Miss E.:

Please send me all supplies. I must go out for my renewals. I started last year at this time, the right time as it proved for me, as most subscriptions around here seem to expire in December. Then the Journal proved a most attractive Christmas gift. I am counting most on extending my list in this way.

Sincerely,
S. W. A.

Please—in whatever place you are, large or small, we need you, and I know you'll find the work interesting, worthy of your best efforts, and one that pays most excellently for the time you spend.

At least let me write you all about our offers—then if you find that membership in the club demands too much of your energy, drop a card to cancel your name.

Very sincerely,
Secretary C. G. C.

C. O. CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,



NOT to IMPROVE on NATURE, but to SHOW HER at HER BEST

A Skin soft and aglow with health—Hair that glistens in silky, wavy masses; and Hands smooth, white and perfectly manicured.

Wrinkles, blotches and an unhealthy appearance to the skin mar a woman's face more than irregular features.

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PERFECT COLD CREAM**

is a skin food and a purifier. It builds up the tissues, removes impurities and gives the clear, natural color of perfectly healthy skin. It's good because it's pure.

At the first sign of dandruff in your hair, or when it starts to comb out, start using

**PALMER'S
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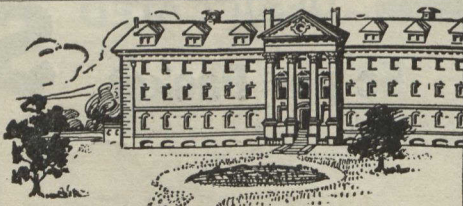
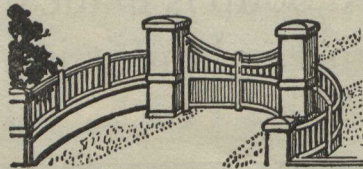
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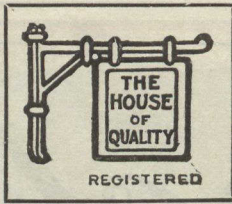
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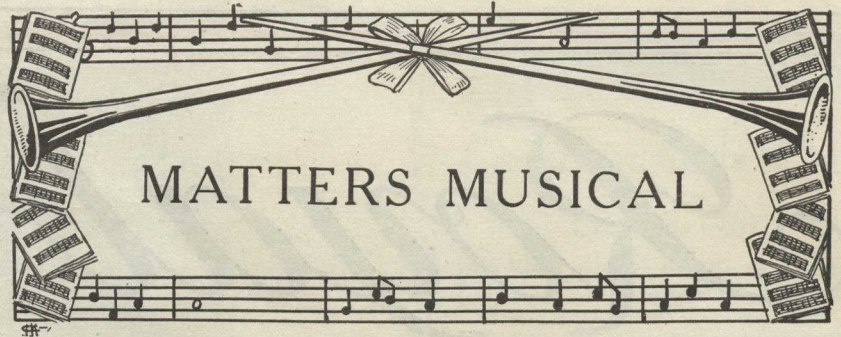
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MATTERS MUSICAL

THERE is no season of the year that commands a greater wealth of music and poetry than the approaching anniversary of the birth of the Bethlehem Babe. Even the fact of the Resurrection seems to become a secondary joy in Christian lands. The sorrows which led up to the Resurrection throw around that sacred memory a solemn awe, resulting in a rather distant feeling, or in one tinged with sympathy, whereas the gift to mankind of a Heavenly Babe is heralded alone with acclamations of joy and thanksgiving. It is noticeable that to the composer, only joyful sentiments are suggested, for all through his various compositions, both in verse and music, there is struck that resonant note which would peal out "Peace on Earth." Even the cathedral chimes seem to be tuned in a more joyful key as they echo the Christmas song.

At this season there are many requests made for appropriate songs, anthems, etc., for home and church work, and while it is almost impossible to frame a programme that would be possible under widely different conditions, yet the following is submitted as a very happy combination, and one not too difficult for even the small choir or glee club, yet will show a range of work very attractive to the best organization.

Organ Prelude—"Holy Night"—*Dudley Buck*
Anthem—"The First Christmas Morn"—*Newton*
Soprano Solo—"Star of Bethlehem"—*Adams*
Quartette—"O Holy Child of Bethlehem"—*Neidlinger*
Baritone Solo—"Nazareth"—*Gounod*
Anthem—"Christmas"—*Shelley*
Organ Postlude—"Pilgrims' Chorus"—*Wagner*

The opening prelude is extremely pleasing through its simplicity, and carries the strains of several sweet melodies. The first anthem is one of Newton's best, bringing in delicate piano parts, as well as some strong crescendos. The second anthem calls for soprano and contralto solo work, which, while not difficult, is very effective. An extremely attractive chime effect lends seasonable color to this work. Little need be said of Wagner's "Pilgrims' Chorus," only that it has endeared itself to the general public.

A programme that will give a greater scope for a larger chorus, and also more complete satisfaction to the hearers, might be worked out of the following:

Organ Prelude—"March of the Magi"—*Dubois*
Anthem—"Gloria"—*Mozart*
Baritone Solo—"The Message of the Angels"—*Hawley*
Ladies' Chorus with Baritone Solo—"List the Cherubic Host"—*Gaul*
Quartette—"A Hymn to Christmas"—*Weigand*
Tenor Solo—"Fear Not Ye"—*Buck*
Anthem (Soprano) obligato—"Inflammatum"—*Rossini*
Contralto Solo—"Dear Little Stranger"—*Gabriel*
Anthem (Contralto Solo)—"O Thou that Tellest Good Tidings"—*Handel*
Organ Postlude—"Hallelujah Chorus"—*Handel*

There are few who do not know the famous "Gloria" with its grand tone and wonderful climax. Truly, the composer of such was a master. The Ladies' Chorus mentioned will well repay special attention. In the writer's experience, no other chorus has so completely captivated the audience. This is perhaps due to the very limited numbers written for female voices, but combined with this, the composer presents an exceptionally pleasing harmony. The effect is heightened with a beautiful baritone solo and obligato.

"Inflammatum"—the very mention of this leads one to give it a place of prominence in all the Christmas work. We are brought into the chorus after a very

telling organ prelude. The soprano voice carries through an obligato to the accompaniment of very soft chorus parts, which are noticeable by their insistence, and at times lead into splendid fortissimo effects.

The contralto voice has good opportunity in Handel's "O Thou That Tellest." This anthem will well repay careful study. A grand climax to this service of song could be none other than the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Any requests for music on this page may be addressed to the Musical Editor, and we will be pleased to secure same for our readers.

Personal enquiries along this line at this or other seasons are always given special attention, and our correspondence column is open to all.

Answers to Correspondents

A VOICE WITHOUT BODY.

What qualifications are essential to a successful study of voice culture. Has the possessor of a thin small voice a good chance to make success?—Grace W.

If your friend will take our advice kindly, she will try to forget her ambition to study voice culture, and devote her love of music to some instrumental study, as the likelihood of even having personal satisfaction under her handicap is small. The qualifications for the work are: First, voice; second, taste and love for music; third, natural intelligence. The thin hollow voice too often indicates delicate constitution, and seldom can stand the exertion and strain necessary to take care of the heavy work, and lacks volume with which to express the wide range of music written.

SYNCOPIATION.

What is meant by syncopation in music?—A Subscriber.

Syncopation is the connecting of the last note of a bar with the first one of the next bar, so as to form but one note of a duration equal to both. little practice.

THE FIELD FOR ORGANISTS.

What are the openings for a lady organist in the larger cities?—Mildred E.

The best city churches now require a male leader and organist combined. But your chances are good if you will make a study of leadership also.

THE INSTRUMENTAL FIELD.

What instruments would you advise teaching to children with a view to their pleasure and profit,—Mrs. W. G. B.

So much depends on the ability of the individual child that a general answer to the above is very hard. No instrument will give greater pleasure, when mastered, than the violin, and expert teachers of it are all too rare. To achieve the highest results from the violin, the player must, in nature, be in harmony with the higher ideals and have a keen perception of the delicate blending and toning in all life. Other instruments leading to great pleasure and open fields of self-support may be mentioned: Pipe organ, cello, cornet, clarinet, and harp. At the rate Canada is growing, there is bound to be an immense field for the good musician, and especially for those able to create a Canadian temperament in their work through originality.

VOICE TIMBRE.

What is meant by timbre of the voice?—H. B.

By timbre is meant the quality of the musical tone; there are two timbres in the voice, called clear and sombre. The clear is best illustrated in children's voices, expressing a kind of open ingenuousness and light-heartedness; the sombre is illustrated in mature voices, expressing earnestness and seriousness.



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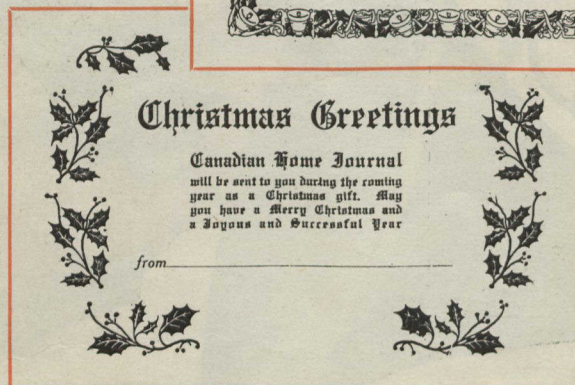
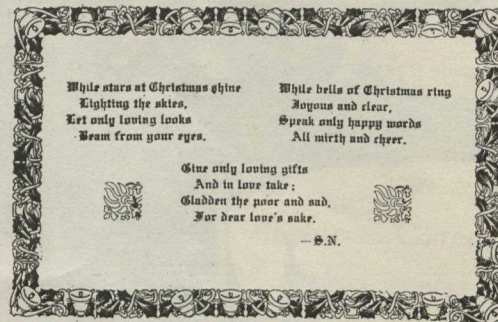
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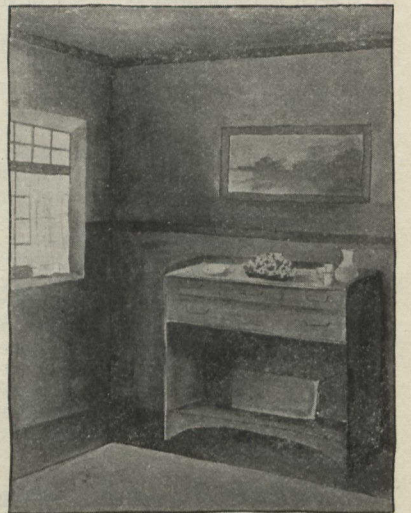
Household Decoration

Continued from page 25

and comfort in every room, or at least it may be if it is simply and appropriately constructed. The most attractive arrangement for the over mantel in the dining-room is a mirror, either hung separately in a large oval frame or built in with the mantel itself. If the mirror is not used an interesting picture may be hung in the space or several smaller ones if their subjects are related and of sufficient importance to fill so conspicuous a place.

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CONVENIENT SERVING TABLE

may sometimes be entirely dispensed with, leaving more room for the davenport and easy chairs that are needed to make the room comfortable and attractive. A table set in the room or even with its white cover gives it always a formal, unhomelike appearance, and proclaims it a dining-room at once, no matter how cozy and enticing one has made the rest of the room. The extra trouble of changing the cloth for a pretty colored one that harmonizes with the color scheme, and making the table as small as possible, is amply repaid by the improvement in the comfort of the room. The same pictures and curtains will be appropriate for either room, but the plate-rail belongs exclusively to the dining-room.

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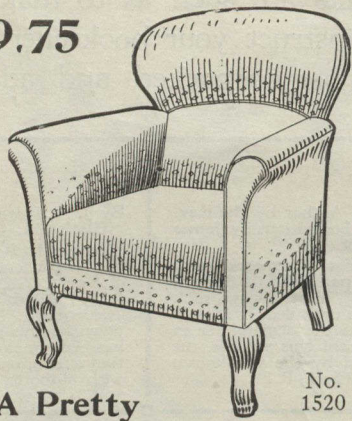
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THE COST OF A CRIME

Continued from page 20

you hear? I'll come and speak to Uncle Archie about you to-morrow in spite of you."

She laughed a little, and with a bewildering glance over her shoulder flitted away.

CHAPTER V.

A YEAR LATER.

LIDGATE got out at Clapton Station in the dusk of an autumn evening, and turned his steps in the direction of an obscure, quiet street, where he had to pay a call.

More than a year has elapsed since the disappearance of John Reedham from the ken of those who had known him. The few who had not forgotten him believed him dead.

In Burnham Road, Clapton, remote from the scene of her former happiness, Bessie Reedham lived the life of the solitary and struggling woman in London. She had not even the cloak of widowhood to protect her. She was still attractive, and looked astonishingly young; the year, therefore, had not been without its trials.

Of these trials she did not speak to any human being, least of all to Lidgate, though she knew him to be truly her friend.

But they did not meet often; they could not meet often because of that chance revelation made in the drawing-room at Norwood, when the blow had first fallen across Bessie Reedham's life. Lidgate bitterly regretted that he had not been able to keep a better guard upon himself. There was now a barrier between them it would be difficult, if not impossible, to clear away.

He was going to her now, against his better judgment, impelled to it by a haunting intuition that she was in trouble of some sort.

He had no ground for that intuition, except his own certainty of it. She had not written to him, or indicated that she would like him to call. Yet there was no hesitation in his step as it approached the familiar house. It was one of a neat, small, uniform row of small dwellings, much sought after by the newly-wed of moderate means because of the pleasant gardens sloping at the back to the River Lea. It was this very garden that had attracted Bessie Reedham in her dreary search for a home suitable to her slender means. They had allowed her to keep the whole of her furniture; the more expensive articles she had sold, and furnished the small house with the simpler items, and had made it a home, albeit it was plain and simple and unpretentious. She had hoped to make it a home likewise to other people who would come to her as paying guests, and be glad, perhaps, to find something a little higher than the usual London boarding house.

Guests had come certainly, but most of them had proved unsatisfactory, exacting, some of them even dishonest. She had been disillusioned, and was now thankful to receive two city clerks who desired a respectable shelter more than a home, preferring to find their social environments outside. Her boy was now at home with her. In spite of her protestations, the Luttrells had kept him another year at Reigate, and after the summer term he had taken a situation in a shop at Clapton. This was a bitter pill for Bessie Reedham to swallow; but the lad had acted on his own initiative, and she had deemed it wiser to let him have his way. But her eye, quickened by love and anxiety, had discovered that he was not happy there, that his spirit was being crushed, and she was almost in despair.

In these dark days her thoughts had turned naturally to Lidgate, who had just returned from a three months' American tour.

It is possible that some spirit message went from her to him, and assured him that he would not be unwelcome at Clapton.

As he turned in at Burnham Road he saw a lad at the opposite corner, and, though he was greatly grown, he recognized Leslie.

He gave a low, quick whistle. "Hulloa, Leslie, old chap!" The boy stood still, peering through the dusk, uncertain of the voice. When he recognized Lidgate he seemed pleased, and

returned the grasp of his hand quite warmly.

The year had reassured Leslie, and his jealousy of Lidgate slept.

"I thought you were in America?" he said bluntly.

"I have only returned a few days. How are you, my boy?"

"I—oh, I'm quite well," he replied, but the falter in his voice seemed to belie his words. Lidgate detained him a moment, as he would have passed on to the house, ashamed, perhaps, of his brief emotion.

"Tell me what it is, lad. I am truly your friend, if you would only believe it," he said sincerely.

"I didn't want to show the white feather," said the lad bravely. "But I'm down on my luck, too. I've been paid off."

"But it was a poor job, Leslie, and never good enough; probably it will come a blessing in disguise," said Lidgate cheerily.

The lad's face brightened. "I didn't think of it like that. It was only the money I thought of; eight shillings a week isn't much, is it, but it helps a good bit, mother says, more than you'd think."

Lidgate almost gasped. Eight shillings a week! What did it represent to him—a few boxes of matches, a copper or a sixpence bestowed here and there for service rendered, and not to be taken into account at all. "How is your mother?" he asked, abruptly changing the theme.

"I'm afraid she isn't very well. It's been very hot in London this summer, and she has only two boarders at present. They pay very little; I know she is worried about the rent."

"Let's go in and see her, lad," said Lidgate, unable to bear any more.

"In a moment. I'd like to tell you how I came to get the sack to-day. I haven't done anything very bad, you know, and the master said he'd never had a sharper lad. But I was cheeky, I suppose. They said something about my father when we were at dinner upstairs, and I got mad, and hit out; with my tongue, I mean. I don't remember what I said exactly, but I know I could have killed them."

Lidgate's heart was full. The bright, eager face from which the rounded fulness of boyhood was so rapidly passing, the troubled eyes, the sensitive mouth, all appealed.

"Dear lad, you did right, quite right. Always cherish his memory, he was a good father to you."

"His memory, why do you say his memory?" he asked sharply. "He's still living, we shall see him again one day. Whatever you or anybody else may say I am sure of that, and so is mother."

Lidgate shook his head; Leslie put his hand on the gate and pushed it open. The brief warming of his heart towards Lidgate passed, and the old distrust returned.

They entered the house, and hearing two voices, Mrs. Reedham came out. That she was quite glad to see Lidgate was evidenced by the pleasure on her face. She had few, almost no friends now; those who thought of her with a passing pity did not come to tell her they remembered her, the world at large is only too anxious to forget those who have dropped into its byways.

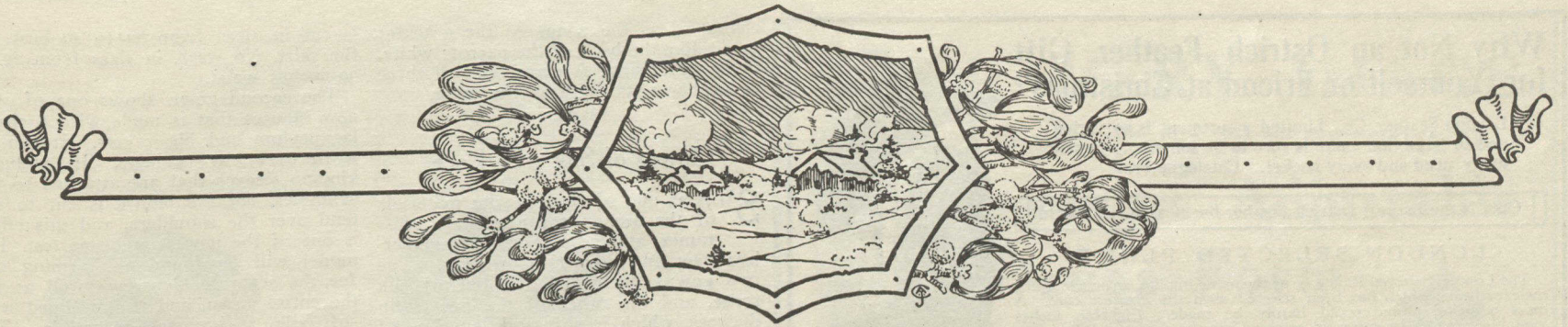
"Mother, I've had my tea, I only want to change and go out for an hour. You won't mind now Mr. Lidgate has come," said Leslie, and he saw with an added bitterness that she did not mind in the least, nay, that she would be glad to have some talk with the intruder alone.

He left the house without coming to the small sitting-room at the back they had reserved for their own use; his mother started when she heard the closing of the outer door.

"Leslie is ont very happy where he is, Mr. Lidgate. I wish I could find another place for him."

"I will find him something to-morrow," replied Lidgate readily. "Personally, what I should like to do is to take him to London Wall, but James Currie would certainly object. There would not be any trouble with Sir Philip."

(To be continued)



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DECEMBER being the month of holidays always means the necessity for just such pretty, graceful toilettes as these. They are all in the height of style. They represent the latest ideas. Yet each one is simple, and involves no complications or difficulties in the making.

The gown to the extreme left is made of crepe meteor, with trimming of lace. The full portion of the blouse is of chiffon, and there is beaded banding around the neck, while the sash is made of satin. The gown is as attractive as well can be. The bertha and the gathered frills are among the latest features. The skirt is circular and complete without the train, which is adjusted over it and attached at the upper edge, consequently this train can be omitted if a simple gown is wanted. Also the waist can be made with yoke and under sleeves, as indicated in the back view, with the result that the gown becomes available for daytime as well as evening occasions. In place of the lace could be used frills of any thin material. For the medium size the waist will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of chiffon, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of lace 7 inches wide, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding, to make as shown in front view; $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of lace and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of allover material 18 inches wide, to make as shown in back view; for the skirt will be needed $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 or 36, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern of the waist, No. 7218, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt, No. 7083, in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure.

The young girl's frock is made with a simple five-gored skirt that is gathered at the upper edge, and a one-piece blouse made in peasant style. The tucks over the shoulders provide pretty fullness. The trimming is all arranged on indicated lines. In this case the skirt is trimmed with straight frills below the trimming band, but such treatment is optional, for the dress can be made as shown in the back view quite as well as in this more elaborate style. The yoke and undersleeve render it adapted to daytime use. For the 16-year size will be required $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36, $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with 2 yards of allover lace 18 inches wide for the trimming, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of additional material 21 inches wide for the gathered frills, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding.

The pattern, No. 7213, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Tunics are among the smartest of all things this season. The third and last gown shows a simple straight one combined with a peasant bodice that is draped in surplice style. It is worn over a skirt with train that can be either pointed or square. The back of the bodice can be finished with rosettes after the manner of the front, or with a sash, as liked. In this case lace flouncing is used, but any pretty soft material is equally appropriate for the model. It will be charming in crepe de chine, messaline or any fashionable material. A very charming effect is obtained by using a plain fabric, such as crepe de chine, for the tunic, and trimming of allover lace, and the drapery to match the tunic. For the medium size the flounce, tunic and drapery will require $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of flouncing 38 inches wide, for the sash will be needed $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of ribbon; for the skirt will be required $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide. To make the tunic and blouse of plain material will

require $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse and tunic No. 7221, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7215, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

Fashion Notes

Bands handsomely beaded and embroidered are lavishly taken for dresses and dressy suits. Every endeavor is made to produce the Oriental effect, and it is in trimmings that the idea can be most successfully carried out. Bands have been good during the past season, but there is every indication that the

one now fast approaching will see these embroidered bands used in larger proportions than ever.

New garnitures are being featured that are both pleasing and practical. Among these are the long pointed effects in the form of Vandyke points. These are somewhat newer than the bands, and are appliqued onto the gowns it trims. The newest materials in the season's elaborate trimmings are colored worsteds and chenille, which are employed in combination with silks and beading or used separately. The metal embroideries, also gold and silver effects are very handsome, combined with the worsted and chenille embroidery.

The superb trimmings this season

would be hard to surpass. It would seem that the elaborate preparations incident upon the coronation of the King and Queen have influenced every mart from whence come millinery goods. It is easy to trace the Oriental touches so much in vogue to the elegant costumes of the Eastern visitors who were such popular and picturesque features of the coronation festivities.

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Skirt Pattern No. 7083

Pattern No. 7213

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changeable as the wings of the grackle; green, like the back of the parrot; white, fluffy and foamy as marabout—all these and other tints quite as charming.

Gowns of Silk with Lace

SILK is one of the favorite materials of the season for afternoon costumes, and it is shown in numberless new and attractive weaves. The two gowns illustrated are, one of silk serge, and the other of the new satin duchess, which is soft and supple, of chiffon quality, the color of the latter is one of the beautiful fashionable greys, and the trimming is of the same material in a lighter, harmonizing shade.

The gown of serge is combined with both black and white lace, and such combination is exceedingly smart. The blouse is a very new one made in sections that are overlapped and arranged over a guimpe lining. This guimpe lining is faced with black lace and forms the V-shaped portions, with white lace for the yoke. It includes white lace undersleeves also, that can be seen through the over ones of black lace. The skirt is made with panels and overlap the side portions, and these side portions are finished and lapped onto the panels. It can be finished with either a high or natural waist line. For the medium size the blouse will require 3 yards of material 27, 2 yards 36, 1 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of allover black lace 18 inches wide, and 1 3/8 yards of white lace 18 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 5 yards 27, 3 3/4 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, and 2 yards of lace banding.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7234,

is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7238, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist.

The second gown shows one of the new blouses that is made with a circular peplum and big revers. It can be worn over any guimpe. It includes kimono sleeves that are attached to the armholes, but the blouse is cut to extend over the shoulders, and this effect is one of the newest and smartest. The model will be found a charming one for the separate blouse, as well as for the entire gown, and if it is lined with soft silk, it becomes reversible. The skirt is made in three pieces, and is closed at the left of the front, where the edges are overlapped. If liked, these edges can be cut straight in place of being rounded as in the illustration. Worn with this blouse the skirt is finished with a belt at the natural waist line, but it can be cut higher and underfaced if desired for different use. For the medium size the blouse will require 2 1/4 yards of material 27, 1 3/4 yards 36, 1 1/4 yards 44 inches wide, and 1 yard of satin for the trimming; for the skirt will be needed 5 1/4 yards 27 or 36, 2 1/2 yards 44, with 3/4 yard of satin for the trimming.

The pattern of the overblouse, No. 7230, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust, of the skirt, No. 7236, in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist.

Smart Gowns in Tunic Style

EVERY possible kind of tunic is fashionable this winter, the long and the short, the straight and the shaped. Illustrated are two gowns that



Blouse Pattern No. 7234
 Skirt Pattern No. 7238

Blouse Pattern No. 7230
 Skirt Pattern No. 7236

represent quite different sorts, yet which are equally smart.

The gown to the left is made of crepe meteor over velvet with trimming of fancy silk. The blouse is made in one piece, in peasant style, but is finished with a square yoke, and trimmed with banding. The tunic is made in two

exceedingly attractive, and can be utilized in many ways. In the illustration the blouse and skirt are made of mesaline, and the skirt is trimmed with ruchings of the material. The over-blouse is made with front and back portions and is closed under the left arm. The tunic is made in two pieces and at-



Blouse Pattern No. 7211
Skirt Pattern No. 7034

Blouse Pattern No. 7227
Skirt Pattern No. 7123

pieces. The skirt is made with a five-gored foundation and circular flounce, and the flounce only is of the velvet. The high waist line is fashionable, but this skirt can be cut to the material line if preferred. Any two fashionable materials can be used. Silk and velvet are essentially smart, but plain and striped materials make a pretty effect and wool material can be used with either silk or velvet. If the round neck is not liked, the blouse can be made with a yoke as indicated in the back view. For the medium size the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27, 1 1/8 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 3/4 yard of silk for the trimming, and 7/8 yard of allover lace for the under-sleeves or 1 1/8 yards for under-sleeves and yoke; for the tunic will be needed 4 yards 27, 3 yards 36 or 44 with 1 1/2 yards of silk for trimming; for the foundation skirt will be required 2 1/2 yards 27, 1 3/4 yards 36, and for the flounce 3 yards of velvet 21 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7211, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7034, in sizes from 23 to 30 waist.

The short tunic shown on the second figure is cut in what is known as Greek style. The model is much liked in lace, such as illustrated, and in silk, velvet and all seasonable materials. It can be cut with a low neck or a high one. It is

tached to it. Any preferred blouse can be worn beneath, but this one is in plain peasant style, cut in one piece with the sleeves. The skirt is made in two pieces with seams at the sides only. In addition to its other possibilities, the over-blouse can be used without the tunic, and when treated in this way it becomes a very simple garment, and can be made from any pretty silk or other material in color to match the skirt, to be worn over a guimpe in combination with a tailored skirt or with an odd skirt. For the medium size the tunic will require 2 1/4 yards of material 27 or 36, 1 5/8 yards 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of lace banding; for the skirt will be needed 4 1/2 yards 27, 2 3/4 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 2 1/2 yards of additional material 21 inches wide for the ruchings.

The pattern of the over-blouse, No. 7227, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7123, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

Dainty Frocks for Little Girls

CHILDREN'S parties are sure to be in progress during the Christmas season. Here are two dainty, charming little frocks that can be made from any pretty thin material.

YOUR VERY IMAGE

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which plays all music faultlessly and is not in the slightest degree mechanical, owing to the wonderful devices of individual expression.

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KNOX PURE PLAIN SPARKLING GELATINE

makes these pure candies; and oh, but they are delicious! Try this recipe for KNOX MARSHMALLOWS and watch not only the children, but the grown-ups enjoy them.

Knox Marshmallows
 Soak 1/2 package Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 10 tablespoons cold water. Heat 2 cups (1 pint) granulated sugar with 10 tablespoons water till dissolved. Add gelatine to syrup; let stand till partially cooled. Add few grains salt and flavoring to taste. Beat with a whip till too stiff, then with large spoon till only soft enough to settle into a sheet. Dust granite pans thickly with confectioner's sugar; pour in the candy about half inch deep; set in cool place till thoroughly chilled. Turn out, cut in cubes and roll in confectioner's sugar. (Will make over 100 marshmallows.)

Let us send you our Recipe Book "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." It contains recipes for other KNOX candies and countless dainty desserts, puddings, salads, etc. FREE for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX CO.
 166 Knox Avenue
 Johnstown, N. Y.

The dress to the left gives the Empire waist line that is fashionable this season, and includes one of the new berthas that is exceedingly smart. It can be made just as illustrated, and become a party frock or it can be made with high neck and long sleeves, and be trimmed more simply and become adapted to afternoon occasions. The skirt is straight, gathered at the upper edge. The blouse is cut in one piece with the sleeves, in peasant style, and there is a little chemisette arranged under it. The berthas is arranged over the blouse, and the entire dress is closed invisibly at the back. To make as illustrated requires 4 yards of material 27, 3 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 8 yards of lace 4 inches wide, 3 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 8 yards of lace 4 inches wide, 3 yards 6 inches wide and 6 1/2 yards of insertion.

The pattern, No. 7229, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

The second frock is made with a two-flounce skirt, the lower flounce being joined to, while the upper is arranged over a five-gored foundation. In the illustration the material is embroidered muslin, while the trimming is lace flouncing, but the design in itself is simple, and the dress could be made from any flouncing or bordered material with less labor, as the border or flouncing would make its own finish, or it could be made from challis or cashmere and banded with velvet or satin ribbon. If an afternoon frock is wanted, it can be made with high neck and long sleeves. The blouse is made with front and back portions that are tucked to yoke depth, and the sleeves are sewed to the armholes, while the bretelles are arranged over the shoulders. For the 10-year size the dress will require 4 3/4 yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, 3 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 6 1/2 yards of edging and 7 1/2 yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 7005, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Amber Beads

ONCE more in favor are those glistening, gleaming yellow beads which since the time of our grandmothers have been worn as necklaces. With the collarless blouses and the lingerie frocks with their low necks, neck ornaments are especially fashionable, and this gives added opportunity for the wearing of this pretty old-fash-

ioned bead. All sizes are worn, from the small pea-sized bead to the one large as a good-sized marble. And in the jewelers' shops one may purchase them by the string or by the dozen—in this latter way making the necklace as one pleases.

Fringe Trimming

FRINGE is the most popular trimming for the fall and winter. It was introduced last spring, and was put on many handsome gowns and wraps, but this season manufacturers of garments and skirts, as well as dresses, are using it lavishly. It trims tunics on skirts as well as fringes, collars and cuffs, and in fact is used in many interesting ways. It comes about two to two and a-half inches wide, and is most popular in silk. It is rather expensive, so that it will be adopted mostly by the ultra class of buyers.

Beaded fringe is also well thought of as trimming for evening gowns. Girdles, separate tassels, passementerie ornaments, braid buttons and cords are well favored in the line of ornamentation for the new season's models. All these suggest the East Indian Empire, and are very good style.

Coats for Afternoon Occasions

PRETTY and attractive afternoon costumes are needed at all seasons of the year. Those illustrated represent the very latest styles. The young girl's frock shows one of the new coatee blouses, while the woman's gown represents the panel skirt and big revers which are among the smartest of all things.

The girl's frock is adapted to almost all seasonable materials. It could be made from French serge and be very pretty; from cashmere or challis; from chiffon velveteen, from crepe de chine or messaline. In the illustration, however, cashmere is trimmed with satin and with lace. The blouse is cut in one piece with the sleeves, but the sleeves are finished with circular frills and the peplum is separate and joined to it. The big collar finishes the neck and the chemisette is arranged under it. The under-sleeves are attached beneath the sleeve trimming. The skirt is made in two pieces with plaited panel at each side of the front and extending to flounce depth. It can be cut either to a high or natural waist line. For the



Dress Pattern No. 7229

Dress Pattern No. 7005

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 For Christmas or
 "For Any Season"
 TOLTON'S
 SHIRTINGS**

Are particularly suitable for
Ladies' Wash Waists and Suits
 because they are Exclusive, Durable and Colors Fast to Sun and Tub.

Write for samples and they will be sent to you free, then you can order from them by mail. Our Scotch Zephyrs, English Oxfords, French Cambries and Flannels are 32 inches wide and priced from 12 1/2c. yd. up. We sell them direct to you in any quantity and guarantee them to more than please you or your money promptly refunded. All orders shipped prepaid.

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WANTED.—An educated lady in each city or town to show my samples of shirtings. The samples will appeal to and please any woman, because the designs are different from the ordinary. No experience necessary; occupation pleasant, and a splendid opportunity to make money in your spare time. For full particulars apply to

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SPECIAL processes for cleaning and dyeing evening gowns and street dresses. The lustre and softness of new goods retained. Feathers, silks and laces given special attention.

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The Original and Best Scotch Wincey. In range of beautiful colourings, stripes or in white. Ideal for **LADIES' BLOUSES, CHILDREN'S DRESSES, BABIES' FROCKS,** and all underwear—Gents' Shirts, Pyjamas, etc.

Washes perfectly, and is UNSHRINKABLE. From 8 1/2d. per yard to 4/6.

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16-year size the blouse will require $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 27, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of satin for the trimming, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of all-over lace for the collar, 1 yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and under-sleeves; for the skirt will be needed $4\frac{1}{4}$ yard 27 or 36, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of satin for the trimming.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7204, and of the skirt, No. 7224, are both cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The gown shown on the figure to the right is made of henrietta cloth, trimmed with fringe and with puffings of silk. It is both simple and practical. The blouse and skirt close at the left side, giving the continuous lines that are becoming, as well as fashionable. The collar can be made either pointed or round, but the points are in every way to be commended when found becoming. The sleeves are of the new kimono sort, and are attached to the armholes which are piped. The chemisette is arranged under the blouse, and the under-sleeves are attached to the sleeves beneath the trimming. The skirt is cut in three pieces, lapped on to separate panels. These panels can be made of contrasting material, and an attractive effect would be obtained by combining satin or velvet for the panels and for the collar and cuffs. For the medium size the blouse will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1 yard 18 inches wide for chemisette and under-sleeves, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of silk for the pipings, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of fringe. For the skirt will be needed $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide with 2 yards of fringe.

The pattern, No. 7216, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure, of the skirt, No. 7222, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

Fancy Blouse

THERE are many variations of the peasant blouse to be noted just now, but none is prettier than this one. The shoulder portions being separate allow effective use of contrasting material, and the square Dutch neck is becoming and attractive. In this case the material is chiffon, and the trimming is lace, while the under-sleeves are made of dotted net, but such a blouse would be found appropriate for messaline, crepe de chine and for all materials of the kind. For the tucked portion can be used either the same or contrasting material. The blouse made of dotted point de esprit net with the tucked portion of plain would be pretty, or the blouse could be made of satin, while the tucked portions are of chiffon. Any banding can be used as trimming. If the square neck is not becoming the blouse can be made as shown in the back view, and if a simpler effect is wanted the trimming of the centre front can be omitted.

The blouse is made with front and back portions and with a tucked portion over the shoulders. These are joined by means of a trimming band and the closing is made at the back. The trimming at the front is arranged on indicated lines. The under-sleeves are attached beneath the sleeve bands.

For the 16-year size will be required $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards



Blouse Pattern No. 7204
Skirt Pattern No. 7224

Blouse Pattern No. 7216
Skirt Pattern No. 7222

The Perplexing Question of the Year

is what to buy at a moderate cost as a Christmas gift that will combine all the elements of nicety, practicability and appropriateness. There is practically no gift at the same cost that will please mother, wife, sister or friend as much as the latest improved

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The Rayo Lamp is an insurance against eye troubles, alike for young and old.

The Rayo is a low-priced lamp, but it is constructed on the soundest scientific principles, and there is not a better lamp made at any price.

It is easy on the eye because its light is so soft and white and widely diffused. And a Rayo Lamp never flickers.

Easily lighted without removing shade or chimney; easy to clean and rewick. Solid brass throughout, with handsome nickel finish; also in many other styles and finishes. Ask your dealer to show you his line of Rayo lamps; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

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Why not brighten up your Hat-Rack, Hall-Seat, Staircase, etc. Your guests will notice these on entrance.

Or if you wish to retain the original effect, try clear "Lacqueret" on any piece of woodwork. Its effect is almost magical. Our little book "Dainty Decorator" tells of the many uses of "Lacqueret" in the home. A copy is waiting for you, free for the asking. Cans contain full Imperial Measure. Don't accept a substitute.



Light Oak, Dark Oak or Mahogany "Lacqueret" on these furnishings will work wonders



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TORONTO WINNIPEG

of banding 2½ inches wide and ¼ yard of banding 4¾ inches wide, and ½ yard 18 inches wide for the under-sleeves, ¾ yard for the yoke when made with the high neck.

The pattern, No. 7186, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Peasant Blouse

THE peasant blouse in its many variations continues to be a favorite. This model is novel, the yoke being cut in points. It can be finished with or without a collar, and with or



Fancy Blouse Pattern No. 7186

without under-sleeves. The cuffs are oddly shaped and attractive, and the blouse altogether is a most satisfactory one. It will be found equally well adapted to the gown and to the separate waist. This one is made of messaline, with trimming portions of allover lace, piping and buttons of velvet.

The blouse is made in one piece, and is closed at the back. It is arranged over a yoke and the edges are stitched to position. The cuffs are joined to the sleeve edges and the under-sleeves are sewed into place beneath these cuffs. When the collar is used, it is joined to the neck edge.

For a woman of medium size will be required 2¼ yards of material 27,



Peasant Blouse Pattern No. 7122

1½ yards 36, 1¼ yards 44 inches wide, with 1 yard of allover lace 18 inches wide for yoke and under-sleeves.

The pattern, No. 7122, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

LET IT BE A SERGE

Both London and Paris say "Serge for winter suits".

Priestley's

"Sandown" & "Concord" Coating Serges

are famous for their beauty of weave and color.

In Black, Navy and Cream — guaranteed fast colors.

Rolled on the varnished board — with "Priestley's Limited" stamped every 5 yards on the selvedge.



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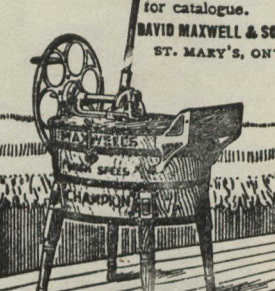
is in a class by itself—the easiest running, the most substantially built, the most satisfactory washer, ever invented.

Only washer worked with crank handle at side as well as top lever—and the only one where the whole top opens up.

Ask your dealer to show you the "Champion" Washer.

"Favorite" Churn is the world's best churn. Write for catalogue.

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FREE!! \$200.00 IN CASH AND 1,000 VALUABLE PREMIUMS GIVEN AWAY.

1st Prize, \$50.00 in Cash 3rd Prize, \$35.00 in Cash
2nd Prize, \$40.00 in Cash 4th Prize, \$25.00 in Cash
5th to 9th Prizes, each \$10.00 in Cash.

Herewith will be found the picture of an old man. Around his head and shoulders are concealed the faces of his seven daughters. Can you find these seven faces? If so, mark the faces with an X. Cut out the picture and send it to us, together with a slip of paper on which you have written the words "I have found the seven faces and marked them."

Write the above words plainly and neatly, as in case of ties, both writing and neatness will be considered in this contest.

Should you not happen to be a neat

Remember, all you have to do is to mark the faces, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper the words, "I have found the seven faces and marked them."



writer, show this advertisement to some friend of yours who can write plainly and neatly, and have him or her enter this contest in his or her name for you. First, agree with the person who is to do the writing, that you are to receive any prize money or prize that may be awarded.

This may take up a little of your time but as there is TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS in cash and One Thousand premiums given away, it is worth your time to take a little trouble over this matter.

We do not ask You to Spend One Cent of Your Money in order to enter this Contest

Send your answer at once: we will reply by Return Mail telling you whether your answer is correct or not, and we will send you a complete Prize List, together with the names and addresses of persons who have recently received over One Thousand Dollars in Cash Prizes from us, and full particulars of a simple condition that must be fulfilled. (This condition does not involve the spending of any of your money.)

Winners of Cash Prizes in our late competitions will not be allowed to enter this Contest.

Below will be found a partial list of the names and addresses of a few persons who have won some of our larger prizes in recent contests. Although these persons are entirely unknown to us, they are our references. An enquiry from any one of them will bring the information that our contests are carried out with the utmost fairness and integrity. Your opportunity to win a good round sum is equally as good as that of anyone else, as all previous winners of cash prizes are debarred from entering this contest.

Names and Addresses of a few Prize-Winners in Recent Contests

Mrs. W. A. C. Orr, 298 Gannell St., Winnipeg...	\$50.00	Miss Mary Cochrane, 114 Preston St., Ottawa...	35.00
Miss E. Brodeur, 6 Gillespie St., Sherbrooke...	50.00	Mrs. G. H. Benson, 33 Hargrave St., Winnipeg...	35.00
Mr. Louis Quintal, Charlemagne, Que...	50.00	Mrs. W. D. Little, Powassan, Ont...	30.00
Mr. Alphonse Drouin, Dept. of Sec. of State, Ottawa...	50.00	Mr. Thos. Blakey, 88 Huntley St., Toronto...	25.00
Mr. J. A. St. Pierre, Arthabaska, Que...	50.00	Miss Mary Lamb, 22 Spencer, St. John's Nfld...	25.00
Mrs. E. McMillan, 335 Medland St. West Toronto	50.00	Miss E. A. Kennedy, 16 Railway St., Hamilton...	25.00
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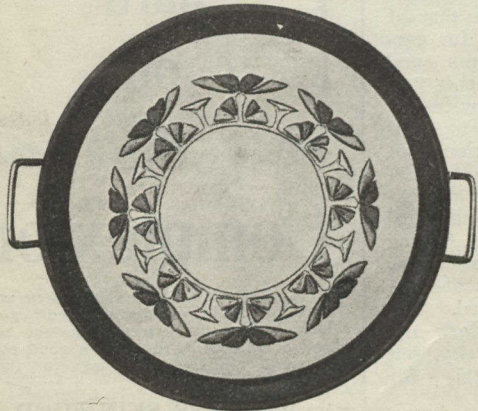
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AGENCIES THROUGHOUT CANADA.

EMBROIDERED TRAYS

WE illustrate some attractive trays which are durable and quite different in design and shape. The glass covered trays are great favorites as they are novel and quite as handsome as the silver or brass ones which have been in such general use. The trays pictured here have been selected to show the different styles of embroidered linens which, after being embroidered in beautiful shades of soft and artistic coloring, are mounted on pasteboard and fitted into the rims. These trays come complete with mahogany finish, stamped linen either white or colored, glass, brass handles, pasteboard mat and back. The designs are simple but effective. These trays are a

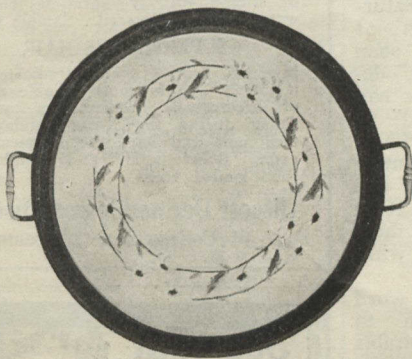


No. 1443—Size 16 x 16, \$4.25 each.

charming adjunct to the tea table, and one of these would make a most attractive Christmas gift.

No. 1443 tray is embroidered on heavy grey linen in shades of dull rose and green touched up with Japanese Gold Thread and black. The design which is worked in solid padded satin stitch, is a most effective one, the rich colorings blending beautifully with the mahogany rim.

No. 1442 shows a conventional design of daisies which are embroidered on white linen. The daisies

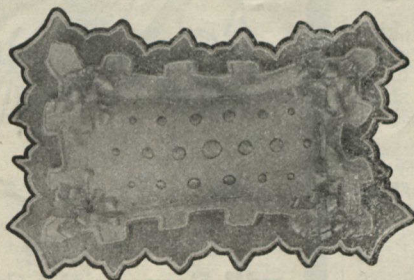


No. 1442—Size 13 x 13, \$3.25 each.

are yellow with brown centres, and the leaves are carried out in dull greens.

No. 1438 is handsome conventional pattern worked in blues, brown, gold, and black, the outer borders being couched with black and Japanese Gold Thread.

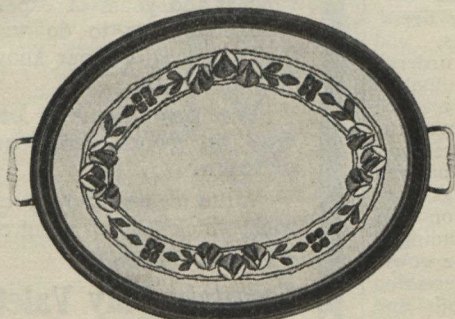
Design No. 1439 has a simple wreath stamped on



No. 1432C—25 cents.

white linen of small berries and leaves, dainty bow knots embroidered in pale green complete this pretty design.

No. 1440 tray is a narrow oblong which has a dainty design of forget-me-nots which are embroidered on white linen. These may be worked in any preferred



No. 1438—Size 12 x 15, \$2.75 each.

coloring, and this dainty tray is of the shape known as a "lemonade tray."

Design No. 1441 is a very handsome tray which is embroidered with a very unique design carried out in shades of burnt orange, browns, and greens, with an effective touch of black and gold which always brings out effectively designs and colorings.

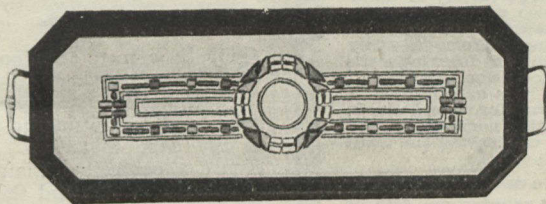
Handsome towels are a much appreciated Christmas gift, and a wide variety of materials and designs and ideas are shown for these. One of the newest is pictured here, a handsome conventional design is embroidered in the darning stitch. The spaces in the design which has been specially made for this



No. 1440—Size 5 x 7, \$2.25 each.

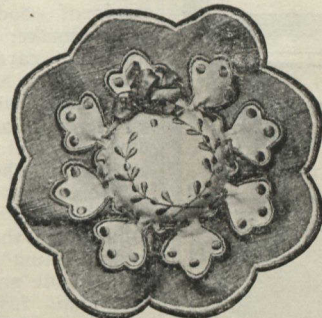
class of embroidery is darned in pale pink. The berries are embroidered in solid padded stitch in white outlined with a darker pink. The border is embroidered with white with an inner outline of pink, and these beautiful towels with their dainty coloring would make an attractive note in a pretty guest chamber. These towels are embroidered on a plain huckaback of a suitable weave and the darning is done with Royal Floss. The design is then outlined with Rope Silk.

Another holiday suggestion is shown for the lacing pincushions which has the lower part empty they are so easily laundered and so much more serviceable than the fussy lace and frilled varieties, which, when soiled, were useless and had to be thrown aside. These pin tops consist of white



No. 1441—Size 7 x 19, \$3.25 each.

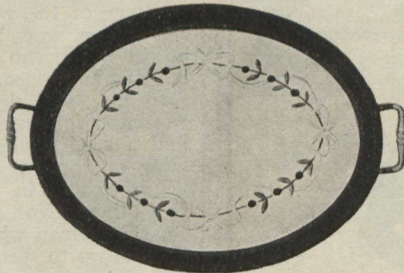
and colored linen, the lower portion colored and the upper white. The colored linen is buttonholed with white and the white linen is buttonholed and embroidered with colored, matching the linen. Thus 1432C has the lower portion stamped on green



No. 1432A—25 cents.

linen, the upper portion being of white embroidered with pale green.

The round pincushion are such favorites, as brodered on pale pink linen in white. The upper portion is of white embroidered in pinks.



No. 1439—Size 10 x 13, \$2.25 each.

Silks to embroider any of the above designs may be supplied at 55 cents per dozen, and Japanese Gold at 15 cents per skein.

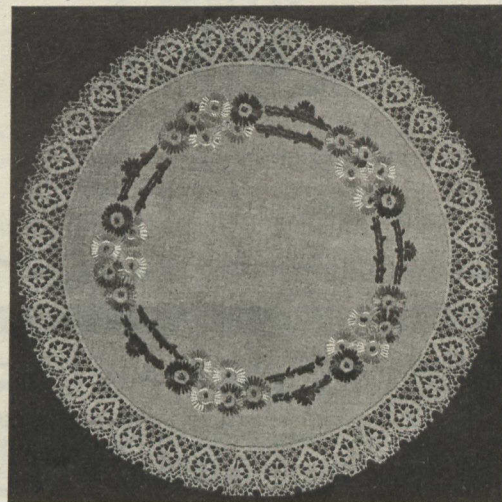
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It costs no more than inferior grades and our reputation is behind it.

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In the Shops

In these days of frost and coming blizzards, the most interesting place in the large shops is the fur department. There is, perhaps, no country in the world, unless it is Russia, where the fur display surpasses that of our own Dominion. This year's fur garments are a miracle of richness and softness—and if any man wishes to gratify the dearest desire of wife or daughter, let him pay a visit to this department with serious intentions of purchasing muff, stole or jacket. Ermine is the most fashionable of the expensive furs, although mink and seal are bravely holding their own. Among the cheaper furs, squirrel seems very popular, and truly the grey coats of this fur are much to be desired. The muffs of alternate stripes of dark and light fur are a charming novelty, but are hardly likely to be in style for more than one season.

SOME women are fond of going to the dressmaker's, picking out their own particular style of gown or suit, and submitting to several fittings in the hope that they will ultimately secure a perfectly satisfactory costume. Others there are, and the number is increasing daily, who consider the hunting up a dressmaker, the being fitted and the being constantly disappointed by the broken word of the *modiste*, who "promises it positively for next Saturday," entirely too much to expect of feminine flesh. "I should just as soon visit the dentist as the dressmaker," declares one vigorous dame who has had yards of good silk "simply ruined" by a dressmaker who either didn't know or didn't care. Now, it is absolutely necessary to visit the dentist, for one cannot very well get along without teeth or, even with aching molars; but in these days it is quite possible to manage without visiting the dressmaker.

There was a time when the word "ready-made" was used in scorn to indicate all that was cheap, undesirable and ill-fitting in garments. To-day the ready-made gown bears no such stigma, and many fastidious women are to be found purchasing "creations" in the velvet carpeted showrooms, where the Paris gowns are hanging. Nor need the woman of comparatively limited means despair of finding something dainty and different, which will just suit her individual taste and pocketbook.

"I don't want to see the same kind of gown on everyone else," is the common cry of the woman in search of a *chic* gown, and the successful shopkeeper is he who knows how to satisfy the feminine demand for variety.

In the large departmental stores of Toronto, for instance, one may easily find a ready-made gown for afternoon wear or for the street, which will not be duplicated in style or material by any other. Nor are prices prohibitive, for the woman who has thirty or thirty-five dollars to spend on an evening gown may easily come upon a bargain which will meet all demands. A very pretty gown for party wear in chiffon, hand-embroidered and trimmed with Venetian lace and pearls, was sold for thirty-five dollars at the October sales, and was duly appreciated by the woman who made the purchase.

Of course, if you prefer the dressmaker and the fitting processes, you are quite right to keep to the ordered gown. But so many women complain of the apparent waste of time in such expeditions that it is well to survey the stock of ready-made gowns before coming to the conclusion that "the material is second-class and the linings are poor." Make a careful inspection for yourself, as to fabric and "findings," before investing in a ready-made gown.

The new afternoon or reception gowns, in velvet, albatross cloth and marquise, are decidedly smart, and may be bought for twenty-five dollars—"up." Velvet is a delightful material for softness and richness of effect, but, unless one can keep it for special occasions, it is better to invest in something less regal in appearance. The marquise is deservedly a favorite, as it always looks well, and is not crushable, if obtained in the best quality.

Winter is hard on the Complexion

It is often dreaded by the women anxious to retain or develop their good looks. The two extremes, indoor heat and outside cold, threaten a good complexion. Safeguard it against these changes by using

PRINCESS SKIN FOOD

The most beneficial unguent and emollient for this purpose made. Use it before dressing to go out. After wiping it off, use a pure, delicate face powder (the Princess Powder, 50 cents, is excellent), and you will come in knowing that your skin is improved instead of harmed. For lines and wrinkles, a fading and flabby skin and sagging muscles it is most satisfactory. Price \$1.50, postpaid.

PRINCESS HAIR REJUVENATOR

restores faded hair or hair less than half grey (medium brown to black) to its original color in ten days; not greasy or sticky; entirely harmless, clear as water. \$1.00 delivered. Sample free.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

MOLES, WARTS, etc., eradicated permanently by our most reliable method of Electrolysis. Satisfaction assured. Come during the Xmas holidays for treatment and have the happiest year ever. Booklet "H" and sample skin food mailed free.

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Ailments may in many instances be relieved or cured by following the instructions (illustrated) given in the Elliman E. F. A. Booklet 64 pages, found enclosed in the wrappers of all bottles of ELLIMAN'S price 1/-, 2/- & 3/6.

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found enclosed with bottles of ELLIMAN'S
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THE DRESSING TABLE

Edited by MARIE

WITH the approach of Christmas, one's thoughts turn naturally to the dressing-table gifts which nearly every woman profoundly desires. There was a time when it was considered hardly "correct" to bestow presents of perfume, soap or other dainty necessities of the dressing-table. These have become so excellent in quality and attractive in appearance and wrappings that a woman may regard them as almost impersonal in meaning. However, there are some persons who are yet very sensitive on the subject. Hence, it would be just as well to ascertain beforehand whether a box of soap or perfume would be acceptable to relative or near friend. Above all things, avoid anything cheap or highly-perfumed. It would be better to spend less than a quarter on a pretty card or book-mark than to send a commonplace or tawdry article, such as those referred to. There are quite reliable and attractive toilet articles in powder-boxes, soap or sachet bags for fifty cents or under, which ought to appeal to the fair recipient.

Sometimes there is a home-made recipe in the family which provides one with the means for manufacturing welcome little gifts. I know a resourceful woman, the wife of a doctor who sent half-a-dozen girl friends the daintiest white jars containing a rose-colored lip-salve. Pretty labels with gilt lettering, "Creme Rose" and each girl's initials, were pasted on, and when tied with rose-hued baby ribbon each jar made a gift worthy of any girl's liking. The salve was so healing and beautifying that the giver was besieged with appeals to divulge the secret of the recipe; but it has remained unknown to this very day. Yet each girl receives a box on Christmas morning and knows what a reliable "giftlet" awaits her.

A good brush and comb are always welcome, but the quality of the brush or bristles should not be sacrificed to a fancy "back." In these days of barrettes and other hair ornaments, it is easy to find at the hairdresser's, a pretty trifle which will add to feminine pleasure. Then, there is a variety of jars and powder-boxes of all kinds, from the tiny jar for salve to the imposing powder-box. Cut glass with silver top is the favorite style; but some of the prettiest powder-boxes come in china with a Dresden design. Ornate silver colors are not considered in good taste. A plain silver top with engraved initial or monogram is the most suitable and satisfactory. Nearly every girl likes the tiny "vanity box," which fits into the corner of a shopping bag and holds a fairy puff with just the requisite sprinkling of powder to remove the "shine" from nose or cheeks. These boxes come in silver and porcelain, the latter prettily decorated with painting of marchioness or shepherdess, and are welcomed by any dainty dame.

Of sachet bags there is no end at this season. Do not buy cheap sachet, as its fragrance lasts for such a short time. You may make any number of pretty bags at this time out of the wide Dresden ribbon, in which there are so many bargains during the month before Christmas. The "softer" odors are more pleasant and lasting than the heavy, and you can hardly make a mistake with violet, crab-apple, amber, or lily-of-the-valley. Then there is the perfumed "hanger," which makes a highly-valued feature of the modern wardrobe. It is absolutely essential that the modern woman should have several of these hangers, in order that gowns and coats should preserve their correct lines. Then the uncovered wires are likely to leave an ugly mark; so, there is nothing for it, but to wind scented wadding around them, cover it with silk or ribbon and—behold, there is a perfumed hanger which will impart to gown or cloak just a subtle hint of flowers, which will satisfy the fastidious wearer.

CUCUMBER juice is obtained by slowly boiling the thinly-sliced vegetables, skin and all, in a small quantity of water until they are of mushy consistency. Strain first through a fine sieve, then through a piece of muslin. Of this liquid take 10 ounces; essence of cucumber, 3 ounces; oil of sweet almonds,

4 ounces; powdered white Castile soap, ¼ ounce, and two-thirds of a drachm (teaspoonful) of tincture of benzoin. Into a large glass bottle containing the essence drop the powdered soap. Shake often and vigorously. When the soap is dissolved it is time to add the fresh cucumber juice. After a thorough mixing the liquid is poured into a china bowl so that the oil and benzoin may be conveniently added. During this process the whole is constantly stirred until the mixture resembles cream.

FRENCH women know full well how to keep dry hair clean and sweet without constant use of the shampoo. They manage this by careful brushing. The entire scalp is gone over, a small strand of hair being taken at a time. A series of clean brushes is necessary for the process. Sometimes a cornmeal shampoo precedes the brushing. Fine cornmeal—ground much finer than that used for cooking—is mixed with a little pulverised orris-root. The powder is scattered well over scalp and through the hair allowed to remain a few minutes, and is then thoroughly brushed out. The final color of the cornmeal will prove to you its efficacy as a cleanser.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

L. M. G.—We notice what you say with regard to the effects of the preparation recommended. Would not its continued use be a benefit, even if it were necessary to repeat? I have no personal knowledge of its benefits, but, judging from what you say, it has already done you good. In some cases of such trouble as yours, where the affliction is of long standing, it is advisable to consult a professional dermatologist.

FREDA.—Violet or lavender sachet is very pleasing. My own preference is for a subtle odor like amber, but I could hardly advise you without more about your personal tastes. In answer to your second question, I should advise deep breathing exercise and regular exercise for at least fifteen minutes a day in extending the arms, level with the shoulders as the breath is inhaled, then slowly exhaling as the arms are lowered. Patience and practice are needed before any improvement may be expected. Your third question is rather indefinite, as the term is applied to two different objects. A florist's shop would supply you with it.

MARGARET.—So, you are anxious to have rosy cheeks—and another girl correspondent has just been complaining of blushing easily and has asked us to recommend something which will cure her of the blushing habit. Perhaps you are anaemic, Margaret, in which case you had better consult your physician, and get a good tonic. Also, try a brisk walk daily and avoid sweets. Perhaps you are naturally pale. You see, your name may have something to do with it. Tennyson writes about a "rare, pale Margaret." Of course, you are aware that the name means a pearl or a daisy, and the fairies who danced at your christening may have decreed that you are to have "white roses in the place of the red." Try ordinary means, such as exercise or diet, if you so desire, but don't resort to artificial coloring—for that is nearly always tawdry and obvious.

Dress Shield Hints

MANY women have had difficulty in fastening dress shields in a blouse with kimono sleeves. One woman has found a clever solution to the task. She has a bolero of very thin lawn. On the washable shields she sews narrow elastic for shoulder straps; then she sews the shields into the bolero, stitching them in place along the line of stitching on the shield binding. Next the material under the shield is cut out and the neck line of the bolero is cut down both back and front; the front of the bolero is fastened with tapes. This bolero is easily laundered and may be worn time and again with different blouses.



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Men working full time earn \$120 a month. A young man during evenings and holidays, earns \$500 a year. A busy housewife earns nearly \$500 a year. One lady, with the help of her husband's automobile, earned \$60 in ten days. Others are earning a little less.

Only a few subscriptions will pay for many things you may not feel that you can now afford.

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You will be surprised to find how liberal our commissions are, and the monthly salary. Besides these there are several special prizes. Write for our offers, then if you decide not to accept, send us a card.

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THE LADY OF DAINTY LUNCHES

How Success Came to Sandwiches and Cake

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

SHE'S a canny little business woman, the Lady of Dainty Lunches; so canny that I more than half suspect she can boast of Scotch ancestry. When I asked her to tell me the story of her work, she was diffident, very diffident indeed.

"No, I don't think it's rude of you to ask for it. I think it's a compliment. I'm proud of my work, but," with a frank smile, "I don't think I'll tell it to you."

Notwithstanding the fact that she was refusing me the coveted story, I thought her very gracious, for, though it was late in the afternoon, and she was busy superintending preparations for a dinner party to be held that night in the lunch-room, over which she now presides, she stood chatting pleasantly with me about woman's work. When I was coming away I ventured to make another plea for the story that I felt sure was worth having. I found her relenting ever so little.

"Well, perhaps, but I must think it over"—that Scotch ancestry again—"You come in some day next week. I may tell you. I don't know yet."

It was thus that this busy little woman despatched me and returned to her culinary operations. Her cheeks were slightly flushed and a little dab of flour over one eye betrayed the fact that the Lady of Dainty Lunches was taking a very active part in these operations. I wondered whether it was patties or pies.

The next time I saw her she said: "Yes, I'm going to tell you all about my work. Come in to-morrow and I'll give you half an hour." How very business-like she was, and I found, when she told me her story, this same characteristic running all the way through it, like a rich vein of ore. It was undoubtedly the secret of the splendid success that attended her efforts in building up a work that was all her own, and that led certain ladies to ask her to take charge of a most delightful tea room on Yonge Street, Toronto. Listen! Here's the story as she told it to me.

"I had always wanted to do something. I'm not sure that I had any definite ambition, save to do some kind of work and be independent. Mother was an invalid and I never could bring myself to the point of breaking away from home and leaving her to the care of a stranger. When I talked of it, as I sometimes did, she would tell me that I was doing all that could be expected of me, when I kept house and took care of her. It was delightful to know that my home work was so much appreciated, still the longing was there and would not be appeased. However, as I said before, my ambition was indefinite; so I went on performing my domestic duties, never dreaming that through them I was to realize my heart's desire.

"It came about in the simplest way imaginable. A cousin was spending the afternoon with mother and me, and I had made a cake that morning, intending to have it for supper. I had always had pretty good luck with my cookery, and particularly with cakes. This one was no exception. My cousin came out in the kitchen and began saying all manner of nice things about it. Just in fun I held it up on my palm, auctioneer fashion, and said, 'Will you give me forty cents for it?' Quick as a flash came back an assuring 'Indeed I will. I'm going to have Cousin Julia to supper to-morrow night, and if you'll let me have this cake, I won't have to make one.'

"I could scarcely believe that she was in earnest. That anyone would give me forty cents for a cake seemed incred-

ible. But there it was. That precious bit of silver that I had earned myself. No forty cents that I have earned subsequently has seemed to be worth quite so much. I really think I placed it at double its real value.

"Well, that was the beginning of my 'career.' That first sale had a stimulating effect. It set me thinking. If one person would buy my cakes, why not another? I resolved to try. I told my friends what I was going to do. They thought it was splendid, and some of them gladly gave me orders. They told others, and soon I had quite a little business established. In fact, on the last two days of the week, I often made as many as seventeen cakes. How sweet my growing independence was none can possibly know, save those who have experienced similar sensations. It whetted my ambition for still higher achievements. I aspired to greater things. My sphere was too limited, so I had some little circulars printed telling what I was prepared to do, and whenever I saw a tea or reception announced in the social news of the daily papers, I sent one of my little circulars out on its mission. Sometimes it brought results, but the greater part of my business came from those who were already customers, telling their friends, who gave me or-

man came to see me and proposed that we should go into partnership and supply office lunches. I did not receive the suggestion with favor. My business was growing and I was doing very nicely alone; so I refused. But my would-be partner was keen to try it. I think she realized the possibilities of such a venture more clearly than I did, for she came again and again, and, like the woman in the Bible, because of her much importuning she won the day. I yielded conditionally, and we began to canvas for orders and to serve lunches to bank clerks chiefly, although we had a great many others, who were more or less regular customers.

"Unfortunately, our business relations were not profitable, and after a time, by mutual consent, we dissolved our partnership. When we established the lunch department, it was under a different name from that I had used, and was still using for my cake enterprise. As my co-worker wished to continue furnishing lunches, and she had been the originator of the lunch idea, it was agreed that she should take the name and the customers whom we had been supplying as her share, while I should unite lunches and cakes under my trade title, and seek new pastures.

"If I can get ten a day, or at the

ing that particular concern. Sometimes I was asked for a ten-cent lunch, and I put up a few, but found that I could not consistently continue it.

"About the time I added lunches to my products, Mother gave me the laundry for a workroom. Although it was in the basement, it was light and dry. I was charmed. That laundry was going to be converted into a studio, wherein I should produce masterpieces. It was to be no mere workroom. I cleaned it all up myself, had the walls whitewashed, put down an old rug that was not worn out by any means, to make the floor softer to walk on, and had a gas stove connected. Wasn't I the proud girl when I moved by paraphernalia downstairs and got it arranged to my satisfaction? Indeed I was. I felt equal to doing double the amount of work I had done hitherto.

"But the telephone! Mercy me! I wonder how many trips a day I made up the stairway to answer calls and then down again only to be recalled. Of course, I know now that I should have had a switch put in and another telephone down stairs. But, you must remember that I was not yet prosperous. I was only beginning to prosper and trying to make my business support itself. Out of my profit I could not yet afford anything that was even suggestive of luxury, and that was what another telephone would have appeared to me to be then. So I went on tripping up and down the stairs and longing for wings. It makes me ache, even now, to think of it.

"But I would not have you think that my work went along always as smoothly as it sounds in the telling. Ah, no! anyone who has ever started out to accomplish anything knows all about the hard work it entails, and the discouraging conditions that arise. Life was a very serious matter with me in those early months. I was up at half-past five o'clock almost every morning. Every moment represented something to be done. Orders had to be sent out on time, and, as in all business establishments, large or small, accidents sometimes happened, and occasionally things went wrong. Just here comes the memory of one morning I had an order for eight dozen small cakes to be rolled in chopped nuts, which were in a dish on the window sill. One of my boys came along and tipped the plate over. Half went inside and the other half outside. Was I annoyed? Oh, don't ask me!

"It was the rule to pay for all parcels on delivery, but there were some who failed to do so, and at times I had quite an amount of money outstanding. If you will stop to make a mental calculation of the amount of money it took to carry on my work, you will realize that this was quite a serious matter to one who had started with a capital sum of forty cents. Take the items of flour and sugar alone. They amounted to a tidy sum. Then there were bread bills, and meat and fruit to pay for. Of course, by this time you will have guessed that my business had outgrown the time and ability of my little neighbor laddie, and I had to employ two boys and pay them well, in order to secure the kind that I could depend upon. This was another big item to be paid out of my earnings. Just to show how important it was that I should have reliable boys, one day something went wrong. I hadn't a boy at all. It cost me four dollars for the messenger service. Of course, I lost money that day, but it was better to do

Continued on page 58



IN A COSY CORNER

ders, and they in turn told their friends.

"Occasionally I did a little light catering, but up to this time that sort of thing was a little beyond the limit of my activities, for I had to do almost everything myself except delivering the packages. The young son of one of our neighbors did this for me. Like myself, he was ambitious to earn money, and he was a very faithful little helper. Of course, I always planned to have the parcels ready, so as not to interfere with his school hours.

"Mother was delighted with my success, not from a mercenary standpoint, but because I was so pleased and happy in my newly-discovered vocation. She took a great interest in it. 'Whatever you do,' she would say, 'do it right. Try to have things not only tasty, but make them look dainty as well.' So I bought paper boxes and had white labels printed in blue to paste on them. Then I tied them with blue cord. I chose blue because it was my favorite color. I was putting a great deal of my personality into the work I was doing. Why shouldn't I? It represented me. It was a part of myself, and by it people judged me. They didn't even know my name.

"I was getting along very nicely indeed, and making quite a modest reputation for my cakes, when a young wo-

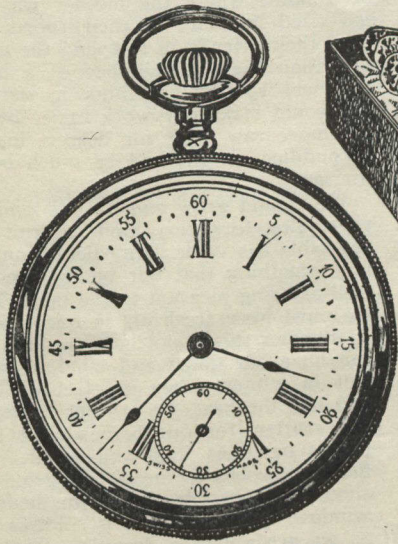
man came to see me and proposed that we should go into partnership and supply office lunches. I did not receive the suggestion with favor. My business was growing and I was doing very nicely alone; so I refused. But my would-be partner was keen to try it. I think she realized the possibilities of such a venture more clearly than I did, for she came again and again, and, like the woman in the Bible, because of her much importuning she won the day. I yielded conditionally, and we began to canvas for orders and to serve lunches to bank clerks chiefly, although we had a great many others, who were more or less regular customers.

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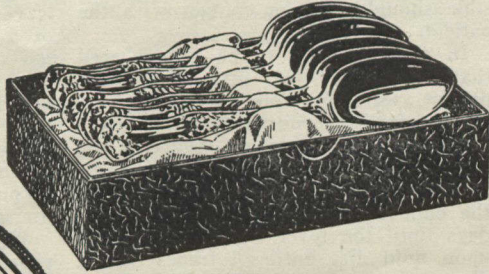
"If I can get ten a day, or at the

DO YOUR XMAS SHOPPING NOW

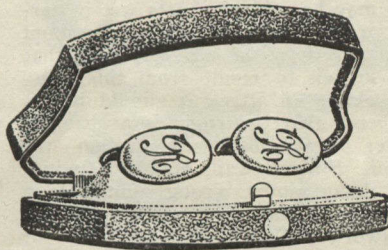
Would you like your Christmas money to stretch further than it ever did before? Then make this a Delivery-paid Christmas, by buying everything you want from The Simpson Store. Here are some amazing values, the prices representing exactly what you pay at your nearest station.



B5-8834.—This Man's 17-Jewel Watch in a sterling silver open-face case for \$5.95, is remarkable value. It's fitted with the Simpson special nickel movement, which you will find reliable. The case is a thin model, neither heavy nor bulky in the pocket. Purchase one of these watches for personal use or for Christmas giving. Write for it to-day. **Price, delivered.. \$5.95**



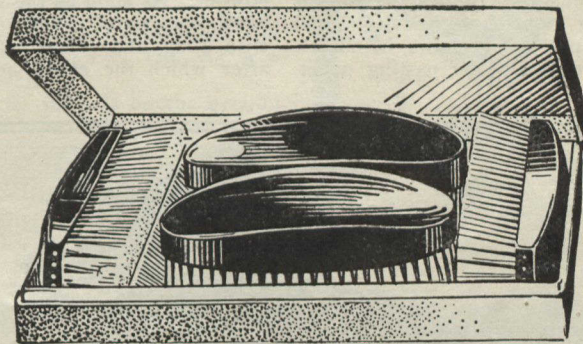
B5-8835.—Give half a dozen Roger's Silver-plated Tea Spoons, packed in fancy lined box. Your gift will be appreciated. Dainty floral design. **Price per half dozen, .99 delivered**



B-8840.—Gold filled, Roman finished Cuff Links. \$1.00 value for **.39**
B8841.—Sterling silver Cuff Links. 50c. value for..... **.29**
 NOTE.—Send your order early and we'll engrave any letter free of charge.



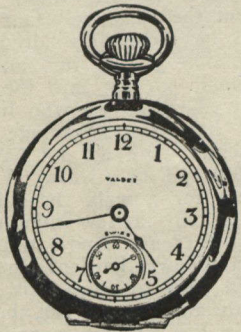
Y-8842.—This splendid Black Velvet Bag is quite correct. Inside is a small purse for coins. Excellent gilt frame, durable cord handle, dainty tassels. **Price, delivered** **\$1.25**



HT-8843.—Men's four-piece Brush Set. Two REAL ebony wood military brushes with 13 rows of hand-drawn bristles, and a hat and cloth brush to match. Warranted solid backs. Regular \$3.00. **Price, delivered** **\$1.98**

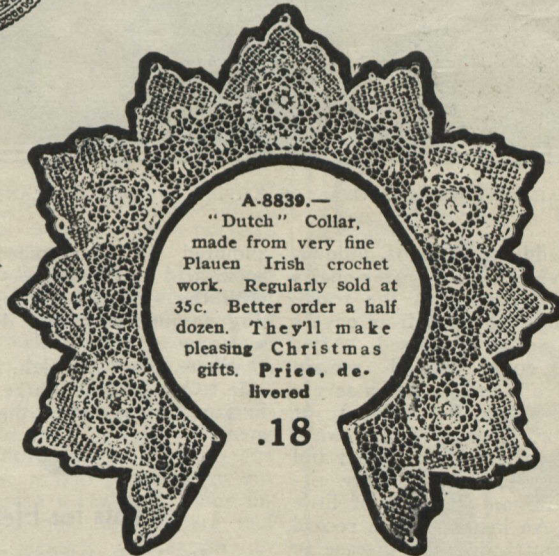


A-8838.—This pretty tailored Lace Bow is made of Plauen Irish lace with double bow of lawn at the back. Very dainty and usually sold for 25c. **Price, delivered** **.15**

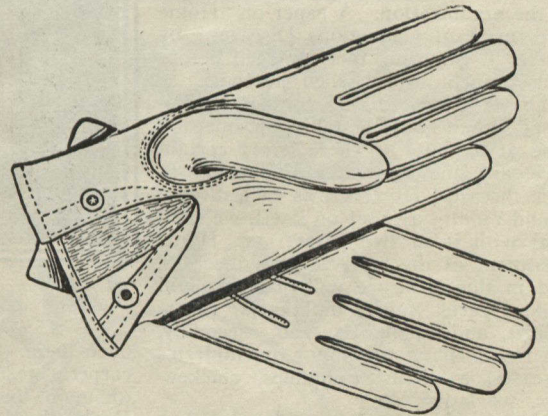


B5-8836.—Here's sterling value in a Sterling Silver Watch for women. Inside the case, (on which, by the way, we'll engrave any script monogram,) is a 7-jewel, nickel Swiss Lever movement. This splendid watch can be worn as a chatelaine or in leather wristlet. **Price \$5.85 delivered**

B5-8837.—Leather Wristlet for above watch, in tan or black. **Price, delivered** **.35**



A-8839.—
 "Dutch" Collar, made from very fine Plauen Irish crochet work. Regularly sold at 35c. Better order a half dozen. They'll make pleasing Christmas gifts. **Price, delivered** **.18**



FM-8844.—No article for a man is more acceptable at Christmas time than gloves. These are splendid winter gloves of tan, suede leather, with warm wool lining and one dome fastener. They are strongly made and perfectly finished in every detail. Sizes 7 to 9½. We have several thousand pairs to sell, but at this very low price, it will be wisest to send your order at once. **Price, delivered** **.59**

We publish no Christmas Catalogue this year, but our Fall and Winter one is crowded with Christmas suggestions. A post card will bring it. Whether you order fifty cents' or fifty dollars' worth of goods, WE PAY ALL DELIVERY CHARGES.

The Robert **SIMPSON** Company Limited
 TORONTO

Ontario Women's Institutes



GEORGE A. PUTNAM
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO



Masque of Empire

BY courtesy of Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, we are publishing a photograph of the Canadian car as it appeared in the Masque Imperial at the recent Festival of Empire in the Old Country. Miss Cameron says of the pageant and the chief figure therein:

Canadians in London and Canadians at home are justly proud of their countrywoman, the Marchioness of Donegall, who so gracefully personified "Canada" in the Masque Imperial at the Festival of Empire this season. It shows commendable patriotism for a society woman as popular as Lady Donegall, with the ball at her feet, to be willing to give up her leisure to repeat again and again her part in the Masque Imperial. Surely Canada could not have been more gracefully represented, for the Marchioness of Donegall is one of the acknowledged beauties of London, and her winning charm of manner is as distinctive as is her beauty.

Violet, Marchioness of Donegall, is the only daughter of the late Henry St. George Twining and Mrs. Twining, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and married the fifth Marquis of Donegall (whom she survives) in 1904. Her heir, the present Marquess, is a beautiful and lovable boy, a godson of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Lady Donegall has just passed through Canada on her way to the Durbar, where she is to be a lady-in-waiting to Her Majesty the Queen.

Contagious Diseases

IN the Stroud Branch great interest is taken in the meetings, and the members appreciate the advantages of the organization. A paper on "Home Treatment of Contagious Diseases," by Dr. L. J. Simpson, recently read before that Branch, is published herewith.

The treatment of the contagious diseases should really be taken up, one disease at a time, as there are certain necessary home precautions peculiar to each disease. However, as each disease would require a paper on itself, we shall deal with it in two parts: 1st, Home treatment of the more serious diseases, and in this class we will place typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, and smallpox; and, secondly, the treatment of the minor or children's diseases, as measles, mumps, chickenpox, scarlatina, etc.

I shall first deal with the prophylactic or preventative treatment, and this is certainly the most important part of the treatment of contagious diseases:

First, of course, is *Isolation*. This, in the serious cases, should be attended to by the attending physician; but where a contagious disease of any kind is even suspected, the child should be immediately put to bed, the children who have not been exposed sent away, and those who have been exposed quarantined for at least a week until assured that they have not developed the disease.

The choosing of the sick-room is an important detail; the most cheerful, best ventilated room in the house should invariably be chosen. Germs cannot thrive where there is plenty of air and sunshine. If possible, have a room facing south or east, or, better still, with a window in each direction.

The nurse should be quarantined with the patient, and should not mingle with other members of the family until a complete change of clothing has been made, and hands and face thoroughly disinfected. The nurse and all others in close contact with a severe case should use frequently an antiseptic gargle and a nasal spray. The room should be in that part of the house most easily quarantined, usually on the top floor; during the attack it should be stripped of upholstery, hangings, and

carpet, and should be freely ventilated and kept as clean as possible.

All dust should be removed with damp cloths, which should afterwards be burned; the floor should occasionally be sprinkled with a bichloride solution (1 to 1000). The presence in the room of vessels filled with antiseptic fluids is of little or no practical value. The same may be said of sheets wet in carbolic or other solutions and hung about the room. Carbolic acid poisoning has been known to result from this practice. After an attack it should be remembered that the room is probably a greater source of danger than the patient. Smooth walls should be wiped with damp cloths wrung out of a bichloride solution (1 to 2000). The woodwork should be washed in the same solution and the floor scrubbed with it. After a thorough cleaning, while the floor is still wet and walls damp, the apartment should be fumigated with sulphur, or, better, with formalin. A simple method of using formalin is by Schering's lamp and tablets. If fumigation is to be efficient the room must be tightly closed, all cracks being stopped with cotton, and larger openings about doors, windows, and fire-places sealed by pasting paper

vented by the free use of inunctions and warm antiseptic baths. All the excreta from the patient should be disinfected throughout the disease best by a carbolic solution (1 to 20). If cases of scarlet fever are to be transported this should be done only in a vehicle which can be easily disinfected. Under all circumstances as few persons as possible should come in contact with the patient.

In general, it is to be remembered that the danger is first from the patient, secondly from the room, and thirdly, from the nurse.

The mild contagions or children's diseases require no special treatment, although it is always advisable to have the children kept in bed for several days until the fever has subsided, and upon fluid diet until all traces of the disease have disappeared. This is an important detail in the prevention of kidney complications. The intense itching during the height of any eruption may be allayed by sponging with a weak carbolic acid solution or by inunctions with vaseline, or by the free use of rice powder. As soon as the fever and rash have disappeared, daily warm baths with soap and water should be used after which the entire body should be

cross with those we love. But I have been in homes where the mother could not rest until all she had planned to do that day was done, and when it was there was no rest for those in the home; small faults of the children seemed great.

Let us be careful, lest in our ambition to be good housekeepers we cease to be good home-makers. Better far to leave to our children the remembrance of a home where the mother was not too tired to share in their sports and have their friends in to spend the evening, than the remembrance of a home that was spotless. I think in summer we would make our work easier by using more raw fruit for dessert instead of pudding or pie, and be much better for us.

We should grow and use all kinds of vegetables, for every kind of fruit and vegetable has value as medicine containing something that our bodies need, as well as being pleasant to the taste. Then we must have fresh air in our homes. In summer this is not hard to do, as we can have our doors and windows open. But in winter, when we feel the cold and like the heat, we are apt to neglect this matter, for our bodies need fresh air as much as food and water. Our flesh and blood need oxygen. We should, if possible, have our bedroom window open, even if it is cold, as long as we are not in a draught. The ventilation of our homes may cost us more for fuel to warm the cold air, but will pay in the better health of our family.

Then, too, we must have sunshine. As plants and trees cannot grow and be healthy without sunshine, neither can we. Have you not noticed how pale those grow who work in shops and stores. You find more pale people in the large cities than in the country. People who live much in the open air get their faces and hands tanned; but the tanning of the skin is only part of the effect sunlight has on us. It is essential for growing the little red ducts which give redness to the blood. Then it is the great germ destroyer. Disease germs, we know, flourish and live in darkness. Knowing this, let us as much as possible let the sunlight into every corner of our houses. The windows of our houses should be large, and as many of them as possible face the south. This will perhaps fade the carpets and curtains. But better far do without them than keep out the sunshine. Our bedding should be thoroughly aired and whenever possible placed in sunshine. Then we should go out into the sunshine. Here is where we who live in the country have the advantage over our city friends. We do not have to dress in style to go for a walk. We can go as we are for a walk through the fields; or, if only a few minutes to spare, to our gardens. And I think we all should have flower gardens; the care of them will help to solve this question of health, and often, when the way seems hard, a few minutes spent in our gardens watching the growing plants and opening flowers will help us. We will be led to forget our cares and our thoughts will be drawn to the wise Father, who has so kindly given us beautiful flowers.

To-day, more than ever, our doctors think that our minds affect our bodies. We must have interests outside of ourselves and homes. I think that our Women's Institutes are good in that we leave our homes for a few hours, learn to know each other better, and how others work and think on many things pertaining to our homes. But I feel this is not all that we need. We should be planning to make some other home brighter, some other load lighter.

We should visit not always the homes of those who are happy, but the homes of those who are in the shadow, and, in trying to bear the burdens of others, our own will be lightened. Then, I think we should go away for a visit or trip for a few days at least. Some of



CANADIAN CAR, FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE, LONDON, ENGLAND

over them. Bedding, cushions, pillows, carpets, etc., should be hung over chairs or upon lines strung about the room. Books should be suspended from covers so that the leaves are exposed. After fumigation the room should remain closed for twelve hours. After a severe case the walls should be painted or whitewashed, or, if papered, the wallpaper should invariably be renewed and the woodwork re-painted. Simply airing a room after an attack is of little or no benefit. An instance is on record of a patient contracting the disease in a room in which the windows had been open constantly for three months. The carpets, bedding, hangings and upholstery are best disinfected by steam. Where this is impossible, after a severe case, the mattress and pillows should be burned. Bedding, blankets, and other articles should be boiled, and afterwards exposed to sunlight for a long time out of doors.

The bedclothes, linen, and clothing removed from the patient during an attack should be put at once into a solution of carbolic acid (1 to 20) or zinc sulphate four ounces, common salt two ounces, and water one gallon, and afterward boiled at least two hours in the same solution.

Instead of handkerchiefs, pieces of old muslin, surgeon's gauze, or absorbent cotton, should be used for cleansing the nose and mouth of the patient, and burned immediately.

During desquamation the spread of the disease may be in a measure pre-

vented with carbonized vaseline, or boric acid and vaseline 5 p.c. strength, with the two-fold purpose of facilitating desquamation and disinfecting the scales.

Where fever is high it is perfectly safe to use ice cold baths, or ice packs; in fact this is better than drug treatment.

Hints for Health

By MRS. REED, Woodville

NO other exercise develops all our physical powers as housework does, and let us remember that while it is hard to toil and labor long days through, it would be harder still to have no work to do. "Do not work too hard." You may say that is good advice, but how are we on the farms to rest where there is so much to be done and help so hard to get? I was wondering if you ladies of the Women's Institute had not found ways of lightening "labor and solving the problem. It is a question we all must face, if our daily tasks leave us so tired that we enter upon the new day weary and not rested with our night's rest. We need to stop and ask ourselves where this will end. When I was a girl there was an old English lady used to come to our home. She spoke sometimes of being tired-cross. It seemed very funny then, but I have found that it is possible to be so tired that it makes us irritable and

us think our little world could hardly get along without us, but we have known homes where the mother has been taken and the world did not stand still, but they had to do without her. This summer I met a lady who was spending a few days at a convention. She had left her husband and son at home to keep house. She said, "I cannot always stay at home." Wise woman, who could see it in that light. I believe she went back to her home with a broader outlook on life and with much to think of. Then, I think, if we cannot often go away we can read. This is a great blessing. We can learn what is going on in the world around us, the thoughts of great men, and in this way grow strong mentally—which is very important if we wish to keep well.

To keep well is a duty we owe to ourselves, for life loses half of its joys if we are sick. It is a duty we owe our families, for what is home without mother, and home loses much of its brightness if any member of that home is sick. And lastly, but not least, it's a duty we owe our God, for you know what St. Paul says, "What, know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have of God and is not your own? For ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's."

Managing a Husband

A GREAT many husbands, says Mrs. James Currie, of Owen Sound, are spoiled by mismanagement. Some women go about it as if husbands were bladders, and blow them up; others keep them constantly in hot water; others let them freeze by their carelessness and indifference; some keep them in a stew, by irritating ways and words; others roast them; some keep them in pickle all their lives. Now it is not to be supposed that any husband will be good managed in this way. Turnips wouldn't, onions wouldn't, cabbages heads wouldn't, and husbands won't, but they are really delicious when properly treated.

In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel, or by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon; be sure you select him yourself, as tastes differ. And, by the way, don't go to market for him, as the best are always brought to your door. It is far better to have none, unless you patiently learn to cook for him. A preserving kettle of finest porcelain is the best. See that the linen in which you wrap him is nicely washed and mended, with the required amount of buttons and strings nicely sewed on. Tie him in the kettle with a strong cord called comfort, as the one called duty is apt to be weak. They sometimes fly out of the kettle and become burned and crusty on the edges, since, like crabs and oysters, you have to cook them alive.

Make a clear, strong, steady fire out of love, neatness, and cheerfulness. Set him as near this as seems to agree with him; if he splutters and frizzles, don't be anxious. Some husbands do this till they are quite done.

Add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Don't stick any sharp instrument in him to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently, watching the while, lest he should lie too close to the kettle, and so become useless. You cannot fail to know when he is done. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you and the children. They are really delicious when properly treated.

Meeting at Kemble

THE August meeting of the Women's Institute at Kemble was held at the home of Mrs. John Shirk. The president, Mrs. John Jones, took the chair, and conducted the opening, and after the reading of the minutes of the July meeting the programme for the afternoon was begun.

Mrs. Chisholm, of Owen Sound, read a good paper prepared by Mrs. John McQuaker upon "Table Manners," and Mrs. James Currie gave a paper upon "How To Manage a Husband," which was excellent, and created great applause. It was suggested that this paper be sent to the HOME JOURNAL for publication. This was followed by a talk by Miss Prichard (Domestic Science teacher in Collegiate) upon "Salads,"

and a number of other home and household subjects. Mrs. Danard read a selection, "How To Get a Holiday," that had been written by one of our members, which brought forth favorable comment. Miss Margaret Ireland, O.S., sang a very nice solo. One pleasing feature of this meeting was the number of O.S. friends, and a greater number of young girls than we have had for a time, forty-one were present in all. The membership is now over fifty.

Claremont Contributions

WE are not often so privileged as to receive both a poem and an article from one Branch. However, Claremont has done nobly this time, and you will first turn your attention to the following "Institute Song," to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne."

There is no more important place
Than where we call our home.
Our country then is next in rank,
No matter where we roam.

For home and country let us sing,
For home and country work.
Each member of our Institute
Her duty must not shirk.

Our motto then is plainly seen
Without our glasses on,
When finding out a helpful thing
We pass it right along.

Chorus—

And now to each with right good will,
Our friendship vows we plight,
And lend to each a kindly hand,
To help as best we might.

The name and writer of this excellent article on "Home Amusements and Literature" is not given, but she is a Claremont member.

Now that the snow is on the ground and the cold winter days are here, when practically everyone, to a certain extent, is shut in, our thoughts turn to how we can amuse and entertain ourselves at home. In the summer time, when all nature is in bloom and birds and flowers and gentle breezes call people to enjoy the out-of-doors, we do not find the time long, nor wonder what we shall do in our spare moments. But now, when all this is past and winter is here with its long evenings by the fireside, we do wonder in what way we shall occupy our time.

A writer in one of the Sunday papers said, "Have you ever considered what a priceless capital you possess in the leisure of the winter evenings, a capital that, wisely invested in intellectual culture and social service, will yield enormous gain to you?" She says that our future depends more than we think on the use we make of our leisure; that during business hours we are probably tied down to the routine of daily duty, and so are safe from temptation, but it is in the evenings that a person's character is tested.

There are many forms of amusement or recreation with which we can not only entertain ourselves, but instruct ourselves as well. Some people have certain hobbies in the pursuit of which they delight to spend any spare time they may have. Some people like making fine needle work, others delight in some of the other arts. What to one person may be a real pleasure, to another might mean a real task. For instance, some people like flowers and consider it a pleasant recreation to spend a few minutes each day in caring for them, and take much pleasure in watching their growth, while others might think the care of them an unnecessary burden.

Probably the two most popular forms of home entertainment are music and reading. I shall not attempt to say which is the more important. Each has its own influence. Who can think impure or unkind thoughts when listening to real music? Music, as well as being pleasant to the ear, also elevates our thoughts. There seems to be some beauty in it which carries us away from our own little commonplace thoughts and helps us to think of higher, better things. However, every person has not the opportunity to study music, and some perhaps have not the ability; but to-day I think reading matter is in the reach of almost everyone in our land. With newspapers and magazines in circulation, no one need be ignorant of the most important cur-



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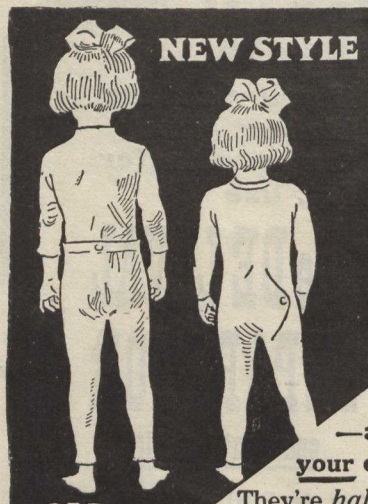
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They're half-dressed in the old-style kind that must be bothersomely buttoned. (See the lower picture. Hasn't it a familiar and vexing look?) They're *always* snugly and comfortably dressed in the new kind, whether it's buttoned or not. (Glance at the upper picture.) Your little ones will be neater, nicer, far more comfy in

OLD STYLE

WATSON'S

rent events in our own country and in distant parts of the world as well.

And at this season of the year the thought of books and reading seems to be very attractive, when we can sit in a cosy room with a fire burning brightly and hear the wind howling outside. People to whom books are no real attraction miss some of the most genuine pleasure this life can give.

Reading supplies recreation, and probably it is this use of reading that is most widely exercised. To many people a book is almost a necessity, and probably the world would be richer if this were true of all. To many reading is a pleasure; to others it is simply a weariness of the flesh. Yet, until a person learns to love reading his mental development is apt to be slow. Reading is, or ought to be, an important part of our daily life. The printed page, in one form or another, meets us at every turn. That fact is having its effect on our lives, even in spite of ourselves. What we are reading is helping more than we often imagine, to make us what we are. It is important that we *do* read, but it also is very important *what* we read. Haphazard reading, without any plan or definite purpose, the devouring of anything that comes to our hand is one of the banes of the times.

Books may be divided into many distinct classes, each of which has its own special mission, and it is foolish to blame one book for not being another kind of a book, just as it would be foolish to blame a cabbage for not being an orange. We must learn to use books, as we use tools, each for its own work. Fiction, science, history and poetry each has its place, and, rightly used, each will do good work. Reading means education; mental development means more than gaining knowledge. It also means increased mental force, increased thinking power. Reading also should provide inspiration. The life story of some great noble person is often an incentive to some one to do greater things in life.

But, after all, let us remember that recreation, though it should be one of the minor uses of reading, is both useful and enjoyable in its place. Recreation, to be useful, should follow and precede toil, and reading may afford a weary person many an hour of quiet rest and keen enjoyment.

Thunder Bay Convention

AMONG northern institutes, Thunder Bay District holds an honored place. The latest annual convention was held appropriately in a marquee on the grounds of the Agricultural Association, where hundreds of women gathered from all over the district. The president of the District Institute, Mrs. D. J. Piper, of Slate River, and representatives from the branches, reviewed the year's work and offered suggestions for future social and business methods for the welfare of home and country that showed the growing enthusiasm in the association. In the morning Mrs. Williamson, the Fort William Health Visitor, spoke on nursing in the home and the care of babies and in the afternoon Miss Hattie Gowsell, teacher of domestic science in the Port Arthur Collegiate Institute, gave an address on "The Farmer's Daughter," advocating the method of providing the girls on the farm with means of earning pin money by raising fruit, flowers and vegetables, by the care of poultry and dairy work, etc. This method of keeping the girl on the farm is so practical that its value cannot be questioned, and the money earned would be used generally in improving the environment of the home.

Mrs. Emery, of Dorion, gave an excellent talk on "The Home." Nothing can take the place of this divine institution, and the ideal home is founded on the standard set by God in regard to discipline founded on love. She dwelt on the influence of environment and urged mothers to set before their children the beautiful things in nature, and surround them with books and associates calculated to inspire them to become useful in the community. Home influence brings this result as the mother's recompense. The Round Table Conference, led by Mrs. T. S. T. Smellie, brought before the meeting a series of lectures on devices for labor-saving, means for rousing and holding interest in meetings, and making the homes all that they should be. In the Fair, members of the Women's Institute found the real demonstration of

women's work and influence in the home—in itself an inspiration to those who want to do things. These lectures were contributed by Mrs. D. Piper, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Gowanlock, Mrs. McGregor, Mrs. Merkle, Mrs. Sherk, Mrs. Emery, Mrs. Boulter and other members of the various branches.

Appeal from Amherstburg

THE Women's Institute of Amherstburg is endeavoring to raise funds for the purpose of erecting in their town a statue in commemoration of the saving of Amherstburg by the famous chief Tecumseh in the War of 1812.

As the centennial approaches, the ladies feel they cannot allow it to pass without marking in some way that memorable event. As a large amount must be raised in July 1912, the ladies most earnestly solicit the aid of the readers of this Journal, and your mite, however small, will be thankfully received. Address, Mrs. D. H. Terry, Amherstburg, Ont.

Girls and Their Ideals

FROM the Singhampton Institute comes an article on the above subject by Miss Nellie Taylor. The article is somewhat long for these columns, but we may select from it several pertinent paragraphs:

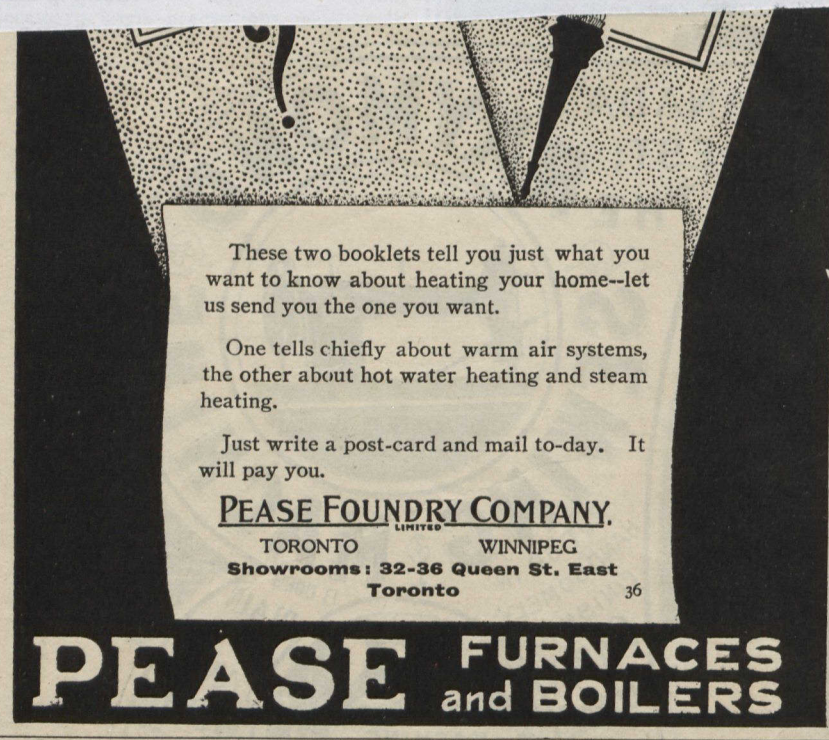
An ideal; what is it? It is a perfect type whether a reality or a conception only—a standard of perfection, beauty, moral or physical excellence. Girls! What are they? They are maidens or young unmarried women, and are designated "girls" from infancy to maturity and beyond it—maid-servants, sweethearts, etc.

We shall deal with the most important age of any girl, the girl in her teens. The girl in her teens is often a peculiar combination of whims and fancies, likes and dislikes, giggles and impulses, exaggerations and discouragements; so much so, that the careful observer of such persons wonders what the next development will produce. All girls have their ideals and each one differs from the other as the mind of one girl differs from another, and yet there is a marked similarity in all their ideals.

In the average girl a change takes place at thirteen; it is the dawn of womanhood which means many things, but always three things, dreaming, longing and loving. She is unconscious of their meaning, but feels their power. In these awkward years of early adolescence she has her ideals embodied in parents, teachers, older girls, imaginary characters, or some ideal woman she meets, whose magnetic influence has drawn the girl, as it were, by force. These she worships. If she has been carefully trained, guarded and shielded by the patient mother, wise teacher or other sympathetic woman in all the knowledge that will help keep her pure and safe she will be ready for the wealth of emotion, the increase of intellectual and spiritual power to be developed in the next few years.

There is a three-sided life to every girl—physical, intellectual, and spiritual. These all blend so harmoniously and unite so readily that they cannot be separated with impunity. Every mother or guardian of the girl in her teens should jealously guard her physical development and bring her as near physical perfection as possible. Sound physical health is necessary for the attainment of right thinking, right actions, and right feeling. She should be taught to work, to do the duties of the home life, to save the tired mother, to be courteous to the aged, thus instilling until it becomes second nature that greatest attraction in a girl's disposition, unselfishness. She should be taught to play. This leads to the social side of life. Mankind is social, we must have companionship and pleasures in common with our kind. The girl who seeks solitude continually is ill mentally, physically, or spiritually, and needs watchful, sympathetic care.

Environment has a great deal to do with the girl's companionships. If she comes in contact with ideal Christian women in the Church and community or lives in a happy home, surrounded by culture and refinement, she will be guided and influenced in her choice. But what of the many girls who are less fortunate? The teacher in the Sunday school or in the public school or some outreaching, large-hearted, Christian woman may exert an influence over her, but chances are against her. We some-



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times get out of patience with the light-heartedness, giggles, boisterous fun and silliness of the early teens, and the social tactics and philosophies of the later teens; but let us remember that the natural girl is "whole," she is body, mind and spirit, and all these make her a social being. We are serving our God just as truly on Monday, when we open our hearts and homes to entertain a few young people in intelligent proper games and amusements, as when we stand before a class on Sunday and talk over "Serve the Lord with gladness." On Sunday we are telling them how, on Monday we are showing them how.

When we say this, by no means neglect the Sunday school. If we older ones could get a glimpse of the significant fact that a girl cannot play wrong and pray right, we would be more alive to the importance of the social side of our young people's lives. We would be more willing to solve the problem of how to satisfy the social nature in ways that make for character. The intellectual goes hand in hand with the physical. A healthful body produces a healthful mind. We are grateful that the time has come when physical culture is pre-eminent. In the days of our great grandmothers and grandmothers men would hold up their hands in "holy horror" if the mothers spoke of educating their girls; but to-day in this twentieth century "young women" hold the balance of education. Indeed, it has been said that if this proportion continues for another generation, a young woman of twenty-five will be so far in advance of the average young man that she will not be able, with a telescope, to see a marriageable man on the horizon, leagues behind her.

In our country women are entering the department of finance, becoming bookkeepers in banks, etc., and up-to-date, so far as we know, no young woman has ever absconded to the United States followed by detectives, with a reward of one thousand dollars dangling over her head. Hence the need of proper physical and mental training, and these are nourished by work or exercise in the same.

Closely allied with this two-fold aspect is the spiritual side of her life. Sometimes the girl of sixteen or younger finds Christ and He is her ideal. Failing to find Him she becomes dissatisfied and restless, and longs intensely for something as an ideal. This is a critical period, she, in any case, needs patience, real sympathy, and careful understanding from those with whom she lives. She needs to be led, not driven, to come in contact with persons of refinement, so that she may contrast them with persons not so cultured, for she is keenly critical. Her ideals are high, and her requirements match her ideals, to be brought in touch with good, true men and women. She has dreams, hopes, desires, and longings. We must furnish the opportunity to work them out in reality. Biography is good. Such lives as Francis Ridley Havergal, Florence Nightingale; characters in history, as Nelson, Wellington, etc., all help in the formation of teen character. Sometimes we see the dreamy, imaginative, sixteen-year-old girl suddenly awakened and transformed by some vivacious person who has come into her life, who, being personally attractive and practical, helped and encouraged the shy, timid, self-conscious girl to take her place in life, of which she forms a part. The girl needs the Sunday school, even if she belongs to a class that gives way to giggles, whisperings, thoughtlessnesses, irreverence or discourtesy. She gets something there and often more than we think, and the Sunday school needs her. It needs her devotion, enthusiasm, her realities, her imaginations. We are glad the Sunday school has awakened to the fact that it needs the girl in her teens to keep up the interest in the school. The girl in her teens needs the Church. It furnishes, though imperfectly, the steady, uplifting, spiritualizing force and influence upon her nature during the period of the awakening and strengthening of ideals.

Most girls, in spite of hope's castles and day dreams, are destined to live amid the commonplaces of life; and unless they are prepared, many will fail to learn that.

"The trivial round, the common task Will furnish all we ought to ask. Room to deny ourselves, a road To bring us daily nearer God."

The "teen" girl is glad to be alive, and her evident keen enjoyment of a world which some of her elders have found hard and a little disappointing, does more to cheer and brighten the

dull grey of the commonplace than she knows. She is the life of the home. Many girls are doing noble work in their own homes as missionaries, deaconesses, and other servants of God, because away back in their teens, by the patient efforts of somebody, they were lifted out of their narrow selves to a place where they caught a glimpse of the real meaning of life. All girls have a common ideal. I think that is to be "grown up," a woman. How interesting it is to watch a group of young girls in their early teens playing at "grown up." How they copy from their elders, when dressed up in long skirts, etc. Even the smile and as nearly as possible all the set speeches and excuses that are given by the "grown ups," proving to the observer the force of example.

Let us hope they all wish to become true, ideal women. The ideal woman has been summarized by Miss M. H. Tupling as follows: 1st. She should be well developed physically. Solomon says—"She girdeth herself with strength. She strengtheneth her arms." 2nd. She has a well trained mind, not necessarily to know history or languages, but trained to habits of accurate thought. To show by look and act kindness to all. "She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness." 3rd. She can make a decision quickly. Many of us fail right here. 4th. She is trained in some particular business whereby she can make a livelihood. Some think it is unwomanly for a girl to make her own living and come in contact with the business world, but Solomon does not think so. He says: "She considereth a field and buyeth it. She looketh well to the ways of her household." Like Martha, she should be busy and efficient, but, like Mary, find time to sit at the Master's feet. 5th. She will harbor no evil thoughts, take Paul's advice: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." 6th. She is essentially honest—no hypocrite. 7th. She is charitable, particularly toward her own sex. 8th. She is sympathetic. "She stretches out her hand to the poor, yea she reaches forth her hand to the needy." 7th. She is happy: if gloomy or depressed there is something wrong. 10th. She is religious. It is religion that develops the rarest qualities of a woman's character. Let those who have opportunity do all they can both by precept and more especially by example to develop what is true, noble and good in the girls, to train them up for God. Study them, pray over them, be patient with them, sympathize with them, help them. You have a great responsibility resting upon you. Make use of your opportunity.

"God wants the happy hearted girls, the loving girls, The best of girls, the worst of girls. He wants to make the girls His pearls, And to reflect His holy face and bring to mind His wondrous grace, That beautiful the world may be, And filled with love and purity: God wants the girls."

Multiplying the Meat

If one desires little meat because of principle, or if one must economize because the condition of the purse makes it necessary, the following plan for distributing the meat flavors may be of interest.

The amount of meat that would supply four persons for a meal, if it were roasted by itself, will satisfy six or seven persons if it be made into a stew with vegetables. The reason for this is that the entire bulk of the vegetables cooked with the meat contain its delicious flavor. Such a delicious combination may be made on top of the stove by simmering the ingredients in a kettle, may be prepared in the fireless cooker, or blended in a slow oven in an earthen casserole, or baked in the meat drippings.

If you boil your beef or chicken or fresh pork, the broth may be served as a soup at one meal and the meat may appear at another.

One mother, who economizes in order to educate her children, makes a fifteen-cent soup bone flavor two, and sometimes three meals, for her family of four. Two-thirds of the meat is cut off and minced in a food-chopper. This is either browned to form the basis of a thick gravy, or baked with moistened bread crumbs and an egg as a beef-loaf. At another meal, the bone and the remaining meat are made into a strong soup with the addition of vegetables.




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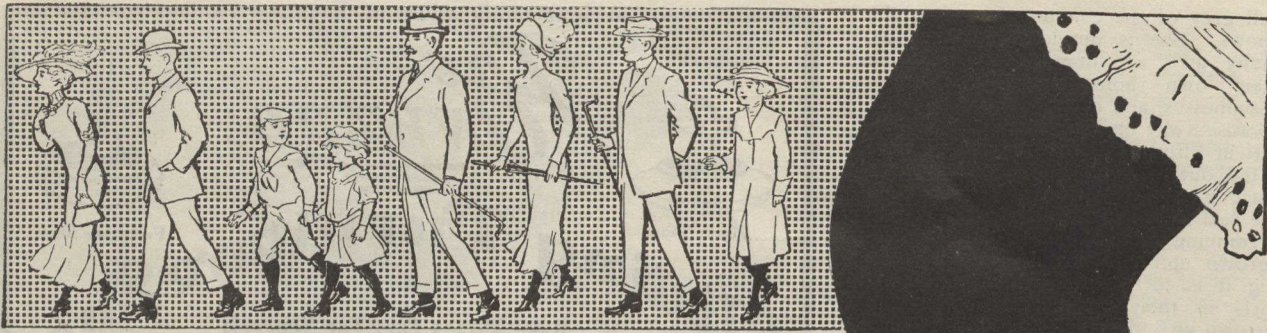
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Household Exchange

FROM Mrs. T. J. McDowell, of Lis-towel, comes the following information which, no doubt, will be welcome to many a housewife:

I had such success in washing a white ostrich plume not long ago that I would like to pass on the method. Make a suds of lukewarm water and pure castile soap, then put in the feather and dip it up and down, and gently press out the dirt with your fingers. When the feather looks clean rinse twice in lukewarm water, and hang in the air by a string for a couple of hours. Then bring it in and shake until quite dry. Take a pair of small scissors and carefully curl. Make the curl loose, and your feather will look like new.

An excellent ointment to have on hand in case of burns or scalds is zinc oxide mixed with either castor or olive oil, until you have a thick, smooth salve. Spread thickly on soft linen cloths, then lay on the burn. I have also used it with great effect on cuts. Keep it mixed in a little jar in a handy place, ready for any emergency.

To launder net or bobbinet curtains nicely and easily, wash in the usual way first, then blue them in water in which a quantity of good thick starch has been stirred. Hang on the line by the selvedge side, the full length of the curtain. They dry quickly and will be perfectly smooth, except for the frill and insertion. Then take a good hot iron and press them out, and your curtains are ready to put up again.

There are many ways coal oil may be use as a cleanser around the house. When cleaning windows add a small quantity to clear warm water, and you will find the windows polish beautifully. It is also splendid to use in cleaning the appointments of the bath room and sink.

When the children come in with wet boots, try filling their boots full of crushed paper, before putting to dry. The paper absorbs the moisture, and keeps the shoes from becoming hard and unshapely.

To cook an egg for a little child have the water boiling rapidly, then put in the egg and set on top of the stove, where it will keep warm for three minutes, then serve. Cooked in this way the egg is jellied all the way through.

MRS. C. I. BROOK, "Brook Glen," Lilloo, Alberta, sends a short article on "Window Gardens," which ought to prove of value to many readers.

Autumn, with its soft, mellow, sunny days, but cool, frosty nights, steals in upon us. We enjoy these days, but for the fact that they are a harbinger of stern old winter, which, when it arrives, obliterates all the unsurpassable color blendings and tintings on Mother Earth, and enwraps her in a mantle of white---and we have a sigh of regret that the flowers, among other things, are all gone. For we all love flowers---love to see them, even if we do begrudge the time necessary to care for them, as Jennie Allen Moore said of herself, in October's "Around the Hearth."

Even though we lose our outdoor flowers, still we may have some indoors. And at this season of the year might I suggest to those who feel they have not the time to devote to the care of a large number of plants individually, that they start a window garden, which will require but little attention. A window may be made very attractive by a common soap box (or one made any desired size) and a few plants. Nail four legs to the box, paint, stain or varnish, to suit the coloring of the room, if you wish, fill three-quarters full of good loamy soil, and put in varieties of plants or seeds, in such arrangement as you desire.

The flowers should be of contrasting colors. For instance, the following gives a very pleasing effect---geraniums of a scarlet variety in the centre of the box, with white begonias around them, then heliotrope, with its abundant flowers and sweet fragrance. Or, red geraniums with mixed pansy seeds planted around them. In every case, around the front and ends of the box, plant one or more kinds of trailing plants---strawberry geraniums, Wandering Jew, lover's tangle, portulaca, or creeping nasturtium---which may grow almost to the floor, and completely hide the box.

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Besides costing much less than other ranges in its class, the "DOMINION PRIDE" is much more satisfactory. It is made of tough, strong, malleable iron and the best blue polished steel---materials which will not warp, crack or break.

The polished steel does not need blacking---simply rub it over with a cloth. With its cold rolled steel plate oven---sectional from fire-box lining, with air chambers---and double-walled flues lined with asbestos---the "DOMINION PRIDE" is the most economical range you can buy. Actual tests have proved that it saves over 30% of fuel, burning either wood or coal.

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Concerning Christmas

AT Christmas time, it is naturally the small person whose needs are most considered. On this page will be found patterns of home-made toys which will be found useful and amusing. Number 6163 is Teddy's sacque coat, trousers and cap, 12, 16 and 20 inches high; 7124 is a dog blanket, 8, 12 and 16 inches at centre back; 6165, a pattern for jointed monkey; 6511, a Teddy lion; 6464, a Teddy bear, 12, 16 and 20 inches high; 6341, a Billy possum; 5834, a Buster Brown bulldog; 5841, a cat, and 6347 a Jack rabbit.

Then in fancy dresses for dolls, there is number 7206 for dress and coat, 18, 22 and 26 inches high; 6468, for dress and underwear, for doll 18, 22 or 26 inches high; 7197, a middy costume, 18, 22 and 26 inches high; 6492, dress and coat, 18, 22 and 26 inches high; 6839, dress and rompers, 18, 22 and 26 inches high.

SUPPOSE, for a moment, you happened to know some young woman crippled by rheumatism, who never was able to get to the dining-room, and that you selected for her the cunningest little individual chafing-dish you ever saw. Wouldn't she probably be more delighted wit hit than any of her other Christmas gifts? Her luncheons and Sunday night teas might be served in it with scarcely any extra trouble to those waiting on her. When she felt able she could prepare some simple oyster and egg dishes for herself; but, even if she did not feel equal to this, the chafing-dish could be used as an attractive way of serving what had already been prepared in the kitchen.

With the lamp lighted the little luncheon would have a distinctly tempting appearance when it arrived in the sick-room.

Take another imaginary case: that of a sick-abled man especially fond of

forward to his breakfasts with real pleasure, and it would take only a little extra time to make the coffee. Such gifts unquestionably make the days spent indoors less tedious.

A little lamp or candle with a pretty shade gives an air of festivity to the tray or small table on which the invalid's evening meal is served. In these days of electrical connections such a lamp may be quickly and safely arranged, and some of the shops are carrying a large assortment of lamps which are admirably adapted to this purpose.

IT does not often happen in art work of such different kinds as cut-leather work and stenciling that practically the same tools and the same designs can

paper, place tracing-paper over it, secure by thumb-tacks and make the finished drawing with a soft pencil. If the design is reversible place the traced side next to the suede. Otherwise, draw the design on the opposite side of the transparent paper. Using the back of the knife-blade, rub each line, and holding the paper firmly with the left hand, remove one or two tacks to inspect results, being careful not to move the tracing. When all parts are perfectly distinct remove the tracing and preserve the outlines with a fine pen and India ink very lightly applied.

Place a piece of glass under the skin and go all over the design, starting each opening with the knife, finishing the cutting with the scissors.

Apply the back of velvet or satin to the leather with tube glue after the design is cut. The tools required for the execution of cut-leather work present little or no hindrance to the determined worker. A very sharp knife and embroidery scissors, a drawing board, "T" square, compass, tracing-paper and thumb-tacks (the last five articles obtainable in any art or department store for \$1.50) are the essential accompaniments to this work. Cut-leather articles are among the most desirable Christmas gifts.

EVEN in the last few years great changes have been going on in the manner of celebrating Christmas. The growing interest in all matters of hygiene is accountable for many of these revolutions. Now, instead of the foolish trifles so often put aside by the recipient as "good enough to give away next year" many gifts take the form of useful kitchen utensils. The kitchen being the recruiting place for the forces of health, what more appropriate to this season of joy than machinery for fortifying those forces? To hear the "groan of delight" of one housemother as she lifts the light and convenient aluminum teakettle, with its top that falls over by a certain twist of the handle, is satisfaction enough. Compare her delight in this labor-saving kettle with the chagrin she felt two years ago in unrolling a highly-scented handkerchief-case—fifth of its kind among her presents.



good coffee. Buy for him a tiny coffee machine, and you might give him no end of pleasure, to say nothing of insuring his getting freshly-made and steaming-hot coffee. He would look

be used. But a cardboard pattern may be cut for stenciling in the same way in which the traced pattern is used to cut the leather.

Draw the rough design on Manila



Let's make a Jelly Roll—
With FIVE ROSES flour.

Its *Strength* and *Fineness* hold your batter together in the long well-greased pan.

Bakes *evenly*.

Smooth Texture—soft, golden Crumb, spongy, porous, yielding.

No holes, nor lumps to vex you.

And when you turn it out on the damp napkin hot and *savory*, and you spread the under side with "jell"—

It doesn't get soggy nor crumbly.

Roll it gently, carefully.

Not a crack—not a break.

Perfect Smoothness—a Perfect Roll—*Yours*.

Bake anything, make anything.

Use FIVE ROSES—*bread and pastry*.

Melting puff paste—flaky pie crust—crinkly fritters—
tooth some rolls.

FIVE ROSES for anything—*everything*.

Be flourwise.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL

Every Advertiser in this issue is Guaranteed by the Publishers.

Around the Hearth

Continued from page 14

and so she bravely conquered the tantalizing voice that would insist on telling her, "I knew you couldn't hold out."

MR. HOLDEN drove up to the door, and received the list of groceries and provisions from his wife. He was off for town twenty miles away, so he kissed wife and little ones, and sprang into the sleigh, Mrs. Holden calling after him not to forget to call at the express office. Then she swept and dusted, cleaned and scrubbed all day, for the intervening days until Christmas would be filled with baking and cooking, and, of course, the usual guests, the childless couple on their right, and the lone bachelor on the left would come for dinner. A good, hot supper was ready when the merry jingle of sleigh bells was again at the door, and the boxes were carried in, among them the special one, hidden among the other parcels, not to be opened until the little folk retired.

The last day of anticipation was over. Four expectant little ones went to bed with hopes beating high; four pairs of "clean stockings without a hole" were hung, or rather pinned, with large safety pins to the velours couch, hung according to age, and at respectful distances. Mr. Holden had gone over to sit a while with the bachelor, who had been housed in with rheumatism. "Do not wait for me, Margaret, I may be late, as I will help him out a little." He had not seen the row of stockings, but at eleven o'clock when he came home, without disturbing them, he placed above Georgie's a mouth organ, new skates all ready fastened on new boots; and beside Nettie's a lovely doll, and set of blue and white dishes. Billy-boy's woolly dog, on wheels was there, and a tin trumpet, with a rubber doll for baby that whistled when squeezed. At the head of the couch was a large parcel addressed to Mrs. Holden from Santa Claus.

"Don't be long out to the barn, Daddy, we want you, too."
"All right," he called cheerily. When the mystic door was opened their delight knew no bounds. Mr. Holden placed himself in front of the box until all the gifts had been examined, then took baby from his wife's knee, and placed the box there. "Open it, mother," said Georgie, "see, from Santa Claus," spelling it out, as his mother's trembling fingers untied the cord. A handsome set of furs, kid gloves, and a box of chocolates. She smiled her gratitude just then, and all day long there was a glad light in her eyes, and a song in her heart. When the happy day was ended, and they were alone, she said, "James, you have been so good and kind," and her voice broke, "and I never gave you anything in return." His arms held her close as he said, "Yes, dear, you have given me the grandest gift of all, your forgiveness for what I have always regretted, and that is something, isn't it?"

Another View of George

A MAN but lately married went out to post a letter, and as the lamps had not been lit in the suburban road in which he dwelt he could only dimly see his way. A short distance up the road he met, as he thought, his wife, who had been out to tea; and as he went past he just whispered:

"All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute."

Immediately after he had said these words he saw the woman turn a horrified look upon him and then hurry away; and the idea occurred to him that it was not his wife at all, and that in the darkness he had made a mistake. He decided to say nothing about the matter and quickly disappeared.

When he returned home he found his wife awaiting him, and she at once greeted him with the words:

"Oh, George, I have had such a frightful experience! I was just coming down the road when a man tried to stop me, and said: 'All right, my dear; I shall be with you in a minute.' I ran home, found you were out, and I've been so much alarmed."

George was just about to explain, when an idea came to him.

"What sort of man was it?" he asked. "Oh," replied the young wife, "I saw him quite plainly, and a more villainous face I never beheld in my life. He was a perfect monster, with crime stamped on every feature."

George decided it was best to say nothing after all.—*Boston Post.*



I'm the Cream of the West Miller, and I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll guarantee your next batch of bread

I WILL guarantee it to rise away up out of the pans, and make as delicious bread as you ever tasted. The loaves will be the biggest and most wholesome you ever baked with the same amount of flour. I'll guarantee it or you get back the money you paid for the flour! Now see:

Just go to your grocer and buy a bag of Cream of the West Flour. Take it home and bake it up.

Give it a trial.

Give it a couple of trials. Your oven or yeast might not be just right the first time.

Now when you give it a fair trial, if you honestly feel that you have not

had splendid satisfaction with Cream of the West Flour, return the unused portion of the bag and get your money back.

Just tell the store man your bread didn't come out right and you want your money back as guaranteed.

It's not the grocery man who loses. It doesn't come out of his pocket. It is the Campbell Milling Company, Limited, of Toronto, who pay, and they are satisfied to pay if you'll be satisfied to try Cream of the West Flour.

Ask your store-keeper about this guarantee. He knows. He will tell you. Try a bag next baking day.

Cream of the West Flour

The hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

Guarantee

WE hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour, and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee of money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return price paid by customer on return of unused portion of bag if the flour is not as represented.

The Campbell Milling Company, Limited, Toronto.

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL, PRESIDENT



100

This Heat Regulator Saves on Your Coal

30 Days to Try—60 Days to Pay
Prove it for yourself. We send it all ready to put up on 30 Days Free Trial to convince you it will do just what we say it will. Anyone who can use a screw-driver can attach it to any furnace, steam or hot water heater.

The Chicago Heat Regulator keeps even heat, whether the weather outside be below zero or above freezing. That means health and 25 per cent coal saved. The Thermostat keeps the temperature just as you want it during the day. Set the Time-Set at night and it will open the dampers at any hour you desire in the morning. No getting up early to warm up the house. Send for Free Booklet A today, which gives full particulars—Don't wait for zero weather.

Otterville Manufacturing Co.
Otterville, Ontario

CHAMBERLIN

Metal Weather Strips

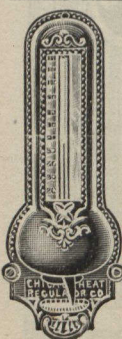
KEEP OUT
DUST - NOISE - DRAFTS

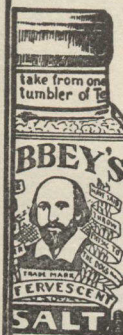
Guaranteed to last a Lifetime. Can be attached to any Building

A postal will bring prices and the names of satisfied users in your neighborhood

Toronto Office—598 YONGE STREET

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.





Abbey's Effervescent Salt

A clean stomach and a clear head are the guarantees of **Abbey's Salt**

25c and 60c bottle.
Sold everywhere.

81



Baby's Own Soap

unequaled for toilet and nursery use.
"Best for baby—best for you."
Refuse all substitutes.

Albert Soaps Limited
Mfrs., Montreal.
1911

102
Periodicals
Regular Price \$4.00
For \$2.00

Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer
\$1.00

The Big Newspaper that gives all the news of all Canada. Features—Colored, Comic, Magazine, Ladies' Home, Farm, Stock Raisers' and Market Sections.

Western Home Monthly
\$1.00

The Popular Family Magazine of Western Canada. Edited to interest every member of the household. Special articles by well known writers, departments standard, entertaining fiction and original photographs.

Northwest Farmer
\$1.00

The Leading Agricultural Semi-Monthly. Invaluable to every farmer. Special articles by experts, embracing every branch of agriculture.

Canadian Home Journal
\$1.00

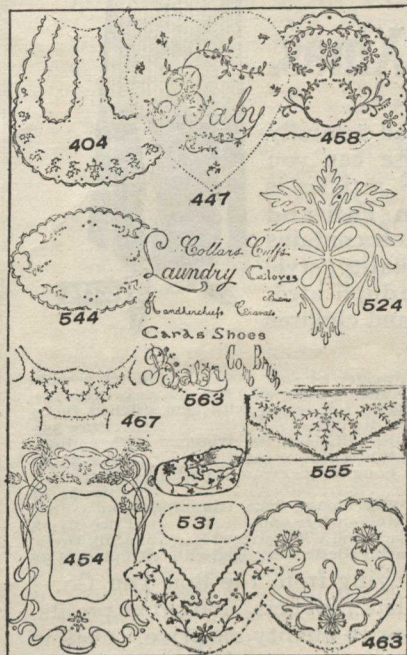
An Exclusively Ladies' Monthly Magazine, containing articles and departments dear to every feminine heart. Particular attention is devoted to household and fashion articles.

Send in your order to-day to Canadian Home Journal Toronto

Papers may be sent to one or separate addresses.

For Holiday Gifts

THERE is not a household where there is not a work-basket in full activity in the days before Christmas. Here are some patterns which will help you to make up dainty toys or trifles to gladden your friends. Number 404 is a design for an embroidered apron; 447, a design for embroidering a baby's pillow in heart shape; 458, a design for embroidering a tea cosy cover; 544, a design for embroidered bread tray doilies; 563, a design for embroidered words, adapted to different purposes; 524, a design for a braided corner; 467, a design for embroidering a corset cover; 555, a design for an embroidered handkerchief case in envelope shape, ten inches in length; 454, a design for embroidering a photograph frame; 531, a design for embroidering an in-



fant's shoe, transfer for two shoes are given; 463, a design for embroidering a fancy bag in heart shape.

Then there is a variety of dainty aprons, among which you will be sure to be suited. Number 6480 is a fancy apron, one size; 6164, a fancy apron, one size; 6563, a circular and fancy work apron, one size; 6148, princess aprons, small 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38, large 40 or 42 bust; 6158, fancy aprons, one size; 6477, a collapsible sewing basket, one size; 6484, tea cosy with adjustable cover, one size.

An Important Game

IN a small South Carolina town that was "finished" before the war, two men were playing checkers in the back of a store. A traveling man who was making his first trip to the town was watching the game, and, not being acquainted with the business methods of the citizens, he called the attention of the owner of the store to some customers who had just entered the front door. "Sh! Sh!" answered the storekeeper, making another move on the checkerboard. "Keep perfectly quiet and they'll go out."

PREVENTION

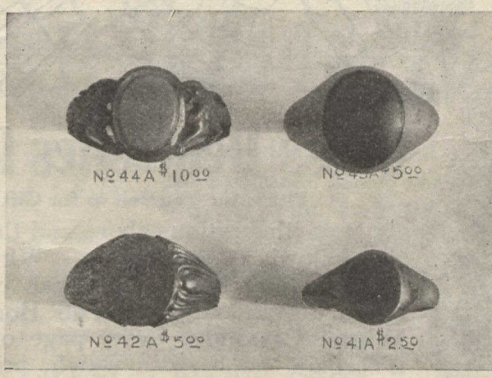
THE MODERN DOCTOR'S WATCHWORD

To prevent disease is easier than to cure it, and Bovril and Bread and Butter are a great team to keep the system in shape to repel disease.

A Cup of Bovril, or a Bovril sandwich between meals or at night will dispel fatigue and keep one "fit".

BOVRIL

A-11-11 All that is Good in Beef is in Bovril.



JEWELRY FOR XMAS

OUR DISPLAY IS NEW AND VALUES ATTRACTIVE

Shop with us by mail and save time during the busy season.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

STOCK and BICKLE
New Building
152-154 Yonge Street
TORONTO

St. Lawrence

"Crystal Diamonds"

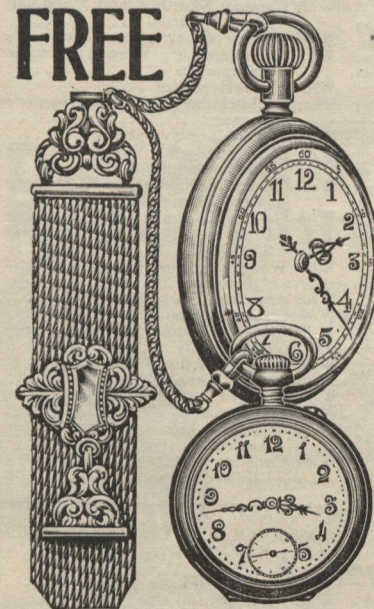
may cost a few cents more on the hundred pounds than other lump sugar. Good things always cost more than inferior quality.

However, ST. LAWRENCE "CRYSTAL DIAMONDS" are really the most economical Sugar, because they go further on account of their matchless sweetness due to perfect purity.

To appreciate the superiority of St. Lawrence Sugar, compare it with any other sugar.



WATCHES WITH FOBS



FREE

DESIGN REGISTERED

life-like that one almost expects to smell their sweet perfume. These Mottoes are full size, 16 inches long and 12 inches wide. The deep, rich coloring, and beautiful homelike sentiments of the Illuminated Text portion, will make a set of these desired by all who see them. These refined Motto Pictures sell regularly in Art Stores at 50 cents each, so that at our wholesale price of 15 cents each you can sell the entire lot in an hour. To assist you to make your sales quickly we will send a Prize Coupon to give with every Picture you sell, which will entitle your customer to receive an extra present from us absolutely free. Order right now. We will send the Mottoes by return mail Postpaid. When sold return us our money \$3.60, and your choice of either of these beautiful Watches with Fob attached complete, will be sent to you at once Postpaid. Address:

This unprecedented offer is now open to every Boy and Girl, every Lady and Gentleman, to take advantage of promptly. We will give you absolutely free your choice, or both, of these handsome and accurate Watches with Fob attached. The Gentleman's Watch is the latest thin model, stem wind and stem set, with a genuine Swiss Precision Movement, Solid Silver Nickel Case, highly polished, fancy Dial with ornamented hands protected by a heavy bevelled French Crystal. The Lady's size is also the newest thin model, stem wind and stem set, with the same quality Swiss Precision Movement as in the man's size, highly polished Solid Silver Nickel Case, beautifully ornamented Dial with fancy gold hands, and clear French Crystal. The beautiful Fob is the newest design, Solid Rolled Gold Plate throughout, fancy Mesh Pattern with Safety Chain attachment. The Suspension Clasp, Ornament, and Pendant Signet are all handsomely engraved. For selling only \$3.60 worth of our high-grade Floral Motto Pictures, we give you your choice of either of the above Watches with Fob attached. Words fail us to give more than a faint idea of the quality and beauty of these Pictures, the Floral portions of which stand out clearly from a delicate satin-finished Solid Gold Background. The rich, natural colors of the flowers are so

COLONIAL ART CO. Desk 04 TORONTO, ONT.

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Dress Requisites for Xmas.

Either for Yourself or for Gift Purposes.

Note illustrations above and then read carefully the following descriptions. Where else can you obtain such values? Yet each of the articles is taken at random from **The Bon Ton Fall and Winter Catalogue** every page of which contains a bargain—a bargain which, price, quality, style and workmanship considered, cannot be duplicated. We make everything for women, girls and children from a fancy collar to a fur lined coat.

571—Lady's Cheviot Coat, spines long, lined with quilted satin, large Mink Marmot collar. Price **\$17.95**

5502—Child's White Lamb Stole, 36 inches long, with muff, satin lined. Price **\$3.25**

5231—Tailored Black Lawn Blouse, tucks on sides of front, closing at back. Price **79c**

5361—Corset Cover of cotton, trimmed with lace and tucks. Price **15c**

5276—Infants' Sweater of soft wool. Colours, navy with white, red with white or white with red. Price **75c**

54511—Child's Skirt, soft cotton with hem stitched tucks and lace edging, 2 to 7 years. Price **35c**

53413—Night Gown, flannel, trimmed with embroidery, and tucks. White blue or pink. Price **\$1.49**

54611—Infants' Long Skirt, cream flannel, hemmed with silk embroidery. Price **\$1.74**

5244—Japanese Silk Blouse, lace trimmings and collar, sleeves Kimono style—white only. Price **\$1.98**

5214—Misses' Black and White striped Messaline Silk Dress, trimmed with Black Paillette Silk, edged with red piping. Price **\$8.98**

Why not have more and better clothes for the same money by buying from the Bon Ton Co. ? Buy from us and buy direct from factory at factory prices—save all retailers', jobbers' and other profits.

If, on receipt, the goods do not come up to your expectations, either in quality, or price, or fail in any way to satisfy, return them and we will not only refund your money promptly, but pay shipping charges both ways. Remember every price in our Catalogue includes transportation charges direct to your home—you simply send us Catalogue price and we deliver goods free. Write at once for our 1911-1912 Fall and Winter Catalogue.

THE BON-TON CO., 439 St. Joseph St., QUEBEC, Que.

1-11

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You save from 10 to 25 per cent. of the cost of magazines in each club.

CANADA MONTHLY..... \$1.50	With Woman's Home Companion and Everybody's..... \$3.55	With American and Success..... \$4.20
With Canadian Home Journal..... 1.60	With MacLean's and Toronto Saturday Night..... 4.75	With Review of Reviews and World To-day..... 5.50
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With Canadian Magazine and Canadian Home Journal..... 3.60	With Weekly Free Press or Modern Priscilla..... 1.60	With Canadian Home Journal and House Beautiful..... 4.40
With Western Home Monthly or North West Farmer, or Canadian Thresherman and Farmer or Country Life in Canada..... 1.50	With Modern Priscilla, Pictorial Review and Ladies' World..... 2.75	With American and Women's Home Companion..... 4.80
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With Free Press and MacLean's..... 3.10	With McClure's or Everybody's..... 2.65	With World's Work..... 3.60
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		With Modern Priscilla and Designer..... 2.85
		With Pictorial Review, Ladies' World and Modern Priscilla..... 3.15

All Subscriptions to run for one year.

Write for our handsome 1911-12 Catalogue of Magazine Bargains. The magazines in above clubs may be sent to one or separate addresses.

CANADIAN MAILING & SUBSCRIPTION CO. Limited
311 Somerset Building WINNIPEG

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

House of Windows

Continued from page 10

things about which we think? I can't believe it. You and I could speak without fear of laughter, and we shall guess the other things which lie too deep for words. It seems to me that all my life I have been looking at things wrongly. I have been taking always the easy way. When I see my uncle I am going to tell him so, and show him that, while never lacking in gratitude to him, I must not be a slave even to gratitude. This will be Greek to you—but I shall find words to make you understand when I see you."

Christine laid down the letter with a quick little catch of the breath. The broad man who had protected her from observation had gone and she was already one full block past the Stores' corner. But it didn't matter. It wouldn't matter even if she were late. Nothing mattered. When she tied on her scissors and took her place at the counter more than one of the girls looked curiously at the brightness on her face.

CHAPTER XXII.

IF Adam Torrance had neglected the Stores in the past, if he had put them aside carelessly, as a thing of small import, which he steadily declined to perceive within his mental horizon, it is certain that in these days the Stores took a full and fine revenge. From being an incident of mere financial importance, they became a haunting nightmare; from being below the horizon altogether, they suddenly loomed large and threatening shutting out the view; from being nothing, they became all. It is not an exaggeration to say that he thought of them all day and dreamed of them all night. He could not bear to go near them, he could not bear to stay away, he hated to look at a shop girl's face, but it was agony not to scan each one eagerly. It speaks well for him that his work lacked nothing in efficiency and that he never spoke of the tortures he endured. Naturally he was always fancying likenesses, and that was almost insupportable. Once he saw a girl's face, coarse-lipped, black-browed, which looked at him it seemed with the very eyes of an aunt of his, an aunt whose very name had been stricken from the family annals. What if—such things are not impossible. He lived in hell until it was proved beyond all dispute that this black-browed girl was really the daughter of her black-browed parents. Then there was little Miss Ellis, an adopted child, in whose white face and timid eyes he thought he could trace a likeness to his dead wife. He was greatly drawn to this girl, and when he found out beyond doubt that she was the daughter of a sister of good Mrs. Ellis, who had adopted her, his despair deepened.

Meanwhile, the sifting went on rapidly. Johnson and his trained assistants worked almost night and day. Mark had been telegraphed for and might be expected now any day—but not a single clue led anywhere.

Christine often saw Mr. Torrance in those days, and wondered at his white and drawn face and at the keen and yet furtive look in his eyes, eyes that seemed always searching and yet fearing what they might find. And he often saw her, too, and every time was pierced anew by her strange and haunting resemblance—another trick of imagination he supposed, yet a most persistent one. And often he thought what a disappointment would have been his had he not seen her in her own home before the search was started and known her for whom she was.

So strange are the things which really happen that, of all the girls in Angers' Stores, the Misses Brown were the only ones who escaped the vigilance of Mr. Johnson and his half frantic employer. And this simply because the human mind is remarkably tenacious of a suggestion received in good faith. This is why it did not occur to Mr. Johnson, trained to suspicion as he was, that Mr. Torrance did not know what he was talking about when he told him that the Misses Brown were outside the scope of the enquiries. It never occurred to him to waste time on anyone so well vouched for. And, stranger still, it did not occur to Mr. Torrance himself that he really knew nothing about the Browns. He had called there, he had seen them, he had gathered from their conversation that they were sisters, and the idea of sifting this statement

H.P. SAUCE

is made in England in the world's largest Malt Vinegar Brewery.

It has a new and delicious flavour, different — quite different — from any other sauce or relish you have ever had before.

All Stores keep H.P. Sauce on their handiest shelf—it saves time—it sells so freely.

Is Your Wife Deaf?

Then you can appreciate what an Acousticon will mean to her. It will enable her to hear perfectly.

You will be able to have your evening chats together. You will be able to read aloud together. She will be able to have her friends in and to call on them without embarrassment. She will be able to go to church, enjoy the sermon and music, and take part in the services. She will enjoy the pleasures of which deafness has been robbing her.

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has brought joy to thousands of deaf people in Canada, England and the United States. It is a scientifically constructed electrical device which does not go into the ear at all, yet leaves both your hands entirely free.

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USE **MENDETS**

They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, granite ware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c. POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. D Collingwood, Ont.



That Splitting Headache will vanish if you take **"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers**

Give quick, sure relief, and we guarantee they contain nothing harmful to the heart or nervous system. 25c. a box, at all druggists'.

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never for a moment obtruded itself. Another reason for this negligence was the secrecy of the investigation. Outside the searchers there was no one who possessed more than the most vague idea that a search was being made. One day one of the girls at the ribbon counter laughingly asked Christine if she was a foundling, adding that foundlings seemed to be at a premium now-a-days, for she had heard that someone was looking for a missing heiress. Christine had replied lightly that she was nothing so interesting, and it so happened that Mr. and Mrs. Flynn, the only two now in the Stores who might have contradicted her, heard nothing at all of the investigation, for the simple reason that they had no children to investigate.

Meanwhile, the offer of the reward for information as to the person who had brought the letter had also ended in a blind alley. The letter-bringer might have been invisible for all the trace that had been left to guide anyone. Barefaced efforts to obtain the money by false information were, of course, frequent, but of any real clue there was not a vestige. And as days went by without result, another anxiety was added by the non-appearance of Mark. This could have been explained quite simply, for, as Mark's impatience had insisted upon starting the "Shuswap" on her voyage before the schedule time, and as the Misses Macgregor were not in town, the telegram was still following the travelers.

It must have been a fortnight after Christine's return to the Stores that the most promising clue was unearthed. It was found that in Mr. Torrance's own store there had been employed, until within a couple of months, a young girl of sixteen or thereabouts who was known to have been adopted under peculiar circumstances. The girl's name was Alma Stone. Her adopted parents were dead, and the girl had supported herself for some little time. No one knew where she was now, and the enquiry seemed to be threatened with another blank, until someone remembered that if anyone would know anything about Alma Stone that person would be Miss Celia Brown. Christine, on being questioned, remembered having heard her sister mention the girl's name, and stated that Celia was so far better that it would do her no harm to be interrogated.

It must be said that the detective was rather surprised at the eagerness with which Mr. Torrance elected to visit the Misses Brown. He would have preferred to have attended to this promising clue himself, but as employers' wishes are paramount he had to be contented with providing the interviewer with as full a list of questions as his professional mind could compass.

It was a dreary day that had been chosen for an interview. The glory of the autumn was almost dead and vicious, slanting rain pelted the dying leaves from the trees, and the heavy feet of passers-by printed their frail ghosts upon the muddy pavement. Brook Street, under such conditions, was not lovely. The rain seemed never to clean anything here, but only to add to the dirt and dreariness. Even the children looked dirtier and less cheerful and Ada's garden was more than ever an abomination of desolation.

Celia, who had been warned of the coming visitor, was lying, propped with pillows, upon the couch, her tired eyes watching the steady beating of the rain. Celia did not get well as rapidly as they had hoped. There were times when they almost feared to realize how slow her progress was. "Want of recuperative power," said the doctor; but, after all, that is only another way of saying what of the will to live. People who feel that life has cheated them are chary of taking up the cards again. They would often rather slip out of the game.

To Mr. Torrance the little room seemed a haven of peace. So little do we see into each other's lives that he mistook Celia's despair for the lassitude of convalescence and envied her her quiet sofa and the soft ministrations of the blind girl. How lovely Ada Brown was, he thought again. Impossible to believe that those beautiful eyes were sightless. As he watched her eager pleasure in the flowers he had brought, a sense of relief to which he had long been a stranger came over him.

Celia, who for sixteen years had wondered so often what Mr. Torrance might be like, now looked at him without interest. He was part of life. But he only saw the quiet courtesy of her greeting, noticed that she still seemed very weak, and hoped that his questions would not tire her.

(To be continued)



Make your pastry with PURITY FLOUR It will be delicious

WE tell you frankly that it will likely cost you slightly more to make pastry with PURITY FLOUR than with an ordinary flour. But thousands of home-cooks, who have tried both, willingly pay the difference.

Because of its *extra* strength and *extra* quality *more* shortening must be added to PURITY FLOUR than to blended or soft wheat flours, when making pastry.

PURITY FLOUR gets its *extra* strength and *extra* quality from the *high-grade* portions of the hard wheat berries. There is no low-grade hard wheat flour, nor no soft wheat flour, mixed with PURITY. It is all *high-grade*.

But think of the added delicacy of flavor, the extra deliciousness of the pies and the cakes! Surely it is worth paying a little more for greater enjoyment.



And the pleasure of using such a high-class, reliable flour for all manner of

Naturally, such a high-class flour will cost you slightly more. It costs more to make. It is worth more money.

cooking and baking purposes cannot be counted in mere dollars and cents. And remember that PURITY FLOUR makes

"More bread and better bread"

It takes more water because it's a strong, thirsty flour. It goes farther in the baking. Get a pencil and add

PURITY FLOUR

to your grocery list right now.

101

"De right ting for de Missus Christmas Gift"



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☞ Something that will relieve her of the back-breaking and nerve-racking worries of ordinary household duties—something that shows her you really care—

A New Century Washer

for instance. It sweetens a woman's disposition. It enables her to get cheaper help and keep them longer. It saves the clothes and thoroughly cleanses them, because it forces the water through the fabrics. It prevents disease entering your home from public laundries.

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JARS CARRIES CLARK'S REPUTATION WITH IT

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MANUFACTURER OF THE
CELEBRATED "CHATEAU" BRAND
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To brighten our homes and make life more pleasant.

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You who expect home-comers

You stay-at-homes

MAKE HOME BRIGHT and CHEERFUL for CHRISTMAS

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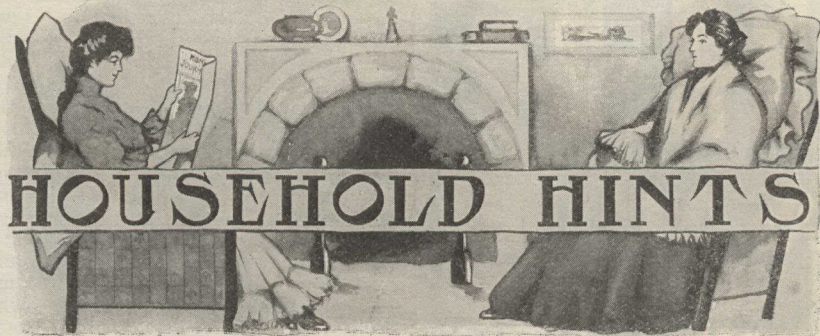
Plenty of colors
to choose from to
suit every taste.



Floorglaze is the only Perfect Floor Finish

Imperial Varnish & Color Co. Limited
WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Alum an Unseen Danger in Food

NOTED food scientists have decided that alum is an unseen danger in food, and as a result of their investigations, rigorous laws have been enacted and are now being vigorously enforced in England, France and Germany, prohibiting the use of alum in foods.

Until suitable laws are passed in Canada prohibiting the use of alum baking powders, every housewife should be careful to buy only a baking powder that has the ingredients printed plainly on the label.

be cooked in fifteen minutes and have the flavor of cooking many hours.

If boiled water is used for drinking purposes, care should be taken that the water boils for fifteen minutes before it is poured off.

Tumblers that have contained milk should be washed in cold water, as washing in hot tends to cloud the glass permanently.

The gasoline that is left after a garment is washed can be allowed to settle, and the clear gasoline at the top used again.

To prevent patent leather shoes from cracking, warm them before putting them on. Warmth renders the leather soft and pliable.

When bedsteads creak with every movement of the sleeper, the slats should be removed and the end of each wrapped in newspaper.

When washing tan colored clothes or stockings, or the khaki colored suits, put a little brown dye in the rinsing water and in the starch.

Articles of old furniture are sometimes made to appear like new by washing them with lime water and then applying a coat of oil.

Scorched fireproof dishes should be soaked in strong borax water till the unsightly brown marks upon them can be rubbed off with a cloth.

When anything you have been cooking has been heated to the boiling point turn the blaze low enough to keep the heat just at that point.

Sufferers from indigestion should take the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth and stirred into a wineglassful of cold water after each meal.

To get the best results from shredded cocoanut when it is to be used in cake icing or candy, soak it for a half hour in warm water before adding.

How to Bake Bread

AT bedtime put one cake of yeast foam to soak in one-half cup of warm water. Measure and then sift eight and one-half cups flour. Put two and one-half cups of sour milk over fire to scald, the same as for Dutch cheese. Add one tablespoon each of sugar, salt and butter and a pinch of soda. When cool to lukewarm add the yeast. Stir well together, then add seven cups of flour and mix smooth with a large spoon to a very stiff batter. If not quite stiff enough add a very little more flour. Put into a six-quart measure and set into a pan lined with a newspaper or cloth; cover up with cloth and set away for the night. First thing in the morning stir down and take out upon the well-floured board and cut to pieces with large knife and work flour in by cutting and kneading until right consistency to knead well and not too stiff. Place back in same dish and cover. Will rise in one hour. When light enough so that by pressing in dough a dent will remain, take out upon lightly floured board and cut into three pieces and just carefully shape to fit bread tins without working in any more flour. Place in well-buttered tins and set to rise upon a cloth. Place dishes over them and a cloth over all, so as to keep dough soft and moist. When light so as to leave a dent in dough when pressed with finger, place in previously heated oven and bake one hour moderately for first twenty or thirty minutes. Then gradually increase heat till loaves begin to have light brown crust. Turn loaves around once while baking last fifteen minutes to brown evenly. When done, place upon dish drainer and butter top crust while hot. When cold place in stone crock with stone cover. This bread is more delicious, healthful, and will keep better without moulding than any other bread made. Try it, and you will be pleased.

To Open Kitchen Sink

IF the kitchen sink becomes clogged the cause may come from grease accumulating on the inside of the drain pipe; the lead pipe being cold the grease adheres or freezes, as the plumber would say, and soon causes the drain to be stopped up. This happens frequently with families who do not use soap for washing dishes and kitchen utensils. To remedy, open trap located about two feet below the sink drain; see that it (the trap) is perfectly clear of all deposits; clean sink thoroughly, and close the trap. Have ready about two gallons of boiling water, in which has been dissolved two pounds of common sal-soda (can be purchased at any grocery store). Pour the boiling solution down the drain pipe until full to the level of the sink, cover drain with sink stopper or cloth to retain as much heat as possible, and leave for an hour or longer to eat its way down. As soon as it works away add more of the boiling solution and keep working in this manner until the drain pipe is clear. It will take a little time, but will save a plumber's bill and much inconvenience. Try it.

Cleaning Hints

COFFEE stains on colored goods can be removed if at once sopped with a clean sponge wet with cold water.

Place the damaged spot over a thickly folded cloth or a basin and keep changing the water in the sponge until the coffee disappears.

To clean white paint, rub well with a damp cloth dipped in oatmeal, wipe with a damp cloth, and lastly, with a dry duster. This is especially useful treatment for finger marks on doors.

Brass bedsteads can be cleaned by rubbing with a cloth dipped in sweet oil. Afterwards polish with a soft, dry piece of leather.

To remove grease spots from wall paper, sprinkle a piece of blotting paper with baking soda and hold it over the spot while you press the paper with a moderately hot iron. The blotting paper will absorb the grease and the soda prevents injury to the colors in the wall paper.

Wear and Tear Savers

Pails and tubs may be kept from shrinking by painting them with glycerine.

If a teaspoonful of sugar is put into the teapot the tea will infuse in one-half the time.

To remove paint from linens rub with turpentine, then clean with French chalk dampened with alcohol.

When starching Holland pinafores put a little tea into the starch. It will help them to keep their color.

Always place citron in a moderately hot oven for a few moments before cutting it up for cakes or pudding.

To heat dishes quickly, don't put them into a hot oven, but let them be for a minute or two in hot water.

By soaking oatmeal over night it can



MAPLE PUDDING

Mix one cupful of molasses, one cupful of sour milk, one cupful of finely chopped beef suet, two cupfuls of flour, sifted with two level teaspoonfuls baking soda, one-half cupful grated maple sugar, one teaspoonful of pulverized cinnamon, one half teaspoonful of pulverized cloves, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one and one-half cupfuls of large raisins, three-fourths cupful of dried currants, one-half cupful of shredded figs and three-fourths cupful more of flour; beat together well; then pour into a buttered mold, filling but three-fourths to the top; cover and steam or boil for two hours.

Sauce.—Cream one-half cupful of butter and one cupful of light brown sugar and mix until smooth; then add one stiffly beaten white of egg and enough grated nutmeg to suit the taste.

GOOD WAFFLES

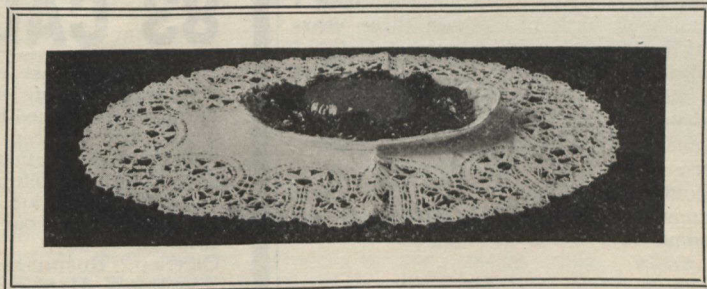
Sift three cupfuls of flour, add one teaspoonful of salt and into this rub two rounding tablespoonfuls of butter. Beat the yolks of three eggs light, and add to two cupfuls of milk. Stir this into the flour and beat until smooth. Add the whites of the eggs, beaten to a stiff, dry froth, with three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir lightly and quickly, and bake in a hot greased waffle iron.

BOILED TROUT

Take a good-sized trout, clean and lay in salt water for half hour; take out and boil in clear water in a cloth for one hour; turn out on platter while fish is boiling. Make the sauce as follows: Fry one small onion in butter until light brown; strain one can tomatoes and put in a stew pan; add the onion and pepper and salt and some chopped parsley; let it boil and thicken; pour over fish after removing from cloth, and serve.

PLUM PUDDING

Mix in a bowl one cupful of seeded raisins, one cupful of clean currants, half a pound of citron, shredded, one cupful of brown sugar, a quarter of a grated nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, two cupfuls of chopped nuts—either peanuts, pecans, walnuts or hickory nuts. Sprinkle over this mixture one cupful of flour and one pint of stale bread crumbs, and mix again. Beat three eggs without separating, until light. Dissolve half a teaspoonful of baking soda in two tablespoonfuls of warm water; add it to half a cupful of New Orleans molasses; add this to the dry ingredients;



RASPBERRY JELLY

add the juice and grated rind of one lemon, and—if you have it—half a cupful of grape juice. Mix thoroughly, pack into a kettle or mould, stand in a boiler, partly surround with boiling water and boil continuously for ten hours. When done, lift the lid, cool the pudding, remove and stand it in a cold place until wanted.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

Put six tablespoonfuls of flour into a basin with a pinch of salt, and add sufficient milk to make it into a stiff batter. The mixing must be very gradual, and any lumps that form must be crushed out with the back of a wooden spoon. Beat two eggs with one pint of milk, and add to the batter, and beat until the surface is covered with bubbles. Let the batter stand for at least one hour. Put two tablespoonfuls of hot fat from under the meat into a pudding tin; stand it in the oven, and when the fat boils, pour in the batter. Cook for one hour, and serve on a very hot dish.

CHEESE DROPS

Chop two ounces of butter into a saucepan and pour over it a pint of boiling water. Have ready a cupful each of grated cheese and flour seasoned with salt, cayenne, and a little mustard. Add this slowly to the hot water and butter, stir it smoothly and boil it for five minutes. When it is nearly cold add four unbeaten eggs one at a time and beat it slowly for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Drop the result on to baking tins with a teaspoon, and bake them in a slow oven for a quarter of an hour.

SWISS CAKE

This recipe calls for one-fourth cup of butter, one and one-half cups of sugar, two and one-half cups of flour, one cup of milk, two eggs, and two and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Flavor with any preferred flavoring. The batter should be prepared for the tin in the following manner: Cream butter and sugar with the hand (the temperature of the hand seems to melt the butter just right), add the yolks of the eggs and beat thoroughly, then the milk. To this add the flour, which has been previously sifted with the baking powder five times. Then the flavoring (say one-half teaspoonful vanilla and one-half teaspoonful of lemon). Finally fold in the stiffly beaten whites, put in the pan (one with a tube in the centre), and bake in a quite hot oven until by inserting a broom splint it will come out clean, if done. It usually requires from one half to three quarters of an hour for baking. It is the way the cake is put together that makes it such a success, so do not shorten the process. By the addition of a package of mince meat, you will have a very nice fruit cake. This recipe, using three deep layer cake tins, makes as fine a layer cake as one could wish for.

BANANA TRIFLE

Here is a very simple sweet that may be got ready beforehand. Take some bananas, some custard and some jam that is liked. If strawberry is appreciated it is a very good kind to use. Peel the bananas, slice them, and put a layer of them in a glass dish, then a layer of jam, and then another layer of bananas. Pour the custard over and serve the sweet either hot or cold, though perhaps for this purpose cold will be preferred.

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SHREDDED WHEAT

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The crispness of the shreds compels thorough chewing and a thorough mixing with saliva, which is the first process in digestion.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit every morning for breakfast, served with milk or cream, will build sturdy, robust bodies—best for children or grown-ups. Delicious in combination with fruit. Your grocer sells them.

ALL THE GOODNESS OF THE GOLDEN WHEAT.

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Yorkshire Relish

"The Most Delicious Sauce in the World"

Tempts the flagging appetite—makes the plainest fare enjoyable—adds the final, necessary touch to more elaborate dishes.

20c. a bottle. 3

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Sole Agent for Canada.



OXO Cubes are the greatest advance in food invention since men began to eat and women learnt to cook.

Each cube is measured exactly—the right size for a cupful—uniform in nutritious properties, in quality, taste and flavor.

To make a meal, simply drop an **OXO** Cube in a cup, pour on hot water and stir.

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10 for 25c.
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with toast or rolls and coffee should be your Christmas breakfast. Upton's Marmalade is such a delicious and nourishing preserve that once used it becomes a table necessity. Upton's brands have passed the most rigid Government tests and have proven absolutely pure. The name "Upton" on the 1 lb. jar or the 5 lb. pail that you buy is a rock bottom guarantee of pure goods, produced in an absolutely sanitary factory under the most perfect conditions.

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THE LADY OF DAINTY LUNCHES

Continued from page 44

that than to lose the confidence of my patrons.

"Oh! I can tell you my brain was no place for cobwebs those days. I had plenty of planning to do. Sometimes I found it necessary to borrow money to tide me over till my ship got into port. But, on the whole, I don't suppose I had any more trouble than most people who deal with the public. Sometimes very ludicrous things happened, and, luckily, I could appreciate them. I could tell you a whole bookful of things that have made me laugh almost to tearfulness; but, of course, I daren't, for I'm still serving lunches. You see the people who got my lunches hadn't the ghost of an idea who I was or what I was like. They used to ask my delivery boys what I was like, and, according to their own report, the boys always told them I was old and ugly. The trade name which I adopted conveyed no definite idea of my personality. It was susceptible to interpretation according to the temperament of the interpreter. I've heard some amusing surmises. For instance, one thought I must be a very genteel spinster of the Miss Matty of Cranford variety. Another imagined that I was the daughter of a cook in the household of Queen Victoria, supposed to have emigrated to Canada. (Thanks for this tribute to my 'home made lunches'). Still another thought I might be a giddy young thing trying to capture a husband by feeding him. I wonder if he expected to find a perfumed *billet-doux* tucked away in a sandwich. And what do you think of this for a conjecture? Someone else thought I was a man trading under his wife's name, and being shielded from the public by her petticoats. My incognito was the subject of much speculation.

"But I must get back to my actual work. During the time my lunch department was developing my other departments were also growing satisfactorily. Cake patrons were being added almost daily. Every day I furnished small cakes for a down-town tea-room. This order had to be filled regularly, regardless of everything else. It had

to be delivered by a certain hour every morning, so I usually made the cakes it called for in the evening. Some of my patrons asked for home made bread, so I baked white bread twice a week and Boston brown bread once. Besides this I put up fruit and pickles, and at Christmas I made a specialty of Christmas cakes, plum puddings, and mince meat. Last year I made eighty-three pounds of Christmas cake, and I don't know how much plum pudding and mince meat. I did not keep count of them.

"You wonder how I did so much? Well, while I was doing it, it did not seem like such an enormous amount as it sounds now while I sit here telling it to you. I did it nearly all myself. Mother helped me butter bread for sandwiches and did other light work when she was able, and my boys helped also. I had to install a thorough system. There were certain hours after which no lunch orders could be accepted, and the same with cake and bread, otherwise I should not have known what to provide for. Sometimes I was asked to do things which I hadn't the least idea how to go about. But I always undertook it, if I could find the time, and some way the knowledge always came, and I usually got along nicely. It was often a problem, but a very interesting one.

"Naturally, I did not have much time for recreation, but I made the most of what I had, and now that I am in a position that my experience has made it possible for me to fill, and when I no longer have the menial work to perform, but the responsibility of planning for the success of a larger enterprise, I can look back over those three years of hard work with a great deal of pleasure. I did not grow wealthy, but I am confident that I made more money than I should have had I gone into an office, and then it was my own work, *my very own*. But, there, my half-hour's up. If you want to know more come in for lunch or afternoon tea some day. Good morning."

TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 12

"We can't stay," Nancy replied, in an equally low tone, stepping inside the door and motioning to her companion to do the same. "This is Mr. Binney, Mrs. Wheeler. He is spending Christmas with us and helped me get these things for the children."

Binney deposited his basket and bundle on the table and put Nancy's beside them. The tired eyes of the woman brightened at the sight of all those packages with their hidden possibilities of comfort and pleasure, then suddenly they filled with tears.

"I can't thank you, Miss Nancy, you nor your mother, for your goodness to me and mine. Nor you neither, sir, as Miss Nancy says you had a hand in this too. We wouldn't think much of this Christmas goodwill talk, me and my young ones, if twasn't for you and your mother, Miss Nancy."

"I'm glad your faith wasn't destroyed, Mrs. Wheeler," and there was a queer little break in Nancy's voice. "I think we all owe Mr. Binney a great deal. Always remember, Mrs. Wheeler, that the goodwill spirit is real and true, but it hasn't always a chance to show itself. Now, good-night, and a happy Christmas to you and all the children."

Nancy and Binney in turn pressed the woman's hand kindly, and then, without their many budgets, and with full, light hearts they started on their homeward way.

Each was busy with his or her own thoughts and neither felt embarrassed by the silence—ample proof of the feeling of comradeship between them. The man was shaping his ideas, his words, but not his purpose—that was fixed and firm. The girl was thinking—but who could put into words the thoughts of a woman who is filled with happiness, happiness that is tinged with a vague touch of sadness, of loneliness, of sorrow for all those

less happy than herself? Nancy wanted to extend to every human soul the spirit of happiness and peace and goodwill, the spirit of joy and love, the spirit of Christmas Day and of this glorious Christmas Eve.

"Nancy," said the man's voice beside her, "you taught me many things to-day, but the most comforting truth was that at this particular season it is your especial delight to give where you know your gift will be welcome, where there is no other gift but yours to come. With that thought in your mind will you refuse me the only gift I want, the only thing which will make this Christmas Day a truly happy one?"

And Nancy knew she would not refuse to make his Christmas and hers a perfect one, and knew that without the money she had desired the joy had come, and with it a great abundance of that true spirit of the day without which she had truly felt she could not be happy.

Worth Knowing

To clean and polish old copper coins which have become badly coated with dirt and oxide boil them in a strong aqueous solution of caustic soda, rinse in soft water, and polish with a little putty powder, rouge or tripoli.

When boiling milk for a custard powder, sprinkle the bottom of the saucepan with sugar; this dissolves and forms a layer, and so prevents the milk from burning, no matter how long it boils. It applies to any sweetened milk.

To prevent curtains from blowing against the screen take two tacks, nail one on either side of window, six inches above the window sill; take a piece of twine and fasten it to the tacks, stretching it firmly across the window.

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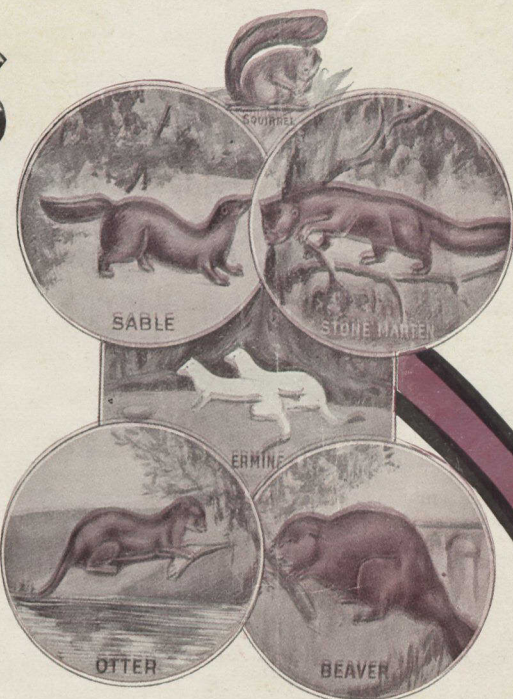
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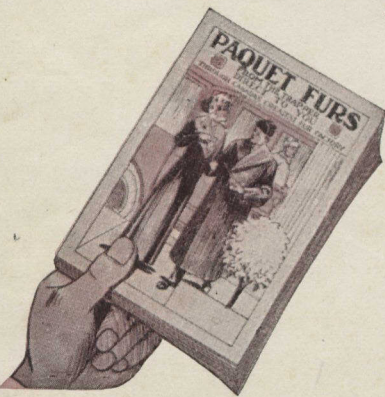
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