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Canadian Home Journal



A NEW SERIAL STORY **THE RED SEAL** STARTS IN THIS ISSUE

JULY
1912

Published by THE CANADIAN WOMEN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., Limited
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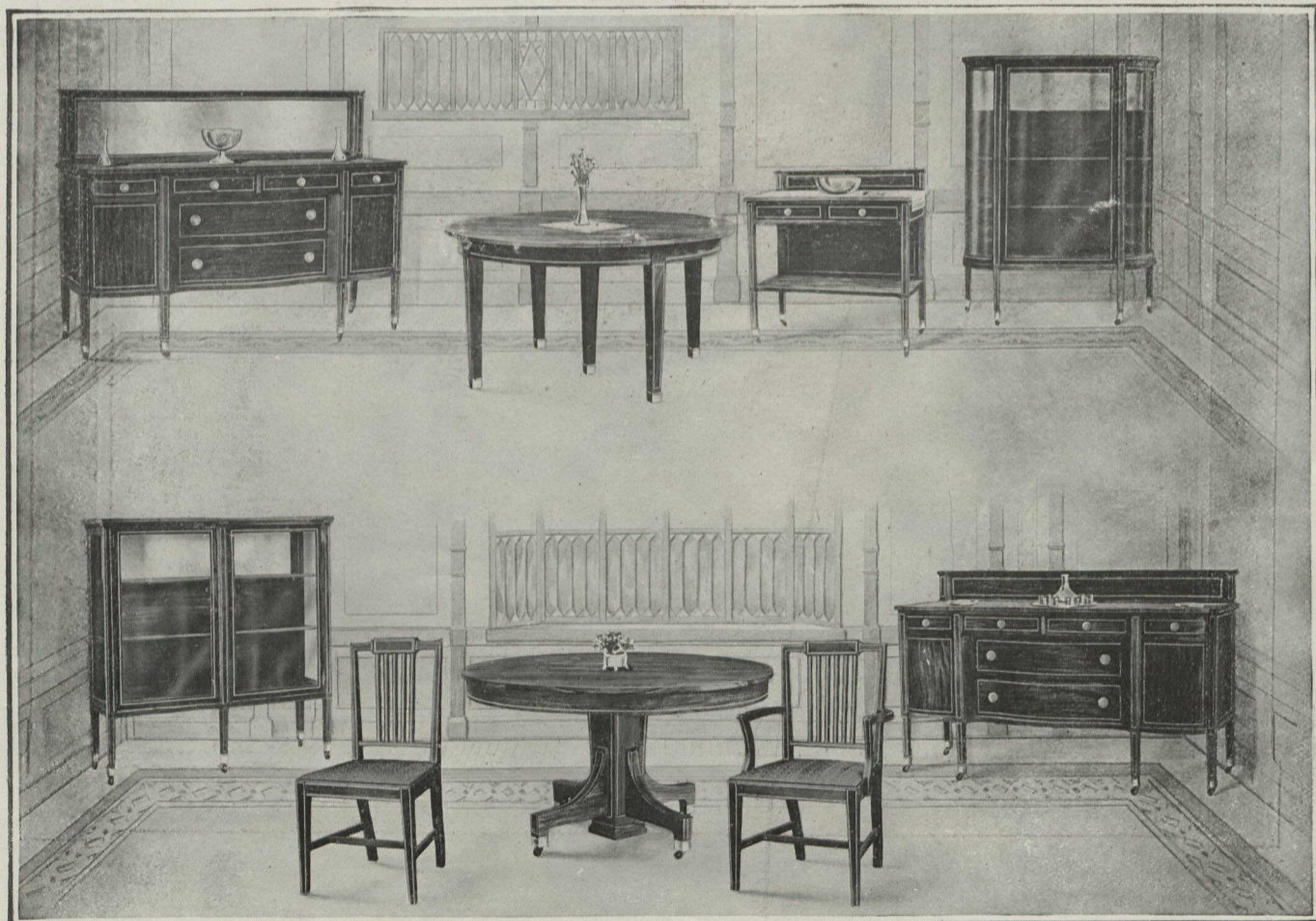
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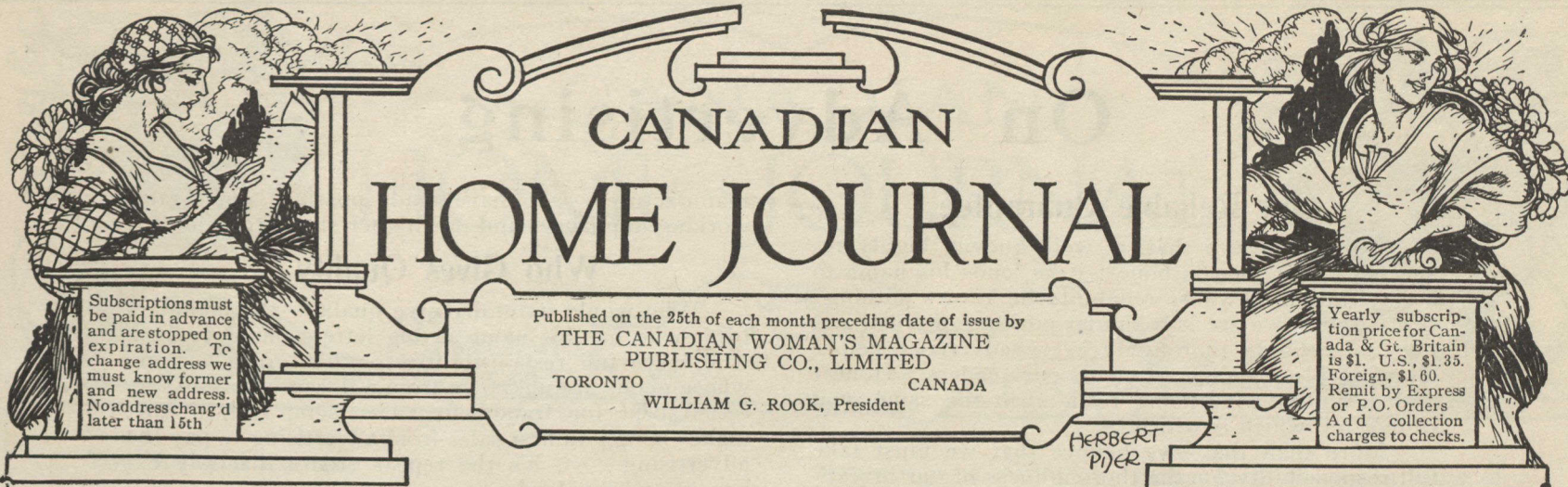
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EDITORIAL CHAT

Did your magazine reach you late last month? Perhaps it is a useless question to ask, as nearly every reader had just cause to complain of late delivery of the June issue. The old saying about an excuse is about right, "Excuses are unnecessary, your friends do not require one, your enemies will not believe it," but, honest, it was not our fault. A large corporation wanted the land on which our printer had his shop, and, well, we had to move, so the magazine was late.

A number of our readers have asked in what part of Canada was the scene shown on our June front cover. We thought that every person knew that it is a view on the Gorge of the Niagara River. It is a rather unusual photograph of that section of Canada. Perhaps, for that reason, it was not easily recognized.

Our July cover shows Mount Assiniboine, near Banff, Alberta. The plates were made from a photograph and are an excellent example of the development in the art of color engraving in Canada. This cover is one more of the six best views in Canada we promised to publish some time ago.

Another new serial starts in this issue. The title, "The Red Seal," gives but a slight conception of the splendid romance wound round the principal characters by the author, Morice Gerard. The story is of the time of Cromwell, when to love and win a woman often meant to fight for her in place of asking for her hand, which is usual at the present time. There is much exciting adventure and a strong undercurrent of love running through the whole story. In fact, it is one of those kinds of stories that one desires to finish reading before laying down. We have published a liberal instalment in this issue, and we feel quite sure our readers will enjoy the story and will be anxious to read the chapters that will follow.

Another large instalment of "The Third Man" appears in this number. The heroine of this story has already made friends with thousands of our readers, and they will be anxiously waiting to read the second instalment. To those of our readers who failed to read the first chapters our advice is they had better look up the June copy and read the first chapters. If the June copy has been loaned get it back, as by missing the first chapters, you will be missing one of the best parts of any serial story ever published in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

The "Butterfly" is an exceptionally well written short story that tells of complications that arose from a misunderstanding of

a young lady who unintentionally overheard a conversation between her fiance and one of his gentleman friends. It illustrates just how close this couple came to separate owing to a misunderstanding. It might be well for the young ladies among our readers to read this story carefully. Let it serve as an instance of how foolish it is to have a misunderstanding with their best young man.

Of more than unusual interest will be found the illustrated article on Monte Carlo and Pisa.

There is such an element of mystery and beauty about both of these quaint old cities that makes them unusually attractive to the European traveler. Katharine Hale, with her usual splendid ability, pictures both of these places in such a manner that one can almost believe, after reading the article, that they have visited these historic places. Monte Carlo is, perhaps, the most beautiful and inviting city in the world, and Pisa is known the world over for its Leaning Tower, beautiful cathedral, and other magnificent buildings, that contain works of art by masters long since departed. You should read this article, it will prove very interesting to you.

There is perhaps no factor at work among the women of the Dominion of Canada with a greater power for doing good throughout the whole Dominion than the National Council of Women. The 19th Annual Convention, which was recently held in London, marked another step in advance for this splendid organization. The account of the convention, written by Margaret Walker, should be read by those not conversant with the work being done by this association.

So many requests have reached us for copies of our national anthem, "O Canada," that we decided to reprint the full words and music in this number. There is a growing desire on the part of Canadians to become better acquainted with this chant, and the republishing of the words and music will afford thousands this opportunity.

In the Journal Juniors' Department will be found a series of puzzles for our younger readers. We were much disappointed that none of our readers have as yet sent in the correct solutions for the puzzles appearing in our June number, the answers for which are

given on page 16 of this issue. Try it again, boys and girls, and see if you cannot do better this month.

Much time is saved by HOME JOURNAL readers in following carefully the recipes and menus given in each number. These are always timely, and from our personal knowledge are reliable.

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SUBSCRIBERS' ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE

Readers of the "Canadian Home Journal" are fully protected when buying from any of our advertisers. We know that every advertiser in this issue is reliable, and that our readers will be dealt with fairly and honorably. Should any of our readers have an unsatisfactory dealing with any of our advertisers we will undertake to have a satisfactory adjustment made or the money refunded. This absolute guarantee is good only when our readers tell advertisers when dealing with them that their advertisement was seen in the "Canadian Home Journal."

On Advertising

Our Reliable Guarantee

Do you believe that a well known, highly respected public man is honest if he lends his name to a corporation of whose reliability he knows nothing? We feel that we are in a similar position of trust, and must investigate thoroughly every advertiser before allowing his message to go to our readers. Honest and dishonest advertising read much the same, you cannot tell which is which.

More than that—we believe that we must take full responsibility for the thoroughness of our investigation, so we publish in every copy of "Canadian Home Journal" our faith in our advertisers, and our absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money refunded. It is this plan adopted by the best merchants everywhere which has raised our merchandizing to a higher level.

Publication "House-Cleaning"

In years gone by, when advertising was not such a factor in business, when publications were not so careful, and the postal authorities investigate so closely, fortunes were made by fraudulent advertisers. The buyers suffered and the honest advertisers suffered, for who could tell good from bad. Advertising got a bad name which has cost us all very much. Perhaps you were stung, or some relative or friend.

The fate of advertising depended upon a "house-cleaning" by the publishers. Some cleaned thoroughly, most of them pretty well. To-day you can rely upon most of the advertising in any reputable publication, and you are absolutely safe when you read such a guarantee as ours. Forget the past, and give yourself and the honest advertiser the benefit of the new conditions. It means as much to you as to him, for it is the broad-minded, far-seeing, inventive

manufacturers who have made possible our better working appliances and our higher standard of living.

Who Gives Quality?

Who would naturally give quality—the manufacturer who has his name in big letters on every box, who takes full responsibility for his goods, or one whose goods are unknown from a dozen others?

Except for fraudulent advertisers, few, if any, make enough on first sales from advertising to pay the advertising cost, it's the repeat orders that pay expenses and dividends.

If Smith's soap is almost as well known to you through advertising as your own name, you are either going to say, "Let me have Smith's soap, or none," or "Give me something else than Smith's." If that soap doesn't give full value, which will it be? And if the latter, where will Smith be soon?

To succeed, the advertising manufacturer must give highest quality.

Who Pays The Cost?

Does the manufacturer, the retailer, or the consumer pay for the advertising? This is the much-discussed question. The present opinion among authorities is that **none of these pay the cost—it is saved.** Suppose the factory and distribution cost of an article is \$1.00 when 200,000 are sold by means of salesmen and jobbers. Then, \$10,000 is spent in advertising, and the sale is increased to 50,000. Better prices are secured on material in larger quantities, the machinery is worked full time, cost of shipping is reduced, salaries of the office are no greater, and the cost of each article is reduced to 80 cents. The advertising has been paid for from the saving. The selling price remains the same.

Come to Toronto Exhibition

At Our Expense

It's the greatest annual exhibition on the continent—the biggest cities in the States have nothing in the same class.

You'll marvel that such splendid buildings and large grounds could be maintained for only two weeks' use in the year. There are thousands of exhibits, shows, track sports, water sports, fireworks, scenic plays.

For two weeks every fall, Toronto is all hospitality. It's the time to visit your friends in Toronto, to see the exhibition, to see the stores at their best.

It is an education in everything, and necessary in your special interests. If you are buying any article, inspect all the different makes just as they are all together here. There's scarcely a thing not exhibited.

Every year there are changes and improvements, new buildings, new exhibits, new music, new shows, new amusements—it is as interesting and entertaining to former visitors as to the newest. The exhibition was visited in 1911 by nearly 1,000,000 people during two weeks.

THIS IS WHAT WE OFFER

We will pay all car fare and furnish admission tickets for a week in return for your help in getting your neighbors to subscribe for the Journal. Hundreds of them do not know Canada has such a magazine. They will gladly give their support to the Journal and help you to earn this splendid trip.

Distances will be estimated by railroad distance.

All subscriptions must be \$1.00 a year. Any subscription may be for two or more years and count accordingly.

Send Us a Card

For sample copies to show your friends,
For some pointers on organizing clubs,
For receipt books and order blanks,
For number of subs. extra required to
cover meals and berth on long distances,
For our special offers to points further
West and East,

D'tance from Toronto	R'quir'd Journal Subs.,
50 miles	7
60 "	8
75 "	9
100 "	10
125 "	12
150 "	14
175 "	16
200 "	18
250 "	21
300 "	24
350 "	27

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Write for rates on greater distances

Canadian Home Journal

CANADIAN HOME · JOURNAL

10 CENTS
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JULY, 1912

Vol. IX

No. 3

\$1.00
PER YEAR

H. PIZER

The National Council

PROVERBS may not be as generally accepted as they were by our forefathers, since we have proved so many of the old sayings unreliable. Among the ancient utterances, in which we yet have implicit confidence, is the dictum: "In union is strength." This is true in family life, in political circles and in international combinations. When there is civil strife, there is an opening for foreign attack, and, when there is unity within, there is little danger from without.

Years ago, the women of the various patriotic, philanthropic and literary organizations in Canada felt the need of a central body which would represent all their varied interests and act as a unified force in case of any action affecting legislation. The National Council was an outgrowth of this feeling, and has justified the step taken at its formation. Every year sees this Council taking a more important place as a representative and influential body. The account of this year's annual meeting, as given on another page of this journal, is indicative of the broad interests and high aims of this truly national association.

A Change for the Housewife

AS this paragraph is written, the prospect of summer holidays smiles rosy before us. The school children are talking of "exams," with a vision beyond of a summer in the country or at the camp. Occasionally we hear someone ask: "Why do we take so many holidays? Our grandparents did not seem to need them." Let us remind ourselves that we live in an age of greater noise and hurry than our grandparents knew, and therefore need a relaxation of which they had little need. There is so much in our modern life which is exacting on nerves and energies, that the man or the woman who attempts to live without holidays is likely to find himself under the painful and expensive necessity of taking a prolonged rest in either a sanitarium or a cemetery.

The housewife is the member of the home circle whose holiday needs should always be taken into consideration. She may be so busy in preparing the children for a visit to Aunt Mary or Cousin Lucy, who have the most delightfully cool houses that you can imagine, "away off in the country," as to neglect her own vacation requirements. But this is where some member of the family should assume authority and simply "pack" her off for a rest or a change, where she will not have to prepare a single meal or even wonder what she will cook for dessert. The housewife has a round of small duties which can become painfully oppressive in the course of a year and she needs a change to utterly new surroundings if she is going to renew her energies. A fashionable hotel is not what is required—nor is a visit to relatives always the wisest form of relaxation. There are, in this Dominion of numerous streams and a multitude of lakes, so many delightful spots for a rest, where tired eyes may find comfort in gazing on

Nature's green, and weary ears may listen with a sense of infinite soothing to the murmur of river or the soft washing of the lake waves. Work is good—one of the very best things in the world—and the busy woman needs one's compassion. But monotony is not good, and the woman who keeps house is likely at this time of the year to experience the dull ache which comes from too much of the same kind of toil. Even if the house has to go with the same old rugs or carpets for another year, take some of your spare dollars and have a change. A holiday for the housewife is a real investment, which means future dividends of health and brightness.

A Matter of Heredity

WE hear a great deal in these days about heredity. While it is hardly possible to overestimate the advantages of being "well-born," in the true sense of that much-abused term, it is only too easy to shift the responsibility for our own misdeeds or follies to the shoulders of some ancestor who cannot talk back, for the simple reason that he departed long since for another world. We go out on a cold and stormy day, without sufficient protection against the weather's inclemency, and a heavy cold may be the result. Instead of recognizing our own fault in the matter and acknowledging the adequacy of the cause, we resign ourselves to several days in the house and a course of syrups and balsams with the reflection: "Well, my grandmother always had weak lungs. Perhaps I take after her."

How much weakness and wrongdoing do we excuse under the specious plea that it is "in the family?" Your grandfather's violent temper is no excuse for your flying into a rage over trifles and making every one in the neighborhood supremely uncomfortable. Your great-uncle's tendency to tarry long at the wine is no excuse for your degrading yourself to a level which might disgust any self-respecting "lower" animal. There is sometimes an unhealthy amount of talk about

heredity in connection with disease. It would be hard to say how much of the inroad made by tuberculosis was due to fatalistic utterances about "consumption being in the family." Therefore, the windows were kept tightly shut, the patient was stifled and under-nourished and finally concluded that his was a hopeless case. The various women's organizations which have made a fight against tuberculosis and have aided in the equipment of a local sanitarium have done a great deal to dispel the idea that one is doomed to a tubercular death because one or two members of the family in a former generation suffered such a fate. Health is a condition which may be attained much oftener than the almanacs would lead us to believe. While we may not be prepared to go the length of professed Christian Science, the followers of that form of faith have done a great service in emphasizing the value of mental control and the truth that the Kingdom of Heaven is in us.



MRS. F. H. TORRINGTON, PRESIDENT NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

Report of the London Convention

By MARGARET WALKER



UNVEILING THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT

JUST nineteen years ago the foundations of the society known as the National Council of Women of Canada were laid in Toronto by the Countess of Aberdeen at an assemblage composed largely of Toronto ladies. Probably at that time the founder scarcely realized what a factor her newly organized society would become in the lives of Canadian women, or that it would extend beyond a few central cities. Yet, at the recent celebration of the Council's inception by its nineteenth annual session held in the city of London, almost thirty councils, besides many affiliated societies were represented. The local councils of Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal, London, Ottawa, Winnipeg, Kingston, St. John, Halifax, West Algoma, Victoria and Vancouver Island, Vancouver City, Regina, Vernon, Brandon, Nelson, New Westminster, East Pictou, Lindsay, Ingersoll, Edmonton and Strathcona, Brantford, Renfrew, Walkerville, Chapleau, Sudbury, Truro, and Sydney, now exist, and such praiseworthy societies as the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire, Victorian Order of Nurses, Women's Art Association, Canadian Women's Press Club, Aberdeen Association, and the women's branch, Independent Order of Foresters, with many others, are affiliated.

A REPRESENTATIVE BODY

When it is considered that these bodies are composed of a host of women, among whom number the leaders in philanthropic, social and civic reforms throughout Canada, it is impressed upon one that this annual gathering is a notable happening. Each woman who is sent as a delegate represents the best feminine thought and opinion of her community, and upon her return home brimming with new ideas, fresh inspiration, and a wider knowledge of the problems relating to humanity, her influence is bound to affect that community and the people in it.

One can gain an excellent comprehension of the work being undertaken by the National Council by following the progress of the annual meetings recently held in the Forest City. When one reviews the many excellent addresses given during the week, and the widespread importance of the several subjects under discussion, it is rather difficult to decide which topics to select for special consideration. The supreme aim of the National Council, however, judging by the expression of the recent sessions, is to stand firmly for the social betterment and improved laws where women and children are concerned.

On Friday evening, May 24th, the convention was formally opened at a public reception tendered the delegates by London local council. Mayor Graham, His Lordship the Bishop of Huron, and Mr. Radcliffe, principal of the Normal School, each made brief addresses of welcome. Mrs. Boomer, the local president, was paid a kindly tribute by each speaker, Bishop Williams' reference to her as the "Grand Old Lady of London" eliciting a hearty round of applause.

AN ENCOURAGING OUTLOOK

The real business sessions were opened on Saturday afternoon, May 25th, by an address from Mrs. Torrington, president of the National Council. Reports received from the various officers, including Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, corresponding secretary, Mrs. Plumptre, recording secretary, and Mrs. Watt, treasurer, were very satisfactory, showing larger numbers in membership, and increased finances during the year. The need of a definite income to properly carry on, and widen the scope of the Council work, was emphasized by Mrs. Torrington. One method by which this annual resource could be assured is the securing by each local Council of a number of annual patrons whose fee might be relied upon each year. Toronto has been especially active along this line, and the addition of such prominent names as Sir Edmund Walker, Sir Edmund Osler, J. Ross Robertson, D. B. Hanna, and Aemilius Jarvis, will, no doubt, add prestige to the National Council standing. Mrs. Timothy Eaton and Lady Gibson have been constituted life patrons, the latter receiving the honor at the hands of Hamilton Council during the annual sessions. In other centres also, several leading citizens and business men have recently become annual patrons, some of them being John Penman, Paris; E. L. Cockshutt and George Watt, Brantford.

Reports of the provincial vice-presidents were very encouraging. In Vancouver the National Council is to have one of its projects materialized by the building of a \$100,000 industrial school for girls. Nova Scotia, away on the other coast of the Dominion,

has formed two new councils within the past year, and the council at Halifax has received a substantial legacy by the will of the late George Wright, a victim of the Titanic disaster. And so the good work is advanced throughout Canada.

LEADING PROBLEMS DISCUSSED

But to resume consideration of the addresses and discussions which marked this nineteenth annual session. As stated above, they were all of so much value and interest, that it is hard to discriminate. The evils resulting from the white slave traffic were brought to the attention of Londoners and attending delegates by Mr. W. A. Coote, of London, England. Mr. Coote is a representative of the Social and Moral Reform Association of England, and is endeavoring to secure international legislation which will render the work of white slave traffickers almost impossible. National Council women were urged to be more persistent in their efforts to obtain better protection for girls and women in this respect. Mr. Coote referred to the campaign undertaken by representatives of sixteen countries, including Canada and the United States, at a conference in Paris, 1906. During the discussion upon this subject the opinion was advanced that the question was rather a matter of economics than of morality. Many girls who go astray do so at first, it was said, in order to obtain finer clothing than they can get on their slender wages. Technical training in public and high schools would do much to offset the evil.

A long debate on problems of the feeble minded was held on Monday morning. Figures were given which showed the number of defectives in Ontario to be 2,239, and this number is constantly increasing. That such conditions will soon prove serious, cannot for a moment be doubted. Instances of the great improvement morally, mentally and physically, resulting from special treatment in institutions, were cited, and it was recommended that the Government be urged to take immediate steps to provide shelters and training schools of this description.

It is hard to credit the fact that in Ontario there are well-to-do men and women who allow an aged parent or a delicate child to be provided for at the expense of churches or philanthropic societies. Yet is this only too true, judging by the statements made at one meeting. Dr. Bruce-Smith, provincial inspector of hospitals, has, at the instigation of the National Council, made some investigations recently in Ontario institutions, and found there inmates whose relatives in many cases were well able to support them. It was pointed out that a law passed in 1601 is still in existence, obliging children to support father, mother, and grandparents. The need of better provision for

the care and education of illegitimate children was also emphasized.

Active work for the suppression of objectionable printed matter was shown from several councils. The post-office authorities are aiding, wherever possible, by destroying harmful literature and indecent post-cards. In one Canadian city a ladies' committee supervises the moving picture films, keeps watch over the sale of picture post cards, and endeavors to promote the reading of good literature, especially among the young. Regarding the censorship of picture films in Ontario, it was affirmed that two of the men on the board of censors owned moving picture halls, and so were scarcely in a position to give an unbiased opinion. It was felt that one or two women should also be placed on the board of censors. Several theatres, especially the "men only" variety received a scoring by the National Council. One in Toronto, declared to be among the worst of its kind, was said to be owned by the police department. This statement has not, as yet, been challenged or refuted.

City libraries and librarians throughout the Dominion were commended, London's free library being especially mentioned as an up-to-date progressive institution. It was reported by a delegate that in Westmount Library, Montreal, children were not allowed in the adult department and could not procure an adult book without a written order. Exception was taken to this, however, on the grounds that children would thus be deterred from reading the classics and standard authors.

That Canada cannot be truly great without cultivation of the arts and high ideals, was emphasized at one of the open meetings. Canadians, it was stated, are leaning too much towards materialism, and in order to effect a complete citizenship, artistic and aesthetic elements are necessary. National Council members were advised not to devote their whole time, outside of the domestic sphere, to philanthropic work, but to endeavor to stimulate interest among themselves and others in literature, music, sculpture, and painting.

OPINION DIVIDED ON THE SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT

The attitude of the National Council towards the suffrage question has scarcely been defined as yet. While agitating for improved laws for the protection of women and children, the members do not appear desirous, as an organization, of attempting any radical measures of forcing a new political status for women. One soon discovers, however, after chatting with a number of the leaders in the Council, that there are really two distinct factions where the suffrage movement is concerned. One side advocates standing strongly in favor of equal franchise, while the other is decidedly anti-suffrage. Whether this will prove a ground for serious dissension in the Council has yet

to be shown. Upon the evening of May 31st, the closing meeting of the convention was held, and among other speakers, Dr. Stowe-Gullen, of Toronto, and Miss J. G. Owen, of London, England, each gave forceful addresses upon the suffrage question. Miss Owen dealt with the subject more from the idealistic point of view, and Dr. Stowe-Gullen gave in concise form a history of the movement since 1848, and both speakers urged emphatically the justice of allowing women the use of the ballot. The chairman for the occasion, Rev. J. Gibson Inkster, of London, placed himself on record by coming out strongly not only for suffragism but also for militantism, as demonstrated by Mrs. Pankhurst and her following.

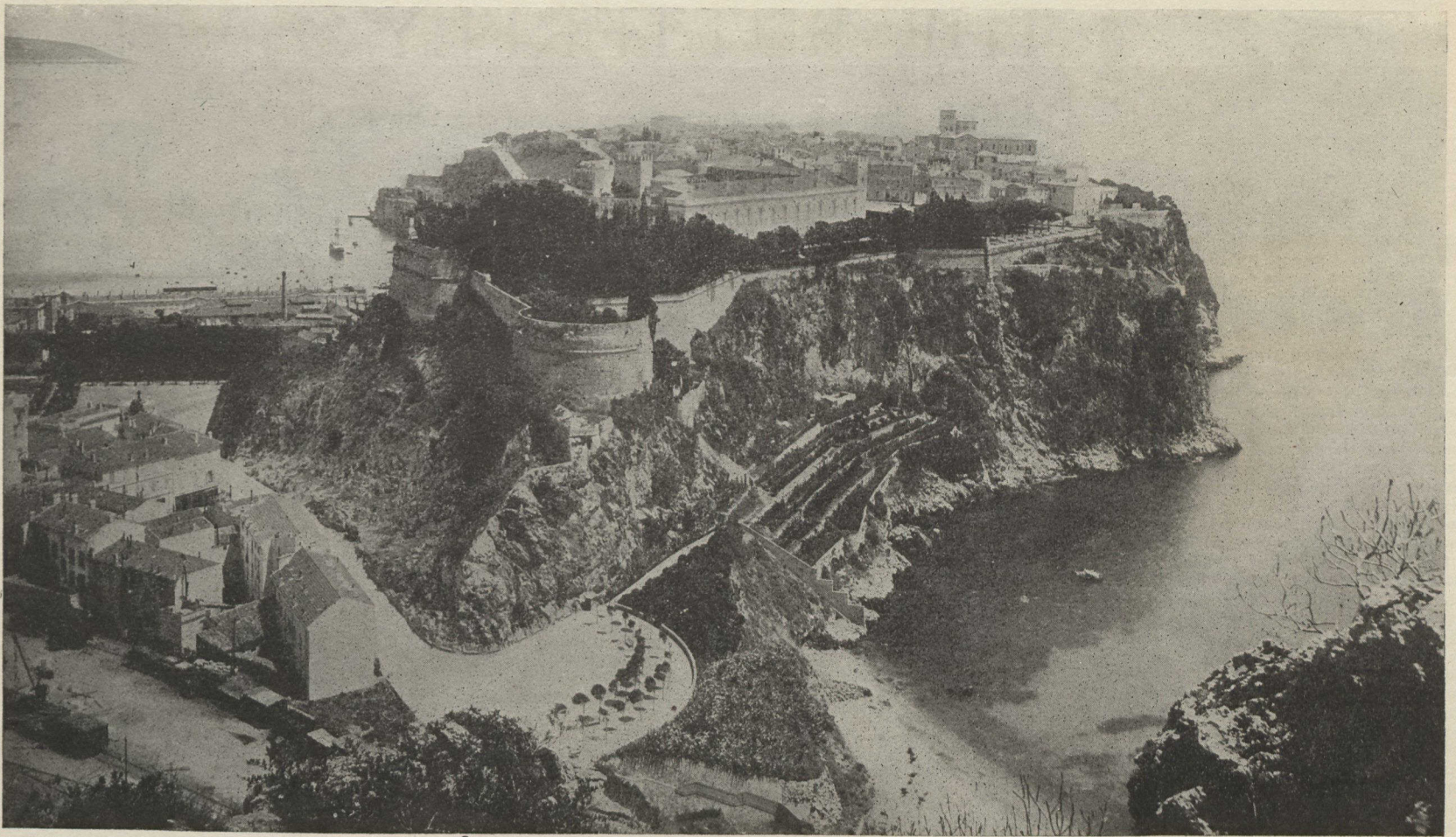
THE "BIG" EVENT

The big event of the National Council meetings was the visit of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and "Princess Pat." Perhaps there is nothing which creates a more pleasantly patriotic anticipation in the heart of the average citizen than the coming to his or her city of a royal guest. Men and women, to say nothing of hosts of children, gather eagerly with the first beat of the drum, and strain anxious eyes as the royal party approaches. And so it was in the Forest City when their Excellencies arrived on May 29th. Bands shrieked out national airs, hundreds of kodak fiends were "on the spot" and the city officials, accompanied by Mrs. Torrington and Mrs. Boomer as representatives of the National Council, hastened forward to greet the Governor-General of Canada, his wife and daughter.

The National Council, arrayed of course in its very best apparel, had held a somewhat unsettled and expectant session that morning, although nominally the meeting proceeded according to schedule. The Duchess of Connaught and Princess Patricia appeared much interested in the business of the session, the Duchess expressing in a few gracious words the benefit she believed the National Council and its work to be to Canadian women. After luncheon, all the delegates repaired to Victoria Park to witness the ceremony of unveiling the soldiers' monument by the Duke of Connaught. This monument has been erected by Londoners in memory of the "boys" who were left behind in the battles of the Boer war some nine years ago.



LADY GIBSON, A LIFE PATRON OF HAMILTON COUNCIL



MONACO, THE SMALLEST PRINCIPALITY IN EUROPE AND GAY MONTE CARLO

TWO HISTORIC EUROPEAN TOWNS

Gay Monte Carlo—Beautiful Pisa of Leaning Tower Fame

By KATHARINE HALE

AN HOUR AT MONACO

BOLDLY, above bad Monte Carlo, shines out the loveliest little city that ever inhabited the face of a rock—Monaco no less!

It is the capital of the smallest sovereign principality of Europe. Its area is just eight square miles and includes the towns of Condamine and Monte Carlo. One drives through the whole territory in an hour.

Monaco, upon its headland rises two hundred feet above the sea, is still defended by ramparts and boasts its tiny City Square, Palace, Cathedral and Museum. On the north lies the Bay of Monaco with the Casino of Monte Carlo beyond, while to the west, on lower ground, stretches the lovely resort of Condamine with orange gardens and the chapel of Ste. Devote.

The little Principality dates away back to the Phoenicians when a temple to Heracles was built on the headland, and "Portus Herculis" is frequently mentioned by early Latin writers. Later it was notorious for its piracies, and after the tenth century was associated with the Grimaldi, a powerful Genoese family. It has passed from the hands of French and Italian princes like some bejeweled favorite forever to be bought and sold. The national convention annexed the Principality to France in 1793, in 1814 it was placed under the protection of Sardinia, and, with the transference of Nice to France in 1860, passed again under the French protection.

The French Revolution brought disaster upon Honore III, Prince of Monaco, and his subjects following the examples of their neighbors rebelled against him and plundered the treasures of the little realm.

Later on, Prince Charles III, father of the present Prince, in need of funds, sold to France all but the present strip of land, and the reigning Prince, Albert I, was born in 1848. The first Bishop of Monaco was appointed in 1878, for until that time Charles had no funds to spare for bishops. But after the gambling tables had brought him a flood of gold he not only got a bishop but demolished the small 13th century church and built on its site the present imposing Cathedral, refurnished the Palace, cut costly roads through the cliffs, spanned with great arches the deep valleys and covered the mountains with olives, oranges and lemons. Best of all he abolished conscription and taxes. At first there was a Casino up on the heights of Monaco, but that has been changed, and it was in May, 1858, that the present Prince, then ten years old, laid the foundation stone of the Casino on Monte Carlo. One morning while the building was slowly progressing, one M. Blanc called on the proprietors, who were in difficulties, and offered them sixty-eight thousand pounds for their rights and property. "I shall give you," he said, "three hours to consider the matter, for I return to Nice in the afternoon. In the meantime I breakfast, take a walk, and return at half past two." On that same day the offer was accepted and the agreement signed. Francois Blanc, a native of Avignon, died later leaving a fortune of over two million pounds.

Monaco, the tiniest city in Europe, is also the cleanest. At the north end of the little promontory is the Palace or Chateau of which certain rooms are thrown open to the public. Everything is in miniature and quaint beyond words. I remember the Court d'Honneur, decorated with magnificent friezes by Caravaggio, and the horse-shoe staircase of marble leading up to an arcaded corridor. Of especial interest to the English is the sitting-room of the Duke of York, brother of George III, and the bedroom in which he died.

For one morning, in September, 1767, a messenger came to the Palace to acquaint Honore of the arrival of a vessel bearing the royal standard of England, and having on board the Duke of York, who on the voyage to Genoa had been seized with illness and sought hospitality from the Prince of Monaco. It was instantly and lavishly accorded and everything done that could be devised to restore health. But it was all too late, and after several days the royal visitor died. The quaint documents of that day tell us that "a frigate was dispatched from England to bring back the royal remains and with it George III sent a letter of thanks to the Prince with six hunters and a warm invitation to visit him at court," which was later accepted by the Prince of Monaco.

On the face of the southern cliffs is the Jardin St. Martin, a beautiful promenade with the most charming views, and in the garden a tiny museum given over chiefly to an exhibition of the unique coins of the little kingdom.

AT BEAUTIFUL PISA

Coming up from Rome to Pisa one feels mediaevalism keenly. I can only put this down to the fact that Pisa is an embodied utterance of man's awaken-

ing desire to stand alone in his expression of art while in earlier, happier moods he has almost forgotten himself in the earth and air about him, and in those projected emanations of the Earth—the gods and goddesses of the land and sea. Here lies the essential difference between Rome and Pisa. There is absolutely nothing of what the Germans call the "Ermensch" about Pisa. But it is beautiful. How beautiful it is hard to express by word or picture. For Pisa, which now lies at the mouth of Arno like a forsaken mermaid on the shore, has been a free lance before the year 900. She traded east and west, waged wars with the Saracens, drove them from Sardinia, and carried war into Africa. Rich with booty she erected, according to the old legends, "ten thousand towers within the city walls," and later on completed her dome-crowned, many-columned Cathedral and built that Baptistery, within whose marble walls of perfect construction notes of music rise and fall, circle and swell, as if angels were singing in midair. Emperors presented her with favors; she was queen of the seas, her maritime usages were to be respected, and she enacted her own laws to judge her citizens. At one time no Imperial Marquess could enter Tuscany until he had received approval from twelve men of Pisa, elected at a public meeting called together by the city's bells. She spread her power in the Levant. Jaffa, Tripoli and Antioch were in great part under her dominion and her power was scattered along the coasts of Syria and Asia Minor.

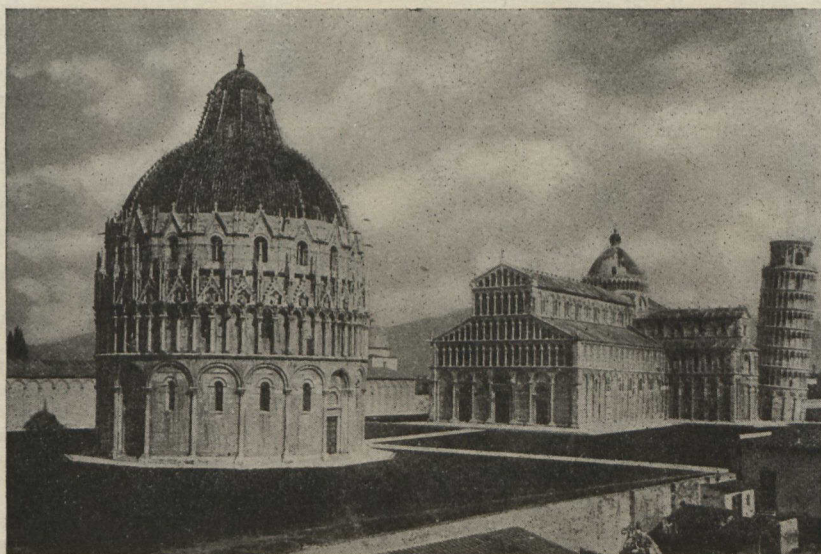
What now remains is that lovely group of buildings in the old Cathedral Square; the Duomo, the Leaning Tower, the Baptistery and the Campo Santo.

It is in this group that, as nowhere else in the world, one watches the finger of transition, sees the old old thoughts—not the Earth thoughts, but the middle-age thoughts of man—firmly rooted and yet wavering in the strange, wan light of a new age.

The Campo Santo is an unique study—absolutely mediaeval. It has been a burial ground for eight centuries. The beautiful arcades surrounding the quadrangle were built in 1203, and the story goes that fifty-three Pisan ships brought the earth from Jerusalem and burials were made for all classes of society, but the grounds are now used as a cemetery for the most distinguished only, and the arcades are a sort of Hall of Fame.

There is nothing in all Europe that is from an art standpoint at once so crude, naive and interesting as the frescoes which cover the walls of the Arcades. One section represents the Last Judgment and the separation of the good from the bad, after which are shown the mediaeval ideas of heaven and hell, the souls in the latter going through a series of punishments very similar to those described by Dante and Milton, and suited to the peculiar faults of the sinners. Angels are seen bearing souls to heaven, and demons taking others into the earth down openings through which flames are spouting.

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CATHEDRAL SQUARE, PISA, SHOWING THE LEANING TOWER, CAMPO SANTO AND THE DUOMO

THE BUTTERFLY

Jack and Madeline Had a Misunderstanding About the Other "Girl"

By PEARL C. B. FOLEY

MADLINE wandered aimlessly along the shore, a very discontented look on her pretty face.

"I do wish something would happen," she said to herself. "The idea of Jack treating me in this manner! When I told him how tedious it was with only old maids and married people around, he only smiled and replied he would be over again in a week."

When her soliloquy had reached this point, she found herself in front of her daily retreat—a rustic bench sheltered and almost hidden by a clump of bushes—and spying in the distance one of the said inquisitive and over zealous old maids, she decided to wait there until the way was clear again.

Nature smiled peacefully all around her, and as the girl gazed out at the sparkling sheet of water spread so smoothly before her a sense of tranquility gradually crept over her. She had just decided philosophically to let the future take care of itself and enjoy the present without her lover, accusing herself of lack of faith, which was, after all, the foundation of love, when she was startled at hearing his name mentioned.

Turning, she saw two men sauntering along, and as fate would have it, they stopped directly in front of her retreat.

"What do you think of the latest surprise he has sprung on us?" exclaimed one, "Jack's the one with the nerve, but believe me, he is doing a risky thing in this case. She is a beauty and appears easy enough to manage—but if I know anything he is undertaking a tough proposition."

"Yes," replied his companion, "Jack Walsh is a darned nice fellow and I'd hate to see him throw his life away on the 'Butterfly.' Miss Craigmere should know. I hear he has been successful so far in keeping her in the dark."

"Is the day set?" asked the other.

"I don't know; he is keeping things pretty quiet. I believe he wants to get away without a send off."

The two men moved on, but Madeline had heard enough. Her face was as white as her dress and her brown eyes had the look of a wounded animal.

Oh, there must be some awful mistake—her Jack in love with a butterfly, while claiming to think only of her. Her imagination worked rapidly and she had solved the whole problem in less than three seconds. She could see it all now—why he had been to see her only once that week. She recalled his constrained manner of talking, his absent-mindedness, at times not even appearing to care whether he listened to her or not. O cruel fate—to be duped like that by the man she loved. But Madeline's indignation overcame sentiment and although her nature was tender and capable of loving deeply, she possessed an indomitable spirit which helped her over the rough place now. Leaning back she let the fresh breeze fan a little color into her cheeks.

Half an hour later she entered the hotel just in time for luncheon—and to her amazement saw Jack seated at the table. Her indignation increased. The audacity of the man—but then, of course, he was not aware she knew of his deception. She must also practise duplicity. Oh how she detested him! All through the meal she talked gaily to a young officer whom she had never deigned to notice before and exulted inwardly as she saw Jack turning puzzled and inquiring eyes in her direction.

At last, when the opportunity came he was beside her and as Madeline looked into the frank young eyes her heart contracted with pain. "Don't look at me like that, how dare you!" she cried.

"Why Madeline," he exclaimed, "what is the matter dear? Are you nervous? Come down to the water; I have something very important to tell you."

She hesitated but decided it would be better to go with him, as she must have this burden off her mind; a heart load was enough to carry.

After leaving the hotel they walked on in silence and Madeline looked at her companion bitterly as she noticed the far away expression on his face.

Suddenly she stopped, and taking her hand abruptly, turned to the wide expanse of water (symbol of power) answering the sun's kisses of congratulation in a broad self satisfied smile.

The young man's face reflected the power and glowed with youthful ambition as he cried—"Madeline, what I am about to tell you, will surprise you and perhaps make you a little angry. I have tried to keep it from you, but at last my heart has conquered my better judgment, as nothing is complete for me now without your dear sympathy."

Madeline felt her self-control leaving her; was he going to make a sister confidante of her? But, steeling herself she said sarcastically, "You can spare yourself the trouble, Jack, if it is about the 'Butterfly,' for someone has been ahead of you with the information."

The man's face reddened and he looked decidedly guilty standing there biting his lips.

Madeline's heart sank as she noted his confusion, and she realized then how she had been cherishing the hope that he would contradict the assertion.

"What do you think of the name?" he inquired hesitatingly. "That was where I certainly felt in need of your assistance; but the first time I saw her up in the air 'Butterfly' suggested itself to my mind."

The girl looked at him with dilated eyes. Had the man suddenly taken leave of his senses? Could it be possible that the worry of his deception had turned his brain? But no, he looked rational enough standing there. Then the words of one of the informants flashed through her mind—"She is a beauty and appears easy enough to manage, but if I knew anything, he is undertaking a tough proposition." So, she thought that is it—a bad temper in the bargain—but aloud she said quite sweetly, "I think the name very appropriate; however," she added maliciously, "perhaps your management is at fault, which is the cause of her flightiness."

"Why she is perfect!" burst in the young man enthusiastically. "I'd like to know who the rummy was that dared to say a word against her. She is as graceful as a bird, but some people are always after the impossible. They will be expecting her to walk next."

"Gracious!" exclaimed Madeline excitedly, "you don't mean to say she's crippled?"

Jack had borne with her patiently thus far, but now his indignation got the better of him and he said hotly, "This is no joking matter to me, Madeline, it is part of my very life. I thought you would be more sympathetic."

But Madeline did not hear him, her head was whirling. How terribly strange things were shaping themselves. For Jack Walsh the great inventor and athlete to tie himself to a maimed girl and that one frivolous and empty headed in the bargain! And this could not be any idle fancy she realized as she

is my aeroplane, on which I expect to break the world's record and make myself famous for your sake."

With one wild leap joy rushed in, but the collision with misery was too much for poor Madeline. She held out her hands in a dazed fashion and would have fallen but for two eager arms which caught and held her.

To allay any uneasiness of Jack's friends, he did not "throw his life away on the 'Butterfly,' but did a much more sensible thing, which was to bestow his famous name on the "One Girl."

When Going Abroad

WHETHER it is best to travel second cabin on a large steamer or to take passage on a one-class boat from Montreal depends largely upon your own mental attitude towards ropes of restriction. Would you rather have free access to all of a smaller boat than a prescribed area on a larger one? Of course, the one class on the boats from Montreal is really second-class, though it means better staterooms, if you book early, than second cabin on a larger boat would.

The best staterooms, according to generally accepted ideas, are on the promenade deck or on some steamships the bridge deck corresponds to this. In these rooms your port-holes or windows may be flung wide in almost any weather, as they open on to a sheltered deck, but some people object to the disturbance caused by passersby. I have found saloon deck rooms very satisfactory, and do not at all prefer those higher up on the ship.

I do not consider outside rooms worth the advance in price over inside rooms. Unless the weather is fine the porthole of your outside room must be closed and the inside ones are well equipped with ventilators, which work in all weathers.

The amount of money on which a young woman may spend two months abroad, mainly in London, with a few days in Paris, depends partly on the season chosen and partly on her willingness to be inconvenienced by persistent economies. Traveling second cabin on steamers and third-class on trains in England, second on the continent, as is commonly done, three hundred dollars, or even less, would pay for your trip. To travel first cabin on ocean liners, with the heavier fees involved, would raise this amount by from sixty to eighty dollars. My plan would be to first buy my tickets for all of the trip, then set aside steamer tips for both voyages. After that I would deduct the amount of any other definite expenditures I could anticipate and divide my remaining money by my number of days ashore. This would leave about three dollars a day for board, bus fares and all sight-seeing expenses, which is really quite a generous allowance if you stay at inexpensive places. If you spend more than that amount one day you can do on less the next, and, above all things, keep an accurate account of each day's expenditure. It is marvellous how much more you can get for your money when you do.

In clothing the first necessity is a good tweed or serge suit, with a tailored blouse of silk or delaine. For the suit a mixed goods shows the dust less than a plain one, but if you wish to dispense with a dinner dress the plain, dark skirt looks better with a dressy waist. Nothing is more satisfactory for carrying about than a lace waist.

If you want to take a dinner gown black net is very serviceable.

A shirtwaist dress of dark silk or delaine is a cool and grateful change from your suit.

One hat, small, and of a color which will not fade or show dust should see you through the trip, excepting for a soft hat or cap to wear on the ship.

Woven and crepe underwear of all sorts can be washed in one's room and other things can be laundered at very short notice.

The contrast between the heavy motor or steamer coat and the dainty footwear beneath its hem is often striking. Women are very fastidious nowadays about their steamer boots—as well they may be for one's feet are ever conspicuous on a breezy deck. With the black and white steamer coats buttoned buckskin boots are fetchingly pretty. Tan calf footwear is also favored for steamer wear, and these boots also have high tops and flat buttons set closely together.

A stunning steamer coat, worn on the homeward voyage from abroad by a woman who goes over every spring to order summer finery, is of white ratine lined throughout with pale yellow broadcloth, the yellow material showing in collar, revers, and cuffs, and in the facing of a square cape collar which is buttoned down on the back of the coat almost at the hip line, with three deep yellow buttons. The sides of the coat are slashed and lapped twelve inches up from the bottom, and fastened with the same deep yellow buttons in a smaller size. This slashing and lapping of the side seams gives a slightly tapering effect at the foot of the coat which is very smart.



"The two men moved on, but Madeline had heard enough."

noted his flushed face and gloomy brown eyes. There was not a spark of feeling in his heart for her now, and as this truth was borne home to her a quivering sigh broke from her lips.

The young man's face softened immediately, and he blamed himself for having been too sharp with her.

"Forgive me, dearest, if I spoke roughly, but, oh, if you knew the hours I have spent puzzling my brain over this thing, you might excuse my impatience."

At the sound of the old caressing tone a lump rose in the girl's throat, and her pride warned her it was time to go.

With her little chin in the air and commanding herself sternly not to be a coward, she started towards the hotel, but Jack stepped in front of her and in a pleading voice said, "But Madeline, won't you even wish me luck, dear?"

Madeline's rage rose again, smothering every tender feeling in her and in a cold scintillating voice she replied, "Oh yes, if there is such a thing in the world, take it all and give it to—your 'Butterfly.'"

Jack was too engrossed in his own thoughts to notice the excitement of the girl and he rashly continued, "Madeline, you will fall in love with her immediately you see her. You are a little angry at my not telling you—but I acted for the best."

This was the last straw. With blazing eyes she turned on him, "Jack Walsh, please leave me this instant. If I become much more disgusted with myself for ever having loved a brute like you, I shall commit suicide. God help the poor 'Butterfly' when she becomes your wife!"

"My what!" the young man shouted, and from the expressions flitting across his face one would have doubted his sanity. "My wife! Why the 'Butterfly'

The RED SEAL

By Maurice Gerard



CHAPTER I

THE GIRL'S HEART

KATHERINE ALLARDYCE reached up to a half-opened bud of the white rosebush which grew against the wall, and picked it with a caressing touch. She loved all flowers; and these white roses, which luxuriated almost at will right up to the higher windows of the Manor, most of all. Having plucked, she drank deep of its fragrance, and then toyed with it in her hand.

The young man who paced by her side thought the bud a type and illustration of the maid herself. It seemed so shy and modest, so fair and sweet, just expanding to a larger life.

"Won't you give it to me, Katherine?" he asked. "I hoped you picked it for me." Lieutenant Harbin said the last words under his breath, as if almost unintentionally thinking aloud.

Katherine looked at him, a shy and yet amused glance under her full lids. Then she laughed merrily. "Picked it for you, cousin Reginald! Why, I never thought of such a thing. I picked it because I loved it; I picked it for myself." She looked the young man up and down, with a swift glance, from his plumed hat to his spurred boots, which reached to his knees.

The lieutenant was in the full uniform of the corps with which he had been serving of late, that of the King's Dragoons, which had seen active service under Colonel Churchill in Tangier.

"Roses and uniform don't go well together, cousin. Roses bask in the sunshine and nestle against the windows; what have they to do with war?" She made a little *moue*, and half shuddered. "I don't like to think of men fighting and injuring one another. Why should they? Was anyone ever the happier for any of the strife and bloodshed of the world?"

"My father was a soldier," Reginald replied, with a little stiffening of the upper lip, on which the dark hair was already beginning to make a perceptible line. "And I follow in his footsteps." He took off his hat. "I could not follow a better man."

Katherine touched his arm lightly with her slender fingers. "You know, Reginald, I think that too, as much as you do; and I meant no reflection either on him or on you. God forbid!"

"Yes, sweet cousin, I am well assured of that; and as for war, I should be always glad that it was not of my making; but a soldier obeys, and there his responsibility ends—not," he added with a frank gesture, "that I don't like fighting, when I am at it. Then I become another man."

"I wonder whether I should like you so well," she pouted, "if I saw you in that mood?"

"Then you do like me, Katherine—a little—at other times?" The lieutenant bent towards her. Katherine was tall for a girl; but Reginald was well over six feet, knit proportionately.

"Of course," she said. "Why not? Are you not my cousin once removed? Have I not known you since I was a child, and you but little more?" She again glanced at his stalwart proportions, and meeting his earnest gaze looked away again. "Besides, you have always been kind to me—like a brother, Reginald."

He stretched out his hand and took her slender fingers into his big palm. "Could anyone fail to be kind to you, Katherine? Are you not the love and joy of everyone at the Manor, and for miles around? Do you wonder that I, too—" He stopped, and his utterance grew deep as he went on, "that I, too, love you?"

The girl had allowed her hand to rest in his; now she gently, but firmly, withdrew it.

"I have always felt for you as for a brother, Reginald, ever since I was a little child."

"A brother!" he cried impetuously. "Yes, when we were children, then it sufficed. But now—"

"I always wished I had a real brother," Katherine said. "Sometimes I feel as if I had no one."

"Katherine!"

"No one I could really claim as my very own, no one who belonged to me, and to whom I belonged."

Wintern Manor, Colonel Harbin's fine seat, was beautifully placed on a rising slope, with thickly wooded parkland about it, and beyond the silver streak of "Severn Sea." At the back of the mansion the ground was much lower; so that the courtyard, fine entrance hall, kitchens, and other offices were on a level to themselves. In front, where the Manor looked out over the Bristol Channel, at the top of an inclined and gradually rising ground, was a terrace on which Katherine Allardyce and her companion were walking. Opening out on to this beautifully placed promenade were the windows of the principal living-rooms—the dining and drawing rooms, Katherine's boudoir, and Colonel Harbin's sanctum.

As they talked Reginald and the girl had reached the end of the terrace, where a clear view could be obtained of the Severn estuary, with its distant boundary line of the Welsh coast. The trees below this point were kept pollarded, so as not to intercept the lovely view. Amongst them could be seen the winding drive leading to the great iron gates of the park, outside which was the Taunton road. Round Wintern Manor itself the country was fertile, and the landscape homely, yet not more than a mile and a half away Exmoor stretched out one of its spurs, and beyond were vast solitudes, heather-clad and pine-bearing, where the red deer roamed at will, and where you could go twenty miles without meeting any human being except some chance shepherd or peat-digger.

The lieutenant looked into the girl's eyes, as she gazed half dreamily over the distant water. They were of that shade of grey which sometimes deepens into brown, and at other times has the pale transparency of aquamarine. He saw that she was thinking her own thoughts, and he sighed. She was all the world to him, and he—what was he to her? Was it the four years which separated their ages, he three-and-twenty, she nineteen, which made all the difference? He had fixed his future, and knew where he willed to go with all the strenuous purpose of his being. Her feelings he could not read, try as he would. Nay, he was more than half assured she could not, did not, read them herself. Yet girls, he had understood, always matured more rapidly than men. Why was she so backward? Was it that her heart had never been quickened, the pulse of her inmost nature never been stirred? How often had he seen in the morning the waters of "Severn Sea" lying dull and sluggish, unresponsive, leaden. Then the sun had shone full from its bank of clouds, its rays had kissed the waters, and the whole face of nature had changed under the influence of its radiance in response to the entrance of the master. Life had answered to life, love had quickened to the touch of love.

Would this be the case with the beautiful girl by his side, as fair in her way as the "Severn Sea" was in her own niche in the complete handiwork of the Creator? There was a long pause, then he asked her softly:

"Do you think a brother would have contented you always, Katherine?"

"Does anyone content us always?" she answered with another question. "Nay! do we not tire of ourselves? Perhaps that was the origin of those fairy tales my old nurse used to tell me and I loved to hear, when people were suddenly transformed into somebody quite different, and if that did not do they only had to put their feet on a carpet and be immediately transferred to a far-away land or fantastic, mystic Isle of the Sea. I should like that! I should like to see the world, and yet"—she turned and looked back on the grey walls of the Manor, on the giant-rose-bush with its myriad starlike clusters, on the green luxury of the tree-tops stretching away for long distances in the soft June sunlight, on the shining phosphorescence of the Channel beyond—"I love this place beyond everything; no sooner had I left it than I should want to come back. Dear old Wintern!"

The young man's face glowed as he spoke. He, too, loved it with all his heart and he dearly liked to hear her avow the same feeling. This, at any rate, was a link between them.

"I have known what it is to long for Wintern," he said, "as for a jewel beyond price. At Tangier many a night, as I kept watch when all but the sentries under my charge slept, I have thought of you all here—of father, of the servants, of the village, of—you." His voice faltered for a minute. Then he went on with a half smile. "Once or twice in the midst of these memories and longings for home your fairy has waved her wand, and the change has come. We were surprised by the stealthy approach, followed by

the quick onrush, of the Arab hosts which ever hovered about our outposts. Ah! then you should have seen our gallant leader, Colonel Churchill, cool and yet daring, ordering, striking, driving a multitude before him with his own hand, the force of his own personality." The lieutenant had laid his fingers on the handle of his sword as the vivid scene rose up before him. "He is a man, and when his praise, only rarely given, sounds in your ears, you feel that you can do and dare anything for him."

It was Katherine's turn to look at Reginald Harbin; and as she did so, her own figure straightened, and her eyes caught fire from his enthusiasm. It was true that she hated the thought of war and all that war entailed, yet her forebears had been gallant fighters, and the blood of her ancestors flowed through her veins. As Katherine looked she seemed to see her cousin in a new light. The man in him asserted itself. She had known him as a boy. Her parents had died while she was a child, leaving her, the heiress of great estates, to the guardianship of her mother's cousin, Sir Francis Harbin. At Wintern Manor she had found her home. Gradually all the recollection of any other place of abode had been dulled, until it practically faded from her memory. Katherine and Reginald Harbin had grown up together, calling themselves "cousins," a vague term of relationship which had served so far. The girl had been slow to realize that she must focus her view of Reginald afresh as the years brought maturity. Even his absences on military duty in England, and later in Africa, had failed to teach her that he had reached his stature as a man. Now it came to her in a flash, and she was strangely puzzled. Her old conception of the immature boy, now shy, now daring, according to the mood of the moment, had to give way to her reading of the man with settled convictions and fixed determinations. Reginald had assumed in her eyes a new dignity; she felt for him the respect which is born of assured strength.

Katherine did not speak for a minute or two. Then she said: "Now the fairy which watches over your life is about to wave his (or her) wand again. I always think of a fairy as a woman. You are to be transported to London, and you hardly know what will come of it in these troublous times." She said it affirmatively, yet a question was implied, and, somehow, Reginald understood her quickened interest.

"I am a laborer waiting to be hired," as the Reverend Doctor illustrated for our good on Sunday last, and I know not yet who will hire me, or whether there will indeed be a hiring at all. Since our troop was disbanded our swords have rusted in their scabbards."

"I could wish that they might ever remain so," Katherine ejaculated, clasping her hands.

"I must not echo it, since the profession of war is my calling; yet I could wish that it might be my future to fight, if I fight at all, on a foreign strand, as I have done hitherto, and against a foe not of my own kith and kin."

Katherine turned and looked at him, her face blanched, her eyes dilated.

"You think, cousin—"

"What do you think, and yet do not wish to think, Katherine—that this nation is stirred to its depths, that discontent simmers, and sedition comes to a head. The generation which suffered and bled at Worcester and Naseby, and a hundred such fights, has either forgot the lesson, or is giving place to one which only knows it by hearsay as a strange tale. We can hear the mutterings of the storm, the coming tempest, here in our own village, among the shepherds of the moor and the fisherfolk of Minehead and Watchet. The careful tradesmen of Bridgewater and Taunton sell his wool—or his wares by day, but he sharpens his sword by night. You know it as well as I. It is whispered in the market and almost preached from the pulpit."

"It is true," she cried, her fine eyes suffused with tears. "We live in troublous times, and King James if aught be true of what men say, reckes of nothing but bending the necks of his people to the yoke they both fear and hate. Would that someone could guide his Majesty aright, or that God Himself would teach him wisdom!"

"I know one who has striven to turn him and lost favor by it—my old leader, and King James's good friend in his days before the kingship, Colonel Churchill."

"Is it to him that you would go first when you reach London, Reginald?"

"Yes; I shall put up at the 'Rose and Crown,' near Covent Garden, Sir Francis's old hostelry, and early make my way to Churchill's quarters. Although he has not the favor of James as once he had, the king never lets him far distant from him, for he well knows there is no more capable servant or braver soldier in his dominions."

"You will soon know better than we do what is about to happen, cousin; we can only sit still and wait. That is the hardest part—waiting. I feel it that am but a girl. What must it be for a man like your father, Sir Francis?"

"Ah! if it had not been for the loss of his arm at Naseby he would have gone with me to London."

"I am almost thankful for that misfortune if it

keeps Sir Francis here; what should we do without him?"

"It is true, dear Katherine;" again Reginald took her hand, and she forgot to take it away. "I was selfish for a moment. My father's place is here; his wisdom is great if his strength is not what it was—and, indeed, the first is a quality we sadly want in this realm."

"Aye, and here as much as anywhere," the girl exclaimed. "Janet tells me there is talk even among the servants of the Manor about a rising." Katherine sank her voice. "She has seen the ribbon."

"Ribbon! What ribbon, dear cousin? You talk in enigmas."

"It is red, with a black stripe on either side, Janet says. She tells me that Lawyer Startin is giving a streamer to whomsoever will take them, but each is bound over by solemn promise not to show it yet."

"Master Startin is a dangerous man; he has the old fanatic creed in him which will out. I never see him but I seem to read it in his narrow face and heavy jaws."

"Yes, he will do mischief with these poor people, and I hear that a certain Pastor Mulgrove has been at Watchet, and the people have crowded to hear him. He preached on that text, 'Is the Lord's hand shortened that He cannot save, or His ear heavy that it cannot hear?' He spoke of a deliverance at hand, and that all would soon, like Joshua, have to choose whom they would serve."

"Who told you all this?"

"Janet, as she waited on me only this morning."

"Does my father know of it?"

"No. I have not told him yet. I suppose I must, and yet I hate to grieve him. Besides, what can he do? Lawyer Startin has more power and influence with these people than Sir Francis, even though he be Lord of the Manor, and has ever been kind to all those beneath him in rank."

"Don't you know why, cousin? It is because this fellow Startin jumps with their mood. He tells them what they would hear; while Sir Francis ever preaches patience and loyalty, which they would not hear. Yet am I almost a rebel myself." Reginald flushed at the word under his bronze. It had come to have such a significance in England, as to make men who had suffered for their fidelity to the Stuarts wince at the breathing of it.

Katherine answered with heightened color and rising bosom: "I cannot bear to think of England under the sway of the Pope, and of great and good men turned out of office under the Crown because they are not of the king's religion, and others put in their place who are more subservient, or perhaps truly of the Papist persuasion. I cannot bear to think that the very judges are threatened with dismissal if they administer the law. If the king's faith is not that of the people, I am not of those who would interfere with him, as they say the Scots treated their Queen Mary, who died miserably on the scaffold at Fotheringay afterwards. But I would have him remember that in the matter of faith 'tis for his own conscience. We have won our freedom at a great cost, and this inheritance no man or king has a right to take from us. We, too, have our consciences."

Katherine had released her hands from his grasp, and as she spoke she clenched them together. Reginald had never seen her so strangely stirred, and withal never had she seemed so beautiful, flushed and animated. If the girl had just regarded her cousin in a new light, so now he saw depths in her nature never even suspected before. But little at Wintern, and when there much occupied with hunting after the red deer on the far-famed moor, or bass-fishing from their own boat in the Channel, the young man had heard less than his cousin of what the whole countryside was thinking and doing. Katherine, on the contrary, through her old tire-woman, Janet Oldhern, was kept well informed of all that was going on.

"I am with you, dear cousin, in all you say; and so is my father, I know full well. The heart of England is true to the faith for which Cranmer and Ridley perished at the stake, and what men have dared and suffered men will not be afraid to dare and suffer again. But the cure for the king's distemper is not to be found in civil war—at least, so I judge. England has been drained of enough of her best blood already. Besides, I believe not in this Monmouth. My friend and captain knows the duke well. As to his religion, it is put on with the dress he thinks best befits him, and will be to the liking of those who can further his schemes. He can be brave enough on occasion in the field, as he showed at the Storm of Maestricht; but his moods are ever changing. Now he thinks the world at his feet, and anon all things are the color of the sky when the storm clouds lower. At a crisis he may mount his horse—I have seen him; he is a fine figure on horseback—and lead men like a hero, sword in hand; or he may take to his bed and refuse even to issue an order or give an instruction. Is it for such a man, who is never twice alike, or for long master of himself, that we in England are to fling our fortunes to the four winds and ourselves perish on the scaffold? No; I love not James and I am not of his faith, but at any rate I believe him of the blood royal and no usurper, as the people's duke, as they call him, would be of a certainty."

"Then you believe not what people are saying—that his grace is the lawful heir?"

"Not a jot or tittle. His claims will not bear investigation. Had Charles regarded him as his lawful son, Monmouth would have been proclaimed heir to the throne long ago; it is no secret that his late Majesty loved him before his brother. But though Charles held not to many things, he would have died on the scaffold, like his sire, for the divine birthright of kings. That he knew Monmouth did not have, and Charles did not hesitate to proclaim the fact

to those of his ministers in whom he confided. The cause of the duke, cousin, can never prosper. It is founded on a lie. In addition, to capture England one must be a man, at least, of courage and determination, slow to strike; but, when the blow is made, resolute to see it through. Monmouth is no such hero, and those who put their trust in him will rue the day of their confidence."

No houses were to be seen from that terrace outlook—nothing but trees and water and the distant coastline beyond the Channel. But the young girl knew that in township and hamlet, in shepherd's hut and fisherman's cottage, brave hearts were beating in unison, filled with one hope, knit by one faith. Yet as Katherine listened to Reginald, and felt the truth of his words, spoken, as she knew, by one who had reason to be certain of what he said, a chill of fear crept to her heart, not for herself, but for the people. If their idol were indeed of clay, then the fall of it would be terrible, and how many would be crushed under its weight?

"May God keep us all from such a calamity!" cried Katherine fervently.

"Amen to that with all my heart!" Then he slipped his arm into hers, and led her towards a bower which bounded the terrace at one end. Katherine yielded herself to the influence of his gentle compulsion. She was in a whirl of feeling, hardly knowing what she did, full of thoughts presented by the conversation they had just had, conscious of the young man whose personality had assumed for her a guise to which she had by no means accustomed her mind, doubtful of her own heart most of all. So she went with heightened color, the rose still in her right hand.

Reginald led his cousin to a seat, then he bent over her and looked into her eye. She met his glance for a second, then her gaze dropped, and the peach bloom on her cheeks deepened and spread to her ears. In these latter there was a strange buzzing, as though she had been flung into deep water which had closed about her head.

Reginald sank on one knee and took possession of the rose's prison.

"Katherine, do you know what you are to me? Something so high above me, so pure and sweet, that I cannot attain to its heights; yet I would dare to do as I have seen you do to-day: stretch out my hand to the rose cluster almost out of my reach. I want you to think of me when I am away from you—"

He stopped.

"I should always do that," she faltered. "Your father and I talk of you daily."

But she was not to be let off so easily. This young man had fought with the Moors and had learned a certain firmness in the process.

"I want you to think of me, dear—in one way—not as you have thought of me before."

"How can I?" she faltered. "I do not know how."

"You must go to school and learn," he said, and he ventured to stroke her hand.

"Where is the school?" she asked. "I do not know the way to it." Her voice was very soft and low, and if he had not been very close to her lips assuredly he would not have caught the words.

"It is a school of which the door is shut and barred when others are by. It is only open for you to enter when you are alone—in your chamber, on the solitary moor, by the sea-shore."

"I have never seen it, then," she persisted.

"No; it cannot be seen: only felt, for it lies hidden in the most secret avenue of your own heart. Katherine," he pleaded, "I want you to learn to love me." He bent still further and kissed her hand. The fragrance of the half-drooping rose which the girl held rose up to his nostrils; never, as long as Reginald Harbin lived, did he fail to associate the rose scent with that scene in the bower at Wintern, that first declaration of his great love for Katherine Allardyce.

She shook herself free, not forcibly, yet firmly enough, and stood up. Reginald stood up likewise. His heart was beating with a strange fear that he had ruined his chance by asking her so much too soon. This girl was not like some others he had met in the great world. She had been brought up in such absolute seclusion, his father and her tire-woman her only familiar companions, with occasional visits from the Rector of Wintern, Dr. Theophilus Mordaunt. Mature she was in many things, even beyond her years, but of the language of love she knew not the alphabet, had never heard one single sentence.

"I will think of you, cousin Reginald, I will even try and think of you as you wish me to think, but I cannot promise anything—even to do that. It is all so strange to me what you seek. I cannot give what I do not even know that I possess."

"Is it not your heritage?" he asked, a half smile playing about his mouth, almost in spite of himself.

"Heritage?" she said, with a puzzled look. "What heritage?"

She had pictured broad acres, farms, and homesteads, but although in a vague way she knew she possessed them, they represented nothing to her.

"Yes," he replied; "the heritage of your womanhood—the heritage of love."

She, too, smiled as she caught at his simile.

"I do not think I have come into that heritage—yet."

"It is not like any other."

"Why?"

"Because it cannot be yours until it is another's too, and I want—ah! how deeply, truly—to be that other."

"I will remember," she promised. "I will try and think of it, of you, Reginald. Forgive me if I seem

unready; indeed, it is all so strange—so passing strange to me."

"I must be content with that?" he asked, yet he knew his answer.

"I can only give you that," she declared, with a sweet firmness which became her well; at least, he thought so, although the judgment of the court was not in his favor.

"May I not have one thing more?" he pleaded.

"What is it?" she asked.

"The rose you plucked," and he stretched out his hand. "It is an emblem of you."

She did not say yea or nay, yet when Reginald Harbin rode out from the gates of Wintern Manor that afternoon, there was a white rose in his hat, which resembled the one Katherine had plucked from the wall above the terrace.

CHAPTER II

THE KING'S INQUISITOR

LEUTENANT HARBIN and his man-servant, David Colbert, rode on their way towards London by rapid stages. Both were well mounted, and the high roads, at any rate, were in moderately fair condition. There had been but little rain for more than a month past. Colbert had been a trooper in Lieutenant Harbin's company. The latter had taken a fancy to the man, who had a frank, open face, and was of tried courage. Reginald had made him his body servant in Tangier, when the one he had taken out fell ill of fever and died. After the troop was disbanded, Colbert had asked to be retained in the lieutenant's service, and as Reginald had taken a liking to him, and had found him always ready in resource and good-tempered, he was nothing loth to accede to the request.

The route chosen was by Taunton, Yeovil, Sherborne, and so to Salisbury. As they rode side by side—for the lieutenant had encouraged Colbert to keep pace instead of maintaining his place in the rear—they marked the characteristics of the country through which they had passed and the people they encountered.

"Not much being done hereabouts," the man-servant remarked as they crossed a stone bridge over a stream, which marked the boundary line between Somerset and Dorset. "Seems as if the hay was not valued much in this country. That field has been ripe this week or more past, and not a scythe put into it."

"The men are all on the roads," Reginald answered.

"There is more stirring than husbandry."

As he spoke they rode up to a forge. The twilight was coming on. Work might well have been suspended for the night under all ordinary circumstances. Not so on this occasion. Three furnaces were in full blast, one of which seemed to have been improvised somewhat hastily to meet an unusual demand. Half-a-dozen smiths were working at the forges with bare arms and set faces, on which the sweat stood out in great drops. Quite a number of men worked outside or ranged themselves against the walls of the smithy. The firelight, as it rose and fell with the plunging of steel into red-hot embers, or the beat of hammer on anvil, lighted up the faces of the waiting bystanders. They were set and sullen; not a word was spoken, not a rough jest exchanged. It seemed that the business they had in hand did not admit of the relaxation of a muscle or the offering of the civilities of life. Laborers they were, most of them, with here and there a small farmer, together with a few grizzled soldiers, evidently of the old Cromwell breed. These latter seemed to take a kind of general supervision of what was going on. The smiths were turning pruning hooks and hedge bills, even here and there long handled scythes, into weapons of war, which might prove formidable enough in a rough-and-tumble contest in strong hands, and with leaders capable of using such undrilled material to the best advantage.

Not a hand was raised in salute or a voice cried greeting as the lieutenant and his servant emerged into the brilliance of the thrice illuminated forge from the comparative obscurity of the road beyond. Such courtesies would have been offered in all ordinary times and on more usual occasions. Now it was conspicuously wanting. However, they were not to pass without some notice being taken of them. A heavily-bearded man in a leathern surtout and stout helmet, much discolored by weather, who had been sitting on a rough wooden seat opposite the forge, sprang to his feet, and, coming towards them, laid his hand on the bridle of the lieutenant's horse. Although the touch was not heavy, it caused the high-spirited animal to snort and curvet. Reginald turned upon the man.

"How now, sirrah! What do you mean by touching my horse? You must know little of horses if you think they take kindly to the touch of a strange hand."

The man replied in a deep, reverberant voice: "I knew about horses before you were weaned, young sir. It is you who are to answer questions. I want to know whither you ride, and on what errand?"

Reginald flushed at the stranger's dictatorial tone. By this time others had gathered by the latter's side, a sturdy company, and several of them with formidable bill-hooks in their hands. The lieutenant's sword was in its sheath, and his pistols in the holsters. To take either weapon would mean speedy dispatch at the hands of these desperate men. Reginald drew himself up, and looked haughtily into the strong face of his interrogator.

"You have the advantage of us in numbers, or I would not parley with you for an instant. Why am I to be stopped, riding on a peaceful errand upon the King's highway?"

(Continued on page 35)

THE THIRD MAN

By Silas K. Hocking



SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Geoffrey Lincoln and Bart Gordon, seniors at Oxford, toss a coin to decide which shall propose first to Eve Marsden, hoping to prevent her accepting David Wiggs, a rich upstart. The lot falls on Geoff, who is accepted, much to his surprise. He admires, but does not love Eve. Geoff had taken Eve to the station after her visit to his people, when he meets David Wiggs.

"LONDON is a wicked place, and thou'd better keep away."

He laughed a little scornfully and walked out of the room.

He had been in London a week when Geoff came face to face with him in Paddington Station. He had driven all the distance in his motor-car, and had taken ten days on the journey. He had zigzagged across England, visiting every place of interest that he could hear of. He was his own chauffeur, and had become a rather expert driver.

He had been happier during the last few weeks than at any time since Eve refused him, but the sight of Eve and Geoff together was like a match to gunpowder. It awoke to fury the sleeping demon within him. If the meeting had been in the lonely country instead of the crowded city, he did not know what would have happened. He ached to strangle Geoff and carry off Eve by sheer force.

He left his car outside the station, and followed them on to the platform. Keeping out of sight, he marked their every movement, their every expression; saw their last kiss just before the train moved out of the station.

What he felt no one knew. He was almost beside himself with rage and jealousy. Eve looked lovelier than ever, and his passion flamed to a white heat.

"The time will come," he muttered to himself; and, turning on his heel, he strode away.

CHAPTER VII

BITTER-SWEET

BART GORDON, having won his fellowship, returned to Oxford in October.

He had been back a fortnight before he ventured to call at Rose Villa. He would have postponed the visit still longer if he could have found another excuse. Geoff had written him expressing surprise that he had not yet called, and reminding him of his duty, if not of his promise, to give an eye to Eve and do his best to lighten her loneliness.

Reason as well as conscience urged him to give Eve a very wide berth. He knew well enough that the sight of her face would awaken all his old passion.

On the other hand he had promised Geoff that he would call and see her, and a promise ought to be kept. Moreover, he and Eve had been good friends in the past, and it would look like churlishness if he neglected her now; and besides all that, there was no denying the fact that his heart was aching for a sight of her face. What was he to do—break his promise or take the risk?

Bart walked across the park that dull, rainy afternoon like a man going to his doom, and yet there was a strange thrill of jubilation in his heart. The aftermath would no doubt be pain and humiliation, and possibly remorse. He could not help it. In any case, before the bitter would come the sweet. To see Eve again was worth something. To watch her making tea, to listen to the ripple of her laughter, to watch the shadows come and go in her sweet brown eyes, to catch the sunshine of her smiles, urely it would be worth suffering a good deal for.

His heart was beating in his throat when he rang the door bell, and a minute later he was shown into the drawing-room, where Eve sat deep in an easy chair with a book in her hands and her feet on the fender.

At sight of Bart she sprang to her feet with a little cry of pleasure, and the color deepened in her cheeks in a moment.

"I had almost thought you were never coming," she said a little reproachfully, "but I suppose you have been very busy."

"Very busy," he answered a little awkwardly. "You see, I haven't come back for pleasure this time, but for real hard work."

"And do you want me to take that as a compliment?" she questioned, lifting shy eyes to his.

"Well—in a way—yes," he stammered. "I mean—well, it is always a pleasure, don't you know, to come here."

"It is nice of you to say that," she answered with a ripple of laughter; "and yet, if it be true, I don't understand why you have delayed so long."

"Oh, well, don't you see," and he laughed shyly, "I have to try to practise a few virtues occasionally."

"But I understood that one of your duties was to look after me," and she laughed pleasantly. "I'm

afraid I shall have to think, in spite of your pleasant speeches, that you regard that particular duty, at any rate, as a rather irksome one."

"Oh, no, I don't—believe me, I don't," he answered, growing confused. "If I thought you needed looking after I would be here every day. And then, you see, if a duty becomes—well, becomes a pleasure, don't you know—why, where is the virtue of it?"

"Then you think there is no virtue except in doing unpleasant things?"

"Oh, now you have me," and he laughed quite cheerfully. "Do you know, I never thought of the matter in that light. I wonder if Spencer, in his 'Data of Ethics,' has anything to say on that subject? I will look it up to-morrow."

"Oh, I wouldn't, if I were you," she answered, turning her bright eyes full on him and laughing again. "To be always putting one's actions in a scale and weighing them must be an awful nuisance. Better follow our hearts and do the things that come first, and not bother whether they weigh a pound avoirdupois or only fourteen ounces. Besides, how do we know that the scale itself doesn't want adjusting?"

He stared at her with wide-open eyes, then laughed somewhat dubiously. In her light, inconsequential way she was plunging him into depths that he had not sounded. He was a clergyman's son, and had been brought up within the lines of strict orthodoxy. The Church's moral weights and measures had been fixed for all time, and any suggestion that they might need readjusting was nothing less than startling.

"I do believe you want your tea," she said, with the same bright, jaunty air. "Well, you shall not have to wait long for it," and she walked across to the bell-push.

"Father is out," she explained, when the girl brought in the tea, "so you will have to put up with my poor company."

"Do you know," she went on after a few moments, "that there is to be a concert at the town hall this day week?"

"Oh!" He raised his eyes slowly and looked at her.

"You don't care for concerts, I think?"

"Oh, yes, I do. In fact, I am awfully fond of good music."

"I have had two tickets for the balcony given me," she went on, pouring him out another cup of tea.

"Father, as you know, detests concerts; besides, he rarely goes out now at nights. And—and as you have been installed as my chaperon, I—I—why, of course—" and she raised her eyes to his and laughed.

"If you only knew—" he began, then stopped abruptly and blushed.

"Only knew what?" she questioned innocently.

"Well, what a treat it is to get away from one's books, and from oneself, in fact. I assure you I shall look forward eagerly to the concert."

"You will not need to put on evening clothes," she said in matter-of-fact tones. "You might come along to high tea, and if the weather is fine we might walk down together."

"That would be jolly!"

"And after the concert you might see me into a cab."

He nodded and popped another biscuit into his mouth.

It was quite dark when he got back to his rooms, and for awhile he sat in the firelight with his hands deep in his pockets and his eyes half closed. He had spent a very pleasant afternoon with Eve, and now the reaction had come. He expected it, of course, after the sweet the bitter.

Eve was more beautiful than ever in his eyes; he loved her with a passion that was more completely absorbing; he longed to possess her with a more intense desire.

A week later he found himself once more at Rose Villa. Eve received him in the drawing-room, as usual. The doctor was in his study. She was a little more sedate in her talk than during his previous visit, but none the less charming on that account. She made sympathetic inquiries about his work, and seriously suggested that he should take more exercise. She showed great interest in his programme of lectures, and led him on unconsciously to talk about himself and the future.

It was quite dark when they left the house to go to the concert. Outside the gate Eve took his arm as though he had been an elder brother. It was well that she did not feel the thrill that ran through him; he did not even press her hand with his arm, yet all the way he walked like a man who was passing through an enchanted land. In his ears her soft voice rang like music, and every now and then the light in her eyes gave him glimpses of an impossible heaven.

Such a mingling of sweet and bitter he had never known before. It was rapture beyond all words to love her; it was joy unspeakable even to be her friend. But to be forestalled, to know that his love was unrequited, that her heart was in the keeping of another—that was grief too deep for utterance.

He never had any clear recollection what the concert was like. He remembered only Eve. She sat enthralled, listening. He sat enthralled, also, looking at her.

Toward the end of the concert she laid her hand suddenly on his arm, and he felt it tremble.

"Look," she whispered, "in the front row of all. He is turning his head—there, he has seen us."

Bart flushed and grew angry. Standing up and waving his programme at them was David Wiggs.

CHAPTER VIII

APPREHENSION

BART recognised David by the slightest possible inclination of the head, but Eve, with her usual impulsiveness and generosity, waved her hand to him. Bart frowned and looked a little annoyed. David's lack of taste grated on his nerves. Eve's readiness to greet her old lover came to him with a slight shock of surprise.

In the large vestibule, as he expected, David was waiting for them. He rushed up to Eve as though they were the best friends in the world and seized her outstretched hand in both his. "It is a pleasure to see you again," he panted, "an awful pleasure; and you look so well, too. I can't tell you how delighted I am. And how is your father? I hope he is first-rate."

"He is very well, thank you," Eve replied quietly.

"You will give him my kindest regards, won't you, and tell him that I will be looking in to see him in a few days—perhaps to-morrow. He rattled on with scarcely a pause for breath, as though afraid Eve might cut in with a sudden "Good night."

"I was not aware you had returned to Oxford again," she said as soon as he gave her an opening.

"Oh, I am not at the 'Varsity," he laughed. "I wish I were. I don't expect I shall ever have so jolly a time again. I've just had five or six weeks in London; fine place is London, and awful fun dodging the traffic, I can assure you. Won't you let me take you home in my car? I could get it round in no time."

"No, thank you."

"It wouldn't be a bit of trouble, I assure you.

"Miss Marsden is in my charge at present," Bart

broke in suddenly and a little angrily, and he pushed his way through the crowd, Eve clinging to his arm. Neither of them spoke until they had got some distance away; then, after a hurried glance behind him to be sure that David was not following, he said quietly: "Would you mind walking home?"

"Not in the least. I should enjoy it."
"I'm afraid we should have a difficulty in getting a cab now. There's such a crowd waiting."
"Perhaps we ought to have left earlier. I hope you don't mind?"

"Mind? I shall be glad of the walk and a little fresh air."

She came closer to him the nearer they got to Rose Villa and leaned more heavily on his arm. She was getting tired. Her cheek sometimes touched his shoulder. He could feel her breath when she raised her face to reply to some remark of his; her eyes shone in the lamp-light. Once or twice he fancied that her hand trembled.

He held himself in check with resolute will. He might not be able to help loving Eve, but he could help making any sign of it. He owed that to himself, to Eve, and to his friend Geoff Lincoln.

So they talked spasmodically about commonplace things till they reached Rose Villa. He held her hand for the briefest moment as they said good night. He had not the courage to look into her face. He would have given the world to have taken her in his arms and kissed her.

"You will come again soon?" she called from within the doorway.

"Yes, soon," and he strode away into the darkness.

Three days later he redeemed his promise and dropped in at Rose Villa a little after tea-time; he told himself that he hadn't the cheek to go to tea again so soon.

He had felt more or less depressed all the day. A vague sense of impending trouble haunted him. He wanted cheering up. Autumn was always a depressing time; the falling leavess addened him. Naturally his thoughts turned to Eve Marsden's cosy drawing-room and to Eve herself. She was nearly always cheerful, whoever might be depressed, and what was more, she always gave him a warm welcome whenever he called.

His heart was beating uncomfortably fast when he came in sight of Rose Villa. The light was full on in the drawing-room, the professor's study above was in darkness. He paused for a moment with his hand on the garden gate. He thought again of the moth and the candle. It was foolish of him, no doubt, to see so much of Eve. He was deliberately scorching his heart, adding to his burden with each successive visit.

The door was opened directly in response to his ring, and the professor stood before him.

"Oh, I thought it was Eve," he said in a tone of disappointment. "She ought to have been at home nearly two hours ago. They went out for a motor ride, fully intending to be back to tea."

"They?"
"She and David Wiggs. She did not want to go particularly, but I persuaded her. I thought a spin in the fresh air would do her good. I hope they have not met with an accident; but I am bound to admit I am getting alarmed, and the night is so frightfully dark."

"Which way did they go?"
"They turned in the direction of the Woodstock Road. 'Just an hour's run,' David said, 'or an hour and a half at the outside.'"

Bart stood still in the doorway with a troubled look in his eyes. A dozen vague fears haunted him—Had she gone out with anyone else he would have been less concerned. But David Wiggs—

He tried to put his fears aside. There had been a breakdown, perhaps. Such things were not uncommon, and a breakdown in the country would mean very considerable delay.

"He has a good chauffeur, I presume, who understands the machine?" Bart questioned after a pause.

"Oh, no, he drives himself. He says he has become quite an expert driver."

"But do you mean to say—?" he began, then stopped abruptly. It was not his place to criticize. "I hope there has been nothing worse than a breakdown," he ended, after a pause.

"But think what that might mean!" the old man interrupted excitedly. "Suppose that should happen in some lonely country lane, miles away from any house—"

"Mr. Wiggs would keep to the high roads, surely?" Bart answered with a curious tightening of the muscles round his lips.

"He may have taken some cut across country. I'm afraid he's a little fond of showing off his skill as a driver."

Bart glanced up at the clock and was silent. He was too troubled himself to be of much comfort to anyone else. Besides, he could not resist the conviction that Wiggs had deliberately led Eve into a trap. That he loved Eve in his own coarse, violent way, there could be no doubt. That he had not given up hopes of winning her was evident from his effusive manner on the night of the concert. That he would not stick at niceties to secure his own ends was known to nearly everyone who knew him at all.

Bart got up after awhile and began to pace up and down the room. He had scarcely courage to follow his own argument to its conclusion. He felt almost sick with fear and misgiving.

The professor was the first to break the silence. It was evident that similar, if not the very same thoughts had been working in his brain.

"I—I fear I made a mistake," he faltered after a long pause. "I ought not to have persuaded Eve to go."

"It was no doubt a mistake," Bart answered doggedly, and he glanced again at the clock. For awhile he stood as if deep in thought.

"Look here," he said at length, "I cannot possibly stay here doing nothing."

"But what can you do?" the old man questioned.

"I don't know. But I shall suffocate if I stay here. I must get out into the night and into the wind. I must listen, call, search. There has been no accident, or you would have heard ere this. The thing to be apprehended is something very different. Good-bye for the present," and he hurried out of the room and out of the house.

CHAPTER IX

THE WRONG TURN

THE professor did not overstate the truth when he told Bart that he had persuaded Eve to go for a ride with David Wiggs. If he had stated that he had commanded her, he would not have been very wide of the mark. Eve certainly would not have gone if she had merely consulted her own wishes. Her sense of the fitness of things protested against it.

The old man, however, took quite an opposite view, he insisted that Eve should go. "I can't possibly go myself," he said. "I wish I could, but there is no reason in the world why you should not go."

"But really, father," she protested, "I don't think it is quite the thing."

At which he lost his temper and sneered at the silliness of women and the stupidity of convention, and intimidated broadly that while she lived at home



"The next instant his heart gave a great bound. 'Miss Marsden—Eve!' he cried."

with him he expected to have his wishes carried out.

So Eve yielded in the end, as she was in the habit of yielding; but in a very rebellious frame of mind.

Until they got outside the town, David did not attempt to speak to her. He gave all his attention to steering the machine; but when they got beyond the last house, and there was a straight road in front of them, he turned his head suddenly and looked at her.

"Doesn't she run sweet?"

"I suppose so. I've had very little experience of motor-cars."

He sounded his horn in passing the end of a road, then turned his head again.

"We are going twenty-five miles an hour. You'd hardly think it, would you?"

"No; I shouldn't have thought we were traveling so fast."

"I could run her up to fifty easily, but you never know exactly where the police-traps are. Beastly nuisance all these rules and regulations; don't you think so?"

"I don't think I want to travel any faster," she replied.

"And are you enjoying it?"

"Ye—s—on the whole—"

"I knew you would when you got going," he said, his freckled face lighting up with pleasure.

"And isn't the scenery scrummy hereabouts?"

"Yes, it's very beautiful."

"And yet, do you know, I'd rather look at you than at the most beautiful scenery in the world."

"Did you bring me out here to say this to me?" she questioned angrily.

"Oh, no. Only you drive me into saying things."

You are so pretty, and I do love you so much; I do, indeed, and it's awfully hard to keep one's mouth shut. And while there's life there's hope, you know. You are not married to Geoff Lincoln yet. Isn't there still a chance for me?"

"How dare you ask such a question?" she asked, half raising from her seat. "I must request you to turn the car and go back home again."

"As you will," he answered sullenly. "But I don't think you ought to be angry with a man because he loves you. He pays you the highest compliment he is able to pay."

"You have no right to pay me 'the compliment' as you call it, under the circumstances. If you did not know, it would have been different."

"But people often break their engagement. They find out their mistake, get tired of waiting, and all that. You may have to wait and wait until you are quite old—"

"Will you stop the car, please, and turn back?" she requested, with flaming cheeks.

"Of course I will. It is quite time we retraced our steps if we are to reach Oxford before dark."

In a few minutes the machinery was humming again and they were spinning along the way they had come. Eve leaned back into the corner, and shut her eyes. She was impatient to get home again.

It grew dark rapidly, and David got out at length and lighted the lamps.

Then he started the engine again, and set off once more at a great pace.

Eve became conscious after awhile that the road was less even than it had been. She looked out of the window, but she could see nothing. The hedge could scarcely be distinguished from the road, and the fields beyond were quite invisible.

Her companion, however, did not appear to be worried. He knew the way, and she quite expected that in a little while now the lights of Oxford would come into sight. David had not spoken for a considerable time. He sat back in his seat, a rather tense figure, but apparently quite alert.

The car had slackened its pace considerably since they turned their faces toward Oxford, but the jolting grew more and more pronounced. Eve could not understand it. She remembered no jolting on the way out. On the contrary, the run had been remarkable for its smoothness.

She looked again through the window, but she could see nothing. Almost unconsciously she became a little nervous. It was not altogether pleasant to be shut up in a car alone with David Wiggs, especially on such a dark night and so far away from home.

Suddenly the brakes seemed to be jammed down, and the car came to a full stop. David jumped up at once, and a moment or two later was looking at the engine by the light of one of the lamps; then he came back to his seat, and examined the petrol gauge, giving a low whistle as he did so. Eve leaned forward with a white, scared face.

"Is anything the matter?" she asked, doing her best, though not very successfully, to keep her voice steady.

"I'm awfully sorry," he answered, holding up the lamp, and looking at her, "but we have run out of petrol."

"But what are we to do?" she questioned anxiously.

"Haven't the remotest idea. As a matter of fact, I don't know where we are. We seem to have got off the track somehow."

"Off the track?" and there was fear in every word and tone.

"I'm afraid so. Must have taken a wrong turn somewhere. I've been looking for familiar land marks this last half-hour. At present we seem to be in the heart of a wood, miles away from everywhere."

"But what are we to do?"

"Stay where we are. There is nothing else for it. It's awkward, I admit; but what can't be cured must be endured. When daylight comes we shall be able to discover where we are."

"Do you mean that we shall have to stay here all night?"

For a moment he did not reply. It was exactly what he did mean, but he was afraid to alarm her too much.

"Of course, somebody may come by and help us out of our difficulty. We must hope for the best."

For awhile she was silent; but her brain was working rapidly. She felt as certain as she did of her own existence that David had set a trap for her, and her father had compelled her to walk into it. What he hoped to accomplish she could not quite understand, but that seemed to reveal itself a few minutes later.

"I feel awfully cut up about it," he said, bending over the back of the seat in her direction. "People are always so ready to talk. Had we been engaged, it wouldn't, of course, have mattered—"

"I hope you won't think I brought you here on purpose," he went on, in tones that were meant to be soothing. "I can assure you I am as distressed about the matter as you can be."

She wanted to fling the lie back into his teeth, but was afraid to anger him. "It is very unfortunate," she whispered, after a long pause; and her voice shook in spite of every effort to keep it still.

"You are cold," he said. "Why, your teeth are chattering! I will come and sit close to you, and help to keep you warm," and he began to clamber in her direction.



O Canada, Beloved Fatherland

Chant National

O CANADA, BELOVED FATHERLAND

CHANT NATIONAL

WORDS BY HON. JUDGE ROUHIÈRE

TRANSLATION BY JAS. ACTON

MUSIC BY C. LAVALLÉE

Copyrighted 1907, by The Home Journal, Toronto

Maestoso è risoluto.

Requests for copies of this version of O Canada have been so numerous that we again publish the full words and music for our readers. This song should be sung in every school in Canada.

Copies of this song can be obtained at our offices, 26-28 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, at a cost of one dollar a hundred for fifty copies or over; ten to fifty copies, two cents each; less than ten copies, at five cents each copy.

The musical score is presented in two systems. The first system contains the first six staves of music, and the second system contains the remaining six staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal lines, and the piano accompaniment is shown in the lower part of each staff. The score includes various musical notations such as clefs, time signatures, and dynamic markings like *mf* and *ff*.

Lyrics:

O Ca - na - da! Be - lov - ed Fath - er - land, Thy brow is
 Fav - ored of God, by migh - ty flood and tide, Stead - fast ir
 Her patron saint, God's cou - ri - er sub - lime, Like him she
 May love of throne and al - tar un - til death, In - spire our
 wreathed with ma - ple gar - land grand, Th - ine arm the sword of hath
 hope her stal - wart sons a - bide; With the sur - ging blood of her
 wears the au - re - ole di - vine, Un - yield - ing foe to who
 hearts with its im - mor - tal breath, To al - ien hosts
 wiel - ded, A - loft the cross to raise, And his - tory's page ha - th
 rest - less sires, Her cra - dles rocked in peace, With the smile of heaven on her
 ty - rant's hate, Firm in her loy - al - ty, Her aim to keep in -
 seek our shore, Our laws a bul - wark be; And bro - thers we for
 yield - ed To thee her need of praise, O God at - tend!
 glist'ning spires, In blessing that ne'er shall cease, O God of light,
 vi - o - late Her cherished lib - er - ty, And by the might,
 ev - er more In faith from sea to sea, The shout re - peat,
 Thy suc - cor le - nd When hearth and free - dom we must still de -
 by day and night, Proud may our flag e'er float for Thee and
 of her glo - ri - ous right, On her fair soil to set Truth's ho - ly
 loud let it ring, The vic - tor's cry of old, 'For Christ and
 fend, When hearth and free - dom we must still de - fend
 right, Proud may our flag e'er float for Thee and
 light, the King!" An her fair soil to set Truth's ho - ly
 the King!" An vic - tor's cry of old, 'For Christ and
 light, the King!"

DAVID KENDALL'S HOLIDAY

How a Girl Made an Unexpected Ending to His Vacation

By MILDRED A. BOTSFORD

THE little town of Guilford, in Kent, is probably the last place that was ever made. At least David Kendall thought so, and for that very reason he selected it on the map as his summer resort while yet the trees were bare and icy blasts raged around his club in St. James' Street. Months ahead he engaged the best room to be had at the White Rabbit, the one and only hostelry Guilford can boast of, with the intention of going there as soon as the first spring days arrived. But unforeseen business transactions kept Mr. Kendall, very impatient and altogether testy, in the city through April, through May, through June; and it was the first of July when he alighted from the railway train at Saybrook and hired a trap to drive over the hills to Guilford.

It was a good hour's ride through country unusually dry, so that when Mr. Kendall reached the village he was a sight to behold. The dust had sifted through his travelling coat on the dark suit beneath. His shoes were literally powdered, and his collar looked dejected. As the trap bowled down the green and drew up before the White Rabbit it must be admitted that the new-comer did not present a very prepossessing appearance.

After paying the driver he sauntered up the box-bordered path and lifted the huge brass knocker, letting it fall with a thud that resounded through the quiet house. Then he waited.

In a few minutes the door was opened, and he stood confronting a good-natured looking woman, short and stout. She manifested considerable surprise at sight of the stranger.

"Good afternoon. You were expecting me, were you not?" he asked.

"I was only expecting a Mr. Kendall from London," she replied, with some hesitation.

Kendall gave vent to a hearty laugh.

"I should not blame you if you had taken me for a stranded motorist or even a disguised house-thief! But is my room ready? I am really Mr. Kendall, you know."

"Yes, indeed sir," answered the woman, now at her ease, "come with me." And she led the way upstairs to the best front chamber. When she had closed the door and departed, her guest proceeded to remove the stains of travel, after which he surveyed his surroundings with a critical eye. Everything was immaculate from white bed-spread to ruffled muslin curtains, and Kendall felt he had found THE place at last.

"Well, it's about time," he muttered, looking out across the lawn. "I've spent five summers searching for a quiet place where I can rest, and sketch, and do as I please; but wherever I go, I encounter those confounded American tourists. This place, though, is so little and unheard of I feel safe from them here," he congratulated himself.

When Kendall descended the broad hall stairs one would scarcely have recognized in this tall, good-looking, correctly-garbed gentleman the dust-smear traveler who had lately arrived. Ever since the inheritance of a fortune from a bachelor uncle he had been something of a society idol. Fond mammas sought him as a son-in-law, representatives of charitable institutions sought him as a benefactor, scheming speculators sought him as an investor, and it was but natural that with all this bowing and scraping the young man should assume a bored-to-death expression and wear the airs of a conqueror. In winter his occupation was managing his estates, and attending numerous social functions where he dutifully passed tea and cakes to lovely painted ladies in satin gowns. In summer his occupation was escaping from those same painted ladies as well as every other feminine member of society, and following his whims which generally led in the direction of art.

Leisurely now he traversed the veranda and ambled across the lawn. On a grassy knoll he paused and took his first good view of the White Rabbit. It was a typical English inn of weathered shingles topped by a low red-tiled roof. Only here and there, however, were the shingles and tiles visible, for the entire structure was well-nigh covered with a thick mass of ivy and creepers.

Behind the inn stretched rolling meadows and daisy fields in full bloom. On one side extended a strip of woodland beyond which, so Kendall had been told, lay a beautiful sheet of water, and further beyond that ran the old post road to London. It was in reality a delightful spot, he told himself. Comfortable lodgings, quiet sleepy town, picturesque scenery, adjacent lake, and best of all, no women; at least, he had observed none save the landlady and one solitary maid.

"It's the first time," he remarked with evident relief, "that I've ever been in a place half an hour without setting eyes on some demurely coquettish individual who appeared frightened to death at sight of a man, though I knew all along that was what she wanted!"

Kendall waited with inward fear and trembling until the dinner-hour that evening. He was still in terror lest he be surrounded by a swarm of Americans with their ubiquitous guide-books. But as he took his seat at the table he noted with astonishment that there were no other covers laid.

"Well, this is an extraordinary kind of inn," was his mental comment. "One forlorn lodger will have a highly exciting time here, no doubt! I hoped there was some other chap to break the monotony once in a while, but the place is too far from civilization and too plain to be popular, I suppose. What a pity, after the landlady has gone to the trouble of naming

it the White Rabbit, and having a brass knocker, and other alluring bait for Yankee fish. They don't seem to have nipped it yet. "Anyway," he chuckled, "I wager it's good for one season of quiet, undisturbed by your everlasting peaches and cream summer girl."

The following day Kendall's luggage arrived; the next he was busy getting settled in his new quarters; but the third afternoon saw him seated on the ground beneath an old oak, busily occupied with brush and canvas. He was trying to reproduce a bit of woods with a gnarled hemlock in the foreground. But it was dreamy and hot that afternoon. Kendall did not feel like working. He leaned back against the oak, idly toying with the grass and leaves about him.

All at once his fingers touched something hard, something that was not a last year's acorn. The young man, all attention now, sat up and examined the little object. It was a semi-precious stone, evidently a lapis lazuli, and must have been set in a ring.

"I wonder," he mused curiously, "who its owner was, and how long it has been lying buried among the leaves."

Just then a ray from the setting sun flashed in his face, reminding him of his neglected landscape; whereupon the little blue stone was deposited in the depths of its finder's pocket, there to repose unthought of for many a day.

Kendall liked his new surroundings—there was no denying that fact. The long listless days offered plenty of time for sketching delightful bits of scenery, for enjoying a favorite book while stretched at full length on the sward, or for taking long cross-country tramps and "reconnoitring expeditions," as he called them. These last proved his chief amusement.

Early one fine morning when he had sojourned about a week at the inn he set out on a jaunt through fields and over low-browed hills. The glorious air, the dewy fragrance of the grass made him feel like a light-hearted boy once more. He leaped the first hedge that obstructed his path. Then, remembering himself, he turned sheepishly to see if any one was looking. No one was. The coast lay clear ahead and Kendall, plunging both hands in his pockets and pulling his hat down to shade his eyes, tramped on and on, and almost directly into somebody in white.

She had stooped to pick some flowers, but she straightened up as he brushed against her. Instantly Kendall's hat was in his hand.

"I beg your pardon," he said gravely. "Like an idiot I didn't look where I was going."

"Rather unconventional meeting, wasn't it?" she smiled. "But I'll not take advantage of it; you may proceed in your reckless course unmolested, sir." And turning round she began picking flowers again. Evidently she considered the incident closed.

Now, Kendall would really have liked to stop and chat awhile, despite his avowed dislike of the gentler sex, but what could he do? There was nothing left but to bow a polite "Good morning," and continue his promenade.

He had caught a glimpse of two wicked-looking eyes, some dimples, and a huge bouquet of field-daisies the girl carried in her arms. It was just enough to excite his interest. Recalling it later in the solitude of his own room, he thought the picture offered a refreshing contrast to delicate, languishing ladies in the usual setting of white and gold drawing-rooms.

"I suppose she's some dairymaid, though," he concluded, and let the matter drop.

Another long lazy week dragged by, and then Kendall sallied forth in the cool of the evening to post a letter in the village. The way was usually deserted except for an occasional farm-boy returning from the fields; but this time he saw a woman coming down the road some distance ahead. He thought he recognized a certain coil of dark hair, and sure enough—as she approached he beheld the dairymaid of the daisy-field.

She walked slowly, her eyes bent on the letter she was reading, and Kendall passed her unobserved. He noted, however, that she wore a cluster of daisies in her belt.

"So she lives down our way," he commented to himself. "Well, she ought to be home churning butter instead of reading love-letters from the village swains."

For the next few days, Kendall was occupied with business in the city and when he returned the affair of the dairymaid was entirely forgotten. He only knew that the rural freedom and freshness was thrice welcome after the oppressive heat of London. At the time of his arrival clouds hung low and threatening over the Kentish hills, and the young man observed the sky with something akin to glee.

"Just the day for fishing! If there's a solitary trout in that pond he's a 'goner' for sure, this time," he declared in the American slang learned on previous vacations.

The obliging landlady was taken into confidence and soon despatched a small boy to dig worms for bait. Ere long a trumpy-looking individual garbed in a rain-coat and carrying some baskets slung over one shoulder and a fish-pole balanced on the other emerged from the White Rabbit and disappeared in the woods. A few minutes later a boat pushed off shore and Kendall began operations.

Rowing to a sheltered end of the lake he finally anchored near a tiny strip of land that jutted out thicket-covered, and here casting his line, the prospective fisherman waited. A half-hour passed. Not a bite. Another half-hour passed. Only a dainty nibble; then the inquiring fish took fright and darted away. Kendall was on the point of pulling in his line

to try a more favorable spot when somewhere behind the little peninsula he heard a woman's voice singing softly.

He put down his pole and listened. The only words he could catch now and then sounded like "Boola, boola."

"Whatever can it be?" he queried. "Chinese? Hindu?"

To put the question beyond all doubt he weighed anchor and rowed round the point of land. There to his amazement, seated in a boat and enjoying the same pastime as himself, was the dairymaid.

She was leaning forward intent on the cork which bobbed up and down with the ripples. Hearing the dip of Kendall's oars she looked up to find him scrutinizing her attentively.

"Do you prefer a profile or full view?" she demanded playfully. He was non-committal.

"You look very comfortable as you are." Then with a sportsman's disregard of formalities:

"Had any luck?"

"No, only a nibble or two."

"Neither have I. Was just about to give up, but maybe I'll have better success here." And he re-cast his line.

The girl bent over her pole once more and Kendall forgot his fishing to watch her face. After a long interval of silence he began:

"I hope you didn't mind my intrusion. I heard a voice in this desolate spot, and I wanted to know the owner of that voice if I might have the good fortune. My name is Kendall—David Kendall of Lon—"

Here she held out a warning hand.

"Sh. He's wondering whether to bite or not!"

There was a very perceptible tug on the cork, and the young woman, quick as a flash, swung the line aloft disclosing a good-sized trout floundering about and flapping water on its captor.

"My word, you must have charmed him, Circe!" cried Kendall with admiration.

The girl caught the fish in her hand.

"It isn't hurt, thank goodness!" she replied; and unfastening the hook from its gills she slipped it into the lake.

"I hate to see them struggle so," she explained.

"It was a fine one, though," deplored Kendall. "It must have been the one that bit on my hook just now."

"Oh, no."

"Why not?"

"The one you NEARLY caught was ever so much larger than this, you know," she bantered.

Kendall laughed.

"Going to try for another?"

She glanced at the clouds.

"No, I think I'll go back now. Look, we're going to have a rousing thunder-storm directly."

They rowed ashore, and as Kendall helped her beach her boat he felt a raindrop on his cheek.

"Come, we must hurry!"

"We must hurry?"

"Yes. Here, take my rubber coat."

"No." She pushed him away laughing nervously.

"I'm going to the—I'm going to run home—alone, and I want you to stay here till I've been gone five minutes."

"Why?"

"Because I ask it."

"Well then, good-bye, Circe," offering his hand. She would not take it, though she smiled.

"Good-bye, Mr. David Kendall—of London!" she called over her shoulder as she darted from him and was soon lost to sight among the trees.

True to his word, the young man remained standing where she had left him with the rain pelting him in the face, while his watch ticked out five minutes. Then turning up his coat-collar, he strode toward the inn.

"Queer," he reflected, "why she doesn't want me to know where she lives. Oh, well, what's the odds? I may not see her again anyway."

The next fine afternoon Kendall strolled into the garden with apparently no object but to while away the hours. He had been sketching all morning, and wanted a little recreation. Also he wanted a little companionship, though he did not know it.

There must have been some magnetism in the woods which turned his steps that direction, for before he realized it he had reached the waterside. Not unnaturally his thoughts wandered to that previous day and he explored the shore with a secret desire—which he tried to suppress—that the adventure might be repeated. But the spot was quite deserted and Kendall, not being in the mood to enjoy a solitary row, turned back through the woods.

He stopped to listen to the sweet, clear notes of a thrush in the branches above, and another bird lover stopped to listen at the same time. She did not see Kendall until too late to retreat. Her first impulse was to dodge behind some bushes and in doing so she collided with a clump of dead, dry underbrush. The rattling of the twigs made Kendall look around.

"Good-morrow, Lady Circe," he hailed, hastening to assist her extricate herself from the brambles. Without giving her time to reply he continued:

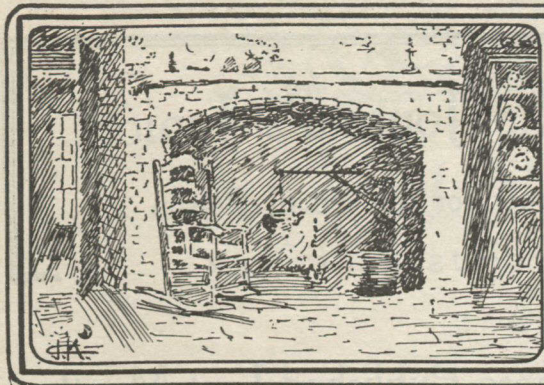
"Why were you hiding from me just now?"

"Perhaps I wasn't."

"I'm afraid you were. You are very unkind. Do you know, I was looking for you?"

"Really now?" with mock gravity. "What a compliment!"

(Continued on page 39)



AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"ALL work and no play would make us dull,
So at the common school,
To study, and to play a while,
Has always been the rule,
And all our fun is jolly-oh,
At the pleasant common school."

WORKING AND PLAYING

MOTHER, here are some of your sentiments," my boy said, handing me a newspaper, and pointing to a paragraph which read: "If the public school children of Ontario are looking for a hero, here is what Dr. Geo. Locke, chief librarian of Toronto, says: 'Home work is the most arid, most inhuman, and most futile educational method ever perpetrated on the human race. It should be abolished for ever.'"

"Yes, 'them's my sentiments' all right, and have been since I was a public school scholar, and perforce carried an armful of books home every night, placed them in a drawer, where they rested peacefully until next morning, and were carried back again without opening a page. Not so with my sister, who pored for hours over her home work at night, and resumed it in the morning if she had any spare minutes, and came home complaining, "I don't understand how my lessons are so imperfect. I am sure I study hard enough all evening, and at school. There is Jennie now, she romps and plays all evening, and only has the half hour study period in school to get up her lessons, and she never seems to have a mistake." In these days I give all the credit for this to a wonderful memory, but, looking backwards, I question whether it was not the invigorating exercise in the fresh air, and consequent sound sleep that followed, that fitted my brain for the mental feats of memorizing whole pages of history and literature without any apparent effort.

I never did home work myself, never inflicted it on my pupils during eight years in the teaching profession, and never questioned my children regarding it. That they were given lessons to prepare at home goes without saying; whether they did the work or not, was a matter of indifference to me. If a game of ball held greater attractions outside, they were left free to enjoy it; and if the unprepared task confronted them next day, and punishment was meted out, they "took their medicine," and received neither rebuke nor sympathy from mother. My policy was not to openly oppose a teacher's authority, but simply let it rest with themselves. Not once in all their school life were my children called from healthful outdoor exercise and admonished to sit down at home work.

I remember a little girl, the eldest of a family of four, whose heartaches were many over the home work question. She would no sooner appear in the door than her mother would say, "I was just waiting for you, Ella, to go to the store," and forthwith give her the commission. When she returned it was, "Take baby out in his carriage while I get tea." "But mamma, my home work." "Never mind it now; hurry and take baby." Then after supper was over, and the dishes washed she would pick up her books with the same little worry frown she had worn on her face ever since four o'clock. In a few minutes she would receive the command to take her little brothers upstairs to bed, a usual occurrence if company came in, or her mother was busy.

Then another effort to resume the study, in the midst of which she would be reminded her bed-time hour had arrived, and she must close her books and retire. Not to sleep though, for the unfinished task troubled her, and she would fret and toss, and her dreams were haunted by it until the child became a shadow of herself, and was ordered by the family physician to be taken out of school. Her case is just a sample of the injury done, where a nervous, sensitive child, anxious and willing to assist mother, is overburdened with a constant shadow of lessons. I cannot better explain my position as regards this subject than by quoting from my own article published four years ago in the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. As my opinions have not altered, perhaps I may be excused for repeating it *ad verbatim*.

IN an address given before a class in household economics at the Technical School, Toronto, by Dr. Charles Sheard, Medical Health Officer, he struck at the root of a national evil when he scored the school system which permits children to have home studies. While all will not agree with his idea of shorter school hours, and more lengthy vacations, the thinking mind of this great Dominion should give the gravest consideration to this key-note of an injurious custom, and abolish from the Public Schools the practice of home study for its pupils. All honor to the brave man who did not hesitate to express his convictions with no uncertain sound.

Who is responsible for this state of affairs, parents or teachers? Both are equally so, but primarily the parents in permitting after-school work to be performed. It is to be deplored that so many parents are under the impression that unless the young heads are deluged with heavy tasks the teacher is neglecting his duty.

If they should unitedly rebel against it there would not be much protest from the teachers, as with very few exceptions, they would be willing to forego the additional work and trouble of giving and examining home work. There is always the over-zealous teacher, of course, to reckon with, those of the old regime, who cling to long-fostered habits, but they are in the minority, and would soon fall into line with up-to-date methods, or be asked to retire from active service.

Surely, with the advance of the age in which we live, when educational advantages are such that a child's school-life extends from the age of seven to fourteen years, we can afford to let the six hours a day be sufficient when health authorities inform us that one hour of mental labor is equivalent to three of physical! With the excellent method of pre-arranged study, and systematic teaching, steady progress is assured, so why should we adhere to the primitive days when boys and girls were only given so many months' schooling yearly, and perforce had to work hard at the three R's all evening? That was not really any self-denial on their part, for other books and papers were scarce, probably one weekly being the limit, while our homes, full of good books, papers and magazines, all educators, must be ignored, while our children sit pouring and worrying over home lessons.

Some teachers, when remonstrated with, will say, "I do not give them much to do, just a little work." Here is a point to note. *It is not the amount of work given to do that harasses the youthful mind and forms a barrier between the child and any enjoyment it might otherwise have, but it is the ever-abiding, omnipresent conviction "I have my home work to do."* The thought is depressing, the only relief is to sacrifice the bright sunshiny hours immediately after school—the very time they should be enjoying recreation in the open air—and dispense with that duty, then the burden being lifted, there is a sense of freedom. We older people understand this experience, and can sympathise, for neglected or postponed duties are anxiety tormentors. Thus, our children are under a continual mental strain, which in a nervous nature works havoc, noticeable in irritability if required to assist in domestic employment, or running of errands, which should be a pleasure, the inevitable answer freeing them from such a necessary part of their training.

Home conditions, too, are often unfavorable for home study. The lights are poor, or insufficient, perhaps. Is it not a great evil that students must spend the precious hours, often far into the night that should be given refreshing sleep, thereby restoring their wasted energies, to ruining their health and preparing them for physical wrecks when their education is completed? Is it fair, parent, teacher, to bind down both body and mind until there is apparently no liberty left? Grant them the privilege after school of a splendid, unrestrained romp in the air and sunshine, healthful exercise, and a free mind. Let their evenings be open for family and home life, for music and reading, in short to follow their own individual tastes. All too soon the strenuous life we lead will overtake them. Then release them from this childhood's drudgery, bondage, slavery, what you will, and your wisdom will be reflected in the happier faces, stronger intellects, and perfected characters of the students around you. What city will set the example by prohibiting home study for public school pupils, and furnish for other schools to follow, a wise humane precedent?"

OUR system of education in Canada is something we, as Canadians, are proud of, but we do think that the course, as pursued by the boys and girls of our High Schools, especially, is injurious, and inconsistent with good health. Many scholars of both sexes are nervous wrecks, when the laurels for which they have sacrificed health, pleasure, and home life are won. We read in the pale faces and hollow eyes in the lack of vitality and strength which has been sapped by over-study; the brain's development has caused the loss of a vigor and buoyancy of body and spirit, which is hard to regain. William George Jordan, a famous American journalist says:—"The educational system of to-day is a monumental institution dedicated to Hurry. The children are forced to go through a series of studies that sweep the circle of all human wisdom. They are given everything that the ambitious ignorance of the age can force into their minds. They are taught everything but the essentials—how to use their senses and how to think. Their minds become congested by a great mass of undigested facts, and still the cruel, barbarous forcing goes on . . . They hurry the children into a hundred text books, then into ill health, then into the colleges, then into a diploma, then into life with a dazed mind, untrained and unfitted for living."

He is right. I endorse every word of it. There seems to be not much pick nor choice in the matter of what subjects our children must take up, the curriculum of study is planned out by an educational department, and whether desirable or otherwise, up to a certain point in their education the studies are universal. The public schools should see the end

of that, and in our higher institutions of learning, pupils should have more latitude, and be allowed to specialize, dropping those subjects which have no particular bearing on the calling in life they have decided to adopt. The lives of many girls are made miserable by the study of physics and mathematics, leaving them limited time for languages and the classical studies they would find useful in their future reading or travel, for so many of our daughters only take the course at their home collegiates, not aspiring for professions, but to be fitted for social and domestic life. In my opinion algebras and scientific problems are an injustice to them, for they fret and fume over what will not be likely to assist them in writing a good letter, or solve the difficulty of cooking a dinner.

This applies to boys as well. There is no consideration whatever for their natural abilities, they are pushed through for something for which they are not adapted, and an unsuccessful life is the result. A boy is placed in a lawyer's office, who should be an electrical engineer, because the whole bent of his mind leans that way; and another is in a pulpit who would excel in commercial life. On every side these mistakes are obvious, men going through life handicapped, because their natural inclinations were stifled to satisfy the ambition of one or both parents, who have made a banker out of a splendid mechanic, or a shoemaker out of a genius who might have left his name immortal on the pages of history as a great military leader, or literary light.

PLEASE teacher, Jennie Allen Moore is holding up her hand, and this is what she is asking—

When school closes for the midsummer vacation, do not suggest that your classes read up such and such an author through the holidays, books that to their youthful minds are dry and musty, especially when out of school, and in the glorious summer days when everything invites them to the woods and the water, to the singing of birds and bright sunshine. Why do I ask it? Because to nine-tenths of the class it will rest like a pall over the weeks that should be lesson free, and at the eleventh hour they will race through the volumes, disgusted with the task, and a hatred for the books forever after, as the conditions under which they were forced to read them are recalled. The other tenth, with sturdy, conscientious resolve, will devote the first days of their holidays to disposing of the hateful task, and straightway dismiss and forget all about it in the happy weeks that follow. Instead, advise them after this fashion, "Now, children, when you take your books home to-night, carry them upstairs, right to the attic if you have one, and put them carefully away in a drawer or box, and bid them farewell until the day before school re-opens for the fall term. Have a good time, and come back ready for hard work."

And mother, do not insist upon the daily practice in music. Leave them exempt for the holidays, those hot July and August days when they feel so listless and disinterested. Some may *desire* to continue their music; kindly allow them a choice in the matter. And, please remember, that I practised what I preach all along the years, both in the matter of homework and music, and results were decidedly satisfactory. Do not look forward with dread to the weeks when the children will be on your hands. Get ready for a holiday with them, and be full of resources for the days when there is nothing special, and they are wondering what to do; rainy days when they will be shut indoors, when a little tea party in the play room, or a wild Indian hunt in the wood shed will render them supremely happy. Do not be too busy to help build a tent, or erect a play house, where they can pretend housekeeping. Soon, all too soon, the days will come when the sober duties of life will overtake them, and one of the sweetest memories will be the times they are now enjoying "round the old home tree." When they hear that sad little song, "In the house of too much trouble," they will not sigh over the words, and recall their own childhood, but will rejoice in the memory of a mother who was never too busy to listen to their troubles.

For the Guest's Comfort

HOSTESSES who look well to the comfort of their guests always have in every room a bountiful supply of note paper and correspondence cards, inscribed with the name of the house, the post office address and the telephone number—if there is one. Country house stationery may deviate somewhat from the conventional styles considered correct for town use, and if one chooses to use khaki brown note paper or robin's egg blue, or even coral pink, one's vagary will be quite excusable. The name of the house may also be printed at the top of the sheet when nothing less than engraving would be tolerated in town. Some hostesses provide postage stamps for their guests, but this is rather an expensive fad. Telegraph blanks should, however, be in every room, so that telegrams may be speedily dispatched when necessity arises.



A New Pattern Old Colony

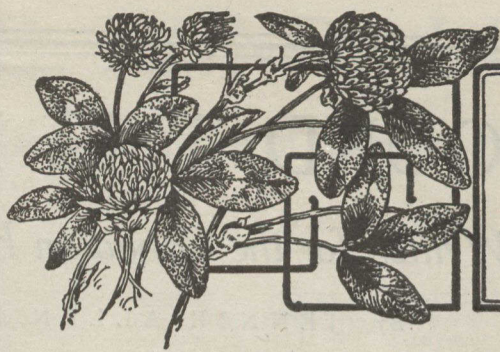
Our new pattern, Old Colony, is the highest achievement attained in silver plated ware. Expressing in silver the true spirit of Colonial times, it has the grace and daintiness of the period its name suggests, combined with experienced workmanship. The pierced handle and the beautiful decorative work deserve special attention. This handsome design, so delicate in its execution and so appropriate in name, appeals not only to those who love Colonial effects, but to all who admire beautiful silver. It is ideal for Colonial and Old English dining rooms. For quality, style, finish and wear there is no silver-ware equal to

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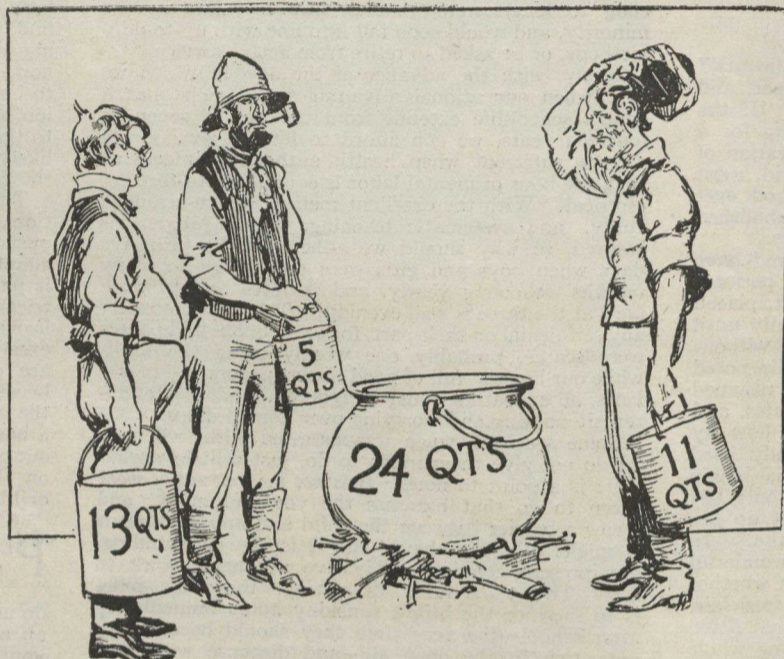
A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

More Puzzles and Answers to Those Published Last Month

How Do They Divide the Maple Syrup?

These three farmers have been making maple syrup, and they have twenty-four quarts of it, which they are going to divide equally. That's eight quarts for each of them. The only measures they have are three buckets, which will



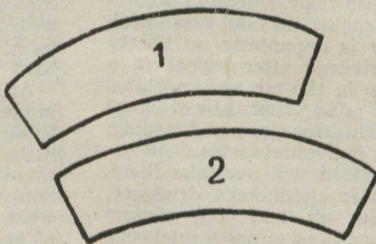
hold five quarts, eleven quarts, and thirteen quarts. How do they divide the twenty-four quarts in three equal shares?

This makes a very interesting little arithmetical puzzle. Can you solve it?

Eye Deception

HERE is a clear case of eye deception. It is difficult even after measurement, to believe that the two accompany figures are of exactly the same size.

Which appears the larger to you? You will say, of course, that No. 2

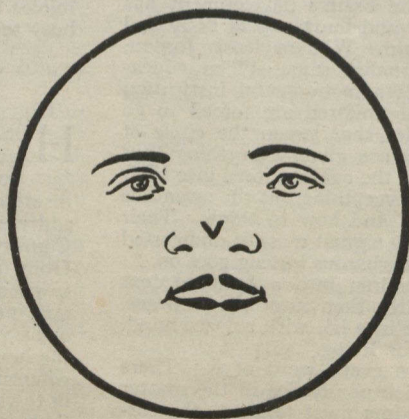


looks and surely is larger than No. 1. Measure them and you will find that they are both one size.

How Many Men in the Moon?

THERE is only one man in the moon you will say, and in proof you can point to the accompanying picture of the moon showing the one man's handsome face.

With two strokes of your pencil you

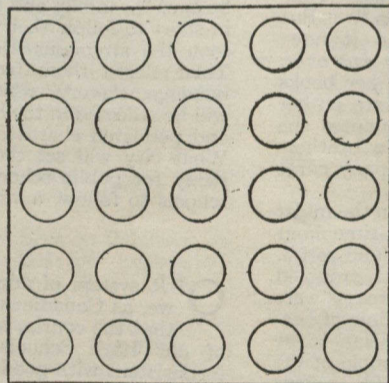


can show that there are three men in the moon, the one you see here and two others. If you study the moon picture carefully for a minute or so you may

be able to add the two necessary pencil strokes to bring out the other two faces. Look for the solution in next month's CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

What Is the Word?

HERE are twenty-five circles arranged in a square formation. Can you fill them, using only three different letters, so arranged that they spell a common English word of five letters in twelve different directions? To spell a word of five letters, using only



three letters, it is understood, of course, that the same letter may be used more than once in one word. Solution next month.

Watch the Cat Jump

A CAT sitting in a room is one hundred feet from the nearest door. At one bound the animal jumps 50 feet toward the door, at the next jump 25 feet, then 12½ feet, and so on. Each jump is always half the length of the preceding one.

At each jump the cat makes some progress toward the door. In how many jumps will the cat reach the door?

The answer is "Never." Can you explain why?

An Egg Mystery

THERE is a man in Toronto who eats two fresh eggs for his breakfast every morning. He neither buys, borrows, barter, begs, steals, nor finds

the eggs. He does not keep hens, and the eggs are not given to him. How does he get the eggs?

Can you explain this? Look for the solution in next month's CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Who Got Sausages

A DOG stole some sausages from the butcher shop and ran as hard as he could. Four minutes later the butcher missed the sausages and started in pursuit. The butcher was mad clean through.

At the rate the dog was running he would have reached a hole in a board fence in exactly twelve and one-half minutes from the time he darted out of the butcher shop. If he got to the hole in the fence ahead of the butcher he knew he could dart through and escape.

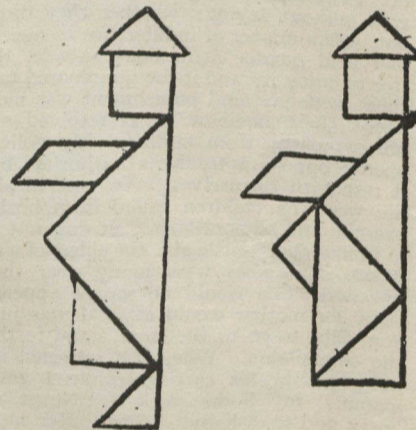
But the butcher was running one-third faster than the dog. So, who got the sausage, the butcher or the dog? Figure it out and see.

Solutions of Last Month's Puzzles

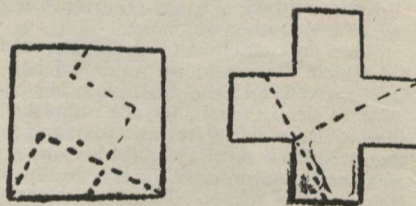
The solution of the four puzzles published in our June issue are as follows:

HOW THE CHANGE WAS MADE

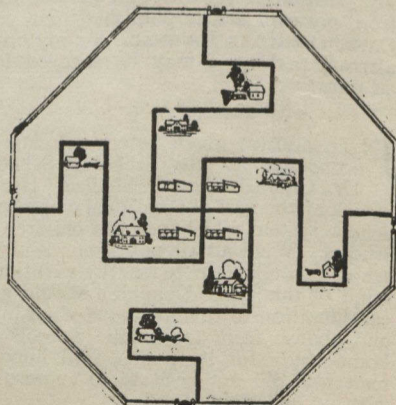
The clerk had \$4.95 in his till, made up of a \$2.50 gold piece, a \$2 bill, and 45 cents in silver.



The above diagram explains the puzzle of the missing foot.



Here is the solution to last month's Greek cross puzzle.



This diagram shows how the spite fence was built, dividing the octagon-shaped piece of property into four equal parts, with one house, one garage, one chicken coop, and an entrance gate to each part.



A JULY LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY
MARY H. NORTHEAD

FOR the July luncheon, lay the table on the lawn, against a background of trees and flowers, or on the porch, where some pretty decorative scheme has been carried out. This may consist simply in placing at intervals great jardinières of some seasonable flower, or it may be an elaborate effect, showing groups of lovely blossoms twined about a stout wire framing that has been arched to within a foot of the porch roof, and extended along the outer side between the porch supports. Such a decoration is wonderfully attractive, and with the abundance of flowers procurable at this season at small cost is comparatively inexpensive.

The dainty sweet pea, at this time in the zenith of its beauty, affords an admirable decoration for the July luncheon table. Its wide range of coloring makes it adaptable to any number of pretty schemes, and the delicate fragrance of its lovely blossoms argues strongly in its selection.

One scheme that shows an effective use of this flower is arranged as follows: Here the coloring is rose pink, and the

scheme of which it is a part depicts a sport, yachting, much in vogue during July. The central arrangement is a large, deep bowl massed with sweet peas. This rests on a round mirror. In the centre of the blossoms is a miniature yacht, and outlining the mirror are tiny yachts corresponding in number to the number of guests. Between every two of these little boats is a small crystal holder equipped with a taper matching in coloring the sweet peas. Flanking the central theme are nautical candlesticks of silver. Small glass bowls filled with sweet peas serve as place cards, the blossoms to be worn by each guest, and tiny boats, filled with confections, are used as bon bon dishes. The completed scheme is striking and attractive, and the cost of its arrangement is small, the large boat and crystal holders being purchased for ten cents each, and the small boats for five cents apiece.

As to the menu suitable for a July luncheon, the following is offered as a suggestion:

- Cream of Corn Soup
- Radishes Nuts
- Lobster Loaf
- Potato Rolls Peas
- Chicken in Ambush
- Nasturtium Salad
- Cherry Cakes
- Coffee

CREAM OF CORN SOUP: Take 1 can of corn, 1 pint of hot water, 1 quart of milk, 1 heaping tablespoonful of flour, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 sliced onion, salt and pepper to taste. Crush the corn in a potato ricer. To the liquid add the milk and hot water with the onion, letting this come to a boil. Stir into this boiling mixture the flour and butter which have been mixed together until smooth. Strain and season to taste.

LOBSTER LOAF: Cut into cubes sufficient boiled lobster to make a pint. Add to this two tablespoons of finely chopped mushrooms, season to taste with salt and pepper, and heat thoroughly in white sauce. Cut the top crust off French rolls, and hollow out. Fill with the lobster mixture, place crust removed on, and serve on lettuce leaves, with garnish of small gherkins.

CHICKEN IN AMBUSH: Pack hot boiled rice in buttered moulds, turn out, and after scooping out the centres, fill the cavities with coarsely chopped chicken. Arrange on a dish with buttered peas, garnish with stuffed olives and lemon, and serve hot with cream sauce.

NASTURTIUM SALAD: This salad is both unusual and pretty. Wash thoroughly in ice water a sufficient quantity of leaves and blossoms. With a silver fork lightly stir the blossoms into a dressing made of four tablespoons of olive oil, two tablespoons of vinegar, half a tablespoon of Worcestershire sauce, a level teaspoon of sugar and a pinch of celery salt. Arrange at once on nasturtium leaves and serve surrounded with stiff mayonnaise.

CHERRY CAKES: Plain iced cookies may be transformed into most inviting little cakes by decorating them with candied cherries and leaves cut from citron arranged in clusters.

HODGEPODGE PUDDING: Two cupfuls of apples chopped fine, 1 cupful of chopped English walnuts, ½ cupful of raisins seeded and chopped, ¼ cupful of orange juice, ½ teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar. Mix the ingredients, turn into a buttered baking dish, dot the top with bits of butter, and bake (covered) until the apples are tender. Moisten with a little water if the apples are not sufficiently juicy. Serve hot with a sauce made as follows: Cream half a cupful of butter, add gradually one cupful of brown sugar, heat in a double boiler, adding gradually and very slowly half a cupful of cream. Stir constantly to prevent curdling. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla extract after removing the sauce from the fire.

STRAWBERRY CHARLOTTE: Line a mold with sponge lady fingers. Mash up a pint of strawberries, adding three

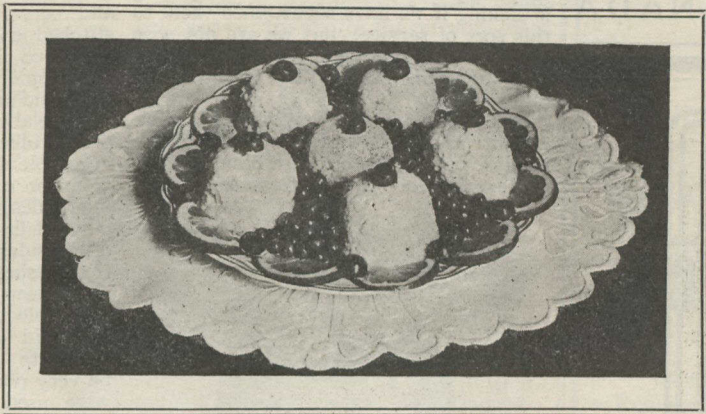
ounces of sugar. Mix well and bring to a boil when you add to it one ounce of gelatine which has been dissolved in a little cold water. Rub it all through a sieve. Whip a little less than half a pint of cream, sweeten it and add to the strained pulp. When this is cool fill the interior of the lined mold with it, and set on the ice or a very cool place till required. When serving, turn out on a square of sponge cake and decorate with whipped cream and whole strawberries.

ASPARAGUS TIPS: There are very many ways of serving these tips when you have utilized the stalks for a cream soup. Boiled in salted water for ten or twelve minutes they may be used as a garnish for boiled salmon salad; may be well seasoned and served in patties with or without a cream sauce. They may be seasoned with salt, pepper, butter, have a little cream added, then eaten from individual sauce dishes after the method of serving green peas, or they may be added to an omelet just before doubling over, or to an egg scramble, allowing one-half cupful of tips to every three eggs.

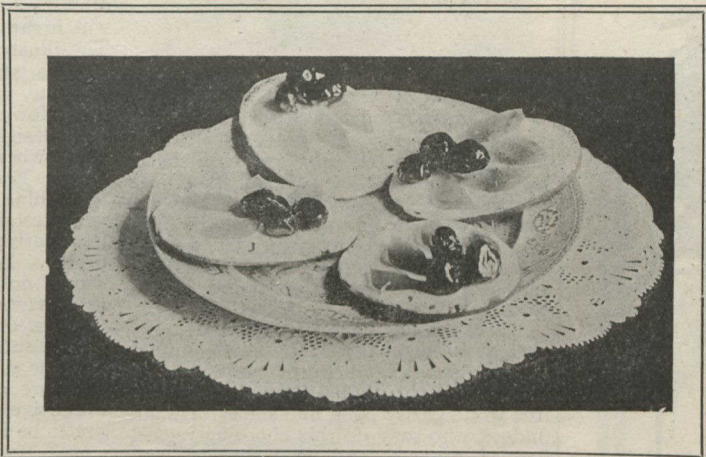
CANTALoupES WITH NUT ICE CREAM: Put one cupful of sugar into a saucepan, add one tablespoonful of flour, one beaten egg, two cupfuls of scalded milk, a pinch of salt, a quart of cream and one tablespoonful of vanilla extract. Cook twenty minutes over hot water. Cool, add one cupful of chopped nuts, and freeze. Remove the seeds from the cantaloupes, fill with nut ice cream and decorate with a few chopped nuts.

COLD ROAST LAMB: Pick over, wash and boil one-half peck of spinach. Drain thoroughly and chop finely. Add one tablespoonful of melted butter and season with salt, pepper and lemon juice. Pack solidly into slightly buttered small individual tin molds and chill thoroughly. Cut cold roast lamb in very thin slices and arrange slices overlapping one another around a cold platter. Remove spinach from molds and arrange in centre of platter. Pile on top of each tartare sauce; garnish with water cress.

RHUBARB WITH CUSTARD: One pound of rhubarb, one-half pound of bread crumbs, two eggs, one pint of milk, nutmeg, sugar, butter. Cut the rhubarb into small pieces and stew till tender. Strain. Mix with the bread crumbs, sweeten with sugar, and season with nutmeg. Add the beaten eggs separately, then mix all together with the milk. Pour into a buttered pie dish, and bake in a moderate oven until the top is very slightly browned.



CHICKEN IN AMBUSH



CHERRY CAKES



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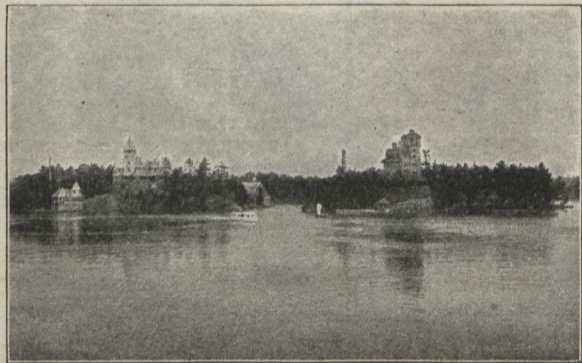


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By JESSIE E. RORKE

The Dining Table

JUST as a woman's ability to dress well is not shown by her appearance at the social function only, but in the daintiness and suitability of her breakfast or working attire as well, so our ability to set an attractive table must be judged by the ordinary, everyday meals rather than those prepared for some especial occasion. It is not entirely pride that makes us linger over our guest table, adding last touches to what we have already endeavored to make as attractive as may be, but a feeling that we owe to our guests the best that we can give. Surely we owe as much to the people who sit at our home table! True, they are more kindly critics and will make excuses that we are too tired or too busy; they may not even know that anything is lacking if we have accustomed them to this sort of service; but we are not wise if we take advantage of this kindness, and are generous neither to ourselves nor to them.

Some of my readers may object that we cannot afford to have a pretty table always, but I wonder if we have so good an excuse for our carelessness. After



JARDINIER FOR THE DINING TABLE

all, costly linen and china and silver make up only the smaller part of its dainty prettiness. Spotless cleanliness and the beauty of color and of line are there for us all, and, in the country at least, we may have flowers as beautiful as our wealthiest neighbor or those to be found in the grandest city home.

There are few housekeepers who do not delight to linger beside the linen counters in the shops and select some needed addition to the dining-room supplies from the white glossy piles, and she is fortunate indeed who may do this choosing regardless of expense, and need consider only which is the softest and finest in texture and designed most nearly to her taste. Good linen undoubtedly adds much to the beauty of the table, and it is always economical to buy the best that one can afford, as the better qualities wear the longer, and a skilful darning can fill up the first small holes so deftly that they will scarcely be seen at all; while the larger ones that will come later, where the darning frankly insists on being seen, do not seem to matter greatly against that fine glossy finish. At some of the shops where damaged table linen is sold one can sometimes find the best qualities of damask at very reasonable prices and so slightly damaged that a little clever darning will make them quite good again.

But even more important than its quality is its spotless cleanliness. The coarsest cloth if it is snowy white is not without its charm. Of course, this end is not attained without some extra labor in the laundry for the busy housewife who does not keep a maid, but with a little care even this need not be too great. The use of tray and carver's cloths will help to save the cover, and these being small and easily laundered, may be changed more frequently. These can be found in the shops at very moderate cost, but if one has time and can do even the simplest kind of embroidery, less expensive and much more beautiful ones may be made at home. These long summer days when so much of our time is spent out of doors, embroidery makes good pick-up work, while some one reads aloud or when we wish to keep our fingers busy while we talk. Almost every kind of embroidery may be used satisfactorily on the table linen, but the varying colors of the realistic designs are much less in favor. The plain white embroidery worked in fine

linen floss is perhaps most beautiful of all, but sometimes a single color is used that matches the color in the china, or it may be the prevailing color in the room. A table set in deft blue and white is pretty with centre piece and tray and carver's cloths worked in some simple conventional design in the same colors. The cool grey-greens are charming, too, for table embroidery and may be used with china of the same shade or gold and white. Plain white, however, has the merit of lasting longer as there is nothing to fade in the laundering, and it comes back from the tub in quite as good condition as it goes. A pretty centrepiece and one that is quickly made has the design stencilled in some appropriate color, and only the edge is embroidered. The button-holing may be done either in white or in the color of the design. Sometimes the tray and carver's cloths are made of hem-stitched damask and have only an embroidered initial or monogram. These are simple and pretty for the every-day table and are a little easier to iron than the more elaborately embroidered ones. A pretty idea for mats to place under the vegetable dishes is to embroider a rectangular or oval piece of linen with some pretty design, buttonholing it to an under piece of linen of the same shape on three of the sides but leaving the other side free that a sheet of asbestos may be slipped in to keep the heat from the table.

In selecting a set of china it is wise to avoid the brighter colors and more elaborate designs. While these might be very pretty in a single piece or if they were used only occasionally, one soon wearies of them when they are repeated on the whole table, and must appear day after day. The simpler designs and colors will invariably prove the more pleasing. The illustration shows a cup and saucer from a set in delicate ivory and gold, the only relieving color being the little blue flower that breaks the gold band. The design is simplicity itself, yet the effect when the table is set is very charming. For most of us there is a set of best china put away for occasions when we entertain, and an every-day set that is less perishable and usually much less pretty. But there is no reason why this should not be nearly, perhaps altogether, as pretty as the other one. Even among the less costly dishes a careful search is almost sure to be rewarded by the finding of some simple attractive design in colors that are quite as pleasing as the more expensive dishes, and equally good shapes are to be found in both qualities of china.



DINING SET IN IVORY, GOLD AND BLUE

It is very satisfactory to have both sets repeat the same color, or if that seems too little variety at least to have colors that harmonize so that the odd dishes which do service with both, such as salad bowl, olive dishes, and celery tray will look equally well with either. These odd dishes may be more elaborate in color and design, and often serve the purpose of adding a contrasting color or intensifying one that has been used sparingly in the set. We are so often tempted by a pretty piece of china in the shops and forget that if it does not harmonize with what we already have, the effect may be as hopelessly ugly as if we had bought the crudest thing upon the shelves. Silver and glass may be used sparingly or in abundance according to one's taste and one's pocket-book, but even if one must limit it to a very little it is better to have what there is good. If much silver is used grey must be counted as a

definite shade of the color scheme. Perhaps some of my busy readers laugh at the idea of a color scheme for the every-day table and think that the people who gather round it will care little what colors are there so long as there is plenty that is good to eat; and, indeed, it is very probable that not one of them would be able to tell you anything about it afterward, but the same no doubt is true of the last pretty gown you wore. Probably not one, of the men of the house, at least, knew what you were wearing, but they knew you were more than usually sweet and attractive; and in the same way, they will feel the charm of your dinner table (as indeed you will yourself) and find it a pleasanter place to linger and talk things over before going back to work.

There are few homes where flowers are not used as table decorations when company comes at least. This is one of the things that we may have every day without additional cost, and only at the expense of the few moments time that it takes to place them there. Usually only a few flowers are best, unless the table is large, and these arranged simply in some pretty receptacle. A clear glass vase is best for tall flowers such as iris, long-stemmed roses or the tall, white garden lilies, while there are many pretty bowls for the shorter blossoms. If your table colors are blue and white a dark blue bowl with yellow daffodils will be beautiful. Any flowers that are yellow, white or crimson, or the nasturtium shades, will be pretty with blue, and yellow. Yellow, red, or blue flowers are exquisite in a brass bowl if you are fortunate enough to possess one. Pink and lilac and the paler blues are all lovely with silver. But there is not one of all the flowers that will not look well in clear glass.

In winter when flowering bulbs or some small potted plant must largely take the

the simplest designs have a way of taking queer fanciful shapes or forming geometric patterns, or insisting on being counted up and down and across, till the weary patient can find no relief but in shutting out the light and the whole tiresome view. White is not a satisfactory color, for the walls as it gives a glare of reflected light that is most trying.

Have few pictures in the room and these of a kind that will be sure to interest the invalid. It is a good plan to change them occasionally.

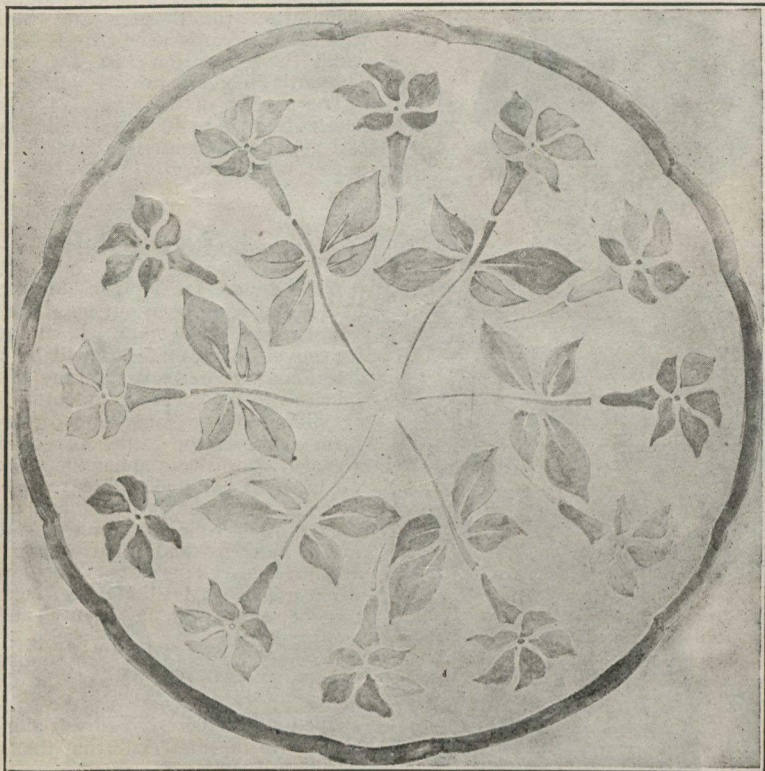
The furniture should be the plainest with no carving or ornamentation to collect the dust, and where covers are re-



TRAY CLOTH IN DELFT BLUE AND WHITE

quired, a plain white linen that can be renewed daily is the best. A bed, a dresser, a table (or two if the room is large enough to permit) and two or three chairs make up the necessary furniture. The best bed is of white enamelled iron and of medium width so that the patient may feel there is abundance of room, while it is still not too far for the nurse to reach from either side. The bedding should all be light and warm, and plenty of pillows, both large and small, and extra blankets should be conveniently near.

Two tables will be a decided convenience, one for the nurse, and a small one to hold



STENCILLED CENTREPIECE

place of cut flowers, a small jardiniere is almost essential. This should be in the same colors as the china or in some neutral or harmonizing color, and always sufficiently unobtrusive in decoration not to draw attention from the plant which it contains. In summer a small jardiniere such as this may often be used to hold cut flowers that may be massed together, such as roses, dahlia or golden-glow.

The Sick Room

A LITTLE time and thought spent on the furnishing and arrangement of the sick-room will often greatly comfort the invalid. The long days of enforced idleness become so wearily monotonous that trifling inconveniences become real causes of irritation, and the smallest thing that brings a change of interest gives a pleasure that the strong and healthy find hard to realize.

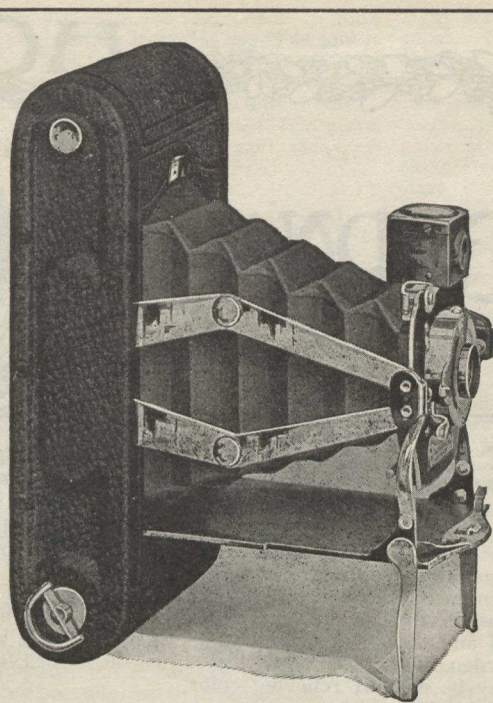
It is important that the room should have abundance of fresh air and sunshine, and be so arranged that it may be kept immaculately clean with as little work as possible. The absence of all draperies and upholstery will help materially to this end, and if there is a carpet on the floor, it may be covered with white cotton, for a space around the bed at least. An uncovered hardwood floor is better in many respects, but the rug will deaden the necessary sounds that would be trying to the patient. Plain tinted walls will prove the most pleasing. Even

the reading lamp, books or flowers. The room should contain an easy chair, but not a rocker. Few rockers move without some slight noise, and the motion is apt to be most trying to the patient. Bed-tables are so great a convenience that in a long illness they seem almost a necessity. The less expensive kind have four small legs that rest on the bed over the knees of the patient; but a better style has a base resting on the floor while the tray on top swings over the bed. This tray may be tipped to hold a book in position, or left flat when used for dishes.

A large screen is essential in the sick room, being needed to regulate both air and light.

Polishing Furniture

THE prudent housekeeper will be wary of doctoring her furniture with polish that is recommended to cover all defects." Bad results often follow. A simple and effective polish for cleaning furniture and removing scratches is made of one-third linseed oil and two-thirds benzine. It should be applied with a paint brush which has very soft bristles and rubbed dry with an old soft piece of muslin or soft flannel. For polishing, dampen a cloth with the mixture, fold it into a pad, sprinkle a few drops of alcohol over the surface of the pad and rub the furniture firmly and quickly. Rub only a small part at a time and be sure to rub until the surface is quite dry.



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A White Summer

EVERY summer is a white summer—to a certain extent; for when the real dog-day weather comes; when the mercury climbs to the nineties and the humidity makes existence a burden, and no fabric but a tub fabric may be endured, white—freshly laundered white—seems the only wearable thing. But this summer white promises to occupy a position of unusual importance; not only are lingerie frocks and tub suits made of white materials, but there are also smart tailored suits and frocks of serge, mohair, permo fabric (a mixed mohair and worsted weave), and even of white satin. White satin blouses, trimmed with lace and fancy buttons, are very fashionable with tailored suits, and pure white satin frocks, bride-like in suggestion except that they are fashioned in strict tailor style, with tucks, rows of buttons and skirts short enough to show the neat white buttoned boot, are quite the grand chic in Paris just now.

All this whiteness would be a little wearisome to the eye, even in dog-day weather, were not touches of color judiciously introduced in the way of hats, parasols, corsage flowers and sashes. The feet must always be shod in white—unless the costume be very dressy indeed, and then one may wear black satin boots with smart white pearl or crystal buttons; but with the white tub frock, white tailored suit, or white lingerie costume of voile, net or batiste, white footwear is the rule, and the new white buckskin boots and buttoned oxfords are so adorably pretty, and make the foot look so dainty, that women are daft over them. The buttoned oxfords have lines of white perforated trimming, and the heels are usually in Cuban style, so that the little half-boots may be comfortably worn in the street. For piazza wear there are Colonial pumps of white calf, with straight or curved heels.

Perhaps because of this necessity for color contrast as a relief from too much white, colored hats and not all-white ones are considered fashionable this season; and when the white costume is accompanied by a colored hat, there is usually a parasol to match the hat, and the long white silk gloves will have unobtrusive embroideries in similar color on the wrists. Sometimes this wrist embroidery takes the form of a bracelet, and beneath the bracelet new glove-hands may be added when the fingertips of the long pair wear out. There are also adorable taffeta coats in color, and what with hats, parasols, gloves and coats in one of the beautiful, subdued shades of the season, the white costume is Frenchified and chic and never monotonous.

In the white materials for tailored tub suits, the ratine or agaric weaves are more fashionable this year than linen, though the latter is well liked. There is a new file mesh linen with a coarse, open weave, like scrim which is very effective in combination with plain ramie linen. White pique is much fancied for separate tub skirts for outing and country wear, and both linens and piques are combined with the shaggy ratine, which is decidedly modish now. Whole frocks of this white eratine are shown for morning wear in town, and these frocks are very smart and simple, with straight, unbroken lines and effective trimming of buttons. A frock of this sort, shown in an exclusive window the other day, had a narrow, straight skirt trimmed with a ten-inch fold around the knees, and a peplum waist with sleeves set into arm-holes. Two rows of white crochet buttons went all the way down the front, and the same buttons in rows of six or eight trimmed the back of peplum and skirt. The features of the costume—as is the case in all these simple trot-about tub frocks—were a black patent leather belt

and elaborate hand-made lace and lawn collar and cuffs, with a smart black taffeta neck-bow at the front of the collar. Beside the costume stood the inevitable snowy boots of the white buck, with white buttons of pearl, and a vivid green parasol gave just the needed touch of relieving color.

Gowns of Summer Silk

VARIOUS kinds of silk are being used this season for it is one of the most fashionable of all materials, but the illustration shows one gown of white taffeta and one of radium silk, combining violet with white.

The white gown is trimmed with heavy lace and a little frill of the silk. It is extremely smart in quite a simple way.

Both blouse and skirt are as easy as possible to make and bands of trimming are simply arranged over the skirt and over the sleeve edges. The garniture is a very new and a very smart one made only in two pieces and held in place by a girdle, which, in this case, is American beauty red, bits of color on white being extremely smart.

For the medium size, the garniture will require one and a half yards of material 18 inches wide; the blouse, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide; the skirt, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide; trimming for the entire gown, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of all-over 18, and 1 yard of silk 36 inches wide for the frills.

The pattern of the garniture, 7475, is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 inches bust measure, of the blouse guimpe 7292 in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt

7304 in sizes from 22 to 32 inches waist measure.

The second gown includes a most attractive and graceful draped skirt and draped blouse. The foundation for the skirt is circular and the draped portion also is circular while there is a panel effect at the back and, if liked, the panel can be extended to form a train. The blouse can be made with or without a lining and with the pretty three-quarter sleeves as illustrated or with closely fitting long-sleeves and with high or round neck. The draped revers are exceedingly graceful and extremely smart, but as the blouse is complete without them, they can be omitted if not wanted. The model is a good one for all materials, thin and soft enough to be draped successfully.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 4 yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 7-8 yard 27 inches wide for the revers and collar, and 7-8 yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette; the drapery and tunic, 6 yards 27, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 4 yards 44 inches wide; the foundation skirt, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse 7476, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt 7418 in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The New Fabrics

MANY new fabrics for blouses have this season been put upon the market and the woman who is looking for novelties in material will be easily able to satisfy her taste. Many of these fabrics are new weaves of cotton crepe or silk crepe or some one or another form of the cotton ratine weaves. There are also exquisite diaphanous materials, washable, if handled with care and most enticing for the making of fine lingerie waists. In voile and marquisette of fancy patterns and open weave there are the most delicate of weaves, which, when used with Irish and filet lace, cannot be surpassed in beauty and becomingness.

Striped wash satins are among the latest materials for blouses, the designs being much the same as those of the striped wash silks. The finish alone distinguishes the material from that which has been popular for many years. The stripes are in rather vivid colors on white grounds, and almost every color in this spring's gamut can be found in these new satins. The stripes are wide apart and very brilliant. One of the most effective of these satins shows a brilliant red stripe on the white ground. The striped peau de crepe, also a new and fashionable fabric which launders well, is softer and perhaps more dainty in effect than the wash satins, which, however, have a peculiar smartness of their own.

For the woman who likes to possess at least one dark blouse that may be washed, there are solid colored wash silks in several shades. These are called Japanese wash silks, and the hues in which they have already appeared are rose, green, grey and violet. There are also new striped wash silks with very dark grounds, among these being a great many with rather deep but dull yellow grounds. Black wash silks with white stripes are also being shown as among the novelties.

Satin wash crepe, forty inches wide, is one of the most attractive fabrics that have ever been put on the market either for blouses or frocks. It is a little crinkly and of a most fascinating shade of white, and it is not at all expensive when its beauty is considered. There is also a very beautiful wash cotton crepe that has a silky finish and a silk and cotton mixture to be found among the blouse materials.

La Tosca crepes, which are woven in the ratine designs, and are to be had both in light and medium weights, are among the most desirable of the new blouse materials. A little heavier than



Waist Garniture No. 7475
Guimpe Pattern No. 7292
Skirt Pattern No. 7304

Blouse Pattern No. 7476
Skirt Pattern No. 7418

these, but still open and cool, suitable for wear in the hot weather, is the ratine crepe, which is especially useful for soft blouses to be used for golf, tennis, etc. A thinner and much more delicate fabric is the gauze frizette, which is to be much used for fine blouses as well as for lingerie gowns. While it may perfectly well be laundered if the laundress is a past mistress of her art, it is not, strictly speaking, a tubable material, and would probably have to be sent to the cleaner. The new marquisettes in fancy open weaves are quite dainty enough in appearance to suit the most fastidious, while they have a little more body to them so that they are more practical for usual occasions.

Fashionable Summer Costume

SILK and linen unquestionably are the two most fashionable materials of the summer. The gown to the left is made of flowered foulard over plain while the girl's frock is made of linen, and each one is typical of the best that the season has to offer.

The foulard gown includes many attractive features. The blouse is quite a novel one with over-lapped fronts and a smoothly fitting peplum. It can be made with the open neck illustrated or it can be made high in the neck by the addition of a little chemisette and stock collar. These sleeves are opened to allow the under sleeves to fall through the openings and they are very pretty treated in that way, but plain ones can be made with

rolled-over cuffs as finish, if the slashed effect is not liked. The skirt gives the tunic effect, yet it is all in one, the over portion being stitched to the lower. Altogether the gown is a smart and distinctive one yet quite simple, involving no difficulties in the making.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27, or 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide with 7-8 yard 18 inches wide for the under sleeves, and 1 yard 18 for the collar; the upper portion of the skirt will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or 36 or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide; the lower portion $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards any width. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

The pattern of the blouse, 7468, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt, 7269, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The young girl's dress is finished with laced edges that are distinctly new and distinctly smart, and it includes a skirt in the new envelope style. Linen is a favorite material of warm weather, and an excellent one for this model, but it nevertheless can be reproduced from taffeta or cotton material or from any summer fabric that may be liked. The blouse is a simple one with the sleeves sewed to the armholes and a big sailor collar, and the skirt is cut in five gores. At the sides there are inverted plaits, the back forms a box plait, and the fronts are overlapped. If the laces are not liked, both blouse and skirt can be left plain and the closing made with buttons and buttonholes or invisibly as liked.

For the 16 year size, the blouse will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, 1 7-8 yards 36 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27 inches wide for the collar

and trimming; the skirt will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or 36 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide. The full width of the lower edge of the skirt is 2 7-8 yards; but when the plaits are laid, it measures only 2 yards.

The patterns, 7488 and 7474, are cut in sizes for Misses of 16 and 18 years.

Gowns in Semi-Princess Style

SEMI-PRINCESS gowns are being much worn, and they are always desirable. Here are two, one of which is designed for young girls and small women. Both models are adapted both to silk and to washable materials and both can be made available for the dressy afternoon toilettes or for the simple one of the morning hours, as one material or another is chosen. In the illustration, the girl's dress is made of this linen trimmed with lace and it is very lovely and very attractive. The two-piece skirt is closed at the left of the front and joined to the blouse on a slightly raised waist line. The blouse can be made either with elbow or long sleeves. In this case, the skirt is trimmed with scalloped bands of the material, and such treatment is extremely fashionable, but it can be treated in the manner best adapted to the special material and use.

For the 16 year size, the gown will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27 or 4 yards 36 or 44 inches wide with $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide for trimming and 11 yards of lace insertion and 8 yards of lace edging.

The pattern, 7479, is cut in sizes for girls of 16 and 18 years.

The gown shown on the figure to the

right combines figured radium silk with plain. The material is the lightest, thinnest, coolest possible, consequently, it is well adapted to this season, but any two contrasting materials can be used successfully, a simple flowered and a plain lawn quite as well as the more elaborate silk. The upper portion of the skirt is cut in only three pieces. The front is extended to form a portion of the lower part and is joined to a straight band which completes it. The blouse includes the fashionable set-in sleeves, and the side portions are lapped on to panel-like portions at the centre.

For the medium size, the blouse and upper portion of the skirt will require 4 yards of material 37, 3 yards 36 or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide; the centre and lower portion 3 yards 27 or 36 or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard of all-over lace for the collar and cuffs. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

The pattern of the gown, 7470, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measures.

Pretty Summer Frocks

SUMMER fashions for the growing girls are very charming. These frocks are dainty in the extreme, yet neither involves any great amount of labor, for even the lace-trimmed dress, which gives an effect of elaboration, is in reality simple, the trimming all being arranged over the seams and on straight lines.

The frock made of bordered material combines a simple straight skirt and a surplice blouse. It is especially adapted



Dress Pattern No. 7479

Dress Pattern No. 7470

Blouse Pattern No. 7468
Skirt Pattern No. 7269

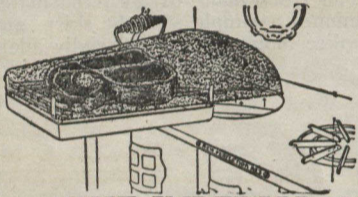
Blouse Pattern No. 7488
Skirt Pattern No. 7474



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to bordered fabrics, and in this instance flouncing has been used throughout, but it could be made as indicated in the back view and of plain material if something simpler is wanted, and it is charming in whatever way it is treated. For the various functions that are apt to occur with the closing of school, the flouncing is charming, for everyday afternoon occasions one of the pretty cotton voiles or material of the kind could be finished with scalloped edges, either button-holed or bound with silk, and will be found to be extremely pretty, and there are numberless other ways in which the dress could be trimmed and finished.

For the 12-year size will be needed $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of flouncing, 30 inches wide, with 3 yards 15 inches wide to make as shown in front view; $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain material 27, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of allover lace 18 inches wide, to make as shown in the back view.

The dainty little lace-trimmed frock, shown to the right, is made of white marquisette, and that material is a fa-

7407, are cut in sizes for girls of 10, 12 and 14 years of age.

Simple Models for Warm Days

NOTHING is so attractive on a really warm day as a simple dress. Here is a charming one for the mother and also a pretty one for the little daughter and both are smart, while they are absolutely simple and adapted to mid-summer wear and mid-summer materials. The woman's gown is especially designed for washable material. The skirt is made in four gores and the front gore can be either tucked or plain. The blouse is made all in one piece. Both making and laundering are simple matters, while the effect is a charming one. Dotted lawn is the material illustrated, with trimming of lace and finish of white lawn collar and cuffs, but every simple summer material is adapted to the model. When the skirt is made with the plain front gore, the gore can be made either of the same material or from contrasting. A pretty effect could be obtained by using



Dress Pattern No. 7416

Dress Pattern No. 7407

rite one. It takes becoming soft folds, it launders perfectly, and it is in every way satisfactory, but nevertheless lawns and batistes, all seasonable fabrics, can be utilized for the design. In the back view it is shown with frills of the material and narrow lace, making it somewhat simpler in effect. Which treatment is better depends entirely upon the use required, for both are fashionable, and both are pretty. The five-gored skirt is tucked at the upper edge, and the blouse is made with sleeves sewed to the armholes, while the bretelles are arranged over the shoulders, and give extremely becoming lines.

For the 12-year size will be required $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of lace, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of wide banding and $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of narrow banding to trim, as shown in the front view; to make as shown in the back view will be needed 6 yards 27, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with 5 yards of edging and 10 yards of insertion.

The patterns of both, Nos. 7416 and

flouncing for the front gore and plain white lawn for the remainder of the gown and trimming with embroidery. The skirt can be finished at either the high or the natural waist line.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide for the collar and cuffs and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace banding; the skirt will require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with 5 yards of banding.

The pattern of the blouse, 7463, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt, 7483, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The little girl's frock is made of rose colored linen embroidered with white and it is very dainty and charming. The skirt is cut in five gores, the blouse includes separate sleeves that are sewed to the armholes and the tunic is made in two pieces. The plaits in the skirt are all laid perfectly flat to produce the straight lines of fashion, yet leave ample freedom for movement. The tunic closes at the shoulder and the belt holds it in position at the waist line. Both linen and material of a similar weight and the thinner,

lighter ones are appropriate for the design and it can be made of one material throughout or with the tunic of a contrasting one. Colored linen with the tunic of all-over embroidery would be pretty, and several combinations of a similar kind will suggest themselves.

For the 10 year size, the dress will require 4¾ yards of material 27, 4¾ yards 36 or 3 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern of the dress, 7460, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years.

Fashion Hints

WHILE milliners are striving to create a demand for extremely large picture hats which are quite flat and trimmed with feathery plumes or

which is adorably becoming to fair women. One sees this color on hats and made up in smart neck bows, but it is a little too vivid for whole costumes.

Buckles are enjoying unexpected popularity. Belts have buckles; neck-bows, too—hats also. The newest whim is an arrangement of buckled straps at the back of coat and skirt, the material being drawn in the least bit under the strap.

Separate skirts of hair-striped white serge are smarter for tennis and golf than the skirt of linen. These serge skirts are simply made and usually button down one hip.

There is a new silk stocking which is warranted not to "run." The top of the stocking, where the garter is at-



Blouse Pattern No. 7463
Skirt Pattern No. 7483

Dress Pattern No. 7460

Boys' Suit

an effective arrangement of taffeta, the majority of the wearers incline to smaller hats. It may be, however, that as the season advances the demand for picture models will show a decided increase. Generally speaking, summer is the most suitable season for large curving brims and picturesque ornamentation.

A NEW outing coat for young women smarter than the eternal knitted sweater is a hip length affair of soft, lightweight, all-wool mixture in loose, informal Norfolk style. It has a breezy reefer-like suggestion and is easy to slip on and off. Pockets, collar and other details are mannish in suggestion.

There is a particular blue-green, to be had in the changeable taffeta weave,

tached, is woven separately and is attached to the sheer thread silk portion by a strong machine thread.

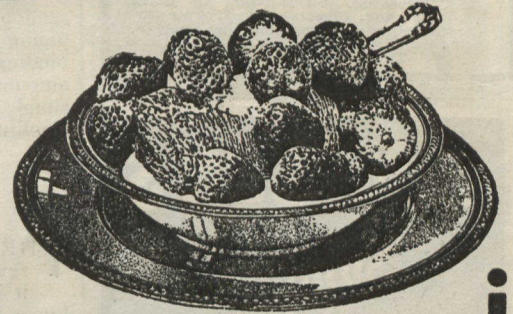
NO suit that the little boy wears is prettier or more becoming than this one made in Russian style. It is adapted to washable materials, to wools and to silk so that it can be made to suit all occasions. It is childish and attractive, and at the same time essentially masculine. In the illustration striped galatea is trimmed with plain color and the neck is finished with a round collar, but a standing collar can be substituted if better liked, and in place of the belt made from the material one of leather

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can be worn. The knickerbockers are separate and joined to waist bands. For the 4 year size will be required 3 1/4 yards of material 27, 2 1/2 yards 36,



Suit Pattern No. 7412.

2 yards 44 inches wide with 3/4 yard 27 for belt and trimming. The pattern, No. 7412, is cut in sizes for boys of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Scallops Much in Vogue

SCALLOPS are very much the thing, and the truly modish summer costume shows plenty of scallops, each scallop being bound with old-fashioned piping put on by hand. This method of binding scallops consumes an endless amount of time, and the new trimming, simple as it appears, adds a discouraging amount to the dressmaker's bill.

Boys' Russian Suit

THE Russian suit made with a single revers is a pretty one, and this season it is liked, finished with embroidery. Little boys like masculine clothing, but such dainty touches seem to render them more childish in effect. Linen is one of the favorite materials for suits of this kind, but cotton poplins are used and pique is excellent, while for the sturdier ones that will be utilized for play and occasions of the kind, galatea, chambray and gingham and the like are appropriate. If the embroidery is not liked or seems to be too much labor, the



Suit Pattern No. 7400 Embroidery Pattern No. 657

blouse can be finished with a plain revers and collar or they can be edged with braid, or made of a contrasting material.

For the 4 year size will be required 3 1/2 yards of material 27, 2 1/2 yards 36, 2 1/8 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7400, is cut in sizes for boys of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Child's Apron

THIS apron that is made in peasant style is a pretty, attractive and practical one. It is simple and it means very little time and labor for the making. In one illustration it is shown with square neck and without a belt, in the other with high neck and long sleeves, and with a belt confining the fulness at the waist line. The two treatments are essentially different in effect, yet the model is the same for both. White linen banded with pink is the material illustrated, but all those that are used for children's aprons are appropriate.

The apron is made with front and back portions. The neck can be made square or round and the apron can be cut high and finished either with a turned over or standing collar. The patch pockets are arranged on indicated lines.

For the 6 year size will be required



Apron Pattern No. 7143.

2 1/2 yards of material 27 or 2 yards 36 inches wide with 1/2 yard 27 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern, No. 7143, is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Turkish Towelling as Trimming

TURKISH towelling is very popular as a trimming. One finds it on handsome gowns, but the towelling is not the coarse, unsightly material that first came out last summer. It is usually the color of the cloth, and, elaborately embroidered, has the appearance of uncut velvet. The little sleeveless jackets are being made of the material.

Children's Headwear

SIMPLE elegance is the keynote of juvenile hats this year. Almost every model is decidedly childish in design. Drooping shapes such as we have seen for two or three seasons, are simply trimmed with ribbon and a cluster of rosebuds or a garland in pompadour shades.

Tricorners and boat shapes are shown and when something very quaint and bewitching is wanted, bonnet shapes are sought. Tiny straw bonnets that fit closely over the head have as their only trimming a quilling of pink or blue silk about the face and a knot of ribbon where the ties are sewn on.

Quaker bonnets extend so far over the face as to prevent anything but a front view. These are faced with a becoming shade, usually baby blue or pink, of shirred chiffon or net. The back comes to the nape of the neck and the trimming consists of little more than the ties.

For summer, lingerie hats are much in evidence, while little outing hats in great variety are to be found. One of the newest has a high rounded crown and drooping brim. In the front the



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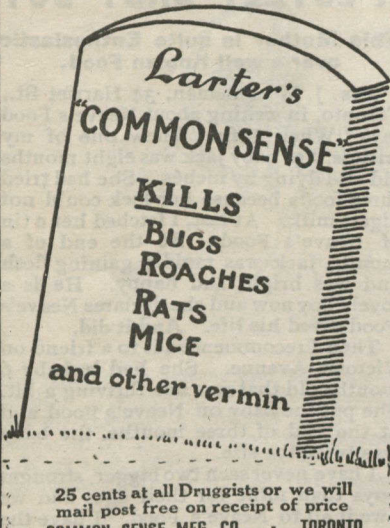
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crowns recedes and is almost perpendicular at the back. It comes in different shades to match the frocks with which it is worn.

Morning Jacket

PEPLUMS are just as much used upon morning jackets as they are upon blouses. This one is one of the newest and prettiest to have appeared. The sleeves that are cut in kimono style



Morning Jacket Pattern No. 7414

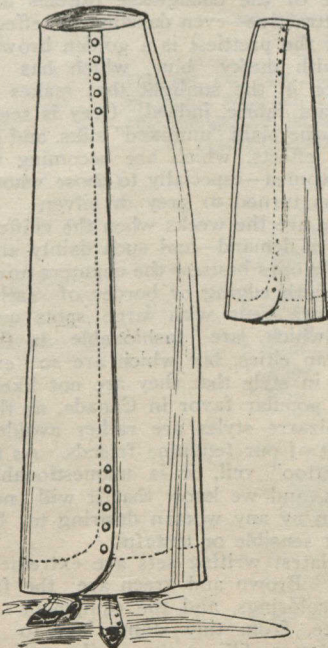
can be finished at the elbow or at the wrists with deep cuffs, and the neck can be edged with banding or finished with a collar. Nothing could be simpler or easier to make, yet the effect is attractive in the extreme. All sorts of seasonable materials are appropriate, but this jacket is made from flowered batiste with bands of plain white piped with color to match the flower design. The peplum is circular with inverted plaits at the back that are pretty and effective. The tucks over the shoulders mean good lines and becoming fulness at the front. The collar can be made round or square at the back.

For the medium size will be required 3 1/2 yards of material 27, 3 yards 36, 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 5-8 yard 27 for the banding, 5-8 yard for the piping.

The pattern, No. 7414, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

Overlapped Skirt

OVERLAPPED skirts are among the prettiest and newest. This one gives extremely becoming lines, and is both graceful and smart. It is simple also and easy to make, so that it cannot fail to commend itself. The model will be



Skirt Pattern, No. 7427

found a good one for the coat suit, for the complete dress, and for the skirt to be worn with an odd waist, and it is adapted to all materials that can be

made in tailored style. Linen, pique and the like will be charming so made, while taffeta and wool materials suit it perfectly well. There are five gores, but the front and back gores are finished and lapped onto the side gores, making a most attractive trimming. Buttons are used effectively and this skirt is made of serge with trimming of bone buttons, but colored linen with white pearl buttons would be exceedingly smart and practical. Both high and natural waist line are correct just now and the one that is most becoming should be chosen.

For the 16-year size will be needed 4 yards of material 27, 3 1/4 yards 36, 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide when material has figure or nap, 3 1/2 yards 27, 2 1/2 yards 36 or 44 when material has neither figure nor nap; width of the skirt at the lower edge 2 yards.

The pattern, No. 7427, is cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years of age.

Work Apron

THE work apron that can be adjusted by means of a single button and buttonhole is one that busy women are sure to welcome. This one is made in that way. It is also both pretty and practical. It is genuinely protective, yet it shows becoming lines. Linen, percale, gingham and all sturdy materials of the kind are appropriate for its making. Many women finish the edges with fancy stitching and such treatment is attractive. Just now there is a fancy for



Apron Pattern No. 7264.

cross stitch embroidery and a narrow border makes a very charming effect.

For the medium size will be required 4 3/4 yards of material 27 inches wide for the apron, 1 yard for the sleeves, 4 3/4 yards 36 inches wide for both apron and sleeves.

The pattern, No. 7264, is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium, 38 or 40, large, 42 or 44 bust.

Flowered Materials


THE flowered materials of all kinds that are fashionable this year should be carefully selected if intended for young girls. The small clusters of flowers or the small sprigs of flowers are more appropriate. The large patterns are not suitable, as it is impossible to make a young girl's frock look well if the pattern is too large.

There are flowered batistes and cotton voiles that are quite inexpensive and there are flowered chiffons and the finest of muslins, that are extremely expensive, so it would seem there were no reasons why every one should not be satisfied.

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SMART and expensive leather hand-luggage is an open sesame to attention and service wherever one travels and the wise woman, remembering this, will make her traveling raiment simple and plain if economy demands, and put an extra amount into good-looking luggage.

The Oxford club bag remains the favorite for general traveling use and quite a supply of apparel may be stowed into one of these deep bags. A pair of shoes or slippers will fit along the sides, at the bottom; between these underclothes and nightclothes may be wedged folded shirtwaists, or even a silk or lingerie frock with a dainty extra petticoat may be laid in next and covered with a strip of silk or rubbered cloth, and on top there will be plenty of room for small belongings. The brush, comb and toilet necessities are usually tucked away in the pockets at the sides of the bag. With one of these deep club bags and a well-filled suitcase sent ahead by express, a woman can travel comfortably all over Europe—or spend a week at a country houseparty at home—which requires even more in the way of raiment. There are very smart traveling bags in this convenient club shape, made of genuine walrus and seal, with nickel trimmings, but younger women usually prefer the tan cowhide bags with smartly-stitched edges. Very satisfactory bags of this sort are to be had in imitation walrus leather as low as five or six dollars, but for the tan bag one must pay a bit more—and, of course, the finer the leather and finish, the longer will the bag maintain its aristocratic appearance.

The real luxury, however, is the fitted dressing-bag, which is elaborately supplied with every known convenience for a complete toilet en route, from such necessities as soap and tooth-powder to one's pet face cream. There are also flasks for toilet water and eau de cologne, and little receptacles for borax, bi-carbonate of soda, orris root or other comforts that one hates to do without. All the toilet implements fit under straps on panels which may be lifted from the dressing case and spread out on bureau or dressing-table in a jiffy, and there is never any need of hunting frantically among a jumble of belongings for one's buttonhook or curling tongs. Considering the handsome leather of which these cases are made, the careful designing which provides so many indispensables in a minimum of space, and the high character of all the indispensables themselves, it does not seem remarkable that these luxurious traveling belongings are usually very substantially priced.

The larger cases—in the shape of a small suitcase—are for the woman, and included among the stock of indispensables are brush and comb of imitation ivory, a whisk brush to match, a glass tooth brush holder; two glass jars with screw-tops of metal for face and tooth powder, a metal box for hairpins, a soap receptacle and air-tight glass bottles in flat shape which will contain whatever milady likes in the way of toilet waters. In the lid of the case is space for a folded nightgown and silken dressing-gown.

A convenient traveling case is made of real seal, lined with black calf. The case folds up into a square, measuring the length of hairbrush and mirror across, and opens out, so that every necessity within it is within instant reach. This case includes a black ebony hair-brush and comb in separate leather pocket; an ebony backed handglass and clothes-brush; manicure implements and buttonhook with ebony handles, metal soap box, jar for tooth and nail brushes and several covered toilet bottles, all flat in shape for compact packing.

Leather handbags when carried at all are now much smaller than the monstrous affairs which women used before reticules for a brief season supplanted leather bags in favor. This spring Parisiennes are carrying with the shopping or traveling costume small, smart leather pocketbooks of leather bags of very moderate size. A smart new pocket-book is of brown buffed calf lined with suede and has three compartments held together with a strap fastening with a metal button. Change purse, cardcase, memorandum pad and flat mirror are included in the fittings. A new bag is of smoke grey suede lined with violet moire silk and the frames of outer and inner compartments are of silver.

It is hard to find really good models in semi-tailored waists, something that is a bit out of the ordinary yet not too ex-

treme, so a new long sleeved model is rather interesting, with its odd cross tuckings and smartly placed pocket. Such a design is good for wash and non-washable materials. The sleeve is worn so tightly over the forearm that it is necessary to button or hook it each time, as it would be impossible to pass the hand through otherwise. A tiny knotted tie of velvet is caught through the Cluny lace collar.

There is always something fascinating in the study of wash frocks for summer wear, a single general design offering such endless possibilities for "exclusive models."

To begin with, these frocks all have the narrow skirt, smoothly fitting at the top, and with just enough flare to afford ease in walking and to ensure a graceful outline. The dresses are in one-piece effects, with the high waistline, which shows no signs of diminishing favor. The sleeves are short, elbow length for the most part, and in the case of semi-evening effects, in fine silk mousselines and similar materials, they are shorter still. They are also mostly in the kimono style, which, despite predictions to the contrary, is still being largely used by makers and meeting with very favorable demand. Most of the models are collarless, and arranged in a variety of becoming effects.

Plain linens in pastel tones, striped ginghams and zephyrs in cool, pretty tints and combinations, plain zephyrs, piques, silk muslins, and other new and dainty offerings in plain and mercerized washable materials, are already being offered in a variety of styles, trimmings and combinations.

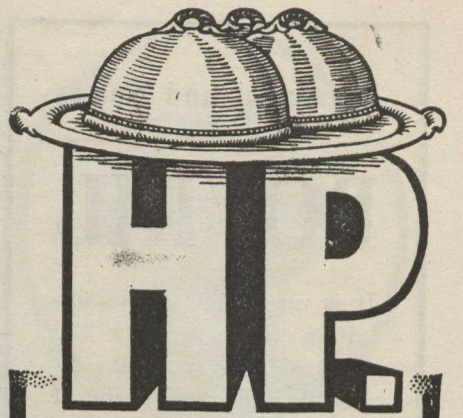
All-over embroidery is a feature of many of these effects. It is used to form the kimono waist of smart little gowns, with plain colored linen skirts, sailor collars, and loose, turn-back cuffs, with simple white embroidery designs or trimmings of white braid or buttons on the linen. In pretty kimono frocks of plain or striped gingham, zephyr, and other cotton materials, it forms the fancifully cut yoke and sleeve, with finishings of the other material. Again, it is used as a waist decoration, and inserted in a band running round the skirt in tunic effect, with similar bands finishing the elbow sleeves.

Silk gowns are more in evidence than ever. The prices of the ready-made styles are amazingly cheap—the effect, no doubt, of electric-run machines. There are, for instance, pretty one-piece dresses, with Dutch neck and raised waist effects, in black and white or navy and white messaline, which are only a trifle over nine dollars. The striped taffeta and the messaline gowns are extremely chic and becoming to almost any style of figure. Chiffon taffeta is also seen in many of the new models. In fact, it is a taffeta spring, and you will hardly be in the fashion without a gown of this material.

Some of the changeable taffetas are most attractive—even dazzling in effect. One of the prettiest is a golden brown, shot with dusky blue, which has a shimmer in the sunlight that makes it a brilliant fabric, indeed. Grey is seen, both in the plain "unmixed" silks, and in striped effects, which are becoming to many women—especially to those whose hair has turned to grey or silver.

These are the weeks when the chiffon veil is in demand—and such dainty and desirable ones bestrew the counters nowadays, with edging or border of satin. There are veils with large spots and leaves which are fashionable in the European cities, but which are so "extreme" in style that they are not likely to win popular favor in Canada, as the most bizarre styles are rather avoided by most of our feminine friends. As to the "tattoo" veil, it is unquestionably hideous, and we know that it will not be worn by any woman desiring to be thought sensible or tasteful.

The latest writing sets are extremely artistic. Brown and green are the favorite colorings, and the equipment is complete, from tiny stamp box to a huge blotter, filling almost the top of the library table. In leather and cut brass, such a set makes a very attractive addition to either sitting-room or library. Smaller sets are shown for the guest room and are most welcome to the visitor who may wish to write a hasty note in the seclusion of her own room.



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The New Venetian Relief Embroidery

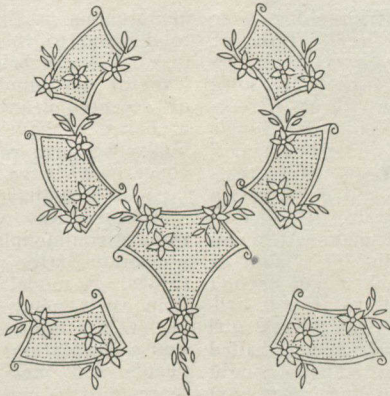
ANOTHER beautiful embroidery has just appeared and is being added to the others which are having such a wide spread vogue. It very seldom happens that so many new ideas are brought forward as during the present spring and summer season, and this new idea is a revival and adaptation of one of the beautiful laces of the Venetian Point variety. It is now called Relief Embroidery because the flowers

3, one each into the others and two into the last, thus making six stitches on the second row. Then work to the right again repeating as on last row thus increasing the number of stitches to eight. Then work three or four rows without increasing, thus forming the widest part of the petal. Begin to narrow by omitting a stitch at the outer edge of each row, see figure 4, and narrow thus until only one stitch remains fastening this into the fabric underneath and finishing the thread firmly on the under side of the material. The result will be a petal a little longer and fuller than the stamped flower, and will thus round up beautifully, carrying out the name "Relief Embroidery."

The punched background and the remainder of the



No. 8535—Waist on linen, \$1.25
Waist on 35-inch voile, 75 cents



No. 8526—Waist on linen, \$1.25
Waist on 45-inch voile, 75 cents

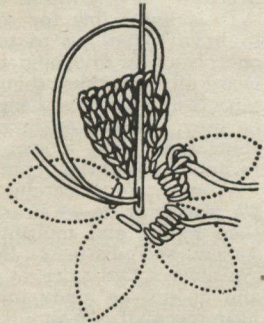
design should be embroidered before making the raised petals. The centre of each flower is composed of two or three French knots.

The punched embroidery has already been described in this column, and full sized diagrams showing the method of working the stitch have also been given. Special needles are required for this work. They are very coarse and puncture the material, thus forming the open work effect.

The waist illustrated above may be embroidered on either marquisette or light weight linen, either of which is suitable for this embroidery and another beautiful design is also shown, No. 8526, which, too, shows a beautiful combination. These waists are stamped on two yards of material, which allows for a set-in sleeve.

Embroidered collar sets are quite an important item among dress accessories this season, as the present simple one-piece gowns and suits do not require any other trimming and the sets illustrated here are very beautiful.

No. 8229 has been embroidered on a medium weight linen and the beauty of this set cannot be shown by a mere illustration. A button holed edge finished

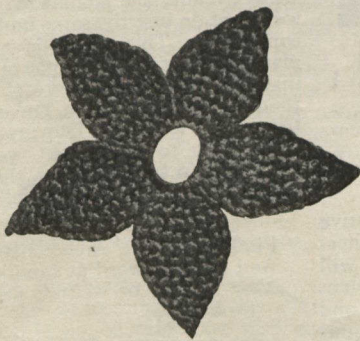


Figures 1, 2, 3, 4

are in relief, being fastened to fabric underneath only at the tip and base of each petal. The effect of this embroidery cannot be successfully conveyed by a mere illustration, but with description and diagrams the method of working will be clearly understood. This embroidery is used in combination with punched

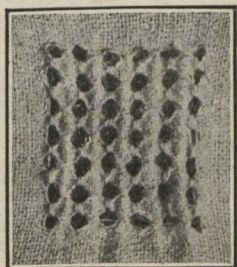
and solid satin stitch, and the finished effect is exquisite. The work is not difficult, and suitable materials for this are a medium weight linen (similar to that used for Punched Embroidery), and Marquisette.

Work each petal separately (one at a time) and have them entirely free or in relief from the fabric underneath



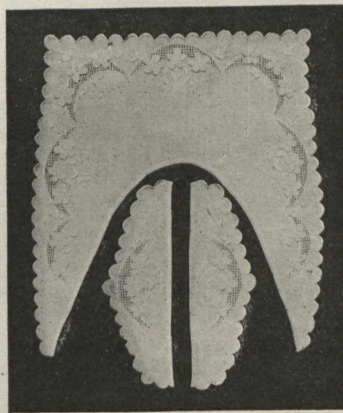
Finished Flower

excepting where they are fastened into the top and base of each petal. Study the diagram No. 1 before commencing the stitch. Thread an embroidery needle which will freely take a stranded cotton thread



Punched Embroidery

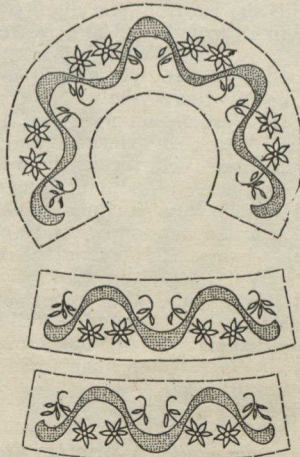
(about three strands) and make one stitch across the base of petal near the centre of the flower; into this bar thus formed work four button hole stitches working from left to right, see figure 2. Then work back to the left, putting two stitches into the first, see figure



No. 8229—Collar and Cuff Set, 60 cents

this set, but No. 8236, which shows another set, is to be edged with narrow lace, linen Cluny being one of the fashionable laces for this purpose.

The prices quoted in these columns are for stamped



No. 8236—Collar and Cuff Set, 60 cents

or tinted linens only, as we do not supply embroidered articles.

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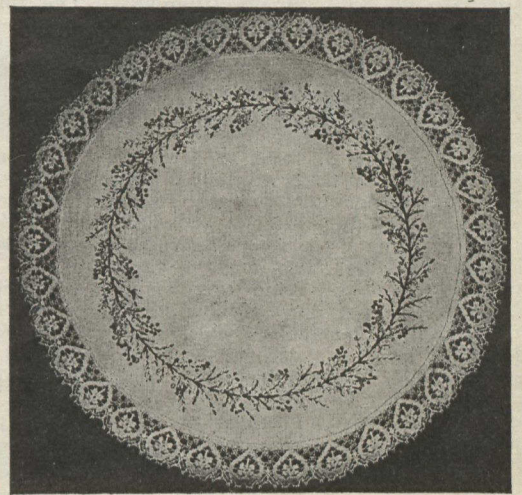
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Idealizing the Commonplace

By MISS HINDLAY, Ospringe

Read at the Wellington County Women's Institute Convention held in Guelph, December last.

I WAS led to choose this subject by frequently hearing my friends envying the lot of some one who had, as they thought, greater advantages in life. We all would like some one else's talents or education, or opportunities, or wealth, and fondly imagine that we could make much more of our lives if we could change places with some neighbor. Our own surroundings and work are so commonplace that it is not worth our while making an effort, but, if we could only sing, play, paint, or become a great teacher or writer, we could make our mark in the world. We envy these so-called great personages, not knowing the hard training that was necessary to bring them to these high positions and never thinking that the genius of a Burns or a Shakespeare would avail us nothing with our present lazy habits.

I am not going to dwell just now on the evil effect of discontent with our lot any more than to say that Providence knows much better than we do what circumstances are best for the development of our character, and, when we grumble at the fate or luck that has placed us where we are and made us what we are, we are simply faulting the plans of the Infinite. We are all characters in the making, and this life is but a discipline by which our characters are developed, and He knows best where to place us for that purpose. I like to think that each of us can do our own work better than it could be done by any other person. It is certain that no one else has the same opportunity to do it that we have, and if we neglect it, our particular corner of the world is made commonplace where it might have been made ideal. What matter how lowly the task, more bread makers are needed than poets, and it is infinitely better to do a humble duty well, than a great one indifferently. Philip Brooks gives us this beautiful thought on duty: "This truth comes to me more and more the longer I live; that in what field or in what uniform or with what aims we do our duty, matters very little, or even what that duty is, great or small, splendid or obscure, only to find our duty certainly, and somewhere and somehow to do it faithfully, makes us strong, good, happy, and useful men and turns our lives into some feeble echo of the life of God."

One comfort for those of us who find our duty in humble places is that we have lots of company. The great bulk of the world's work must always be done amidst lowly surroundings away from the praise of the multitude. It is only the few who stand before the footlights. Some one has said that God must have loved the common people, He made so many of them.

The fight with poverty, uncongenial surroundings and work that grinds down and becomes drudgery often develops a sweeter spirit and a nobler life than more congenial surroundings. I think of one woman who left a comfortable home in Ontario, went west and found herself in a leaky sod shack on the prairie. Her husband proved to be neither an agreeable companion nor a support to her and her children in her home. She toiled early and late, through the weary years, sometimes only to find her hard earnings collected by the worthless husband and father and spent in foolish speculations. She managed to rear and educate her children until they were able to take honorable positions and support her, but this is the great thing about her, that through it all, she did not allow herself to become sour or cynical, or discontented. She said, "I am determined to smile no matter what happens," and her nearest relatives say she did. I say that woman was one of the world's heroines!

Along this line of triumphing over the homely, but very real, trials of everyday life, I don't think I can do better than quote Pearlle Watson's school composition on "True Greatness," taken from Nellie McClung's delightful book, "The Second Chance."

"A person can never get true greatness by trying for it; you get it when you are not looking for it. It's nice to have good clothes; it makes it a lot easier to act decent, but it's a sign of true greatness to act when you haven't got them, just as good as if you had. "One time when Ma was a little girl they had a bird at their house, called Bill, that broke his leg. They thought they would have to kill him. But next morning they found him propped up sort of sideways on his good leg, singing. That was true greatness."

"One time there was a woman who had done a big washing and hung it on the line; the line broke and let it all down in the mud. But she didn't say a word, only did it all over again, and this time she spread it on the grass, where it couldn't fall. But that night a dog with dirty feet ran over it. When she saw what was done, she sat down and didn't cry a bit. All she said was: 'Ain't it queer that he didn't miss nothing.' That was true greatness. But it's only people who have done washings that know it. Once there was a

monotonous at times, we do not need to descend to the level of the homely task. We can bring the task up to the level of our minds. While we do the oft-repeated cleaning and polishing what a chance we have to think of the many books we have read or the lectures or concerts we have attended, and what a boon it is to have time to think.

Another way we make our home-making commonplace is by a lack of appreciation of the proportionate value of things. A model housekeeper very seldom is a good home-maker, because she values spotless floors and perfect house decorations more than she does people and their comfort. We must learn that the people we house are more important than the house. The woman, who is the centre of the home, must go one step further, and realize that her first duty is to herself. If she neglects her own health, in order that the house may be kept faultlessly clean, not only she, but the whole family and house are going to suffer. If she neglects her appearance and accomplishments that the younger members of the family may be better dressed, and have opportunities for culture, she will reap her reward in the selfishness and neglect of her children.

A woman who wishes to keep her place as queen of the home, will find scope for the exercise of the greatest

who runs about and tattles. 3. To talk too much.

There are two kinds of Criticism and Gossip; the good natured, kindly kind, when we sit down and talk, but do not hurt one another's feelings or make unkind remarks about our friends, or when we tell some one of something they are doing or saying that would be better left unsaid. We criticise then with a good purpose, or with the object of doing good, but I admit it is a delicate thing to do and we must be careful how and when we do it.

Then there is the other kind, when we cannot find a good thing to say of anyone and start some little story rolling that at the end of a week we could not recognize as our own words.

As a rule women get the credit of gossiping more than men, but, as the old Scotchman says: "I hae my doubts about it." But I am sorry to say woman is a more harmful gossip than man and a more severe critic, especially of her own sex.

When Mrs. Jones says to Mrs. Smith, "Did you hear about Mrs. So and So? Well it is awful the reports that are going round about her," and goes on to retail what she has heard (remember it is only hearsay), then Mrs. Smith turns it over again with a few more words and looks added on, until poor Mrs. So and So might just as well leave town as try to overcome or live down the report.

It is impossible for some people not to have something to tell, and I have one person in my mind that, really, if I heard all the unkind things she does, and repeats and believes them, my hair would be grey. Others again never hear anything, and what is more, do not want to, and oh! that they were in the majority.

Women, are we careful enough at what we repeat, or do we hear a sentence and then repeat and multiply to someone's sorrow and distress? Remember there are always two sides to every question, and do not be ready to believe all you hear repeated. Wait until you hear the other side. You do not know what "Skeleton in a Closet" may be hidden under the cloak put on in public. Just possibly it may be a broken heart. We only see what is made public. We do not see behind the closed doors. You know not what may have led up to the present condition of things; so please do not start the stone rolling, especially "Do not always blame the woman." Remember, we might do just the same under the same conditions. This world is not an easy place to understand. Some of its happenings are of such a nature that to know them brings upon us a horror too great to put into words. There are things none of us wish to talk about, yet I believe that even in spite of them the world is a hopeful place to look upon."

"O, many a shaft, at random sent,
Finds mark the Archer little meant;
And many a word at random spoken
May soothe, or wound, a heart that's broken."
—Scott.

Life is serious. It is full of trouble and plenty of sorrow. But it is such a fine life after all! We can be so helpful, so useful to others, that it is more than worth while to even the women who are nursing their burdens and saying that it is a miserable old place with a black sky and grey background.

It has been said that "The greatest law in life is getting, gaining, and self-preservation," but that cannot be true of people who want to live real lives. I mean the giving of an overflow of life, as it were, of good thoughts, of sympathy, cheer, some service that will render a stranger your friend. And in giving and sacrificing, do not do it to win a reward, like some child whom you must bribe to do right because he wants to do wrong, but just for the pure joy of it.

Then there is the outspoken critic who says, "No, I have no use for her, the way she fusses over cats and dogs is the limit—calling them baby." Did it never occur to you that it might not be her fault she was cuddling a kitten instead of a baby. Did it never occur to you that she might long for children to cuddle far more than you in your self-satisfied life can ever vaguely imagine? Did it never occur



ONTARIO WOMEN'S INSTITUTE LECTURERS

Front Row, from left to right.—Dr. Jennie Smillie, Mrs. W. Dawson, Miss E. Robson, Miss D. I. Hughes, Miss S. Campbell, Miss G. Gray.
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Back Row.—Miss M. P. Powell, Miss B. Millar, Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Mrs. M. L. Woelard, Mrs. E. B. McTurk, Miss W. Brodie, Miss E. D. Preston.

woman who lived near a pig pen, and when the wind blew that way it was very smelly, indeed, and at first when she went there to live she couldn't smell anything but straight pig, but when she lived there a while she learned to smell the clover blossoms through it. That was true greatness."

These are very homely illustrations, but they go to prove the power there is in human nature to get the best out of the very worst conditions. Think of it, ye women who fret and fume because the dressmaker is a day late, or the new maid is hard to teach your system of table service or you are not invited to Mrs. Upperten's at-home. If endurance is the crowning quality, and patience, all the passion of great souls, these women were truly great.

One reason that we home-makers do not make our work ideal, is because we are not properly trained for it. We see nurses, teachers and dressmakers all taking a thorough course of preparation before they undertake their work. Why cannot we profit by their example? If we all took a thorough course in home hygiene, food values, the chemistry of cooking, house decoration and the care of children, we would not so often hear house work spoken of as drudgery. It is full of entrancing interest when you know the reason of things, and, if the ever-recurring routine becomes

cleverness, tact, skill and executive ability. But, having wisely given herself unreservedly to her task, she will in time develop into Van Dyke's splendid ideal of womanhood, "A serene and quiet dignity, a tranquil wisdom to counsel and restrain, a fine delicacy of feeling, quick to rejoice, tender to suffer, yet patient to endure; a subtle sense of the value of small, unpurchasable things, a power of great compassion and self-sacrifice almost limitless where love speaks the word and duty shows the task, a noble hunger and thirst for harmony, an impregnable strength of personal reserve, and an enthusiastic generosity of personal surrender. These are the native glories of womanhood. These are the things which, if true and well ordered, should deepen, unfold, brighten and harmonize in the perfection of a woman's character."

Criticism and Gossip—Its Influence

By MRS. ROBERT CRAWFORD

THE dictionary says:—Criticism is:
1. The act or art of judging nicely of any performance or production.
2. Pointing out faults. 3. Noticing beauties or faults.
Gossip: 1. Mere idle talk. 2. One

to you that she required your sympathy infinitely more than your disapproval? Maybe instead of a cat it is a cause she embraces, "Woman's Suffrage" or "Foreign Missions," or "Women's Institute," and again you deride or disapprove and harangue of "Woman's highest duty," and all the rest of it. Have you any reason to believe that if it had been possible for this woman she would have infinitely preferred a home under different circumstances. We all have our faults, but be careful how we tell one another of them.

Beware how we judge others, not knowing all about them, for you will be judged that way yourself. Believe in the goodness of those about you—doubts will vanish and you will find that your faith in people will be worth a kingdom of glories. Believe in them once—then try to keep alive your faith, for it will help others to bear their burdens. If you have faith in your friends they will not want to fail you—it will be an incentive to be true where they might have been false.

Then there is the critic who sizes up a person and then says, "I cannot stand him—never could stand a man who wears such clothes. Why it is a perfect crime. He cannot have any refinement or taste." "But you do not know him," you may argue. "No! and don't want to know him, wouldn't take the trouble to know him," is the reply. Or the discussion might be a woman—"Oh, she is hopeless. I never could stand stout people, and the way she dresses is awful." Have you ever talked to her? "The saints forbid. I can always tell at a glance what a person is like."

That is just, my friend, what we cannot do. In the first place the man may be an artist and the jolliest person you could meet, and the woman (possibly she may wear funny clothes) but—under them—the kindest heart may beat and quite the keenest wit you can conceive, so you see how wrongfully we sometimes judge. I have known women who were deemed angels, who in reality were perfect demons; smooth-tongued little creatures, one would think butter would not melt in their mouths, who in hushed tones of shocked regret, whispered abominable bits of gossip and sighed that the world was so wicked, and when the collection plate was passed would give five cents to the poor fund, and on the other hand a sour-visaged woman with a repellent manner, would practise all sorts of economies to send some little delicacy to a sick child, and woe betide the woman who said a slighting word about another woman in her presence.

Women, did it ever strike you that oftentimes, when some one is called bad-tempered and crochety, they are perhaps carrying some trouble that is breaking their hearts, generally miserable, cannot tell the world of it. In fact needless to do so,

"Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that Grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more."

The world has not time for our sorrows, only our joys. Again others are just longing for some one to say a kind word, to love them, or tell them they know they are doing their best in the position they have been placed in. Go speak a kind word to the retiring one, do not think them haughty, proud or cold. They are just longing for some one to make something of them and love them. Do not make the mistake of calling a broken-hearted person a bad-tempered one.

They say familiarity breeds contempt. No doubt it is so in some cases, but when the curtain is pulled aside, we may see characteristics we despise, but on the other hand, there are hundreds of people whom we must know in their daily lives to appreciate in any measure the greatness of their souls. Let us cultivate clean thoughts, for out of a clean heart comes a clean life. As some wise person has said:

"There is so much bad in the best of us
That it does not become any of us
To criticise the rest of us."

Then why not bridle those unruly members—our tongues, and withhold our sweeping criticisms, based on nothing so much as our lack of knowledge or insight.

Try to get more at the heart of a person, and have a **LITTLE MORE HEART OURSELVES**. Do not forget, that, just as the thistle-down is carried here, there and everywhere, just so a word, a look, a shake of the head, may root some unkind thought or story about our neighbor that may take months, years, to uproot, and perhaps the mischief we have done may never be remedied.

We cannot one live without the other. We are each beholden to the other for our lives. So let us live them as God would

have us live them, looking for the good in one another, not always for faults. The most stupid person has some redeeming quality, if we will only look for it. A very good practice is that if we cannot say anything good of a person, do not say anything.

Remember, God never created anything in vain. There was some purpose in it or it would not have been made. Let us try and govern ourselves and look for good and not evil in each other.


A DAILY THOUGHT

Life is the daily web of character we unconsciously weave. Our thoughts, imaginations, purpose, motives, love, will, are the underthreads; our words, tone of voice, looks, acts, habits, are the upper threads; and the passing moment is the shuttle, swiftly, ceaselessly, relentlessly weaving those threads into a web; and that web is life.

Pointers for Officers and Members

AT the conference of Institute lecturers held late in June, Mrs. Laura Rose Stephen, in speaking upon Institute work, made some suggestions which are very much to the point.

She said, "The officers should know the importance of their duty. When there is an Institute formed, some one has to assume the different offices. These officers should feel that it is a duty they owe to the community to take office. A person may feel a lack of fitness for the position, but others may see that she is fitted, and, if she can take it, she should not make excuses. Among the different excuses given are, "lack of ability," "no time," "not interested," "no executive ability," "lack of tact." Nothing grows with cultivation like ability. It is the busy woman who has learned to conserve her time. If she is not interested, she will get interested if she takes hold of the work. It is not the person who works hard herself who makes the Institute a success—it is the one who is able to get other people to work. An Institute often fails because an officer does all the work. An officer should have tact; she should not be dogmatic,



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- Try Kellogg's with fresh fruits, stewed fruits, or preserves.

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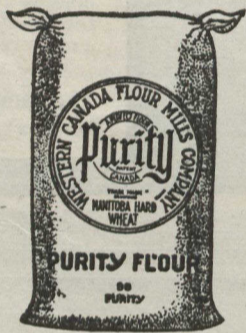
That's a good thought. It indicates a desire for improvement in your baking-talent—an ambition to increase the deliciousness of your bread and pastry.

Don't let that good thought perish. Turn on your will power. ACT!!

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"More bread and better bread"

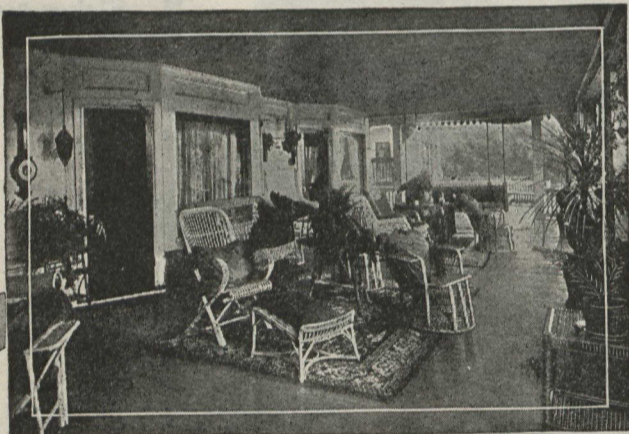
REMINDER: On account of the extra strength and extra quality of PURITY FLOUR, best pastry-results are obtained by adding more shortening than is necessary when using the ordinary Ontario or blended flours. Also add more water when making bread.



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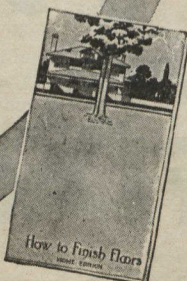
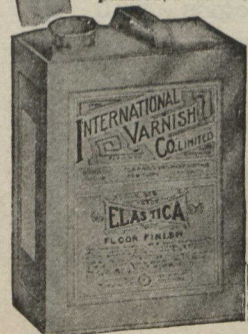
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but should acknowledge the opinions of other members.

Numbers are good, but quality is more important than quantity. The Institute is not gauged by the number of members, but by the interest taken by these members. Some members think they are just to fill seats. They should feel their responsibility as much as the officers. Every member is a unit of the whole. Institute members should feel that the Institute is made for the pleasure of each one. There should be no associate members in connection with the Institute. The roll call is good to get every voice heard in the meeting. Members should act as scouts in bringing other members. When you go to the Institute meeting, why go alone? Members can do much in reminding others that it is the Institute day. The telephone can be used to splendid advantage for this purpose.

The Discouraged Institute

MRS. LAURA ROSE STEPHEN, who believes thoroughly in the Institute work, gives this word to the discouraged Institute. She says, "Discouragement sometimes comes from want of change. It is well to change all the officers except the secretary. This refers, of course, to the secretary who is doing her work well. I would suggest that no president hold office more than two years. The president may be a very nice lady, but sometimes does not push the work, and the members do not like to make a change for fear of giving offence. Do not be afraid of criticism in this regard. A cooking demonstration is a good thing for a discouraged Institute—every woman loves recipes. Then have a picnic, or an entertainment—anything in which all the members can work together toward a certain end."

The Institute During Summer

A GOOD number of the Institutes do not hold the regular monthly meetings during July and August, and it sometimes requires considerable rallying to get the members together again in September. Would it not be wise for such an Institute to make some plans that will keep the members in touch with each other during these vacation months. An Institute picnic is always a good thing, and would encourage the spirit of neighborliness which is found in the successful Institute. Then, just at this time, the Fresh Air Fund of the cities is asking for the practical sympathy of the people. Why could an Institute not arrange to give a week or two of the glorious country to some one or more of the poor kiddies who are not having half a chance in this world of ours. A work like this should appeal to the mother heart in the Institute.

Something done by the Institute during the summer will mean an interest already created for the meetings to be held in the fall and winter.

American Farmers' Wives' Club

IN a recent number of the *Ladies Home Journal*, Mrs. Harriet Wallace Ashby outlines the constitution and work of a club for farmers' wives, which has been organized in one of the states in the Union. The work of this organization is very similar to that of our Institutes. The members are very much interested in the rural schools; they not only talk the matter up, but get busy and help to make the schoolhouse sweet and clean for the children. The members are also practical, in the way of having a sewing day occasionally for one of the mothers who has been too busy with other matters to get this work done. Co-operative buying of flower and vegetable seeds is one of the principles of these clubs.

Some rather interesting rules of their constitution are, that the annual fee must be paid at the first regular meeting of the year, and that, if any member absents herself from three consecutive regular meetings without a reasonable explanation she is dropped from the membership. We are not sure that we would advocate this latter rule for our Women's Institute in Ontario, but we believe that it would be an advantage to have some rule whereby more importance would be attached to the membership and attendance at meetings.

Institute's One Lecturer Visited

ONE of the lecturers in reporting the first week of the summer series, writes as follows regarding several of the Institutes visited:—

INVERARY.—Twenty-five present. I

think this Institute raised a lot of money in the short time since organization. They paid \$40 on the debt of the Agricultural Hall and in return, have the use of the hall for their meetings free of charge. They are now considering the purchase of a second-hand piano for the building and hope to have it placed before the next meeting. They expect to pay \$75 for it, and already have \$25 of the necessary amount. They held "At Homes" during the past winter at the homes of the members, providing entertainment and refreshments and making a charge of 10 or 15 cents. During the summer they expect to hold some lawn socials. They also have a vacuum cleaner which is rented to the members at 50 cents per day, and to non-members at \$1.00 per day, or ten cents an hour.

WESTBROOKE.—Sixty-six present. They have a large territory to draw from. People were present from Cataraque, Collin's Bay and Glenvale. This place has found that the Institute has helped the church. People who did not attend before, or who attended but once in months, are now regular in their church attendance. Both Inverary and Westbrooke have re-elected their presidents for a third term of office.

STELLA.—Forty-five present. The library of this Institute continues to be a source of pride and they have added Mrs. Rorer's New Cook Book to it and they are now "trying it out." The members look it over, try any recipe they fancy, and bring to the meeting the dish and their ideas concerning it, such as economy of time and materials.

CONWAY.—Twenty present. Some good workers in this branch. The library is a helpful feature in this Institute and a number of new books are being added at the present time.

ADOLPHUSTOWN.—Thirty-eight present. This Institute also has a fine library. It was found here that the "unlimited" lunch at the monthly meetings did harm and had to be rectified. Now the rule is just three things, for example, sandwich, cake and tea. This Institute provided the linen for one room in the Kingston hospital. They also gave a \$5.00 prize to each school section last year for the pupil who would take the highest marks on the entrance examination. They are now raising money to put a fence around the old burying ground where the U. E. Loyalists lie. The Historical Society is meeting in Napanee this week, and the Women's Institute of Adolphustown has undertaken to provide dinner for 175 at forty cents each.

The lecturer adds, "The women throughout the country are developing so rapidly, they are receiving the lecturers so warmly and talking so much more freely than they used to in the earlier days."

Distribution of Seeds to Children

REFERENCE was made in the June issue to the distribution of seeds to school children, and the secretary of the Colville Institute gives us the following information regarding their plans in this matter.

"We bought the seeds and gave them to all the children who would promise to try and raise them. Of course, we hope the parents will be interested in this. Our choice of seeds were those most easily grown—two kinds of vegetables and four of flowers.

"The boys all wanted 'just the vegetables' and the girls 'all' the flowers. We had planned to give the smaller children fewer varieties, but will this year divide them into classes according to age.

"We will hold the school fair when the flowers and vegetables are at their best and will arrange that each child who exhibits will receive some little prize.

"In addition to this, we will get the older girls to make exhibits of biscuits and salads and possibly buttonholes and darning.

"We will ask the minister, two teachers and some outsiders to act as judges to let the children feel that it is worth while. Music and a picnic will add to the occasion."

Peel Institute Annual Meeting

THE third annual meeting of the Women's Institute of the County of Peel was held in the Oddfellows Hall, Streetsville, on Saturday last. The attendance was the largest in the history of the Institute, delegates being present from nearly every part of the county. The greatest harmony prevailed and the work of the coming year was entered upon with confidence and enthusiasm.

At the morning session at which E. G. Graham, county president, presided, reports from the different Institutes were read and adopted. The report of the district secretary-treasurer proved that the Institute has never been more prosperous, nor the work undertaken so varie-

in its character. Peel County has fifteen branches with a membership of five hundred and eighty. In this regard it has held the rank of being the banner county several times, and it is now the aim of its members to make it the banner county in the quality of the work done by the Institute.

The reports from the different branches were most encouraging. The largest amount of money raised by one Institute during the year was \$535.00. Alton branch received credit for having raised this amount. This branch built a skating rink which they then sold and with the proceeds purchased a piece of land for a town park, which will provide a place of recreation for the people of the village. Brampton branch added \$330 to the hospital fund. Caledon branch raised enough money to fence the cemetery in that district. Palgrave purchased one half acre of land which was donated to the public school there. Mono Mills branch is working to establish a park. Cheltenham remodelled its library. Port Credit branch offered prizes for fruit and flowers and induced the people of that neighborhood to beautify their village. Streetsville raised funds for the hospital. Castlemore also raised a considerable amount of money which will be put to good use and from every branch come reports of some useful work being accomplished. During the past year branches were established at Huttonville and Snelgrove, and both bid fair to become model workers.

The district officers were all re-elected by acclamation. They are as follows: president, Mrs. E. G. Graham; 1st vice-president, Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Lorne Park; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Dorrington, Alton; secretary-treasurer, Miss S. Campbell.

The afternoon session was opened with the singing of Auld Lang Syne by the large audience.

Mrs. Graham's opening address was heard with attention and keen interest. She referred to the recent Titanic disaster and counselled her hearers to dwell in unity and peace that the bonds which united them should never be severed and that their affection should remain strong and effective during the passing years.

An address of welcome to the delegates was given by Mrs. Drinkwater who, in the most gracious and hospitable manner welcomed the visitors to Streetsville, to which Mrs. L. A. Hamilton made reply

in a brief address which outlined the aims and objects of the Women's Institute, and cordially thanked the people of Streetsville for the warm welcome accorded them.

Miss Graydon's solo was charmingly sung and was heartily applauded by the delighted audience.

In his address Samuel Charters, M.P.P., spoke of the work being accomplished by the Women's Institute in the province of Ontario. In this practical age when the searchlight of criticism is turned upon all organizations, the Women's Institute has nobly borne the test. Their mission is one of the highest. If the women of the nation kept the home in love and unity, the Institute motto, "For Home and Country," would be worked out. If the homes failed in their duty the nation would suffer. In the mechanical and business world new methods and principles were continually being adopted and the homes should follow their example in adopting modern methods. With 20,000 women banded together for home and country great good must result. He commended the hospital movements and said that although the work required a great deal of time, eventually success would be achieved and would be all the better because of being long delayed.

At the conclusion of his address Mr. Charters was presented with a beautiful bouquet by the District officers, it having been learned by them that it was the speaker's birthday. To Mrs. Graham's complimentary address he then replied and was followed by Miss Ethel McClure, who gave a most instructive and interesting paper on the treatment of typhoid fever.

Mrs. Falconer contributed a solo which was very acceptably rendered.

W. B. Roadhouse, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, brought greetings from the department. The Institute, he said, wielded a great influence in the province, moulding public opinion, changing rural conditions for the better. Ontario honored her women; in other countries he had seen women working in the fields and doing in the public streets work done in Canada by the city scavengers. When his grandfather settled on the hills of Albion township nearly a hundred years ago, he was compelled to carry a bag of grain from Palgrave to Lambton in order to have it ground into flour for bread. To-day the rural districts have good transportation, electric light, every modern

convenience, and the women are assisting in every good work on the farm and in the towns and villages. The Institute might aid in the improvement of towns and villages by insisting on having better sanitation, ventilation and pure water. He warmly commended Miss McClure for her admirable paper, stating that the high standard of the papers read before the Institute was a guarantee of the work being done by them.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton spoke briefly of the work done in bringing out domestics and other girls from the old lands and finding situations for them here. A good work was being done and the servant problem being to some extent solved, homes having been provided for a number of girls. There was one great hindrance to this work. Girls were brought out from congested districts where they have constant companionship and, placing them in sequestered districts, resulted in an overpowering loneliness to these people who had been accustomed to living among their own friends and relatives and who came over the ocean to a strange land, without a friend in the district to which they were brought. This would deter many from coming unless steps were taken to provide them with companionship and place them where they would be befriended and looked after.

The convention closed with the National Anthem. The attendance was the largest and the programme the best yet given.

Notes

THE Kent Bridge Institute is again planning for a children's fair to be held in the fall. This Institute has been particularly successful in this matter.

In writing to the superintendent, one of the lecturers draws attention to a point in Institute work which is very opportune. She writes: "We must emphasize the value of the regular monthly meetings of the Institutes. Some are becoming money making concerns, losing sight of the other part of the work which is so important."

The superintendent has in his office a number of papers on various subjects which have been sent to him by Institute secretaries. These have been circulated among other Institutes and have been much appreciated. If a paper has been given at any Institute meeting, which

the members think will be of value to other Institutes, the superintendent will be glad to receive the same for the purpose mentioned above.

The Madoc secretary writes, "Our Institute has prospered in every way during the past year, and the interest is as keen as ever."

At St. Augustine in West Huron the Institute works under the disadvantage of having a somewhat scattered membership, but this difficulty seems to be rather an impetus to this branch. The Institute has been organized only a year, but is doing good work.

The Elmvale secretary writes us a very optimistic note. The Institute has already a paid membership of twenty-two for 1912-13 and good prospects of additions to this. They have a library of more than twenty books purchased with the proceeds from a social. Two delegates will be sent to the next provincial convention, for, as the secretary writes, "I am positive that one person cannot grasp everything, and there is so much to be remembered and brought home to our Institute." She also states that some very energetic young women have been appointed on committees, and altogether, they are looking forward to the Institute work for the coming year.

The King East Institute has sent us the programme of meetings for the year 1912-13. This includes both practical subjects and entertainment. We commend to all Institutes, which have not already tried it, the plan of preparing the full programme for at least six months and for the whole year, if possible. While the somewhat laackadaisical plan of arranging the programme just before the meeting, or even two or three weeks before the time, has worked out satisfactorily with some Institutes, we think it very much better to have the meetings planned well in advance of the date of the meeting. The members whose names appear upon the programme should, of course, feel the responsibility of the work assigned to them. With this programme, the King East secretary forwarded three new subscriptions.

On the 30th of April the Metchosin Institute in British Columbia had a very interesting and instructive lecture given by Miss Agnes Deans Cameron (since deceased) in which she took her audience with her for a trip up the Peace and Mackenzie Rivers to the Arctic Ocean and back.



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 Fine, granular, very dry.
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THE THIRD MAN

(Continued from page 32)

CHAPTER X.

THE GLOW IN THE SKY

EVE sprang to her feet with a little scream. "Stay where you are please," she said firmly; "and let us think. We must both think, and think our hardest."

"But I want to be nearer to you," he said, pausing with one foot over the back of the seat.

"But not just yet," she replied. "We are bound in justice to ourselves to try to find some way out of the difficulty. Won't you run along the road a little way, and see if you can't discover a house or a light somewhere?"

"What is the use?" he questioned in a surly tone.

"But you would not like to see me walking along the road myself in search of a house?"

"Why, of course not. In your thin boots you'd catch your death of cold."

"Then you will go, while I keep warm here, won't you?"

"Of course, if you wish it very much; but I'm quite sure it is not a bit of use. We're completely off the beaten track."

"Still, it is better to make absolutely certain. And please shut the door when you get out. Do you hear the wind roaring in the trees?"

"Hear it roaring? I should think I do. Won't you be afraid to be left alone here in the car?"

"Not if you are not too long away."

"Ay, but you are a trump, Eve," he grinned. "I thought at first you were going to make a beast of a row."

"I am not in the habit of making rows. Now, close the door, or I shall be frozen."

"Oh, you shall not be frozen, dear," and he chuckled softly to himself.

She watched him take out one of the car lamps, and hurry forward in the direction they had been traveling.

She waited a moment or two longer; then, quickly and silently, opened the door, and stepped out into the road.

She could see the light of David's lamp fifty or sixty yards in front of her. He was still moving forward.

Instantly she turned her face in the other direction, and when she got behind the car she commenced to run. It was a badly-kept road, but straight and fairly wide. Every now and then she glanced back over her shoulder. She could see the small red lamp in the rear of the stationary car, and far away beyond the pale light from the lamp David carried.

The wind buffeted her a good deal and twisted her skirts about her legs, but she felt that it was a race for life, and for something even more than life. Sooner or later David would turn back—she was certain he would not go very far—and when he discovered she was missing the real chase would begin.

Looking back, she saw the bright light of the lamp he carried. She gave a little gasp, he had already turned back. In a few minutes he would reach the car.

She paused for a moment and looked about her. To the right was a gate, and beyond the gate a woods. To outrun David was impossible, but she might hide from him. Instantly she climbed the gate, and dropped down on the other side, and then ran panting among the trees.

In the shelter of the undergrowth the wind scarcely touched her; overhead it was still roaring. Now and then it dropped its voice for a few moments, and she heard only its echo away in the distance. Then it began again, and grew louder and louder, till the whole woods was rent with angry sounds.

She hugged her knees tightly and peered downward between the trees toward the road. She heard at length what she was expecting to hear—the sound of footsteps, but David had evidently dropped his lamp. He seemed to be running stealthily making as little noise as possible. The wind dropped its voice to a whisper. Clear and distinct came the sound of his footfalls. He was running swiftly, too. She heard faint echoes far along the road; then the wind broke again into a deafening roar.

She felt weak and exhausted when she rose to her feet; the first tension was over, and the reaction had already begun. There did not seem much likelihood that David would discover her, but how was she to find her way home? She had not the remotest idea where she was, and there was nothing to guide her.

She toiled steadily up the hill-side between the trees, pausing every now and then to regain her breath. Under ordinary circumstances, the darkness and loneliness would have appalled her, but now she felt thankful that the blackness of the night so completely shut her in—nothing mattered so long as she could escape the toils of David Wiggs.

She came at length to a formidable fence, which threatened to bar all farther progress.

Seating herself at the root of a tree, on a heap of leaves that the wind had drifted, she tried to come to some definite conclusion as to what she should do. Should she try to make a beeline across fields and meadows, through woods and plantations, over hedges and streams, in the hope of striking some village or highway, or should she remain where she was till daylight?

The latter really seemed the more inviting prospect. She was dreadfully tired, and the darkness seemed a protection to her. Moreover, though the

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wind was boisterous, the night was not cold. She felt as though the singing of the wind would lull her to sleep.

But there was her father to be considered. Then she could not help recalling David's remark, "People will talk." If possible, she must get home before her absence was trumpeted far and wide.

She sprang to her feet, and began searching for an opening in the fence, at length she discovered a place through which she managed to scramble.

She now found herself in what seemed an open plain. Behind was the black mass of the woods through which she had come; in front an empty void. For awhile she stood still, and tried to pierce the darkness.

Away on the horizon she fancied she saw a faint patch of light. Yes, there could be no doubt about it. The glow was there—steady, warm, reassuring. "That is Oxford," she said to herself; "but—oh, how far away."

Nevertheless, the faint glow in the sky was like new life to her. It was her pillar of fire by which she could steer her course.

Re-tying her torn veil over her battered hat, and buttoning her coat, which the fence had torn loose, she set off down a long grass-grown field, the wind blowing fiercely in her face.

Three extensive fields she crossed in this way, negotiating the fences with more recklessness than skill. Then she caught her toe in something, and fell; tried to recover herself, and fell again, rolled over and over, and then a sudden stop, which left her unconscious, with her face upturned to the sky.

Meanwhile David Wiggs was chasing shadows in a fury of rage and despair. He felt more angry, more humiliated, more absolutely chagrined than ever in his life before. How easily she had deceived him! What a simpleton he had been not to see through the ruse!

With what confidence he had gone out swinging the lamp. If he had found a dwelling-house, he would not have told her.

He chuckled as he got near the car, and an evil light crept into his pale blue eyes. "She will not be so high and mighty the next time I propose to her," he said to himself. "She will be glad to take me on my own terms."

He dropped the lamp into its place when he reached the car, then softly pulled open the door, and stepped inside. He was not surprised that he could not see anything, for his eyes had been a little blinded by the glare of the lamp.

"I'm back again, little one," he said in his most dulcet tones. "I hope you've not been frightened?" And he waited a moment for her to answer.

"What! Not grown sulky, I hope? For after all, dear, it's not my fault. I've done everything that mortal man—"

He did not finish the sentence, however. He was on his knees on the floor of the car, groping wildly about him. A moment later he struck a match, then he bolted out of the car as though he had been shot.

"What a blithering idiot I have been!" he reflected; and he commenced to run at his top speed. "She can't have gone far," he said to himself; "she hasn't had time, and, fortunately, she has no choice of roads. I'm bound to overtake her in a few minutes."

It did not occur to him that she might be hiding in the ditch or behind the hedge; that she had plunged into the gloomy recesses of the woods was an idea he would have scouted had it been suggested to him.

He pulled up sharp where the road branched into two, and began to wipe the perspiration from his forehead with his sleeve.

"She's done me," he reflected angrily, "done me brown. I've been an awful ass after all."

For several moments he stood in a listening attitude, but he could hear nothing but the roaring of the wind in the trees.

"She'll no doubt try to make tracks for home, though the chances are she'll never get there on a night like this. Anyhow, I'd better try to arrive before her. If I can get in my story first, I shall have the pull."

He knew where he was quite well. He had motored and cycled over the whole district again and again. It would be a long tramp, but he could do it all right.

With this idea in his mind, he started off at a swinging pace, and after an hour's hard tramp found himself on the main road which runs from Oxford to Birmingham.

A little later he got a lift in a carrier's wagon, and so found himself at his destination a little after ten o'clock. He felt very nervous and ill at ease as he neared Rose Villa.

When he reached the garden gate he noticed that the door was wide open. For a few moments he leaned against the

post and waited. Satisfied as he was that he had a good story to tell, he was nevertheless conscious of its insufficiency. He was afraid lest the old man should discover the motive that lay at the back.

A shadow at length fell on the doorstep; then her father appeared, his white hair lying loose and tumbled on his forehead. David could not help wondering how often he had come to the door during the last four or five hours, and a pang of remorse shot through him.

Pushing open the gate, he walked unsteadily up the garden path.

CHAPTER XI

BART'S QUEST

THE professor rushed forward with an eager exclamation and both hands outstretched.

"Is that you, David Wiggs?"

"Yes, Dr. Marsden."

"But where's Eve?" the professor demanded excitedly. "How is she now with you? Is she hurt?"

"Is she not here?" asked David, "she started off on her own. When I've told you everything you'll understand."

"But why did you lose sight of her?"

"That's what I'll explain in a moment," and he followed the old man into the house.

"We were on our way back and somehow or another I must have taken a wrong turn. You know how quickly it got dark. The road was not so good as it ought to have been, and I could not discover any familiar landmark. Then something began to go wrong with the engine, and you may judge how horrified I was when I discovered that we had run short of petrol."

(To be continued.)

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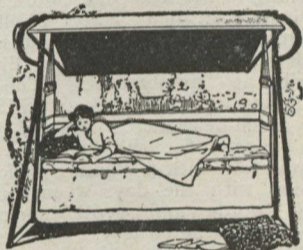
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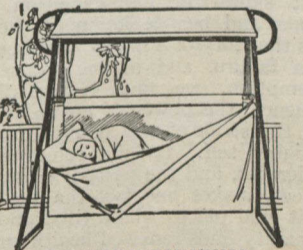
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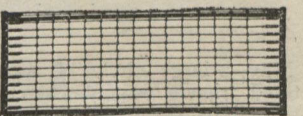
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Can be suspended from ceiling. Room and strength enough to hold three or four persons.



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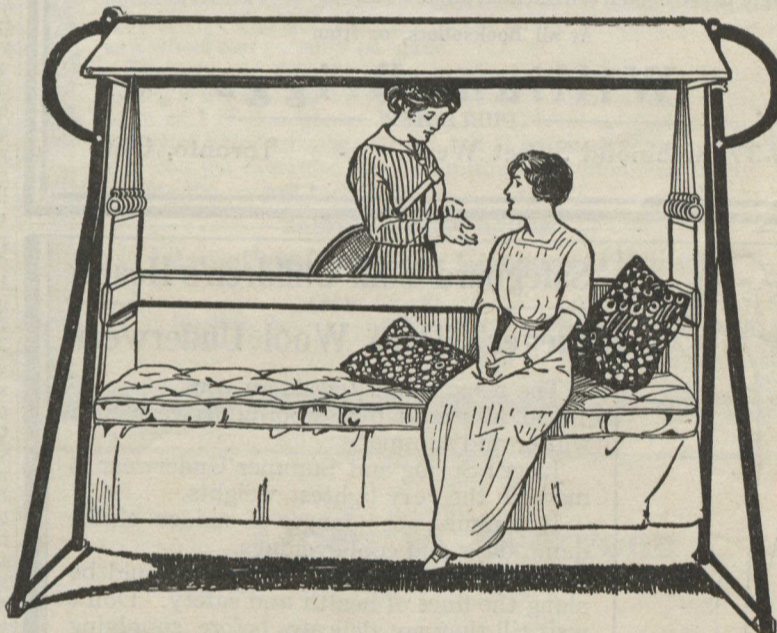
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Famous Simmons fabric, with fourteen spirals at each end. Strong, resilient. Experience has demonstrated superiority of this construction.



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Note construction. 1 1/4-inch steel tubing, supporting spring from ends, leaving no unyielding edge. Strongest and most comfortable.



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FROM THE PUBLISHERS

IN "Open Trails" by Janey Canuck (Emily Ferguson), we have a book of the West which is an exhilaration, from the first chapter to "Envoi." It is impossible for the author to be dull, and yet one is conscious of no effort at smartness or brightness. "Janey" is just herself—breeze and sunshine—and she says plainly what she does not like, in a fashion which makes her readers sympathize readily with her dislikes as well as her likes. This is not a volume of indiscriminate praise, of sugary amiability. "Janey" is spice, as well as sweetness, and we suspect that she worships the God-of-Things-As-They-Are. While she is, indeed, a citizen of that Golden West which seems to have found the secret of the youthful in heart, she has not forgotten the old pathos, and the little Ontario town where she was born. One of the best chapters in the book is "The Broken Nest," where the author tells of her visit to the homestead. But they are all worth reading and remembering, these chapters written by a woman of keen brain and Irish heart. (Toronto: Cassell and Company, Limited).

Jeffery Farnol. Mr. Farnol is an Englishman who awoke one morning to find his first novel a popular success. Those who read "The Broad Highway" last winter recognized the true flavor of an ancient romance, "with the scent of old-world roses." It was a book of the true adventurous type. The heroine was a miracle of fairness and piquancy, the hero was a person of mighty valor, whose duels were such as our great-grandpapas admired. "The Broad Highway" took us along a pleasant road, with never a dull nor idle moment. "The Money Moon" is a more ethereal and fanciful creation. It has a fairy tale element which has the effect of lending it a whimsical charm. There is a small boy who is one of the most natural and companionable young persons one would meet in a day's journey. The hero is the traditional chivalrous wooer, and the heroine is a dainty Lady Disdain, who is an English "rose set round with thorns." The villain is just dangerous enough to make the course of true love exciting. The subordinate characters are rarely drawn. The Sergeant alone is worth half-a-dozen of the ordinary "best-selling" heroes, and Miss Priscilla is a stately spinster not to be forgotten.

PROBLEMS may come and go, but the question of whether woman shall vote or not is of small consequence in youthful eyes in comparison with the fate of the hero and the heroine. Does he win her, at the end of the story, or is there a marble cross in a homely churchyard, with the moonlight shedding silvery beams upon the scene? "Crossed Swords," is a "Canadian-American Tale of Love and Valor," by Mrs. Clement Alloway, according to the title page, and a smiling frontispiece entitled "Sweet Phyllis Davenant assures us that this is just the book which a school-girl would be likely to describe as "simply cute." The narrative takes us away back to 1775 when that much-beleaguered city of Quebec was besieged for the fifth time. The story is told with a dignity of diction in keeping with the days when gentlemen wore swords and gentlewomen were proficient in the curtsy. The invasion of Canada by the rebelling American troops under General Richard Montgomery, during the war of American Independence, is graphically described. The romance of those days is reproduced with a lavish touch which may be considered too sentimental by the extremely practical reader, but which will appeal to the majority who love to read of "star-studded nights," and lovers who are married when the road is white with blossoms. This is a truly old-fashioned love story, and will bring gladness to many a young reader. It is interesting to learn from the introduction that the swords forming the cover design of this volume are reproductions of two of the identical weapons which figured in the attack on Quebec. The one on the left was carried by Sir Guy Carleton, the commander of the Canadian forces, the other by an officer under Colonel Benedict Arnold's command. Toronto: William Briggs.



A GALLANT EXPLORER

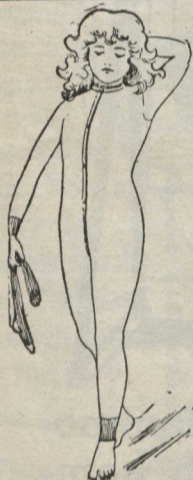
Miss Agnes Deane Cameron, who died in Victoria, her native city, last month, is pictured here in a trip on Lesser Slave Lake.

"The Money Moon" is a book to read and to read again, but it is not advisable to lend it, unless one has unusually conscientious friends. Toronto: William Briggs.

"THE Man at Lone Lake," by Virna Sheard, is a novel of unusual plot and characters; the writer most skilful in her evolution of the former and her depiction of the latter. It is the story of a man's wrestling success from failure, and in the course of his redemption, we find Nature's healing influence, the power of an unselfish love and the strife of will finally resulting in a higher self. It is a romance of the wilderness, and the writer, who is always a poet, makes one feel the spell of the great wild places where tired and baffled humanity finds renewed health and vigor. It is the best work in fiction which Mrs. Sheard has done—and that is saying much for "The Man at Lone Lake." Toronto: Cassell and Company, Limited.

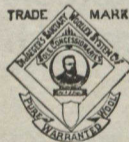
IN May, a large circle of widely-scattered friends was shocked and distressed by the news of the death of Angas Deans Cameron in her home city of Victoria. Few have done such good work or won so many loyal admirers—and her memory will be all that is of good cheer and high endeavor.

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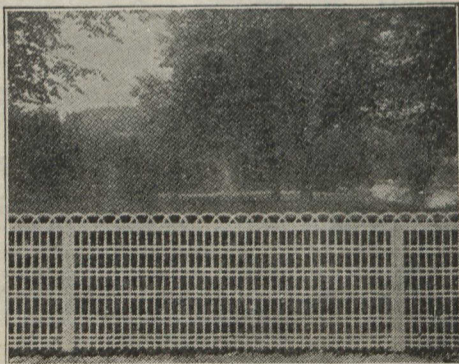
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THE RED SEAL

(Continued from page 10)

"The King's!" cried the man, catching at the word. "Which king, pray? Answer me that!"

As the firelight blazed out and the flames lighted up the figures as well as the faces of the group, momentarily increasing in numbers, about the two horsemen, Reginald saw that each one had somewhere about his person, either fastened in his hat, pinned in his surtout, or tucked into his leathern belt, a tag of the ribbon about which Katherine Allardyce had spoken to him.

The lieutenant put a finger to the rim of his plumed hat in salutation. "I know of but one king in this realm of England—James Stuart, by the Grace of God."

Loud outcries from the mob greeted the words. "Death to the Papist! Long live the liberties of England! Down with tyrants!" Cries like these resounded from all sides. The smiths had left their forges and ranged themselves outside, ready to take their part in any way that suggested itself. The shouts made the lieutenant's strong-built Somerset hunter rear, and its rider was fully occupied for a minute or two in quieting his steed. Meanwhile, his brain was busy in trying to fashion a solution of the difficulty they were in. It was clear that the neighborhood was in a state of ferment, which was hardly removed from a condition of absolute rebellion and attempted revolution. The bonfire was built up; it only required the meeting of flint and steel to light a conflagration which all England would witness. Reginald was not afraid for his own life, but he did not wish to be the hinge on which a great door of historical significance might turn. He felt, too, not a little sympathy for these men, misguided undoubtedly, embarked on what he felt to be a hopeless cause, risking their lives and all they possessed and held dear for a man who, except in the beauty of his face and person, was in no way worthy of their self-sacrifice and loyalty. When he had brought his horse to a state of subjection, Reginald bent down in his saddle, so that only the grizzled leader, who still had a hand on the rein, could hear what he had to say.

"Can I speak with you a word apart?" he asked.

The man looked at him with deep-set eyes, from under the somewhat shaggy penthouse of his brows.

"Is this an artifice to get away, young sir? Or do you think to match me alone?"

"I wish to speak to you such sense as you can understand, and which these men probably cannot."

The man nodded. Perhaps even he, under the mask of his resolute, case-hardened exterior, was open to the influence of the implied compliment which underlay the lieutenant's words. At any rate, he waved to his supporters to stand further back. "I would speak to this gentleman," he said. With some mutterings of disapproval—or, at any rate, question—they did what they were bid.

Meantime, David Colbert, a few paces away, had let his horse crop the lush grass by the roadside with apparent unconcern. His eye, however, was cast warily round to take action, or come to his master's help in a moment, if the smallest opportunity presented itself.

"Well?" asked the stranger. "What is your will to say to me, young sir? We are about business which brooks no delay. So please let me hear you at once!"

"I certainly will not detain you longer than need be, especially as I am anxious to be on my way. I think I cannot be mistaken that I am addressing myself to a brother soldier?"

The grizzled man ignored the fraternal adjective. "God forgive me if I have erred in my calling. I have been a man of war from my youth up; I fought under the two greatest men that ever lived in this land—Robert Blake and the Protector, Oliver Cromwell. Of late I have enlisted in the service of a foreign country—no less than the forces of Holland, our ancient enemies whom Blake drove from the seas, wresting the mastery from them. Nevertheless, they are brave fighters, and for the most part God-fearing men."

"I speak as a soldier to a soldier, for I, too, have fought under a captain, whose name has reached your ears, as one wise in planning and brave and ready in executing those plans. I refer to Colonel Churchill."

"I have heard of him frequently. His Grace—I mean his Majesty—speaks often of the days when they fought together."

"You are referring to the Duke of Monmouth?"

"We give him another title, which all England will accord him before many months—perhaps even days—are past."

Then the old Ironside colonel—for such had been his rank—turned and spoke in a lower tone and very different voice, with less of the pedantic twang to which he had hitherto clung. "Do you want to make your fortune, young sir?"

"That is my intention, undoubtedly," Reginald Harbin replied with a smile. "But the route by which I hope to reach that object is not like to bear much resemblance to the one which would commend itself to you."

"You have influence with your late commander—this John Churchill of whom you spoke just now?"

"He is favorably disposed towards another thing. The man who would make Colonel Churchill deviate from the path his judgment had approved must be built of unusual mould; at any rate, I am not fashioned of such a clay."

"We have reason to believe," the colonel remarked, half as an assertion, half as a query, "that Colonel Churchill is not too well satisfied with the present state of affairs, and that his ancient association with him whom we believe to be the rightful heir to the throne would render him not disinclined to cast in his lot with us—under certain conditions."

Colonel Haggis—for that was his name—searched the lieutenant's face eagerly.

"I think you are both right and wrong," the lieutenant replied. "Right in thinking that Churchill has a deep affection for Monmouth, as you will permit me to call his Grace, under whom he served when Turenne was in command of the allied forces, wrong in thinking he would turn—" he stopped. "Traitor," he was about to say, but the word hardly sounded courteous in present company, not to say diplomatic—"against the king to whom he has sworn allegiance, and whom he honestly believes to be in the right."

A sneer passed over Colonel Haggis's features.

"If you have so much trust in Colonel Churchill's adherence to his master and to a lost cause—"

Reginald interrupted him. "You speak of a lost cause. Are these the materials upon which you and your master"—with a stress to the last two words—"are relying?" As the lieutenant spoke he surveyed the crowd watching the colloquy with sullen faces, wondering at its duration, none of them armed alike, few dressed alike.

"He will have help from Scotland."

"May it do more for him than it did for King Charles!" Reginald put in ironically.

Colonel Haggis went on, unheeding. "The king will bring with him not a few trained soldiers of different nationalities, well skilled in all the science of war, who have learned it in many a fight."

"To conquer England?"

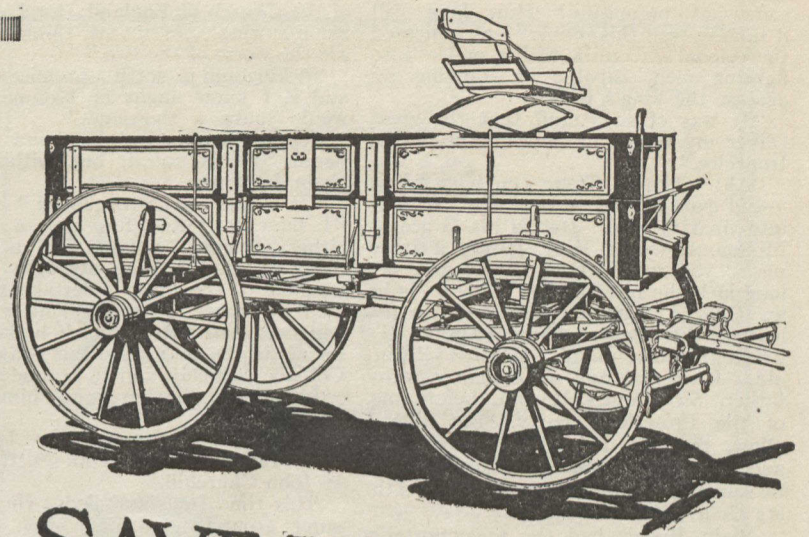
"No; to help this realm to shake off the iron yoke of the Scarlet Woman, and of her cursed crew," answered the ex-Roundhead savagely, stung by Harbin's quiet question.

"Is that their only object in coming—these soldiers of fortune—to free England from Papal pretensions? They will doubtless return directly this is accomplished, expecting nothing more, no broad lands, no tithe from taxes and the mint?"

Haggis's glance shifted from rider to horse and back again, as the lieutenant plied him with these sarcastic questionings.

"They will, of course, expect some reward, but it will not be obtained from those who are loyal to the cause. The Papistry of this land must pay for all its folly and sin." Every now and then the ex-Roundhead forgot his diplomacy and put off the mask.

"You have early acquired the knack of apportioning the spoil and determining the penalty of resistance. Is it not all



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somewhat premature? How long will it take to turn this rabble"—he indicated the colonel's recruits with a nod—"into fighting men, capable of standing up against the king's troops?"

"It was of such stuff that the great Oliver, my master, fashioned his invincible Ironsides."

"Ah! Oliver! There you have hit it—and even he had to turn many defeats into final victory. But is his Grace of Monmouth—your King James, if it so please you to crown him, who may ere long lack the head to put it upon—is he an Oliver? Can he compare with the least of the captains who did Cromwell's bidding? Nay, more," insisted Reginald, "I am not, any more than was my father, Sir Francis Harbin, before me, of the Protector's party. But this I allow, that he deemed he served God and kept His commandments. Can this be said of your fine bird with more feathers than wits?"

Again Haggis had the uncomfortable sensation of being worsted by his youthful antagonist. "His Majesty—God forgive him—has not acted in the past as we of the old ways would have him act, but he promises full amendment and contrition, and he has sworn on the Bible to uphold the Protestant religion pure and undefiled against the traitor of Rome and traitors

of the Church of England; for Laud has his following, and to my thinking they are the worse of the two."

"A kingdom is worth a promise or two, and if I know aught of Monmouth he would make a thousand."

Colonel Haggis laid his hand on the handle of his sword, but withdrew it again instantly.

"It is idle for us to quarrel," he said. "I have to put before you a choice: either we must detain you, a soldier likely to add to the strength of our enemies, or you must undertake, on your word of honor, to convey my message, which is that of one much higher than myself in the counsels of his Majesty, to Colonel Churchill and to no one else."

Lieutenant Harbin drew himself up proudly.

"I shall do no such thing; I do not envy the man who proposes treachery to John Churchill."

This time Haggis smiled. He was on surer ground now than when he was discussing the projects and character of Monmouth.

"Don't be so sure of your man, Master Lieutenant. How if we could show you letters?"

But at that moment the colloquy was broken off. A man, dressed very much like the colonel, and evidently, like him, an old soldier of the Commonwealth,

came running up from the broad road in front, for which Reginald was making when the interruption took place at the forge. The newcomer saluted.

"Well, what is it, Dendal?"

"A troop of horse coming from the direction of Salisbury."

"About how many?"

"At least two dozen, I should say, colonel."

Haggis blew a whistle. The smiths ran into the forge, and at once set to work to damp out two of the furnaces. Men climbed over gates on either hand, and ran along the hedgerows in opposite directions. Only sufficient remained to be accounted for by the proximity of a small alehouse which stood just beyond the forge. Haggis, beyond blowing his whistle, had not moved, and the man he had called Dendal waited by his side.

"You are not quite ready yet?" suggested Reginald quietly.

Haggis did not reply, but turned upon him with another question: "If it is a company of the king's dragoons whom we know to be on the way hitherward, you will not betray us, Master Lieutenant? There are still enough here, and all desperate men, to account for the man as well as the master."

"I am not a spy or an informer," replied Harbin haughtily. "Your threats would have no weight with me if I were

minded to play the part. I trust you will yet see the wisdom of more peaceful courses, Colonel Haggis, and abstain from plunging this unfortunate country into civil war, the same not having recovered from the bloody conflicts which so recently drained our best blood."

"There is something dearer than life, and there is a price too great to pay for peace," Haggis declared, shaking his head sorrowfully.

"At any rate, I will not set fire to the bonfire you are engaged in building, so to give color to my presence here and to that of my servant, we will, with your permission, ride to yonder tavern door and call for a stoup of cyder. It is a liquor which well becomes our West country palates, and it will not be obtainable, at any rate of such a quality, as we approach nearer London."

"You are at liberty to do as you please, and I trust your pledged word as I would my own."

So the lieutenant and Colbert rode to the open door of the "Hen and Chickens," the former thinking that, however men differed in outward circumstances, and opposed one another in matters of State, there was much to draw true men to each other in that essential character which underlies external preferences.

Reginald had called for a stoup of cyder for Colbert and himself when a troop of nearly thirty dragoons rode up. In their midst was a gentleman in civilian dress, mounted on a big roan horse. This person wore a profusion of lace, and was dressed in the highest fashion. He was apparently between thirty and forty years of age, and must have been of a remarkably handsome presence, but high living or continued exposure to the open air had coarsened his features, while his originally fine brown eyes and wide brows had contracted a look of suspicion, and indications of a high temper habitually indulged.

This gentleman spurred his horse to the front, and, rising in his stirrups, looked round with a searching gaze. Then, his eyes resting on a person of quality attended by a servant, he rode straight up to Reginald. It occurred to the latter, as a curious circumstance indicating the nature of the times, that for the second time in one evening he was asked his business while riding forth on his own affairs on the king's highway. Again, too, the overwhelming force at the back of the interrogator enforced an answer, which under other circumstances the lieutenant would not have been prepared to give.

"May I ask, sir, what is your business, riding thus armed?" the civilian gentleman inquired in peremptory tones.

"May I also enquire whom I have the honor of addressing, and your warrant for inquiring my errand?"

The gentleman in lace quickly drew a parchment out of an inside pocket of his coat, and flourished it in the air. Then he raised his plumed hat as he opened it wide: "This, sir, is my authority, signed by no less a person than his Majesty, King James the Second." Here he gave another flourish of his hat and the paper at the same time, having let the reins fall on the horse's neck, so as to have both hands free. "My name on this paper, sir, is stated to be Quodlibet, which is, in his Majesty's gracious humor, or in that of the Secretary of State, an indication that whatsoever I please to do is right in the eyes of the Supreme Authority in this realm. My real name, sirrah, is not here set forth, but if it were it would not be unknown to those who have brought themselves, or are like to bring themselves, within touch of the majesty of the law. Know, sir, and let all here present know"—here the gentleman glared at Colonel Haggis and on others of his following who had approached while this colloquy was proceeding—"that information has reached his Majesty's most gracious ears to the effect that sedition and disloyalty towards the most Christian Sovereign that ever sat on the throne of this kingdom is rife in this western part of his dominions." Here he smote both his hands together and rapped out a great oath. "I am sent here not on this occasion as an instrument of punishment or of vengeance, as might well be the case, considering my calling as a judge of this land, but to inquire and give exact information as to the truth or otherwise of these assertions." On this the gentleman on the roan horse turned once more to Reginald Harbin. "Now, sir, will you or will you not afford me such information, as to your mode of life and intended movements, as shall satisfy me that you live as a peaceable and law-abiding servant of the king, or shall I take you with me to answer elsewhere such interrogatories as the lawful authority may suggest and require?"

At this moment the officer in command of the troops, who had been at the rear, rode up and saluted Reginald.

(To be continued.)

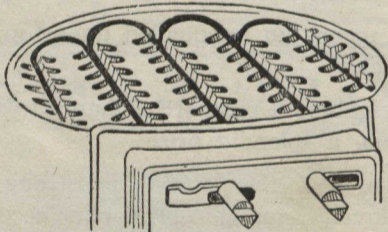
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it and the ashes drop into the ash-pan. A child can easily rock the grates of a "Sunshine"—merely another reason why you should buy a "Sunshine" Furnace.

Ordinary furnaces are called coal glut-tions. There may be good reasons for that—we don't know. But—we have built the "Sunshine" Furnace so that it is very easy on coal. Hundreds of people now using the "Sunshine," and having used ordinary furnaces, declare that the "Sunshine" makes two tons of coal do the work of three. Evidently, the "Sunshine" Furnace saves coal and money.

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The DRESSING TABLE
EDITED BY MARIE

The Care of the Hands

BEAUTIFUL hands are always greatly admired, so the thoughtful maiden should bend her efforts toward keeping them flexible, white, expressive and strong, instead of allowing them to grow rough and stiff and old.

You can not expect to have even presentable hands, to say nothing of beautiful hands, unless you systematically give them a few minutes' treatment once every twenty-four hours.

Not so long ago the hands, in order to be considered pretty, had to be slender, long and white, and the nails narrow and tapering. It is different now, for which we should all be thankful, since Nature is very chary in bestowing the aristocratic hand. In this year of Nineteen Hundred and Twelve, it is good grooming that makes the hands.

If you are embarrassed with the possession of stiff hands, do not be downcast, as it is quite possible, I am glad to say, to make them flexible.

A simple exercise which is warranted to limber them up is this:

STAND erect with chin held high, and extend the arms at full length, slantingly to the front. The muscles should now be held tense while the hands are slowly closed and opened.

The usual length of time for this exercise is five minutes, night and morning, but if you are anxious for early results and promise not to go at the exercise vigorously enough to strain the wrists, I will not say no if you devote five minutes at midday to this beautifying exercise.

Try also bending your wrists back as far as they will go, and then forward, but again I must caution you not to exert too much strength, as it is a very easy matter to strain wrist muscles.

The oil bath for the hands is something that wins my approval, as it does much to whiten and soften the skin and keep it free from roughnesses. This treatment should be indulged in every day, early in the morning. My beauty patient plunges her hands into a huge bowl of hot, perfumed rain-water, and allows them to soak for five or ten minutes.

As the time steals by, the water enters the pores and fills out the fingers. Now she dips them into a cream bath—which is nothing more nor less than a porcelain-lined kettle filled half full with thinned skin food. If the hands are allowed to rest in this luxurious bath for five or six minutes, the cream will sink in and tend to leave the hands as soft as silk and prettily plump.

When it is merely desired to bleach the hands, it is not necessary to go to the trouble which the foregoing treatment entails. After the too brown or yellow hands have been given a thorough scrubbing at bedtime and dried with a soft ball of absorbent cotton, anoint them liberally with some good emollient, draw on an exceedingly loose pair of gloves, perforated in many places with tiny holes, and run off to bed, knowing that when you awake the unbecoming tints will be making their preparations for a near departure.

To make a French glove paste, take the yolk of one egg and beat it with a fork until it is light and frothy, then add to it one teaspoonful of glycerine and one ounce of honey. Enough rice flour should now be sifted into this mixture to make a spreadable paste.

This homely cream is easily put together, so should be a favorite with Miladi-in-haste.

Do not overlook the fact that hands, in order to be nice to look upon, should be treated to frequent baths. The more the hands are rubbed and scrubbed with hot, lathery water and a nail-brush, the softer, whiter and more expressive they will be. If you doubt my words, inaugurate a series of thorough hand-washings and see if I do not prove a good prophet.

It is a dainty idea, after these brief baths, to dip the hands in a little perfumed water.

Palms that are too hard should be

massaged delicately every day, rubbing from the finger-tips toward the wrist and using an abundance of good hand food.

It is needless to say that no hand can be perfect from a beauty standpoint unless the nails are well kept. Nails that are white on the ends are not pretty. They should be rosy down to the very tips. Nails that are brittle or dark rimmed or overgrown with cuticle are also taboo.

If you find your nails lacking in some particulars, tell me confidentially and I shall be delighted to mail you complete directions for manicuring and tinting the nails. With these to refer to and follow, and a little time at your disposal, it will only be a few days before your nails will be on their good behavior.

The maids and matrons who find with horror that their hands are becoming dotted with ugly flecks of color should call to their aid some harmless bleaching lotion. A little lemon-juice dabbled over the spots and allowed to dry on, will, in most cases, cause the disfiguring marks to vanish.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

MARY B.—It seems necessary for me to wear a veil to help keep my hat in position and prevent my hair from blowing about, and I like to wear a veil because I feel I look better with one than without it. I find that my eyes always hurt me after I wear a veil some hours. Why is this?

It may be that your eyes are tired by the spots on the veil, or the mesh. There is a possibility that you are doing an unusual amount of focusing during the time you are wearing a veil. You may be in a store where you are trying to see many different articles; or if you are out on the street your eyes may be defective in strength of accommodation to the various moving objects. So the veil may not be entirely at fault. I would advise you to discard all veils except you find you can wear one with a large open mesh. You can pin your hat on securely, and keep your hair in place by an invisible hair net. It is always a good plan, when the eyes are not comfortable, to look to the repair of the digestion and the general health. If the trouble continues I would advise consulting a competent oculist.

MABEL.—I am a girl with golden hair. Are there any natural modes of dealing with my hair to keep it from darkening or changing color?

You ask a rather difficult question. To make golden hair retain its color takes great and endless care. First of all the scalp and hair must be kept clean by frequently washing with soap and water. In many cases a very little ammonia may be added. The hair must be thoroughly dried, and the scalp must have a fifteen-minute sun and air bath twice a week. The diet must be carefully watched to prevent an excessive condition of oil, which always tends to darken the hair. Avoid hair tonics generally, for they may contain oil. Take plenty of exercise in the sunshine and fresh air. Do not allow yourself repeatedly and continuously to become overfatigued, lest there be a depletion in coloring matter to the hair. If you would succeed in keeping the hair from fading you must keep up the general good health and tone of the whole body.

MRS. V.—My skin looks muddy. Why is this?

There may be two reasons: first, poor circulation, which means that you need exercise; second, you probably do not keep the skin entirely clean. Do you realize that on the cheek and forehead there are to every square inch about sixteen hundred little outlets for the sweats and the waste products? On the whole body there are almost two million four hundred thousand of these little openings, all letting out the gases and waste of the body. Therefore the necessity for constant bathing. The products that these millions of openings exhale rest very largely on the surface of the skin. They must be washed off; if not the pores get clogged up and the result is likely to be a muddy skin.

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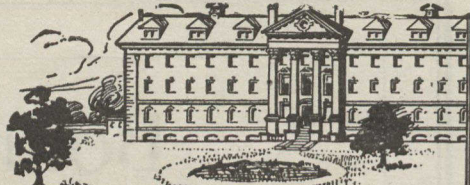
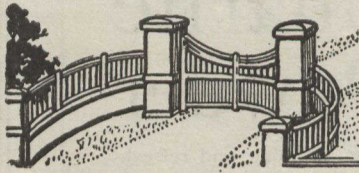
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Canadian Girls' Club

Vacation Days

EVERY season brings its demand for the Girls' Club members, and, like the provident beings that most girls are, most of them start in good time to prepare for the special events. Now, take the summer vacation plans. Each girl knew long ago just where and when, and with whom she is going, what clothes she needs, how much it all costs, and just where the money is coming from.

Now, take most boys. They rush in for a sweater coat at 6 p.m. the day before they leave. "No white and red left. Well, gimme that grey. \$6.00? Why they had a sale last week just like them for \$4.50. All right, it's the only decent thing in the place." All their other things are the same, and probably they are trying to make a \$10.00 touch off Sam or Bill, or Harry, to see them through.

But I didn't intend to start any discussion of this kind. Just to tell you about some of the vacations in which the Girls' Club Secretary is especially interested. Some, you'll know, are last summer's vacations.

"Dear Miss F.:

"I have just had the jolliest vacation ever was, up on the Muskoka Lakes, at —. There was more boating, swimming, dancing, picnicing, than you would imagine could be crowded into two weeks and a day. And, not least, there was a special man. Of course, you can't decide much on such a short acquaintance, but if he keeps on being as nice, and the attraction is mutual, why, you may be getting a big white envelope.

"And I feel that I owe this good time to you and the club. The commissions didn't pay for all the expenses and the really swell dresses, but they paid a large part, and without them I never could have gone. I am going to start right away to get ready for a trip to the Toronto Exhibition this fall. I only have so much time, so I have to get a few orders each week. I'm afraid you'll never find me way up on the list, but you can almost surely count on finding me trailing along with a pretty good average.

"Very sincerely,
"R. N. S."

She found the summer time a good season for club work, and dropped in to see us at Exhibition time. "Summer afternoons you are apt to find the women out on their verandahs, and willing to listen about the JOURNAL. Very often three or four are sewing together, then I pick out the one I think most likely to subscribe, and if I can get her subscription, the others often follow along."

"Dear Subscriber:

"As I am teaching school, there is really very little chance to work for the club except in the summer time. But back among the people I know I find it so much easier to get subscriptions. I try to make them see the JOURNAL as I see it, interesting, entertaining, low-priced, and, above all, Canadian. In a way, home in the summer time is one big vacation time, but I am planning a special two weeks' trip in August, if I can earn enough on subscriptions. I do not want to dip into my winter savings.

"Very sincerely,
"S. F."

"Dear Girls' Club Secretary:

"I am enjoying so much, this very minute, the G. C. canoe, that I thought I must write to you. Three of us are drifting around on as perfect a day and as perfect a lake as ever was. We have piles of pillows and lots of reading, and I am writing this on my knee with a fountain pen from the Girls' Club, too. I never could have hoped to own a canoe if I hadn't learned of you.

"With this start you may be sure I will not let up till many of the items on my list of "things wanted" have been crossed off. Everyone seems delighted with the JOURNAL.

"Yours for a successful season,
"N. R. V."

Renewals are certainly the most satisfactory part of the Girls' Club work. There is no bother showing them the JOURNAL, no trouble persuading them to try a new magazine. You just have to tell them the subscription has expired. Sometimes you don't even need to do that. One member was giving up the work for lack of time when her subscribers came around and asked her to send their renewals. Lots of them subscribe for friends or give you their names with an urgent message for them to subscribe.

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Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

DAVID KENDALL'S HOLIDAY

(Continued from page 14)

He ignored her sarcasm. "Let's go back to the lake, will you?" "I was just going there to read," she affirmed, brushing some tangled locks away from her face. "But you may come too, if you like."

"Thanks, awfully," said Kendall, "I do like." And he led the way to the margin of the lake, where they sat down together on a huge boulder. Then for the first time he noticed the book his companion had been carrying.

It was a recent work of criticism on the early Italian masters. The young man's head almost swam. He began to have a faint suspicion that the dairymaid hypothesis was incorrect.

"Are you interested in painting?" he asked, examining the volume.

She nodded. "Especially the work of Giorgione."

"I prefer Del Sarto," he declared obstinately, more to elicit her comments on a subject of which he thought her ignorant, than for any other reason.

Thereupon they entered into a heated discussion on the relative merits of the Venetian and Florentine schools. When it was over, Kendall felt thoroughly convinced that the girl understood art, whatever else she might or might not know.

"See," she cried suddenly, "the sunset on the water! Doesn't it remind you of the Lady of the Lake? Wouldn't you like to see a huntsman in Lincoln green emerge from the woods, and wind his horn?"

"No," he replied gallantly, "I would rather see a certain lady in white with a bunch of daisies at her belt."

She glanced at the flowers as he spoke. "You're exceedingly fond of daisies, aren't you?" he asked, with a strange, serious look creeping into his eyes.

"Exceedingly. They're my name flowers."

He wanted to inquire what her name was, but good breeding forbade it, so he merely asked if she intended vanishing as she had before, seeing she was making ready to depart. She hesitated a moment.

"Yes."

"Is there not some way by which I can be formally introduced to you?" he wanted to know. The girl shook her head.

"Good-bye," she said simply, and and walked slowly into the wood.

A week went by without any further incident of note. Then one evening at twilight as Kendall sat enjoying his after-dinner pipe on the front balcony, the stillness was broken by a whistle, clear and resonant. The tune was that "Boola" thing he had heard once before.

"Hang it all, that woman must be a witch!" he muttered, tossing aside his pipe, and crossing the garden in quest of the elusive whistler.

Nobody was to be seen, and as Kendall advanced the sound became fainter and further away, until finally he gave up the search, and returned to the inn. He did not resume his smoking that evening.

The next time he met the unknown girl he accosted her with:

"What is that lively little air you sing sometimes, Lady Circe? The words sounded like 'Boola, boola,' though I probably misunderstood them."

"No, you didn't," she rejoined. "It's—it's a college song some Americans taught me."

He wondered if she had nothing better to do than learn American college songs, but he wisely kept silent.

The atmosphere of the White Rabbit certainly agreed with the Londoner. He spent long hours in the fields under the blue sky and there he lost whatever of ennui was in him. As yet he had not untangled the mystery of the girl with the daisies. He only knew that she was not a dairymaid, that she lived in the neighborhood of the inn, that her speech testified she was a cultured Englishwoman. He was soon, however, to know more.

He had set out for the village one afternoon when, discovering he had forgotten an important letter to be posted, he returned unexpectedly to the inn.

There, on the threshold stood the daisy-girl, explaining to the landlady the intricacies of some new kind of salad!

Hearing his step in the hall, both women looked around. The younger laughed, trying to hide her blushes and appear quite unconcerned.

Kendall was delighted. His opportunity had come. He turned to the landlady with a look which said only one thing: "Introduce me." And she did, seeing there was no way out of it.

"Now, Miss Bradshaw," said Kendall, relieved, "surely you'll not deny me the pleasure of a little chat with you."

"A truly conventional chat?" she asked, remembering those former ones.

"Yes, in the garden summer-house." And thither he escorted her. When the girl had seated herself he began:

"I say, do you mind telling why you avoided me and didn't want me to know your name?"

She had the air of a child who had been naughty, but a mischievous gleam twinkled in her eyes.

"For the landlady's sake, Mr. Kendall, I avoided you."

"The landlady's! I don't understand."

"Well, you wrote, saying you hoped she had no feminine lodgers as you were tired of society and desired a complete change. She wanted your patronage, but I was here, booked for the season, and what could she do? When I saw the question spelled pounds to her—for the village is so quiet no one ever comes here—I arranged to take rooms at the opposite end of the inn, eat my meals at the rectory, and keep out of your way as much as possible. You were not to know of my existence but of course you had to come blundering along and spoil the play just when it was getting interesting. And," she continued, "had you known my name the villagers could have told you where I live. Then you would have gone away."

"To think," uttered Kendall, in amazement, "you have been living under the same roof with me for six weeks, and I all unconscious of it. Well," with vehemence, "I'm not going away, and the landlady will not lose her precious pounds!"

"Do you know," demanded Miss Bradshaw, leaning her chin in her palms, "do you know a bird told me you heartily detest women?"

"If I ever get hold of that bird," cried Kendall, "I'll—I'll wring his neck! He's the biggest prevaricator in the kingdom."

Both laughed, and from that moment a friendship was established which lasted the remainder of the summer.

In their conversations the man and woman often spoke of London, Liverpool, Oxford, Windsor, the Isle of Wight, with all of which Miss Bradshaw was thoroughly familiar. Sometimes, too, she spoke of Paris, Rome, New York, and Kendall soon learned that she had traveled even more extensively than he. One thing he noted, she never mentioned her home or her relatives.

"There!" she cried. "What a mess! I might have known I'd drop it."

They were sitting in the ingle-nook beside a blazing pile of logs one rainy evening in late August, and Miss Bradshaw was stitching away on a thing she called a "jabot," while Kendall read to her from Carlyle. The "it" referred to her sewing-basket she had just overturned.

Her companion knelt to gather up its contents. With the spools and ribbons scattered on the floor, he brought to light a heavy ring. It was of platinum, and had formerly contained some oval stone.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl as he handed it to her, "that? I'd forgotten it was in my basket." She slipped it on her finger. "But it isn't much good without the stone."

Suddenly Kendall had an inspiration. "Excuse me," he cried, and dashed upstairs as though he had been shot from a cannon, leaving Miss Bradshaw in wide-eyed astonishment.

When he returned, several minutes later, he placed in her hand something which made her glow with pleasure. It was the long forgotten lapis lazuli. Of course she had to hear how he found it among the leaves, and he had to hear how she lost it soon after her arrival at the inn.

"Now," declared Kendall, possessing

(Continued on page 42)

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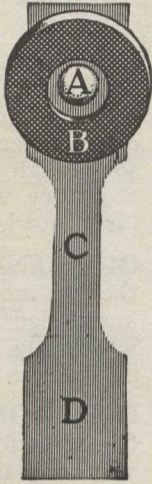
Apply this little plaster and the pain ends at once. Then this B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In two

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No pain, no soreness. You completely forget the corn.

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- A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
- B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
- C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
- D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

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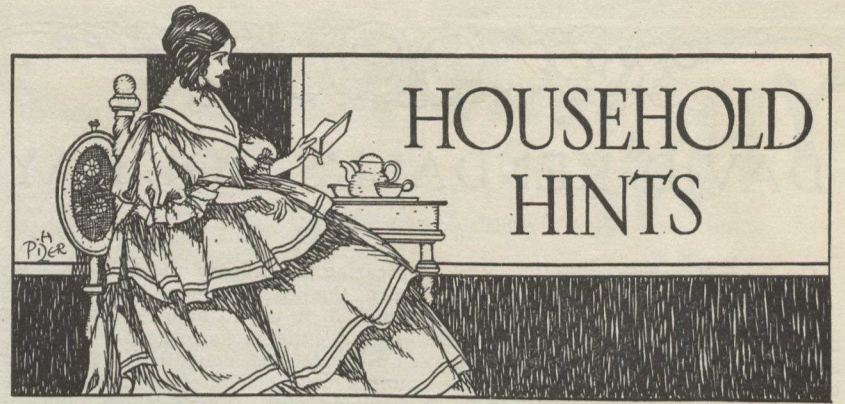
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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Summer Housekeeping

HERE is a good ice-box to use where a refrigerator is not handy. It has been found useful in a boarding-house, in caring for an invalid. Buy a tin cake-box and puncture a hole in the bottom. Then place the ice in the box with a grating or heavy wire sheeting fitted over it, on which to place the dishes of food. Put a pail under the hole to catch the water and the refrigerator is complete. Wrapping the ice in flannel will keep it longer, and a rubber tube inserted in the hole will assist in carrying off the water. A wash-boiler, or any tin or galvanized receptacle, can be used where a larger refrigerator is needed.

Or: Take a wooden box the size you wish your refrigerator to be, have it fitted with as many shelves as you desire and a close-fitting door at the opening. First take a piece of oilcloth the size of your box on top, and tack on securely; then cover all sides and top and bottom of the box with any clean material. New burlap sacks are good if you use plenty, so the covering will be thick. Tack closely to box. Line the inside of the box with white cotton-cloth and set it on a table or bench in the shade. First thoroughly wet the outside of box and place a pail or bucket, filled with water, on top. Have small holes in the bottom to allow the water to leak slowly, keeping cover wet.

The Kitchen Range in Summer

WHERE a gas-stove is used in summer instead of the range, a good plan is a cover made of zinc to fit the top of the range. Have the edges turned down over the sides of the top and hammered gently into place. This keeps the top of the range from getting spattered and rusty. When zinc is removed in the fall, the top of the range will be found in good condition, and through the summer the zinc-topped range can be used as if it were a kitchen table.

Packing a Trunk or Suit Case

THE ordinary trunk will hold an amazing quantity of clothing if carefully packed. Do not put things in as you come to them, but get everything laid out and then devote some thought to where things will best fit in.

Skirts, coats and other garments that require considerable flat space, go well on the bottom of the trunk.

With each few inches of depth devoted to large things stop and push stockings and small articles of woven underwear tightly into the corners. These articles may also be put inside shoes, and if you use the shoe trees that have only a thin strip of metal for the arch, the space below it will hold quite a little wad of something uncrushable. When packing a trunk for a return trip, soiled handkerchiefs may fill such spaces.

Bottles with liquid in them should be very carefully wrapped in some washable garment which will absorb the fluid should a breakage occur.

The tray of the trunk may be reserved for light dresses, blouses and lingerie. Remember, that things crush much less when tightly than when loosely packed.

Many fancy traveling accessories are recommended, and some are useful, but the majority of them are discarded by the experienced traveler. It seems absurd to devote space, however small, to wrappings and cases, when an article carried for some other purpose could be made to do double duty.

The many-pocketed "traveling companion" has a compact substitute in a rubber-lined case about eight inches long and four wide, which has a long, narrow pocket attached at one side and a short one full width at the other. The rubber lining is loose, which allows each pocket to be doubly useful. The long, wide one holds a wash-cloth and something more, if you wish; the long, narrow one, your comb, and, in the rubber part, your tooth brush, while the short one holds hairpins and a cake of soap.

If you prefer some other arrangement

and carry a soap box let it be an unscratchable one, which will also answer as a darning ball.

For traveling on boats or trains a case of wall-pockets is useful. It may be pinned or tacked to upholstery or walls or worn as an apron, and provides the space for jars, brushes and so forth that inadequate dressing tables deny.

Waterproof Suitcases

STRAW matting suit-cases and shopping-bags can be much improved in looks and usefulness by a coat of cheap wagon varnish, which makes them waterproof. A good wetting will generally spoil them, but the varnish causes them to shed water like a duck. This should be done once a year.

Household Suggestions

A handful of salt and a cupful of vinegar shaken up well in a cloudy decanter will clean it like magic. Rinse well in hot water several times to remove all taste of salt.

Medium-sized glass marbles dropped into any kind of preserves or catsup, while cooking, will save stirring so often, as the marbles will roll with the boiling and many times save the scorching of preserve kettles.

To remove iron stains from marble, wet the spots with either oil of vitriol or with lemon juice, or with oxalic acid diluted with spirits of wine, and after 15 or 20 minutes rub them dry with a soft linen cloth.

When cake tins are worn thin, scatter a little sand over the oven shelf before putting down the cake tin, and it will not burn in the baking.

Where moths are troublesome scatter powdered bitter apple under the papers of drawers and cupboards. Turpentine, too, is useful for the purpose.

If you wish to keep books in good condition, have open shelves. Glass doors certainly exclude dust, but they are apt to keep in damp and harbor moths.

Tar stains may be removed from cotton fabrics by covering the spot with butter, and allowing it to remain for a few hours before washing.

Fat and suet will keep for a long time if finely shredded, mixed with flour, and put in a cool place. Great care should always be taken that fat is chopped very finely for puddings.

To Stain Chairs—Scrub the chairs well and let them dry. Then paint with a solution of permanganate of potash and water. If not dark enough apply a second coat. Next apply a coat of thin size, and, lastly, a coat or common varnish.

Don't Be Imposed Upon

WHY persist in being imposed upon by buying trashy alum baking powder when you can just as well buy Magic Baking Powder, the health giving "No Alum" brand at the same price? Sixteen ounces for twenty-five cents. At all grocers.

Artistic Table Cover

THE woman who is interested in needlework will enjoy making a table cover or scarf of monk's cloth appliqued with linen figures.

Cut the cloth the size you desire of a very dark green shade and baste in a two-inch hem all around for a square cover—and at each end on a scarf—then cut out fancy figures from natural colored linen, using either flowers simple in design, leaves like the clover and oak, hearts, circles or small triangles.

Baste these on the cloth just above the hem and sew them fast by button-holing around with rope floss in a burnt orange shade. One clever girl made a table scarf cushion cover and window curtains to correspond for her room at college of monk's cloth appliqued with figures representing books, dumb bells, Indian clubs and various things associated with college life.



CULINARY CONCEITS

WALNUT CHEESE Moisten half a pound of cream cheese with a little rich cream, and beat it with a fork until perfectly smooth. Then mix with it half a cupful of finely chopped walnuts, and add lightly one cupful of whipped cream. Set on ice until it is thoroughly chilled and serve in small portions, with currant jelly.

DAISIES Beat stiffly the whites of three eggs and add one pound of pulverized sugar. To this mixture, add one cupful of finely chopped walnuts. Spread on small thin soda biscuits and place in the oven until they are slightly browned. Serve with cream cheese.

CREOLE SANDWICHES Mix thoroughly half a pound of cream cheese and one-quarter of a pound of Pecan meats, and add sufficient orange marmalade to make the mixture creamy. Spread between thin slices of bread and butter. These are delicious for afternoon tea.

GINGER SANDWICHES Take one pound of preserved ginger and put it through the food chopper, add the strained juice of a large orange and blend thoroughly; then rub to a paste with some whipped cream. Spread between slices of thinly buttered bread and cut into fingers or rounds.

TOMATO CHICKEN SALAD Take tomatoes that are firm and of a good color. Peel them and remove the seed and pulp. Mix one pint of diced chicken and one-half pint of tender white celery and marinate with French dressing. Let stand for half an hour, then drain and fill the tomato cases with the mixture. Arrange on a bed of lettuce leaves and pour over them a dressing of mayonnaise. If desired cold, the tomato and filling may be placed on ice for an hour before adding the dressing.

MEXICAN SALAD Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cup of cold water for fifteen minutes. Press one can of tomato through a strainer, season highly and set on the fire to boil. Then add the gelatine and stir in the boiling tomato until dissolved. Turn into a border mold and set aside to cool. Chop a sufficient quantity of celery, cucumber, and cold boiled tomato. Add to it one cupful of peas boiled tender and pressed through a fine sieve, one small sweet pepper and three radishes chopped fine and one small onion grated. Mix all thoroughly, cover with French dressing and set on ice for an hour. Turn the mold of tomato jelly out of a dish and fill the center with the mixture. Garnish by placing around it a wreath of garden cress.

GINGER APPLES Pare and core some good apples and fill the center of each with some chopped preserved ginger. Place them in an enamel pudding dish and pour over them a syrup made of the juice of two oranges and the syrup left from the ginger. Bake till soft but not broken, basting frequently to keep the apples moist. Let cool and place on ice. Serve with whipped cream and a little chopped ginger on top.

RASPBERRY CREAM Line a mould with plain vanilla ice cream. Fill up the center with fresh ripe raspberries sweetened. Bury the mould in ice and salt for an hour, then un mould and serve.

GREEN PEA TIMBALES Press one pint of cooked peas through a sieve, add four tablespoonfuls of milk or stock, a few drops of onion juice, the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, seasoning of salt, pepper and red pepper and a few drops of green coloring. Press into well buttered timbale-moulds, set in a pan of hot water, cover with buttered paper and bake until firm. Unmould, serve on a hot platter with white sauce. Garnish the top of each timbale with parsley.

TOMATOES AND RICE Line butterfly moulds with aspic jelly, garnish with pieces of olives; set this garnish with a little more aspic and fill up moulds with tomato cream. When set turn out on cold boiled rice dusted over with chopped parsley and paprika. Decorate with aspic jelly. To make the cream, rub four tomatoes through a sieve, add juice of one lemon, seasoning of salt and paprika, one cupful of gravy, half a heaping tablespoonful of powdered gelatine dissolved in half a cupful of stock, two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley.

RAISIN BREAD Four cupfuls of flour, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half cupful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 cupful of sultana raisins, one egg, two cupfuls of milk. Sift the baking powder and flour into a basin, add the sugar, salt and raisins. Beat up the egg and add the milk to it, pour them among the dry ingredients and mix well. Cut and fold with a spatula until thoroughly mixed, put into a covered bread pan, and allow to rise for twenty minutes. Bake for about one hour. If an open pan is used, cover the bread with an oiled paper.

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CHASE & SANBORN MONTREAL

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Many kinds—Only one Quality

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Manufacturer of the CELEBRATED PORK and BEANS

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St. Lawrence Sugar

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Better still, get a 20 pound or 100 pound bag at your grocer's and test "St. Lawrence Sugar" in your home.

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Canadian Home Journal

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Smallest amount of fuel necessary. All gases, are consumed by our Exclusive Air Blast Device.

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Vertical Shaking Device which enables one to shake it without stooping.

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"Ask the man who has one"

ONLY EXCLUSIVE FURNACE MAKERS IN CANADA

PAYS FOR ITSELF BY THE COAL IT SAVES



BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY

The Change

BY MARGUERITE WOOD

Before she went to boardin' school
She uster romp and play,
She drove the cows in from the field
And helped take in the hay;
But she don't do that any more,
Because of this, you see—
She went away as Mary Jane—
But came back Jeanne Marie.

She uster wear made-over clothes
And always with a smile,
But now her dresses, every one,
Must be the latest style;
She don't ride bareback any more,
Nor climb an apple tree—
She went away as Mary Jane,
But came back Jeanne Marie.

Her hair is all in crinkles now—
She calls 'em Marshal waves;
She's up in all the etiquette,
Real stylish she behaves;
Her ma an' me are mighty proud
O' all she's learned—but gee!
We sometimes wish for Mary Jane,
Instid of Jeanne Marie.

A Homesick Boy

Homesick aint like the other sicks,
You get an' hafto go to bed
An' drink th' stuff th' drug stores mix,
Or have things tied aroun' your head,
An' when your ma she wash your face
An' use th' silver bresh an' comb
To comb you, an' she fill a vase
With flowers, 'cause you're sick at home.

Homesick aint *med'cine* sick at all;
It aint a sick like stummick ache
'At made you double up an' bawl
An' say you *didn't* eat th' cake,
Until your conscience it ache too,
Nen you confess, an' your ma smile
An' say she got a joke on you
Buhcause she know it all th' while.

Homesick aint when they see your tongue
Or feel your pulse, or your ears buzz,
Or doctors listen at your lung—
But, O, how much you wisht it *was!*
Homesick is when you go away
A-visitin' all by yourself,
An' miss the clock 'at ought to stay
A-ticking on th' mantel-shelf.

But you don't miss it till it's night
An' time to go to bed, an' nen
You think if it would be polite
You'd like to go back home again.
An' you don't know just what it is
You want, but wisht you had it, though;
An' grampa sez 'at it is his
Up-pinion 'at you'd like to go.

An' folks tell stories to you, too,
An' try their best to *make* you laugh.
Th' wind cries in th' chimney flue,
An' in the barnyard is a calf
'At bawls an' bawls—An' worst part yet
Is all th' time how well you know
No matter how homesick you get
An' want to go home, you *can't* go.
—Wilbur D. Nesbit, in *Harper's Magazine*

A Modern Enquiry

A WESTERN subscriber sends us the following dialogue between a small boy and his mother, which is vouched for as "genuine."

Earl (aged five), just after saying his evening prayer—"Mamma, did God make everybody?"

Mamma—"Yes, dear."

Earl—"Did He make me?"

Mamma—"Yes, of course."

Earl—"Has He sent in His bill yet?"

Beyond Him

'HEIGHO!' sighed Mrs. Stoutly.
'You used to sit with your arm
around my waist, John, but you
never do it any more.'
'I'm sorry, dear,' replied Stoutly,
'but there are some things that are beyond my reach.'

Slightly Mistaken

NIGHT was coming on, the storm was increasing, and some of the deck fittings had already been swept overboard, when the captain decided to send up a distress signal. The rocket was already lit and about to ascend, when a solemn-faced passenger stepped up. "Cap'n," said he, "I'd be

the last man on earth to cast a damper on any man's patriotism, but it seems to me this here's no time for celebratin' an' settin' off fireworks."

The Vicar's Lastly

VICAR'S Daughter: "I'm sorry you don't like the vicar's sermons, William. What is the matter with them? Are they too long?"
William: "Yes, Miss. Yon t' curate 'e says: 'In conclusion,' and 'e do conclude. But t' vicar 'e says 'lastly,' and 'e do last.'"

Doing His Part

A POOR fellow, having with difficulty procured an audience of the first Duke of Newcastle, told His Grace he came only to ask him for something toward his support, and as they were of the same family, being both descended from Adam, hoped he would not be refused.

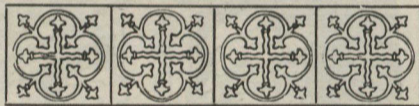
"Surely not," said the Duke—"surely not! There's a penny for you, and if all the rest of your relatives will give you as much, you'll be a richer man than I am."

Quite Sufficient

"I HAVE several reasons for not buying the horse," said the man. "The first is that I haven't the money, and—"
"You needn't mention the others," interrupted the owner.

Delicious Home-Made Bread

Your bread-baking will always turn out successfully if you use White Swan Yeast Cakes. Can be had in packages of six cakes at five cents from your grocer. Why not send for free sample? White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.



Historic European Towns

Continued from page 7

Sometimes while a placid angel is conscientiously bearing a soul upward, a merry devil will jab it playfully away with a pronged fork. Evidently the "karma" of that soul had not been worked out to the end!

The exquisite Cathedral, made of white marble with black and colored bands, contains a wonderful Andrea Del Sarto—a Saint Agnes, that one would come miles to see, if there were nothing else in Pisa—also many antique columns captured by the Pisans in those early barbarous wars.

But—here is where the Old touches the New—before the altar hangs the same bronze lamp by the swaying of which Galileo discovered that the oscillations of the pendulum recur at equal intervals whether great or small.

Somehow we were more interested in that little swaying lamp than in the colored frescoes of Ghirlandaio just behind the altar on their gold ground.

And the Leaning Tower—one of those "Seven Wonders of the World," that used to keep us awake o'nights when we were children—grown-up interest strangely dwindles away to the fact that here again occurs the magic name! "It was from this tower, famous as to the oblique position which obliged the builders to alter their levels so as to keep the centre of gravity within the base, that, at the age of twenty-five, Galileo made his experiments in gravitation."

No architect looks at the Tower without feeling sad. To the tourist it is a source of momentary wonder—they have seen the Leaning Tower of Pisa! To the artist it brings a sense of uneasiness. Its many arches and columns seem to be ever on the move, like the shadows of the intradoses and the shafts upon its drum, as day after day they travel around the sun.

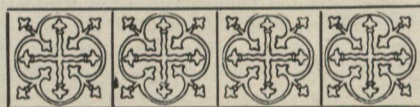
But after all, it is the Baptistery, the loveliest marble dream of the middle ages, that lures one again and again to recollections of that Italian Piazza. This Bap-

tistery is a circular building, entirely of marble, completed in 1278, surrounded by half columns below, and a gallery of smaller detached columns above. But it is the interior that counts, for here, in one comparatively small piece of work, lies the glory and inspiration of the entire renaissance of sculpture in the middle ages.

I remember coming upon an absurd sentence in a recent travel book where the author frankly states "the Pulpit by Niccolo Pisano is I suppose, the finest work of its kind in marble in the world. I recognized it at once as the one which gave me so much trouble to describe in my art study course at Amherst." Perhaps many of us, were we willing to be equally frank, might truthfully echo this statement. I, too, remember how learnedly we dissected it in art examinations. But, on that April morning, when I stood in the marble Baptistery and looked upon it, that small bit of work that caused such a stir in the world, nothing but the passionate love of life which inspired its pure form and outlines overtook me.

You remember how it all came about. Pisa at the height of her glory, having completed her great group of buildings, wished to beautify them within, and as if in answer to the desire came the young Niccolo from some village in Tuscany to the city which was to name him Pisano. Into his dreams were woven thoughts of the Grecian gods, while in his conceptions he adhered to those traditions which Dante has immortalized in song: all the life-quality that gives the Inferno its intense vividness shone out in his work. The success of this pulpit was so great that a few years later he was asked to carve another for the cathedral in Siena. An envoy came on purpose, and in the Baptistery a contract was drawn up in which it was agreed that Niccolo should go to Siena and stay until the work was done, taking three assistants, and also his young son, Giovanni, at half pay, if he wished. This contract was made in 1265, the year of Dante's birth, and the two, father and son, founded the great Tuscan school of sculpture and influenced both painting and architecture as well.

How long we stood in the rainbow-colored Baptistery I cannot tell. I know that the air which had seemed at our entrance like dim moonlight, just tinged with blue, was now flushed with the rays from the windows of stained glass, and suddenly became vocal as a deep Italian voice chanted the resonant notes of a chord that one by one floated upward, mingled, and seemed to melt about us like the sound of invisible harps in the air. The effect was beautiful beyond all words. If one dared to describe it, it would be as a kind of glorified symposium of tone, tint and marble outline, all brought to perfection in that jewel of the middle ages—the marble Baptistery of Pisa.



David Kendall's Holiday

Continued from page 39

himself of both ring and stone. "I shall take these up to London to-morrow and have the lapis lazuli reset."

"I might only lose it again."

"I should not object so long as I were the finder."

"Now that was a ball-room speech," she reproached, shaking her finger at him.

"Nevertheless, you may accept it on good faith," he replied with seriousness. Then after a pause:

"I suppose there were pleasant associations connected with that ring, were there not, Miss Bradshaw?"

"There were," she answered with averted face. "It was given me at— in the States."

"You have many friends there?"

"Yes."

"You like the Americans, then?"

"Yes."

"Better than the English?"

"I'd rather not commit myself, thank you," she smiled.

With this rejoinder Kendall was not exactly pleased.

"Really, Lady Circe, you are an unpatriotic little creature. You ought to like your own country best."

"I do."

"And your own countrymen?"

"I do," very solemnly.

"For my part," he continued, "I dislike the Americans."

"Why?" she asked, indifferently.

"They are so uninteresting. Their only thought is how to make money. They never take time to travel and see things really worth while, but, instead, they

lie awake nights scheming how they can get ahead of the other fellow."

"And the women?"

"The women have the most shocking voices—like foodchoppers that need oiling. Not one American woman in ten can talk to you intelligently about history, or literature, or music, or—"

"Or art?" Miss Bradshaw suggested.

"Yes, or art. All she thinks of are bridge parties and clothes."

Kendall might have said more, had not Miss Bradshaw dropped her sewing and buried her face in her palms. He was at a loss to know whether she was laughing or crying.

"My dear girl!" he exclaimed, patting her shoulder. "What is the matter?"

Raising her head she directed on him two eyes dancing with merriment.

"Nothing," she managed to get out between laughs, "only—only I'm an American! There now, you know."

The man's face was a study. "But your accent?" he remonstrated in blank amazement.

"My accent was cultivated. In childhood I had an English governess; later I spent four years at Girton College."

"And you were born in—?"

"In Boston, attended boarding-school in Washington, made my debut in New York. My parents live in New York now. Two years ago I was very ill, and since then I have been 'doing' Europe for my health. I am completely well now, and in three weeks I shall sail for home."

She waited for him to speak, but when he made no comment she went on:

"There is something else on your mind, Mr. Kendall. You wonder why I didn't tell you all this at the beginning. Soon after we met you declared you didn't like Americans; it was then that I conceived the idea of seeing how long we could be friends without your discovering my nationality. It was fun, too, the play," she laughed.

Kendall was silent so long she thought him displeased with her. Finally she turned her pretty head in his direction.

"Are you sorry I disillusioned you?" she asked gently.

"Quite the contrary," he replied, though he seemed preoccupied and morose the remainder of the evening. When he rose to leave her:

"Good-night, Margaretta," he said, feeling in his waistcoat pocket to see if her ring was safe.

After he had gone the girl sat musing before the fire. She wondered why he called her Margaretta. Never before had her name been on his lips, though he had known it some time. But the problem was too perplexing for her, and she went to bed with it unsolved.

For the next three weeks Kendall was an uneasy man. He wanted Miss Bradshaw to walk, or row, or ride with him every day; and the girl readily acquiesced, for she liked him well enough, as far as men went, she told herself. The eve of her departure Kendall slipped on her finger the ring with the lapis lazuli that had a history.

"Someday," he said earnestly, looking down at her, "I shall come to America, and then I shall hunt you up."

"Best not make any rash promises," she warned him with a quiet smile.

The following winter was much like other winters, for Kendall. He entertained, and was entertained by the smart set of London. He danced, dined, flirted, attended the opera as usual. Sometimes he compared the belles and debutantes in his circle of friends with the girl he had met in Guilford—greatly to the detriment of the former. He was never impulsive, always thoughtful and deliberative; but at length in the spring-time he resolved to take a bold and decisive step indeed. So, advising some business in New York—it could easily have been performed by letter—he sailed for the States.

It was just before dinner when Margaretta Bradshaw, lovely in soft, rose-colored draperies, uncovered the long box the maid had deposited on her desk. What she saw there made her start, then smile, and tear open with nervous hands the accompanying note. It read:

"Dear Miss Bradshaw,—Just arrived. May I come to you this evening?"

She did not need to read the signature. She lifted the huge bouquet of long-stemmed marguerites from their bed of tissue paper, and took them in her arms. For a moment she thoughtfully twisted the lapis lazuli on her finger. Being a woman, she guessed why Kendall had crossed the seas, and something inside her throbbed with a great joy.

What answer she wrote it matters not, but after she had handed it to the waiting messenger boy she leaned forward and pressed her lips to the flowers.

What the Millions Are Doing With Foods Shot from Guns



I mix the Puffed grains with berries for a morning dish. They seem to fit together as do nuts and raisins.
—Average Man.



I like them best just with sugar and cream. Sometimes I mix the Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.
—Average Woman.



My favorite dish at night time is Puffed Wheat or Rice in milk.
—A Child Who Knows.



Once serve Puffed Wheat as wafer crisps in soup and you'll never serve soup without it.—A Housewife.



I scatter the grains over every dish of ice cream. That's better by far than freezing nut meats in it.
—A Famous Chef.



I use Puffed Rice in fudge. It tastes like nuts, yet it melts in the mouth like sugar.—Schoolgirl.



I stuff my pockets full of Puffed Wheat when I go to play, and eat the grains like peanuts.—Average Boy.



I care not how folks eat them. But eat them in some way whenever you seek absolute ease of digestion.
—A Physician.

All Because Prof. Anderson Thought of Exploding Grain

He conceived the idea of sealing wheat and rice kernels up in great bronze-steel guns.

Then heating those guns until the moisture in the grains changed to superheated steam.

Then exploding the steam, blasting all the food granules to pieces.

Thus he made whole grain wholly digestible for the first time in food history.

He filled the grains with a myriad cells—puffed them to eight times normal size.

The terrific heat gave the thin-walled grains a taste like toasted nuts.

Thus came these airy wafers—the most delightful cereals ever known.

Now people are eating—in all these ways—a million dishes daily. In countless homes nearly every meal in some way includes these crisps.

Puffed Wheat, 10c

Except in
Extreme West

Puffed Rice, 15c

The Quaker Oats Company - Sole Makers—Peterborough



Powerful Physical Forces

Must be Governed by Mind and Brain

To Secure Results

Grape=Nuts

FOOD

supplies true nourishment for brain work.

Made of selected parts of wheat and barley, Grape-Nuts is rich in Phosphate of Potash—the vital tissue salt of gray nerve and brain cells.

A regular morning dish of this appetizing food *Brings Results.*

“There’s a Reason”

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