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CANADIAN



HOME JOURNAL

Winnipeg



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The Canadian Home Journal

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Winnie

The August Number will contain a specially attractive and helpful **Cookery Department**. There will be three interesting articles.

Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton has prepared an article on "Teaching Truths Concerning the Beginnings of Life" for the August Journal.

Marion Harris Neil has prepared articles of great value to the housewife during the hot days of August, when cooking is ever a wearisome task. The recipes published in these articles are quite new, but thoroughly tested by the writer.

SAVORY AND SWEET MONEY SAVERS

tells how to prepare vegetable salads, also gives recipes for a Nut Roast, Pear Salad, Cheese Savory, Pineapple Custard, and several other tempting dishes. This article contains five illustrations showing how to prepare the food described.

Another article,

PICKLE THESE VEGETABLES AND USE THEM DURING THE WINTER,

gives recipes for Beet Pickle, India Relish, Apple Relish, Lemon Pickle, Pickled Beans, etc.

A third article contains fourteen Fish recipes, and some valuable information regarding this useful food, ideal for the summer menu.

Are you tired of the worn-out methods usually employed for the raising of money for the various needs of the present day? Do you want some new ideas and suggestions for a Food Sale, and the promotion of the Food Conservation propaganda? If so, do not miss Edith Halsted Lorway's article which will appear in the August number:

SET THE PACE IN YOUR OWN HOME TOWN.

The suggestions are all practicable and workable—in fact they have been tried with success once, and the writer passes them on to you in order that you may also benefit by them.

See page 29 and note the number of people who will answer your questions through **Canadian Home Journal**.

Contents for July Number

	PAGE
Cover Design—From an old photograph	1
"ANNOUNCEMENT OF CONTENTS"	3
"EDITORIAL"	5
FICTION.	
"THE DRIP OF THE HONEY." By Arthur Stringer. Illustrated by Mary Essex	7
"PEACE THE STRANGER." By Eugenie Perry	8
"MARY BRITTEN WRITES." By Sara Jeanette Duncan	11
"A KING IN BABYLON." By Burton Stevenson. Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore	14
SPECIAL ARTICLES.	
"ANNETTE KELLERMAN, IN HER NEW PICTURE, QUEEN OF THE SEA." By W. G. Rook	9
"ARE WE REINCARNATED AFTER DEATH?" By A. E. S. Smythe	10
"WOULD YOU LEARN TO DREAM TRUE?" By Katherine Hale. Illustrated by photograph	11
"HON. DR. CODY, THE NEW MINISTER OF EDUCATION, OUTLINES HIS PLANS." By Thomas Bengough	12
"THE CANADIAN TOMMY ON LEAVE." By John Meldrum	13
"AFTER THE WAR, WHAT?" By A. Frank Reide	18
"THE GIRLS' 'CARRY ON' COLUMN." By Betty O'Hara	21
"DEVELOPING A DREAM." By M. A. Pease	23
"PUZZLE." Tom Wood	24
"THOUGHT SEEDS THAT ARE BEING CULTIVATED BY PARENTS AND TEACHERS." By Grace Johnston	25
"SPARKS FROM THE FOOD BOARD ANVIL." Ishbel Ross	27
"THE Y. M. C. A. REPLIES TO CRITICISMS"	28
"THE WARTIME HOLIDAY." By Kathleen McKilligan	29
"CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SILVER THIMBLE AND TRINKET FUND BEGIN"	31
"AROUND THE HEARTH." By Jennie Allen Moore	32
WOMEN'S INSTITUTES.	
"THE CANNING OF FOODS IS GIVEN GREAT PROMINENCE AMONG ONTARIO INSTITUTES"	40
"BRITISH COLUMBIA INSTITUTES"	40
FASHIONS AND FANCY WORK.	
"NEW CROCHETED TRIMMINGS FOR THE KNITTING BAG"	33
"IMPORTANT IN SUMMER FASHIONS ARE GINGHAM FROCKS AND BLOUSES"	34
"DISTINCTLY SWAGGER ARE THE NEW SPORTS BLOUSES AND CAPES"	35
"PLAYTIME AND DRESS UP MODELS FOR THE LITTLE PEOPLE"	36
"THE NEW PULLOVER SWEATER AND SPIRAL SOCK ARE THE NEWEST FEATURES IN KNITTING"	42
FOR CHILDREN.	
"THE SKY COASTER." By Ethel Bain	22
COOKERY	
"STUFFED VEGETABLES IN PLACE OF MEAT." By Marion Harris Neil	26
"HOT WEATHER DRINKS." By Marion Harris Neil	54

From the time that little "Anne of Green Gables" came skipping into the hearts of Canadian readers, L. M. Montgomery's stories have been eagerly sought. Something new from her pen is a treat, indeed, and her story,

OUR NEIGHBORS AT THE TANSY PATCH,

which will be published complete in one instalment in the August number, will be no exception. After you have read this exceedingly delightful sketch of rural country life you will feel you know the Conways—Timothy Benjamin, better known as T.B., Joe, Aunt Lily, but most of all Granny—"everyone of them," as Salome expressed it, "crazier than the others." Crazy they may have been, but very human and interesting when pictured by L. M. Montgomery.

MARY BRITTEN WRITES,

by Sara Jeanette Duncan, will appear in the August number. As in this issue it is a personal letter from Mary Britten, living in London, England, to her sister in Canada, in which she describes the happenings in London. In this letter it is an air raid, next month she tells of Flossie's young man, and of their opinion of "slackers" in general. It is

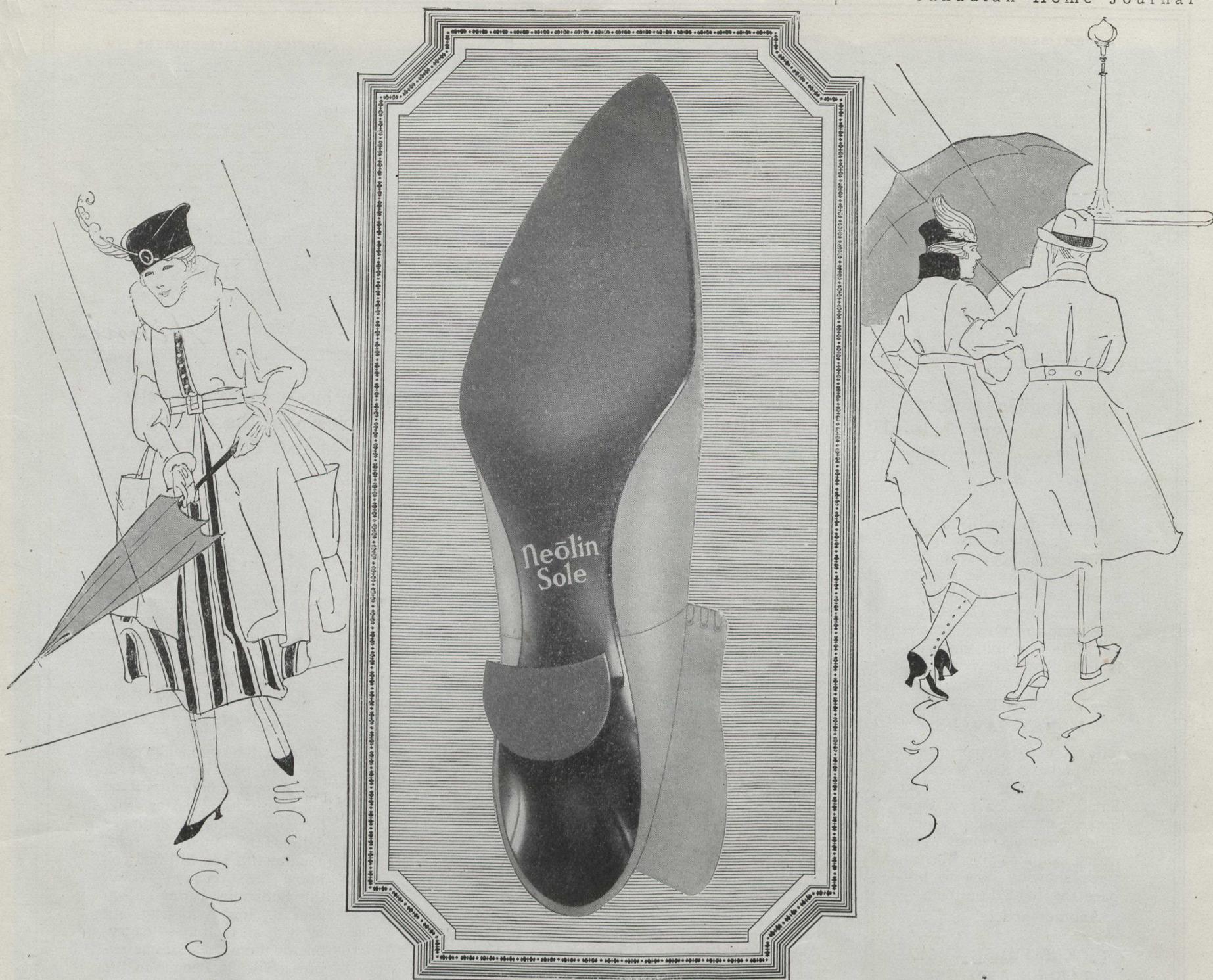
a delight to Canadians to again have some stories by Sara Jeanette Duncan Cotes.

Both Fashions and Fancy Work will be given an important place in the August number, in order that our readers may see several of the late Summer styles. These influence to a large extent the early Fall models, and it is wise to study them carefully before deciding upon one's clothes for the cooler months.

After July 31st, the price of **Canadian Home Journal** will be **Two Dollars** a year. See page 53.



L. M. MONTGOMERY.



Serving Economy, Health *and* Fashion

How to save money on shoes and still have her feet smartly clad—

How to keep her feet dry on wet days and still have her feet as trim as on dry days—

These are the two greatest shoe problems for every woman.

Neolin Soles answer both these problems amazingly well.

Shoe economy is largely a question of longer-wearing soles.

And Neolin Soles *are* longer-wearing soles. Good-looking shoes with Neolin Soles now cost you no more in price—and finally cost less because of greater service. And even light-weight Neolin Soles will not let water through.

Yet wear and waterproofness are but two of the important virtues of Neolin Soles. They are exceedingly flexible. They

provide a better grip on walking surfaces. They are quiet.

Don't you think that you should wear Neolin Soles, now that you know these facts?

Get new shoes built on Neolin for yourself and for all the family.

Have Neolin applied to your present shoes as full-soles or half-soles.

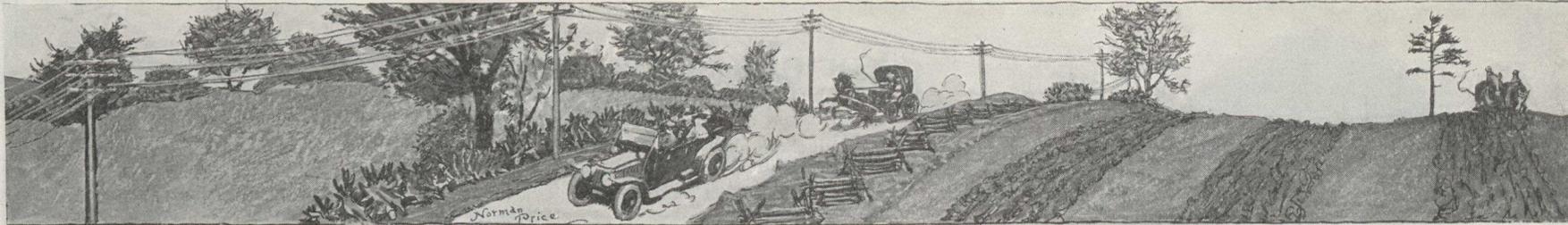
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., of Canada, Limited

Most merchants have shoes with Neolin Soles. But you are sure of getting them wherever you see this price-ticket in the window.

But when you buy Neolin Soles be sure you see the Neolin trademark underneath. If it is not there the sole is not Neolin.



Neolin Soles



Canadian Home Journal

EDITORIAL

Nineteen-Eighteen

July,

A NOTE OF WARNING IS SOUNDED BY THE COAL MAN.

In the midst of our enjoyment of soft summer breezes, flowers, bird-songs, and swiftly fleeting clouds between the blue of sky and sea, there comes a cruel, discordant note—sounded by none other than the coal man. Without any conscience whatever, he hurls at us a warning (disagreeable, but nevertheless beneficial), and immediately we shiver and shake in the memory of last winter's empty coal bins, frozen water pipes, plumbers' bills, etc. The picture is brought back all too vividly as the coal man warns: "Remember last winter." We certainly do. Then he emphatically asserts: "Next winter there will be less coal."

There is no use fooling ourselves, conditions as far as coal goes will be bad—very bad, next winter.

There is one way in which every consumer can assist in relieving the situation, states C. A. Magrath, whose entire time is given up to the interests of the people of Canada in seeing that they get the best and largest supply of coal possible, and that is in placing his coal order at once. Now—not to-morrow. Do not delay a day in this important matter, for if those in authority know the exact number of tons ordered by the Canadian people, they are then in a better position to secure that amount. They can do their work intelligently, not merely assuming that a certain amount will be needed, but the orders will actually be in for a definite quantity.

All through Quebec and along the Ottawa River the cutting and storing of wood is going on, and every one is asked to secure wood if possible instead of coal for next winter. This should help materially, and Ontario people should be as far sighted.

In short, the Fuel Controller's advice can be summed up as follows:

Secure as much wood as you can.

Place your order for coal with your local dealer at once.

Don't hound him. He wants to do his best for you. He can't run away—he has to stay and see it through.

Don't haggle over the quality of the coal. Take what you get and be thankful for it. Conditions are not normal—you cannot expect a normal supply of coal.

Have your furnace and pipes thoroughly cleaned before lighting. Now is the time to do this.

Do not light the furnace during the Summer, except when there is illness, if a cold spell should come. Make the best of it—much coal is wasted in starting and stopping a furnace, and every ounce will be needed for the Winter months.

WASTE OF FOOD IS NOW ILLEGAL. A new order has now come into force which makes it not only a sin to waste food, but a punishable offence. The legal authorities have power to take action when they are notified that anyone has been discovered wasting food. It is interesting to note

that municipalities who secure the conviction receive half the fine, while provincial officers securing the conviction receive half the fine for the Province.

LETTERS THAT SMILE. French women, we are told, strive to say good-bye to their soldiers with a smile upon their lips. Hearts may be breaking, but there is no tear to add one pang to the sorrow of the departing men.

Are we Canadian women as careful to always write "smiling" letters to the boys at the front? It is incomparably easier than the French woman's task. No matter how great our burdens here may be, don't add to theirs by telling them. Write letters that smile. Put in all the brightness and cheer that can be crowded into one small envelope, and send it on its journey.

HATS OFF TO QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY WAR WORKERS.

The splendid war work of the Levans Society of Queen's University has received much praise, not only from Canada, but congratulatory remarks have been coming from our United States sisters, and certainly the soldiers themselves cannot speak too highly of the work of these women in providing them with vermin-proof underclothing.

The work is carried on under the guidance of Miss Gordon, who is particularly interested in work done by English university women. The formula furnished by Miss Gordon was given to the "British Medical Journal" in May, 1917, by Captain Gunn, M.D., D.Sc., R.A.M.C.T. of Oxford.

Undervests are made of ordinary cheese cloth and dipped in a solution of 1½ ounces naphthalene and 1½ ounces of sulphur to one gallon of benzoline or gasoline. They are wrung out of this solution and hung up to dry when the gasoline evaporates, leaving the other ingredients in minute particles. These should not be shaken off. Fold the vests and wrap in grease-proof paper. These vests are worn next the skin and are not irritating, but afford an almost complete protection against vermin. Miss Gordon says: "Mrs. Gerrans of Oxford has made, dipped, and sent to the front many thousands of these undervests and has received many grateful letters testifying to their remarkable and unique efficiency.

No field comforts could be more welcome."

The dipping must be done out of doors and on no account must be undertaken where there is an open fire or even a lighted match or cigar or cigarette. In cold weather the rapid evaporation of the gasoline will permanently injure the skin and at all times some method should be devised for handling the cloth without coming into too direct contact with the gasoline. The making of these comforts in quantities offers profitable work for societies, and even the dipping of garments previously made should furnish an appreciable source of income to bodies engaged in raising war funds.

OUR AIM

To publish a magazine which will be worthy of Canadian womanhood.

To at all times keep both editorial and advertising columns clean, wholesome, and truthful.

To be a leader in thought, and a fearless speaker in all vital questions.

To, as far as possible, publish and reproduce the work of Canadians that our readers may become familiar with their own people, their own literature, and their own country, with its wonderful possibilities and glorious history.

For oily skins—*how to correct them*

FIRST cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture but leave the skin slightly damp.

Now work up with warm water a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with

warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a marked improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.



Enlarged pores

How to make your skin fine in texture

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub *the cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub the face with a *piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently. You can feel the difference the very first time you use it. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness and finer texture that the *steady* use of Woodbury's always brings.

Your skin is what *you* make it

HAVE you ever wondered why it is that some girls are blessed with naturally lovely complexions—the charm of clear, fresh color?

The truth is that your skin, too, can be clear and radiant. Your skin is what *you* make it.

If your skin is *not* fresh and clear, if it has been gradually growing coarser, it is because you have not been giving it the proper care for its needs.

Find out just what is the matter with your skin—then give it the proper treatment

Your skin is being renewed every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. Begin at once to give this new skin the proper treatment to keep it clear and lovely. You will be surprised to see how quickly it improves.

Three of the famous Woodbury treatments are given on this page. Begin tonight to use the one which your skin needs. Use it every night. The very first time you try it, you will feel the difference in your skin—a promise of the greater clearness and freshness that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings to the skin. Within ten days or two weeks you will notice the improvement in your skin.

You will find treatments for the various other troubles of the skin in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today, and begin at once the treatment for your particular trouble. A 25 cent cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Send 5 cents for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited 2207 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Skin blemishes

How to get rid of them

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and keep your complexion free from them.



THE DRIP OF THE HONEY

By ARTHUR STRINGER.

Illustrated by
MARY ESSEX.

A Little Interruption in the Honeymoon Which Made it all the Sweeter

THEY were leaning on the stone balustrade of San Tritone de Monti. The sun was going down on the dome of St. Peter's and on the thirteenth day of their honeymoon.

He sighed heavily, not because it was all so beautiful and new, where before them lay the city and the Seven Hills and Mount Gianicola bathed in golden dusk and Soracte pencilled far to the right, but because something momentous had happened. As to what this momentous thing was he was still in the dark. Yet the moment he had stepped out of the Borghese Gallery that afternoon he had felt its presence, dim and gigantic and foreboding, felt it just as sailors feel the approaching iceberg long before it is in sight.

And it was not two weeks since they had left New York (they had been light and careless then, he told himself) in a shower of telegrams and roses and good-bys. And until to-day, he remembered bitterly, there had not been one hour, one moment, when life had seemed anything but sun and happiness for both of them. But it had come at last—he all along had felt secretly that it was bound to come—and now he wondered, whatever turn things might take, if the old feeling could ever be brought to life again.

"Just to think," he said at last, throwing a stab of wistfulness into it, "it's not two weeks since we left New York!"

"Does it seem so long?" she asked, succumbing to the stab. Her voice was neither the Charybdis of ice nor the Scylla of open tears, but it carried with it no expected touch of finalities. So in his bewilderment he only sighed again—this thing, he held, would have to work itself out, now. He began reading from his guide-book calmly and with great deliberation. "Then climb these historic steps," he waved the open guide-book down toward the Piazza di Spagna, "at sunset, when they are bathed in the last rays of the sun. From a hundred ancient belleries the mellow bells ring for *Ave Maria*, and up out of a blaze of twilight glory gleams and towers the great dome of St. Peter's."

"Rubbish!" he thought he heard her say under her breath.

He stopped and looked at her. Her nose seemed tilted in open defiance of all Rome and its traditions; her little pointed chin was nestling in the clasped hollow of her hand; her arm, in turn, was resting on a ledge of cold and unappreciative stone; and her eyes were gazing down the long straight line of Via Condotti. He had a sudden temptation to surrender everything and incontinently seize her. But he thought better of this, and opened his guide-book with careful fingers and slightly uplifted eyebrows.

"Deary," she said at last cooingly; yet he marveled at the fact that a once endearing diminutive could be made so sepulchrally cool and lifeless, and all by one little trick of intonation and voice.

He punished her accordingly by not answering in at least ten long seconds.

"Deary," she said again, with an acidulated sweetness that smote him to the heart, "how long have you known Constantia Fleming?"

"Why?" he asked vacuously.

That was like him, she told herself, seeking escape in side issues. "Oh, I was only wondering," she said carelessly.

"Yes, but wondering what?"

"I was only wondering if there was any reason why she should come over and speak to you first in the Borghese this afternoon."

"Did she?" he asked, trying in vain to recall that phase of the meeting and blinking a bit over the effort.

His wife did not even deign to answer, but pursued her own narrow and rigorous course. "And what did she mean by pointing to that Titian and asking which we had found, our sacred or our profane love?"

"Isn't that the name of the picture?" he suggested inspiredly.

"But will you please tell me why she should ask anybody such a personal question as that? And you of all people?"



He could not answer, of course. There followed another silence.

"Elmer Pitts," she said at last, "was it accidental that you and Constantia Fleming met here in Rome?"

"Accidental? Of course it was!" he declared stoutly. "I didn't even know she was in Europe. Good Lord, we ourselves didn't even expect to be in Rome this week!"

"I'm not used to being sworn at," she retorted. "But, Frances, you're so—so confoundedly unreasonable to-day!"

Her brooding and indignant eyes were still turned down the straight and narrow line of Via Condotti. "I've been thinking about this a great deal to-day, Elmer," she said more in latent sorrow than patent anger. "And I never thought you would try to deceive me, after—after everything we have been to one another!"

He looked at her helplessly. She swallowed hard, before she could go on. "And I told you everything, from first to last. I didn't keep back a thing from you."

"But how could I help being decent to Constantia Fleming? She'd always been—been considerate, and all that, with me."

"Considerate!" with withering scorn. "That is not what I should care to call it!" And again she swallowed hard before she could go on. "It's no use pretending I don't know things, Elmer. I've been thinking about them all along. You used to play golf with her, and you were on the Appleby's yacht with her as well."

"But what of that?" he demanded. "Other girls—" "It's different from other girls," she declared.

He looked at his shoes helplessly. "And you were always trailing after her"—then, in a half-assuaging afterthought—"before you knew me."

"Wasn't it she who did the trailing after me?" he had the effrontery to suggest, chuckling cruelly.

"Oh, I don't doubt it! That sort of girl usually does!"

"I've been thinking about this a great deal to-day, Elmer," she said, more in sorrow than in anger.

She looked at him studiously from under lowered eyebrows. Then she shuddered a little at the sting of some new thought that had come to her. "Yes, it would serve you right," she said absently.

"What would serve me right?" he asked.

"If—if I had never known you, and you had kept on and on in the old way, and had married Constantia Fleming, and had had to spend your life with that sort of girl!"

His first impulse was to groan out an unhappy "Don't" but he steeled himself against any such bending to her will.

"Why, Constantia isn't such a bad sort, is she?" he asked innocently.

Her gaze, which had been fixed on dimly pencilled Soracte, swept around to him determinedly. "Elmer Pitts, did you ever kiss Constantia Fleming?" she demanded.

"I don't know. I forget." "You forget?" she said bitterly. Then a little relieving sigh escaped her. "But I suppose a man always forgets—with that sort of girl!"

"Of course!" cried Elmer, as he tried to take her hand. But she drew it away.

"You haven't answered my question. You are trying to hoodwink me and deceive me."

He was about to open his mouth to reply, when she stopped him with a passionate little gesture.

"No, don't! Don't commit yourself! I couldn't bear the thought of you ever being soft and mushy and moonshiny with a woman. It's so unlike you."

He drew the corners of his mouth down and his shoulders up, wondering if after all he didn't a little resemble the portrait busts of Cæsar Augustus.

"Elmer," she said dolorously, moving away from him, "do you think you would have married anybody but me, if you had never met me and known me?"

"Never!" he declared with heat. "I can't believe that," she said dreamily. "No, I can't believe it." And the unhappiness in her voice made him miserable. He essayed an effort to speak, but a lump in the throat of Cæsar Augustus was making it hard for him to begin.

"We have been too happy," she went on quaveringly. "We thought it could last and be just always the same. But, you see, it can't!"

"No, it can't!" he agreed as dolorously. She clasped her hands in a little wringing motion of despair.

"Perhaps these last two weeks have been too happy," he ventured more hopefully.

"Yes, too happy," she echoed drearily. "And perhaps this little—er—this little set-to will make things all right again," he ventured, still hopefully.

She searched his face through the twilight for some slight sign of mockery, but none was there. "Oh, you don't understand!" she mourned vaguely.

"I know it!" he said bitterly. She made a dash at her eyes with the back of her hand. He could see her shaken bosom rise and fall on the stone balustrade.

"Frankie!" he said miserably, putting his arm about her sobbing figure.

"Do you understand?" she pleaded, in open tears now, on his shoulder.

He gulped a little, before he could answer. "I only understand one thing, my own: that I love you more than anything in all the world, more than life itself!"

"Do you, Elmer?" she said solemnly. Then a silence fell over them, and far out over the Campagna an early star or two, shining brightly, came out.

(Continued on page 50.)

PEACE--THE STRANGER

By M. EUGENIE PERRY.

A Story of the New and Tremendous Problem Which the War is Forcing Upon Young Womanhood

"AND to this hand is Peace ever a stranger—" Clearly articulated in a low contralto voice, this sentence pierced through the conglomeration of sounds to the boy's consciousness. Close beside him, on the gallery which was presently be the "mezzanine floor" of one of Canada's stores, was one of the many fortune-telling booths with which the Red Cross Association coated shekels from the passers-by.

"Peace, a stranger;" the words rang in his mind; to whom, just now, was peace not a stranger? Aye, and further, to what country was peace not a stranger?

The contralto murmuring went on, but indistinctly now, and he turned his dark gaze once more upon the seething crowd on the ground floor.

The Home Products Fair, held in the big unfinished building, had scored an immense success; and, as the week drew to a close, all who had contributed to its being had the happy consciousness that not only had the home-grown and home-manufactured exhibits received a vast advertisement, but the Red Cross fund was being augmented by several hundreds of dollars daily from the door receipts alone.

Round and round the main floor the crowd surged, admiring the fruits and vegetables, or the manufacturers' displays, and pausing to purchase raffle tickets or to listen to and obey the calls of the zealous spielers for the side-shows under the gallery. ("All for the good of the cause," they apologized, as each additional quarter or dime slipped through their fingers.)

It seemed the merriest of gatherings, yet underneath the current of gaiety stalked always the grisly phantom of war; the black garb of a woman; the crepe band on a man's arm; the haunted look in a mother's eyes; the numerous men in khaki—all spoke of the grim conflict so far away, yet so near, so tragically near, to every heart and mind.

The important bearing of a group of soldiers in embryo just below him brought a smile to the face of the boy, but an ache to the heart which beat beneath his most welcome recently acquired civilian clothes. Then perhaps a mist obscured his vision, for the uniforms below grew faded and blurred, their wearers grew footsore and weary, and increased until thousand after thousand, they swung doggedly adown the roads of a foreign land—past ruined home and hamlet; past field and forge deserted; past fatherless babe and sonless mother, who were almost too sad, almost too cowed, to cheer for the brave boys who had come so unbelievably far to fight the brutal Hun.

Then on the dream horizon rose a cloud, sea-green and weird; the staunch line wavered and swayed, and then pressed bravely on, leaving the fallen, choking and faint, upon the ground—a sudden spasm of coughing brought the boy back to the present, for the dastardly gas still made its presence felt, a ghastly souvenir of hate he would not quickly lose.

In the Government Exhibit corner below (of which he had charge) the friend who was substituting for him was almost obscured by a bevy of pretty girls. "Seems happy," thought the boy.

"Too bad to disturb him," but he turned from the railing.

As he paid for his tea, an elderly woman came out of the aforementioned fortune-telling booth—and then he noticed the sign:

"Mademoiselle Lorna; Palmistry; 25c."

Just twenty-five cents to make the acquaintance of the contralto voice which had spoken of "Peace, the Stranger," and brought him visions of the battle-field.

"I'm on," said the boy, and raised the curtain. The orange-shaded light gave to the atmosphere a suggestion of storm, which was further emphasized by the gypsy's haunted eyes.

"Two bits' worth of thrills here, all right," he said, boyishly, in an effort to buck himself up against the vague disturbance in the air.

Then the gypsy laughed, the tinkets on her little red cap jingled cheerfully, and the tension relaxed.

"Oh, thank you," she said, "for the laugh. I seem so far from the world in here, with only a muffled medley of sounds proclaiming

the human presence beyond my door, while only the weary and troubled cross my threshold, that I had almost forgotten gaiety existed; and so, thanks, many thanks, for coming. I don't like reading men's hands as a rule, they have so few lines, but just now if I had one more elderly woman coming to ask if her son would return in safety from the war—I feel I should shriek aloud."

"You couldn't tell them that, could you?" he enquired curiously.

"I can't," she admitted. "Perhaps a professional can, but it's a little beyond my powers—and who would wish to bring them a headache sooner than necessary? It will come all too pitifully soon to many of them. I confine myself to character-reading, past events, and a sketchy touching on the future. But, oh! the life stories I've had unfolded to me to-day—again, thank Heaven for you," and she waved him toward the easy chair reserved for her "victims."

He slipped into it with the air of ease which was his birth-right, and put the usual question, "Right or left?"

"Both," she answered, and quoted: "The left is the hand we are born with; the right is the hand we make."

As she touched his fingers an electric thrill

tingled up his arm. "First thrill," he murmured. "I'm not usually a dynamo," she apologized, "but there's been enough electricity discharged in this limited space this afternoon to light the town."

"And I'm charged with gas," he interjected flippantly.

"An artist, but not a hot air artist," she parried, failing to catch his meaning; for his hands were soft from the months in hospital and failed to suggest the soldier. He let it pass.

"Yes, the distinctly artistic hand," she went on, "and marvelously many lines, for a man's hand—that suggests temperament, or, at least, the capacity for great suffering and equally great enjoyment. The long and jointed fingers suggest music; the long, sloping head line, literature," an unconscious movement of assent greeted the last mentioned talent. "Literature, decidedly," she pronounced with more assurance, "but music, too?" she challenged.

"Yes, but mostly by ear, and merely as an amusement."

"The spatulate third finger points to dramatic instinct—that would, of course, prove valuable in—reporting, for instance."

"You've hit it," he admitted,

"You'll die a long way from your boyhood home."

"I'm that now."

"You've always been independent of action, and started out for yourself fairly early. You will have two serious love affairs, according to the lines; the second is perhaps your marriage line—the first, perhaps, has occurred—let me see, you'd be twenty-five or twenty-six?"

"Guess again; I'm not quite twenty-three, and the time is not yet."

"Ah! you'll take the first attack pretty hard—you're made that way—but you'll recover, and live happily ever after with the later love—that is, if such a temperament is ever happy. You'll become an editor; and, perhaps, will inherit some money."

"Probably."

"You're rather fond of the opposite sex; you have a good deal of tact, and are able to work the other fellow without his resenting the fact. You've lately had, or are to have, a long journey fraught with much consequence to yourself."

"Rather!" he admitted.

"And your health is poor."

"Some."

Suddenly the military band struck up a martial air, and the whimsical expression faded from his mobile face; he straightened his shoulders, and his mouth drew into a straight line. The boy had changed suddenly into a man, stern and set of face. Of the change he was quite unconscious, as he was, at that moment, of her, but with a flash of intuition she read it all—saw, with him, the weary files of marching men, heard the bands playing to raise their flagging spirits.

Then back into her own heart crept the weariness, the sadness his gaiety had dispelled—for, far away on the field of Flanders her man of men had marched to his death.

The boy caught the counter-wave of mind currents and sensed her tragedy; and the words she had spoken to another seemed so applicable to her own case that he spoke them aloud: "And to this hand is Peace ever a stranger."

Surprise routed pain from the gypsy's brown eyes. "A quotation?" she asked.

"I quote you," he explained. "I was standing near, and that sentence pierced the surrounding din like an arrow, and lodged—in my heart, perhaps. That's why I came in."

"Ah! You were curious about the gypsy, rather than about your future life—unlike most of my clients—for instance, a woman who came in here a while ago said, immediately upon entering, 'I don't want to know about my past, please just tell me about my future.' Her past probably wouldn't bear resurrecting."

"Also unlike me," he hastened to state.

"Well, we'll hope so. And now, your time is more than up; there are others waiting, and though I would rather talk to you, I must consider the Cause."

At this moment one of the women in charge of the tea room came in with a tray.

(Continued on page 49.)



"Old Mill" Falls, one of Canada's picturesque nooks, at Ancaster, Ontario.

THE BIRDS WILL MISS HIM

(TO SAMUEL T. WOOD.)

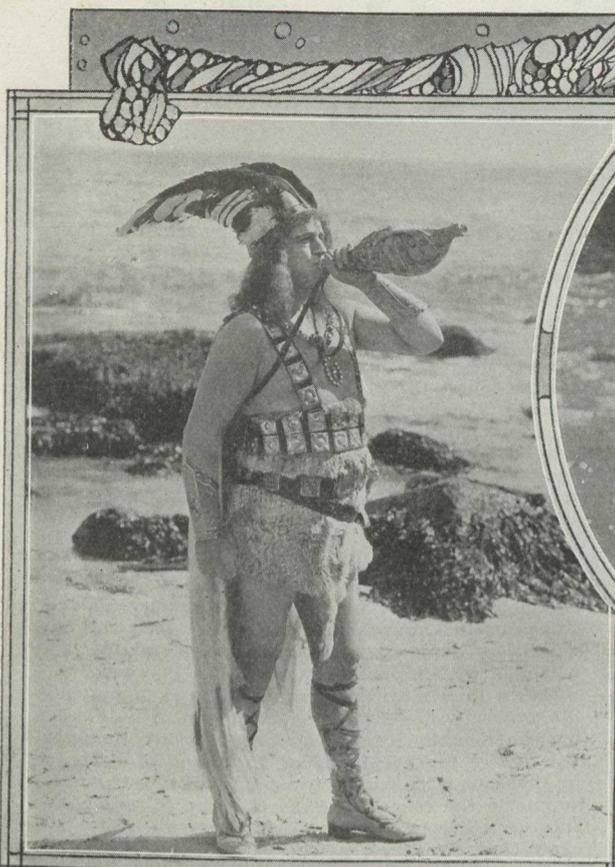
The birds will miss him when they come again;
He was the first to greet them, for he knew
Their every whim in sunshine and in rain,
And noted all the little things they do:
He loved their verdurous haunts by wood and stream;
'Twas his delight to take them unaware,
Or muse with them, and with mind adream
Worship the God who thought of things so fair.

The birds will miss him—nay, for with the spring
He shall awaken and go out once more.
His was no death that calls for sorrowing;
His spirit shall go wandering as of yore
Beside the streams or in the songful woods,
The genius of his native solitudes.

—J. Lewis Milligan, in "The Humane Leader."



Merilla (Annette Kellerman) and the Fairy Ariel.



Thonor, the King of Evil.



Merilla in the Torture Chamber.

ANNETTE KELLERMAN IN HER NEW PICTURE "QUEEN OF THE SEAS" By W.G. Rook



The Prince Rescues Merilla From Thonor.



In Mermaid Costume.



The Princess at the Mercy of Thonor.



Merilla Becomes a Prisoner.



The King of Evil is Slain by the Prince.



The Princess and Merilla are Set Free.

WHILE I had often seen Miss Kellerman on the film in her many productions, it was not until she was playing in the New York Hippodrome that I had the pleasure of having my first interview with her. I was very fortunate in seeing Miss Kellerman at the time, as she was playing two performances a day, and was naturally a very busy woman. However, I thought there was nothing like trying, so made the request at the Hippodrome office. When the object of my visit was disclosed, word was sent to Miss Kellerman and her manager, Mr. Sullivan, came from behind the scenes to conduct me through the maze of underground passages, the Hippodrome menagerie, back of the stage, up through the dressing rooms to Miss Kellerman's own private room.

I must confess I was agreeably surprised. Some of my friends had been good enough to inform me that about the only thing Miss Kellerman could do was swim and dive, but this idea was soon dissipated as the interview progressed. Miss Kellerman has a charming personality, and her accomplishments are numerous. She informed me that while in New York she takes a one and a half hour ballet lesson every day. She is also making wonderful progress in singing, so that some day we may expect to see her put on an entire show of her own in which she will swim, dive, impersonate a mermaid, dance and sing. Possibly if the truth were known, she may be an accomplished pianist—that is one thing I forgot to ask her.

Miss Kellerman became somewhat reminiscent during the interview, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE FIFTY

Are We Reincarnated After Death?

By A. E. S. SMYTHE.

The Real Belief of a Theosophist

THEOSOPHY can be stated in the terms of any religion if it be so desired. Experience shows, however, that people who belong to any particular religion are more concerned about the name of their faith than its substance.

It does not commend itself to the ordinary religious person to hear that the same truths are taught in all religions. The phrases and terms may differ; more emphasis may be laid on one doctrine than another, but latent or implied one finds the same truths in them all. Many scholars of an intellectual rather than a spiritual turn, and anxious to exclude any religion but their own from the category of Religion, have defined religion in the terms of their own faith. Some Christians, for example, decline to recognize any religion as such that does not use the Bible as a text-book, overlooking the fact that all religions have their sacred books which convey the same spiritual truths in one form or another to the mind and heart and soul that reflects on such matters. For it must always be remembered that no one finds in any Bible or Sacred Book anything but what he brings to it or reads into it. It is the reader that brings the inspiration, not the book that gives it. One could not account otherwise for the differences of opinion and the four hundred sects more or less that have arisen over the study of the Bible. Each one reads into it what he has been trained to see, and he is earnestly warned not to listen to any interpretations that have not been endorsed by the body to which he belongs.

The exact contrary is the case with the Theosophist, who understands that truth is universal and that he has it in his own soul, but can only know it to the extent that he lives it. "A clean life, an open mind, a pure heart, an eager intellect, an unveiled spiritual perception, a brotherliness for one's co-disciple, a readiness to give and receive advice and instruction," are, therefore, in the words of Madame Blavatsky the first steps on the Path. It will be observed that these things apply to any religion, the Christian as well as another, and it is this fact that commends Theosophy to reasonable and unprejudiced people.

It should be clearly understood that Theosophists do not desire to tempt people away from the religion to which they belong. They only wish each person to try to understand his own religion better, and to seek its deeper spiritual meanings, instead of being content with its conventional forms, its stereotyped creeds, or its ritual routine. These should all convey more and not less to the student of Theosophy. If it be objected that many Theosophists do not belong to any religion and do not attend church regularly, such critics may be reminded of the fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. John. "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem shall ye worship the Father. Ye worship that which ye know not: we worship that which we know: for salvation is from the Jews. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth: for such doth the Father seek to be His worshippers. God is spirit: and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and truth" (R.V.).

It is very largely because Theosophists lay stress on this truth that their views have been unpopular, because people like ceremonial and set beliefs and having things cut and dried. The other great religions of the world have the same teachings, as indeed the New Testament recognizes, and Jesus explicitly states (John x. 16).

Once this unity of thought and aspiration underlying all religion is grasped, a profound satisfaction takes hold of one. The world is no longer a chaos, but a place of order and system and progress. No man is out of place. No man suffers unjustly. No man is favored above his merit. Nothing is gained without effort. The universe is seen to be the abode of honesty and justice and right. How and why is this?

The question is an urgent one for all who begin to take thought about life and who have to face such world tragedies as the war with Germany. One need not go into the profounder metaphysics of The Secret Doctrine for the answer to this question. It is, in brief, that there is only One Person in the whole world. In the New Testament we are told that the Kingdom of Heaven is inside (*entos*) us, and that we are to pray to the Father which is in Heaven. The name given to Jesus, Emmanuel, means this truth also; God is in us. It is often repeated in that most spiritual scripture of India, the Bhagavad Gita, that "the Lord is seated in the heart of every creature." This Lord is called by some the Oversoul, by others God, by others Christ, and the various religions have each their own names for Him. Their conceptions vary as human ideas do, but it is in our spiritual identity with Him, that the brotherhood of the race, the brotherhood of Man, has its foundation. Our relation to this Person is the beginning and ending of religion and is the key to the understanding of all other religious questions.

The Secret Doctrine teaches "the fundamental identity of all Souls with the Universal Over-Soul," and it is sufficient in an elementary account of Theosophy to say that all religions find their way back to this Divine Source. To know this unity is life in the highest and deepest sense. To be ignorant of it or to deny it, is death in the mystical sense. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, these

THE second of a series of articles descriptive of various religions and faiths about which there is often much misunderstanding and controversy. The writer of this article, A. E. S. Smythe, is one of the foremost speakers on Theosophy in Canada—his assertions regarding their views may therefore be accepted as authentic.

Again let us emphasize that "Canadian Home Journal" neither advocates nor endorses any of the religions described—the articles are published to give information, not to arouse controversy.

are sons of God," says St. Paul, whose eighth chapter of the epistle to the Romans is a treatise on this mystery, and of our interest in Him who is "the first-born among many brethren."

Popular Christianity has curiously distorted the teaching of Jesus in regard to men's souls. Much of our preaching is exhortation to save one's soul. This is due to a misapprehension of the facts, for which the translators of the New Testament are largely responsible. For all this talk of saving one's soul is wide of the mark. I have been in the habit of saying that the ninth chapter of the Gospel of St. Luke (like the eighth of Romans) contains all the occult teaching any one needs. At the 23rd verse one reads: "And He said unto all, If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me. For whosoever would save his soul (the word in Greek is *psyche*, though the translators render it 'life') shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his soul for My sake, the same shall save it."

The Cross is a very ancient symbol, long antedating Christianity. We ought to remember what St. Augustine said: "What is now called the Christian religion, has existed among the ancients, and was not absent from the beginning of the human race, until Christ came in the flesh: from which time the true religion, which existed already, began to be called Christian." This "true religion" is what Theosophists call The Secret Doctrine. The Cross was the ancient symbol of the descent of spirit into matter; the Incarnation; the Word or Logos, becoming Man or flesh, as St. John expresses it; and "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." In the mystery by which all Souls are in fundamental identity with the Over-Soul, by which those who are not conscious of their divine origin are "dead, and their life is hid with Christ in God" (Colossians iii.), we are all partakers in the Incarnation, which is the Cross and Passion of the Divine Life. We are the agents of the redemption of the world of matter into the world of Life; the Atonement is the at-one-ment of the lowest and the highest.

It is obvious that if men as individuals advance and evolve they will attain levels of power, of consciousness, and of wisdom far beyond anything in the experience of the ordinary man. It is idle to say that we cannot conceive such an expansion of our faculties. We see that there is a difference between the consciousness of the mineral, as Prof. Bose has shown us, and the consciousness of the vegetable; and between the consciousness of the vegetable and the consciousness of the animal; and between the consciousness of the animal and the consciousness of man.

There is a stage, many stages indeed, beyond the consciousness of the ordinary man and the consciousness of the Over-Soul, and it is our destiny to attain these successive stages by our own effort and according to our own will. Some people who do not understand the laws of growth think they might lose something by entering into a higher stage of consciousness. Would a dog lose anything by being endowed with the consciousness of a man? Does a boy or a girl lose anything by becoming a man or a woman? To become possessed of the consciousness of Christ is a forward step in evolution, the next goal of the race. As we do not lose our identity because our sense of sight is merged in the consciousness of light, so neither will we lose our identity when our sense of self is merged in the consciousness of Christ, or the Over-Soul.

One of the difficulties some people have in this connection is about the loss of memory. Memory has not so much to do with identity as some think. We forget most of the things we do, the thoughts we think, and the words we utter in the course of our lives. We are totally oblivious of most of the events in our commonplace existence in years gone past. But this loss of memory is the chief and practically the only objection most people have to the thought that they have lived before, that they are immortal.

The writer of the second epistle of Peter refers to this (i: 9), saying we are blind, short-sighted, having taken the draught of Lethe ("Lethe having taken" is the Greek phrase) and been purified from our ancient short-comings. So it comes about in

the merciful dispensation of the universe that every life is a fresh start, and while we bring back the character we have formed by our previous actions and decisions, and have to meet the results of our former deeds, whether for good or ill, we are relieved of the worthless memory of these ephemeral things, though their essence is preserved in our heart of hearts. Some think also that it is not just that we should suffer for things that we have done in past lives and which we have forgotten, or of which, at least, the brain is not conscious. But the real Self knows and is satisfied, because justice is one of the principles of its being, since, as we have seen, it is essentially one with the Over-Soul, and therefore desires justice above all things. It is no outside authority, no power outside ourselves, that brings us face to face with our old debts and requires their payment, with our old unlearned lessons and requires us to know them thoroughly. It is the Self within us which is just and requires justice, and which is wisdom, so that it leads us to know.

Desire for the world of sensation and of material life generally is very strong in us, and it is this desire that usually brings us back into bodily life again. This desire for life, or thirst for physical existence in the soul is called fire, and is symbolized by the tongue in the east. The Sanscrit word is *tanha*, and this force has to be conquered before we can attain what Christians call salvation. In the Epistle of James, chapter iii., there is an interesting passage on this point, obscured in the authorized version, however, by the translation. "The tongue (desire) is a fire; the world of iniquity among our members is the tongue, which defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the wheel of birth, and is set on fire by hell." Until desire is conquered we are bound to the wheel of birth. It can be conquered only by turning to the spiritual world for the Master who is within. United with Him there is no further need for reincarnation, and it is for this reason that little mention is made of reincarnation in the New Testament. Those who have entered into the Christ consciousness, or Nirvana, as the Buddhists call it, who have extinguished desire, do not need further births. This is what is meant in Revelation iii: 12, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out."

Those who have entered into this state of Nirvana, the extinction of desire, the "peace that passeth understanding," have nothing more to do with this earth in the present stage of creation or evolution. But there are some who participate in the active side of the nature of the Christ who said—"Lo, I am with you always, even until the end of the aeon," and they, when they have attained mastery over desire and the lower vehicles of the personal self, voluntarily incarnate again on earth, following the example of the great Teachers and Messengers, like Krishna, the Indian Christ, who said—"I produce myself among creatures whenever there is a decline of virtue, and an insurrection of vice and injustice in the world: and thus I incarnate from age to age for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of righteousness."

This was written long anterior to the Christian era, and Christians who believe that Christ came down from heaven and was born a little human infant, should have no difficulty about understanding incarnation, or in following the example of reincarnation and sacrifice which voluntary reincarnation for the sake of rendering service to others, implies.

There is nothing in religion, philosophy, or science, that Theosophy does not embrace and explain. It is obvious, therefore, that only a few aspects of it can be touched upon in a short article. The whole universe is open to the student who would unfold his inner faculties for such study. There is an organ in the brain called the conarium, or pineal gland, the activity of which depends on living according to the divine laws of nature, and the injunctions of morality, temperance and chastity which all religions preserve. This organ is sometimes called the third eye, and serves when active to convey to the brain such knowledge of the inner world as the ordinary eyes convey of the outer. The Master Jesus spoke of it in the Sermon on the Mount (Matthew vi. 22), when He said: "The lamp of the body is the eye; if, therefore, thine eye be single" (active or perfect, would be a better rendering) "thy whole body is full of light." This is expounded in St. Luke xi. 34, 35, which may be rendered freely. "When thine eye is active thy whole body is full of light, but when thine eye is useless (*poneros*) thy body also is full of darkness. Take heed, therefore, that the light that is in thee be not darkness. If thy whole body, therefore, be full of light, having no part dark, everything shall be full of light, as when the bright shining of a candle doth give thee light." There is no occult gift more important than this of the inner vision, "the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream," as Wordsworth describes it. There are still many who disbelieve in it, but all the prophets and the seers and the saints had it, and it was no imaginary faculty but a real gift. It can be exercised only by those who have abandoned all desire for self, who are in fact utterly unselfish. There is an automatic

(Continued on page 45.)

A London Air Raid "Close Up"

MARY BRITTEN WRITES

By SARA JEANETTE DUNCAN.

36 The Buildings,
Angel Road,
N.W., England.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I would have written before in regards to the late air raid, knowing you would be in a way about us all here in the midst of it, as the saying is; but what with Alfred bein' laid up with his old complaint of V.D.H., which he has been subject to ever since buried in France, and Flossie getting rid of her gentleman friend, there seemed almost more than one pair of hands could do, let alone letters. Well, when the police whistle went, Alfred must needs contradict me.

"You're always agoing to meet them," he said, and up he got and went out and ast. We was just setting down to supper, and he left as tasty a piece of haddick as you could wish for in his hurry to put me in the wrong. But you know Alf. Back he came.

"You're right, as usual, old lady," he says; "Fritz is aloft. My tea's got cold," he says.

"Never mind your tea," I says; and Flossie began putting on her things.

"Oh, mother, hurry," she says. We must remember that F's nerve was a bit gone on account of her young man, him being her first, and a terrible scene with him only three nights before.

"Hurry nothing," her father told her. "Mother's got to hot up my tea," which I did, me legs shaking a bit, I don't mind telling a relation. Mabel and young George they was for going on the roof, but their father put a stop to that, and no more said.

"Ain't we agoin' to the Tube?" ast Flossie. It did seem as if we ought to be doing something besides sit around and watch father eat that haddick.

"Are we agoin' to the Tube, old lady?" says Alf, speaking to me. "Along of them aliens," says he,

"where you'll like as not hear German talked," says he, "and see things not fit for publication," he remarks.

"Well," I says, "it ain't as if there wasn't a floor and a God above us," I says, "and these buildings ain't too badly built against a bomb," I told him.

"No," says he, "that was why you took this place ten years ago, wasn't it?" he says. You know Alf. On that he lighted his pipe.

"Young George, you go to bed," he said, but I wasn't having none of that. "Don't go breakin' up the family," I told him.

"I won't if Fritz don't," Alf said, and that set Mabel off. Being in the T-and-T, she don't hardly care what she laughs at.

Well, by now there wasn't hardly a sound, not so much as a footstep. The buses was all stopped, and if a train come along, it was in an awful hurry and seemed to wish to get to its destination. Young George up and lifts a corner of the blind.

"I can see a special goin' down Scrubb Lane," he says.

"You come away from that window, or it'll be the worse for you, sonny," says Alf. So Young George come away, and we set quiet.

"There!" says Flossie. "Was that a bomb?"

"You hold your noise," says her father. "That was one of ours. They're beginning." Like a door shut heavy in an empty house it was.

"Not much in that," says Mabel.

"You wait," says Alf, so we set and waited.

"Look here," I said, "while we are waitin', why not have a bit of a prayer?" I said, and Alf he remarked that he didn't see it would do any harm.

"Which one, mother?" says Young George. "The Lord's Prayer?"

"No," says I, "that's for every day. It'll have to be just what comes. There's no time for lookin'," I says, and I opened the book, my hand shakin' a treat, I've got to say. Father he knocked his pipe out and come and set beside me on the sofa. The girls was anywhere, and only Young George had the sense to go on his knees.

It wasn't the right place, but I read as follows:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh even from the Lord."

Just then the guns began close by, and I missed some, but Alf took hold of my hand, and I went on:

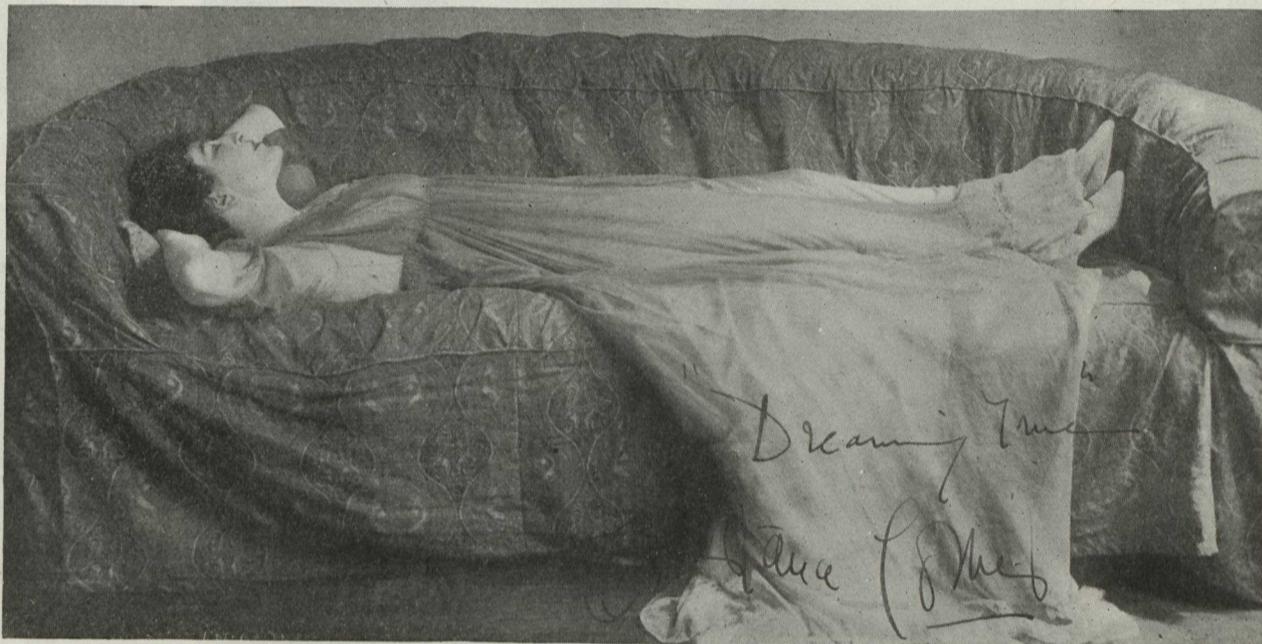
"The Lord Himself is thy keeper, the Lord is thy defence on thy right hand. So that the sun shall not burn thee by day, neither the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil—" and there I give up and drop a tear, and Alf said, "That's enough, old girl," and put it away. And just on the top of that came the one close by, that you've read about in the paper, and broke the windows in the next street. I didn't scream, but I must have went pretty white, for Young George he gets his arms round me, and "Sit tight, mother," he says; "we've said our prayers, and there's nothing more we can do."

His father looks at him kind of proud, and "Well, if that don't put the lid on," he says. I can't think why Alf said that.

We was none of us hurt, and next morning kippers had gone up a penny.

Your affectionate sister,

MARY BRITTEN.

By
KATHERINE
HALE.Illustrated from
Photograph.

Would You Learn to Dream True?

WOULD you, in the darkest hour of the world's history, glimpse a secret of light? In an hour in which life and death are interwoven so that we can hardly tell where one ends and the other begins, would you search a strange magic which annihilates space, distance, time—even death itself? Then learn to "dream true."

Most of us know Du Maurier, son of a French father and an English mother, who wrote, after the age of sixty, three of the most remarkable English novels: "Trilby," "The Martian" and "Peter Ibbetson."

"Peter Ibbetson" contains much of Du Maurier's biography, though the famous illustrator and story-writer went afield for his plot, as he never killed an objectionable guardian nor fell into danger of hanging. Still, he might easily have done so under like provocation. And, after all, the murder and Peter's subsequent imprisonment for life are necessary as the banishment from an encroaching world which every soul that attains a cosmic or spirit consciousness must undergo.

It took twenty years for the dramatist to reduce the singular novel, "Peter Ibbetson," to what he considered a successful play. Part of the time Du Maurier himself worked with him, but by a strange irony of fate, the aged novelist had died, and also the young dramatist before the play was bought and produced by the best loved of English actresses, one who carried out the Du Maurier tradition more fully than would be possible to any other woman in the theatrical world to-day. After a warm reception on its first appearance in London, the play was enthusiastically received in New York, is now touring Canada, and will be seen in the Western States the beginning of next season.

Do you remember the lovely old story—a perfect picture of the early eighties? An English-French family were living in Paris, Ibbetson, his beautiful wife and the little Peter, and their great friend was Madame Seraskier, her wee daughter, Mimsey, being the adored playmate of Peter. And there was old Major Duquenois, who used to tell them wonderful stories. Then Peter is left an orphan, and falls into the hands of the dissolute rake, Major Ibbetson, his father's cousin. Transplanted to London from his beloved Paris, and longing for the haunts of his boyhood, he meets by chance his old-time Mimsey, disguised under the title, "Mary, Duchess of Towers." They meet and love just as naturally as of old, but Mary is not free. What might have been a tragedy is averted by the fact that she tells him how, without even touching hands, they may meet in the loveliest companionship in dreamland—that silvery country that is called the astral plane. Only, to "dream true" one must be true—the soul must remain as white as a pure and selfless flame.

Constance Collier, a wonderful Duchess of Towers, shows Peter how to dream. "It's quite easy," she says; "my father taught me. You have only to go asleep with your feet crossed and your hands behind your head. You must never leave off thinking where you ought to be in your dream, and when you fall asleep you get there."

They experiment, and find that they possess the inherent power which opens a magic gate of enchantment.

Then comes the tempest, in which, to avenge an insult to his mother's name, the boy kills the black maligner and is condemned to imprisonment for

life. The sentence is too awful for him to bear until Mary reminds him of the power they both possess.

Then occurs a succession of the most exquisite stage pictures ever seen since play-acting began. Peter and Mary are able to summon the vision of pure love, and again they are children in the woods of Passy, time is discounted, distance is defied, they live again in that golden, golden light of faith and love and joyous purity, for all sweet things, all true things are deathless—that is what this dream-play keeps saying over and over again. When at last Mary dies, and Peter feels that for a moment he has lost her, she comes back in spirit to tell him that he is really just beginning to live, because she has found that death is a joyous going on, that "we fly away with our memories about us" to a very dear and wonderful beyond.

It is one of the extraordinary revelations of the time that great audiences everywhere should accept what would have been called pure phantasy a few years ago, with a realization that the whole drama is symbolic of experiences that human hearts are actually undergoing to-day.

The youth of our country, boys, many of them as unusual and poetic as Peter Ibbetson, have gone out to kill. They, too, have murder in their hearts against a blackness that would stain pure love. We are all banished from normal joys to-day. Death stands beside sweet life, the two seem to draw closer and closer as each moment goes by and the apparent darkness thickens about us.

What of the outcome if souls must remain speechless through earth's enveloping grey mists to the bright beyond? Shall we, too, learn to dream true?

Hon. Dr. Cody, Ontario's New Minister of Education, Outlines His Plans

(Exclusive Interview With Canadian Home Journal)

His First Official Statement of Program for Pushing Ontario to the Front—He Will Meet the People and Learn Their Views—Plans to Make the Public School Fit the Needs of the Masses—A Great Movement

By THOMAS BENGOUGH,
Secretary, Toronto Vocational Committee.

I had the honor of an invitation from Ontario's new Minister of Education, Hon. Dr. Cody, to talk over with him some educational subjects in which he knew I was interested, he having read some of my views as expressed through the "Canadian Home Journal." As we have been intimate for many years, the meeting was quite informal and unofficial, being held in Dr. Cody's private library at his residence on Jarvis Street, Toronto; but as all the matters we discussed were of public interest, especially to readers of this Journal—some of them having been touched upon by the Minister a few days later in his address to the Canadian Press Association—I secured his consent to the publication of the interview which follows. Dr. Cody is not responsible in any way for this Introduction, which he has not seen, but at my request he revised the Interview which follows, and which may be taken as his first official pronouncement of policy on these matters since his selection by Premier Hearst, who is to be congratulated on the choice of so able a colleague.

I wish to bear my personal testimony to the unusual equipment which Dr. Cody brings to his new and onerous task. He holds one of the most responsible offices that could be allotted to any man in Canada, for the advance steps taken by Ontario are watched and imitated by other Canadian provinces, and even by other nations. But if the work of the Ontario Education Department should influence no people outside this province, it would be supremely important, for the training of millions of our young people will be decided very largely by the new Minister of Education.

The training of Dr. Cody himself has been exceptionally good. His home-life was ideal. I had the unique privilege, when a boy, of spending some months in that home, in the village of Embro, Ontario, in which his father, an honored merchant, and his godly mother, maintained all the best traditions of fidelity to duty as sung by Robbie Burns in his "Cottar's Saturday Night":

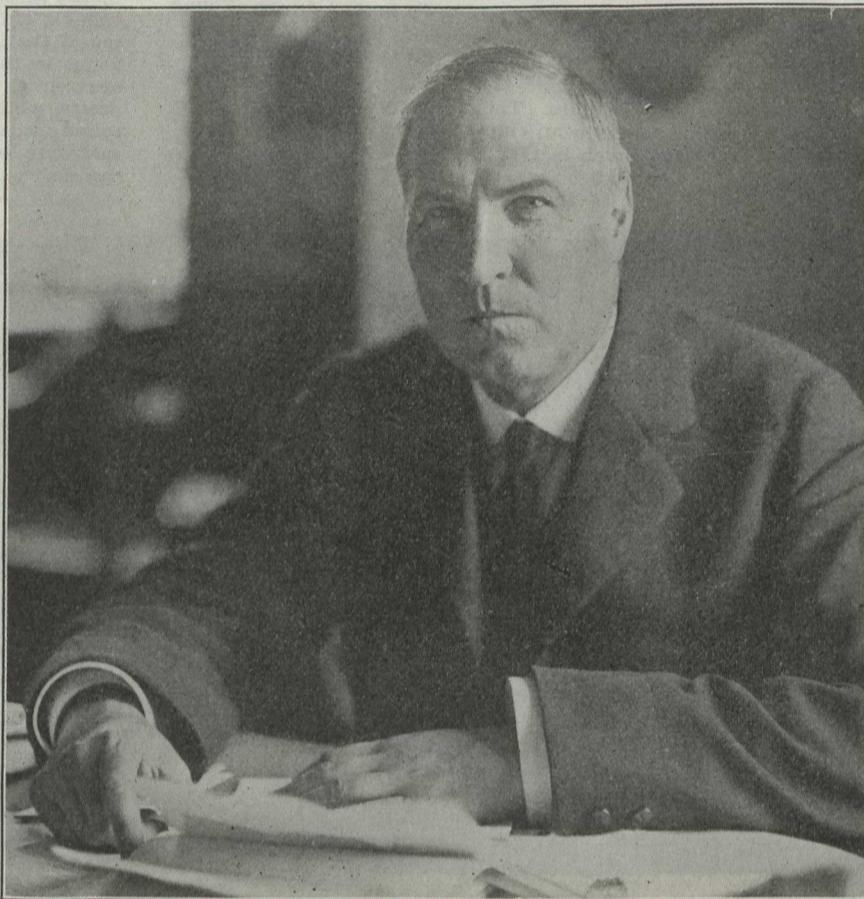
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.

I was deeply impressed, as a lad, when present at the simple and devout family worship, at the Cody fireside, when, after reading a chapter from "the big Ha' Bible, aince his father's pride," the homely scene so well described by Burns was re-enacted, and "the saint, the husband and the father prayed" for guidance in the bringing up of this precious boy, as well as for help in the daily affairs of the family. I well remember also attending a small meeting of men of Embro at a society which I believe they called a Young Men's Christian Association. Dr. Cody's father was the leader, and opened the discussion on "The Advantages of being a Christian," by telling, in the simplest language, how at every step in his life he asked for Divine guidance, and how he had been helped at every stage in his journey. I am glad to know that this worthy father still lives to view with proud satisfaction, and also with humble gratitude to God, the great work which his son has already done for Toronto in connection with St. Paul's Church, and which is now to be enlarged to take in the Province in its most important department of Government.

The young student, who got such a fine start in life, went to High School in Galt, a town made famous for education through Dr. Tassie's noted work. During his university career Mr. Cody was fortunate in having as his "guide, philosopher and friend" the late John E. Bryant, M.A., a brilliant educationist, who was editor of "The Educational Weekly," and later on founded the Bryant Press in this city and the Booklovers' Library in Philadelphia.

Young Cody's motto all through his life has been "Thorough," and it is needless to say that at examinations all through his career he swept the papers and took the highest standing. As an example of his thoroughness I may mention that I reported his address before the Empire Club on "The National Anthem," which gave evidence of

the deepest research into the history of that production, and an examination of many questions relating to its disputed authorship. When a request was made by Dr. Goggin for a copy of the address to be used in the public school reading books—for it was a classic—Dr. Cody revised it so completely that not a single page of the transcript could be sent to the printer without entire re-copying. Every date had been verified, every statement reviewed, every literary period rounded



Hon. Dr. Cody, the new Minister of Education, in his study.

out, every sentence perfected. This is a typical illustration of the unstinted labor which Dr. Cody bestows on everything he undertakes.

Dr. Cody has been blessed by nature with an all-round bounty—a physical constitution that can stand any amount of work; a happy heartedness, mental alertness, buoyant joy in work, open-mindedness, sympathy, concentration, keenness, thoroughness, and absolute frankness and fairness. He has no arts or wiles, and is a decidedly new type in politics. He will "play the game" all right, but in a new, frank, broad-minded, lofty-spirited way. That he will succeed in his new sphere goes without saying, for he knows the Science and Art of Education from A to Z, and he has already put himself *en rapport* with teachers and educational officials as well as the general public by his frank desire to meet the people and get their suggestions and constructive criticisms—an attitude which at once disarms captious criticism and gives him a fair chance to "make good" on some of his strongly-held views.

Dr. Cody feels that his "call" to his present task is as clear as his original call to the ministry of the church; for he is essentially a missionary, a crusader, a knight with lance ready for the conflict with evil in any form; and I am sure he will enjoy a tilt with the Dragon of Ignorance, and that he will rouse his army of officials, inspectors, and teachers of all ranks to enthusiasm in the holy war against illiteracy, and to the task of fitting our naturally bright Canadian youth for conquest over material difficulties, and in the search for hidden riches in the wonderful natural resources of Ontario. His program for fitting the public school specially to the needs of the ninety per cent. of children who get no further education will, if carried out, result in a great uplift to this Province.

THE INTERVIEW

(As submitted to and revised by the Minister of Education.)

The reasons which led Rev. Dr. Cody to assume the office of Minister of Education, and enter politics have naturally been much discussed. On this point Hon. Dr. Cody said:

"I feel that in these great days everyone is called on to serve his country to the best of his ability; not only to do 'his bit,'—that may seem to be the minimum amount that he can do—but more than his bit, his very utmost. Probably at no other time, under no other circumstances, would it have been possible for the Prime Minister to have invited me to undertake this work, or for me to attempt to undertake it. But I am trying to do this in all humility as a piece of public service to my native Province and this Dominion, which I so dearly love. Believe me, I am undertaking this task not from any ambitious motives, and I think I may honestly add from any selfish consideration, but solely and wholly to try to render a service in this day and generation to the cause of education in Canada."

"But your entry into public life, while still retaining your position as rector of St. Paul's church, puzzles some people."

"It is a somewhat unusual step, I know," replied Dr. Cody, "but under our political constitution membership in the Legislature is the only way through which one can exercise the executive power in connection with the Department of Education. Ample provision is being made for the carrying on of the work at St. Paul's, so that I can devote myself, as I intend, with fullest energy to the Department of Education."

"What is the chief feature of the many-sided work of your Department that has most impressed you?" I asked.

"Three things stand out in great prominence in my mind," replied the Minister of Education; "first, the great importance of keeping public opinion in our Province so strong on education that great and progressive measures may be projected and sustained, as was the case with the Fisher Bill in England; next, the great need of heartening and properly supporting teachers of all grades with public sympathy and substantial recognition in money and influence; and thirdly, the special value in Canada to-day of the growing boys, who must be trained so as to be able to discharge the double responsibility which is now upon them—that which they would have to bear under normal conditions, and also the extra burden of trying to do part of the work that would have been done by the gallant fellows who will not come back to us in Canada. Therefore all that we can do for our boys of to-day in the way of sound education is a patriotic service of the highest possible character."

I told Dr. Cody how I had been trying to do my "bit" in the way of creating public sentiment in favor of progressive measures in education through the "Canadian Home Journal," the "Home and School Council," and in public addresses, and I asked him his intentions in these directions. His reply was cheering.

"I feel," said Dr. Cody, "that I have a 'brief' for teachers, trustees, and all who wish to see educational interests pushed forward; and I intend personally to visit teachers, schools, and the general public, and not only learn what is going on, but do what I can to show my sympathy with every effort to advance and improve education in this Province. I do not propose to be merely an office man; I intend to let the officials of my Department attend to the routine matters, while I keep in touch with those who are doing the work of training, pushing their local projects for the improvement of education, and paying the taxes for schools and educational property and

(Continued on page 52.)

THE CANADIAN TOMMY ON LEAVE IN ENGLAND

How the Y. M. C. A. Solves His Problems

By JOHN MELDRUM.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been directed of late to the work of the Canadian Y. M. C. A. in France, and the public may be pardoned if they subconsciously arrive at the conclusion that in no other direction do the ramifications of the Association extend.

As a matter of fact, the fields of operation are four in number. In the training camps in Canada, on board the transports conveying men to Europe, in the British Isles, as well as in the immediate theatre of war, the Canadian Red Triangle "hangs out," and its officers and men "carry on" for the boys.

Unsettled Conditions.

In some respects the service rendered in Great Britain is the most important of all. It is there that the most permanent results of "Y" influence and service are obtained, because the conditions are very much less unsettled than they are in France. While the service to the boys in the fighting line stands unique, and is a contribution to the efficiency of the Canadian army, of which the Association is justly proud, at the same time the constant movements of the troops make anything like prolonged intensive work almost an impossibility.

It is no uncommon thing in a Canadian area in France for the labor of many months on the part of the Red Triangle staff to set up a complete organization to be completely upset. Owing to some suddenly arising military contingency, carefully laid plans have to be abandoned, and equipment dismantled and removed to another location. The result is that, although the Y. M. C. A. has all along rendered an ever-increasing service to the men, much that has been planned to be done has never seen accomplishment.

This unsettled condition of things does not apply to the work in London and Great Britain generally, or in Paris. The Canadian Y. M. C. A. covers Forestry units from the north of Scotland to the large training camps in the south of England, and it embraces in its care convalescent camps and hospitals, as well as hospitality and "on leave" problems in London and elsewhere.

In all of these centres men may come and men may go, but the "Y" keeps at it from sun-up to sun-down, from one year's end to another. Obviously under such conditions the programme of the Red Triangle in ministering to the mental, moral and spiritual welfare of our boys has a far better chance of reaching a high point of efficiency than it has in France, although it may not manifest itself in such striking and dramatic ways.

The Moment of Danger.

In dealing with the moral aspect of Y. M. C. A. work, it is important to remember that the moment of supreme danger to the soldier does not occur in Canada, or on the high seas, or in the hell of the trenches. Most men have sufficient moral stamina to resist the temptations peculiar to such surroundings. The hour of subtle temptation comes when the boys are released from the training camps, or from the trenches, and given ten days' leave.

The men are turned loose, strangers in a strange land, knowing nobody, unsettled in their minds what they are going to do with their time, and in the majority of cases quite unable to make the most and the best of the opportunity unaided. Right here the men of



Princess Patricia of Connaught and Princess Helena Victoria visit the London Y. M. C. A. centres for men on leave.

the Red Triangle turn up smiling with a proffer of service that may lack the dramatic appeal to the public imagination presented by the "Y" service to the boys in the trenches and elsewhere in the battle zone, but which unquestionably is a service for which thousands of Canadian parents and wives have cause to thank God. The "Y's

Men," as they have been christened, unobtrusively but effectively stand between the soldiers and those human sharks who regard every man in khaki as their natural prey.

How They See the Old Country.

As soon as the Canadian troops arrive in England they are placed in a Segregation Camp and kept there until all danger of disease is past. At the end of their quarantine the men are sent on leave for ten or fourteen days. Before their departure the boys are addressed by a Y. M. C. A. officer, who explains to them the arrangements that have been made for their convenience during the holidays. Copies of the illustrated booklet, "Seeing the Old Country Through the Red Triangle," are distributed. This gives an itinerary of tours in London, the beauty spots of England, Scotland and Wales. When a man has "signed up" for a particular tour he is given a folder containing a map of the route, train times, and other information. In connection with these tours an arrangement has been effected with the Co-operative Holiday Association whereby nine guest houses in various parts of the country receive Canadians on leave. Before setting out the boys know exactly the minimum amount of money they must spend, and the programme for every minute of their time is in their hands. As a rule the men proceed in a body to London, where they are met by "Y" officers who conduct them in groups to their respective railway stations and see them on board their trains.

London the Supreme Attraction.

London, is, of course, the supreme attraction, and the facilities for serving the Canadian Tommy on leave in that great City have been perfected to a high degree. In the Strand, the Beaver Hut, presided over by Miss Helen Fitzrandolph, of New Brunswick, has 200 beds and can serve 2,000 meals daily. The Little Theatre, Adelphi, serves 15,000 meals every month, and is a centre for Canadians and other overseas troops on leave. Millbank Hut, close to the Canadian Pay Office, serves 16,000 meals daily. At Grosvenor Gardens Kit-Store the men can leave their kits and any other impedimenta free of charge. At most of these centres a constant programme of concerts, piano recitals, lectures, etc., is put on for the boys, and at all of them there are facilities for reading, writing, resting and meeting friends. Each club is also an "Enquiry Upon Everything" Bureau.

The Hospitality League.

Many of the boys who do not care to tour under the auspices of the Y.M.C.A., and prefer to "do London on their own," generally come, sooner or later, into touch with the Hospitality League organized by the Red Triangle. They find the vastness and loneliness of the metropolis overpowering, and are generally glad to be taken in hand and receive an invitation from a hostess whose hospitable door is ever open to the men from overseas. Through this league several hundred hostesses from the best London homes extend a welcome to any who care to spend an evening under the happiest and best auspices. Many hundreds of Canadians take advantage of this opportunity, and one-third of all the men dealt

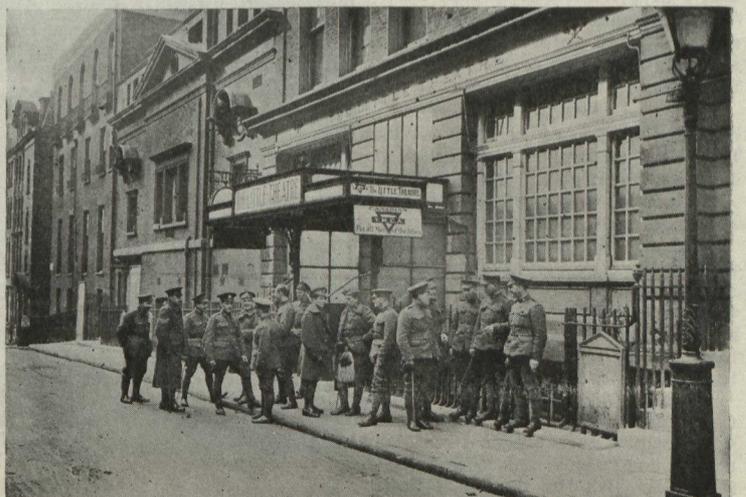
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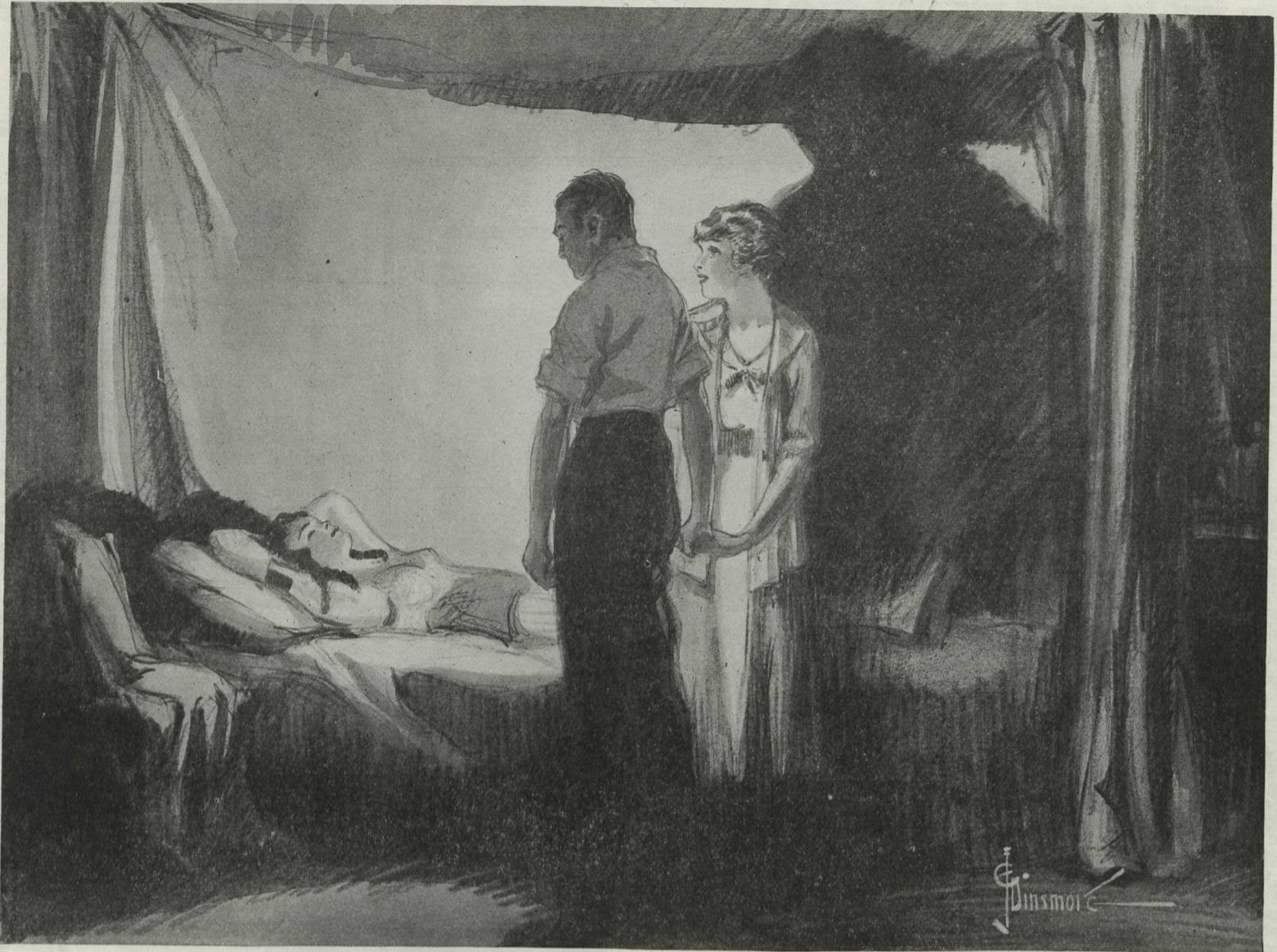


Centre—The Lounge in Canadian Y. M. C. A. Hotel d'Iena, Paris.

Left—A Canadian party leaving the Hotel d'Iena.

Right—Canadian Boys in front of Y. M. C. A. "Little Theatre," London.





"Then she drew me to the bed and held the light so that the sleeper's face was clearly revealed."

A King in Babylon

By BURTON E. STEVENSON
Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE.

The Big Scene of The Picture is Filmed,
The Burying Alive of The Princess

Synopsis on page 16

CHAPTER XX (Continued.)

"I FEEL that I shall never be afraid again," Jimmy added, after a moment. "Never again—whatever happens!"

So that was the change we had sensed in him—he had shaken off fear.

"You mean that you have been afraid?" I asked. "Oh, desperately. It wasn't the heat, Billy, that sent me off like that. It was fear—fear and bewilderment—a sort of feeling that Fate had brought me here after the lapse of centuries for some awful purpose of its own. I seemed to recognize this oasis; the first time I looked down into that excavation, it somehow looked familiar; when we dug out that ghastly mummy, I knew that I had seen it before . . ."

"Of course you had seen it before!" I broke in. "No, I hadn't. I'd never laid eyes on it till Creel and I dragged it out of that hole."

"It was manufactured in our work rooms about a month ago," I pointed out, "so if you mean you had seen it out here, or in some former existence, or anything of that sort—why, it's ridiculous!"

"I know it," Jimmy agreed. "Perhaps it was one like it—I suppose they all look alike. But the biggest shock was when we laid it on the sand, and I stared down at it, and saw it change . . ."

He passed his hand before his eyes, and let the sentence trail away into nothingness.

"The trouble with you is," I said brusquely, "that this infernal picture has got on your brain. You've muddled over it so much that you are beginning to think it's true, and to imagine you really see what you are only supposed to see! It makes your acting better than I ever knew it—I'll say that—but it must be blamed hard on your nerves!"

"You may be right," Jimmy agreed. "As a matter of fact, I suppose you *are* right. But all that was nothing to the sensation I had when I crawled through that hole this afternoon—and it had nothing to do with the picture, either!"

"I could see that you were scared," I said.

was waiting for me inside." I felt the desert chill strike into me, and I snuggled back deeper into the sand.

"Well, was there?" I asked, in a voice I tried vainly to make unconcerned.

"Yes," answered Jimmy, in a low tone, "there was."

"What was it?" I asked, and all pretense had fallen away—I had slipped back shamefully into unreasoning fear!—and my voice was only a hoarse whisper.

"I don't know what it was," answered Jimmy, quietly; "but I know that it took me by the hand, as if in welcome, and raised me from the place where I had fallen, and led me through that narrow door, and along that corridor, to the spot where I lay buried; and it said to me, 'Kneel here!' . . ."

He broke off suddenly, and rubbed his head bewilderedly.

"There's a crook somewhere," he said; "I can't think straight—I can't disentangle reality from unreality—it's all mixed up. Do you suppose I'm going mad, Billy?"

"Mad?" I echoed. "Nonsense, man!"

But there was a chill in my blood; perhaps that was it!

"My mind seems extraordinarily lucid," he added, "and all my senses seem somehow more acute. That's one reason I wanted to go over there tonight—I could see things and hear things and smell things . . ."

"Nonsense!" I said again, and rose abruptly—he'd be asking me to accompany him, next! "You're going to bed—that's where you're going. We've all of us got a hard day ahead to-morrow, and we'll need all the rest we can get. Come along!"

He rose with an obedience that surprised me.

"Whether I'm mad or not," he said, as we started back, "there's one thing I'll promise you—I'll never be afraid again!"

"Scared!

Scared isn't the name for it. I was in a blue funk. It was all I could do to claw my way through that hole, because I knew, clear to the bottom of my soul, that it was my own tomb I was entering, and that something

CHAPTER XXI.

HE was as good as his word. Whatever he was after that—malign, demoniac, possessed—I am sure that not for one instant was he afraid. Right up to the end of the chapter, he carried a brave front—even a reckless one. Perhaps, in the final hour, when he found himself alone . . .

Next morning, while Davis and two or three of the natives were chipping away at the cemented lid of the sarcophagus of Sekenyen-Re, we made a re-take of the discovery of the mummy, and Jimmy went through the whole gruesome programme without a shiver. The mummy was lifted through the hole, and then Jimmy entered, while Creel, again in khaki in the character of first assistant explorer, posed the natives, with the invaluable assistance of Mustafa. The scene, of course, was to follow immediately the one we had taken the day before, when Jimmy entered the tomb, and the audiences that viewed the picture would never suspect the exciting events which had occurred between!

Creel got everything ready, at last, and gave me the signal, and I started cranking, and then he went forward and peered through the hole; and then he backed away, and Jimmy appeared in the opening with the mummy in his arms. He held it closely, even lovingly, and as he passed it out to Creel and Mustafa, he cast a glance which I can only describe as exultant at Mlle. Roland, who was waiting, attired in her harem costume, to do the vision. Her attitude was one of calm detachment, as though the proceedings rather bored her; but Jimmy's eyes were shining as though he had somehow won a great victory.

Then the mummy was laid on the ground, and he went through the business of staring down at it, and tumbling in a faint; but he didn't do it half so convincingly as he had the day before! I don't mean to say he didn't do it well—Jimmy was too good an actor to do anything badly—but his performance lacked the gripping, hair-raising reality which it had possessed before. Then it had given me the shivers—now I watched it quite unconcerned.

It wasn't till Mlle. Roland came forward to do the double-exposure that I saw how pale she was. Creel noticed it too.

"Aren't you well?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, thank you, I am quite well," she answered, and took her place on the sand.

"For heaven's sake, don't you get to falling over!"

"Do not fear; I am not of that sort," and she smiled up at him much as she was supposed to smile up at Jimmy.

Creel stood looking down at her for a moment with a puzzled face—perhaps it was the gibe at

(Continued on following page.)

A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

Jimmy which puzzled him!—then he turned away abruptly.

"All right, Billy," he said, and I made the double exposure, just as I had the first time.

Then we did a short scene of four natives carrying away the unconscious Jimmy, while the girl, materializing apparently out of the body of the mummy, sat up and leered after him in triumph—and, heavens, the way she did it! Then, as the sun had grown uncomfortably hot, we went over to the oasis, and gathered up Ma Creel and Mollie, and did two or three fillers with the palms and the native camp as backgrounds; and finally Creel dismissed us with the injunction to be ready at three o'clock in Oriental costume.

I knew that he was going to do the burying-alive scene—the biggest scene of the film, upon which its success would very largely depend—and I soon realized that he was nervous over it, for he actually came and asked me for advice—me, the cameraman!—as I was putting away my box.

"I don't half-like the idea of those natives handling the Princess," he said; "especially in that harem rig. You remember how they looked at her."

"Do they have to handle her?" I asked.

"Well, naturally, there has to be a struggle. She's not going to let herself be put inside that tomb without a fight. Of course, from the picture point of view, the more brutal the fight is the better—I'm afraid it will get too brutal."

"If we had some swords or spears . . ."

But Creel shook his head impatiently.

"That wouldn't do. She'd throw herself on the spears rather than be buried alive. Anybody would! No—she's got to be handled roughly—damn roughly! This is the big scene, and we've got to put it over. What the king would really have done would be to have his men strip her naked, and lash her with whips into the tomb. We can't go that far, of course, but we've got to get as close to it as we dare!"

"You'd better find out how much the Princess will stand for," I suggested.

"Oh, I'm not afraid of that—she's an artist—she'll stand for whatever is necessary. Digby can do most of it, with Mustafa to help. I think we can trust Mustafa. If that isn't enough, I'll have to put on a coat of bronze myself. Come along and let's look over the ground. You don't mind the sun, do you?"

"No," I said; "I seem to be sun-proof;" and Creel summoned Digby, and together we walked over to the excavation.

The natives had knocked off work, but Mustafa routed out a couple for us, and under Creel's direction, the entrance to the tomb was squared up, and the stones to fill the opening were piled up neatly close at hand.

"We'll have to have something for mortar," said Creel; "black mortar like that in the wall."

"Sand and water will do," said Digby. "I can darken it with some lamp-black."

"All right," Creel agreed. "You didn't forget those trowels, did you?"

"Sure not," said Digby who never forgot anything.

"There's one place up there where the masonry's broken. You'd better have that repaired, Mustafa, and then have the whole front of the tomb scrubbed off, so that it will look clean and new. And sweep up all this debris. I want it to look as it did four thousand years ago, when it was first built."

"Vurry good, saar," said Mustafa, and sent a native off for brooms and water.

"This stone with the oval in it," Creel added, "will be the last one in—the seal, as it were, closing up the tomb. You want to do some figuring, Digby, so that it will fit in properly. Do you know anything about masonry?"

"I know enough to pull off this job," Digby assured him. "I'll pile up the stones the way they go—it ought to be easy, then."

"That's right," Creel agreed. "And, of course, if you get stuck, we can stop camera. And get your props ready, Digby—we'll want the whole outfit, you know, to make the scene as impressive as possible. And get the sand cleaned off those steps, Mustafa—I want to take one scene there. If we had a strip of carpet . . ."

"I've got one," said Digby. "I put it in on the chance we'd need it."

"Good for you! Lay it

from the steps over to the tomb; and spread some rugs here for the king to stand on. It wouldn't hurt to rig up a square of painted canvas for a shelter."

"All right," said Digby, and hurried away to carry out these multifarious instructions.

"I don't know what I'd do without Digby," said Creel, looking after him. Then he turned back to the tomb. "Come along; let's see what the professor's doing."

I hadn't seen Davis all morning—he had risen ahead of all of us, and had been too busy since to waste any time watching our performance. I knew what he was at, for intermittently I had caught the sound of his chisels chipping at the sarcophagus. Now, as we climbed through the hole, the sound came clearer and louder.

"If he does find a coffin in that thing, he'll have to tear this wall down before he can get it out," Creel remarked, as we squeezed through the narrow passage into the corridor. "Gracious but it's hot in here!" he added, and indeed the atmosphere was more stifling than I had ever felt it. "I don't see how Davis stands it. Look at him, working like a slave . . ."

He was crouched beside the sarcophagus, in a position which must have been acutely uncomfortable, and hammering away at the cement by the light of a torch held by one of the natives. He paused to wipe away the perspiration, as we came in, saw us, and greeted us cheerfully.

"I'll have it open by evening," he said, and showed us where the adamantine cement had been chiselled away for about half the length of the lid. "This is certainly the hardest stuff I ever tackled."

Three natives were helping him, and the impact of their chisels was of steel on steel.

"I'm going to do the burying-alive scene this afternoon," said Creel, "and we'll have to wall up that hole out there for a few minutes; but I guess you won't suffocate."

"No, of course not," Davis agreed. "Go ahead. Also I'll have to use about all the natives."

"All right. I can't use them in here," and he bent again to his task.

Creel watched him for a moment curiously.

"You really expect to find a mummy in there?" he asked.

"A mummy—yes—and much more," said Davis,

between blows. "I hope to prove whether the book of Genesis is true or false."

Creel whistled softly. "Come along, Billy," he said. "We'd better be off about our picayune affairs. This is too big for us!"

Davis answered with a short laugh.

"It is big," he agreed.

"Too big, I suppose," continued Creel, "to permit your stopping for lunch."

"Is it time for lunch?" and Davis looked up in surprise.

"It's almost noon."

Davis straightened his back slowly, laid his hammer and chisel regretfully on top of the sarcophagus, and mopped the sweat from his face.

"I might have guessed it by the heat," he said, and dismissed the natives, who scampered off with an alacrity which showed that they, at least, had not been oblivious to the passage of time and the pangs of hunger. "I didn't realize how tired I was," he added. "This sort of work takes it out of a fellow. It's a mistake to overdo it."

"Yes, it is," agreed Creel; "it's a mistake to overdo anything. You think you'll be ready to open that thing to-night?"

"Yes—there is only four or five hours' more work on it."

"And after that you are going to tear down that door with the 'Keep Out!' sign on it?"

"Yes," and Davis cast an amused glance toward the symbol of warning cut in the farther wall.

Creel hesitated a minute.

"You haven't seen any more ghosts?" he asked at last, in a tone he tried vainly to render merely casual.

"I haven't seen any at all," snapped Davis. "I never saw a ghost—I don't believe in them."

"Neither do I," said Creel slowly. "At least, I didn't think I did—but yesterday . . ."

"Do you really believe someone knocked that torch out of your hand?" Davis demanded.

"Did Billy tell you that?" asked Creel, and cast on me a reproachful glance. "As a matter of fact, I don't know what happened. At the time, I would have sworn that it was knocked out of my hand—and there was an ugly welt across my knuckles to prove it. But I've thought about it a good deal since, and of course it *does* seem absurd. Perhaps I *did* knock my hand against something—though what I could have knocked it against beats me. I was standing right here—you can see for yourself I wasn't within reach of anything . . ."

He stopped suddenly, his eyes on the floor. For Davis, with a sardonic smile, had turned the ray of his torch upon a jagged fragment of stone which lay almost at his feet—a stone which would weigh four or five pounds; and then he pointed his torch toward the roof, and we saw the hole from which the fragment had fallen.

"There's your ghost," he said drily. "No wonder it raised a welt!"

Creel stared at the stone a moment longer; then he stooped and picked it up and weighed it in his hand, and examined its sharp edges. Finally he cast it away into a corner of the tomb.

"No doubt you are right," he agreed; "and I suppose I seem an awful fool to you. Nevertheless there's one thing I want to say, and it is this: I understand in a dim way what you hope to find in this sarcophagus; it's a big thing—a tremendous thing—worth running some risk for . . ."

"What risk?" demanded Davis.

"I don't know; but I feel somehow that there is a risk . . ."

"Rubbish!" Davis broke in. "Even if there were, do you suppose I . . ."

"No, I don't," said Creel; "and I wouldn't ask you to. I'd take it myself. In fact, before you raise the lid, I hope you will invite me to be present."

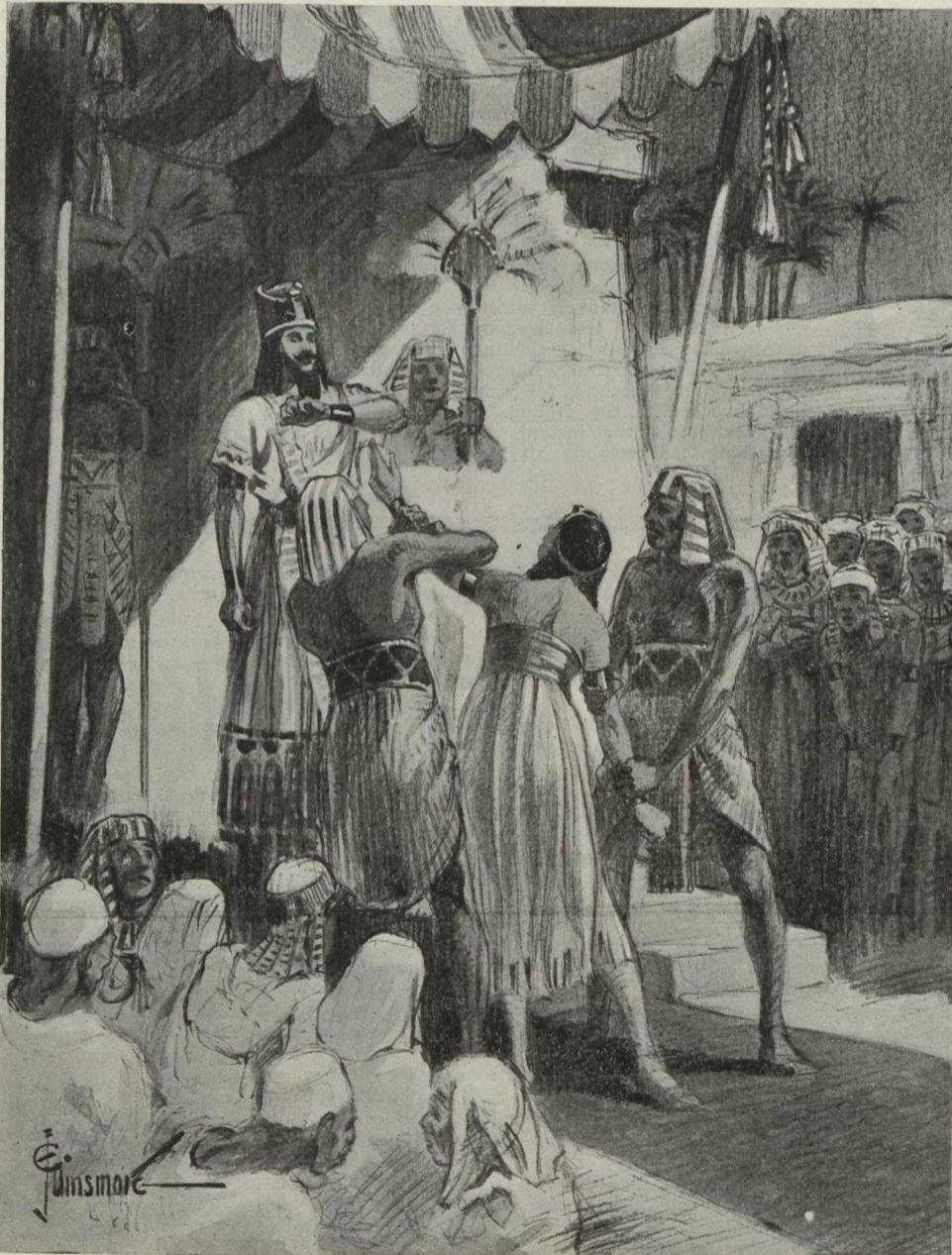
"All right; I will," Davis agreed. "But what is it you're driving at?"

"What I'm driving at is this," said Creel, speaking with visible effort; "I feel, somehow, that the risk you run in opening this sarcophagus, great as it is, isn't a thousandth part of the risk you'll take if you tear down that door back yonder."

Davis stared at him.

"Nonsense, man!" he cried. "You're not developing a case of nerves, too!"

(Continued on following page.)



"She begged for mercy, the tears streaming down her face, 'Look—I am young—I am beautiful—see this body, so soft and tender—so full of delight—and it is yours—yours.'"

A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

"Oh, Jimmy has got over his!" said Creel. "You should have seen him this morning hugging that mummy—quite as if he liked it! No, it isn't nerves—it is something deeper. What do you expect to find behind that door?"

"I don't know," answered Davis; "but I do know one thing, and it is this: there is something there—something unusual—something terrible, perhaps. That sign was never used without good reason. No Egyptian would dare disregard it."

"Ah, you see," Creel began.

"But I am not an Egyptian," Davis broke in. "I'm a scientist—I have left those old superstitions behind me. That sign, instead of warning me away, lures me on. I am determined to see what is behind that door!"

His eyes were shining with excitement. Creel gazed into them a moment without speaking.

"I see," he said, at last. "I dare say I should feel the same way, in your place. Well, let's go to lunch," and he turned away toward the corridor.

CHAPTER XXII.

CREEL and Mustafa had a strenuous time, that afternoon, getting our cohort of natives into shape. They were so excited by the prospect of dressing up in masquerade that they behaved like a lot of children.

Mustafa opened the proceedings by an oration in what I suppose was Arabic, and the fellahin listened respectfully, squatted in a semi-circle before him. It was the first time I had had occasion to observe them *en masse* and closely, and I was struck by their strange similarity of appearance—a similarity much greater than that of negroes or even Chinamen. The almond-shaped eyes, with their thick fringe of lashes, the smooth straight eyebrows, the wide-lipped mouth, the high cheek-bones, the receding forehead, the broad flat nose—all these gave to that circle of bronze faces a uniformity almost startling, especially since every face was crowned with a close-fitting skull-cap, converted into a sort of turban by winding a strip of dirty white cloth around it; and add to this the fact that their bodies, thin almost to emaciation, were all clothed alike in long brown smocks and baggy white trousers—why, it almost seemed as if Mustafa's audience was composed not of fifty men, but of fifty replicas of the same man!

They listened to the dragoman's remarks in silence and with impassive faces until, toward the end, he rose to what I supposed to be a more impassioned flight, for then they grinned and nodded approval, and chattered to each other like a lot of blackbirds. I found out afterwards that what had won this applause was not any trick of oratory, but the promise of an extra hundred piastres for the crowd, if it would do faithfully what was required of it. A hundred piastres runs all the way to five dollars, and Creel afterwards paid it cheerfully.

But our troubles were just beginning. The natives, under the stimulus of this brilliant reward, were willing enough and donned joyously the gorgeous raiment prepared for them, but to get them to do what we wanted them to do brought Creel to the verge of hysteria. All credit to him that he finally succeeded, except when . . . but I mustn't get ahead of my story.

The first scene we took was in front of the tent, showing the erstwhile favorite being dragged away to her fate, while the king looked cynically on, with his eunuchs and other minions in the background. Digby and Mustafa did the dragging, and they had their hands so full that it looked to me as though Creel would have to don that coat of bronze and help!

From the instant Mlle. Roland came in sight between her captors, I knew we were in for an afternoon of excitement. Her face was deathly pale, her eyes filmed with horror, her whole being vibrant with desperate agony. I have never seen a glance more heartrending than that she cast at Jimmy; but his cynical smile did not waver and he urged her executioners on. The effect on the natives was extraordinary—just the effect we wanted, as Creel observed delightedly, for they moved uneasily, staring with open mouths, evidently divided between fear of Jimmy, who looked very regal indeed in his purple robes, and sympathy for his victim, who had never seemed more beautiful.

"Great!" said Creel, when the scene was finished, and Mlle. Roland stood pale and panting, while Mustafa scraped the sweat from his face with a hooked finger. (Poor Digby didn't dare wipe his, for fear the bronze would come off!) "It couldn't be better, Princess. Now we'll take another, out at the edge of the oasis."

She walked away without answering, and there was something in her face which made me vaguely uneasy—the same look which Jimmy's face had had the day before—a look which seemed to say that this wasn't acting at all, but grim reality. And there was something in the look which Jimmy sent after her I didn't like, either—a kind of infernal gloating . . .

I got my camera set up with a beautiful clump of palms as a background, while Creel and Mustafa marshalled the players, and then we did a scene with

the whole crowd starting across the desert toward the tomb. The Princess had ceased struggling, and walked with drooping shoulders and bowed head, as though she recognized the uselessness of resistance. As she passed the camera, she looked straight into it with the most tragic glance I ever saw. To look into the camera is usually an error of technique; but it wasn't in this case. I could guess how that glance would thrill the audience!

Then we did a third scene on the steps—a terrific close-up; for when she reached the steps, and looked across the court, and saw the open tomb waiting to receive her, she was like a mad woman, shrieking, clawing, writhing . . .

It was only by putting forth their utmost strength that Digby and Mustafa managed to drag her down.

"Look here," I heard Digby pant, "we can't help hurting you, you know, if you don't let up a little!"

But she didn't let up—only looked at him as though he had uttered an insult, and spat in his face; and I fancied I could see Digby go pale under his bronze as he bit his lips and dragged her on; and I heard something else that sent a chill over me—a sort of guttural murmur from the natives, as they realized what was about to happen.

Digby and Mustafa had dropped their prisoner the instant the scene was over, and when I got down the steps, she was leaning against the wall with staring eyes, her lips drawn back in an ugly snarl, her bosom rising and falling convulsively. To me she seemed on the verge of collapse—but she didn't even look at me when I asked her if there was anything I could do—just stood there, clutching at the wall for support, and staring toward the tomb . . .

Digby and Mustafa were expostulating with Creel. "My God, saar," said Mustafa, "it iss too much—I can not do it!"

"She spat in my face!" growled Digby.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Creel. "It was great—consummate! Suppose she *did* spit in your face? That won't hurt you! No—don't you dare wipe it off!"

grinds out his foot a second; at least, when that scene was over, I could not remember that I had cranked at all, and for an instant turned sick and dizzy; but when I glanced at my indicator, I saw it was all right . . .

I thought they would break her wrists, dragging her forward. She dug her heels into the sand, she tried to throw herself prostrate, she twined herself about the men—and such cries, such shrieks . . .

And then, when they got her to the tomb, she wrenched herself free and sprang at Jimmy, who stood looking coldly on, and I verily believe she would have clawed his eyes out if Digby and Mustafa had not seized her and dragged her back.

And then she begged for mercy, the tears streaming down her face . . .

"Look—I am young—I am beautiful—see this body, so soft and tender—so full of delight—and it is yours—yours . . ."

I swear I came within an ace of rushing forward and rescuing her myself! And I could have torn Jimmy limb from limb when he shook his head and motioned her away . . .

And then the struggle began again, more terrible than ever; and I saw her bend swiftly and sink her teeth into Mustafa's arm; and I saw the purple rage which flashed into his face, as he whirled her from her feet and thrust her into the tomb . . .

"Bring your box up here, Billy," cried Creel. "Now, Digby, quick—the stones!"

And Digby, with shaking hands, began to set in place the stones which Mustafa handed up to him.

Once her face appeared at the opening, livid—scarcely a living face—and Mustafa thrust it back into the darkness with one ruthless blow; and then all the stones were in but the last square one, with its oval cartouche—and through the hole her hands were thrust, begging, imploring for mercy, and I could hear her voice, faint and inarticulate . . .

Digby hesitated, the stone in his hands, and glanced at Jimmy. It was the supreme touch,—how it would register!—and Jimmy nodded coldly.

"Put it in!" he said; and Digby dabbed it with the black mortar and thrust it into place.

"Now," cried Creel, "walk slowly away, all of you, out of the picture . . ."

But that touch was destined never to be added, for with a hoarse cry, the fellahin swept over us, and began to claw frantically at that sealed opening.

"Crank, Billy, crank!" yelled Creel, and he told me afterwards that the thought had flashed into his head that he might use the scene somehow—but he never did. I saw it the other day, when we were testing out the film, and even on the screen, it gave me the horrors, for it brought that frantic minute so clearly back to me . . .

I cranked away during the sixty seconds it took those desperate blacks to claw those stones out again . . .

"By God, saar, she bit me!" I heard Mustafa saying, and saw that a dark stain was spreading across his white sleeve. "She iss no woman—she is a devil! She should stay in there!"

"Davis and three or four men are in there, too," answered Creel, with a smile. "We can't very well abandon them! Anyhow those blacks of yours have settled the matter. They've got the stones out—call them off, Mustafa, and get those clothes off of them before they're torn to shreds. My wife will dress your wound—and I'll give you ten dollars extra into the bargain . . ."

Mustafa's face, which had been sullen and threatening, cleared as if by magic, and he waded into his men with some of the most energetic language I ever heard. And such is the force of habit, ingrained through long centuries of oppression, that his men slunk back and

pulled off their gay attire and piled it in a heap under Digby's direction. But they were evidently not satisfied, for they hung about the border of the excavation, watching sullenly to see what would happen next.

For Mlle. Roland had not reappeared at the opening in the tomb.

I had expected to see her standing there, the instant the stones were pulled away, pale, panting and triumphant—but there was only the blackness of the tomb; and then Creel ran forward and disappeared inside. And then, as I unslung my camera with trembling hands—for I knew that it would not be needed again that day!—I was astonished to see Jimmy in all his war-paint as king of Egypt, calmly mounting the steps out of the excavation, as though he had no possible concern in the girl's fate. Or as though he knew that fate was settled—that he had buried her alive and was leaving her to die! That was what his look seemed to say, so cruel and impassive . . .

Then Creel's face re-appeared at the opening. "Turn your box over to Digby, Billy," he called, "and come here."

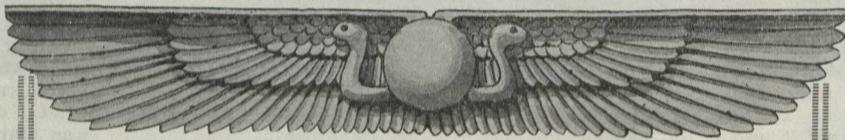
A moment later, I was clambering through the opening.

"No! no!" called Creel's voice. "Stay outside—wait a minute!"

"What's the matter?" I gasped.

"Nothing serious; the Princess has fainted," and then he came toward me out of the darkness, with

(Continued on following page.)



THE STORY UP TO THE PRESENT

A NEW YORK company of moving picture actors goes to Egypt to film a great picture which it is believed will make a tremendous "hit." Davis, an Egyptologist, joins the party at Luxor, and with an outfit of camels, donkeys, etc., they journey into the desert. While Davis accompanies and directs them, his real object is to complete excavations in certain ruins in which he believes he will find the tomb of an ancient king.

He is correct in his supposition and the outer entrance of the tomb of Sekenyen-Re is unearthed. The plot of the picture and the real become strangely interwoven in this land of mystery and superstition, and it often remains for the old Egyptologist to give a reasonable solution of the many uncanny happenings. In the preceding chapter Jimmy disappeared within the opening to the tomb, and in searching for him Creel's hand was struck and his light knocked to the ground. He seemed to see a gray figure disappear just at that instant. On his hand there was a red welt,—something had certainly hit him.

"But I don't like it. It's going too far! It's not right!"

"It's gloriously right!"

"But, saar," Mustafa protested, "the fellahin—they not understand. They make trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Did you not hear them? It iss bad when they make that noise—vurry bad! They think she iss to be killed!"

"Oh, well, explain that it is only make-believe," said Creel impatiently. "I thought they understood that!"

"It iss impossible," said Mustafa, "for them to understand. It iss something beyond them."

"Promise them another hundred piastres, then," said Creel, and while Mustafa began another oration to the excited natives, he walked over to Mlle. Roland. "It is perfectly gorgeous, Princess!" he said, and I saw that he himself was too excited to notice how near prostration she was. "It's the greatest scene I ever filmed! If you can only keep it up . . ."

She looked at him strangely, without replying, and he might have noticed something then, had not Mustafa hurried up, rubbing his hands.

"It iss all right, saar," he said. "What do we do now?"

"Line them up in front of the tomb, along the carpet. Put your camera here, Billy. Jimmy, stand here under the shelter. Ready? Now, Princess, the final struggle. Get hold of her, Digby; get hold of her, Mustafa. Shove her into the tomb!"

It must be by a sort of sixth sense a camera-man

A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)

the girl in his arms. "Take her when I lift her up to you—she's not heavy."

As I bent forward and passed my arms under her knees and shoulders, I caught, from within the tomb, the regular chip-chipping of Davis's chisel; and I shivered, for there was something curiously ominous in the sound—as though he were closing a sepulchre instead of opening one. And then the light fell on the girl's face, and I stared down at it in horror.

"She's dead, Creel!" I gasped, for it was ghastly, and across one cheek was an ugly bruise, already turning blue.

"Nonsense!" snapped Creel. "Don't lose your nerve, Billy," and he clambered through. "Mustafa," he called, "you will tell your men that the lady has fainted, but will soon be all right again. Then help Digby bring that stuff over to the tent. Now, give her to me, Billy," and he lifted her from my arms. "You bring your camera. We've got to guard that film—we'll never make another like it—not if we live a thousand years!"

As we mounted the steps, we could hear Mustafa imparting Creel's assurance to his men—that the lady had only fainted. But had she? As I looked down at her, lying so limp and ghastly in Creel's arms, I was shaken again by a great fear.

"Look at that bruise, Creel," I whispered. "Do you suppose that was where Mustafa struck her?"

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Creel, grimly. "It's an ugly bruise, I know—but the film was worth it. I know she'll think so! The bruise will heal in a day or two, but that scene will make her famous! And maybe it wasn't Mustafa at all—maybe she struck it when she fell. Anyway, she hasn't anything to complain of—she buried her teeth in his arm."

"I know," I said. "I saw it. Do you think—it was—just acting?"

"No," said Creel shortly. "It was better than acting. I think she went mad—I think she imagined she was really being buried alive; maybe that's her method—to let herself go."

"She made my flesh creep!" I said. "It was gorgeous," Creel agreed; "and this is the reaction. It was bound to come."

I glanced again at the ghastly face. "If she only comes around all right," I began.

"Of course she'll come around all right," broke in Creel angrily. "A little ammonia, or something of that sort. My wife will know what to do—women are used to this sort of thing."

And indeed Ma Creel took charge of the case in a matter-of-course way which was most reassuring.

"You men run along," she said, after Creel had laid the girl on the bed. "You're only in the way here. But I'm surprised at you, Warrie, letting her work herself into this state."

"Letting her!" echoed Creel. "Why, good lord, Mary, I couldn't have stopped her if I'd wanted to. She was like a wild-cat!"

"It's a shame, just the same! What made that bruise on her cheek?"

"I guess she struck it when she fainted," said Creel.

"Well, all I can say is I'm ashamed of you! Now you and Billy get out of here. Mollie and I will look after her."

Creel and I left the tent like a pair of criminals. Outside we came upon Jimmy, stretched at his ease in a canvas lounging-chair, and smoking a cigarette. To my surprise, he still wore his Oriental costume, though it must have been suffocatingly hot.

"You can get out of those togs, Jimmy," said Creel, shortly. "We're through for to-day. I thought you understood."

"I wanted to be sure," said Jimmy. "It's an infernal nuisance getting into this rig. Mlle. Roland all right?" he asked carelessly.

"She fainted," said Creel. "That final scene was too much for her. You certainly took it coolly enough."

"Oh, yes," said Jimmy; "I've got past the fainting stage."

Creel shot him a curious glance; as for me, I turned away with something very like disgust, for the conviction suddenly flashed upon me that his callousness during the burial scene had not been assumed; that he would have looked on just as calmly if it had been in deadly earnest instead of make-believe . . .

I went over to the property-tent and sealed up the film in an air-tight case,

and labeled it. The heat made me a little uneasy about all the films. If anything should happen to them—but I didn't dare think of it.

Jimmy came in as I was putting my camera away, and began to strip off his robes, whistling softly under his breath. The sound enraged me, and I was about to tell him so, when Creel called me from outside.

"Billy!"

"Yes," I answered.

"Davis has sent word that he's ready to open the sarcophagus. Don't you want to go over?"

"I surely do!" I said, and hurried out and joined him.

Davis was waiting for us at the entrance to the tomb, his face convulsed with excitement.

"Come along!" he cried; "I've got the lid loose—I wouldn't have waited much longer!"

He led the way along the passage into the inner chamber. Four natives were waiting there, armed with long crowbars, and at a sign from Davis, they set to work prying up the great granite lid. Slowly it rose—an inch—two inches—and I caught a sudden gust of spicy perfume . . .

"Now, slide it over!" said Davis, hoarsely, and I could judge of his excitement by the way my own heart was hammering in my throat. "Careful! Careful!" And then he was clinging to the edge of the sarcophagus, staring down into it. "I've found it!" he whispered hoarsely. "By heaven, I've found it!"

For an instant I was dazzled by the glow of light and color which burst from within the tomb, under the rays of the torches; then I saw something vaguely like a human form, gilt from top to bottom; and a face staring up at me with wide-open eyes . . .

"Look at it!" gasped Creel. "Look at it!" And he pointed at the face with a shaking finger.

And my heart turned to ice within me, for the face was the face of Jimmy Allen!

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF the moment that followed I have no distinct recollection. I vaguely remember clinging to Creel, and I could feel his vise-like grip on my arm; and I suppose I must have closed my eyes, for when I opened them and looked again down into that staring face, that startling likeness had vanished. All that lay there was a dark hued countenance, with wide-open eyes of glass gazing placidly up at us. It was like a dissolving view, or a puzzle picture, which changes as one looks at it.

Then I saw that it was not the mummy I was staring at, but the outer case, or coffin, moulded to the lines of the human form inside it; and that it was upon one end of this outer case that the face—a portrait, presumably, of the man whose body lay within—had been carved and then carefully painted.

"Did you see it?" asked Creel, relaxing his grip and wiping the sweat from his face.

I nodded mutely.

"See what?" demanded Davis.

"The first glimpse I had of that face," said Creel, "I'd have sworn it was Jimmy Allen."

Davis squinted down at it. "It's a portrait of Sekenyen-Re," he said, "if this is really his mummy; and it doesn't look the least like Allen." Then he looked at it again, and I could see by his startled expression that he had caught the likeness. "By George, it does, though!" he said.

"Better not let Jimmy see it," said Creel. "It will only send him off again."

"Better not let Jimmy see what?" demanded a voice, and there was Jimmy behind us. "I heard Creel invite Billy over," he explained to Davis, "and I came too, as soon as I got off my war-paint. I hope you don't mind?"

"Not at all," Davis assured him, and turned back to an inspection of the coffin.

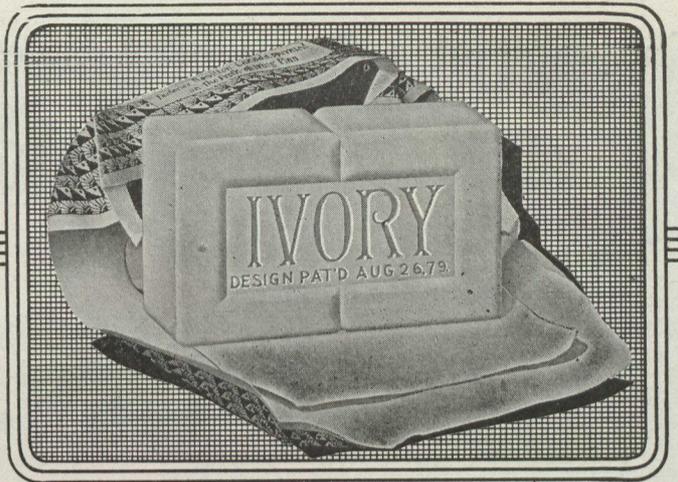
"Now," said Jimmy to Creel, "what was it I wasn't to see?"

"Oh, nothing!" said Creel nervously.

"What was it, Billy?" asked Jimmy, turning to me. "Come, I'm not a child. What was it?"

"When we first saw it," I explained, "we thought that face painted on the coffin looked a little like you. Of course it doesn't really . . ."

"Why shouldn't it look like me?"



The Baby

It is very easy for a baby's skin to become chafed and sore either from the bathing or from garments that have lost their softness in the wash, and it always is a troublesome matter to keep nursing bottles and other utensils sweet and clean.

The only safe way is to use the mildest, purest, whitest soap to be had. That is Ivory Soap. It is impossible to make soap of higher quality, no matter what the price may be. When you use it, you know that, so far as bathing and cleansing are concerned, you are doing your best to keep baby healthy and good-natured.

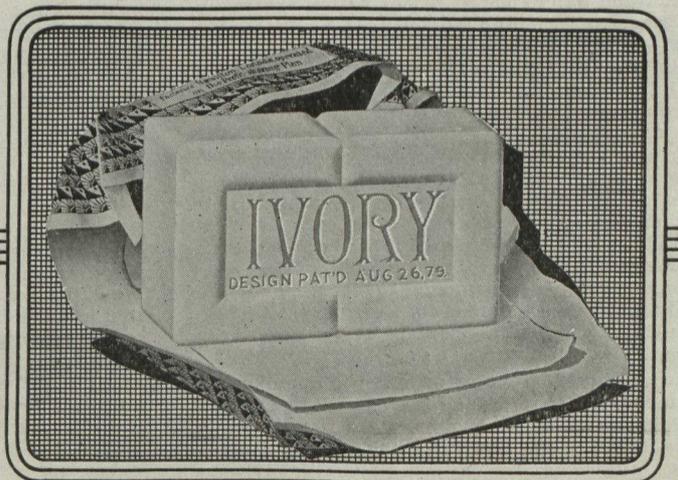
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(Continued on page 33.)

The First of a Series of Articles to be Published Dealing with the Subject

After the War--What?

By A. FRANK READE.

Reconstruction in Canada---The Great Opportunity for Women Who Think---Reforms Needed in all Directions---The World Must be Made Safe for Democracy---Democracy Must be Made Safe for the World---Is Democracy Workable in Canada?

Introductory Article.

A CANADIAN friend who spent some time "down south," tells a good story about the heat in that region. One morning he sat down to breakfast when the mercury was playing around the nineties, and he asked the big black cook, "Is it going to be hot to-day, Abbie?" The fat old mammy's sides shook with laughter as she replied, "It done hot right neouw!"

And so it is with reconstruction—it done reconstruct right now! Try to get a square meal at a restaurant, and find out. And it looks as though the food question, the liquor problem, and a host of others, will have still more restrictions applied to them.

The war has merely hastened the settlement of a host of problems that would have led to all sorts of trouble, if not actual revolution, in some of our so-called democratic countries. It is an open secret that not long before the war broke out there were serious fears of a revolution in Great Britain; and as for the United States, business men with whom I talked ten years ago shook their heads and spoke in bated breath over the fear of nation-wide trouble. I have before me an address delivered in 1908 before the Economic Club of New York, composed of the most powerful leaders in business, and the speaker, a European, warned them in these words:

"There is a form of socialism creeping now into this country—we are all too familiar with it in Europe—which is preaching war and provoking war. . . . I have been fighting it for nearly twenty years. Do not underrate the danger. It may be quite true that the American people will never stand anything like a violent revolution; I agree that the hope of an immediate overthrow of the present system, which some of these fanatics profess, is more illusory here than anywhere. Yet do not forget that even an attempt would be extremely deplorable, and would certainly cost a great amount of money and very likely blood."

The fact is that this old world, and even new America, and newer Canada, were ripe—in some cases almost rotten—for radical changes in attitude, thought and action in relation to many subjects. The basis of society was wrong, unjust, wasteful. Even the United States business, as a whole, was being run on a shop efficiency of only five per cent.—and this in spite of all the preaching and teaching and training that had been done in that country. This means that ninety-five per cent. of possible capacity was wasted; yet enormous private fortunes were being made, because of unfair distribution. Surely a more fruitful source of revolution could not be imagined.

Waste; increasing taxes on food and other necessities of life; high cost of living combined with wages not raised to meet these costs; display and extravagance of the newly-rich; increase in luxuries and comforts of the few while the many live in hovels, tenements or cramped apartments, always on the verge of starvation and uncertainty from lack of full employment; to say nothing of the increasing frivolity, sensuality, materialism and Godlessness—all these causes combined to make the foundations of society most unstable. The same causes which brought about the terrible French Revolution were at work in our midst, and if long continued would have brought about a similar result.

What Reconstruction is Needed.

The newspapers of Canada indicate the various forms of reconstruction that are called for in this country. At church and other assemblies there are calls for reforms of all kinds—for the protection of girls, by raising the age of consent; for the saving, by proper housing, sanitation, fresh air, pure water, pure milk and other food at prices within the reach of the poor—of the annual "slaughter of the innocents"—35,000 children under five years of age dying in Canada each year (as large as Canada's losses in battle in the world's greatest war); for the prohibition of manufacture of intoxicating liquor; and shipping it into "dry areas"; for preventing labor on the rest-day; for the recognition of women in church councils; for church federation; for greater production; for better distribution; for utilization of labor; for curbing extravagance in dress and the display of wealth; for higher wages for workers; for conscription of loafers; for political, social and moral reform. In short, there are demands for drastic changes in everything, including the distribution of honors and titles, and entire abolition of hereditary titles.

The war alters our point of view, and makes us agree to changes that would otherwise have shocked us. This habit of accommodating ourselves to changes is one of the best things that could happen us, war or no war; for mankind is naturally con-

servative, stand-pat, let-well-enough-alone, and all that. This is why radical reformers always have such a hard time; and why institutions that fall in with the general smugness and self-satisfaction of humanity are fat and flourishing.

We must prepare for many fundamental changes, not only in our families, in our Provincial and Dominion relations, but in our national affiliations with the outer world. The British Empire will have a wider as well as a deeper meaning to us after the war, for we shall look upon it as the leader of the world in Democracy, and we shall be inclined to include in its scope and mission our big Anglo-Saxon cousin, the United States, and possibly even France and Italy; for we must think and plan not only imperially but internationally in order to preserve the world for Democracy, and at the same time make Democracy intelligent, capable, and safe for the world.

Already there is talk of the Allies arranging a trade-compact that will prevent Germany and her associates from trading with the democratic countries; and it is quite possible that Canada's tariff and taxation methods may have to be altered to suit these new arrangements. This country having taken her place with the great nations of the world on the battle-field, her soldiers being admittedly the equal of the best of any nation, it is fitting that Canada should have a voice in the future settlement of world-policy. The Canadian people will surely not permit of measures being decided that will wrest from Canada the prizes which she has so well earned at such heavy sacrifice. We must keep in mind the two phases of Democracy—making it safe for the world as well as making the world safe for it. The winning of the war is only the beginning of the bloodless struggle to teach the peoples throughout the world just what Democracy is, and why it is best for them. Indeed, there have been very little teaching and preaching in Canada itself on this point.

The Key-Word—Democracy.

It would not be amiss to look at the key-word of all the proposed "reconstruction" problems—the word Democracy. It is a new word in Canada. We have never had Democrats here—at least nobody called them by that name. In the United States the two great political parties are called Democratic and Republican, though both words mean practically the same thing, the latter meaning "back to the people," (i.e., not to a king), while Democrat is made up of two Greek roots—*Demos*, the people, and *crat*, rule or government. So Democracy—the rule of the people—is what we are fighting for, as opposed to Auto-crazy, the rule of one man, such as the Kaiser, who plays the "crazy" part (some Democrats think it should be spelled with a "z").

Now, if we are to be true, real, simon-pure Democrats we must trust the people; laws must be enacted by the people, of the people, for the people, through representatives of the people;—the people in preference to kings, governors, prelates, and all rulers. As for titled gentry—what the farmers' convention in Toronto called "mock-aristocrats"—these will vanish as Democracy is understood and applied. Democracy must deal with all phases of the life of the community, and must understand how to regulate trusts, combines, mergers, and other forms of combination which tend to affect the people by hampering, even if they do not oppress and repress, their activities.

Democracy must always consider the great masses of the people, especially the producers. This means not only that workers should be properly paid, should be kept in constant work, should be provided for when unable to work through sickness, accident or old age, but it means a great deal more. It implies that workers should be properly trained, first at ordinary schools, then at special trade-schools, afterwards at classes and lectures, by reading, by demonstrations and other methods after leaving school and while at work. It means also that there should be, in every part of the country, methods and means for guiding young people into occupations in which they can do their best work for the community and themselves. It means, further, that tramps, hoboes, loafers, must be set to work, must earn their own honest livings. There must be service for service. It means, moreover, that the whole community shall be classified, controlled, guided, and managed so that the greatest good to the greatest number may result. Men who now make their living as "speculators," "exploiters" and as "professional" men in various lines, and whose methods are based on grabbing property and public rights (franchises) which belong to the community, and which should be controlled by and

for the people for the public benefit—such men must be either controlled or eliminated.

Is Democracy Safe for the World?

Could the world be run on a purely democratic basis—leaving everything to the people, the masses, as they are called? Are the masses of the people able to carry on the business, the industries, the commerce, the banking, the legislation, the education, the religious institutions, the medical, scientific, and all the other necessary departments of and adjuncts to such civilization as ours?

This is a fair question; and any frank answer is, No, the people as a mass are not now able for such tasks. Here is where I decidedly disagree with all radicals who propose to have no leaders. There must be trained leaders in every department. The trouble in Canada to-day is that we have not sufficient trained leaders. We have so-called leaders, but most of them do not lead, for they are not only put in the position of leaders by accident or a poor political system that does not bring really able men to the top, but pushes up those who can best play the political game—which is very different from being trained for leadership. One of the changes we must make in our political system is to make sure that we will train leaders to manage national, provincial, municipal and local affairs, and then that we shall see that they are placed in those positions for which they have been trained. But in order to bring about such a change as that we must first train our people in the principles of democratic government.

A real democracy would be thinking all the time of the people—the masses about whom Abraham Lincoln said, "The Lord must have loved the common people, he made so many of them!" Our common people must themselves be made intelligent, so that they will not only do their duties faithfully in their own sphere, but will see to it that trained leaders are elected to fill the important duties in the community for which they have been specially trained. If the common people were intelligent they would not stand for the present order of things for a week. As Hon. Dr. Cody told the Canadian Press Association, the people must be made "intelligent and honest" in order to make Democracy safe as a governing plan.

Good reconstruction work could be done in telling the people what Democracy is, what is required of the ordinary citizen, and what it will do for him if properly managed. Democracy in liberal doses should be administered to our people at every meal, and on every possible occasion. This is a work that each reader of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL could do, and it is a work that will tell mightily in the days of reconstruction.

Independent Thinking Wanted.

We would take a great step forward if we could get our Canadian people to think for themselves—to think problems through to their logical conclusions. There is now too much superficial guessing—which is not worthy of being called thinking at all—which jumps at conclusions before the facts are known; which takes the wrong meaning out of words; which misunderstands the relation of things; which is so tinged with prejudice or partyism that the mind becomes muddled and incapable of right conclusions; which magnifies trifles, and lets the big questions go.

The men's organizations of Canada, such as the trades unions, fraternal orders, various clubs, young people's associations connected with churches, and small groups of neighbors, should be studying and discussing the problems of this country, and trying to learn the meaning of them. Set speakers can easily be had everywhere, who have made special study of particular problems, and who are usually glad to give their views and lead off in discussions. The Canadian Problems Club has been organized in Toronto for the special purpose of guiding and helping small groups in any part of the country who want to study any particular problem.

Women, now that they are voters, should be keen on the study of this young nation's problems, and anxious to lend a hand in their solution. Now is the time to help mould the new order of things in Canada. The women can become potent factors in this work. Through the Women's Institutes, particularly, they could give voice to the sentiments of the plain-living, high-thinking, sensibly-dressed, sane and healthful part of femininity. (There is not much hope of clear thinking from the short-skirted, high-heeled, diaphanously-dressed females who think more of corns than corn, and of the feet than wheat).

The tremendous task before Canadians after the war will be to reorganize society so that this

(Continued on page 39.)

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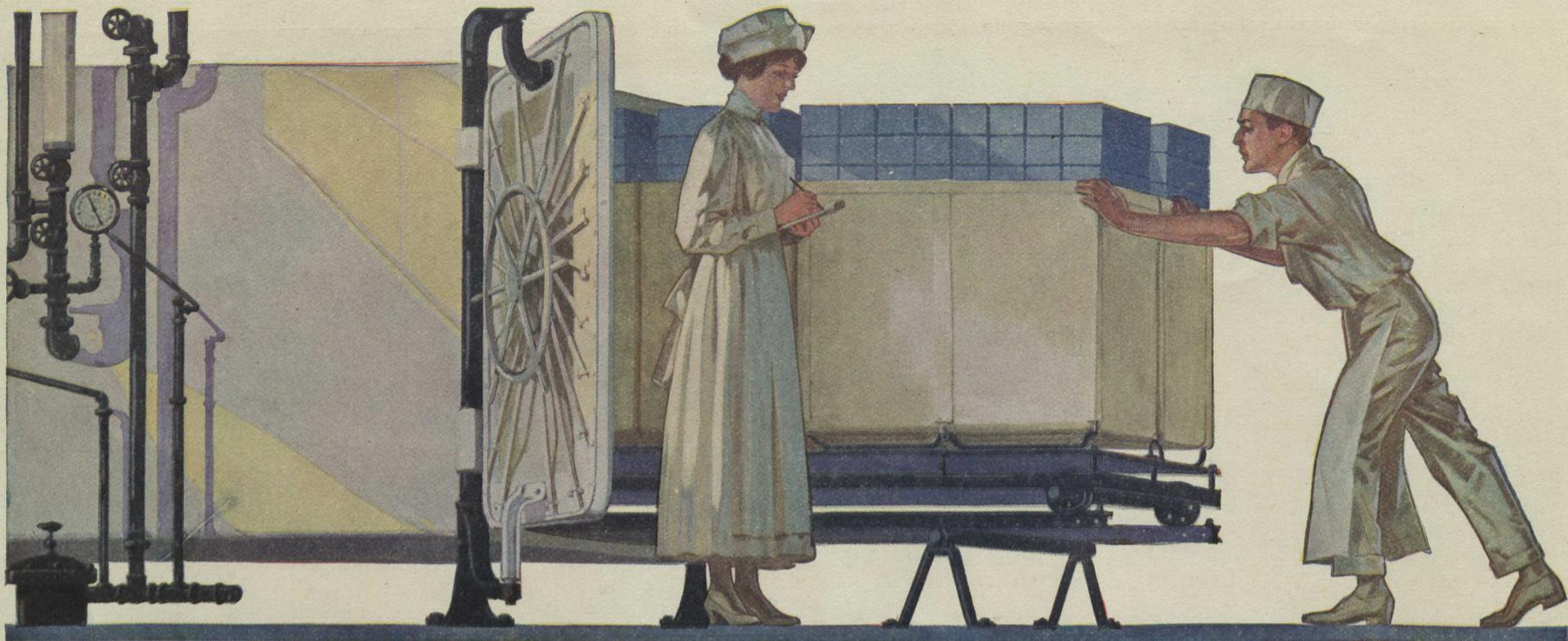
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This means B&B Absorbent Cotton. Also B&B Bandages and Gauze—the dressings which come in contact with a wound.

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Our final process—after wrapping—is to place these dressings in a mammoth sterilizer. One of them is pictured above.

There we first create a vacuum. Then we force in live steam under pressure. Because of the vacuum, the super-heated steam penetrates the heart of every package, and every germ is killed.

We constantly prove this. From various parts of the package, including the center, we take out fibre for testing. These fibres are placed in a culture medium and kept for days in an incubator. Thus we know that every fibre is utterly sterile—and always.

For every package comes to you sealed against germs and all contamination.

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For Safety's Sake Always Ask for the B&B Double-Sure Products

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Surgeons take endless precautions to have every dressing sterile. Gazes in hospitals are sterilized after wrapping, and by this same vacuum process. The U. S. Army in its field dressings requires this final sterilization.

Be as careful in your home. Every cut or scratch—even a pin-prick—offers danger of infection. Have sterile Absorbent Cotton, sterile Bandages ever ready. Bring nothing else in contact with a wound.

Call the doctor for any serious wound. But in the meantime don't infect it.

Get B&B Safety Dressings—Absorbent Cotton, Gauze and Bandages. Get them now—have them ready for emergencies. Don't take chances when this protection is so easily available.

Our First Aid Book

tells what to do before the doctor comes, in every form of accident or emergency. It is written by an authority, and has 120 pictures, dealing with sudden sickness, poisoning or accidents. We offer it free.

Put it with your B&B Dressings. It may sometime save a life.

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LIMITED
Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc.
Chicago Toronto New York



The Girls' "Carry On" Column

By BETTY O'HARA.

All Boys From Twenty to Twenty-two are Drafted— Our Girls Must Take Their Places.

THE MASSAGE COURSE.

In the north-east corner of the campus of the University of Toronto, stands a beautiful grey stone building, which was originally intended for one of the finest, most complete gymnasiums and club-house in the Dominion of Canada, destined for the use of the men and Faculty of the University.

The building itself is of Collegiate Gothic architecture, and a large amount of money for its construction was supplied by Hart Massey, after whom it was named.

The University, however, answering to the need of the military authorities, turned this building over to the A.M.C. for their use, and it is in these beautiful surroundings that the Massage girls have been located.

It is a long, difficult course, and unless a girl is content to give up all social activities and give her time unreservedly to her work, she should not for a moment consider taking it.

The tremendous amount of stick-to-it-iveness and the desire to give up everything to gain success, are proof that you are in the army, and that means that you live a day at a time and know nothing but implicit obedience.

For there are two places on earth where a mind of your own is never tolerated: one is the army, and the other a newspaper office. You must always obey your orders. "I forgot," or "I did not have time," is a sign of disobedience or incapability fatal to indulge in.

Massage is a six months' course, and at the end of that time a student is obliged to sign up for one year's service anywhere in Canada. She is paid a salary that enables her to keep herself comfortably, and if it is necessary that she live outside the hospital, she is allowed what is known as a subsistence, the army term for bed and board.

Hospital uniforms are provided by the army, but negotiations are now on the way to provide all the girls at Hart House with street uniforms, though the color and style has not yet been definitely determined.

THE STUDIES.

Now as to the course. The studies are divided into three classes: Anatomy, which is the study of muscles and bones; Physiology, which consists of the study of the organs of the body, and their functions, and the Theory of Massage, which is the massage movements, and the reason and effect of such. Then there is the practical side of the course, and for this the girls are supplied with subjects on which to try these movements. Sometimes a member of the class is taken, and sometimes a person who is hired for the purpose, but always someone who is physically fit and not a patient. After two or three months, however, the girls are given a soldier who is treated under the watchful care of demonstrators.

In Hart House at present there are about ten demonstrators. These are girls who have taken the course themselves, and are ex-pupils who have had practical experience in some military hospital. Consequently, they understand every movement perfectly and are quite capable of taking the responsibility of seven or eight girls. No partiality is shown in this matter, for a girl, instead of being allowed to go into class with her very best friend, or take instructions from her favorite demonstrator, is sent to her class by an alphabetical arrangement. The school hours are from nine o'clock until

twelve, and from two in the afternoon until four. Swedish drill is the first thing on the morning programme, for the girls, on account of their strenuous work, like soldiers, have to keep in condition. Then they are given lectures in Physiology and Anatomy by professors of the University, and altogether during the day they have on an average two hours of practical work and three hours of lectures.

After six months of study has been successfully completed the Masseuses are sent to any Canadian military hospital that the authorities have selected for them, where they give their treatments in a massage room fitted up for the purpose, but those patients who are unable to go there for their treatments are given treatment in the ward.

The majority of cases the girls have to deal with are the results of gunshot wounds received from shrapnel, rifle fire, or machine-gun bullets, and these are massaged to bring back life and encourage new growth of the nerves that have been shattered.

This form of treatment also prevents the wastage of muscle, improves paralysis and encourages circulation by increasing the flow of blood, either arterial or venous, also when an arm has been in splints for a time it is sometimes partially useless, but this is much improved by massage.

One soldier who was taking treatment in a Winnipeg hospital had entire paralysis of the radial nerve, causing a drop wrist, and the arm was also wasted away considerably. He had one year's massage treatment and all traces of the disability disappeared so completely that he was

able to play hockey last winter. Another interesting case was that of spinal meningitis. The patient had to be brought to the hospital in a wheel chair, but after he had been given

a reasonable amount of treatment he began to steadily improve until now he can run or do any amount of strenuous exercise. Cases of joint stiffening are also treated in this manner. A very remarkable case of facial paralysis, from a gunshot wound behind the ear, the bullet coming out the other side of the nose, almost destroying the facial nerve, was treated after a skin graft to massage, the result being such steady improvement that the only noticeable disfigurement was a slight scar which gave the appearance of a hare lip.

The length of treatments in most cases is half an hour. If, however, the patient's condition is more serious, forty minutes is given.

Now don't you think it is worth six months' hard plugging, and serious application to be able to help even one of those brave boys? I do. And a girl cannot help but be attractive in her white, uniform, especially if she has caught the army spirit, and has cultivated a cheerful happy smile.

Next month we will discuss still another course, which is another branch of military hospital work; just read it and tell me if you do not think the girls of Canada have a grand, glorious chance to help our boys. I am sure you did not think there were so many ways to serve, did you?

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

DEAREST BETTY:

I am miles away from any place where I can help in war work. I keep house for my father, and we have a small farm. Can't you possibly think



Uniform worn by girls taking the Massage Course.

(Continued on page 46.)

11C
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From a dentist's letter
—name will be furnished on request.

"I find that the teeth become much whiter and the gums healthy and firm with the daily use of

CALOX

THE OXYGEN TOOTH POWDER

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A package sufficient for one week's trial and authoritative booklet telling "Why a Powder is Better Than a Paste" will be sent free on request.

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The light that says
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Darkness is danger but Daylo sees the danger in time. No camp kit complete without it.

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On sale in 5,000 offices in Canada.



Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile. For people nowadays know that a corn is passé. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself to-night.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that, will be unknown to you.

**B&B Blue-jay
For Corns**

**Stops Pain Instantly
Ends Corns Completely
Large Package 25c at Druggists
Small package discontinued**

Bauer & Black, Limited Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc. Chicago, New York, Toronto (1932)

Alma College

Places Great Stress Upon
Physical Development

Our young men will return from the trenches after their long military training and discipline with strong physique and hardened muscles. They will be fine and fit, keen of vision and ready to attempt great things for the land they have fought for.

Anticipating this, Alma College is giving the course of physical culture special emphasis in order that Canada's young women may not be weaklings in comparison. No matter how many academic degrees they may win, unless they have a constitution which will stand hard work, their usefulness is sadly curtailed.

Not less of music, art, literature, etc., but more of physical culture than in the past. It is necessary. It is vital. Alma College provides a complete teacher's course in physical culture under one of the finest physical culture teachers in Canada. The wide lawns permit of tennis, bowling and out-of-door exercises of all kinds, and indoor basketball.

Our aim is "Sound minds in sound bodies."

For all particulars regarding courses of study, teachers, school life, write for catalogue.

Principal R. I. WARNER, M.A.,
Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

The Sky Coaster

By ETHEL BAIN.

A Special Story for the Girls and Boys.

"Hello! Hello!" cried Blue Jay, "First time I've seen you this season."

"Is it? Why I arrived several weeks ago, but then you see I'm more of a night bird than you are."

"A regular night-hawk," remarked Blue Jay.

"I'm not a hawk at all," retorted the other hotly.

"Well, then, why don't you change your name?"

"Couldn't if I wanted to, for you know that I've too many names already. Some people call me the night-jar, others the bull-bat; surely they can see that I'm not batlike at all, whilst still others call me the mosquito-hawk. Now they are partly right, for I eat thousands of mosquitoes, but all the same I'm not a hawk."

"Then what are you?" chattered Bushy Squirrel as he sat listening in a near-by tree.

"I'm just an ordinary bird," replied the Night-hawk, "and not a bird of prey at all. Besides, Blue Jay, I do fly about in the daylight, only you're always too busy teasing the little birds to see me. Especially in September we Night-hawks get together in flocks, and then you will see us flying quite close to the ground. The upper air is getting cooler then, and we have to seek our food nearer to the earth. People seem to mix me up with my cousin, the Whip-poor-will. Now, he is really a night bird, for he sleeps all the day in a deep, shady place in the wood, then after dark he flies about as silently as any owl, yet, unlike the owls, he eats only insects as I do. We both love mosquitoes, and, oh, how they try to escape us, but we are too quick for them."

"But say!" cried the Red Squirrel. "That booming noise you make when flying. How's that done?"

"Oh, that's what mankind calls coasting. It's lovely, and all Night-hawks enjoy it. You see, when we are away up in the sky we suddenly make a headlong dive to earth on our half-closed wings. Our wing feathers are long and stiff, and it is the wind rushing through them as we dart downward that makes the weird sound you hear. Woe betide any insects that are in my way at such times, for that's how I get a good meal."

As he finished speaking, he spread his long wings and flew lightly upwards. Higher and higher he went, until Bushy Squirrel saw him as a mere speck against the red gold clouds of the sunset land. The speck disappeared, then without warning came that strange, rushing sound, and seemingly out of nowhere the Night-hawk appeared. Down, down he came, until the squirrel felt sure he would dash his brains out, but no, for before he was anywhere near to the earth, Mr. Night-hawk took a sudden turn and gaily laughed as he flew round to perch beside the wondering squirrel.

"Oh!" gasped Bushy. "You scared me stiff. You'll kill yourself one of these days. I'm sure you will. Oh!" he cried again and shuddered.

"Why, Bushy," laughed the Night-hawk, "that's nothing. It's no harder for me to coast down like that than it is for you to spring from one tree-top to another. Why you do that every day, don't you?"

"Yes," answered the squirrel.

"And think nothing of it! You don't think there is any danger now, do you?"

"Danger, oh, no, because I've always done it. Why, Mother Nature taught me how to do it."

"Our great Mother taught me also how to coast through the air," said the Night-hawk. "So you see that there is no danger in it for me. Instinct, that wonderful gift of God, has taught me just when to turn in my headlong dive, and who ever heard of one of my kind being killed whilst coasting?"

"Well, I've never heard of any accidents," replied Bushy Squirrel. "You stay here such a short time. Come late and go away early."

"I couldn't live if I stayed after the first heavy frost had painted the leaves. You see, it's no use my coming with Spring, for I don't belong to her at all. I am the messenger of Summer. You know the old saying—that one swallow does not make a Summer—but everybody knows that Summer has arrived when I appear. With the first

breath of Summertime, myriads of insects come to life. Insects that mankind does not see, for they live in the upper air. Now my cousin Whip-poor-will and I have our work cut out to keep down these insects, so that is why we are so seldom seen near to the ground. We fly through the air with our mouths wide open and catch thousands of insects. The first touch of frost kills them, and that is a warning to us to leave the Northland, for if we did not heed that warning we would soon starve. So, whilst Canada is getting on her snow dress, we are far away in South America, where Nature never sleeps. We enjoy our sky-coasting just as much as any school boy, only you see he has to wait for a snow-storm, and we haven't."

"Awfully interesting," murmured Bushy Squirrel; then said he, "But where do you build your nest? I've never seen one."

The Night-hawk laughed as he replied: "Nest! We don't build a nest."

"What!" exclaimed the squirrel.

"Mrs. Night-hawk just lays her two eggs in a sunny place; if in the city, on the roof of some house; if in the country, in the hollow of a rock or merely on the bare ground. Now, don't think that she is lazy, but no nest is needed. The eggs are speckled beauties, and they cannot be seen, for in color they match the dead leaves so very well. Mrs. Night-hawk is a devoted mother, and loves her babies very much. We have the happiest times teaching our birdies to coast, but there, I must hasten, for my family will be anxious if I leave them alone much longer."

"Good-bye," echoed the squirrel, as he watched him swiftly disappear and listened to his nasal cry of "peent, peent," which is very much like the meadow lark's call. Bushy sat awhile, thinking over what he had learned. Suddenly he chattered, "I've got it. I've got it."

"Got what?" asked a solemn voice.

The squirrel looked up and down and here and there, but could see nothing. As his sharp eyes noticed a tree stump, he said to himself, "That's very funny, but I'm sure that I've never seen that stump before," and his little heart beat nervously. He never moved an inch, but watched the new stump with steady eyes, then as it slowly moved and two yellow eyes shone out in the twilight, he cried, "How do, Mr. Owl. I was just wondering why Night-hawk wasn't called the sky coaster. Anyway, I'll call him by that name, and—"

"You'd better coast, too, Bushy, for it's late for you to be out, and something might get you."

The squirrel gave Mr. Owl one frightened glance, then he laughed and chattered, "Get me! Not yet, Mr. Owl," and shaking his tail in defiance, scampered out of sight.

Camouflage is what one would call the Barn Owl's trick of pulling in his feathers so close that he looks exactly like the stump of a tree, but that is one of the peculiarities which belong to these strange birds. When other birds have left us for their winter home in the Southland, the owls remain to work, and happy is the farmer who makes friends of the useful members of the owl family, for he will be repaid an hundredfold. No cat can beat a Barn Owl at catching rats and mice, therefore these especially should be encouraged. The farmer will find that, although the friendly hawks (and all hawks are not good friends of the farmers, but there are some workers amongst them, and of these you shall learn at some future time) do their part in the daytime, the Barn Owls take up their work where the hawks leave off. As soon as the darkness falls the Barn Owls awake, and then it is we hear their sweet yet weird call, a trembling whistle. This is, perhaps, the most familiar owl to us in Canada. Many owls are useful, but they deserve a special story to themselves. Would you like to pay them a visit? It will have to be at night, for they sleep during the day, and it wouldn't do to disturb them; in fact, it would be a very unkind act, for then they would be too tired to work. But there is no need for any of us to be frightened, for the fireflies will have their lanterns ready to light us on our way. The star and moon fairies will be waiting to welcome us, so just think of the lovely visit we will spend amongst our friends, won't we?

Developing a Dream

By M. A. PEASE.

The True Story of a Woman Who Has Amassed a Fortune Through Her Own Efforts.

The richest negress in New York is Mrs. C. J. Walker, who by virtue of her remarkable foresight and business acumen has created and developed one of the most unusual business enterprises known to the colored race.

Mrs. Walker's early history reads like a Penny Dreadful. She was left an orphan at seven, and was so cruelly treated by those who had undertaken to care for her that she married at fourteen to escape what was worse than slavery. She was left a widow at twenty, absolutely penniless, with a little daughter to support.

As may be imagined, Mrs. Walker had known very little schooling in her life, but she was industrious, and she toiled early and late at the washtub that her daughter might have an education. Laundry work is an order of toil that makes greater demands on the body than on the mind, and as this ambitious mother bent over her tub, her mind persistently followed one train of thought: "I must improve my position in life. How am I going to do it?"

The Dream.

Strangely enough this question was answered through what seemed to be an overwhelming catastrophe. Mrs. Walker began to lose her hair, and was threatened with baldness. The hair of the colored people develops on the corkscrew plan, and is consequently very difficult to treat. After trying all sorts of so-called remedies without success, the afflicted woman took her troubles to the Lord in prayer, and claims to have had a direct answer. In a dream a big black man appeared to her and told her that if she would mix together certain ingredients, one of which was a herb grown only in Africa, the brew when applied would abolish all her hair troubles. With child-like faith, she obtained the ingredients, mixed and applied them, and her hair grew and multiplied, and—joy of joys—became less curly. She gave some of the mixture to her friends, who were most enthusiastic about it, and as each friend had a friend, it dawned upon her that at last she had found a way to fortune.

At first, of course, her output and returns were small, but Mrs. Walker proved to be an excellent business woman, and soon realized that it pays to advertise. She has spent enormous sums of money in bringing before the public through the medium of the press, the wonders of her wares.

When Mrs. Walker was thoroughly convinced that she had found a Boon for Baldheads, she went to Indianapolis, where she established a factory. The work up to the present has all been done by hand, but electrical machinery is now being installed, and the quaint old mammies, with their fantastic head-dresses, dexterously mixing the "Grower," will soon be superseded by the buzz and whirr of machinery. This factory is a most shinningly clean place. The rooms in it seem to be arranged on a rising scale according to the order in which the work is carried out. In the first room are a lot of old mammies plying wooden paddles vigorously on what looks like apple-green soft butter. Another lot are at work mixing up masses of putty-colored shampoo. The next rooms, two steps higher, are where the different preparations are boxed. Two more steps up and the shipping rooms are reached. On the next floor are the offices, presided over by most haughty colored ladies with luxuriant tresses. All the latest office equipment is employed to make the business run smoothly. The manager of the business in Indianapolis is a colored law-

yer, who has proved himself to be a most efficient major domo.

The Secret of Success.

"Madam" Walker is convinced that successful people differ from those who are unsuccessful chiefly in the activity of their minds, and she keeps her brains working continually on her business, notwithstanding the fact that she has already amassed a large fortune. Her income from her "Dream-mixture" is said to be nearly a quarter of a million a year. In addition to this she owns much property and has made some very careful and shrewd speculations.

Mrs. Walker's Home.

Mrs. Walker has just completed the purchase of a beautiful property in Irvington-on-the-Hudson, at a cost of over a quarter of a million dollars. There has been no expense spared in the furnishings of the house which are most luxurious and represent the styles of various of the French and Italian periods. A player organ of vast proportions, several Victrolas, a harp and a grand piano are evidences of the musical tastes of the owner. There are wonderful conservatories, libraries, and, in fact, all the things that go to make perfect the House Palatial. An Italian gardener has been imported to make the gardens a feast to the eye, and if the lawns could speak as they roll, they might not be understood, for even they are said to come from foreign fields. The garage boasts four motor cars for "madam's" personal use, and these are in charge of a very good-looking "white" chauffeur.

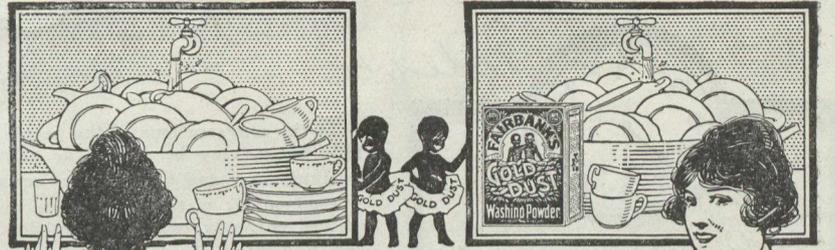
Philanthropies Are Not Forgotten.

Mrs. C. J. Walker.

Although she is the richest negress in New York, Mrs. Walker has never forgotten her early days of struggle, and does not devote her income to riotous living. She is constantly studying how best she can advance her race, and every year sets aside a certain percentage of her income for the maintenance of an Industrial Missionary School which she has established on the Continent of Africa, and for the many scholarships which she maintains at Tuskegee and other institutions. She has devoted thousands of dollars to the colored Y.M.C.A. of Indianapolis, and her gifts to the poor are many and varied, especially at Christmas time. Her greatest regret in life is that she did not have an education when young, but she has a tutor now, and is working hard to make up for lack of previous opportunity.

Mrs. Walker insists that her preparation is not put upon the market for the purpose of straightening the kink in the hair of the colored folk, but as a remedy for scalp troubles of every kind. The preparation being of a greasy order, does straighten the hair, however, and it is this feature of the cure that appeals most strongly to the kinky-haired. One of the men in the shipping room of Madam Walker's establishment told the writer that until he had used the "Grower" he had never been able to part his hair, but had always been obliged to shave a parting. Now he is a most fashionable person with straight shining hair brushed smoothly back from his dusky forehead, and even boasts a "widow's peak."

As may be imagined, there are many other preparations on the market which claim to be quite as beneficial as the one which Mrs. Walker has concocted, but she seems to be the Queen in this particular hive of industry, perhaps because she was one of the first to make the use of the "comb" possible to her race.



The difference Gold Dust makes!

One picture:

A big stack of dishes to wash. A long face and a sigh of resignation. "Oh dear!—I wish these dishes were all washed and put away in the pantry!"

Another picture:

A stack of dishes—and a package of Gold Dust. A smile on her face, now, as she says: "It will take only a few minutes to get these dishes out of the way—with Gold Dust to help me."

HOW does Gold Dust "help"? By dissolving the grease.

Try a spoonful of Gold Dust in your very next dishpan of water. See what a difference it makes! See how easily the grease slips off the dishes!

Gold Dust is a wonderful help in housecleaning, too. A good rule is this: Use Gold Dust for all dirt that you can't sweep up or brush off.

Ask your grocer for Gold Dust—and make sure it really is Gold Dust he sends you. Large and small packages.

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LIMITED, MONTREAL

GOLD DUST
The Busy Cleaner



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THE Scenic Route and the Service, too

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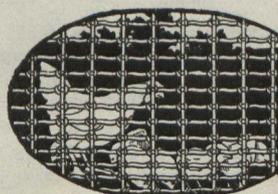
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100 Rooms, Private Bath, \$2.50 Single, \$4.00 Up Double
100 Rooms, Private Bath, \$3.50-\$5.00 Single, \$4.50 Up Double.

Total 600 Outside Rooms. All Absolutely Quiet.

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The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Company, Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.



(Continued on page 30.)

A Patriotic Puzzle For July

By TOM WOOD

In the conversations of the people represented in the pictures numbers 1, 2, 3 and 4, respectively, may be found the names of towns or cities as indicated beneath.

Numbers 5 and 6 represent "square words."

Each small picture represents one of the four words comprising a "square." If guessed correctly, when written down, the words read the same from top to bottom, and from left to right.

How many words can you think of which can be made from "Patriotic"—using only the letters which are in this word? Send them in with your answer. No proper names accepted.



An interrupted tete à tete - Find in what town in Nova Scotia this transpired

Find the town in New Brunswick where the doll was lost and found -



What City in Ontario were these people trying to find? The name is there.

Can you name the town in B.C. where this incident occurred? The man tells it.



Two prizes will be given, first one dollar and fifty cents, and second one dollar, for the best solutions, judged according to neatness and accuracy. All are eligible to compete. Answers must be received before July 31st to be included.

THE CORRECT SOLUTION OF THE MAY PUZZLE.

- 1. Stratford.
 - 2. Canada.
 - 3. Manitoba.
 - 4. London.
- ROSE BIRD
OPAL IDEA
SACK RENT
ELKS DATE

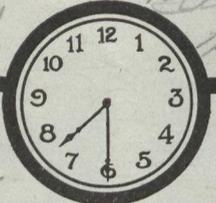
The following words may be made out of "Nothing":

- | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------|--------|-------|-------|--------|------|--------|-------|-----|------|
| nig | nog | oh | thio | ting | hin | hoing | hoy | it | git |
| nigh | noint | oint | tho | to | hing | hoit | I | io | gith |
| night | not | on | thong | tog | hint | hong | in | ion | go |
| ninth | non | onto | tig | ton | hit | honing | ingot | ghi | got |
| nit | noting | thin | tigh | tong | ho | hont | inn | gin | Goth |
| no | O | thing | tin | toning | hog | hot | into | | |

The first prize is won by Mrs. G. L. Terry, 171 Joseph Street, Chatham, Ont., who submitted a correct solution and 45 words made from "Nothing."

The second prize goes to Mrs. W. G. Alexander Adams, 188 Dougall Avenue, Windsor, who also had a correct solution and 42 words made from "Nothing."

All words accepted appear in Webster's Dictionary. Address all answers to puzzle: The Puzzle Department, "Canadian Home Journal," 71 Richmond Street West, Toronto.



Begin the day with BAKER'S COCOA

"Is Itself a Food"

A pure, delicious drink; should also be considered a valuable adjunct to a meal as it contains a large amount of nutritive matter in an easily digested form.

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If you prefer, we will fill your order by mail, if you write enclosing stamps or coin.

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CANADIAN ADDRESS: 132 St. Paul West, Montreal

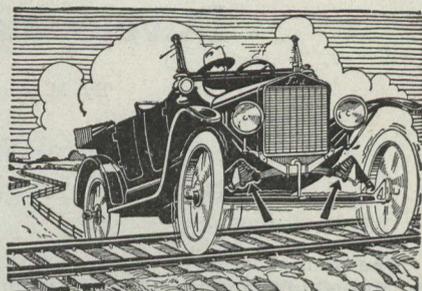
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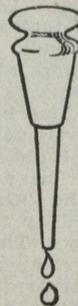
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2 IN 1

SHOE POLISHES



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Liquids and Pastes. For Black, White, Tan, Dark Brown or Ox-Blood Shoes.

The F.F. Dalley Corporations, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

Thought Seeds that are Being Cultivated By Parents and Teachers

By GRACE JOHNSTON,

Recording Secretary for the Toronto Home and School Council.

Have You a Home and School Club in Your Town or Community? If Not, Start One Now. It Will Work Wonders.

Do you know the man or woman who teaches your child at school? The greater part of a child's day is spent away from the home, so naturally as mother or as father you are interested in the surroundings, the people and the ideals that are moulding your child's character. Are these always ideal? If not, then the next question is, "What are you going to do about it?"

It is surprising how much practical help has been found in talking things over with men and women who have spent much time and thought on these very subjects. The child and his education has become the most important question of the present day, chiefly because of the growing responsibility that must be faced by those who are to take the place of Canada's sons and daughters who are willingly paying the price of freedom. Consequently men and women are making a greater effort to unite forces and to work together.

In connection with twenty-two of the schools in Toronto, "Home and School Clubs" have been formed and the parents and the teachers in these clubs have affiliated with what is known as The Toronto Home and School Council. This Council was organized two years ago for the purpose of studying educational problems and issues, and strengthening public interest in the development of the individual boy and the individual girl.

Good soil for developing educational thought-seeds can be found in no better place than in a club in your own school. There parents become acquainted with the teachers and the teachers learn to understand the parents and through them the children in the class rooms. It would be a pity, would it not, if the number of misunderstood children increased?

It is just possible that the school equipment is not up to date and that the stupid school-room cannot compete with the swimming hole or the baseball field. Result—truancy. The problem of truancy has been one of the big thoughts of the year and an effort was made to have some changes brought about in the Truancy Act. As the law now stands truant officers are controlled by the police department. A bill was introduced at the last session of Parliament to amend the Truancy Act so that School Attendance Officers would be appointed by the Board of Education. It is thought that suitable women as well as capable men should be appointed for the work which should be of a much more helpful nature than it has been in the past.

The bill to amend the Truancy Act was defeated. This fact proves the necessity of creating public opinion along any line of reform, but particularly where child welfare is concerned. It is strange, but true, that some of the members of Parliament are much better informed about the rearing and care of animals than they are about the needs of children. The truancy problem is still being studied by the Toronto Home and School Council, and an effort is being made to ensure better results when the bill to amend the Truancy Act is again brought before the House of Parliament.

Neither the child nor the parents may be to blame for the irregular school attendance, for there are many conditions that need careful consideration so that justice may be done to the home on the one hand, and to the school on the other. True, we want all Canadian children to go to school, but what they learn there should be practical if it is to meet the needs of the present day and also the needs of the next few years.

"One of our soldiers on the battle-field has to-day seven times a better chance of living than has a new born babe in this country." This was the enlightening statement made by a very prominent educationist at one of the open meetings of The Toronto Home and School Council. Just face that fact and all that it involves. Is it not time that "The Care and Feeding of Infants" be one of the subjects taught to our young girls? Why do we leave the most vital things of life to chance? Parents

and teachers together might with advantage study questions of Hygiene so that they may tell wisely and truthfully Life's story about the sacredness of each body, mind and soul that has been entrusted to their care.

The most up-to-date schools are equipped for teaching Household Science and Manual Training, but one of our most progressive Home and School Clubs is taking no risk in the matter of a good building. The club is organized and the members are taking steps to ensure the erection of a school building in accordance with the most progressive and up-to-date ideals in education. It is likely to be a year or more before this school is built, but in the meantime thought-seeds are alive and active, and there is no reason why the new building should not be one of which all interested will be proud.

Time and again during the past year letters have come from different parts of Ontario asking about the work of the Home and School Council. The president of the Council, Mrs. A. C. Courtice, has accepted several invitations to speak in towns and cities where there was a desire to organize clubs. The Bureau of Education at Washington, D.C., asked for and has received copies of the constitution and an outline of the work of the Council.

Last Easter when the Ontario Teachers met in convention at the University of Toronto, The Home and School Council had an opportunity of speaking before three of the sections. Reports were given from clubs working in an endless variety of localities and under all sorts of conditions. Occasionally when a principal of a school was consulted about the advisability of starting a club in connection with his school he would not be enthusiastic about the matter. In such cases the teachers or the parents would take the initiative and the success of the club soon convinced all concerned that there was work in that very district that needed the combined effort of parents and teachers.

When you get to the core of life, human nature always responds to the highest and the best, and, no matter whether your school is in the country, the town or the city, a well organized club will help to sustain a healthy community. After all a child in the home is a child of the community, and as such should realize that he has certain responsibilities to those outside his own family circle. In the same way individual clubs in the towns and in the cities of Ontario have a duty to one another. It was with this thought in mind that one speaker advocated a Provincial Home and School Organization. It was thought that such an organization could exert a very helpful influence in the work of extending ideals and making these ideals a power in the life of Canadian boys and girls. Then when thought-seeds had grown, and time for action had arrived how much easier it would be to work through united organizations than it would be if there were not unity among the parents and the teachers of Ontario.

Not only the parents and the children receive inspiration from the Home and School Clubs, the teachers, too, derive many benefits from them. If, in the past, we imagined that a few hundred dollars paid for a teacher's services, we have now awakened to the fact that his or her service to the country can never be estimated in terms of money. A strong, inspiring personality combined with good common sense and an optimistic outlook on life has unlimited power, and when a teacher is endowed with these qualities the fact should be recognized. That teacher should be paid a sufficiently large salary so that, apart altogether from the fact of earning it (which she assuredly does), the people who pay it may have a wholesome respect for the teaching profession. Naturally, we are inclined to value what we have in terms of what we pay for it. May this fact not be responsible for the lack of interest sometimes evidenced on the part of parents where teachers are concerned?

(Continued on page 46.)

Getting Together

Though the tongues of men be different, the heart is essentially the same. In a world torn with war and economic strife, what need is greater than that of "getting together"?

Today women are working as never before. Eager for political, economic and social reform, they are mobilizing the forces of good. Cognizant of her own potentiality, woman desires to use her capacities intelligently and well, wishes to learn of the achievements of others, and of the gradual leveling of national barriers before a growing universal fellowship.

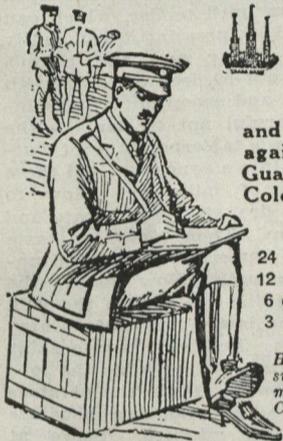
The Christian Science Monitor, with a world-wide newsgathering service and an international circulation, presents the important activities of women everywhere. Education, the arts, household, fashions, and advertising are also valuable assets to its women readers.

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EE SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE EE



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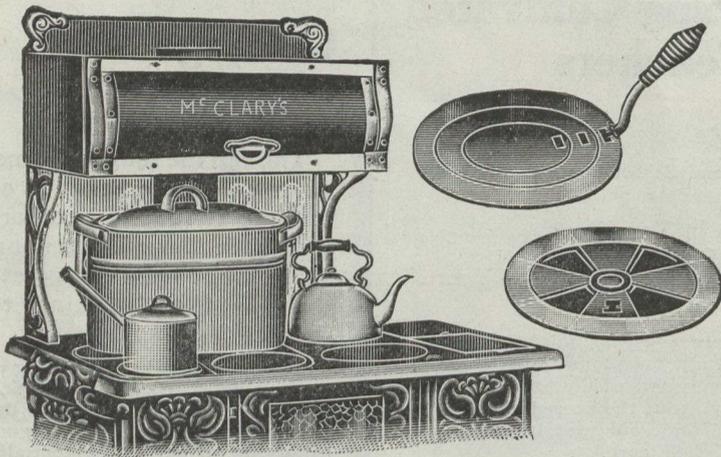


Old Dutch

Fruit Jars and other Glassware can easily be kept immaculate with Old Dutch

And remember, this cleanser never harms your hands





The Pandora's Top

Three-quarters of your rangework is done on the top of the range.

So the Pandora Range top has been designed to perform as many duties, simultaneously, as it is possible for a range to do.

The Pandora flue system gives you five holes in the top upon which you can boil. The six-hole top is made with two interchangeable sections.

On wash day this enables you to set the boiler on the far side and cook dinner on three front holes.

There is a reducing cover for smaller sized pots.

Also a check cover to hold the fire in at night.

And then when the work is cleared away, by one gentle rub with a cloth you instantly restore the burnished brilliance of the top—less work by half than even the "lick and a promise" you used to give the old style, rough and rattling cast iron covers that would not shine without black-lead and a backache.

"The Magic of the Pandora"—Booklet Free

This is one of the many features of the Pandora Range described in "The Magic of the Pandora," a little booklet full of information that every woman will want before she buys a range. Write for it to the nearest McClary Branch.

McClary's Pandora Range

London St. John, N.B. Toronto Hamilton Montreal Calgary Winnipeg Edmonton Vancouver Saskatoon

61

Stuffed Vegetables in Place of Meat

By MARION HARRIS NEIL,
Author of "Salads, Sandwiches and Chafing Dish Recipes."

Substitutes are the Housewife's Need To-day.

At this season of the year vegetables stuffed with a forcemeat of some sort can be used in lieu of meat. Among the vegetables that respond well in food value to the usual meat "piece de resistance" are cabbage, tomatoes, egg plant, onions and peppers. There are no hard and fast rules for making the forcemeats, which may depend on materials on hand and individual preferences in seasonings.

EGG PLANT STUFFED AND BAKED.—The richly colored egg plant is now on the market, and is as fresh and perfect as is to be found at any time of the year. One vegetable is enough for a good-sized family. Do not attempt to cook egg plant in any way without first removing its acidity by boiling in plenty of boiling salted water for twenty minutes, which draws out the injurious principle, solania. To stuff, cut open the egg plant lengthwise, scoop out the centre, add one cupful of fine breadcrumbs or cornmeal, one-half cupful of chopped cooked meat or chicken, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, salt and pepper to taste, and one-half cupful of milk. Fill the egg plant shells with the mixture, cover with breadcrumbs, dot with butter substitute, and bake in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes. Serve hot.

Another Method.—Scoop out centre from egg plant after being boiled. Add to pulp one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one cupful of chopped tomatoes and one-half cupful of breadcrumbs. Fill into the shells, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, dot with butter substitute, and bake in a moderate oven for fifty minutes, basting frequently.

STUFFED SUMMER SQUASH.—Cut the top of a large squash smoothly across, and scrape out the inside, add to this one cupful of fine breadcrumbs or one cupful of cooked rice or barley, one small onion chopped fine, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and one-half cupful of milk. Fill the squash with this mixture, sprinkle a few breadcrumbs over the top, and bake slowly until tender.

STUFFED PEPPERS.—Cut off stem end and remove seeds from three green or red peppers. Mix one can of corn with one teaspoonful of salt, one-half teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley and one teaspoonful of onion juice. Fill into peppers, arrange in greased baking dish, add one-half cupful of boiling water, and bake for thirty minutes. Or, cook one cupful of rice or macaroni in boiling salted water until tender, drain and add one small onion chopped, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter substitute, two tablespoonfuls of chopped red peppers, one-half teaspoonful of salt and one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and fill into prepared peppers. Bake until tender, about thirty minutes. Or, mix one cupful of tomato pulp with one-half cupful of breadcrumbs, add one cupful of stock or water, two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, three tablespoonfuls of corn flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of pepper and one teaspoonful of onion juice. Fill into peppers and bake until ready. Serve hot.

STUFFED CABBAGE.—Choose a firm, round cabbage of medium size. Wash it well, removing any discolored leaves and the hard end of the stalk. Then put the cabbage into a bowl, cover it with boiling water, put a plate on the top and allow it to stand for one hour to soften. Meanwhile prepare the stuffing. Chop four tablespoonfuls of cooked chicken or left-over meat, add three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs, one teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of pepper. Pour in one tablespoonful of melted butter substitute and bind all into a stiffish paste with milk. Pull the leaves of the cabbage apart, put a spoonful of the stuffing in the centre and the remainder between the leaves. Then wrap the cabbage in a piece of greased paper, tie it with string and place it in a baking dish with two cupfuls of stock or water poured round. Bake in a steady oven for one hour, basting occasionally with the stock. When ready, serve the cabbage on a hot dish, removing the paper and string, boil down the stock until

there is just sufficient to serve as gravy, remove any grease from the top and pour it round. Chopped nut meats may be used in place of the chicken or meat. Sufficient for five persons.

STUFFED CARROTS.—Wash and scrape ten carrots, put them into a saucepan of boiling salted water, and parboil them. Take out and drain well, then allow to cool, and hollow out the centre of each. Cook sufficient beans to make one cupful of puree. Melt one tablespoonful of butter substitute in a saucepan, put in the bean mixture, stir until mixed, season with salt and pepper, and stir in two tablespoonfuls of milk or the beaten yolk of one egg. Mix thoroughly, and allow to cool. Put this puree into a forcing bag with tube, and fill the centres of the carrots with it. Melt four tablespoonfuls of butter substitute in a saucepan, put in the stuffed carrots, cover with the lid of the pan, and cook gently for five minutes, then add one cupful of water or gravy, and simmer until the carrots are soft but not broken. Serve hot with the gravy poured round.

STUFFED POTATOES.—Choose five or six medium-sized and evenly shaped potatoes. Wash and scrub them well and dry them. Prick the skins, place the potatoes on a tin in a moderate oven and bake them until tender, which can be ascertained by pressing them gently between the finger and the thumb. When ready, cut a piece off each with a sharp knife and scoop out all the inside, being careful not to damage the skins. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute into a saucepan, add three tablespoonfuls of milk and allow to heat over the fire, sieve the potato and add it to them. Then season to taste with salt and pepper, and beat well until perfectly smooth. Now remove the saucepan from the fire, stir in the yolk of one egg and lastly the white beaten to a stiff froth. Refill the potato skins with this mixture and sprinkle the tops with grated cheese. Place the potatoes on a baking tin and bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes. Serve at once.

Or scoop out the centres from baked potatoes and mash the pulp with four tablespoonfuls of chopped cold meat, tongue or chicken, add salt and pepper to taste and one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, then add two tablespoonfuls of left-over sauce or milk. Refill the skins with this mixture, piling it high in the centre. Sprinkle a few breadcrumbs over and put a small piece of butter substitute on the top of each. Return the potatoes to the oven and bake them until thoroughly hot. Serve hot. Grated cheese or finely flaked cooked fish may be used instead of meat.

STUFFED BEETS.—Peel three large cooked beets, cut them into slices about one and one-half inches in thickness; cut these slices into rounds with a fluted cutter, two inches in diameter, take the centre out of each with a smaller cutter, in this way making little cases of the beets. Take the whitest part of one small head of celery, wash it thoroughly, and then cut it into shreds, place these in a bowl, and mix with one tablespoonful of mayonnaise dressing. Fill into the centre of the case, piling it up above the beet. Sprinkle a little chopped parsley on the top of each and serve.

STUFFED ONIONS.—Choose six medium-sized onions, peel them, trim the root, but do not cut off or trim the onions will fall apart; parboil them for fifteen minutes, drain well, and scoop out some of the centre of each, fill with left-over cooked meat. Cut one turnip and one carrot into slices; put two tablespoonfuls of butter substitute at the bottom of a saucepan, on that place the carrot and turnip, add one cupful of stock or water, stand the stuffed onions in this, cover with the lid of the pan, and cook in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve hot. Nut meats may be used instead of the meat. This makes a very good supper or luncheon dish.

Another Method.—Boil and drain onions, scoop out the centres, and fill with breadcrumbs seasoned with salt, pepper and grated cheese, and moisten with a little milk. Wrap each onion in greased paper, twist the ends, put in a greased pan, and bake for one hour. Remove the paper and serve hot.

JUDICIOUS RECREATION AN ECONOMY

For the Family:

Many nearby, quiet and healthy places where it is high and dry and the air cool and invigorating, are listed in recent Canadian Northern pamphlets. Ask for

list of "Summer Hotels and Boarding Houses," with rates; and for great fishing and canoeing expeditions get "Where to Fish and Hunt." Any C.N.R. Agent, or write Gen'l Pass. Dept., Montreal or Toronto.

LAKE SIMCOE
SPARROW LAKE
SEVERN RIVER
MUSKOKA LAKES
Parry Sound and
French River Districts
RIDEAU LAKES.

CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY

DON'T overlook the notice regarding change in our subscription price. It appears in this issue.

Sparks From the Food Board Anvil

By ISHBEL M. ROSS,
Educational Division, Canada Food Board.

Observe the Food Regulations—Go Further
If You Will, But Never Fall Short.

Even if the women of Canada hotly deny the imputation, the fact remains that there are still plenty of Miss Fluffy Ruffles and her genus abroad. The masculine idlers are now being rounded up. It isn't likely that anything as drastic will be done where women are concerned, but the national registration which took place last month will go far to show how many feminine slackers we have in the country. To every able-bodied woman who is idle, or who is doing merely decorative work, or who thinks she is serving her country by a few hours of Red Cross work, the call comes for genuine sacrifice, for effort that is essential.

Knitting must go on, but there is a very great deal of camouflage knitting. It is work that can be done by older women and in odd times by their daughters. But in the main, young, strong women must do something that is going to count—something that spells an increased supply of foodstuffs.

Canada must produce 250,000,000 more bushels of wheat in 1918 than in 1917. Canada must produce at least 1,000,000 more hogs in 1918 than in 1917, and as many more as possible. Canada must eat less white bread, less sugar, less pastry, less fats.

In crystallized form this is a stirring challenge to the women of the country. It is July and the precious grain is growing on the stalk. The war gardens are rich with promise. Work lies ahead—no end of work. Sir Robert Borden has said that the men must be taken, for no production would avail if the sorely-tried lines in Flanders were to break.

What then? The boy power of the country has been marshalled, and already the Soldiers of the Soil are holding the trenches in the second line of defence—the food production line.

The women are getting into it—but not half fast enough. *There is no time to be lost.* Since August, 1914, 4,750,000 persons have died of starvation in Europe, as compared with 4,250,000 who have been killed in action. Right now there are 9,000,000 people in Belgium and Northern France without bread. And it is getting worse all the time!

The women of Canada must help to divert the demand for wheat foods, beef and bacon, to a demand for cereals, potatoes, vegetables and fish.

The women of Canada must do more. They must produce! Forty million men are on active service at the front. Ten million men are on war duty behind the lines. Forty million men are engaged in the war industries at home. These 90,000,000 men are not producing food. These 90,000,000 men are consuming food and must be fed.

Not a scrap of energy must be wasted in bothering about trivialities. There is no time for criticism, for snarling and carping. Work with a cheerful spirit and a courageous heart. That is how the men fight. It is how we, who cannot fight, must live. The conduct of every brave woman brings victory nearer just as surely as does the gallantry of our heroes overseas.

Observe the food regulations. Go further if you will, but never fall short of them. They may be issued for public institutions. They are meant equally for you!

Never let yourself forget the need of Europe. Think of it every day—think of it with a sense of responsibility. Then, inevitably, you will save, you will sacrifice, you will do your plain duty.

The war is bringing about many big changes in the world of trade. Some of them, almost imperceptible as yet, are

going to revolutionize the existing state of affairs and have a direct bearing on the woman in the home.

While she has undoubtedly heard a good deal of talk about the licensing of the various trades by the Canada Food Board, it is questionable if this has conveyed very much to her or excited more than passing interest because she did not see any particular relationship between her grocer's license and the goods he sells her every day.

As a matter of fact, the licensing of the trades of Canada is one of the most significant features of food control, and its effects will be more far-reaching than is yet realized. The great majority of Canadian citizens engaged in supplying food to the people are both honest and patriotic. They have been quick to come forward and pledge support. Wherever there is an unscrupulous dealer, however, licensing catches him.

The trades are rapidly being lined up. Over a hundred thousand application forms have already gone out from the Licensing Department of the Canada Food Board. Butchers, bakers, feed merchants, fruit and vegetable dealers, fish dealers, confectioners, produce dealers and public eating houses are all coming under license. Every licensee can be made, upon request, to disclose his account books for the year. In this way undue profits can be kept down.

The fact that licensing keeps down profiteering will appeal to every woman. The actual fee for the license is merely nominal. If a man is found to be making undue profits, his license will be cancelled. No license, no business! There is no means of escape, for the system is thorough and extends to every dealer. Licensing is really a source

of protection to the honest tradesman, and at the same time should mean much to the woman in the home.

The grocer has to make monthly returns to the Canada Food Board. Naturally he will be more careful than he has ever been in the past.

Different methods are employed for the export trade. Every consignee wishing to send foodstuffs out of the country has to get a permit from the Canada Food Board. These permits are being issued at the rate of seventy-five or so per day. They preclude the possibility of a scrap of food reaching enemy sources, for the destination of everything has to be defined and the Board reserves the right to refuse permits if they deem this course advisable.

Thus it will be seen that the Canada Food Board has its finger on the pulse of the trade channels of Canada. Nothing can slip through without their knowledge. They will be wide awake all the time to what is going on. Any woman can see the immense advantage to her of this kind of supervision.

The hot weather is here. During the hottest days of the summer it is important that the workers—and it is taken for granted that in these days everyone, man, woman and child, is a worker—keep in condition to do their bit without a pause. Rain or shine, hot or cold, the boys in France are working. The war workers here at home must do the same.

For reasons of health, as well as reasons of patriotism, fresh fish is strongly to be recommended as a desirable summer food.

Fish is more easily digested than meat.

Fish is less heating than meat.

Fish left-overs form an excellent basis for salads and other cold dishes.

SUFFICIENT SUGAR FOR CANNING.

Housekeepers who are anxious about their preserves for next winter may take comfort. The Food Board announces that there will be sufficient sugar in the country for the preserving and canning season and that the maximum fruit and vegetable crops that can be produced in this country will be taken care of, so far as the sugar supply is concerned. To make sure of this however, strict conservation will be necessary in the meantime.



Junket

MADE with MILK
ICE CREAM

Use of a Junket Tablet in making ice cream means that you can use more milk and less cream and yet produce a more "creamy" ice cream than ever before; and it will be more wholesome and digestible.

Junket Ice Cream is quickly made and has a smoother, more velvety texture than ordinary ice cream.

A simple trial will please you immensely. You will be truly delighted to be able to make better cream at lower cost. Children can eat all they want of Junket Ice Cream—just as they can of Junket desserts.

Interesting Recipe Booklet sent free. For 3c we will send samples, enough for 2 quarts of ice cream or 12 dishes of Junket. Full package sent for 12c.

Sold by Grocers and Druggists.

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"Nesnah" is Junket prepared with sugar and in 4 flavors. Made in a jiffy. Try a package—10c.

The Inspiring Alliance

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Delicious, refreshing and thirst-quenching.

What finer union of qualities could you ask in a beverage?

Tested by time—fundamentally and unvaryingly good.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

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The Whole Family Appreciates ENO'S FRUIT SALT

ENO'S will keep the whole family in good natural health.

IT keeps them in good natural health. Dad takes a spoonful in a glass of water each morning to remove gases from the stomach—clear his liver, and get ready for the day's business. Mother wards off that approaching headache. The kiddies get a drink of Eno's, whenever they are not regular, or when too many cakes or goodies have been eaten.

Thousands of families who never need "dope" take Eno's in this way as a corrective. Test it for yourself. A spoonful in water makes a delightful drink—cool, sparkling and effervescent. It rids your blood of impurities, cleanses and stimulates the organs of your body into healthy action. Eno's is the only and original FRUIT SALT. It is endorsed by Medical Men and has been tested and approved literally from pole to pole.



"For Every Member of the Family." You'll find ENO'S in the Best Homes.

Prepared by J. C. ENO Ltd., "Fruit Salt" Works, LONDON, Eng. Agents for North America HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Limited 10 McCaul Street, TORONTO 171 Madison Avenue, NEW YORK

The Y.M.C.A. Replies to Criticisms

Ridiculously Untrue Stories are Being Circulated in Some Localities, Which Unthinking People Believe, Thereby Impeding the Valuable Work of this Splendid Organization.

I was told to-day that a man whose son was at the front received a letter from his boy, in which he said he had just come safely out of an engagement and wished to have a letter posted immediately to his father. He wrote the letter, took it to a Y.M.C.A. and asked them to mail it.

"Have you a stamp?" asked the secretary. "No," replied the soldier. "Have you any money?" "No," again from the unfortunate Tommy.

"Then," said the heartless Y.M.C.A. man, "I cannot post it for you."

This is story No. 1, going the rounds at the present time. Whoever invented it must have done so with a sincere desire to hurt the work of the Y.M.C.A. Or it may be a direct piece of German propaganda, to poison the minds of Canadians and retard the work of an organization which is fast becoming a gigantic obstacle on the enemy's road to victory.

A moment's consideration convinces one of the absolute falsehood of such a statement. All letters from our soldiers in France are posted by them unstamped. They need neither stamps nor money to send their letters home.

Story No. 2 is quite as foolish as the former. Doubtless it has been told to you. It is as follows:

A soldier bought a pair of socks from the Y.M.C.A., and in the toe found a little note from the lady who had knitted and donated them, asking the recipient to communicate with her. She was accordingly very much shocked to learn that the poor soldier had been forced to pay for his socks.

It is a well known fact that the Y.M.C.A. has nothing whatever to do with supplying socks to the soldiers. They neither sell nor donate socks—this being the work of the Red Cross and the Canadian War Contingent Association.

Accusations of G. W. V.'s.

More serious, however, were the accusations of the Great War Veterans recently when they undertook to criticize the work of the Y.M.C.A. So untrue were their statements that the National Council of the Y.M.C.A. has issued the following:

"In view of recent criticisms and questions from various sources, the National Executive Committee of the Y.M.C.A. wish to present to the public the following general statements of fact in regard to its services to the soldiers, and to give out at the same time a statement recently made by General Currie, which will enable the public to judge of the value of the Y.M.C.A. work in France.

Purpose of Y.M.C.A. Canteens.

"The Y.M.C.A. is in the canteen business solely as a medium of service to the soldier, and devotes every dollar of net profit made to that service. There is not, nor ever has been, a dollar made in its military canteen which has been used in any other way than in its service to the soldiers. The total cost of maintaining its service greatly exceeds the amount of net profits from its canteens, and the balance is met from the subscription funds raised in Canada.

"During the year 1917 the total cost of maintaining the Y.M.C.A. service to the Canadian soldiers in England and France, including very large items for free drinks, cinemas and concerts, athletic supplies, writing materials, libraries, etc., was two and a half times as much as the net profits from its canteens. In other words, for every dollar of net profit made in its canteens the Y.M.C.A. has had to secure by subscriptions another dollar and a half to meet the requirements of its entire service overseas.

"The prices charged in the canteens are governed by the military authorities, and the Y.M.C.A. is not allowed to undersell the Expeditionary Force canteens in France.

Financial Statements.

"In France the books of the Y.M.C.A. are checked monthly, in so far as all canteen operations are concerned, by the army field cashiers. These, as well as the accounts in England, are audited regularly by a chartered accountant, and these audited state-

ments, now issued every six months, are sent to all the officers commanding, and are posted in the Y.M.C.A. huts for the information of the soldiers. In addition to this, a combined English and French audited statement is issued every six months.

"A complete audited statement, including overseas operations for 1917, which will be published in Canada, has been delayed by the recent military operations, which have prevented the auditor getting the necessary permission to cross to France.

"A military board of three officers appointed by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Currie, conducted an examination of the whole work of the Y.M.C.A. in the Canadian Corps in France during the month of March, and reported that its financial operations were satisfactory, and that its business was being efficiently conducted.

Specific Criticisms Answered.

"It is scarcely necessary for the Y.M.C.A. to affirm that it has never sold in its canteens articles sent as gifts to the soldiers. It is impossible for such a thing to happen as a Y.M.C.A. transaction.

"In connection with Y.M.C.A. libraries in France, a small deposit is asked when a book is taken out, and refunded when it is returned. This is done to ensure the return of the books for further circulation. No charge is made for the loan of a book.

General Currie's Testimony.

"No one is in a better position than Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Currie to speak as to whether the Y.M.C.A. is a genuine benefaction and service to the Canadian army. The following is a statement made by him to a gathering of Canadian Y.M.C.A. officers in France, at which the general secretary for Canada was present, on March 11th, 1918.

"One of the most important factors in winning a fight is the morale of the troops, and it is in helping to raise and maintain the morale at a high level that you have done so much. Canadians have the well-merited reputation of being good soldiers, and that is because their morale is good. This is only possible because they are well looked after, and that is where the Y.M.C.A. steps in and renders invaluable assistance by providing them with happiness and comfort. The men forget the sights of war, and seem to get a fresh start through your programmes, your concerts, your sports and your canteens. Your literature, music and concerts afford them the greatest possible pleasure and relaxation, your sports keep them happy and fit, and your canteens provide them with things they cannot get elsewhere at such reasonable rates.

Great Help in Beating Huns.

"You are a wonderful help to us in beating the Boche. It is not necessary for me to say this. It is apparent to all in the corps. But this year we are going to need your help more than ever. Heretofore, the Canadians have always been pushing forward and winning, and that is a great stimulus to the men. This year we may be on the defensive, and that will require a maximum of moral courage and strength. If we let the morale sag, our efficiency will topple over.

"I believe the authorities should recognize the extremely valuable factor the Y.M.C.A. is in winning battles, and I think you ought to have the proper personnel and equipment necessary to carry on your work.

"In conclusion, I can only repeat what I said a few minutes ago—that the need of the work and the influence of the Y.M.C.A. are greater now than ever before, and, if such a thing be possible, you must all work even harder than in the past, though I do not see how, with the men and material you have, you can do more than you are doing. But if you can, do so. We need it, and we appreciate it."

It is to be regretted that the Great War Veterans, who have at one time been benefited by the Y.M.C.A., should now speak so bitterly against this organization. The Y.M.C.A. has proven beyond question that it is doing a magnificent work for our soldiers, and the public will have no sympathy with an individual or association which persists in unjust criticism of its work.

Maxwell Nothing to do but put in the dirty clothes and take them out clean. Think how many other things you can be doing meanwhile! Here is a

"Home" Water-Motor Washer

Attach it to the faucet, turn on water, and the machine washes the clothes—without help—without any attention. Water and suds, that's all—and great piles of dirty clothes will melt away as though by magic, till wash-day becomes the lightest working day in your week.

MAXWELLS LIMITED Dept. 'T' St. Marys, Ontario 39

Keep Your Skin Lovely

It is not difficult. By using our preparations which counteract the causes of defective skin, the beautiful, clear, freshness of youth may be restored. Sufferers from Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Wrinkles, "Crow's Feet," Blisters, etc., should consult with us at once and secure our free advice as to the proper preparations to use.

Princess Complexion Purifier	\$1.50
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Sent to any address on receipt of price.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR REMOVED

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A SCHOOL OF IDEALS AND AN IDEAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG WOMEN

Healthful, picturesque location amidst 200 acres of garden and farm land.

Public School to Second Year University	Civic and Parliamentary Studies,
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Music	
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Commercial	REV. F. L. FAREWELL B.A. PRINCIPAL
Elocution	
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This Ideal City-Country School Re-Opens September 11, 1918

The War-Time Holiday

By KATHLEEN McKILLIGAN.

Two Real Vacations Which Cost Next to Nothing.

As this fourth war-time summer, with all its changed conditions, approaches we hear again and again the plaint: "I'm not taking a holiday this year. Living is so high it seems as if we really can't afford it"; or, "It seems wrong to spend money on a holiday when there is so much need in the world." Too often comes the addition: "I need a holiday, too, if only I could manage it."

This last for most of us is quite too true. Life has taken on an added strain, an extra burden of anxiety of which, since we have carried it now for so long, we are scarcely conscious. It is so much a part of our lives that we can scarcely imagine existence without it. Yet this very acquiescence is but a proof of our need of relaxation. Let us by no means drop these precious holidays. They give us a measure of preparedness for the future we must face; to a certain extent they counteract the wear and worry of the past. Some sort of holiday, a genuine, restful, joy-filled, health-giving holiday, is the right of every worker. Nor need it prove the expensive luxury which so often we have found it heretofore. In our long vista of holiday summers two of the happiest were enjoyed at an expense so slight that they might be at the command of the most straightened of purses. Some such holiday I am sure everyone could accomplish, and we at least found that they vie in happiness with our more pretentious summers.

The first came to us one summer when mother was in the Western States. We girls decided to forego our usual holiday, and instead planned a stay-at-home time that proved even better than our anticipations. We lived in a big house in a small town, a house that meant plenty of work for us all, for we had no maid that year, and a slow, sleepy country town that offered little of what is generally accepted as a good time. But we were determined to get just as much of a holiday as we could plan, and mother's train was scarcely an hour on its way westward when we three girls who were left began putting our scheme into operation.

We went through the whole house, pulling the furniture into the middle of the room and covering it just as we always did for a summer's absence. As we finished each room we turned the key in the lock. The halls, the summer kitchen with its coal-oil stove, and one large bedroom which we all shared, were the only rooms which we left open. From these we removed every rug, curtain, drape and ornament, and every piece of unnecessary furniture. The house had shutters, so we dispensed with both the window blinds and windows in our own room. In the daytime the shutters kept out flies and moths, but at night they were flung wide open to welcome the fresh outdoor air. The house had two wide verandahs, and in the grounds were several large trees and groups of shrubs which offered abundance of shade. Of these sheltered nooks the one which we used most, and which we had dubbed the "cubby hole," was a large space cut out in the heart of a group of Norway spruce. Even a few feet from it one might well be unaware of its existence, but once through the narrow opening between the thick branches one found oneself in a circular room, perhaps twelve feet in diameter, roofed with sky and raftered with spruce boughs and carpeted with green-brown needles from the trees above. Here there were hammocks, a small table and a chair or two. This was our drawing-room. Tables and chairs and rugs on the verandahs completed our house-furnishings.

Our programme varied little with the days. There was always some work to do, for we had gardens and lawn to care for, and our own washing and ironing to do. The cooking was never more than we could do easily with our coal-oil stove and oven. We did not prepare very "fussy" meals, even when we had company, but I think we were never more hungry nor enjoyed anything better. Besides our regular work we preserved about forty-five quarts of fruit, and picked most of it, too, so we hadn't any chance to be really idle. Our day's plan was as follows: We were up fairly early, and breakfast was served on a table under the trees on the lawn, or if it was wet on either verandah.

We were adepts at transporting huge tray-loads, everything at once, and learned every trick of cosy, hay-box, and hot-water bottle or pail to keep things warm. We found a boy's small express wagon very useful for transporting meals from kitchen to lawn. The bottom could be filled, and then a large tray placed over it resting on the sides. We usually managed with one such trip. Dishes were washed out of doors after the table was cleared, and were carefully stacked in the wagon and covered or packed in the picnic basket ready for the next move. For the most part our mornings were busy; if there was spare time it was usually spent in the hammock with a book or writing letters in the "cubby hole." Dinner was at mid-day, and the heaviest rain never drove us nearer to indoors than the sheltered corner of the verandah.

After dinner we slept or read or followed our own sweet will until the noon heat was over, then packed our picnic basket and sallied forth with rugs, books, sketching or writing material, and, usually, bathing suits. On most days we went to the lake, which was only distant a ten-minutes' walk; but sometimes it was up the river or to some near-by woods. Often we asked some of our friends to go with us, or joined in picnics which they gave; but quite as often were alone, for we three girls were always good comrades.

We were all fond of bathing, and could swim a little, so we had great fun in the water. Often we played about doing "gym" stunts in our bathing suits before we went in. After bathing we were always a bit tired, and usually sat around on the sand while our hair was drying, sometimes reading aloud, but more often just chatting.

Long before six o'clock we set about preparing supper. Our picnics could have given pointers to people who consider picnics "too much nuisance." Our plan was always as little home preparation as possible, so our bread came in the loaf with the bread-board, and was buttered and sliced under the trees by the lake. Our berries were hulled and cleaned there, and we grew to be expert cooks over a little fire, or rather over little fires, for we found it worked best to have as many fires as we had things to cook. We broiled ham or steak over the coals, fried chicken, baked or fried potatoes, warmed pork and beans, made fritters and omelettes; even made tomato soup on cold days. In fact, we tried all sorts of cooking stunts, and had the greatest fun doing it.

Usually we were back at home before dark if we went alone. Often someone dropped in to spend the evening, and we sat on the verandah and ate ice-cream, or we went motoring, or played tennis on the club courts. If we were alone with nothing doing we spent our evenings always in the "cubby hole." There was a hammock apiece, with cushions and rugs, and we hung a lantern from the boughs overhead. With a large white paper shade to throw the light downward this gave a light quite strong enough to read by, and we had many a cosy evening. But our out-of-door day always made us sleepy, and we were ready for bed at an early hour.

Sometimes we planned all day picnics, an excursion by water or a long drive; but these were few, only three or four in the month, and it was the every-days, which, after all, I believe we enjoyed the most.

Of course, there were cold and rainy days, but we had warm coats and sweaters at hand, and always we could find a dry corner on either of our verandahs. There were always heaps of things waiting to be done on those rainy days. By the time the month was over we were all brown as berries, had grown appreciably in weight, and were ready to vote our summer at home one of the very happiest holidays we had ever spent. And it had cost us little more than our ordinary living expenses.

A Holiday in a Tent.

Our other holiday came a few years later, when we were city-dwellers. Mother had been ill and needed a change. We girls had positions in the city and were all eager to get away for the summer—but where?—or how? It was the first year of the war. Things looked terribly uncertain financially,

Ask Us Any Question

State the questions clearly which you wish answered, and enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. Address the letters to heads of the Departments named. These questions are answered absolutely free of charge to our subscribers.



Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton.

About Health and Children.

Your problems of the feeding, clothing, weaning and general care of the baby will be carefully answered by Dr. Laura S. M. Hamilton.

About School Matters.

Of course you are interested in your child's education, but you may have several questions to ask about school matters. Write to Thomas Bengough.

About Cooking.

Cooking in War-time has become a science indeed. If you want any help or advice, write Marion Harris Neil.

About War Work.

All who wish information regarding the various ways women can help win the War, may write Betty O'Hara.



Katherine Hale.

About Canadian Literature and Journalism.

Do you think you can write? If so, and if you would like some questions answered, write to Katherine Hale.

About Shopping.

"The Journal Shopper" will do your shopping for you free of charge in Toronto. Write her full particulars.

About Personal Problems.

If you want to unburden your heart and tell somebody about your troubles, Jennie Allen Moore will gladly listen and give some helpful advice.

About Books.

What to read, reading courses, home study, all questions of this nature, will be answered by Peter O'Donovan.



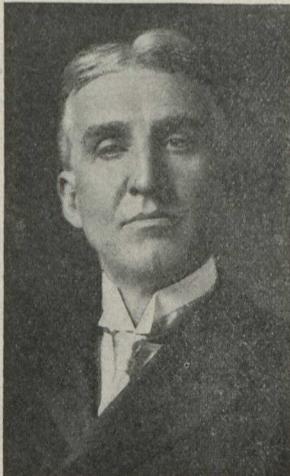
Jennie Allen Moore.

About History and Travel.

No one is better qualified to give advice on either of these subjects than Frank Yeigh. He will answer all questions asked him by our readers.

About Music.

Questions relating to music will be answered by Hector Charlesworth.



Frank Yeigh.



Hector Charlesworth.

A LETTER JUST RECEIVED

Brampton, May 20, 1918.

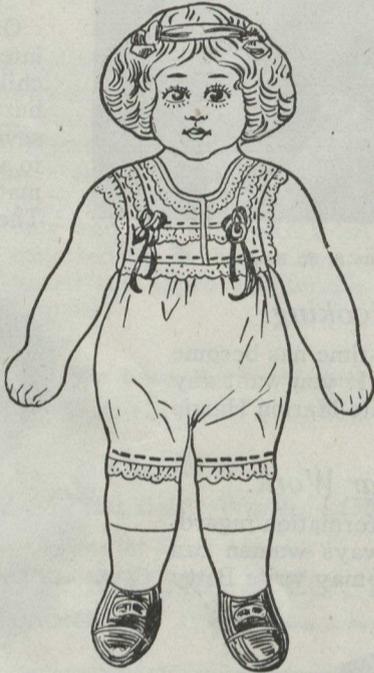
Canadian Home Journal,
Toronto, Ont.

Last year about Christmas time you had a set of dollies. I got them for my little girl, and of all her dolls, including an — Beauty, she liked her big rag doll best, and would take it to bed every night in preference to any of the others. I have tried to get them in town, but cannot find any as large and good as Dolly Dimples. Will you kindly tell me where and how I can get another?

Expectantly yours,

Mrs. _____

I am Dolly Dimples



I have Two Sisters

I have been taken to bed every night by hundreds of little girls and boys, and though dolls and toys are very scarce this season—

I am Absolutely FREE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

sent hundreds like me to all parts of Canada last year, and I proved so welcome that they are asking me to visit more homes this year.

Cut Out This Coupon and Mail It At Once

Canadian Home Journal,
71-81 Richmond St. West,
Toronto, Ont.

Enclosed find \$1.50 for my subscription to the Canadian Home Journal for the coming year. I am guaranteed prompt delivery of each copy and the set of Dolly Dimples Dolls as advertised in your July issue.

Mrs.

Address

 This coupon is only good if used before July 31, 1918.

The One Hundred Per Cent. Bad Boy

An Experiment of Unusual Interest is About to be Tried in the United States.

"Literary Digest" gives the following: WANTED.—The worst boy in America.

Any kids on your block that you think might size up to that specification? Of course you know lots of boys that are just plain "bad"—according to your lights—but naturally there is only one "worst" boy in the country, and he is wanted in Chicago. If you think you know him send word to Jack Robins and the delegation that recently left Chicago. That boy is going to be found, and he is going to be transplanted and made into a good boy in six months.

Joe Willens, seventeen, Mayor of the Boys' Brotherhood Republic; Manford Haskell, the City Clerk, and Jack Robins, the original "Big Brother" who founded the Republic four years ago, have started on a tour of the country looking for the 100 per cent. bad boy from fourteen to sixteen years old. Describing the novel experiment, a writer in the Newark *Star-Eagle* says:

These two boys with Robins will hold public meetings in scores of cities and will confer with officials of juvenile courts, police departments, and settlement organizations. They will go into jails, workhouses, and reformatories in search for the worst boy.

"He must be the worst boy in the whole country," Robins explained to me at the boys' city hall, while Mayor Joe added: "Just a bad boy isn't enough."

If he is an inmate of a reformatory, eminent Chicago men who are trying to solve the world-wide "boy problem" through the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, will give bond to insure the return of the boy to the institution after the six months are up.

Should the boy's parents or guardians desire it, a fictitious name will be given the "worst" boy when he is transplanted to the Boys' Republic, and no one outside the boys there will know that he is the worst boy.

"Any boy can be reformed if work on him is started at the right time," said Robins. "That time is before he is seventeen. We take boys between fourteen and seventeen, and haven't failed on a single lad. Some of the boys—in fact, most of them—were habitual bad boys before they came to us. But I have never seen a bad boy under seventeen who stayed bad if the right effort to reform him was made.

"Juvenile delinquency has increased 35 per cent. since the war started, according to the record of Chicago courts. I don't know what the reason is, but it is true in all countries at war. This must be stopped. We must conserve these boys to help win the war and for the good of our country after the war is over. These boys must take places left vacant by the Americans who fall in battle over there.

"That is why we are starting this hunt for America's worst boy. We are going to show that the worst boy can be reformed. That will prove the possibility of reforming all the so-called bad boys. Most of these bad boys are not bad. But they will be bad if their boyish energy and enthusiasm are not directed into proper channels.

"We make good boys out of bad boys

by turning their energy and enthusiasm into the right channel. No, we don't preach to them. The other boys merely set the right example, and we provide plenty of safety valves for pent-up spirits.

"By reforming the worst boy in the country, we hope to draw strong attention to the boy problem during the war, and believe a more earnest effort will be made in every city and every home to start boys right."

When the worst boy in Uncle Sam's big family is found he will be invited to go to Chicago and live at the Boys' Republic. His transportation from any part of the United States will be paid, and there are 250 good citizens in the Republic who are anxious to prove the theory that the only difference between a good boy and a bad boy is the way they are permitted to expend their surplus energy. Says Robins:

"The bad boy, if not reformed, becomes the 'baby gunman,' the kid 'stick-up guy,' and if he goes to prison and not to the gallows he comes out a full-fledged bad man, highwayman, burglar, safe-cracker, gangster, and murderer for money. You can't reform him then, not without his own help, and 90 per cent. of them don't want to be reformed at that stage of their lives.

"The moral is to get 'em young. That's why we hope to attract the attention of every mother and father to this hunt for the worst boy."

A NEW SOCIETY WITH AN OLD NAME.

There is a new antisociety on the lists. Perhaps you are already a member. If not, you will be interested in its propaganda. It is called the Antibellyache Society. Vulgar? Well, only in parenthesis. It's good dictionary English. See the New Standard for verification:

Bellyache (vulgar.) To act the sycophant; also, to fret, as with discontent; complain.

Anyway, it's a good, forceful Americanism.

The membership card of the society states that it has "no dues, no offices, no annual banquet," and that its object is "to discourage war-time bellyaching."

Here are the sentiments to which the members subscribe:

I avow the belief:
That even I could not run this war and please everybody;

That war must necessarily interfere with some peaceful occupations and pursuits;

That all men should help as much as possible, and complain as little as possible—that they should "can" the bellyache."

Wherefore:

I hereby join the Antibellyache Society, and thus becoming an A-B (Antibellyacher), I pledge myself to refrain (so far as possible) from and to discourage bellyaching for the term of the war; to get new members whenever possible; to impose on myself a fine, payable to the American Red Cross, for each bellyache of which I may be guilty.

—*Literary Digest*.

Developing A Dream

(Continued from page 23.)

Colored people love tragedy, mystery and romance, and they are all to be found in the story of how the "Grower" came into being: the tragic young life; the message from the Lord; the change from a meagre room with an atmosphere of soapsuds to a palatial mansion on the Hudson.

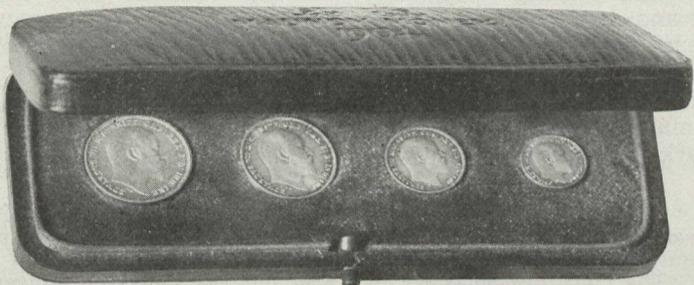
Through the genius of Mrs. Walker, the colored race has been advanced in a way that can hardly be calculated. She has made possible the way for thousands of women of her race to abandon the wash tub for more pleasant and profitable occupation. Colored women all over the country are being rapidly re-made in appearance. The fact that they are at last able to manage their hair seems to have stirred them into improving their appearance in other respects. The thousands of young women employed by "madam" realize that their personal appearance has much to do with selling their

wares, and they govern themselves accordingly.

Through the influence of this "Beauty Culture" movement among the colored people, enormous sums of money are being kept in the race which formerly went into the coffers of the unscrupulous vendors of powders and brews which were claimed to bleach the skin and straighten the hair of those who persistently swallowed them. The pity of it was that in many cases the credulous purchasers were injured physically as well as financially.

Mrs. Walker has certainly earned the undying gratitude of her colored brothers and sisters all over the country for her remarkable discovery which she has put upon the market at a price within the reach of all. She has had the courage of her convictions, and without aid or encouragement from any living soul has amassed a fortune. More power to her!

Contributions to the Silver Thimble and Trinket Fund Begin



A case of Maundy money is donated and the interesting story about it told.

Although the June number scarcely reaches the homes of its readers before this issue goes to press, there has already been a response to the request contained in its pages for silver and gold trinkets to be used to provide hot drinks for the soldiers. The beginning has been made—the first package has come in, and we are prepared for the arrival of a huge number of parcels during the coming weeks, containing all manner of quaint and queer, large and small, old and new gifts. It is so little for each to do, yet the whole will accomplish so much.

As explained last month, a receipt is sent to each contributor, and the articles that will bring more by selling are thus disposed of, after being valued, and the rest melted down—every cent goes to provide hot drinks for the soldi rs. The W.C.T.U. has undertaken this excellent way of assisting the Y.M.C.A., and we are asking our readers to search their homes for all useless trinkets, and send them to us, that a substantial pile may be handed over to the W.C.T.U.

Any of the following articles will be thankfully received: Old gold or silver thimbles, brooches, chains or links of chains, scarf pins, gold or silver tops of canes or umbrellas, bracelets, rings and earrings, silver match boxes, old gold or silver watches, odd cuff links, studs, watch chains, false teeth, broken spoons, forks or toilet articles in sterling silver, coins in gold or silver, medals, silverware of all kinds, plated or sterling.

Send to

Trinket Fund Dept.,
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL,
71 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

When a collection was made recently in the city of London, a lady donated a case of Maundy money. So rare and interesting was this gift that we had it photographed and reproduced above. The following story describes the ancient custom of the kings and queens in distributing Maundy money to their subjects:

The royal alms, known as His Majesty's Royal Maundy, are distributed annually by the Lord High Almoner on Maundy Thursday on behalf of the King.

They consist of various cash payments made to persons of both sexes over sixty years of age, who are in necessitous circumstances, and who have at one time given employment to others and paid rates and taxes.

One of the Maundy gifts is a payment, made in silver coins, of the value of as many pence as the years of the reigning Sovereign's age, to a like number of persons of both sexes. The money is paid entirely in silver coins of the nominal value of 1d., 2d., 3d. and 4d., respectively; and it is to these small silver pieces, which are struck specially at the mint for the purpose, that the title "Maundy money" is applied. These coins bear on the obverse the effigy of His Majesty, with the inscription (similar to that on other coins of the realm), *Edwardus VII, D.G. Britt.*

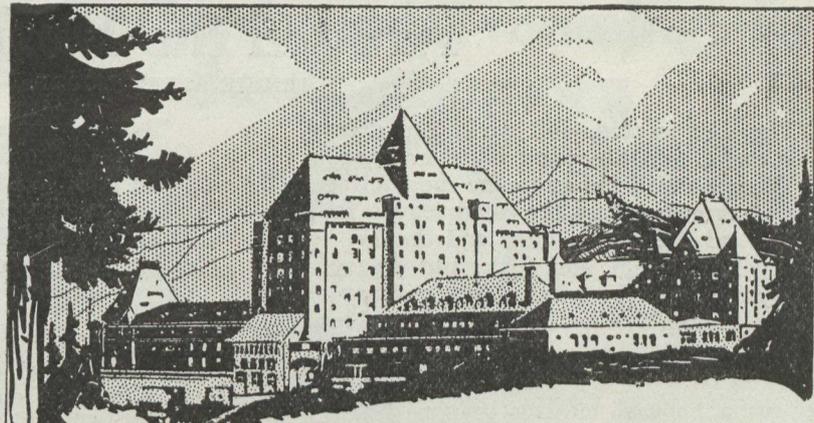
(Continued on page 46.)

Omn. Rex. F. D. Ind. Imp. (in full, *Edwardus VII, Dei Gratia Britanniarum Omnium Rex Fidei Defensor Indiae Imperator*), and on the reverse the figure "1d.," "2d.," "3d." or "4d.," surrounded by a wreath of oak and surmounted by the royal crown. The edges of the coins are not milled; the threepence, therefore, are identical with the coins of that denomination struck for general circulation. Collectors of coins frequently purchase the Maundy moneys from the original recipients at enhanced prices, but Maundy coins do not pass into general use.

The first coinage of small silver pieces intended solely for distribution on Maundy Thursday was struck in 1661. Prior to that date, silver pence had been struck for general circulation, and the coins which formed part of the Maundy alms were such as could be found in the ordinary currency of the country. The title "Maundy," applied to the Thursday before Easter, is derived from *dies mandati*, the day of the mandate—as on the day before Good Friday, Christ, after washing the disciples' feet, gave his new commandment, "That ye love one another" (John XIII, 34). Hence arose the custom of washing the feet of the poor by royal and other distinguished persons. This ceremony, which was accompanied by doles of food and clothing, can be traced back to the fourth century. James II. was the last King of England who washed the feet of the recipients of the Maundy doles. An old record book at Somerset House contained the following: "On Maundy Thursday, April 16, 1685, our Gracious King James, ye 2nd, washed, wiped and kissed the feet of 52 poor men with wonderful humility."

At the ceremony of washing the feet of the poor, it was an ancient custom of the Kings and Queens of England to present some of the most necessitous with a gown from the royal wardrobe. This gift was, however, subsequently redeemed by a money payment intended to represent the value of the garment.

In the year 1572, Queen Elizabeth went through a grand Maundy ceremonial in the hall at Greenwich. Poor women, corresponding in number to the age of Her Majesty, assembled, and these were duly arranged in the great hall. Tables and benches were placed along the room, with a carpeted footway and cushions in front of each poor person for the Queen to kneel on. When all were in their places, the Laundress, provided with a silver basin containing warm water and sweet flowers, washed all their feet, and after signing them a little above the toes with a cross, kissed them. When a hymn had been sung, the Sub-Almoner and the Lord High Almoner each in turn repeated the process. The Chaplain, having read an appropriate lesson, descriptive of the washing of the disciples' feet, and as it was considered that the feet of these poor women, after the continued washing, were by this time in a fit state for Her Majesty to deal with, the Queen entered the hall



BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

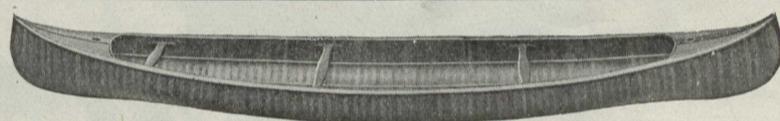
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Canadian Home Journal

71-81 Richmond St. W.
TORONTO

TWO RETURNED SOLDIERS REPLY TO THE QUESTION, "DO THE BOYS ENJOY THE HOT DRINKS?"

"Coffee never looked so good to me as it did once after a ten-mile march through muddy France. By the time it came to my turn the pot was empty. I thought I was out of luck until one of my pals gave me half of his. It wasn't quite as good as a whole cup, but it was a 'jake' just the same."

"I'll just say this much," said an Irishman, "if we didn't have some hot drinks, a cup of coffee or a bowl of soup to look forward to, our marches sometimes would be miserable failures. Sure, ma'am, it's what puts the life into us."

Your Silver and Gold Trinkets will help provide these drinks.

Around the Hearth

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE.

"The day is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.
"My life is cold, and dark, and dreary,
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,

But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.
"Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."
—Longfellow.

ONE RAINY DAY.

It was a holiday, too, that rainy day. The verses above may indicate a heavy subject, but such is not my intention. Remembering that this page will be read in the heat of July days, I forbear to take the serious side of this beautiful poem, believing that light reading is more befitting for warm weather. There is enough rain in our lives these awful war times, and anything that can divert our minds for even a brief spell is a redress to be appreciated.

There is a whole page in the poem alone, but it carries its own interpretation, so we will allow it to stand on its own merit. I would recommend to every one who reads it that it be memorized, and many times repeated until its philosophy and its optimism sink into and permeate the very

existence, and until the heart can issue the command of the last verse with an authority that will not be gainsaid.

There was an excursion on that holiday—that day of promise—as the sun shone forth in warmth and splendor. The train trip was eighteen miles, and we were to have a long day at the beautiful park. It was to last from eleven in the morning when we were scheduled to arrive there, until eight in the evening, the time we were due to leave for home. My friend and I packed dainty lunches, and prepared for a splendid day's outing.

The train stopped at the little station, and we alighted on the platform. But at that moment an umbrella shot up, another and yet another. We turned our gaze skyward, and there was no mistaking that the protection

sought was not from the sun which had accompanied us all the way, but the rain. The big drops splashed on the dusty white boards to the discomfiture of seven coach-loads of pleasure seekers.

Little groups had quickly formed and hurried away believing it to be but a passing shower. We lingered around the small depot, then decided to sit down inside. There a pleasant surprise awaited us in the form of a very intimate acquaintance, who had with her a sister from the far West, whom she brought to see our celebrated Falls.

Presently she whispered to me—"Say, let's double up for the day! We've a mighty fine lunch with us."

I assured her we also had a "dandy," and so we decided to spend the day together, but at that time we

did not dream of sticking quite so closely to each other.

The rain continued to fall, and soon those who had wandered away returned. The coaches had been left standing unlocked upon the track, else whither could such a crowd have found shelter from the elements? People were climbing back in, and we four concluded that the cushioned seats there were more desirable than the narrow bench upon which we sat, so we followed the rest, and procured two seats *vis-a-vis*, and awaited developments.

As baskets and boxes were being opened all around us, and appetizing contents distributed, we of course, also felt the pangs of hunger.

We *must* have tea, one of our number proclaimed, or *she* for one, would have a splitting headache. She was accordingly deputed to set forth on an expedition to obtain "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," and returned with such a strong decoction that a very tiny sip at a time sufficed for me—just sufficient to ward off the headache that had been predicted as inevitable, but—"Saints preserve us!"

We certainly did justice to the contents of the boxes, as each one must needs taste every variety of sandwich and cake, all of which proved a delightful diversion while it lasted.

But everything comes to an end, and soon we were all packed up trig and neat once more, crumbs shaken off our laps, the inner woman more that satisfied, and we consulted once more the weather. The result was not encouraging, and on this occasion our hearts did not beat in response to—

"How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and heat,
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane
How beautiful is the rain!"

Fortunately I had taken my knitting along, so proceeded to fill in the time until the shower(?) should subside. And as we calmly waited, we talked—what else could we do? Our remarks were principally upon the weather probabilities, and the possibilities of walking through wet grass, even should the rain cease.

But there was no sign of it ceasing, and the steady drip, drip, seemed to disperse any hope of "A brighter day a-coming by-and-by!" So we kept on talking.

We discussed the war and food conservation, the fuel question, votes for women, (one of our number was an ardent suffragist), and told about our lads overseas. We exchanged ideas on many subjects, on house-cleaning, on raising children without spoiling them, (as *we* had been brought up) on managing husbands, and—

Presto! *The scene was changed.* The sun shone forth in all his glory. Imagine how swiftly those coaches were emptied. Our guest *must* see the Falls. And she did. But old Sol retreated once more behind a cloud evidently more in sympathy with—

"In the country on every side
Where far and wide
Like a leopard's tawny and spotted hide
Stretched the plain,
To the dry grass, and drier grain
How welcome is the rain!"

In half an hour we had resumed our places, and our knitting—and incidentally our talking. Say, reader, did you ever have to keep on talking when you felt you would like absolute silence?

We were denied our customary afternoon rest—the quiet hour that "knits up the tangled threads," and affords refreshment—and would gladly have refrained from talking for a time. But there seemed no way of escape, the confusion was too general, so don't you see we just *had* to talk? There was nothing else to do, and there were still five hours of the nine to spend.

There is a common saying—"Oh, talk is cheap!" It *was* that day, and it was plentiful. And *time* was likewise plentiful—a very rare occurrence in the lives of four busy women, whose leisure hours are few.

Let's talk about *talk* for a time. It is a talent with some. Others acquire it. I was a very silent child, and had to cultivate the habit of talking when I began to teach school. My first year was not a success, simply because I hated the constant talk of explanation. When I realized that it meant my vocational equipment, I soon learned to improve my "stock-in-trade," so to speak. And the habit grew, to be sure.

(Continued on page 49.)



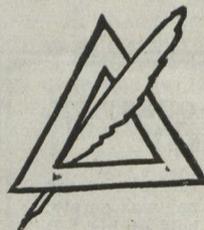
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A King in Babylon

(Continued from page 17.)

asked Jimmy quietly. "It was intended for me."

We could only stare at him with open mouths—even Davis!

"And I think it is a pretty good likeness all things considered," he added, looking down at it.

Creel got back enough of his self-control to laugh—a pretty hollow laugh it was, but nevertheless it could be recognized as being intended for a sign of amusement.

"They gave you a swell coffin!" he commented.

"Yes," said Jimmy simply, "that I couldn't prevent—any more than I could prevent that magniloquent description of my greatness which they inscribed along the sides. But the sarcophagus—all this," and he waved his hand around at the barren walls, "I myself prepared a year before I died. That was my expiation—a million years in hell! But it wasn't enough, it seems!"

"Expiation for what?" demanded Creel.

"For walling her up alive," said Jimmy, and for an instant inclined a listening ear toward the rear wall of the tomb, as I had seen him do once before. Then, with a faint smile, he turned back to the coffin, and gazed down at it meditatively.

Davis was looking at him with a sort of double-concentrated attention; Creel was staring, a twisted smile still on his lips; as for me—I knew what had happened—I had feared it the night before—Jimmy had gone mad!

"But that's all make-believe!" Creel burst out, at last. "That's just the story we're filming."

"Is it?" asked Jimmy, and brushed his hand before his eyes in a bewildered way. "Perhaps it is—I don't seem to be able to keep them apart any more—the real and the unreal." Then he shook his head sharply. "No—it's true!" he said. "She kept on asking for love—for love! Her arms were always around me like a prison! At last I couldn't stand it any longer—she tried to kill me, one day, because I took another woman; and I walled her up back there, so she couldn't bother me any more," and he nodded toward the rear wall, with its sinister sign of warning. "I was sorry afterwards," he added in a lower tone; "but it was too late. And she *did* bother me—for she never died—just waited on and on . . ."

His voice trailed away, and he looked down again at the coffin, his lips trembling.

We stared at the wall and we stared at Jimmy, and I, at least, was convinced that when that wall was opened, the body of his victim—or what was left of it—would be found there. As for her never dying, that, of course, was nonsense. She would be dead enough, and dried into some such hideous thing as Creel had fabricated . . .

I glanced at Davis, to find him combing his beard thoughtfully, as he looked at Jimmy without any sign of surprise or perturbation. And at last, Jimmy, with a final look at the coffin, turned and walked silently out of the tomb.

"What do you think of him, Professor?" Creel demanded, when the sound of his footsteps had died away down the passage.

"He has been worrying over that picture too much," said Davis. "He said himself that he couldn't separate the imaginary from the real. The heat, no doubt, is what started the trouble. And then he's rather mad about that French-woman, isn't he?"

"You mean his mind is gone?"

"Oh, not so bad as that—just a mild mania. He will be all right again, once he's through with the picture and away from here."

"Then you don't believe . . ."

Creel didn't finish the sentence, but the glance he cast at the rear wall was enough.

"That he really is reincarnation of the mummy in the coffin there?" asked Davis smiling. "No Did you?"

"I don't know," said Creel, slowly. "I seem to be ready to believe almost anything—it must be in the air! But where did he get that story?"

"There is sometimes a curious clairvoyance about mania," Davis answered, more gravely, "and it may be that Jimmy has guessed the secret of this place. I had made some such guess myself—you'll remember—that the king had caused himself to be buried in this bare, unornamented tomb as a penance or expiation. I should have said that it was probably to expiate some impiety

towards the gods; but it may be that the crime for which he wished to atone was the murder of a woman who loved him; yes—and it may be that we shall find her body behind that wall back yonder."

"Alive?" asked Creel, almost in a whisper.

"Rubbish!" said Davis, impatiently. "As dead as that papier-mache fake you brought from New York!"

"I surely hope so!" said Creel, devoutly. "Go ahead."

"That's all, I think," said Davis, "except that there's just a possibility we may find the whole story on a papyrus roll inside the coffin. But if we do, and if the story should turn out to be as Jimmy has guessed it, that wouldn't prove anything—it certainly wouldn't prove that Jimmy Allen is the reincarnation of Sekenyen-Re, and that Mlle. Roland is the reincarnation of the murdered favorite, and that this fantastic story you have made up for a moving-picture is true!"

"You're right, of course," agreed Creel, and made a motion as though he were brushing cobwebs from before his eyes. "Stated like that, it certainly does sound absurd. But for a moment . . ."

"If we steadily refuse to accept a supernatural explanation of anything," said Davis, "we can always find a natural one. Just give your reason a chance!" And, torch in hand, he turned to an examination of the coffin.

It was, as I have said already, shaped roughly like the mummy inside it—though the feet which projected from the lower end were so enormous that, for Sekenyen's sake, I trust they were an exaggeration! At the top, the face of the dead king had been carved life-size in the solid wood, and then painted with a care and cunning which made its life-likeness, seen thus in the shadow, at least, simply startling. And this effect was enormously heightened by the wide-open, staring eyes—made, so Davis said, of mother-of-pearl, with pupils of jet. The way they shimmered in the light was positively uncanny.

The chest and shoulders were covered by a broad, jewelled necklace, quite wonderfully painted, and below it on the breast lay what looked like a snake and a vulture. A pair of closed wings, in full gilt, were folded about the body as though to protect it, and below the wings, down the sides of the coffin as far as I could see, ran an inscription which it was evident Davis was panting to translate.

"What do you make of it?" asked Creel, at last. "Is it really the fellow you thought it was?"

"It is Sekenyen-Re beyond doubt," answered Davis quickly. "See—here is his cartouche—he is wearing the double crown of upper and lower Egypt—the uraeus and the vulture are the sacred symbols of sovereignty over the two lands. These figures beneath his feet are his guardian gods—Amon-Re, Ka and Osiris. I have never seen a more beautiful case. We must lift it out, so that I can get to work on that inscription."

"For heaven's sake, man," Creel protested, "don't start anything like that to-night! You'll kill yourself! Besides, it's long past dinner-time."

I could tell by the way Davis looked at the coffin that he would willingly forego dinner and sleep and everything else for the opportunity to study it; but again reason triumphed over impulse.

"You're right," he said. "I'll get it over to the tent to-morrow. Then I can work at it in the evenings," and, with the help of the natives, he slid the heavy covering-slab back into place, and nodded to them that they might go.

"I don't suppose it was really necessary to put that cover back," said Davis; "but I like to be on the safe side. It is just possible that one of the natives might be tempted to break into the coffin and steal whatever's inside it. He couldn't get away with it, of course, but he might do a lot of damage. Now it's safe," and with a last look around, he picked up his torch and led the way along the passage.

"You will have to tear this wall down before you can get that coffin out," said Creel, as we came to the narrow entrance.

"Yes; I'll set some men at it first thing in the morning," and Davis flashed his light over the wall and across the slatted ceiling.

"Won't there be danger of the roof coming down?"

"I don't think so. The wall was put

New Crocheted Trimmings for the Knitting-Bag

THE knitting-bag is now an important feature of every woman's possessions and is one which allows of a display of individuality. For the woman who likes to make these dainty articles a number of attractive bags in widely differing styles are shown here. The artistic ornaments are crocheted in wool and form a pleasing contrast to the richer materials of which the bags are made. In the two sets of directions, No. 1015 and No. 1016, are attractive motifs which may be used on hats, cushions, and bags of varied styles.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1015-D. The very realistic cherries on this knitting-bag are among the nine designs of crocheted motifs in No. 1015. Directions for making these woolen ornaments will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop. The cherries are made of red and pink worsted with the leaves of green and the large stem a reddish brown. The bag is made from Pictorial Review Pattern No. 7693 (20 cents), and is of black figured silk lined with old gold. This pattern also gives two other bags.



No. 1015-D on Bag No. 7693

No. 1016-B on Bag No. 7632

No. 1015-C on Bag No. 7632

No. 1016-D on Bag No. 7693

Initial "L" selected from No. 11997

No. 1015-J on Bag 7632

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1016-B. An attractive spray of crocheted roses decorates this very handsome bag. The flowers are in two shades of old rose and are made like the rose in Irish crochet. A soft shade of green is used for the leaves and stems. Full working directions for the nine motifs in No. 1016 will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop. Pictorial Review Pattern No. 7632 (20 cents), which was used for this bag, is also shown on the opposite side of the page, and at the bottom of the page as well. There are four different styles of bags included in the pattern.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1015-C. This gives another smart way of trimming bag No. 7632. The crocheted motif is composed of plums of two different shades and green leaves which are attached in a cluster to a black stem about two inches long. The three leaves are turned back over the point of the bag. Made of Shadow Lawn green crêpe de Chine, this bag is lined with a soft satin of a Gobelien blue shade. Pictorial Review Pattern No. 7632, 20 cents.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1016-D. The quaint ball-tassel shown on this bag is made of black yarn and old gold silk. The ball is about 2½ inches high and is joined to the bag with a chain made from three strands of wool. This chain is twisted into loops and bound into place as illustrated with old gold silk. The silk is also bound round the ball, dividing it into six sections. The initial is a crocheted chain of old gold silk twisted into the form of an L. For the initial Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern No. 11997, blue, 15 cents, was used. The bag made from pattern No. 7693 (20 cents) is of a dark shade of reseda green silk lined with tan. A lighter shade of green is used for the blanket stitch which outlines the bag. Blanket stitch is the simplest form of buttonhole stitch. On this bag the stitches are the same length and at equal distances apart but in many cases they are of different lengths.

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions No. 1015-J. Quite unusual are these dainty dahlias made in two shades of rose and two shades of violet with leaves of hunters' green. The flowers are made in a long knotted stitch which is quickly worked and is very effective. A spray of these flowers and leaves trims one side of the bag while a solitary blossom is placed on the other side. Pictorial Review Pattern No. 7632, 20 cents, was used to make this handsome bag. It is made of soft silver-gray satin lined with Delft-blue China silk and has silver cords to hold it by. The cherries and the roses shown on two of the bags at the top of the page would also be very effective on this bag. A cluster of three cherries and two leaves might be placed at one side instead of the single flower. The bags illustrated are suitable for utility service as well as for knitting. For working directions No. 1015 send 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop to the Embroidery Department, Pictorial Review.

(Continued on page 47.)

Distinctly Swagger Are the New Sports Blouses and Capes

7835—Ladies' and Misses' Two-piece Circular Cape (20 cents). Three sizes, small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. Medium size requires 1 1/8 yard 54-inch black plush—1/2 yard white satin for collar. The vogue of capes is increasing all the time, and they are worn by young girls as well as by their elder sisters and mothers. This is one of the new short models, slashed at side-front and side-back for the belt.

7842—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards 40-inch white Georgette crêpe. Braiding on collar No. 12419, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. No. 7792—Ladies' and Misses' Sleeveless Overblouse (20 cents). Sizes small, medium, and large, corresponding with 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. Medium size requires 3 yards 36-inch plaid sports satin. No. 7804—Ladies' One-piece Circular Skirt (20 cents). Eight sizes, 22 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2 3/4 yards 36-inch white linen. Width at lower edge about 1 3/4 yard. A very attractive sports costume is evolved by the combination of these three models. The blouse of white Georgette crêpe buttons at the back, and is gathered on the shoulders in front. The overblouse is one of the fashionable sleeveless models with belt starting each side of the front panel, and finished at the back with sash ends. The skirt has an oddly shaped belt buttoning onto the pockets.



7618—Ladies' Sailor Blouse (20 cents). Five sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2 5/8 yards 44-inch organdy. No. 7588—Ladies' Two-piece Jumper Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 3 1/4 yards 36-inch linen. Width at lower edge about 2 1/8 yards. This blouse slips on over the head, and the shield is removable. The curving trimming bands on the side-front of the skirt give the effect of an inserted yoke. The closing is at left side-back under a plait formed by the panel section at the back. The suspender sections may be omitted.

Blouse 7842
Overblouse 7792
Skirt 7804
Braiding 12419

Blouse 7806
Overblouse 7847
Skirt 7735

Dress 7822

7729—Ladies' Sports Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch white drilling—1/2 yard blue drilling for collar and trimming—6 3/8 yards braid. A panel front gives a smart air to this sports blouse with square or round collar.

7513—Ladies' Sports Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 1/2 yards 27-inch check gingham—4 yards 27-inch white piqué and 3/8 yard blue linen for collar and trimming.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 39



Blouse 7647
Skirt 7831

Blouse 7270
Skirt 7704
Scallop 11661

Blouse 7705
Skirt 7797

7822—Ladies' Dress (25 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch linen—3/8 yard dotted organdy for collar—3 yards velvet ribbon for girdle—7/8 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1 1/2 yard. In smart redingote effect is this dress of linen softened by a long shawl collar of dotted organdy. The redingote closes at the side-front, and may have straight-around or irregular lower edge. The foundation skirt is a two-piece model.

Playtime and Dress-Up Models for the Little People

The Cadillac Electric Vacuum Cleaner

Is leading in favor

MADE IN CANADA



IT SELLS ITSELF

A Cadillac was bought just a week or two ago for one of Toronto's homes. It had been guaranteed to give entire satisfaction, and so pleased was the good housewife that inside of ten days five other housewives—neighbors to the first home—bought Cadillac Electric Vacuum Cleaners.

(Names supplied on application.)

Be sure to try the Cadillac before purchasing and keep in mind the fact that it is a Canadian made machine which has won the Gold Medal every time it has been exhibited.

IS GUARANTEED

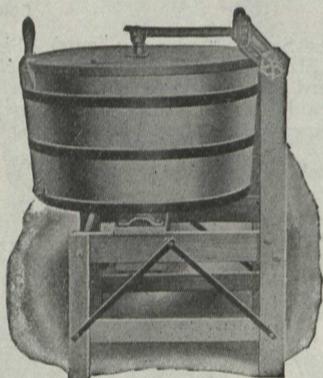
To give you the same kind of satisfaction because every machine is put through the same exacting tests as the one above referred to.

Made in Canada

by the

CLEMENTS MANUFACTURING CO., Limited

78 Duchess Street, Toronto



Wash Day Comfort

The Connor Ball Bearing Washer will take the hard work and drudgery out of wash day; will cut wash day in half and leave you more time for more enjoyable and profitable occupation.

Will not injure the clothes no matter how delicate the fabric may be.

The Connor Ball Bearing Washer will wash the clothes to snowy whiteness and always produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results.

It is an investment, not an expense, which you should decide upon making at once. The sooner you purchase a Connor Ball Bearing Washer the sooner you will combine pleasure with profit on Wash Day.

At your dealer or direct.

J. H. CONNOR & Son, Limited
Ottawa, Ontario

There is a difference in Washing Machines. The Connor Washing Machines will give you best results.

Holiday Money

We can show you a means of creating for yourself a good income during your holidays. Write Canadian Home Journal, 71-81 Richmond St. W., Toronto.



6943—Child's Empire Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 36-inch flowered dimity—5¼ yards insertion—2¼ yards edging.

Child's Coat 7850
Scallop 11659

Boys' Suit 6682

Juniors' Dress 7849

Girls' Dress 7686
Emb, 11339

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 7844
Scallop 11693

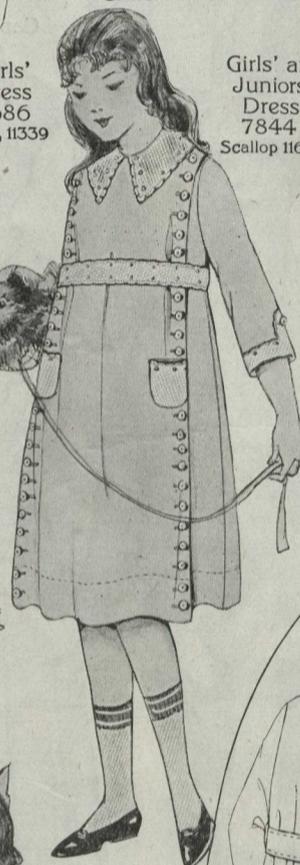
7686—Girls' Dress (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch white voile—1¼ yard file lace—3½ yards Val insertion. Embroidery No. 11339, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. Instead of the straight shirred tunic at the sides, this dress may be made with bretelles that extend down to form large outstanding pockets. The closing is at the back.

7850—Child's Coat (20 cents). Three sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch taffeta—¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for collar and cuffs. Scallop No. 11659, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. Scalloped collar and cuffs of white Georgette crêpe give added daintiness to this coat of beige taffeta. The skirt section is in five gores.

7849—Juniors' Dress (25 cents). Three sizes, 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—¾ yard white voile for collar, cuffs, and trimming. Very simple and youthful is this frock of plaid gingham. The waist closes at the back, and may have V or square neck and long or short sleeves. Under an oddly shaped belt the one-piece gathered skirt is attached. The pockets may be omitted.



Child's Dress 7848



Girls' and Juniors' Nightgown 7681



Boys' Overalls 7851



Girls' Overalls 7853



Boys' Overalls 3701



Child's Skirt 7587

Girls' Pajamas 6838

Girls' and Juniors' Skirt 7244

Child's and Girls' Petticoat 7826
Emb, 11730

6682—Boys' Suit (15 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 27-inch plain galatea for blouse—1½ yard 27-inch striped galatea for trousers and trimming. There is nothing cuter for the small boy than suits of this type, to be made of linen, galatea, or chambray in plain and striped, or in two contrasting colors.

7848—Child's Dress (20 cents). Four sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—5 yards Val

insertion—6½ yards lace. This cute little dress buttons in front and has an attached two-piece gathered skirt with one tuck above the hem.

7844—One-piece Dress for Girls and Juniors (20 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch white linen. Dotted scallop No. 11693, blue transfer, 15 cents. The closing is at the left shoulder and side-front.



DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 39

If your local dealer cannot supply these patterns, send direct to the Pictorial Review Co., 263 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.



ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT CHEWING GUM
 WITH THE FRUITY FLAVOR

RUTH ROLAND says: Ripe, red cherries and Adams California Fruit Gum I think are equally delicious. I love them both.

Ruth Roland

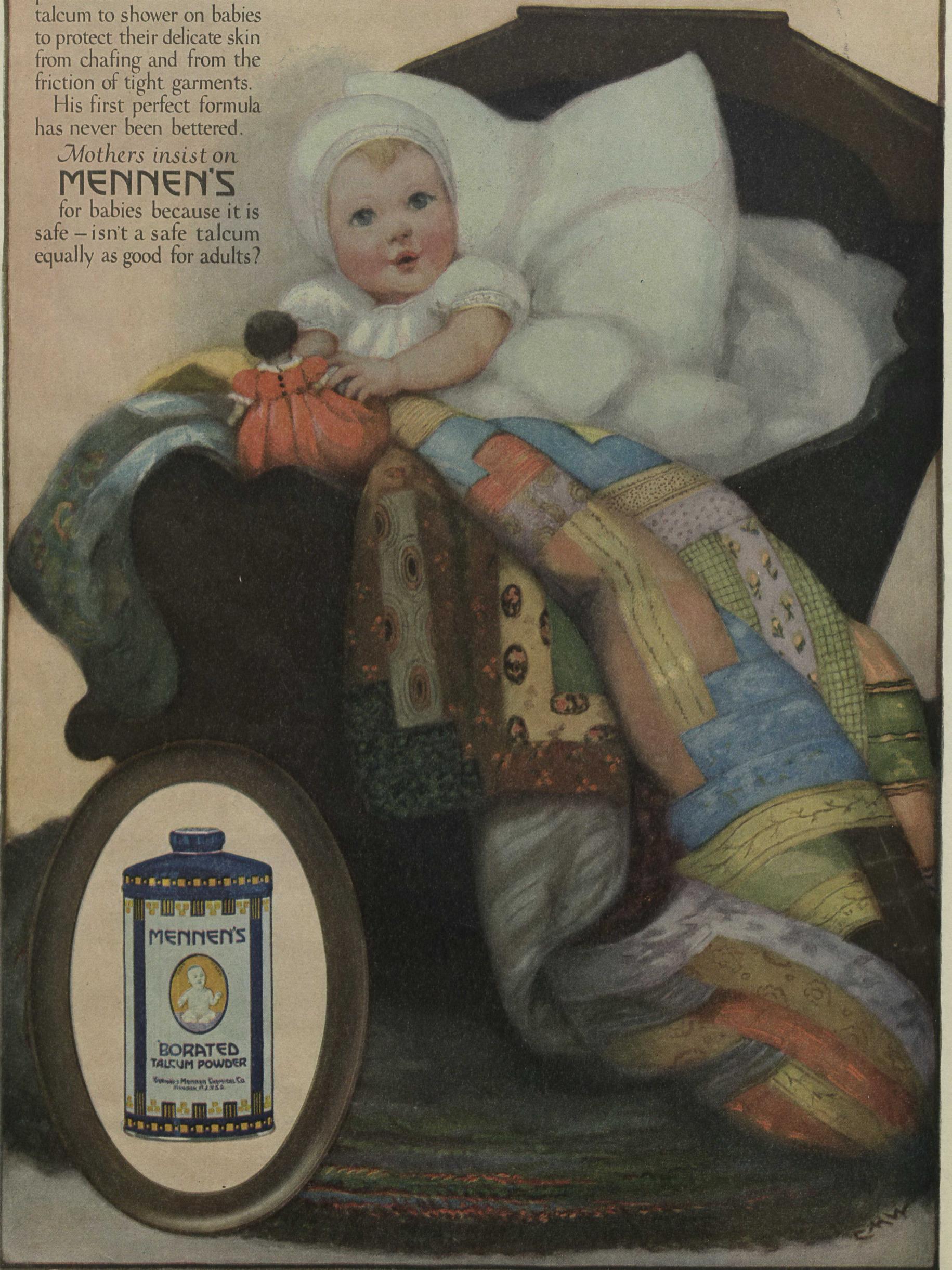
the first comfortable baby

Gerhard Mennen produced the first borated talcum to shower on babies to protect their delicate skin from chafing and from the friction of tight garments.

His first perfect formula has never been bettered.

Mothers insist on
MENNEN'S

for babies because it is safe — isn't a safe talcum equally as good for adults?



After the War—What?

(Continued from page 18.)

country will be an outstanding example of pure and prosperous Democracy; when production will be developed to the utmost; when the development of our unlimited natural resources will be scientifically managed, so that our financial position will be safe and strong; when co-operation will be encouraged, so that "team-work"—the happy name given by Hon. Mr. Balfour for Democracy—will be fully developed and utilized; and when, above all, the proceeds from the united labor of all our people will be so distributed that there shall be no abject poor, no starving children, no slums, no dangerous tenements, no tramps, no loafers, no non-producers; so that there will be plenty to provide for the care and comfort of the helpless and aged; so that hours of labor shall be reduced so as to provide for improvement and

pleasure outside of working hours; so that the best facilities for education, music, art, and all uplifting and enlightening agencies shall be afforded to all.

I propose to take up various problems of reconstruction one by one, and deal with them in popular language. In this introductory article I only want to get the setting for the pictures I may draw; I desire to find the proper "atmosphere" into which to project my thoughts; I want my readers to assume the proper attitude. It is important to keep level heads while dealing with these tangled topics; so please be patient, considerate, attentive, but as outspoken as you please in criticism, which should be constructive—suggesting something in the place of the thing to which objection is taken.

Newest Fancies in Fashions

(Continued from page 34.)

7262—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. No. 7330—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. The costume in medium size requires 5½ yards 36-inch plaid taffeta—½ yard plain taffeta—½ yard 40-inch Georgette crepe for overcollar and cuffs.

7832—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents.) Eight sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch gray Georgette crepe—¾ yard white Georgette crepe—2 yards satin ribbon.

7829—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Nine sizes, 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch plain voile—¾ yard 36-inch figured voile.

7842—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch figured Georgette—¾ yard white Georgette—1¾ yard Valenciennes insertion—2½ yards edging.

(Continued from page 35.)

7806—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. No. 7847—Ladies' Overblouse (20 cents). Cut in one size only. No. 7735—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch plain voile—¾ yards figured voile—2½ yards black Baronette satin for overblouse.

7647—Ladies' Frill Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards plain Georgette crepe—1 yard dotted Georgette crepe for collar and trimming. No. 7831—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch woolen plaid. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

7270—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Seven sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch white voile—½ yard 36-inch white ramie linen for collar and cuffs. Scallop No. 11661, blue or yellow transfer, 15 cents. No. 7704—Ladies' Tunic Skirt (20 cents). Five sizes, 24 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch check cloth—¾ yard plain cloth for trimming—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for upper part of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard.

7705—Ladies' Blouse (20 cents). Six sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 32-inch cross-bar voile—¾ yard white voile for cuffs and trimming. No. 7797—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires for skirt with hanging pockets, 2½ yards 44-inch gabardine. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The skirt closes at left side seam.

7790—Ladies' Tunic Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 36-inch linen for skirt without tunic. Width at lower edge about 1½ yards.

7745—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt (20 cents). Six sizes, 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2¾ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

7830—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt (20 cents). Seven sizes, 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 44-inch check cloth. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The closing is at the left side seam.

(Continued from page 36.)

7851—Boys' Overalls Closing at the Back (20 cents). Six sizes, 2 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch blue denim. The front of these overalls is in one, while the back of the trousers buttons to the back of the waist.

7587—Child's One-piece Plaited or Gathered Skirt (15 cents). Five sizes, 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch linen—½ yard cambric for underbody.

7244—Girls' and Juniors' Straight Sideplaited Skirt with Underwaist (15 cents). Five sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size

8 requires 1½ yard 36-inch rep for skirt—1 yard 27-inch cambric for underbody.

7826—Child's and Girls' One-piece Gathered Petticoat (15 cents). Eight sizes, 1 to 8 years. Size 4 requires for skirt without ruffle 1½ yard 27-inch cambric. Embroidery and Scallop No. 11730, blue transfer, 15 cents.

The Canadian Tommy on Leave in England

(Continued from page 13.)

with by the League are from the land of the Maple Leaf.

Throughout the city of London, and, indeed, all over the country, in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and all the larger cities, there are Y.M.C.A. kiosks established, so that in the event of any boy finding himself stranded, he knows where to go for ready help and information.

In Edinburgh.

Captain Finland is the Canadian "Y" officer in charge of the work in Edinburgh, and it is interesting to note that sixty per cent. of the Canadians who take the Association tours go to Scotland. Under Captain Finland is a good staff of voluntary guides, and the number of men served by his organization during April of this year was 1,580.

The service to the Canadian troops in England is only partially dealt with in this article. Other branches of the work could be referred to, and the Association is constantly extending its scope. A similar work is being done

in Paris, where, in addition to its centrally located and commodious hostel, the Canadian Y.M.C.A. has taken over a large hotel at a rental of 50,000 francs, for the use of the men in khaki. As has been remarked, this side of Red Triangle activities may not appear quite so spectacular as some of its doings at the front, but it is undoubtedly a great piece of constructive and preventive service, for which the Canadian relatives of the men cared for cannot be too thankful.

Officers who have noted this Leave Work of the Y.M.C.A., and compared the better morale and health of their men who have spent their ten days under such auspices, with those who have "gone on their own," most heartily endorse the plan and strongly commend it to the regiments in their command. The avidity with which the boys themselves seize such opportunities, and their grateful testimonies to the good and wholesome time they have had, provide eloquent evidence that the "Y" is making good in this, as in other, directions.



Make Your Dainty Things Like New Again and Again

Every woman wants to be economical in war-time, of course. But it isn't extravagance to wear the daintiest, prettiest, flimsiest things your heart may fancy for everyday wear—provided you let Lux cleanse them. You can keep them like new with never a bit of rubbing—for it was the old-style relentless rubbing that robbed your things of their beauty.

These delicate Lux flakes have far more real cleansing power than any form of soap. The girl who wants to "do a few things" in a spare hour, will find a wash basin, some hot water and a package of Lux all she needs to transform anything which is limp and dingy into a refreshing, dainty garment.

How to wash silks—beautifully

Use a table spoonful of Lux to a gallon of water. Dissolve in boiling or very hot water and stir into a copious lather. Cool with cold water and dip your garment through this rich suds many times. Work it about in the suds—squeezing the water through the soiled parts but do not rub. Rinse in three waters, clear and lukewarm, press out—but do not wring. Dry in the

shade. When nearly dry, press on the wrong side with a warm iron—never a hot one. Press crepes from side to side and stretch a little as you press.

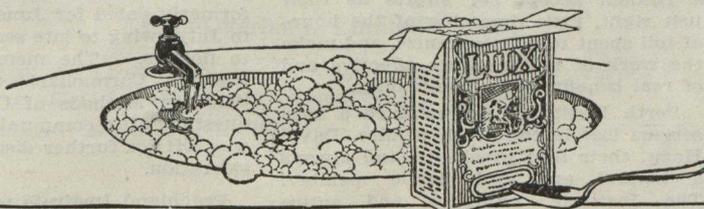
How to wash white woollens

Drop two table spoonsfull of Lux in a gallon of boiling or very hot water and whip into a creamy foam. Put the woollens in and let them soak until the water is comfortable for the hands. Squeeze the suds through and through them but do not rub. Rinse in three waters, lukewarm and put through a loose wringer or squeeze the water out—do not wring.

COLORED WOOLLENS: wash as above but in luke warm suds and do not soak. Dry in the shade.

The pure Lux flakes will not harm anything that pure water itself will not hurt.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.



LUX

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The Canning of Foods is Given Great Prominence Among Ontario Institutes

INSTRUCTION IN CANNING.

The keen interest in, and appreciation of, the instruction given to Institutes last year in the canning and preserving of fruits and vegetables by the demonstrators sent out by the Department has resulted in a similar offer being made this year. The conditions are as follows:

1. That the Women's Institute or other local organizations will furnish suitable building in which to give instruction, including demonstrations and explanations as the work is being done, with possibly a brief lecture as an introduction to the demonstration.

2. That the Institute furnish a suitable stove and an ordinary wash boiler in which to do the sterilizing; also a suitable vessel or vessels in which to cook the fruit. The Department will provide all other necessary equipment except the jars or cans for holding the fruit. It will be preferable to use glass jars in most instances, as tin cans are very expensive and hard to secure, and it also requires some experience to use them to advantage. A steam pressure cooker will be used at the larger centres. The Institute will be required to furnish, free of cost, the fruit, vegetables and sugar to be used in the demonstration.

3. If assurance can be given that a large number will take advantage of the instruction, the demonstrator will remain for two days in the one centre, if thought well.

4. Application for a demonstrator should be made to the Institute Branch, Department of Agriculture, at as early a date as possible, at least three weeks before the instructor is wanted, and dates preferred should be stated.

The first demonstrations will be given as soon as vegetables suitable for canning are ready.

There will be no charge for either services or expenses of instructor.

If applications are received from Institutes conveniently located it may be that those who wish to take advantage of the lecture and demonstration will be asked to go to a central point for instruction, thus having the one demonstration serve several Institutes.

The Department still has a limited number of the Bulletin No. 252 on "The Preservation of Food," and copies will be mailed to applicants so long as the supply lasts. Thousands of copies of the Bulletin have already been sent out, and the greatest of satisfaction has resulted from the following of the directions given therein.

ONTARIO CANNING CENTRES.

Following the success of the Canning Centres established at Parkhill, last year, interesting notes regarding which have appeared in this Journal, the Ontario Department of Agriculture will this year assist in opening canning centres at a number of points. Already plans have been made for this work at Barrie and Mapleton, and no doubt by the time this issue reaches the readers other centres will be decided upon.

At Barrie, the Women's Institute have the co-operation of the town council, and the splendid market building has been secured for the season. The council has donated \$300 to assist in covering expenses.

At Mapleton, a fine building erected for use as a creamery has been secured.

While arrangements will be made for the use of these canning centres on certain days for community purposes—that is, those who contribute to the centre will have an opportunity of putting up goods for their own use—the centres are being established principally for patriotic purposes. The labor in each case will be furnished largely by local people, and most of it voluntarily, but it is expected that generous supplies will be sent in from all of the surrounding districts, and, as most people have planned to produce a little more than they require for their own use, there will, no doubt, be a splendid response. The Canadian Red Cross Society will contribute con-

tainers (sealers, tins, or kegs), sugar, spices, and vinegar for all goods contributed to patriotic purposes.

The supplies which can be utilized to best advantage at such a centre are as follows: Chicken, fruit, tomatoes, string beans, peas, beets and corn. These will be of value in about the order named. The centre will also be able to utilize to good advantage a limited supply of cucumbers, cauliflower and cabbage with which to make pickles.

WAR-TIME FOOD AND COOKING.

The little bulletin called "Circular II," has proved most popular and every day the Department of Agriculture is receiving requests for copies. The Canada Food Board has made most favorable comment regarding the value of this bulletin.

Suggestions for well planned meals, in regard to food values, substitutes for white sugar, wheat substitutes, vegetable recipes, fruit desserts, egg dishes, milk dishes, ways of using cheese are all contained in the little book.

Copies will be sent on application to the Institute Branch, Department of Agriculture, Toronto.

NOTES FROM ONTARIO BRANCHES.

St. Williams Branch in South Norfolk, reports splendid patriotic work accomplished. With a membership of fifty-eight, they have raised \$1,722.73, and done much work for the soldiers.

Aurora Institute succeeded in raising \$48 from the sale of old newspapers. This Branch met every week to do war work, and each month sent 25 parcels overseas, and 48 at Christmas.

Sundridge, Akona, and Moyle - Tranquillity report excellent Red Cross and Patriotic endeavor. The last named used the following methods to raise money: Cash contributions from members, collections taken by the farmers' clubs, a little play, a collection at a barn raising, Red Cross mite boxes, a bazaar given by the girls, a garden party, tag day at the Provincial Plowing Match, the Wentworth banquet at the Plowing Match, and the sale of junk.

Fenelon Falls Branch presented their president, Mrs. Gould, with a club bag at their annual meeting. It is pleasing to note that Mrs. Gould's untiring efforts are so much appreciated by her associates. Any president's task is difficult, and too often the members of a Branch accept her efforts as their just right, little dreaming of the hours of toil spent to plan, organize, and make the work of the Institute effective and of real benefit to the community.

Perth Institute has sustained a very serious loss in the death of Mrs. David Hogg, their first president, and always a helpful and enthusiastic member. The Institute, churches and entire

town of Perth feel deeply the loss of this prominent citizen.

EXCELLENT WORK AMONG THE B. C. INSTITUTES.

Agassiz met on May 16th. Recommendations re Divorce, Inheritance and Homestead from Cranbrook were endorsed. Mrs. MacCallum gave an excellent paper which showed careful preparation on "Stories for Children," while Mrs. Roach read an equally interesting paper on "Canadian Civics."

Boundary held a Y.M.C.A. tag day and dance on the 10th, both of which were in every way successful, clearing \$190.

Roll Call—"What Our Town Needs."

At Chilliwack two papers were given on "Zionist Movement" and "Economy in Time and Strength," by Mrs. Welch and Mrs. Dusterhoef. Roll Call was responded to by "War-Time Recipes and What Our Town Needs." It is always encouraging to see the Institutes taking up what is essentially Institute work, namely, "Local Neighbourhood Needs."

Colwood is not lacking in the same spirit, the Roll Call being "Local Improvements," which we are pleased to report brought out some excellent suggestions. Mrs. Neal gave a splendid paper on "Turkey Raising," which is to be printed in the Journal.

Hatzic Institute held a "Wild Flower Competition." The Patriotic Committee reported that they had sent two pairs of socks to each of the district boys at the front and the balance to the Red Cross headquarters, at Vancouver.

A Woman Trustee.

Matsqui Institute met on May 10th, when the members decided to accept the stand-

ing invitation of the newly formed Farmers' Institute to visit them at their next meeting. It is the intention of the Institute to nominate a woman candidate for school trustee at the coming election.

Nelson Institute members listened to a talk on "Care and Feeding of Chickens," and demonstration, "How to Dress a Rabbit and Prepare for Table." A good meeting was reported.

Miss Abriel gave an excellent paper on "The Necessity of Keeping Household Accounts," at the Nakusp Institute. North Saanich Flower Show, formerly dated for June, was postponed to July owing to late season with regard to flowers. The members listened to Messrs. Carmichael and Davis on "Modern Methods of Canning." The question of a community canning club was left for further discussion and consideration.

Peachland Institute met on the even-

ing of May 10th, when the members and all present listened to a talk by Rev. W. J. Scott on Jerusalem and enjoyed the views presented. This was followed by a paper on "Modern Jerusalem," by Miss White. Altogether the evening was one of keen enjoyment.

Short papers read on "The Effect of the War on Belgium, Serbia, United States and Poland," brought up much discussion, which was interesting and instructive, at the Robson Institute.

Rock Creek turned back to the "good old days of long ago," when the members listened to a paper on "Pioneer Days."

Salmon Arm City Institute met on May 21st, and with three important and interesting subjects, "Care of Tomato Plants," "Re-footing Stockings," and "Making of Rag Rugs," the afternoon was one of profit and pleasure to the twenty-seven members and five visitors present.

Tillicum Women's Institute had the pleasure of a lively discussion following a very able paper by Mrs. J. D. Gordon, on "How Parents Can Help or Hinder the School Work of Their Children." It is a fact worthy of note that the meeting had a member of the school board present who helped considerably in the discussion. On May 15th the topic for discussion, being "Woman's Duty to Herself," was very ably handled by Mrs. Clark and thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Arrangements are well under way for the annual flower show to be held on June 29th, the principal feature of which will be the children's exhibit.

Willow Point met on May 9th. The time was occupied in a discussion on "Legalized Versus Voluntary Food Rationing." All members were unanimously in favor of compulsory rationing.

West Saanich met in May, taking as the topic, "Whether Women Shall Take Part in Public Life," discussion arising therefrom being both lively and interesting.

The Great Good Sense of a Child.

Tappen on May 1st took for discussion "Current Events" and "The Great Good Sense of a Child." The latter topic could be recommended to all our organizations in the hope that there would be understanding sufficient to appreciate and profit by this "Great Good Sense." Speakers were Mrs. Woollett and Mrs. Fleming.

Kalamalka, on May 8th, listened to papers on "Beekeeping" and "Ripening and Preserving of Seeds." These as industries are needed in British Columbia and are such as women could take up with profit and comparative ease.

Salmon River Valley has changed its name to Silver Creek. The topics for May meeting were instructive and very much to the fore, "Maternity" and "Conservation."

Arrow Park had a very practical and helpful demonstration on "Cleaning and Pressing."

Garden City had a most interesting lecture from Miss Juniper, Supervisor of Domestic Science, Victoria, on "Food Values and Conservation."

Gordon Head met on May 15th. Circulars relating to medical inspection of schools were distributed.

Metchosin met on May 7th and listened to a paper on the "Care of House Plants." Copies of the Busy Woman's Handbook were ordered by those present.

Upper Sumas had a mother's meeting and children's programme. This is a splendid idea and should be an item in the yearly programme of every Institute. It seems strange that in the interest in improvement of the general livestock, the most important of all "Our Human Livestock," has been the last to receive attention.

(Continued on page 44.)

Home Canning

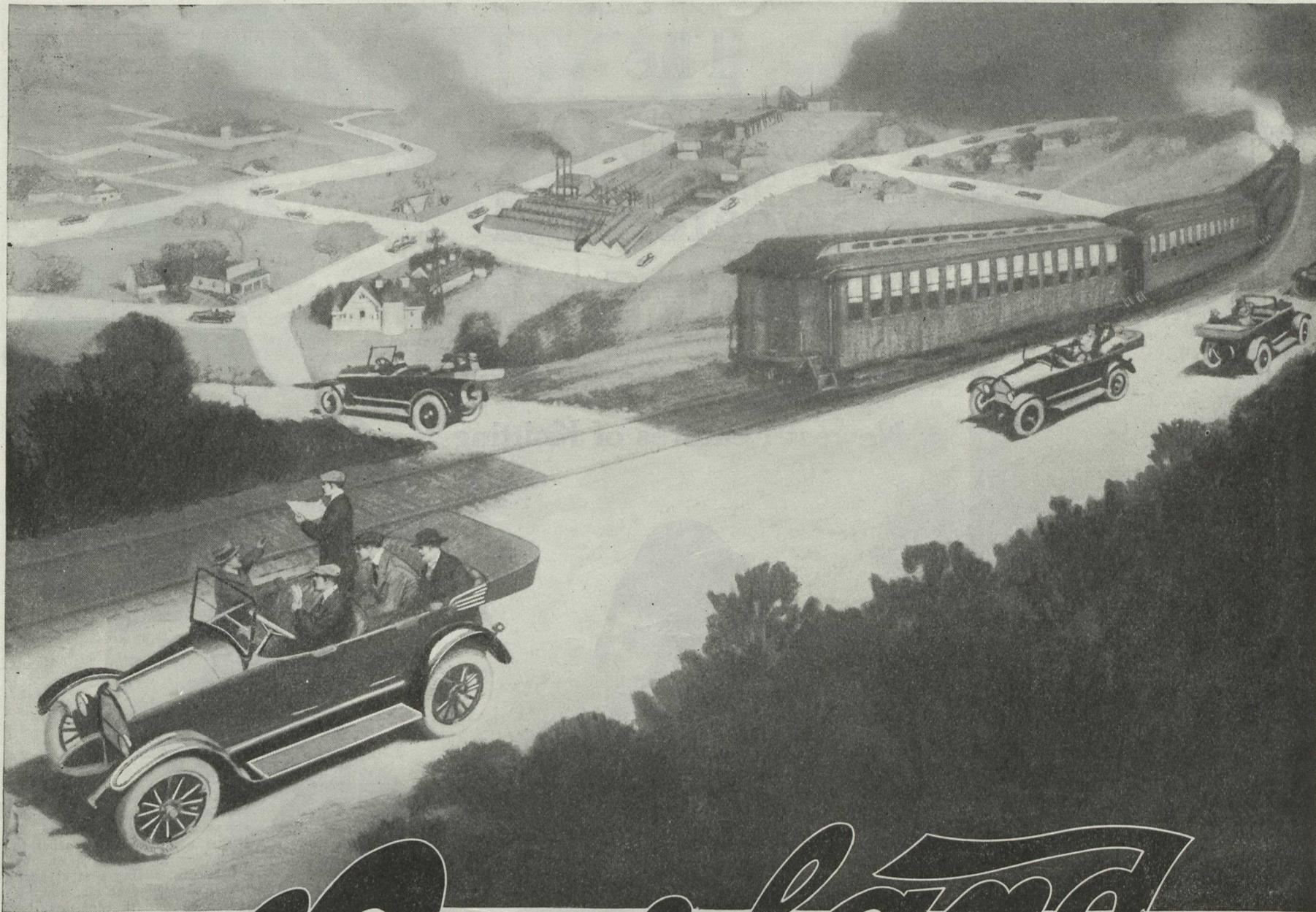
Saves Products
Now Wasted
Cuts Down Cost of Living
Adds to Income
Trains in Useful Work
Answers the Question,
What Shall We Have
For Dinner?

DON'T WASTE IT.
CAN IT.

A Can of Fruit
A Can of Greens
A Can of Vegetables
For Every Day in the Year
Stick to One Set of
Instructions
Work Quickly
Have Everything Clean
and Sanitary
Attention to Little Things
Produces High Grade Goods

WHY?

Gives Greater Variety
Is Wholesome
Saves Doctor Bills
We Like It
Is Ready to Serve
When Wanted



Overland

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Now is the time when you *need* a Model 90, to save time and increase your efficiency.

When farmers, merchants, salesmen, business men and women engaged in every kind of activity—agree upon a car, the proof of that car's value is so conclusive that—

You can safely buy a Model 90 without having seen it, or without knowing a single thing about its perfected construction.

Such testimony of merit is the utmost guarantee that you can have.

But we ask you to take no one's judgment but your own.

Your inspection of Model 90 will explain its popularity.

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Model 90 is economical with fuel and saving of tires.

It has big-car stylish design, is easy to operate, has narrow turning radius, and performs equally well on hill, straight-away, or in congested traffic.

It has rear cantilever springs, 106-inch wheelbase, 31x4 inch tires, non-skid rear, and vacuum fuel system.

A car to be completely satisfactory must be satisfactory in *every* one of these respects.

You cannot get *complete* satisfaction for less than Model 90 price.

Why delay?

Five points of Overland superiority:

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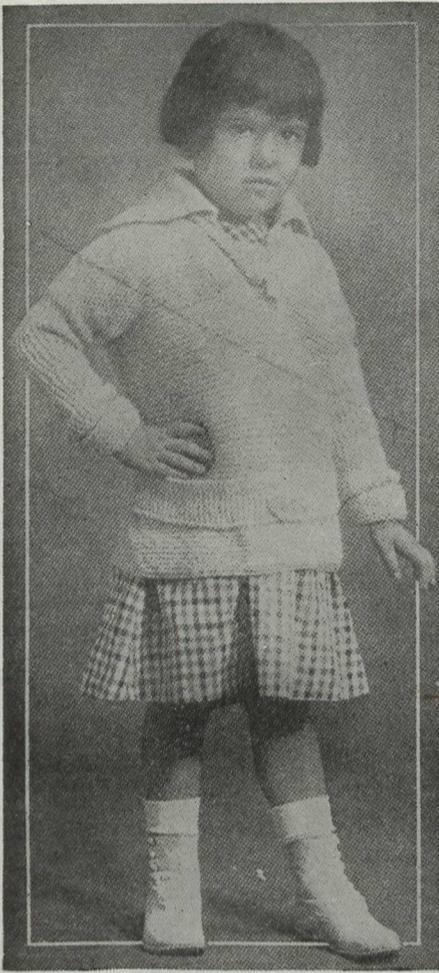
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The New Slip-Over Sweater and Spiral Sock

Are the Newest Features of Knitting



Child's Slip Over Sweater

CHILD'S SLIP OVER SWEATER.

Age: 4 to 6 years.

1 pr knitting needles, No. 5; 1 pound 4-fold knitting yarn.

Body: Cast on 64 st, k pl 46 ribs, increase 1 st on each end of each rib for 4 ribs. Cast on 45 st for sleeves on end side of work. K 13 ribs pl. Take 69 st on extra needle, bind off 25 st for neck and k on remaining length. *4 ribs pl, increase at neck line 3 st each rib for 6 ribs, k 6 ribs pl, bind off 45 st for sleeve. Decrease at under arm 1 st each rib for 4 ribs, then 5 ribs pl*, hold on needle and work other side in like manner from * to *. K the 2 sides together and k 48 ribs pl and bind off. Cuff: Pick up st at bottom of sleeve. K 9 st pl, then to decrease k 2 st in one 5 times. K pl until there are 16 ribs, bind off. Collar: Cast on 26 st, k pl for 65 ribs, bind off and sew to neck line. Belt: Cast on 10 st, pl knitting, 130 ribs, then decrease 2 st each rib (1 at each end) until 2 st remain, bind off. Cord: Four strands wool, crochet length desired. Finish with tassels.

SLEEVELESS SLIP OVER SWEATER.

Materials: 8 balls knitting wool. Use 1 pair needles No. 5.

Cast on 126 st. K 6 st and purl 6 st across entire sweater. Continue knitting where purred in previous row, in so doing forming ribs. Do this for 89 rows, then k pl for 27 ribs. Bind off 27 st on each side of sweater. Decrease 1 st on each side for 5 ribs. K 19 ribs on this length. Take off 23 st on extra needle. Bind off 26 st for neck and k on remaining length. *10 rows on this length. Increase 1 st each rib on neck side for 24 ribs.* K other side from * up to this point. Then k the 2 sides together. K 27 ribs. Then purl and k as on back for 89 rows and bind off. Sew up seams with wool.

STRIPED SLIP OVER SWEATER.

Begin at the lower edge of the back with the white and cast on 108 st (about 19 in.). K 4 ribs of white, start on the right side of the work with the color and k 4 ribs, then 4 more white. With color k until the work measures 10 in. from the lower edge. In the next row narrow every 3rd st across, leaving 80 st (to narrow the 3rd st, k 2 and then k next 2 tog). With the 80 st, rib 3 in. by k 4, p 4. K pl for 8 in. In measuring always lay work flat and measure with a ruler without stretching. Cast on 80 st for the sleeve, just loose enough so the edge will not draw. K to end of row, cast on 80 st for the other sleeve, making in all 241 st. K back and

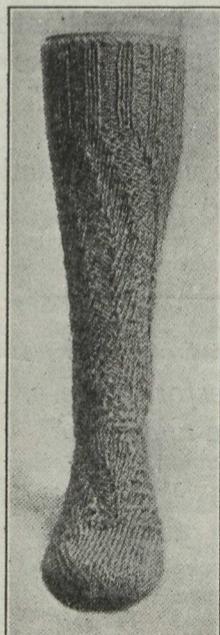


Sleeveless Slip Over Sweater



Striped Slip Over Sweater

forth for 32 ribs or 6 in. The back should measure about 16 in. across and the sleeve 19 in. K 108 st and leave on a separate needle. Bind off 25 for the neck. * on the remaining 108 st, k 6 ribs, adding a st at neck edge in 2d st of beginning of each rib, making 114 st in all. Cast on 23 at neck edge, making 137 on the needle. K 32 ribs or about 6 in. more. Bind off 80 st for the sleeve. The bound off edge should be about as loose as the cast on edge. Leave the 57 st on a separate needle. With the 108 st on the other side repeat from *, ending with 57 st. Place all the st on one needle and k back and forth until the number of ribs is the same as the back between the ribbing and sleeve. Rib 3 in. to correspond with the back, then finish with the same number of ribs of the white and color as in the back. Bind off loosely. For the collar, begin at the left side and with the color and steel needles take up 60 st (5 of each 23 cast on in front and rest of the 60 on bound off st of neck edge). K 3 or 4 ribs with steel needles then with aluminum needles until you have 16 ribs of color, 4 of white, 4 of color and end with 4 white and bind off. For a deeper collar make more ribs. This one measures 13 in. at back edge. By widening a st at the beginning of each rib after the 3rd, a wider collar with points at the side will be formed. For the cuff, take up 60 st with steel needles and color, k 2 in., then on right side of the work p a row which makes the cuff turn easily. Make 1 in. more, then with white 2 ribs, then with color and aluminum needles make 4 ribs of color and 4 of white and bind off. Sew up the under side of sleeve and cuff and under the arms, joining back to front. Around lower edge, cuff, and around collar and revers crochet sc with black. In each st of black make 1 st with white. Work loosely and widen at corners so edge will not draw. The ribbing at the waist may be omitted and after making the 10 in. below the waist narrow as given above. If the girdle is used cast on 3 st with steel needle, w a st at beginning of each rib until there are 20 st. K required length, point other end by narrowing a st at beginning of each rib until 3 are left and bind these off. The white may be used for stripes on the ends. With 10 st on steel needles k 2 strips or straps and sew under the arms on the ribbing through which to run the girdle (see illustration). This is a good working model for a sweater and is well proportioned.



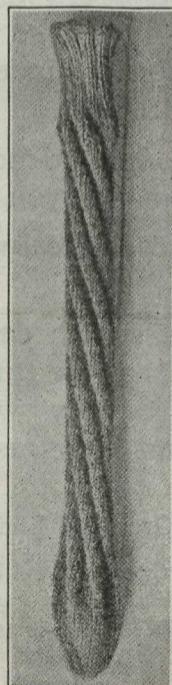
Front View of Spiral Sock Drawn Up On Leg and Foot

THE SPIRAL SOCK With Kitchener Toe

This is the new spiral sock with Kitchener toe. It is much easier for the amateur knitter, as there is no heel to turn, and socks made in this way can be finished in much less time. The sock is knitted in spiral shaping, and this gives it a close fit and makes the sock fit close to the foot, ankle, and leg, without causing any bumps or bulges anywhere. Fitting so closely, the socks are perfectly comfortable to wear, and are undoubtedly very much to be preferred for the amateur knitter, who finds difficulty in turning the heel of the ordinary sock.

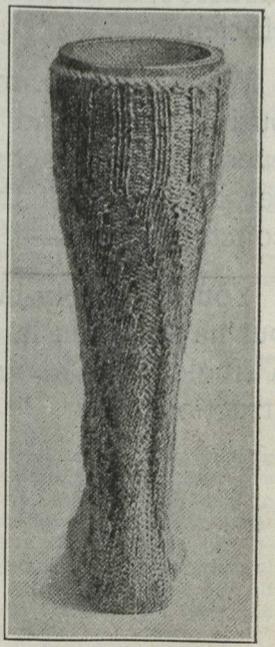
Materials required for one pair of socks are: 1½ hank yarn; 4 needles, No. 1 Red Cross celluloid needles.

To knit: Cast on 56 stitches (16 on one needle—20 on other two). Knit 2 and purl 2 for 30 rows, then knit 4 and purl 4 until sock measures 22 inches in length. Advance one stitch every fourth row of rib, to form spiral. Change stitches to 28 on one needle and 14



Spiral Sock As It Appears Off the Foot

on each of other two. Then make Kitchener toe as follows: 1st needle (E). Knit to within 3 stitches of end, Knit 2 together, Knit 1. 2nd needle (F). Knit 1, Slip 1, Knit 1, pass slipped stitch over. Knit to within 3 stitches of end, Knit 2 together, Knit 1. 3rd needle (G). Knit 1, Slip 1, Knit 1, pass slipped stitch over, Knit to end. Knit two rows plain (H). Repeat E, F, G, H, 3 times (making 4 times in all). Then narrow every other row 5 times. Knit the 5 stitches of your 1st needle onto your 3rd needle. You now have 10 stitches on each of the two needles. Break wool (leaving 12-inch length) and thread it into worsted needle. Hold sock so that the worsted needle is at your right and, always keeping wool under knitting needles, weave front and back together as follows: (*) Pass worsted needle through 1st stitch of front knitting needle as if knitting, and slip stitch off the knitting needle. Pass through 2nd stitch as if purling and leave stitch on the knitting needle. Pass through 1st stitch of back needle as if purling and slip stitch off the knitting needle. Pass through 2nd stitch of back needle as if knitting and leave stitch on knitting needle. Repeat from (*) until all stitches are off needles. In order to avoid a ridge across the end of the toe, fasten the wool down the side.



Back View of Spiral Sock

MONARCH FLOSS

FOR PATRIOTIC AND ECONOMICAL HAND KNITTING

IN 30 COLORS



FOR knitting women's pullovers, scarves, children's garments, and the finer kinds of woollen things, where strength and durability, no less than good appearance, are desired, Monarch Floss is ideal. A 2-ply yarn, it is made by expert spinners in our own plant from a very fine grade of Australian wool. It is uniform in size and of a beautiful, soft texture. Ask your drygoodsman to show you the Monarch Floss shade card of 30 popular colors. Where a heavier yarn than Monarch Floss is required, you will find Monarch Down—a 4-ply high grade yarn—particularly suitable.

[It is well to note that the various articles described on the opposite page can be made from Monarch Floss and Monarch Down.]

THE MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY, LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE: DUNNVILLE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Manufacturers of Sweatercoats, Fancy Knit Goods, Hosiery, and Hand Knitting Yarns.

Canadian Women's Institutes

(Continued from page 40.)

GRANDMOTHERS' DAY.

An interesting meeting of the Rutland Women's Institute was held on May 9th, in the Rutland school house. The programme was in charge of the grandmothers and the attendance proved that "grandmas" are very popular. There were eight items on the programme, including a chorus by eight grandmas. Mrs. Sara Craig, aged seventy-nine, contributed two items. The most popular number was a song rendered by Mr. Martin, aged seventy-eight. Oldtime refreshments were sold by the grandmothers, realizing the sum of \$11.90 for the Red Cross Material Fund. A collection was also taken for the adopted prisoner of war, which amounted to \$11.05.

Naramata listened to Mrs. Lipsett on the subject "Laws of B. C., Pertaining to Women and Children." This Institute has decided that with the rush of ranch work necessary in the greater production campaign, the needle work section of the prize list will be occupied with such entries as

best soldier's flannel shirt, knitted socks, suit of pyjamas and stretcher cap.

Sooke Institute discussed a subject which seems to be growing in favor, the subject of "Beekeeping." Mrs. Murray read a couple of articles on "Buying of Bees," "Best Make of Hives for Beginners," and the opinion of experienced keepers on the winter feeding.

West Summerland listened to Mr. Kelly, lawyer, on "Points of Law Affecting Women," suggesting some changes which the Women's Institutes could ask for.

Parksville had the pleasure of listening to the member of the Advisory Board for Vancouver Island on May 1.

Tynehead reports for May meeting, a discussion of Y. M. C. A. work and cleanliness of public schools. This is an important step in the right direction, and one that all Institutes would do well to follow.

Chilliwack's report is encouraging.

This Institute has taken up the study of Canadian Civics, and is progressing splendidly in all matters relating to the subject. A labor bureau and exchange are being opened and the junior branch is a great benefit in this Institute.

West Saanich has decided to form a committee, which, working in co-operation with the Victorian Order of District Nurses, will be known as "The Prevention of Disease Committee." This committee is one of six of such in the district of Saanich, and was in response to a request from the Board of Management of the Victorian Order to the six Institutes in Saanich.

Tillicum Women's Institute illustrates the tendencies of the times, that a mother's duty to her children is not all embodied in keeping them clothed and fed. The address given by the able and experienced president upon the responsibilities of mothers to their daughters showed plainly that the future mothers and fathers of our nation must be educated upon broader lines.

Salmon Arm held its monthly meeting. The programme consisted of a paper on economic cooking of meats, while the unique feature, a debate, "Resolved

that Each Family Should Have a Pig in the Back Yard," was won by the negative.

WAYS OF PRESERVING FISH.

In writing to the Department of Agriculture, Mrs. J. T. McDougall, of North Bay, states, "I have followed with excellent results the directions for canning given in the bulletin on 'The Preservation of Food,' issued by your Department. I am most anxious to put away some fish for winter use and would be pleased if you could give me some information regarding the canning of fish; also the preserving of small fish in oil. I think this information would be a decided advantage to the women in this section where fish are so plentiful in open season."

The readers of this Journal will be glad to read the reply given by Miss Sutherland of the Department of Agriculture:

"Make a brine of salt and water that will support a potato, and, after cleaning the fish properly, place it in brine for half an hour. Remove from brine, cut into convenient pieces and pack in glass jars with the skin toward the outside. Add one level teaspoon of salt per quart. Put rubber and top in position, not tight, and sterilize in a hot water bath for three hours. Remove jars, tighten covers, invert to cool and test the joints. Wrap the jars with paper to prevent bleaching.

"Another method. After removing the fish from the brine, it might be steamed for fifteen or twenty minutes, the skin removed, packed in the jars and sterilized for two and a half hours.

"I have never canned fish in oil, but have found a recipe which I have no doubt would be very good. To 50 lbs. of fish, mix 2½ lbs. salt, 1 lb. brown sugar and 2½ ozs. saltpetre. Rub the fish with this mixture and let stand for 48 hours. Then wash and dry thoroughly in the sun. Dip in oil heated to about 300 degrees. Pack tightly in jars, fill with hot oil, place rubber and cap in position and sterilize in hot water bath for 2½ hours. Remove jars, tighten covers, invert to cool and test joints. The fish might be put in brine as in the first recipe, rather than dry salting, and then dipped in oil. Or, it might be salted, dried and smoked, which seems to me to be a very practical way."

After trying these recipes, Mrs. J. T. McDougall writes as follows: "I have tried both recipes and found them very successful; in fact, I do not think either could be improved upon, except that, in the first recipe, I found that, adding 1 teaspoonful salt when packing the fish made them a little too salty. I tried some without adding the salt and found them as near perfection as could be imagined. Of course, the amount of salt would be a matter of taste, and I think it would be a good thing to leave it out when putting the fish in the jars, as it is much easier to add extra salt, if desired, than to take out what has been put in.

"I experimented with speckled trout and think I never tasted anything quite so delicious as 'canned speckled trout.'

"I also tried the small brook trout in olive oil and found them very good, but do not think they are worth the extra trouble and expense, as, of course, olive oil is rather a luxury just now, and this method seems like defeating its own object.

"I might add that I found the method of canning very practical and very little trouble, and the result certainly surpassed anything I had expected."

A BIG ORDER.

Planning and constructing a healthful, satisfying, tasty dinner and setting it before the family in a dainty, artistic way is as fascinating and quite as useful as designing and making a hat, or painting china. And—don't forget this—if we make it so by painstaking, competent service, quite as dignified and honorable.

The *Business* of the world is in the hands of the women of the world.

People cannot be alert, clear-thinking, clean-acting, and efficient unless they are fed properly.

The *Happiness* of the world is in the hands of the women of the world, because it is the poorly fed person who quits work, quits home, quits morality and manhood and character, quits trying,—just quits. And when a man, or woman, quits, unless we can get him back mighty quick, the game is end d. There is nothing more to be said or done.



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linen finished stationery which
is obtainable in papeterie, note
paper or tablets with envelopes to
match.

Ask your stationer for it.

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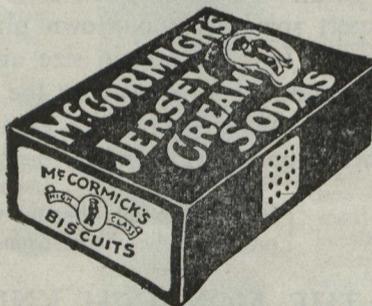
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BRANCH WAREHOUSES

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The War-Time Holiday

(Continued from page 29.)

and nobody felt like spending a great deal of money on a holiday. While we puzzled, undecided, discussing summer hotels half-heartedly, a letter from a cousin solved our difficulties. If we must go camping, she wrote jestingly, why not camp on their lawn? To go camping was exactly the thing we girls wanted to do, but mother could not have come with us on the ordinary camping expedition. Here was a thing we could all do. Our cousins lived in a little country village within a couple of dollars of our home. We were sure of a generous welcome. That very night our plans were decided on.

We rented a nine by sixteen three-compartment tent, with six-foot walls. On mother's account we had this floored roughly after it was set up. It had large awning openings, both back and front, and this added much to its apparent size, as they were always open, even during the night. It was placed not twenty feet from my cousin's house, but facing out across a lovely stretch of green lawn shaded by tall maples. Ten feet from our back door was the big vegetable and fruit garden, and we had all the green peas, new potatoes and fresh vegetables that we could use, not to mention strawberries and raspberries straight from the vines. Just down the road was a farm where we might buy the most delicious cream and milk, and the village boasted an up-to-date grocery and a butcher-shop. My cousin knocked up a little shack behind the tent, where we placed our oil-stove. Here it and the unfortunate cook who operated it were sheltered from wind and rain.

We did all our own cooking (save for the hot biscuits, desserts, etc., that were surreptitiously placed on our table by generous friends), but we gladly made use of the big, cool cellar, which fortunately had an outside entrance.

We took with us two large trunks, both of which sat outside the tent. They were covered with waterproof canvas and raised slightly on boards to prevent their getting damp from the ground. We were able to keep suits, hats, etc., in one of the roomy clothes-closets which the house afforded, so the tent was never crowded with clothes. Even so, two stretchers and a bed seemed too much for a tent that one wanted to live in, so every morning one of the stretchers was carried out and placed along the shady side of the tent. At night we moved out our table and moved in the stretcher. Weighted curtains of mosquito netting saved us from the flies, which otherwise would have been a nuisance at meal times, though they bothered us at no other time.

For two very happy months the tent was our home. After a busy year it was great to have all the time one wished to read or sleep, to go for great long tramps up the little river, or hike off to the lake for a day—for old Ontario was only two miles away. We found, too, an obliging man with a motor, who was willing for surprisingly little money to make surprisingly long trips out into the country, and these were among our greatest treats. There was a tennis club in the village, which boasted a fair turf court, and this we promptly joined.

There were "swimming pools" in the little river, and when we walked to the lake we always took our bathing suits. Also there was fishing of a kind, both in lake and stream, and long, lazy afternoons in the boat drifting about with the dragon flies which frequented the river. There were delicious picnics under the big elms on the "flats," and jolly late "feeds" in the tent after an evening's driving. There were a hundred little happenings beside, the orioles and catbirds in the trees about the camp, the saucy squirrels which chattered at us from the branches, and stole from us mendaciously as soon as our backs were turned; the wonderful still starlight nights—for the tent curtains were never closed, and always we looked up to the night blue of the country sky—and the marvel of the dawn stealing up silver-gray out of the night.

Even the rain beating on the tent roof had a music of its own, and the night wind in the trees was a friendly song. One of the loveliest things about living in a tent is this growth of in-

imate friendship with all out-of-doors.

In spite of the fact that we accomplished something in the way of sewing and canned and preserved some

forty quarts of fruit and vegetables to ship home at the end of the summer, it was one of the most care-free holidays I have ever known. We came back to the city when it was over, vowing to repeat it at our earliest opportunity.

Such holidays, it seems to me, are open to almost every worker, and I can guarantee their value, both for pleasure and for recreation.

Are We Reincarnated After Death?

(Continued from page 10.)

law in nature which provides for the loss of these higher powers by those who exercise them for selfish motives. It might be compared to the fuse in an electric system which blows out when a current which it is not intended to bear, reaches it.

Men who have attained these powers and the perfection which is the condition of their possession are known as Masters, Adepts, Initiates, Elder Brothers, Rishis, Mahatmas and by other names. Such were the great prophets, like Moses, Elijah (who was reincarnated as John the Baptist, of whom Jesus said [Matthew xi. 14], "If ye are willing

to receive it, this is Elijah who was for to come," though many people nowadays appear to be unwilling) Ezekiel, Isaiah, Daniel, Paul.

These highly developed men know a great deal more about the universe than our most eminent scientific men, and such statements as they have made in The Secret Doctrine, which was published by Madame Blavatsky and was, she said, largely dictated by them, have anticipated the important scientific discoveries of the past thirty years. The universe has its seasons, just as the earth has, and these vast periods recur in regular order as our seasons do, their

occurrence being measured by cycles, such as the solar years of 25,868 years, a month of which, or 2,155 years, is the Messianic cycle, and corresponds with a sign of the Zodiac. The Kelpa is the term applied to the life-time of a world, a period of 4,320,000,000 years. This earth is said to be about 320,000,000 years old and man as he now appears has been upon it for 18,000,000 years or so, or since the later secondary period in geology. The Continents on which he flourished and on which great civilizations rose and fell, like Lemuria which now lies below the Pacific Ocean, and the later Atlantis, now covered by the Atlantic Ocean, the last fragment of which was submerged nearly 12,000 years ago, were the temporary dwelling-places of the race, which is immortal. It would take too long to tell of the astral, the pranic and the manasic worlds, beyond this material one, upon which man has a future to evolve, and for which he has bodies corresponding to the conditions there, as he has a physical body here. There is no death in the ordinary sense. As he dies in this world he is born in a higher one, and as the cycle returns, he dies there to be born again here, until he has reached perfection. For man is immortal and "his future is the future of a thing whose growth and splendor have no limit."



Keep in touch with the men who are fighting for you!

There's a hard campaign under way "over there"—the grimmest, deadliest yet—a campaign that will call for the last ounce of stamina and morale. Let them know you are thinking of them, and appreciate what they are doing!

Nothing will help more than letters, cheery, hopeful and frequent. Reinforce them with sensible practical gifts, like the

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

and once in a while, a few packages of Gillette Blades to replace those lost or given away.

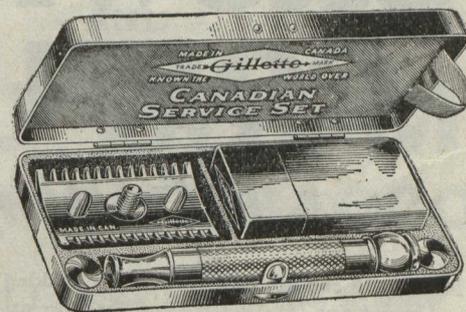
Clean shaving has from the first been a matter of pride and discipline, as well as a comfort with our boys. You can imagine how it refreshes and braces them up after a long dusty march or a day of hot and desperate fighting. Now it's a matter of life or death as well, for on none but a clean-shaven face can a gas-mask fit close enough for safety in these days of intensive gas-attacks.

And the Gillette has proved itself by all odds the best razor for the job. It's always keen and ready for action, even under the most unlikely conditions. To that man whose life means so much to you a Gillette would be a welcome daily reminder of a home worth fighting for. Don't keep him waiting for it! Ask your dealer to show you the new Military Sets in metal and khaki, to-day.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
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Office and Factory:

65-73 St. Alexander St., Montreal.



Canadian Service Set

Thought Seeds that are Being Cultivated by Parents and Teachers

(Continued from page 25.)

Get together and work together in the interests of childhood! Of the children Longfellow has said:

"Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplex me
Have vanished quite away.

"Ah! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

"Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems
And all the rest are dead."

Too much emphasis cannot be placed on the importance of early impressions both in the home and in the school; but there is another equally important period. Between the ages of twelve and sixteen, nature is working her tremendous revolution. Words cannot ex-

press what it means to the girl or boy who, during this development, is absolutely sure to be guided wisely, and who in years to come will look back with keen appreciation of the treatment he received both at home and at school.

As well as appreciating a teacher's true worth, parents who take an active interest in their Home and School Club understand the necessity of helping a teacher by seeing that the children are at school on time, having first made sure that these children were properly washed, clothed and fed.

Side by side with the important movement for greater food production is the fact that we do not live by bread alone.

Over and over again our nurses and our soldiers have surmounted physical hunger and weariness because of the fact that high ideals fed and nourished the immortal part of their being. When these large souls return to Canada what do you think they will prize? Material things do not seem as important to them as they do to us, and they have learned the power of high ideals.

The Toronto Home and School Council hopes to renew its activities in the autumn with increased vigor, to cultivate towards greater maturity the thought-seeds planted this year. They are confident that ideas and ideals are life giving and that the leaves of the tree of life are for the healing of the nations.

Contributions to the Silver Thimble and Trinket Fund Begin

(Continued from page 31.)

with great ceremony. Elizabeth, then in the thirty-ninth year of her age, was attended by thirty-nine ladies and gentlemen, to correspond with the number of poor folks. These attendants proceeded to array themselves in aprons, and, bearing towels and basins of water and sweet flowers, waited on the Queen whilst Her Majesty, kneeling on the cushions provided, washed, crossed and kissed, as had been done before. After this, the Queen distributed broadcloth to make gowns, a pair of sleeves, a wooden platter, whereon was half a side of salmon, as much ling, six red herrings and six loaves of "cheat" bread, together with a white wooden dish of claret wine. Finally the towels used and the aprons worn by the attendants were bestowed on the recipients of the charity. At the close of this somewhat lengthy ceremonial, Her Majesty departed. The old chronicler who recorded these proceedings pithily remarks that "by this time the sun was setting."

As no provision was made to ensure the suitability of the Maundy gifts to the various requirements of the poor persons, somewhat rough bartering among the recipients frequently took place, and with a view to check these practices, money payments were from time to time substituted for the various doles, the last of the gifts in kind being that of the clothing for the men, which was distributed so recently as the year 1881. It having been found, however, that in most instances the men parted with the goods for less than their original cost, the sum of £2/5 per head is now given instead of clothing. Thus

the Maundy alms are at the present time composed entirely of cash payments, amounting in all to about £5.

The total sum is made up as follows: (1) The gift of pence at the rate of one penny for each year of the Sovereign's age, which is handed to the selected persons in a white leather purse; (2) sums of £1/10 in lieu of provisions and £1 in lieu of the gown formerly given by the Sovereign, enclosed in a red leather purse; (3) a further gift of 35s. to the women and 45s. to the men in lieu of clothing, this last gift being enclosed in a paper packet.

The ceremony of the distribution of the Maundy alms, which is of much interest, took place in the Chapel Royal, Whitehall, from 1714 to 1890. But since the latter date, the chapel having been closed, the gifts have been distributed in Westminster Abbey.

In February, 1901, after the death of her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, the Lord High Almoner petitioned His Majesty, King Edward VII. to follow the precedent adopted on the demise of William IV. to which proposal His Majesty was graciously pleased to give his consent. This procedure was to the effect that the numbers on the list of Maundy recipients should be reduced to numbers corresponding with the years of the reigning monarch, and that the surviving recipients of the last Maundy of the previous reign should be placed on a supplementary list, this said list to be absorbed as vacancies occurred. It was further ordered that, meanwhile, no fresh appointments were to be made.

The Girls' "Carry-On" Column

(Continued from page 21.)

of something I could do to help, besides sewing or knitting, for I just hate it?
X. Y. Z.

I must tell you of the plan a lady near Saskatoon is working out, and it has been a tremendous success. She arranged with a military hospital to supply chickens at the cost of production. She is a very busy woman, but insists that she must give some time to the soldiers, and now she has started a chicken farm for her heroes, as she calls them.

DEAR BETTY:
We are a club of girls who have been

meeting at each other's houses to knit, but we want to do something a little more strenuous. Could you suggest anything for girls who live in a small town?

QUINTET.

When in New York about a month ago I saw, on the corner of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street a number of women who had formed an organization to collect books to supply the soldiers overseas. Novels, bright, cheery ones, that had been read and were of no more use, historical books and books of poetry were taken, if they were in good condition. If you had no books you could give money which went for a subscription to a magazine for some Y. M. C. A. hut or military hospital, and the success of the venture was shown by the pile of books that mounted up every day.

DEAR BETTY:

Do you think it possible to do any work for a military hospital at home?
A CLUB OF TEN.

If you only knew how some of the nurses are rushed to death, I am sure you would be glad to make up some surgical supplies, pads, wipes, etc. Apply to the matron of the hospital. I am sure she will be pleased to have you do it.

DEAR BETTY:

I would so much like to do something for returned soldiers. We have a large house and a motor car and I am sure I could give them a nice time, but I don't know how to go about it. A. R.

Well, my dear, you certainly have the right idea, and if a few more girls in Canada would get busy, there would not be quite so many lonesome soldier boys. The best way for you to overcome your difficulty is to telephone to

(Continued on page 52.)



TURNBULL'S "M" BANDS FOR BABIES

are a necessity for every infant from the date of its birth.

They are made only of the softest and purest Australian Merino Wool, finely knitted, thus keeping the baby warm and comfortable.

The tapes which are attached to the tabs, front and back of the "M" bands, and go over the shoulder, carry all the strain of the diaper, absolutely preventing any stretching of the garment.

The garment is pinned to the tabs, which not only provide a firm hold for the pin, but, due to the support given by the tapes, keep the diaper snugly in proper place, no matter how active the infant may be.

Put up in sanitary boxes in sets of three. Price, \$1.50 per box.

Sold by the best dry goods shops or direct by mail. Send for a box to-day, give age of baby.

THE C. TURNBULL CO. OF GALT LIMITED
GALT, ONTARIO

CAREFULLY SEALED
IN GERM PROOF TUBES

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OATS

BRINGS TO YOUR TABLE
THE DELICIOUS NUT LIKE
FLAVOUR OF THE FAMOUS
ALBERTA OATS

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In 2, 5, 10 and 20
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Glass Jars.

for making homemade candy—for all
baking—as a sauce for desserts—on
griddle cakes and hot biscuits—use this
delicious table syrup, made from corn
—and thus save sugar. Ask your grocer.

THE CANADA STARCH CO.,
LIMITED,
MONTREAL,
CARDINAL,
FORT WILLIAM.

A King in Babylon

(Continued from page 33.)

in the last thing, after the coffin had been sealed up in the sarcophagus, so the roof must have been built to stand without it. Of course the weight of the sand that is heaped up over it now may make a difference, but I'll take down just enough to let the coffin past."

"You'll not try to bring out the sarcophagus?"

"Oh, no; that's too big for me to handle—besides, it isn't of much value, since it isn't decorated. I'll turn it over to the government."

We found it quite dark when we emerged from the tomb; and we hurried up the steps and across to the tents, where we found Ma Creel anxiously awaiting us.

"I thought you were never coming!" she said. "I was just going to send after you."

"Nothing wrong, is there?" asked Creel. "How is the Princess? Did she wake up?"

"No," said Ma Creel; "she didn't wake up—she just turned over and went to sleep."

"But she was asleep."

"No, she wasn't—it wasn't sleep—and it wasn't a faint. I know—I've seen too many women in fainted. It was something different—more serious. But she's sleeping now, like a log."

"What was it happened?" asked Davis, who had been listening closely. "You didn't tell me anything . . ."

"I didn't think of it," said Creel. "Mlle. Roland had some hard scenes, this afternoon, and played them magnificently, for all she was worth. We ended with the burying-alive scene—I told you yesterday, you know; and she played it so well that the natives got all worked up and broke loose and tore the wall down the minute the last stone was in place. You must have heard the racket."

"I did," nodded Davis; "I supposed that was what you were doing. I was too busy to look out. Well, what then?"

"When I got through the opening, I found Mlle. Roland in a heap on the floor. The strain had been too much for her."

"Ah!" commented Davis. "And Jimmy—did he faint, too?"

"Faint?" I burst in. "I should say not! He walked away the moment it was over, without waiting to see whether the girl was dead or alive."

"He had no reason to think her dead," Davis commented. "But he has evidently got past the fainting stage."

"Yes, he boasts of it!" I said. "He told me he would never be afraid again. But I didn't think him so cold-blooded . . ."

I broke off for want of the proper words to finish the sentence.

"Where is he now?" asked Davis.

"He's in his tent," said Ma Creel. "He came in about an hour ago, and went into the tent without saying a word, and I haven't seen him since. I suppose he's asleep . . ."

"Go and see, Billy," said Creel, and in a minute I was at Jimmy's bedside.

He had thrown himself on his cot without removing even his shoes, and lay on his back with his hands behind his head and his ankles crossed. His eyes were closed and he was breathing with a slow, deep regularity which told of profound slumber.

"He's sleeping like a log," I reported.

"And you say Mlle. Roland is sleeping, too?" asked Davis, who was scrabbling thoughtfully at his beard.

"She's sleeping as though she would never wake up," Ma Creel answered. "Great, deep breaths, as regular as clock-work."

"And she didn't come out of her faint? She didn't say anything?"

"Not a word; she didn't even open her eyes. I was sitting right there bathing her forehead, when all at once she seemed to relax; then she stretched out and crossed her ankles and put her hands behind her head, and went off to sleep—what in heaven's name is the matter now, Billy?"

"Why," I stammered, "why that's just the way Jimmy is sleeping—ankles crossed, hands behind his head . . ."

"Well, what of it?" Creel broke in, with what seemed to me quite unnecessary violence. "Didn't you ever hear of anybody sleeping like that before! I'm tired of these hysterics! Let's have dinner; I'm nearly starved!" And he stalked away to the tent.

I remember thinking, as I looked after him, that he wasn't so very far from hysterics himself. Then I noticed that Davis was still scrabbling thoughtfully at his beard.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEITHER Jimmy nor Mlle. Roland was present at dinner that evening. They were sleeping peacefully on, and Davis, who had taken a look at both of them, advised against awakening them.

"I am something of a doctor, you know," he said, as we sat down to table; "got to be, out here in the desert—and my advice is to let them have their sleep out. They have been exhausted by the day's work—they need sleep more than food. They can eat when they wake up. Besides, to wake a person who is sleeping as soundly as they are is always a shock. And they've had shocks enough."

"Jimmy didn't have any shocks," objected Creel. "He just stood around sneering."

"We burn up more nerve force sometimes holding ourselves in than letting ourselves go," Davis pointed out. "From what you told me, I judge Mlle. Roland let herself go pretty completely."

"She just cut loose," said Creel. "It was gorgeous! She almost overpowered Digby and Mustafa, when they tried to chuck her into the tomb. Digby nearly had apoplexy—and I had to plaster Mustafa's arm with a ten-dollar bill, after it was all over."

"Yes, he was over here," said Ma Creel, "and I dabbed some iodine on it and dressed it for him. I was just going to ask you what happened to him. He wouldn't tell me, but it looked like a bite—a deep bite right through his forearm."

"It was a bite!" I blurted out; and then I could have bitten my tongue, for Creel looked at me like a thunder-cloud.

"A bite!" echoed Ma Creel, and they all stared at me—except old Digby. He just hung his head and went on with his meal. "But I didn't know there were wild animals out here," and she cast a frightened glance into the darkness about us. "And nothing but a tent . . ."

"There aren't any wild animals!" said Creel impatiently. "For goodness sake, don't start anything else, Mary!"

"Then what was it?" Ma Creel demanded. "It was deep, I tell you—savage—clear in! Billy . . ."

But I wouldn't have answered if I had been on the rack.

"Perhaps it was a camel," said Davis, quietly, at last. "Camels get vicious sometimes."

"No, it wasn't a camel," broke in Mollie, sharply. "It was too small for a camel."

"Then it must have been a goat," said Ma Creel scornfully.

"It was the Princess bit him," explained Creel, unable to endure the ordeal any longer. "Just as he and Digby were thrusting her into the tomb, she lost control, somehow—flew off—forgot it was only make-believe, and defended herself in the only way that remained to her. And then Mustafa lost control, too, and picked her up and jammed her through the hole as though she were a bundle of rags. It's lucky she wasn't hurt! And then the natives lost control, and went whooping over us and tore down the wall! By George, it was a strenuous afternoon—eh, Digby?"

We all started to laugh at old Digby—it seemed to ease our nerves—and then, when he looked up, I saw two ugly red streaks across his left cheek-bone.

"What's the matter with you?" asked Creel. "Did she get you, too?"

"She tried to claw my eyes out," answered Digby, intensely.

"Nonsense!" said Creel, impatiently. "Of course, I may be mistaken," said Digby; "but I would much sooner handle a wild-cat!"

We all laughed again, but there was a sort of painful undercurrent in the laughter. A girl who bit men savagely in the arm and tried to claw their eyes out wasn't exactly pleasant to think about.

"I'm glad you didn't lose an eye," said Creel finally; "but it will make a great scene. I am sorry you didn't see it, Professor."

"So am I," agreed Davis. "Will you have some more to-morrow?"

"Yes—but nothing so exciting. I am going to rush this thing through as fast as I can, before something serious happens to my principals."

"Don't push them too hard," advised Davis. "They both seem to be very



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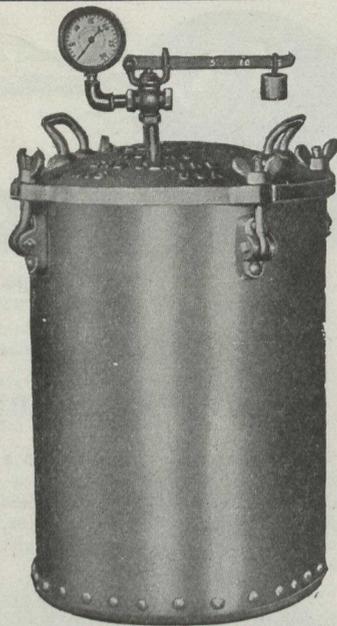
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the most appreciated.

(Continued on following page.)

A King in Babylon

(Continued from preceding page.)



HUNGER!

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Why waste good, wholesome food when it can be saved by use of a

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With one of these Cookers any kind of Fruit, Vegetable, Meat, Fish or Poultry can be canned at a mere trifling cost. You owe it to your country. You owe it to yourself to save every ounce of food possible.

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is undoubtedly the most economical and what appears to be 'cheap' in price will prove to be extravagant in use. The fresh young leaves of "Salada" will yield you generous value for your money.

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highly-strung and extraordinarily susceptible to suggestion. They lose control, as you call it; and every time they do that makes it easier to do it again—it becomes a sort of habit."

"Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," I ventured.

"Exactly," Davis assented. "You'll remember that, after a time, Jekyll kept slipping into Hyde in spite of himself. These two haven't got that far yet—they will probably wake up all right in the morning; but they are evidently set on hair-triggers, as it were. A touch sets them off. So you will have to nurse them along."

"I'm going to," said Creel; "but I've got to complete the picture—don't forget that."

"Will you need the natives to-morrow?" Davis asked.

"Yes. We'll do the slave-market," he added, turning to me; "and then we'll show the girl being captured by the slavers and brought across the desert. I want to get as much of that caravan stuff as possible—that's what we came to Egypt for. Then we'll take a few love scenes in the tent and beneath the palms. We'll get as many feet as we can!"

"I hope you can spare me five or six of the natives," said Davis. "I would like to get the case over to the tent, where I can keep my eye on it."

"Of course," agreed Creel, instantly. "Take as many as you need. Only I'll have to have Mustafa to keep those fellows in order and tell them what to do."

"Oh, I don't need Mustafa," said Davis, and so it was settled.

Davis hurried away after dinner to write up his notes, and Creel sat down to mull over his scenario with a disturb-me-if-you-dare look which there was no mistaking. Drawn by an irresistible fascination, I went in and took another look at Jimmy. He was lying exactly as before, breathing long and deep. There was something abnormal about it; I had seen him asleep many times, and he had never breathed like that—nor lain on his back with his hands behind his head and his ankles crossed. It was a strained, unnatural attitude . . .

As I tore myself away and came out of the tent, I found Mollie waiting for me—at least, I should have supposed she was waiting, if she hadn't seemed so surprised when she saw me.

"I thought you were off by yourself somewhere smoking your pipe," she said.

"I've been taking a look at Jimmy," I explained. "He is still asleep."

"So is that—that vampire!" she whispered. And then, after a moment, "Would you like to see her?"

"Do you think it would be all right?"

"Of course it would be all right. Uncle Warrie and Mr. Davis have both seen her. I want you to see her. Come along," and she caught my hand and ran, rather than walked, to the women's tent.

A night-lamp was burning just inside the entrance, and she caught this up, and swept aside a canvas flap, and motioned me through.

But I held back.

"You go first," I said. "See if everything's all right."

"Of course everything's all right. Can't you hear her?"

Yes, I could hear her—that deep, regular breathing might have been an echo of Jimmy's. I slipped through, and Mollie let the flap fall behind us. Then she drew me to the bed, and held the light so that the sleeper's face was clearly revealed.

She was lying on her back, her hands clasped behind her head her ankles crossed—and I noted with a curious little thrill that her left ankle was over her right just as Jimmy's was. Her eyes were closed, and her long, curved lashes swept the lower lids. Her breast rose and fell convulsively with those long, deep, regular breaths. But for them, she might have been dead, so motionless she was and pale, save for that livid mark across her cheek. Mollie indicated it with an enquiring finger.

"Did she really fall?" she whispered.

"Yes," I said; "but that wasn't what made the bruise. Mustafa struck her."

I saw the lamp quiver in Mollie's hand.

"How horrible!" she whispered.

"How horrible! But she bit him—you should have seen that bite—deep, like a wild beast's . . ."

"Come along," I urged. "We mustn't wake her," and I pulled her toward the door, took the lamp from her hand, and set it down on the little table outside. "Now come and sit beside me while I smoke that pipe," I added. "I want to talk to you."

She made no objection, and together we walked out to the edge of the palms, where we could look off across the desert, and sat down side by side.

"There wasn't any danger of waking her," said Mollie, suddenly, as I was filling my pipe. "I made a lot of noise awhile ago, just to see, and she never stirred. I don't believe she is asleep at all."

"Not asleep?"

"No; she doesn't breathe like that when she's asleep—nobody does. She's in a trance."

"Then Jimmy is too—he is breathing just the same way."

"I know—I went in to see him."

"You did?"

"Yes—I want this thing settled—I can't stand it any longer."

"I thought for a while," I said slowly, "that perhaps Mlle. Roland was a dope fiend, and that that was the cause of her spells of listlessness and languor. Perhaps she is drugged now—perhaps those wild actions of hers this afternoon were the result of a drug; and now she is sleeping off the effects."

"But how about Jimmy?" Mollie objected. "He isn't a dope fiend—we know that—and his condition is exactly the same."

"Well, what is it, then?" I demanded.

For a moment Mollie was silent, staring out across the sand, then she turned to me impulsively.

"Do you know what I think, Billy," she said. "I think their spirits are off somewhere together—over at the tomb, perhaps . . ."

Her voice trailed off as though she were afraid to finish, and we sat in silence looking out toward the ruins, behind which the moon was rising. How beautiful the desert was—and yet how dismal—how threatening! Perhaps Mollie was right—why shouldn't she be right? I could imagine them walking side by side through some dream-world . . .

"Mollie," I said, in a low tone, "the most astonishing thing happened over there this afternoon. Davis, you know, took the lid off that stone coffin, and inside of it was a wooden mummy-case, with a face painted at one end of it; and when that lid was raised, and we looked in, I would have sworn for a minute that it was Jimmy Allen staring up at us. It was just for a flash—and then the face changed, and the likeness was gone. And then Jimmy came in and looked at it, and told us in the most matter-of-fact way, that it really was he, and that the woman he had murdered was walled up at the far end of the tomb; and that she had never died, but had just waited and waited, for four thousand years. . . . It sounds ridiculous, I know; but when Jimmy was telling it, the cold chills kept running up my spine and over my scalp, and I would have sworn it was all true, and that when Davis opens that wall . . ."

"He mustn't open it!" breathed Mollie. "You mustn't let him open it!"

"Creel tried to talk him out of it, but he just laughed at him—called it superstition, ignorant fear. He half-believes in it himself, I think, but he won't let himself be frightened. He has nerve—I'll say that for him—and he has a theory that every time we yield to unreasoning fear, we are setting the race back toward savagery."

"He's welcome to his theories," said Mollie; "but he mustn't be allowed to open that wall!"

"How can we prevent it? After all, when one thinks of it, it does seem foolish . . ."

"If he opens that wall," gasped Mollie, her hand clutching my arm, "something awful will happen—something awful—I feel it!"

I caught the hand and held it—and she didn't draw it away. After all, I reflected, I could stand a ghost or two—I could even welcome them!—if they drove Mollie into my arms!

(Continued on page 52.)

Around the Hearth

(Continued from page 32.)

Years ago, we used to hear considerable about "besetting sins," (we seldom hear them mentioned now), and I used to feel at times that talkativeness was mine. Many a time I tried to imitate some demure person, hoping to overcome this besetment of mine. It always made me feel very virtuous to thus restrain myself, but my resolutions were very fragile and often broken.

But one day my viewpoint changed. I had been talking to an old woman who kept a little bake-shop. She had unburdened her mind to me, and as I rose to leave she said, "Oh, don't go yet, your talk is doing me so much good."

As I walked homeward, I reasoned the matter out with myself, and concluded that if my speaking member could dispense comfort, why should I not use it rather than refrain? So the "besetting sin" was "laid away in a napkin," and the talent brought forth in its stead.

* * * * *

"I'm not much of a talker, I do a lot of thinking but I just can't express myself," is a very common phrase.

That speech makes me somewhat impatient. Why don't those people incorporate their thoughts and send them forth? Practice speaking aloud the thoughts that course through the brain, and thus qualify for a companionable person, if not a brilliant conversationalist.

Some of our best preachers, our greatest orators, our most eloquent statesmen were very quiet men before they were called into public notice. They had to overcome diffidence, nervousness and hesitation of utterance before they attained to a state of perfection. Would you know wherein lay the secret of their progress and success?

It is this—they became obsessed with an idea and they proceeded to give it expression. As the idea grew in their mind, they expatiated upon it with their words. By degrees it became easy to express what was uppermost and absorbing in the mind and heart, and "practice makes perfect."

A really good speaker, man or woman, is one who has a message to give. The same applies to a good talker. They have something to say, and they say it in the best language they can command.

Many people consider they are bestowing a compliment by congratulating a person on being a great talker. Never confuse the words, because it is an offence to a good talker.

We all meet with "great talkers," people who keep up a continual strain of uninteresting chatter—

"But leave you none the wiser
For all they have to say."

* * * * *

Some time ago I read an article in a magazine, wherein the writer contended that we all talk too much, that it is a disease with many, that it is most trying on the nervous system,

and in many cases requires serious treatment to overcome.

Many of us know by experience that there is some truth in these assertions. We have tossed for hours instead of sleeping because of an overdose of talk. The excitement of a prolonged conversation, probably late at night, with some one whom we have not met for years, will overtax the nerves, and cause unrest.

Now, I suppose we all do talk too much. Better for us if we said less, and did more thinking. But if we know enough to have our quiet spells, and avoid excess, what a splendid mission to impart information.

But to return. The day wore on, the rain falling with quiet persistence. The sock grew in length, and the talking went on apace.

We gave war-time recipes, talked of women in business, in politics, making of wills, telepathy, phrenology, hypnotism, fortune-telling, even ghost stories, and gradually, or mayhap suddenly, back to the weather.

Then came a delightful change of programme as boxes and baskets once more received our attention. I once heard a man make this remark, which I never forgot—"Is it not gratifying, when eating is such a necessity, that it affords us so much pleasure?"

Never more so than on that rainy day, when the seats that had been so soft and acceptable at first grew hard and tiring as we sat hour after hour watching the patter against the window panes.

* * * * *

Lo! the wheels began to move. We were actually pulling out! What a relief to feel we were going! As we neared the city, there was no evidence of rain having fallen. It had not rained a drop all day.

My friends dropped off at their respective streets, and I was left alone. As I gazed out of the window in the gathering dusk, I mentally soliloquized—"Well, the rain, the talk, and the day are ended. It was uneventful, but it had its lessons. It required patience to spend the long hours in such close, cramped quarters, lacking the air and exercise we so much desired, but we had food and shelter, and congeniality."

I always travel to Dreamland by way of England and France, so my mind reverted to the boys in the trenches, the long waits in the dark and mud, often cold and hungry, listening for the signal to go over the top.

"I could write a book, mother, on the various emotions as we stood there in the inky blackness of the dug-out, waiting for the boom of the guns and barrage of fire that Easter Monday at Vimy Ridge," my son wrote. Six of that unit went over. Three returned at night through the mire and sleet, saddened and lonely.

"Some days must be dark and dreary."

Peace—The Stranger

(Continued from page 8.)

"Refreshments for Madame Palmist," she smiled.

The boy was an opportunist. "If I might stay with you while you drink your tea, those who are waiting would think you engaged and not disturb you," he offered.

"Ah! how nice of you; to talk to a man is a rare treat in the present dearth of masculinity; and you should have much of interest to tell owing to your experiences at the front."

"Why, how did you know? You failed to catch the hint I gave you about the gas."

"I did, but received a 'message' later. The mind currents are working overtime to-day, and your promise of thrills was prophetic. Oh! I'm glad to be nonsensical for a minute or two, but now it's really—goodbye."

"Goodbye?" he said, in an injured tone. "Au revoir, rather."

"Run along, infant," she scoffed. "I eat little boys like you for supper every night."

"Very well," he persevered, "there are still two days of the Fair, and any time I pay my quarter I'm entitled to fifteen perfectly good minutes of your time."

"Oh! mercy, mercy!" she begged. "Do you want everyone to think us quite mad? Well, if you will have it, I'll be relieved at eight o'clock, and it might happen that I should stay awhile to view the crowd. If you were around I might be able to give you some grandmotherly advice."

"At eight then, and as for advice, I never allow it to inconvenience me in the least."

When at eight o'clock, she slipped through the curtains, he was waiting, and stepped eagerly forward—to the rather palpable indignation of the pretty girl, so young and sweet and eighteen, who had been endeavoring to hold his attention. But young and pretty girls, in this Canadian town, were so plentiful as to make the life of the returned soldier almost a burden. "And she's thirty, nearly, or I miss my guess," thought sweet-and-eighteen, indignantly.

And she was right; as the palmist stepped into the unshaded light, he saw her as she was, slim and dark as he was slim and dark, but in her tired white face showed every minute of her thirty years, for she had lived them all, and felt them all, and now—asked but for Peace.

(Continued on following page.)



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Peace—The Stranger

(Continued from preceding page.)

Clad in her fantastic garb, and standing under the flags of the Allies (which decorated the gallery tea room), she might, the boy thought, have stood for a picture of enemy-ridden Belgium, herself—so wan and sad and haunted. And the sight of her had upon him the same effect as had had that tragic, war-swept, battle-scarred land—the desire to help, to comfort, to fight her battles; for the gift of imagination, the capacity for suffering with which his literary temperament had endowed him, rendered him sympathetic beyond his years—and his late experiences on the battle-field had not ceased from troubling.

"You are tired," he said. "Let's find a quiet corner and have some supper."

"If I dare brave the fiery glances of your young and pretty friend—she's wondering how you can turn from her charms to the sorry glances of your maiden aunt. Oh! no, don't—I'm not fishing—and I'd have felt the same at her age, so I can sympathize."

"Maiden aunt," he scoffed, "when the lovely sibyl condescends to bestow upon this poor mortal a few moments of her time. Rest ye, tired spirit, while I seek such fare as may tempt your fairy palate—nightingale's tongue, and butterfly's wings, mayhap."

"Nay, rather, good ham sandwiches and plenty of them for your old witch godmother," she retorted.

He was gone—she had had the last word, and that word rang in her ears.

Godmother—somehow it suggested a benefactress. To him? To whom? Could she benefit him?—how? Give him something, perhaps—some emotion (a transitory one, of course) to fill his mind for the moment, and wipe away the searing memories of war.

Someone brushed past her and drew her attention to the busy scene around her; where women, who would scorn to do a hand's turn in their own homes, and girls, weary of office routine, vied with each other in eagerness to spend themselves for the Great Cause—earning comforts and necessities for our boys in hospital or holding the long line.

Godmothers, benefactors all—these women, and might it not be that they should reap some benefit themselves, some broadening or deepening of nature or character from the efforts put forth in these troublous times—these times of stress so infinitely harder on the women than on even the men grimly engaged in their conflict against oppression's hordes?

Ah! if from the dreadful, sordid, soul-sickening maelstrom of modern war could come to the women of the world one gift—the gift of helpfulness—how changed the world would be. Vanity, jealousy, levity, subordinate to charity!

"Come out of it," murmured the boy—and she dropped to earth.

It was a dull, misty winter day—as the Pacific Coast knows winter—but in the big ball-room at Government House the many-colored gowns of the women and the dancing gleams of light from the fire-place defied the surrounding gloom.

A benefit for war widows was in progress, and the musical programme now under way was being conducted by a number of the city's leading artists.

In a curtained alcove window facing the sea, the boy (freed for the afternoon from his journalistic work in the Government offices) stood talking to the young woman who in the last three months had come to mean so much in his life. She was clad again in her gypsy garb, and would presently take possession of a fortune-telling tent erected in the hall.

"Why will you not let me speak?" he pleaded, "Always you change the subject when I ask for an answer to the (to me) most vital question in the world. You say there is no one else, and that you are fond of me—is not that enough?"

"Enough? Yes, perhaps—for me; but I'm thinking, also, of you. Why shorten your boyhood by settling down with a woman who has quaffed deeply of life's draughts both bitter and sweet, and now craves only a quiet corner—and peace—if peace be anywhere waiting for me. My life is behind me—yours all ahead; they cannot meet—why, why, try the impossible task of linking them together? Such a situation could only result in disaster—and I'm so unlucky; I fear I bring ill luck to all who love me."

"Nonsense, I'm not afraid—you're too

imaginative; and don't you think you're maybe making a mistake? I'm getting along well at my work, and that little legacy I came into this year will keep the wolf from the door in any case. Also," he added in a more playful tone, "that extra birthday ought to help some, since you say you're not going to have any more—that will let me catch up in no time. And remember what everyone's saying, that Canadian girls will have to be a little less particular in their choice from now on, as men will be scarce."

"Oh! I've thought of all that—but you see I have loved and lost, which is something—why not leave for some other girl the chance she might not otherwise get?"

"Does that mean—No?"

"I think so—but wait, I must go now. Later I will give you a decisive answer."

She slipped away, and the music went on, and the people wandered past him, unheeded—and still he stood, gazing tensely across the terraces to the sea—so cold to-day it seemed, that sea; no sunshine coaxed the sparkle from its depths; so cold it seemed, and grey, with white-capped billows breaking on the beach; cold as she was not cold, yet in the restless, peaceless tossing of the tide, seemed something vaguely reminding of her.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, twilight had come, when through the tangled currents in the room a message came, borne on invisible wires. He knew she'd made her choice, and felt that he must know his fate at once, so, threading his way through the crowd, he passed into the hall—someone was just coming out of the tent, and heedless of those waiting he stepped inside the curtain.

"I've come," he said.

"And I have chosen," she answered, smiling dimly. "Ah, I've thought and thought and thought, and always the answer is 'No.' Whenever I stretch forth my hand toward happiness I receive only pain. Peace and I seem fated never to meet. You also, so young and bright and hopeful, I should only drag into the shadow. To me, to-day, have come women young and women old, with oh, such tales of misery and grief—and I have tried to give to each a message of hope; for though I may not help myself sometimes I'm vouchsafed the power to help others."

"And oh! those thousands upon thou-

sands of my sisters who need help—now, and later; for where are the men nature intended should provide homes and havens for them all? Lying dead on the fields of Flanders or hopelessly crippled and helpless. Ah! the problems that will arise from this world war; and all those women seeking the gaiety and pleasure of life that is their birthright—much thought and care and kindness will be needed to keep their feet from straying; therefore, to them I dedicate my life.

"You know I have Belgian blood in my veins—and somehow my nature seems allied to that fatal land, always longing for peace, striving for happiness and quiet domesticity; then, when the goal seems just in sight, war again, and pain and grief and death."

Someone opened the great hall door and the voice of a newsboy without came clearly through the air:

"Berlin wants peace—all about the German peace proposals—evening paper."

"Peace," she went on, "It must come, and soon—but many of the wounds this war has made, no peace can ever cure."

The curtains parted and through them stepped Sweet-and-Eighteen; so young and winsome did she seem she might have stood for fair young Peace, bringing her healing sweetness into a war-warped world.

"Oh," she stammered, "I didn't know you were engaged."

"I'm through, I can take you now," smiled the palmist.

And the boy? His health had improved, and the scars the ruthless battle-front had carved in his soul were mending. Perhaps a woman's sympathetic touch had helped in the healing process. Youth and joyousness were asserting themselves once more; and now, even through the pain her refusal had created, there leaped into his expressive eyes such an appreciation of the youth and beauty in the curtained entrance that the older woman knew positively and for all time that with him all was well.

He went—and mechanically the palmist took the girl's hand in hers for a preliminary survey—but in her heart a storm raged—loneliness, pain, and jealousy battled with common sense and her sense of fair play. Almost the former allies won and she thought to draw him back to her again—then, looking into the young girl's eyes and reading there all this earth holds of good—her moment of renunciation came—and passed, leaving her cold, an alien lonely soul. Youth to youth, gaiety to gaiety, and for herself—a mission, perhaps, and to once more sally forth in weary quest of Peace, the Stranger.

Annette Kellerman

(Continued from page 9.)

referred to what I already knew—that she was born in Australia. She is British through and through, and very proud of it, and was glad to be interviewed by a Canadian publisher, she told me.

It seems almost incredible that as a child Miss Kellerman was a cripple, and that it was purely by her own effort and determination she was able to walk. Perseverance and exercise have, however, developed her so marvellously that to-day she is the finest swimmer and diver in the world, and most perfectly formed.

It was quite a shock to Miss Kellerman's parents, who were very much interested in music, to find that their daughter was going to adopt swimming as a profession. However, she persistently had her own way, after many an uphill fight, and when she had become fairly experienced, she landed in America.

Her first engagement of any consequence brought her a salary of \$1,250 a week. Success and fame were already within her grasp, when she was visited by a representative of certain syndicate newspapers, and told that unless she paid them \$1,000 a week they would support some swimming act, other than hers. For a long time Miss Kellerman had to give way to this blackmail, which left her a very small amount to live on, considering her enormous expenses. However, troubles of this nature are now all past and her only concern is in doing all she wishes inside of twenty-four hours, so great is the demand upon her time by film concerns and theatres in all parts of the country.

Miss Kellerman was very anxious to have me see her in action; in other words, going through one of her acts either before the public or before the

film. This, however, I was unable to do until she was making some of her pictures in her new production, "Queen of the Sea," which is about to be released. It was, indeed, a pleasure to be with Miss Kellerman during the taking of part of the scenes of her new picture, and from what I know of the story and have seen of the making of the film, I think the public will agree with me in saying that it is infinitely superior to "A Daughter of the Gods," or any other Kellerman production.

The story runs as follows:

Merilla, who is Annette Kellerman, Queen of the Sea, learns from the good fairy, Ariel, that she must save four human lives to become a mortal herself. That very day, under orders from Thonor, King of Evil, a ship is wrecked and the crew leap into the waves. Word that Merilla has rescued three of the men is brought to Thonor by the sirens. He determines that she shall no longer interfere

with his work. His henchmen, therefore, seize her, after a chase through the deep, and she is carried before the King.

Thonor promises to spare her if she will promise never to save another mortal life. The torture chamber is the alternative, but Merilla courageously chooses it. Meantime, the Prince of a nearby country, has set sail to meet a Princess to whom he is betrothed, but whom he has never seen. It is before him, in the course of his voyage, that Ariel appears. She tells of Merilla's plight and urges him to help the Queen of the Sea. This he readily consents to do. While Thonor is upon the waters in his phantom ship, the Prince rescues Merilla with Ariel's aid.

The Queen and the Prince become sweethearts at first sight, but the fairy reminds him that his word is pledged to another, and whisks Merilla from his sight.

Thonor learns that the Prince has freed his captive and has taken chests of treasure (which belonged rightfully to the Prince's father). He starts out in pursuit of the Prince in his phantom ship, and causes a heavy storm to sweep the ocean. The Prince and his men are plunged into the sea, but Merilla's skill in the deep circumvents the King of Evil and she succeeds in bringing the Prince safely to shore.

In fulfilment of her promise, Ariel changes Merilla to a mortal then, and takes her to her kingdom in the clouds.

The little Princess who is to marry the Prince falls into Thonor's hands as her carriage hurries along the road. In her dwelling place above the earth, Merilla (to whom Ariel shows the Princess's fate in a crystal) is very unhappy without the Prince. When she sees what is happening to the Princess, she decides to save her for the Prince's sake.

Thonor, with his evil power, can see her descending through the clouds. He makes her fall to the ground, but she escapes unharmed and stumbles into the party of courtiers who were escorting the little Princess. They rejoice at their luck. The Prince has never seen the girl he is to marry and they persuade Merilla to impersonate the Princess for a few days before the wedding, until they can rescue their mistress. This Merilla consents to do.

When she stands before the Prince once more, he begs that she become his wife, to seize this final chance for happiness. This she refuses.

"There can be no real happiness bought at such a price," she says. "You are pledged to the little Princess."

"But I shall love you all my life," he replies.

Merilla goes by sea, the Prince by land, to free the Princess from Thonor's grasp. Thonor's men capture Merilla, and their chief places her in a room adjoining that in which the Princess is. Between them are a series of blades and swords, seemingly impassable without death. Merilla manages to best this barrier.

Then the good fairy appears again.

"I can only show you a way to carry word to your friends," she tells Merilla, and points to a cable stretching from the high tower in which Merilla and the little Princess are kept. Merilla walks this wire for a distance and then dives boldly 125 feet into the sea beneath. She makes her way to the Prince and he flies at once with his men to the rescue of the Princess.

There is a spirited fight in the castle between the opposing forces, in which Thonor's men are vanquished and Thonor himself is killed by the Prince. In gratitude for what Merilla has done, the Princess releases the Prince from his bond, and the road to happiness for the Prince and for Merilla is cleared at last.

The Drip of The Honey

(Continued from page 7.)

"Elmer!"

"Frankie!"

The noise of Via del Babuino drifted up to them, thin and muffled and far away.

"What is it, deary?"

"Isn't that the Pantheon, the round dome with the flat top, just beside the Madaina Palace?"

"Confound that old Pantheon! Kiss me, angel!"

She raised her head slowly, pouting up the curved ruddiness of her lips.

Then she hesitated. "But just one!" she said sternly.

Again there was silence, and more stars came out over the Campagna.

Then she gazed out over the twilight city of bells and domes and spires, as the dusk grew deeper about them. "Ah, Rome!" she said, with a happy little sigh. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"Glorious, isn't it?" he said contentedly, as they leaned on the stone balustrade side by side.

And they sighed companionably, and were silent once more.

THE END.



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"from Contented Cows"

Hon. Dr. Cody, Ontario's New Minister of Education, Outlines His Plans

(Continued from page 12.)

appliances. We should aim to inform and arouse the people on educational matters so that when the time seems ripe for any advanced measures they can be properly projected and successfully carried through."

"No doubt you will find the people ready to hear you," I remarked, "for there is a great desire in many directions for information on various phases of education."

"Yes, no doubt. Already, though I have not been in office three weeks I have received literally hundreds of different suggestions for the improvement of our educational system and outlines of educational reconstruction. I venture to say that practically the whole community is prepared to tell the officials of the Department of Education how they ought to run the educational machine of the Province," he added, with a smile. "But there is a reason for that, and it is not a discreditable one. It is because education touches every one of us. Into almost every home the boy or the girl comes with a tale of weal or woe from school, so that education reaches and affects every nook and corner of our country. It is therefore natural and right that everybody should have an opinion on what is of such vital importance, and should be moved to express that opinion."

"What will be your attitude toward criticisms and suggestions?" I asked.

"I am not a czar," replied the Minister; "I am not omniscient; and," (with a smile) "honestly, I don't think that the officials of the Department really believe that they are omniscient, or do not wish to receive helpful and suggestive and constructive criticism. Indeed, I might paraphrase the words of Holy Scripture and say, 'If any one has a psalm, or a word of exhortation, or a helpful suggestion, let him rise up in meeting and give it to us, and we shall welcome it.' The Department of Education is not a Government Department alone; it is the Department of the whole people; it touches us all; and on the policy and management of the Department, of course, will tremendously depend the progress of our Province and of our Dominion. What is done in Ontario powerfully affects all the other provinces in Canada. So far as Canada at large is concerned, the public school system may be said to have come from this Province. All over our growing and wonderfully buoyant provinces in the west you find people who came from Ontario—most of them, it would seem to me, either from Bruce or Huron county! The educational and legal foundations of those Provinces were, in many cases, laid by men from old Ontario, so that what we do here is vital as affecting the whole Dominion in the way of example."

I remarked on the effects of the war in reducing the number of young men who were training in science, thus causing difficulty and delay in developing Canada's natural resources to meet our war debts; also the fact that we would not be able to get from the old lands the industrial designers on whom we had largely depended in the past.

"We all feel," replied Dr. Cody, "and we know, that we are living in a wonderful country, that our Canadian people are worthy of the most splendid opportunities that can be presented to them, and that they can profit by every educational facility that is presented. It is my hope and wish that our people should be trained to take the fullest advantage of those boundless opportunities. We use the phrase, 'Boys will be boys'; but it is well sometimes to repeat part of it in a different sense and conclude: 'Boys will be men.' But the kind of men they will be depends entirely on the turn given them while they are boys."

"You spoke about the special value of boys of to-day; have you any special plans for them, Doctor?"

"One point has greatly impressed me in regard to our Ontario system," Dr. Cody said. "You will remember that Dr. Egerton Ryerson had two factors in mind in projecting the system; the first was, to bring the opportunities for education within the reach of every child in the Province; the second was what I might call continuity of advance. That is, the public school was linked to the high school, which in turn was linked to and led up to the university. The system was what might be called a chain with its var-

ious links. Those two leading ideas still remain in the system, and it is not claiming too much to say that our system has been kept very fairly up to the needs of the times. But now we are in new times, and almost every system needs readjustment and needs lubrication. Now, it strikes me that our readjustment might be made on this line—I am not speaking dogmatically, and hope I shall never do so; but this is what occurs to me:—Ninety per cent. of our children get no further education than that given in our public schools; only ten per cent. of them go as far as the high school. May it not be advisable, then, for us sometimes to view the public school not as a mere link in a chain which is never completed, but as rather a distinct and complete entity—a thing by itself—at least as affecting the masses of children? Might not that ninety per cent. who, from family necessity, must soon earn their living, be trained in public schools as though they would never get a more complete education? The question then would be, how much education can we give in the public schools that will provide not only a general mental training, but some measure of vocational training and handwork, some kind of vocational guidance into useful and suitable occupations, as well as the great inspirations of morality and patriotism? Perhaps we might do well to make more of our public school system, in the light of the actual fact that the public school, and it alone, reaches ninety per cent. of our total school population. The ideal, of course, would be to secure for as many as possible of this ninety per cent. a further period of training, with a special view to their life work. We must strive to make this ideal a reality."

I took the liberty of assuring the Minister of Education, on behalf of the public bodies of progressive citizens with whom I kept in constant touch, such as the Manufacturers' Association, the Trades and Labor Council, Boards of Trade, Rotary and Advertising Clubs, Neighborhood Workers' Association, Home and School Council, etc., that such an intensifying and extension of the work in public schools would be looked upon as a most important step in the right direction. It would prepare the great bulk of boys and girls for their life-work; would interest them in further study in part-time classes or technical schools after they went to work; would turn the thoughts of some in the direction of scientific investigations, and would guide them into occupations in which they could earn satisfactory wages and do good work; in fact, it would vitalize the whole system at a critical point. I ventured to add that the present curriculum might be improved by condensing, say, the teaching of English into one subject, thus intensifying and improving that study, and at the same time leaving room for more handwork. I then asked Dr. Cody what plans he had projected for the improvement of teachers, and for stirring up trustees and the public.

"No democracy is safe for the world," he replied, "until it is led by honest intelligence. Up and down the length and breadth of our country I believe we cannot have too much of the public explication and vindication of the great policies of the country, and of the great problems that lie before it. It is my hope to be able to go through the Province, as Minister of Education, and meet the teachers face to face, meet the trustees, and meet the school constituency, and get into as close touch as I can with the people of the Province, and see the educational problems from their point of view. Perhaps I may be able to serve the Province far better in some such way as that than merely by dealing with things in the abstract."

"In the matter of teaching," he added, "it is the personality, the vitalizing power of the teacher, that counts. A comparatively poor system will work well if it is administered by a great soul, while the best system will not do much good if a tiny-souled individual manages it. The teacher bears the great burden of the physical, the intellectual, and in no small part the moral development of those who will be the future citizens of our city and Province and Dominion. But how can we expect a teacher to teach in any inspiring fashion if he or she is in low

spirits? There is nothing that will produce greater depression of spirits than financial worry and financial strain. We ought to raise public opinion steadily in our whole Province so that our people will be ready to give larger sums, not so much for buildings, which are secondary, but for the living agents who teach their children."

We discussed the position, throughout the whole of Canada to-day, of the question of Education, especially technical education, and I gave Dr. Cody various views as expressed to me, which made comparisons between different systems and Provinces as to their progress. On this point Dr. Cody said:

"In these critical times our people must be made fit for the immense opportunities and responsibilities which are now before us, and new ones which will face us after the war—those problems of reconstruction, adjustment, development that will call for all the skill and expert training we can command."

He quoted Dr. John R. Mott, who recently told an English audience, "I would rather be living to-day, or in the next ten years, than at any previous period in the world's history."

"The great thing for Canadians," added Dr. Cody, "is to fit themselves for their great task." He hoped it might not be said of us, as was written of Henrietta Maria, the consort of Charles the First, "She lived at a great time, but had no greatness of soul with which to meet it."

"In the days after the war," he continued, "the problems of education will still remain, and human nature—the raw material on which we work—will be much the same, though the

conditions may differ, and the demands may be somewhat changed in consequence. One thing, however, is sure: we all realize to-day, as we never did before, the tremendous power and value of education. We have seen a false ideal taught to generations of Germans in their public schools, their gymnasia their *real-schule*, and in their universities; and we have seen the very soul of that nation poisoned. We have seen the results of this pernicious teaching in the bestiality, the savagery, the ruthlessness, of many a battlefield, and of many a devastated realm. We know that it does matter what people are taught, and what they believe. What people really believe determines their conduct. More than that, we have learned by the war that it is possible to use education with tremendous effect in developing and organizing commerce and industry. We have seen Germany, by her system of research fellowships, by her application of pure science to industry, to agriculture, and to manufacturing, capture one market after the other. We see what is possible to trained and organized industry and commerce. It is lawful to be taught by our enemies; let us learn that lesson from them. Let us never forget, however, that efficiency is in itself no more a moral thing than is electricity; it depends altogether upon the end to which it is directed. Hence the perpetual need of directing moral ideas, and of moral training. The schools of Ontario can and should be made the training-ground for the inculcation of true and intelligent democracy that will help to keep the world safe, and that will make Ontario the banner province of a great, free, intelligent and skilful nation."

The Girls' "Carry On" Column

(Continued from page 46.)

one of the military hospitals, and tell them you want to take three or four soldiers for a motor drive. Take your mother or father with you and do your very best to give the boys a happy time. You will find you will be repaid tenfold for any effort you make for the returned soldiers.

DEAR BETTY:

I want to go into a canning factory during my holidays. What wages would I get and when would I be required?

A. D. F., HAMILTON.

Some factories are giving \$1.50 a day. You would be needed from May 15, to June 15, or from July 1, to October 1.

DEAR BETTY:

I have been told that Farmerettes must help with the housework. Is it compulsory?

ELSIE.

All workers are asked to do two hours of housework if required, and if you really have the interest of your country at heart you wouldn't refuse, would you?

DEAR MISS O'HARA:

I will not be able to go on the farm until the fall. Is there anything I could do then, and what would the wages be?

E. T.

You could pick peaches, pears, plums, grapes or apples, and you are paid at the rate of \$9 a week for a ten hour day. Especially good workers are to be paid 20 cents an hour.

DEAR BETTY:

I would like to run an elevator during the summer to release men for the farm. To whom should I apply?

M. J.

Positions of that kind may be obtained from the Government Employment Bureau, 15 King street east.

ENCLOSE A STAMPED
ADDRESSED ENVELOPE
FOR A PERSONAL REPLY
TO QUESTIONS.

A King in Babylon

(Continued from page 48.)

"Davis just laughs at it," I said comfortingly; "and he's probably right. He says Jimmy has milled around over this picture so long, that it has become a sort of mania—he had a kind of heat-stroke, you know, a few days ago, and that may have helped. In fact Jimmy sat right here beside me last night and told me he was getting things all mixed up—that he couldn't tell what was real from what was only imaginary; his outside and inside worlds had run together, as it were . . ."

"You don't mean that he's gone mad?" asked Mollie, horror-stricken. "If he has, it's that woman . . ."

"He hasn't gone mad," I broke in impatiently. "He'll come around all right as soon as he gets this infernal picture out of his head. I feel sometimes that I'm going mad myself. Let's stop talking about it—let's talk about ourselves. Mollie . . ."

"It isn't the picture," Mollie broke in. "It is something in the air—a kind of threat! I feel it all the time. I have been in wilder pictures than this, lots of times, but nobody ever went crazy before—and bit people—and tore their eyes out—not even the director!"

"Well," I said, "I think Creel has about got to the limit of his nerve. He'll give the order to pack up as soon as he can. He is over there now, slashing his scenario to pieces and simplify-

ing it every way he can. But that hasn't anything to do with us. Now, look here, Mollie . . ."

"Billy," she broke in fiercely, "I can't stand it! If you grow sentimental now—if you dare to grow sentimental now!—I shall hate you!"

"I wasn't growing sentimental," I said resentfully.

"You sounded like it!"

"I was just going to say . . ."

"I don't want to hear it! I'm ready to fly to pieces as it is!"

"I don't see what there is for us to worry about," I said. "If Jimmy and Mlle. Roland want to go wandering off through dream-land together, why need we care? And if Jimmy thinks he was once a king of Egypt. I don't see that it's anything to us! And if Davis does dig out a woman who has been buried four thousand years, and who has been waiting all that time for vengeance—why, it isn't us she's after! We've got ourselves to think about, Mollie, and I have been doing some mighty serious thinking on that subject recently, as I told you the other night. And you promised . . ."

"I promised nothing!" she broke in. "Let go my hand!"

"You led me to infer . . ."

"No, I didn't! How can I help what you infer! Billy, I won't be kissed! I hate it! I . . ."

(To be continued.)

One of Two Things Must Happen

YOU CAN DECIDE WHICH

As publishers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, we are confronted with a perplexing situation--we must either push forward in our efforts to publish a magazine worthy of Canadian womanhood, or step back into a rut of uselessness, and allow the magazine to become unworthy of being a leader of thought among Canadian women.

We desire the former course because we believe many thousands of our women appreciate the assistance the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL has been to them, and are anxious for us to continue our policy of speaking fearlessly on vital Canadian questions.

Many causes have forced up our publishing expense enormously. Year after year we have continued to improve until now we have first call upon the work of many of the best authors, writers and illustrators in America. Canadian women will, we believe, continue to encourage the publishing of a clean, wholesome woman's magazine containing their own literature and presenting Canadian ideals.

The situation confronting us is that to keep up the high standard we have established, we must make a slight increase in our subscription price. It is not much--only fifty cents, but you need not pay the increase now if you will accept our offer of renewing your subscription at the old rate before July 31st.

Our offer is a simple one-- send us \$1.50 now, and we will extend your subscription for one year, no matter when it expires. Pay now and save 50c. If you desire to extend your subscription for two years or more, send us \$1.50 for each year.

After July 31st, the subscription price of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL will be \$2.00

Canadian Home Journal

71 Richmond St. W., Toronto

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P.O..... Province.....

THIS OFFER WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN

Hot Weather Drinks

During the hot weather there is a cry for the ideal summer drink. This, however, is difficult to find, but in the following selection will surely be found one or other to suit the palates of all

PINEAPPLE DRINK.—Pare and remove the eyes from a large, ripe pineapple, then grate it and add the strained juice of four lemons. Make a syrup by boiling two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of honey or corn syrup, and two cupfuls of water for fifteen minutes; then add the grated pineapple and juice. When cold add four cupfuls of water. Chill thoroughly before serving.

Another Method.—Mix pulp and juice of one fresh pineapple with two cupfuls of grape juice, three-fourths cupful of corn syrup or honey, strained juice of one lemon, and one orange, and allow to stand in refrigerator for two hours. Pour over shaved ice, add two cupfuls of soda water and serve.

ORANGE CUP.—Peel four oranges, remove all the white pith and divide into sections, removing seeds and membrane. Put four tablespoonfuls of honey or corn syrup in a saucepan, add the strained juice of two oranges and simmer for a few minutes, but do not allow to boil. Remove from the fire and cool. Arrange oranges in a pretty dish, mix two cupfuls of cold water with cooked syrup and pour over oranges. Add ice in lumps to cool, and serve in glasses.

ICED CHOCOLATE.—Put seven tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and two and one-half cupfuls of boiling water into a saucepan over the fire, simmer and stir until dissolved; then add four cupfuls of sugar, stir until thoroughly dissolved, and cook for ten minutes without stirring; strain and add two tablespoonfuls of vanilla extract and pour into bottles and cork well. To use, allow two tablespoonfuls of the syrup and one-half cupful of cold milk, and two tablespoonfuls of whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk for every glass. Put into a large cold fruit jar, shake well for four minutes, pour into chilled glasses, and put one teaspoonful of whipped cream on the top of each glass. If liked a little chipped ice may be added to each glass.

RASPBERRY BEVERAGE.—Mash one quart of ripe raspberries, add the strained juice of one lemon, two tablespoonfuls of orange or fruit juice, and six cupfuls of water, and allow to stand for four hours. Strain and add one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, and stir until dissolved. Serve in glasses partly filled with shaved ice. Strawberries may be used instead of raspberries.

TO MAKE RASPBERRY LEMONADE.—Put two tablespoonfuls of raspberry syrup, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and two tablespoonfuls of honey or corn syrup into a pitcher, add two tablespoonfuls of shaved ice, and fill up with soda water. Serve in glasses with a thin slice of lemon on the top. Or make raspberry puree by rubbing raspberries through a sieve. Put two tablespoonfuls of this puree into a tumbler with one tablespoonful of lemon or orange juice, and sugar to taste. Add a little crushed ice, and fill up with soda water. Serve with straws.

ICED TEA.—Four cupfuls of boiling water, three lemons, one-half cupful of honey or syrup, five teaspoonfuls of tea and ice. Chip the rinds from two of the lemons, add this to one cupful of the water, add the honey or syrup, and boil for eight minutes. Cool, add the strained juice of two of the lemons. Put the tea into a pitcher or earthenware pot, pour over it the remainder of the water—which must be freshly boiling—let stand for three minutes, and add the lemon mixture. Strain this at once into a bowl containing a small block of ice. When cold, pour into glasses one-third full of cracked ice. Cut the remaining lemon into very thin slices, and add a slice to each glass. One or two ripe berries will add to the flavor and appearance.

ICED COCOA.—Two cupfuls of water, two cupfuls of milk, five tablespoonfuls of cocoa, two tablespoonfuls of honey or syrup, one-half cupful of cream or evaporated milk whipped, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract and ice. Mix the cocoa and the honey or syrup, add a little of the water, mix to a paste, and add the remainder of the water. Bring this to the boiling point, boil for three minutes, add the milk, and bring to the boiling point again. Remove from the fire, cool, and add the vanilla. Pour into glasses or cups one-half full of crushed ice, and top each glass with a tablespoonful of the whipped cream or evaporated milk. This makes a delightful dessert for luncheon, and is a good substitute for ice cream.



Orangeade.

By
MARION HARRIS NEIL

Author of
"Canning, Preserving and Pickling."

Raspberry Lemonade.



Frozen Coffee.



A cup of tea always cheers.



TO MAKE COCOA EGG NOG.—Beat to a stiff froth the white of one egg, and add gradually, while beating constantly, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of cocoa and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Add to one-half the mixture, while beating, one cupful of cold milk. Serve in tall glasses, and pile remaining egg mixture on the top.

TEMPERANCE PUNCH.—Mix together the strained juice of six oranges and five lemons, add three cupfuls of strawberry syrup, one can of grated pineapple and two cupfuls of grape juice. Make a syrup of two cupfuls of water, one and one-half cupfuls of tea, and two cupfuls of honey or sugar. When cold add to the fruit mixture, with two diced bananas and enough water to make one gallon of liquid. Serve in glasses with wafers or crackers.

FROZEN COFFEE.—A very cooling beverage for warm weather is frozen coffee. To make this, coarsely ground coffee is steeped in milk in a percolator or double boiler, using three tablespoonfuls to each quart of water. After thirty minutes' infusion in the hot milk the mixture is carefully strained, and one cupful of sugar, or one-half cupful of honey dissolved in it. When chilled, add one teaspoonful of vanilla and one-half teaspoonful of lemon extract and freeze. This is served in tall glasses with a spoonful of whipped cream on the top.

ORANGEADE.—Squeeze the juice from one orange, add one cupful of water and two tablespoonfuls of sugar or honey, and stir until dissolved. The sugar or honey and water may be boiled for ten minutes, allowed to cool, and then added to the juice.

Lemonade is made in the same way, using one lemon instead of the orange.

EGG MILK PUNCH.—Two eggs, six teaspoonfuls of sugar, one cupful of shaved ice, one-half cupful of fruit juice, and one-eighth teaspoonful of powdered nutmeg. Mix in the order given, cover tightly, shake well and strain into glasses, with the nutmeg sprinkled over the top of each glass.

TO MAKE EGG NOG.—Beat the yolk of one egg add one tablespoonful of sugar or honey, and beat until light, then add one-half cupful of milk, fold in the stiffly beaten white of egg and add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract, a little powdered nutmeg, or one tablespoonful of lemon juice.

BOSTON CREAM.—Pour four cupfuls of boiling water over one pound of lump sugar and one ounce of tartaric acid, and allow to stand until dissolved and cold. Then add two teaspoonfuls of lemon extract and the stiffly beaten white of one egg, and bottle for use. One-half fill a tumbler with this mixture, nearly fill with ice water, stir in a pinch of baking soda, and drink while effervescing.

BARLEY WATER.—Barley water is both cooling and nutritious. It should be made fresh every day. Wash one ounce of pearl barley in several waters. Boil it for five minutes in two cupfuls of cold water, which must be thrown away; then add four cupfuls of water, and let it boil down to two cupfuls. Strain it and sweeten with honey or corn syrup, then flavor with a little lemon juice or a little powdered cinnamon. One cupful of seeded raisins may be boiled with it.

IRISH MOSS DRINK.—Wash one ounce of Irish moss well, and soak it for several hours in cold water. Drain it out of this water, and put it into a saucepan with two quarts of cold water, and simmer slowly five hours. Strain and sweeten to taste with honey or corn syrup. A little lemon juice may be added if liked.

Irish moss, or Carrageen moss, is a seaweed. Its nutritive value is considerable, and it also contains iodine and sulphur.

Iceland moss can be made in the same way. Iceland moss is a lichen, which grows on barren rocks, principally in northern latitudes. It contains an acid which gives it an unpleasant flavor. A pinch of baking soda added to the water in which it is soaked will help to counteract this.

APRICOT EFFERVESCING DRINK.—Bruise sufficient apricots to make two cupfuls, boil with one cupful of honey or corn syrup for ten minutes, then add one ounce of tartaric acid, bottle, and cork well. For a tumbler three parts full of ice water, add two tablespoonfuls of the above syrup and a pinch of baking soda, stir, and drink while effervescing.

MINT JULEP.—Chop two bunches of mint leaves, add three cupfuls of ice or cold water and allow to stand over night. Boil two cupfuls of honey or corn syrup with five cupfuls of water for ten minutes, and then chill, add strained juice of one lemon and mint water. Serve with crushed ice, and garnish with fresh mint leaves.

CURRANT DELIGHT.—Boil four cupfuls of honey or corn syrup with fourteen cupfuls of water for ten minutes, add two cupfuls of fresh tea, five cupfuls of currant juice and six oranges, and six lemons cut in very thin slices; then add a large piece of ice and serve in glasses.

RHUBARB DRINK.—As well as being a very refreshing beverage, this is a most wholesome drink for children. Boil seven or eight stalks of rhubarb in four cupfuls of water for ten minutes. Strain the liquor into a pitcher, in which you have the thin rind of one lemon; add two tablespoonfuls of sugar or honey, and allow it to stand for a few hours, and it will be ready for use.

RASPBERRY VINEGAR.—Bruise the raspberries and add two cupfuls of vinegar to every pound of fruit. Allow to stand for one week, stirring every day, then strain through a jelly bag, and add two cupfuls of sugar to every pint of juice. Boil this for three minutes, and let it stand until quite cold. Bottle and seal.

CANNED GRAPE JUICE.—Pick over and wash sound Concord grapes, rejecting all that are soft and bruised, but leaving a few of the stems. Put them into a preserving pan with a little cold water, but not enough to cover, and cook slowly until the skins break, stirring and mashing occasionally with a wooden spoon.

Boil for about two hours and then drain through a jelly bag. Do not press or squeeze or the juice will be cloudy.

Measure the juice, and to each quart allow one-half cupful of sugar. Reheat the juice to boiling point and cook for thirty minutes, removing the scum as it rises. Add the sugar, which has been heated in the oven, cook for five minutes, turn into hot sterilized bottles and seal airtight while hot.

If preferred, the grape juice may be canned without the addition of sugar, and glass jars may be used in place of the bottles.

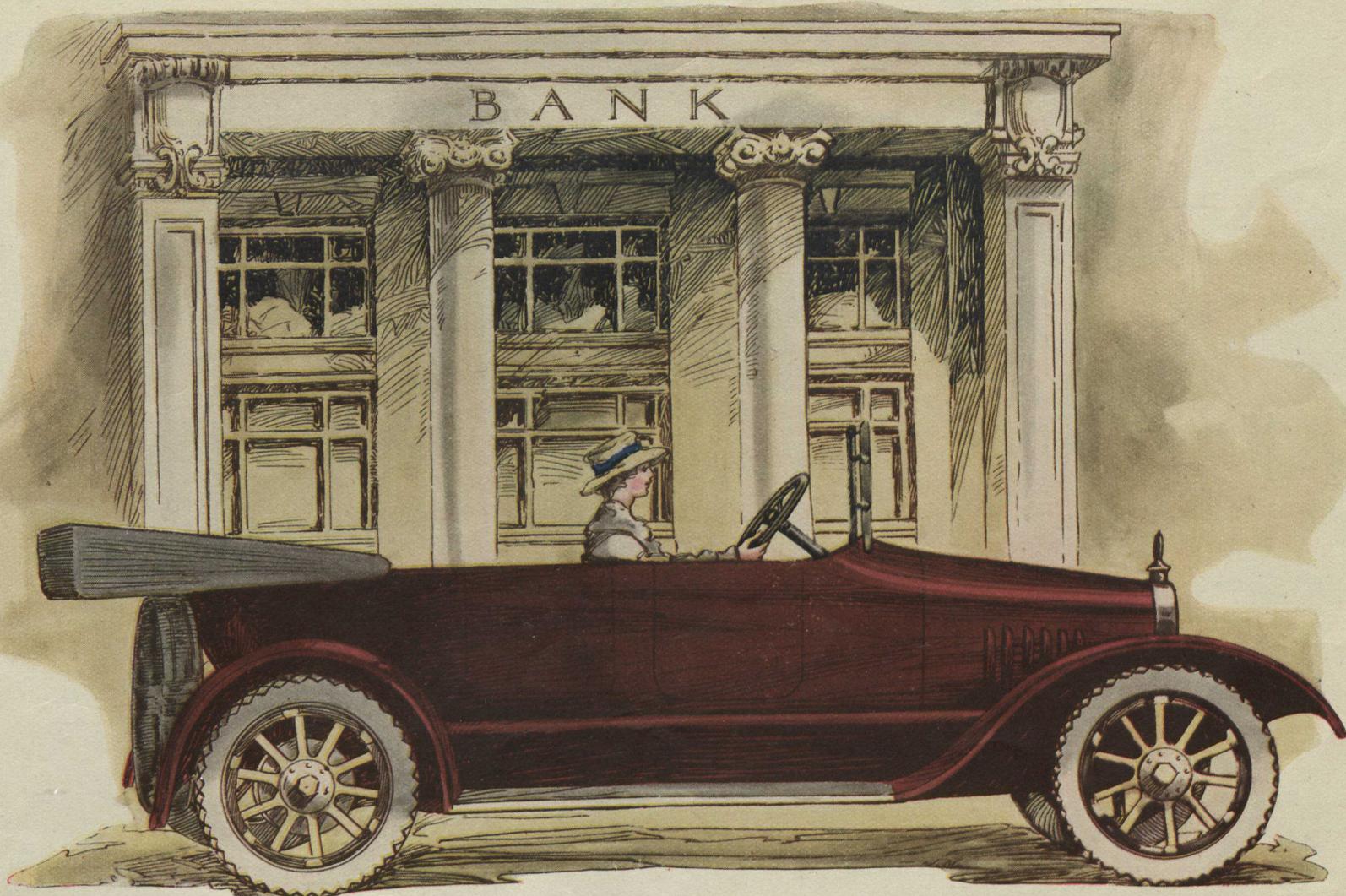
LEMON SYRUP.—Twelve lemons, one-half pint (one cup) water, one pound lump sugar. Rub the lump sugar on the rinds of six of the lemons, and put it into a preserving pan with the water. Boil until clear, then add the strained juice of the twelve lemons, and simmer very gently, not allowing it to boil, for five minutes. Pour into bottles, which must be dry, and, when cold, cork securely.

UNCOOKED GRAPE JUICE.—Wash and weigh the grapes, then crush, and to every six pounds of the fruit add one quart of water in which two ounces of tartaric acid has been dissolved. Allow to stand over night. In the morning, press through a fruit press or strainer, then add three-fourths the same amount of sugar. Bottle cold.

CHERRY SYRUP.—Choose sound, ripe cherries, stone, and place them in wide-mouthed glass jars, with layers of crushed lump sugar between the fruit.

Cork securely and place in a can with sufficient cold water to reach up the necks of the bottles, bring to boiling point, and boil until the fruit looks dry and shriveled, then remove the pan from the fire and leave until cold.

This syrup keeps excellently if left in the bottles as it is; but, if preferred, it may be strained into sterilized bottles and corked and sealed.



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