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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



AUGUST

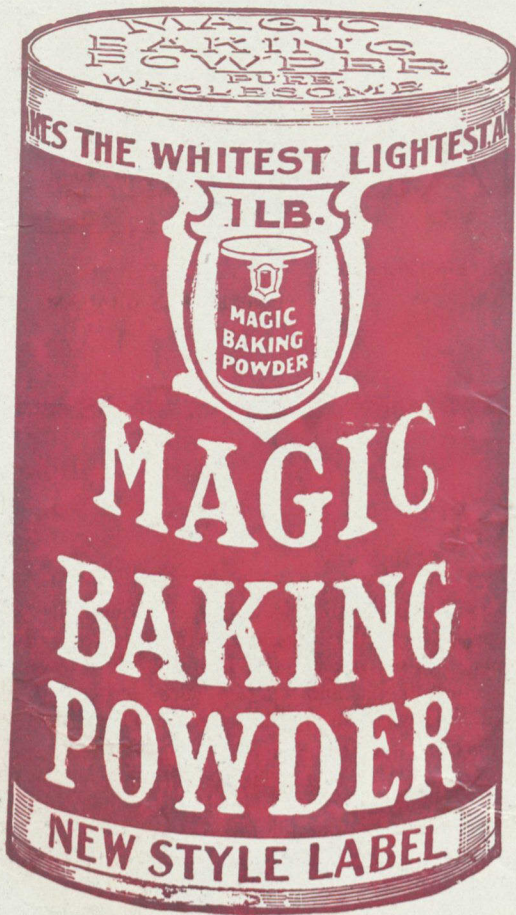
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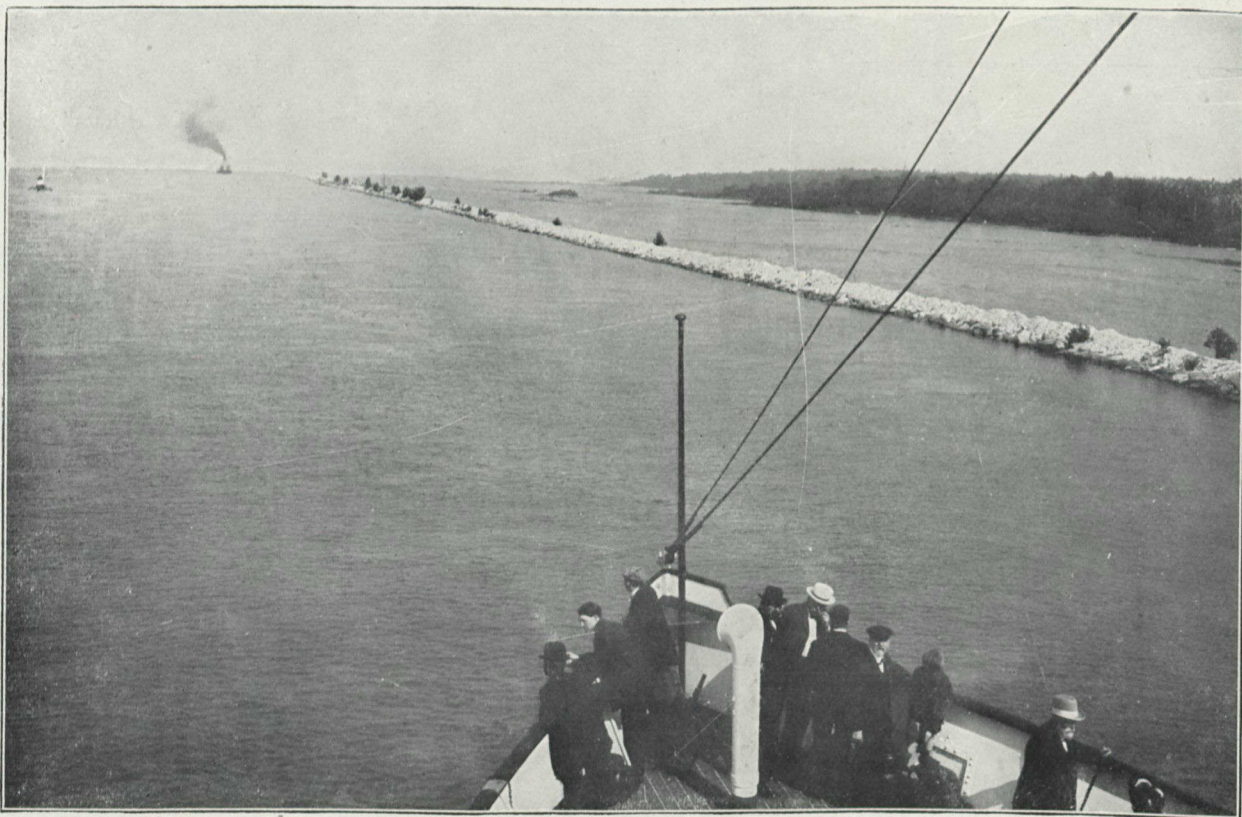
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THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA

Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

EDITORIAL CHAT

THE AUGUST MAGAZINES are not as a rule filled with useful and informing articles, to the exclusion of lighter material. The last month of the summer is the playtime of the year for most of us, and consequently, the editor takes temperature into consideration and endeavors to give the readers only the most entertaining fare. We honestly hope that our paper friends are enjoying themselves so much in a brief respite from the day's work that they will appreciate our desire to give them a number of summer enjoyment. The serial story, "The House of Windows," by Mrs. MacKay, is becoming more enthralling with each installment, as you learn more of the mysterious heroine and appreciate her trials. In this issue we are giving you more than the usual number of chapters, in the hope that this extra supply of serial fiction will divert you for an August afternoon. The adventures of the happy young persons in "A Honeymoon in Hiding" continue to be most amusing and entertaining. This story will be concluded in our September number and we are sure it has been appreciated by all our readers. "Mrs. Jim's Holiday" in our July number has appealed to a wide class, if we may judge from the comments which have reached us. "Every husband in Ontario should read that story," was the emphatic comment of one reader, who considered that the "lesson" of the story was most impressive. This month's contribution from Miss Miles, "Dame Nature, Human Nature, and the Beaver Dam" is a bright and reasonable narrative of a camping-out. "At the Gate of Silence" is a rather creepy and uncanny tale which will give you a chilly sensation, not unwelcome in the month of August.

THE DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT, however, has not been overlooked, and you will find in the August pages the usual articles on this work. Miss Jessie E. Rorke deals with the matter of household decoration from the standpoint of one who considers the beautiful rather than the expensive. There is a false idea, cherished by some, that, in order to have an attractive home, it is necessary to spend lavishly. Miss Rorke discusses this theory extensively and upholds the artistic idea, which has nothing essentially to do with expenditure. These articles are well worth your consideration, and letters addressed to Miss Rorke will be cheerfully answered.

AROUND THE HEARTH has a rather overwhelming suggestion for the summer months, when we are all as far away from a fireplace as we can be. "Around the Bon-fire" might be more in keeping with the heart-to-heart talks of a summer evening. Still, whatever season it may be, you will find Jennie Allen Moore's page a comfortable spot for a good quarter-of-an-hour. This time, she talks about the annual meeting of the National Council of Women, which was held at Port Arthur during the month of June. Jennie Allen Moore's comments thereon are both shrewd and discriminating, and we are sure that the

women who are interested in philanthropic and social questions will be concerned in her experience of the large and representative gathering of Canadian women. This department has steadily grown in our readers' confidence and liking, and we are sure that, whatever you may decide to "skip," it will not be Jennie Allen Moore's page.

OUR RURAL READERS may be inclined to consider the article on the "slum disease" rather out of their sphere, and leave it for the perusal of city readers. The country, fortunately, does not have to face the housing problem, and is reasonably sure of a pure milk supply. If you will consider this matter beneath the surface, however, you will find that the slum question affects the community at large. There cannot be such a plague spot in a city, without its exerting an evil influence throughout the whole country. The recent report of the Medical Health Office of Toronto shows the urgent need for prompt action in Ontario's capital if the slum districts are going to be abolished. Winnipeg, with its wonderful growth and cosmopolitan crowds, has difficult slum questions to face. Montreal, with its large foreign influx and its high rate of infant mortality, may well take the matter of slum abolition into serious consideration. In an article on this question in the present issue, Mr. James Acton, who is practically acquainted with "ward" problems of pure milk supply and decent housing, surveys the situation, in so far as Canada is concerned, thoroughly and sympathetically, indicating a sane and safe method for dealing with that part of the city which threatens to become submerged.

THE GIRLS' CLUB is in a flourishing condition, and we are always glad to hear from our young friends. Photographs in connection with the work of the Girl Guides will be especially welcome.

OUR WOMEN'S INSTITUTES are loyal in their support of that department. A member writing recently says:—"It seems to me that it would be well to find out from Mr. Putnam what particular line of work the Woman's Institute have undertaken and carried out successfully in any part of the province, and which, according to his estimation, is coming the nearest to fulfilling the object, which is 'to raise the general standard of health and morals of our people.' Then give that particular work all the praise on the Institute page, that could possibly be due to it. Personally, I think that to be good Institute workers we must become very unselfish. To live for others should be part of our motto, and I would advise that work that has shown that spirit should come first. I do think that the work of cleaning neglected cemeteries is one that should receive especial praise. I also am a believer in the W. I. providing rest rooms for tired mothers and children, and where convenient to use same for entertaining young girls and boys in the evening instead of having so many young people on our town streets to such a late hour so many days, 'or rather nights.'"

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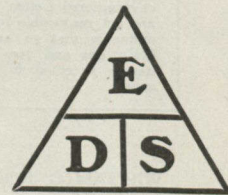


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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Volume VIII

TORONTO, AUGUST, 1911

Number 4

The Farmer's Daughter

THE problem of how to keep the girl on the farm is receiving a large share of attention just now,—and it is not an easy one to solve, as the call of the city proves alluring to young blood. Yet, to one who knows the various phases of city toil, it seems strange that a girl who might remain in a comfortable home on the farm should prefer close quarters and city stress to the healthier and more wholesome life in a country household.

It is useless to deny that this is an age of much feminine unrest. While this disturbance has its unpleasant features, the real foundations of domestic happiness and welfare are not threatened. Most of those who are studying the problems of farm life seem to agree that the daughter of the household should be given, not only responsibility, but an allowance of her own, that she may feel her own importance as a "producer." How many farmers' daughters have bank accounts?

Some old-fashioned citizens will rise to declare that the farmer cannot afford to give his daughters a regular allowance. Can he afford to lose their toil and their interest in the household? If it be said that a daughter's work in the household is merely in payment for the care which has been bestowed on her in childhood, she may well ask why a discrimination is nearly always made between her and her brother in this regard. There comes a time when discontent, or a longing for a change, comes over the country girl—and it is a wise parent who will show some appreciation of this natural unrest of youth and satisfy the desire for independence by placing considerable responsibility in the young hands and also placing to the credit of the worker a sum that will be recognition and inspiration.

Scarcity of Teachers

IT is with grieved surprise that the trustees and other school authorities of this fair land have awakened to the fact that women are no longer clamoring to enter the profession of pedagogy. Some years ago, it was evident that in Ontario, at least, the profession of teaching in public schools was being abandoned by men. A generation ago, there was a very fair representation of men in attendance at the normal schools of Toronto and Ottawa. Year by year, the numbers dwindled, until the man student at such institutions is regarded as a curiosity. Now, it is a matter of some concern that women are not entering upon the profession with the enthusiasm which trustees regard as desirable.

The reason for the diminution is not difficult to discover. In the days of our grandmothers, a woman who desired to earn her own living turned to teaching or needlework. To-day the gates of business opportunity are flung wide open and the ambitious and capable girl who chooses to earn a livelihood is hardly tempted by the teaching profession. It is true that the hours are not exacting and that the lengthy summer holiday is an attractive circumstance. But the work is peculiarly exhausting, in its double strain of discipline and instruction, as anyone who has undertaken its responsibilities sadly knows. There has been a good deal of sentimental cant expressed in connection with such callings as teaching and nursing. The business side of any profession must be taken into consideration by woman, as well as by man. A nurse is not a philanthropist—neither is a teacher. While a good nurse or a capable teacher will

be faithful in the discharge of duty under any circumstances, the financial aspect of the profession is not to be ignored. When trustees try to realize the importance of "quality" in the instructor and are willing to pay the price for a well-equipped teacher, there will be less talk about the scarcity of capable teachers.

* * *

Medical Inspection of Schools

CANADA takes an honest pride in its school system. It is said of the New England States that a church and a little red school-house appeared together as soon as a community was formed. The value set upon a good education is no poor test of the civilization of a nation. Scotland and Germany, among the modern nations, have given the professor highest place, and the advantage of this policy is seen in the high efficiency attained by Scottish workmen, as well as those of the learned professions, while "made in Germany" has become a label of distinction. For a country so young as ours, the citizens have shown a commendable anxiety that the youth of the land shall be duly instructed and given an opportunity to enter life's race with fair equipment. Greater liberality to members of the teaching profession is demanded, and doubtless the demand will be met.

The latest development in school supervision is the medical inspection of pupils. Already, this has proved of immense benefit, as defects in hearing and sight have been discovered in their early stages, and pupils, hitherto considered backward, have been placed in a position to compete with others.

Canada is also paying attention to this important side of State care for the growing citizen. While it is not possible to make the school an infirmary or a nursery, it may be used for such detection of physical ailment or defect as will lead to treatment resulting happily for afflicted childhood.

* * *

Picnic Days

IT is always in order to discuss the weather—even if the topic be commonplace. It is generally admitted that this month of July has been unusually trying and has broken the heat record of many "oldest inhabitants."

For the mother of the household, a spell of extreme heat means anxiety and extra precautions to guard the health of the children. It is well in such weather to relax, as far as possible, both in matters of clothing and diet—to wear the coolest and simplest garb and to avoid rich and heating food. A correspondent of ours has written to say that she has found "picnic teas" a great relief from the ordinary meal in a close dining-room. The veranda tea has become an institution in many homes during July and August, and much benefit has resulted from an *al fresco* repast. "Nerves" are admittedly the most common of modern ailments, and are not to be scoffed at in these days of exhausting heat. Everything should be done to lighten the day's work and give the family a breathing-space in the wide out-doors.

Monotony is what depresses so many of us in the course of the year's experience, and it is simply wonderful what a difference it makes, to take a little trip to the nearest grove or a cool lakeside. Sandwiches and lemonade in the open air make a far more appetizing meal than stewed fruit and hot biscuits within four walls.



AT THE GATE OF SILENCE

A Weird Story of the Tragedy
of a Tropical Garden

By GRANT MEREDITH



TWO men in loose linen garments stood before the entrance to a dim tangled garden, while a dark-skinned guide knelt at their feet begging them frantically to turn back with him on the almost stifled path by which they had come. But they shook their heads laughingly, though their faces were worn and haggard. Then they pointed towards the marble gate, at the base of which grew poppies—not scarlet or pink—but dazzling silky white. Finally the swarthy man arose, and, with a look of fear towards the popped entrance, and a shrug of resignation over the "Americano madness," departed with swiftness unusual in a Spaniard.

"Jose is in a regular blue funk, as the English would say," remarked Grange, the younger man, who had that cynical humor in his grey eyes which keeps the adventurer from losing heart.

"One can hardly wonder. They tell queer stories at Carrebar about this place."

Grange and Ryerson had come on a weary journey from the squalid port of Carrebar, dirty even for a tropical settlement. A year ago, Chase Norton, who had formed the third in what other college men of their class had called "The Triumvirate," had set off on a wild expedition to this ghastly Province of Ramento. Five years before, Norton's uncle and only relative had died in the interior of this country and the younger man had always felt a compelling desire to visit dirty Carrebar, to penetrate into those regions, where the scent of the tropics hangs heavy. Norton had money and leisure; so he listened to the call that came from the dark, damp forests and set out from Mereford, the cheerful, commonplace town, where people made an honest living and cared little for what was happening at the North Pole or in the hidden places of the earth.

Grange and Ryerson between them had pulled off an engineering feat in the mountains which had left them a breathing-spell and a bank account. Their thoughts turned naturally to the vanished Norton, and, finally, they also had sailed for purple seas.

"What did Chase say in his last letter about the Gracia place?" asked Ryerson.

"I've got his letter," said Grange, putting his hand in an inner coat pocket. "He writes that he hears queer things about Don Gracia, though the people at the port won't say much. Don Gracia had known his uncle, you know. Then there's some talk about a Gate of Silence, a marble affair with white poppies. Don't you remember how Jose crossed himself when we asked him?"

"It's all confoundedly queer, but it's up to us to find old Chase. Many's the tight place he pulled us out of, without even a word of advice."

"Sure!" was Grange's laconic answer; but his jaw was stiff as he looked towards the ominous gate, for his debt to the vanished friend was greater than Ryerson knew.

As they approached the entrance to the estate around which ran a cactus hedge, Grange felt that presentiment which sensitive natures know before a crisis of the emotions.

"Wait, Ryerson!" he said sharply, as the other approached the gate. Then he laughed feebly at the other's glance of surprise, and continued:

"It's all right, old man. I was just wondering if there was any other entrance to the place."

There seemed neither clasp nor bolt, and the hedge was high and thorny. Then Grange noticed in the petal of a carved lotus a bronze button, which he proceeded to press firmly. There seemed to come a faint tinkling sound from the distance, and then the marble portals slowly swung open to disclose a white path which abruptly turned to the left.

* * *

Silently they followed this until, beyond a gaudy court, they saw a white house, rambling and ivy-grown. As they circled the court, a servant, old but keen-eyed, approached them. Ryerson asked for Don Gracia, in the best Spanish he could muster, and they were shown into an apartment where a fountain threw a glittering spray, falling into a basin of porphyry.

"Luxurious, isn't it? Beats our swell hotels," said Ryerson, with a laugh. But his laugh died away, and the men rose simultaneously from their quaint seats with Moorish carving as there entered an aged man, who might have been an astrologer at the court of Louis XI, or Charles of Burgundy, instead of being an obscure citizen buried in the tropical province of Ramento in this first decade of the twentieth century. He wore a long, sweeping robe of lustrous purple, which made no rustle over the polished floor. But it was not from rich clothing or majestic movement that he borrowed impressiveness. His eyes beneath brows of white shot the most piercing glance which Grange and

Ryerson had ever met, and the smooth, lofty forehead, looked as if the secrets of an empire might lie behind it.

* * *

THE young Americans made stammering attempts at Spanish, but these were courteously put aside by their host, who spoke in deliberate English, with the accent of Southern Europe.

"I know your speech—but seldom hear it. You," he said, turning to the elder, "are called Ryerson, and your friend is Grange, is he not?"

The two stood dumbfounded and slowly took their seats as Don Gracia waved his hand. "Have you heard of us from Chase Norton?" asked Ryerson abruptly.

"Many times. The poor youth was ill—with fever—and talked much of his friends."

"Is he better? Where has he gone?" asked Grange with fierce impatience.

"He is here," said Don Gracia, with a curious glance which in its very serenity chilled their eagerness. "I will send for him, but he has been very ill, you understand."

The servant who had admitted them came at a low call from Gracia, and turned an expressionless face as he went on his errand.

The two strangers waited in a silence surging with many emotions. The inscrutable face of their host filled them with a strange fear of the meeting with their friend, and yet the relief was great, for between Grange and Ryerson, during the last six months, had lain the unspoken dread that Chase Norton's tropical search had ended in a forest grave. There was a flush on Ryerson's bronzed cheek and a queer pulse throbbing in Grange's throat when a slow, dragging step was heard and Chase entered the room, a gaunt figure with pathetic blue eyes and above them a lined forehead, over which straggled locks streaked with grey.

Two firm brown hands were outstretched towards him, but, instead of clasping them, he looked helplessly at Don Gracia.

"These are your friends, my son, Ryerson and Grange. Don't you remember them? He has been very weak—" he added in explanation.

"Grange and Ryerson," repeated the man slowly, as if he were a child learning a lesson. He laid his hand in their clasp and each felt a shock at the clammy touch.

"I shall leave you with your own people," said Don Gracia, rising courteously. As he passed Norton he laid his hand, almost caressingly on the forehead. "Try to remember," he said in low, sweet tones before he glided from the apartment and crossed the dim hall beyond.

"Surely you haven't forgotten us, old chap?" said Ryerson anxiously.

"Forgotten!" echoed Norton helplessly.

"Mereford and Ruth Grafton and all the rest of it," ended Ryerson lamely.

Norton shook his head in silence.

"Nor the jewels your uncle used to rave about—the emeralds of Equito, which you were to bring back to Ruth." A look of abject terror came into Norton's eyes, and he cowered in a fashion which came as a shock to the two friends who had never seen a white man look like that.

"Devil's jewels!" muttered Norton, and looked about him as if in fear of an enemy in hiding.

"Buck up, old man," said Ryerson brusquely. "I suppose you've had the mischief of a time with the fever, but you're coming back with us, as soon as you can pack your Saratoga." The breezy vernacular seemed strangely out of keeping with the dragon-carved fountain, and the dim, fragrant room.

"Go back!" repeated Norton, with a gleam in his eyes. "Mereford! Home!"

"That's it, my boy," said Grange, speaking for the first time. "We'll go back to God's own country."

There was a low, pleased laugh, and for the first time the old Chase Norton seemed to be in the room. Then he asked them cautiously: "Did you pass the Gate of Silence?"

"Where the white poppies grow?" asked Grange, with his eyes steadily on Norton.

"Yes," said the other, shuddering violently. "I hate—the poppies. There are graves near them."

There was a slight movement and the three looked up to find the servant Manuel there, bearing three small glasses and a flask of golden liquid that seemed to gleam and burn.

As the two strangers filled the diminutive bowls and raised the glasses, Norton seemed about to remonstrate and then relapsed into gloomy silence, refusing to touch the flask.

"A drink for the gods!" exclaimed Ryerson. "What is the stuff called? It's a mixture of fire and snow and roses."

"May I hope that you will be my guests and go to my rooms, which will be honored?" asked Don Gracia, entering with a gentle courtesy.

"Thank you," said Ryerson warmly; but Grange, who had merely touched his lips to the golden wine, cleverly concealing the glass as he spilled the liquid on a soiled kerchief knotted at his throat, was less cordial in his thanks, and watched their host closely as the latter carelessly touched Norton's forehead again.

"That's a wonderful old boy," said Ryerson, as he flung himself on a couch in a room which Velasquez might have loved. "If the Spaniards had had a general like him, San Juan would not have been such a cinch." Ryerson's face was flushed and his eyes were strangely drowsy. Gradually his eyelids fell and heavy breathing soon assured Grange that the golden wine had been more than an ordinary drink for the gods. He also feigned drowsiness as he lay in a luxurious chair and listened for footsteps, which he felt sure would come. A violet curtain was gently put aside, and Grange, through partially-closed lids, could see Manuel enter cautiously and survey with a look of malicious pleasure the two slumbering strangers. "It goes well," he murmured softly and withdrew.

* * *

AN hour or so later, Manuel entered again, and this time Grange aroused and said with a yawn:

"My friend is weary. I think he will sleep long."

"You will be served to food and wine, noble sir," said Manuel, answering the American's Spanish. In his own room, separated from Ryerson's by an arch, Grange bathed luxuriously in orange-perfumed water and dressed in clean, soft linen garments, which were piled on a chair, that certainly had been made in a Paris workshop before the French king went to the guillotine.

Don Gracia betrayed no surprise when his guest appeared in the gloomy, ancient room, where a few candles shed a sinister light on old silver and carved mahogany. He listened in courteous silence to the story of Ryerson's exhaustion and looked blandly concerned when Grange spoke of his own drowsiness.

"Our country is so new to you," said Don Gracia politely, "it is a land of dreams!"

"You come from old Spain yourself?" said Grange suddenly.

"Ah—yes," said Don Gracia suavely, "but I have been many years at Buena Vista. Almost since the days of Cortez some of my people have lived near Carrebar."

"Buena Vista!" repeated Grange. "That is the name of this secluded place, I suppose. What a curious gate that is—beautifully carved. Chase in his last letter called it the Gate of Silence—that was before he left Carrebar."

"It is of great age," said Don Gracia bowing, and Grange wondered if the candle light made that flicker in the sombre eyes.

"You knew Norton's uncle did you not, sir—Wilmer Norton, who died in Ramento five years ago?"

"Yes—he died in this house—of fever. He is buried near the Gate of Silence." The flicker in the dark eyes came again and this time Grange thought of swords.

Then Don Gracia, as if weary of questions and desirous of leading conversation to more cheerful channels, spoke of his last visit to Madrid, of the palaces and the pictures in the old capital near the Manzanares, until it seemed to Grange as if he could smell the roses and hear the guitars which make magic of the southern night.

"And then you come back, across the sea to this!" said Grange in wonder.

"There are books and flowers—and the Gate of Silence!" said Don Gracia with a smile for the impatience of youth which must have lights and noise and human companionship. "There is a spell in the tropics," said Gracia smoothly. "You may not feel it yet, but you would. Your friend Ryerson, now! He is different. He is all American—of the North. But Norton is of the tropics. He will remain."

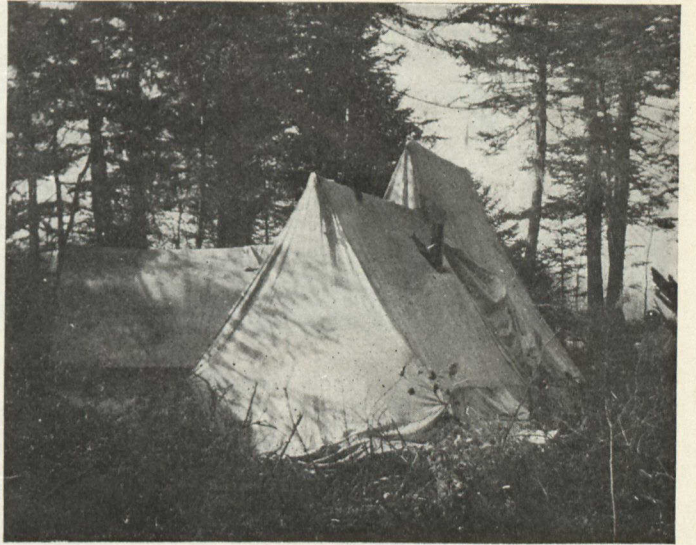
Grange looked steadily into the dusky eyes which seemed so old and very wise. "He will start with us to-morrow for home. Ramento has not been good for his health."

Don Gracia heard this announcement with apparent indifference; yet to Grange there was an intense enmity which meant tragedy in the quiet, dark face, turned so gravely towards him. "To-morrow!" said his host musingly. "I had hoped

DAME NATURE, HUMAN NATURE AND THE BEAVER DAM

Being a Few Natural Facts and Some Artificial Fiction

By KATE MILES



ON a certain brook, far from the habitation of man, some beavers formed a settlement. Like beavers, they labored, constructing a dam that they might have sufficient water around their home to sink the poplar sticks, the bark of which is their food. When the dam was built they made their house, and then they worked on, ever strengthening and reinforcing their dam, or felling the trees which were close to their home that they might have a supply of food at hand.

Now all this activity on the part of these marvellous little animals, and all the changes they were



"AROUND THE FIRST BEND."

making in this brook with their effective dam, could not go unobserved even in this out-of-the-way place. This brook held many trout, and for these trout, fishermen came in May. They told about the wonderful sight they had seen and others braved the blackflies and mosquitoes, not to mention the tramp, that they might also see. The government tried to protect the little workers, for beavers are becoming almost extinct. In spite of all precautions, the dam was broken and it was feared that, discouraged and disheartened, the beavers would not rebuild. But patiently and efficiently the toilers went over their work and made it more secure than before. And this time they were not molested.

Among those who came to see the beaver settlement when it had been built for more than a year was the Man. He loved the woods and all that lived therein, and he and a hunter of reputation tramped many weary miles one glorious Dominion Day that they might visit this innovation in the country they knew so well. So impressed was the Man with all he saw that he waxed enthusiastic when relating his trip to the Independent One, showing her the pictures he had taken and describing the dam and house. This enthusiasm was too much for the Independent One—who so naturally adapted herself to woods life that the Giddy One called her "Young Squaw," and she planned and talked and persisted until it was decided.

"It's a hard tramp," warned the Man, but the Independent One was not to be put down by mere Man, so she collected a party and laid her plans. They would camp for three days on the Millstream, she, the Giddy One, the Man, the Funny Fellow, and the Chaperon, and on the middle day, when they would have ample time and no restrictions, she, the Giddy One, and the Man, would carry out the ulterior motive of the trip and go to the beaver settlement. And, since she was called the Independent One, and often got her own way, and since the Man was not an unpersistent youth himself, and since they were all anxious to have the trip, they got off as had been planned and paddled down the stream on a grey and cloudy morning in October.

They had all been over this part of the ground, or water, before, so it was not like setting forth on a new adventure; rather, it was a renewing of old acquaintances and a revisiting of old haunts. The Man and the Funny Fellow had gone this way only the day before, for they had taken out the tents and prepared the camping ground.

"You have a headache," announced the Man to the Independent One, whom he was paddling, and much as the Independent One would have liked to deny the accusation she could not, for unaccustomed early-rising, and hasty preparations for departure had not agreed with her. If it had been his sister the Man would probably not have noticed the headache or would have had no suggestion to make, but

—since it was someone else's sister—"Why not make a cup of coffee?" inquired he.

"How?" exclaimed the Independent One, aroused even by the thought of the comforting draught. "Right here in the canoe?"

"Yes. We've got the oil stove with us."

"And I've got a coffee pot, camp coffee, cups, spoons and all the fixings in my box. Oh, you are a dear!"

And, as it wasn't his fault, the Man took this statement for what it is worth, and fished out the oil stove, and arranged things so the Independent One could fulfill her stimulating designs without upsetting the canoe. And even if it was only camp coffee, and had a great deal too much sugar and no cream in it, it was hot and it roused and helped the Independent One, the preparing of it more than the drinking. It made her enjoy the remainder of the paddle, and then the sun came out and they were at camp and everyone was very happy.

As they sat around the camp fire that evening, with the full moon shining on them from a clear sky, among a great many other things, they discussed the next day's tramp.

"I want to go," said the Chaperon.

"I wouldn't think of taking you," declared the Man, "it's too hard a trip. These girls will be tired out I know, but they're young and they'll live long enough to get over it."

"But I don't expect to die soon," protested the Chaperon, "and I'm sure I could stand it."

"I wouldn't think of taking you," made answer the Man, sticking to his guns, albeit somewhat abashed by the break he had made.

"That tone of command sounds all right when addressed to the Chaperon, but I wonder how it would appeal to me," mused the Independent One



"THEY SHOULDERED THEIR ACCOUTREMENTS AND STARTED."

to the fire, and while she was thus cogitating the Man took a photograph with a birch bark flashlight; then he asked her to take one, and then it was time to go to bed.

"I'll call you in time to dress and have breakfast ready at seven," called the Man when they were in their tent, and under their blankets and on top of the springy, fragrant bed of fir boughs which the Man had prepared so carefully.

"All right," called back the Giddy One most cheerfully, as she was an early riser, and moreover, she was not the cook, for the Independent One loved to fuss round the out-of-doors fire, and the tiny tent stove, and liked to run the culinary department to suit her own self-reliant views.

And so, when the Man did call them in the morning before he and the Funny Fellow went off with their guns, the Independent One disliked being told that she must arise and prepare the early meal.

"Are you going to get up?" asked the Man from the cook tent. "If you are I'll start the fire."

"Man is the lord of all creation," soliloquized the Independent One in a voice sufficiently loud to reach the other tents, and then she rolled over and prepared for another nap.

But before very long her better self came to her rescue and she did get up. But, hurry as she might, she could not get breakfast ready before the Man and the Funny Fellow returned, and then she was sorry, for they didn't find a bit of fault.

The Giddy One decided, and the Chaperon sanctioned the idea, that bloomers must be worn on the trip, and the skirts, which would be dragged and heavy and a general hindrance, should be left at home. The Independent One agreed to this arrangement, so they doffed their skirts and donned their caps, shouldered their accoutrements and started. The Man had a rifle and the lunch slung across his back, the Giddy One had a single barreled shot gun, while the Independent One, being lightly armed, carried the camera in its leather case. Her weapon of defence was a Browning pistol, an automatic shooter, of which the Man had a healthy horror. The Independent One was very careful of it, and, as it was perfectly harmless when locked, it annoyed her that the Man would doubt her ability to handle the weapon properly.

They went a short distance by canoe, the Funny Fellow escorted them around the first turn, took a snap of them, then went back to protect the Chaperon. Shallow water soon forced the three adventurers to push the canoe into the mud and to clamber out and up the steep bank, and then the journey had begun in dead earnest.

Experience had taught the Man that no concessions must be made to skirts, not because they were *in absentia*, but because their owners would have none of it; so, he strode on ahead, not stopping to hold back twigs or in any way trying to lessen the hardships.

"This is the jungle," explained the Giddy One as they came upon an open space grown high with thick dead grass, "that is the leader of some dusky tribe ahead, and I am the hunter of big game."

"Then I must be the official photographer," agreed the Independent One, trailing along in the wake of the other two, and keeping a vigilant eye out for anything she might see. It was she who discovered a partridge in a glade which the others had passed unnoticed, and she had unlocked her pistol and was taking aim before the Man had discovered what she was doing.

"Don't shoot with that thing," he called softly, "the shotgun is the best for this work." The Independent One dropped her arm in sheer surprise and before she had recovered the Giddy One had blown a portion of the unfortunate bird into another part of the wood. The Independent One carefully removed the cartridge and magazine without speaking.

"Don't wave that gun around," warned the Man, returning with the partridge, and this was too much for the perturbed spirits of the Independent One.

"Can't you see the magazine is out?" she retorted sharply. "My brother gave me this pistol, and even if his good judgment is not to be relied upon I don't think you need worry."

"If we have an accident it will be through that ugly weapon," persisted Man, the tactless one, and the journey was continued with silence from the Independent One.

Presently they left the bank of the stream at the remains of the old mill and wandered through quantities of raspberry bushes before finding the wood road, shaded and wonderful. An exclamation from the Independent One discovered her standing



"THEY FOLLOWED THEIR LEADER."

with one foot outstretched, gazing ruefully at a rent in her stocking just above the boot-top.

"You shouldn't wear embroidered stockings in the woods, anyway," volunteered the Giddy One, "I'm surprised at you."

"I don't see that any of the embroidery is missing," but the retort was good-natured, for the coolness of the shady path, which was grateful after the glare of the sun in the open, had quite restored the equanimity of the Independent One.

"Would you like me to put your caps in my pocket?" asked the Man, turning to the two, but looking at the Independent One.

The Independent One felt her wrath ascend at this repeated reference to her deadly weapon, but controlled her feelings and answered only, "No, thanks, they are in the magazine."

"This wood road extends for several miles," the Man explained, "and I thought you might be more comfortable in your bare heads."

And since the Man had generously overlooked her mistake, and, as she wasn't without a sense of humor, the Independent One tossed over her cap to be stowed in one of the Man's voluminous pockets.

"There's a bird," warned the Man, and the Giddy One took hasty aim. Click! and no report. Nervously the Giddy One recoiled her gun and once more took aim. Click! again, and no report.

"You'll have to change the shell," the Man explained, and while they were engrossed in this work the Independent One noiselessly prepared her deadly weapon of defence for action, and, with her heart pounding like a sledge hammer, not only in its accustomed place of abode, but up to her very throat, she threw up her arm and brought the short grooved barrel down until it was in line with the tufted head of the unconscious partridge. Fervently did the Independent One hope that her practise shooting at a mark in her own back yard would stand her in good stead; breathlessly but hastily she aimed, then fired. The Giddy One and the Man started in surprise at the report, then all gazed eagerly at the spot where the bird had been.

* * *

"By Jove, you got him," exclaimed the Man, unmistakable triumph in his voice, "a dandy shot, too, right through the head in the most scientific manner."

"Of course. Do you think I'd tear the bird to pieces by shooting it through the body?" asked the Independent One in her most nonchalant manner, while she tried very hard to keep her legs from wobbling to such an extent that, unscreened by friendly skirts, they might give way to their owner's trepidation.

And so they journeyed on through the green woods, and then across a barren, and then the way became very toilsome and many rents were added to that first generous one in the Independent One's stockings, and many scratches were inflicted on hers and on the Giddy One's hands and arms, as they followed the twisted course of their leader, Man, over streams and rocks, through raspberry bushes and swampy places, tired but determined, and finally they were rewarded.

"Just five minutes' walk after we cross this stream," encouraged the Man as he threw a sapling across the brook and waded beside each in turn with the helping hand each dare not refuse. But it was more than five minutes' walk, for they went too far in the road before going down to the brook and found themselves beyond the dam in a place much affected by the restricted water.

"This is the most virgin forest I have ever seen," panted the Independent One as she waded along in moss, the deepest and most verdant she had ever beheld, "I hate to trample on its unimpaired purity, so I think I will just sit comfortably on this stump until the lord of all creation discovers where he is and which way we are to go."

And this was sensible, for the Man, after much wandering to and fro, decided they must go back to the road and retrace their steps until they were opposite the dam. This time they found the right place and soon were at the goal of their ambitions.

The Giddy One and the Independent One wanted to examine everything at once, but the Man wanted to eat, and, as he carried the means of sustenance all this weary way on his back, it seemed right that his wishes should be gratified. So they sat themselves down on a knoll close by the water's edge, and, with feelings of contentment as they looked at the well-earned object of their efforts, they thoroughly enjoyed their simple lunch and drank quantities of the cold brook water which the Man brought from the centre of the stream in the tin lunch box, walking out on the dam to obtain it. As they ate they surveyed with curious eyes the dam, marvellous when the builders were considered, and the stumps which all around bore testimony to the industry and prowess of the little workers.

The Man was impatient to fish. Late season as it was, he was determined to have a fish apiece; so, off he hurried to the beaver house, telling the others to follow when they were ready. So when they had walked on the dam and the Giddy One had attempted to get a picture of a part of it from the arch in the centre, and the Independent One had snapped some of the largest stumps and trees partially cut down by the sharp little teeth, and had both carved their names on a large birch tree—for surely they should leave some testimony of their presence here, they who had come a path no woman's foot had, to their knowledge, ever trod before—and they had washed their faces and hands and dried them on their handkerchiefs, and had taken out a hairpin or two and put them in again—for these frequenters of the woods boasted not one side-comb between them—and had put their caps on once more, they were quite refreshed and ready for the

next and even greater attraction, the beaver house. They could not see the house or the man, but their calls brought answering ones from near at hand and a few steps brought them to the water's edge, from which they could see among the trees, the Man far out on an island, very much engrossed in his piscatorial pursuits.

"You can't get out here, the water's too deep," briefly and cheerfully announced the Man, putting on a fresh worm.

"What?" squealed the Giddy One. "Do you suppose I came all this way to go back without seeing the house?"

The Independent One said nothing to the Man. To the Giddy One she murmured, "Man is the lord of all creation."

"If you want to wade, come on," and the Man could be heard making his way through bushes and undergrowth and water. "It took me to there," measuring midway between knee and hip, "to do that part of it, and this stream is about seven feet deep if you can't walk a pole that goes about two feet under water when you step on it. Coming?"

"Yes," said the Giddy One, but the Independent One said nothing. Too well she knew her head, which grew dizzy when crossing a gurgling brook, would never stand that perilous trip.

The Man stepped on the pole so he could reach a helping hand to the Giddy One, but when she saw the sapling go out of sight she drew back.

"I can't do it. Isn't it too mean? We may as well go back. It must be time to start."

"Just wait five minutes," urged the Man, "I want to get a fish apiece and I've got three now."

The Independent One spoke: "If you are going back you'll take the camera and get a picture of the house, won't you?"

"I took a picture when I was here before. Won't that do?"

"Were we here when you took the other picture?" The voice of the Independent One was growing frigid.

"Well, throw over the camera then. Wait, I'll come after it," and the Man took one step and then changed his mind. "Oh, never mind the old picture, we haven't time; I want to fish. Just wait five minutes." And off went blind and blissfully unconscious Man.

"Wouldn't you like to swear?" inquired the Giddy One wrathfully. "I'm going to build a bridge," and for several minutes she puffed and panted over some fallen birches, while the Independent One sat still and pondered.

"That's no use," mourned the Giddy One. "Now I'll take your picture with the exposure intended for the beaver house. Your expression is worth preserving."

"Have you got it?" murmured the Independent One; then she rose to her feet with suddenness and decision. "I'm going."

"Without the Man?"

"Man is the lord of all creation: he doesn't need me," and the descendant of the rib of the first man picked up the camera and her precious pistol and departed.

"You'll lose your way," warned the Giddy One: but this friendly counsel, if heard was not heeded, and, with a somewhat vague idea of the correct course, the Independent One set a smart pace over the uneven ground in the direction she thought the road lay. When she came upon it her faith in herself rose with a bound; so, clutching her weapon tightly, she proceeded on her way with ever and anon a backward glance to see if her unceremonious departure had caused her companions to hasten in her wake. When she came to a branch road she was undecided and her pace abated, while her backward glances were more and more frequent.

"I'll know if I'm right when I come to the stream," reasoned the logical and Independent One, and, when she had come to the stream she found she was right; so sat down, reassured and satisfied, to await her companions. That stream she dare not cross unaided, and moreover, the country on the

opposite side she would not dare to traverse alone; therefore, she was quite content to wait the coming of the others, indeed, her anxious glances testified to her desire for their coming. When they finally did appear, the Man somewhat in advance, and calling her name excitedly, the anxious look gave place to one of satisfaction and nonchalantly she propped her chin in two hands and gazed dreamily at the water below.

"I'm glad you're here," said the Man very quietly. He had come on ahead of the Giddy One, and stood looking down at the indifferent attitude of the Independent One. "We spent some time looking for you, and I hated to come on without knowing where you were. I didn't think you would mind my fishing for a few minutes. I stopped as soon as I got five."

And then the Independent One felt heartily ashamed and everything would have been all right had not the unlucky weapon seized the opportunity to roll out of her lap and down the bank. The Independent One nearly precipitated herself head first into the brook in her efforts to recover it, and the Man was heard to mutter, "I wish the beastly gun had gone into the stream." The moment of softening had passed and the Independent One was her cool collected self once again.

But they were obliged to cross that stream, and go over it unaided the Independent One was afraid she could not. Undaunted, however, she had scrambled down the bank and had set her foot upon the log before the Man was beside her and had placed his hand firmly on her arm. Nor did he release her until she was safely up on the opposite bank when he went back to render like assistance to the Giddy One. The Independent One set off without waiting for the others: so, as they came up behind her, the Man observed how unevenly she was walking and how her boots turned with every step.

"You're tired," he said, "those heels are too high for this work and for ankles as weak as yours. Let me carry the camera."

"I'm not tired," lied the Independent One calmly. Whereupon, very gently but very firmly the Man lifted the strap over the head of the Independent One, and transferred it to his own laden shoulders. The Independent One seemed to step with unnecessary vehemence while from behind her came an amused chuckle and the voice of the Giddy One, who said in low tones, "Man is the lord of all creation."

And so they journeyed on; and quietly and persistently the Man helped them across the streams and over the bad places. The Giddy One said openly that she was glad to be helped, but the Independent One, who had dropped to the rear, said nothing. And when they were back to the open space which they had that morning likened to the African jungle, a sharp shower came upon them and they had to hurry to the shelter of the woods farther on. The Man found them comfortable spots under some large trees and there they had to wait until the rain had almost ceased. And then a few more turns, and the canoe was in sight down the stream. The Giddy One gave a cry of delight and hurried on to be the first to catch the canoe, but the Independent One did not move any faster and the Man kept just in advance of her. And as he, without glancing behind, held back a wet twig until he thought she had passed it, and then let it go, it swung back smartly and struck the Independent One across the face. It did not hurt very badly, and happily the Man was unaware of the mishap, but it was the last straw and the Independent One had a dreadful suspicion she was going to cry. And the Man, although mere Man, turning round, had an inspiration that this was the psychological moment, and did the one thing in all the world that he should have done—he took the Independent One in his arms and gave her no opportunity to protest. And the Independent One soon after murmured into a very damp sweater front, "Man is the lord of all creation, and I am glad to acknowledge it."

At the Gate of Silence

Continued from page 6

that you would remain at Buena Vista beyond twenty-four hours. But—your pleasure be done."

For more than an hour after the evening meal they talked of matters remote from the two men beneath the Spaniard's roof—one in a drugged stupor, the other in mortal weakness—in some way through Don Gracia's schemes, if Grange might trust his inner voice. When he went to his room, Ryerson was still in a heavy slumber, with dishes of untouched food near his couch. Grange looked on the honest face, the strong unclenched fists, and wondered if this man, too, were to fall a victim to the curse of Buena Vista. Beyond all reasoning was this sense with which Grange was endowed—this instinct which warned of enmity or danger and in the present extremity made him heavily aware that three lives were in his ward.

It was long after midnight when he wrapped himself in a dark cloak which he had found in a wardrobe and hastened noiselessly towards the room where, he had discovered, Chase was sleeping. The air was almost stifling in its sickly sweetness, and Grange noticed, as the moonlight touched with ghostly silver the objects in the room, that there was a huge bunch of the white flowers of the Gate of Silence in a Venetian vase. Crushing these into a damp ball, he adroitly flung them into the corridor

and returned to Norton, whose face was as that of a wasted child in its sleeping pallor. Gently he raised the slumbering man's head and held a bottle of aromatic salts to his nostrils. The blue eyes gradually unclosed, and Norton looked up in fear.

"It's Lee Grange, old chap. You're all right. We're going back to Mereford to-morrow."

"Mereford!" A light of rapture came over the worn face. "Grange, I tell you this place is haunted. I can't go away. I can't get past the Gate of Silence." Grange did not answer for a moment. Could this trembling, gaunt creature be the man who had played half-back on the best team in the country? Then he answered quietly, as if speaking to a timid child.

"We'll get out in good time, if you'll just keep cool. Will you do just as I tell you?"

"Of course," said Norton, with the ghost of a laugh on his lips. "But don't take those emeralds. There's blood on them. They belonged to Inez."

"Who was Inez?" said Grange.

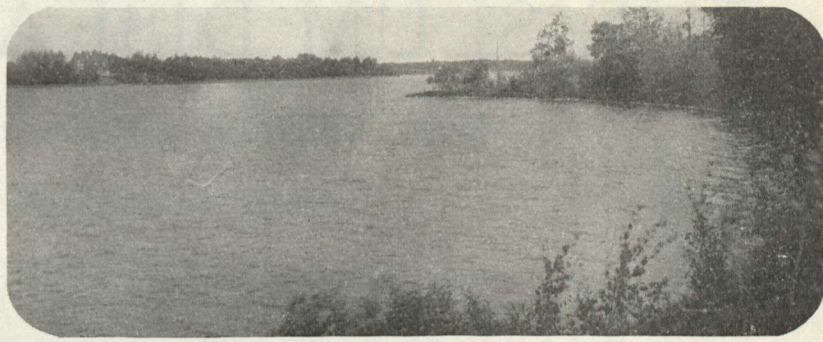
"I can't tell." Fear again darkened Norton's trembling features.

"Go ahead," said Grange tersely. "She was his wife—Don Gracia's—and my Uncle Wilmer knew them long ago."

Continued on page 42



MAIN STREET OF ALIX.



HAUNTED LAKE AT ALIX.

A WOMAN RANCHER IN ALBERTA

A Visit to Quarter-Circle-One Ranch

By GERTRUDE E. SETON THOMPSON

ONE of the most marked tendencies of the age is a desire for a more simple mode of life—a longing to return to the soil and depend on herds of cattle and stores of golden grain for sustenance. During the past few years there have been written many books dealing with the work of farm and ranch, as well as the side issues of sheep-raising, bee culture, mushroom growing, and small fruit cultivation. Not only have textbooks appeared in response to the newly-arisen demand, but such well-known works as Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," "The Fat of the Land," "The Garden of a Commuter's Wife," "Comrades Two," and "In English Gardens," have done much to keep alight the flame of country hunger. It is a wholesome development, and will mean much to the future race.

Western Canada has drawn followers of the simple life from every class in Great Britain, and surely no more interesting ingress ever took place than has been witnessed in Canada the last decade or two. Some day an historian will do justice to the picturesque march of Old World people to the vast granary of Western Canada, and light will be thrown on some of the colonies that, banded together, have taken up large holdings of land. The romance of the West would then be revealed, and many a dramatic incident recorded.

While the desire to own land comes with special temptation to the pale city clerk toiling on a mere pittance in a position of hopeless limitations, the idea of becoming a landowner on a large scale appeals very forcibly to those of a different environment—the upper classes of Great Britain, particularly younger sons, who, brought up on the family estate, yet inherit nothing, and are obliged to depend upon their own efforts. Many of this class have come to make a new home in Canada, leaving behind with little regret the old-world life.

Sometimes a large party of Old Country people arrive, and, together start the work of making homes. But more often a settlement is an affair of slower growth. One family goes to a certain locality, takes up land and prospers. Gradually one and then another family follow from the Old Land, attracted by the certainty of congenial associations, of the success their friends have met with, and above all the opportunity for a free, untrammelled life.

An interesting colony of this kind is centered around Alix, a village east of Lacombe, on the Lacombe-Stettler branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway. It is about four years since this fertile and populous section was served with a railroad. Before then a thirty-mile drive was necessary whenever supplies were needed from Lacombe.

It is sixteen years since Mrs. Westhead, an English lady, in honor of whom Alix was named, arrived from the Old Land with the idea of becoming a rancher. The purchase of some land, and the homesteading of a quarter-section, led to her acquiring over two thousand acres. A picturesque site for a house was chosen, its mistress being the architect, and when completed the home was seen to fit into the surroundings uncommonly well. It is of two storeys and was first built of logs. These have now been covered with natural colored shingles, the upper part being elaborated with red and black shingles, making a picturesque effect. Being set on a hill, the house commands a superb view of a broad valley, dotted with trees, innumerable little lakes, and in the background a chain of hills.

The drawing-room to the right as one enters from the vine-shaded porch, is a source of surprise. One does not expect, for instance, to see a pianola on a ranch, nor exquisite old china against a background of mahogany. Heavy rafters of dark wood beam the ceiling, and the low casement windows opening on fine views have seats built in. Books are everywhere, and many are in foreign languages, for the lady of the ranch is an accomplished linguist. The dark polished floor is strewn with handsome skins, some brought from the jungles of India, and others gathered in a trip which Mrs. Westhead took with a party of friends to the Far North of Canada, almost to the Arctic Circle.

The mistress of Quarter-Circle-One-Ranch has acquired expert knowledge on all matters relating to farming, and takes a keen interest in the agricultural interests of the country. Among them the

development of a government cold storage, whereby the perishable products of the farm, such as butter, eggs and meat, can be kept in good condition until they are exported to Old World markets or shipped East. This study of agricultural pursuits began in Ireland, when, on her husband's estate, she started a creamery, which is still being operated with great success.

Each horse on the ranch has its name. Mrs. Westhead's own driving team, Thekla and Mewasin, are well-matched dun ponies, which their mistress handles with easy familiarity and an amusing knowledge of their little peculiarities.

There is a pretty fifty-acre sheet of water on the property called Tanglefoot Lake. A canoe and sailboat invite a voyage of exploration to the tiny island or wooded slopes, where the wild deer have their haunts. Indeed, this part of the country is bountifully blessed with lakes. Near by is Haunted Lake, a large sheet of water, on which border several fine ranches, among them that of Colonel Marryatt.

Life on such a ranch as Quarter-Circle-One never gets monotonous. To give an idea of a day spent there let us begin at rising time. The two large bedroom windows are wide open, fine wire netting preventing the ingress of the unpopular mosquito, but not interfering with the flow of lovely pure air. In the broad lap of the valley one counts seven little silvery lakes glimmering in the early sunshine, and the Alberta atmosphere being famed for its



TRAIL FROM ALIX.

clearness, one has a view many miles distant before the eye scans the far-off horizon.

Breakfast is an informal meal that comes off any time between eight and nine, and sometimes is partaken of in a corner of the huge kitchen, where everything shines with cleanliness, and where bright copper utensils are arranged with attractive effect against a background of Dutch blue walls.

Breakfast over, we leave Jane, good, staunch Scotch Jane, to "redd up," and are off to the garden, where strawberries, lettuces, peas, beans—what not, await the gathering. Butter-making is down on the programme every alternate day, and Mrs. Westhead enjoys working a foot churn of barrel shape that swings at first slowly and leisurely, and then gradually goes faster and faster until it is in furious motion. Afterwards the butter is worked with wooden pats into a creamy mass, packed into deep earthenware crocks, and consigned to the depths of the cool cellar.

Butter-making, gathering fruit and flowers, the concoction of a dainty salad, perhaps, may easily occupy the time until luncheon is ready. Then what an appetite one brings to the nutty home-made bread, sweet golden butter, and home-grown vegetables. After luncheon, perhaps, a chat follows; then a siesta with book or magazine while Mrs. Westhead gives orders to her men and otherwise superintends the running of the ranch. Presently we are off for a long drive over the exquisite country to a neighboring ranch, to which we have received a telephoning invitation to tea, all the ranchers being supplied with telephones.

As we return to Quarter-Circle-One ranch, we drive into the stable-yard below the house to see

the horses. Sixty beautiful, glossy animals in all stages of development, from the frisky colt to the dignified sire, are in the corral, making a sight worth seeing. We watch one of the men cut out from the rest of the bunch a horse that has hurt his foot on a wire fence. It is quite exciting to watch the nervous stampede of the sixty odd animals round and round the corral, we standing in the centre—rather a trying ordeal to an outsider like myself. At last the gate is opened, and all except the captive are allowed to go free to their favorite range.

Alix boasts a flourishing polo club, where every Saturday afternoon during the season a good game is to be witnessed, the ladies gathering in great numbers from the neighboring ranches and taking turns in serving tea under the shade of the trees.

There is an annual autumn fair at Alix, of which a ploughing competition is an interesting feature. Mrs. Westhead yearly offering a prize to the runner of the straightest furrow in the shortest time.

Each Christmas Eve a flock of children from neighboring farms come to enjoy a tree decked by Mrs. Westhead and laden with gifts from her—the great event of the year to the little ones.

And so seasons come and go, each with its own particular delights. In the winter sleighing is greatly enjoyed by the ranchers, there being no great depth of snow, but just enough to cover the trails. Then this season also brings about many little dances and other entertainments.

As spring approaches, all becomes activity and bustle. Ploughs are made ready, grain sorted, plans laid and seedmen's catalogues consulted. Then comes the great business of seeding. It is in the early summer, however, that a visitor finds conditions most ideal. Then are the long, light nights. During June and part of July it is possible to read a newspaper without artificial light as late as half-past ten o'clock at night. The charm of the peaceful landscape full of grazing cattle, with many a lake, hill and intersecting trail, the lovely wild flowers, the fresh green of the trees, and above all the exquisite blue of the Alberta sky with its wonderfully pure and stimulating air, make the pleasures of city life fade into insignificance and oblivion.

Among the various settlements of Old Country people, that of the Alix district must be considered as one of the happiest and most delightful, with its beautiful and picturesquely situated homes, cultivated people and surroundings that have been beautified by the application of both taste and money—a most happy combination.

Mrs. Westhead's success as a rancher should prove encouraging to other women who, having some capital to invest and loving the outdoor life, feel a desire to launch into the wide sphere of farming or ranching.

Secret of a Long Life

THERE is no "secret of a long life" says Dr. Weber, a famous English physician. My suggestions for attaining a long and happy life are contained in the lecture which I have delivered before the Royal College of Physicians, in December, 1903, "On Means for the Prolongation of Life," and which I afterwards published in book form.

The means I advocate in this book are:

1. To exercise and maintain in vigor all the organs and tissues of the body by regular daily walks or rides, supplemented by breathing and gymnastic exercises, and periodic walking and climbing tours.
2. To practise moderation in eating, drinking, and all bodily enjoyment.
3. To endeavor to obtain abundance of pure air in the house by day and night, and to spend as many hours as possible in the open air.
4. To maintain and increase the resisting powers of the body, and counteract the inherited tendencies to various diseases.
5. To create, as far as possible, the habit of going early to bed and of rising early, and to restrict the hours of sleep, in adult life, to six or seven, or exceptionally eight.
6. To promote a healthy condition of the skin by daily baths or ablutions.
7. To keep the mental faculties in regular occupation by appropriate work.

THE SLUM DISEASE AND ITS CURE

What Can Be Done to Remove the Root of this Social Civic Menace

By JAMES ACTON

IN spite of the immense possibilities of the land the drift of population, even in a comparatively new country such as Canada, is steadily and ever towards the cities. Statistics show a regular diminution of rural and growth of urban population, with the result that, in the older parts of this country at least, within a few years the cities and towns will overbalance the country districts. The reason for this tendency is two-fold—the rising generation are inclined to leave what they consider the humdrum life of the farm, encouraged by perhaps faulty education and ideals, and the large immigration, notwithstanding the inducements offered for settlement upon the land, finds its way largely to the great centres of activity as most in accord with previous environment. Of the large number of foreigners coming to Canada a majority settle down in the cities to follow vocations or trades to which they have been accustomed and which yield the readiest means of subsistence and remuneration usually considerably beyond that to which they were accustomed to bring in the countries whence the immigrants came. This seems inevitable and can only be remedied in a degree by a vigorous effort on the part of the government to secure such immigration as will find its way to agricultural pursuits.

This large influx into the cities, especially of foreigners, whose habits of life are the product of the congestion of old world centres, creates a demand for cheap living which soon makes itself felt upon the community. Taking Toronto as an example, the foreign element was confined, until a little over ten years ago, to colonies so small and scattered that its influence was practically negligible, while to-day there are whole districts practically given over to Italians, Russians, Roumanians, Greeks, and other nationalities that maintain an existence almost as separate from the regular inhabitant as though the newcomers were in their various countries. The results are already being felt in many ways by the city, and the poorer classes of the English-speaking population are feeling the stress not only of competition in labor, but in housing and feeding.

Taking one district in Toronto as an illustration, the situation will be easily seen. What was known as St. John's Ward, now number three of the civic divisions, twenty years ago had a small colony of Italians, who were regarded more as curiosities than as a factor in the city's well-being. At that time the "Ward" was populated by mechanics and laborers, who, for the most part, occupied either their own dwellings or rented premises, and, while always regarded as one of the poorer districts of the city, one might traverse it from end to end without meeting anything that might be regarded as "slums." There was some poverty, but the means for reaching and alleviating distress were quite adequate, and the House of Industry board had a comparatively easy task. A little over fifteen years ago there came the advance guard of the "Hebrew Invasion." Quietly but steadily the arrivals acquired property in the "Ward," or began to rent houses at such rates that the land agents were startled, and rents went up enormously. Cottages that originally brought eight or ten dollars a month, within a short time more than doubled in price, being let and sublet in rooms to families, who were content with one room instead of four or five. The effects will be understood when it is stated that a widow with five children depending upon her had to move into two rooms, for which she had to pay two dollars more than she previously paid for the entire premises. Cases of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely, and while the conditions developed in this particular division in the centre of the city the same occurred more or less in the east end, until people were driven into the outskirts to live in shacks and sheds. Even in the centre of the city a family in destitute circumstances was now and then found occupying a stable or an outhouse. This was the beginning of the "slum disease," which to-day affects Toronto as other large centres on the other side of the line as well as in Canada. The unfortunate and reprehensible part of it is that the civic authorities, with their eyes wide open to the effects of this running sore in the body politic, did not profit by the experience of other localities and make some attempt to head it off or prevent its development.

A GREAT deal of attention is being devoted these days to the practical and scientific combatting of such public dangers as the "white plague," smallpox, typhoid, and similar ills, while practically no effort is being made to meet conditions that are at once the foundation of many of these evils and a menace to the general well-being of the community. The "slum" in the city is the foe not only to health but to good citizenship, and war as rigorous and scientific should be waged against it as against the worst pest that may threaten the community. Its effects are illustrated by a case that came up for consideration during the past winter. A man in middle life found himself

some time ago out of employment. Someone younger and stronger had been found to take his place at less wages. He, with his wife and three children, had lived comfortably in a cottage, for which they paid fifteen dollars a month. At first the wage earner thought it would only be a matter of a few days when he would secure another position, but the days and weeks sped by and there was "no work." They got behind in their rent, had to sell some of their effects and move into the "slum" district and occupy two rooms. This was not so bad, although five of them, father, mother, two girls and a boy had to sleep in one room, under obviously difficult and undesirable conditions. The two girls were able to earn a little at a downtown factory and the boy sold newspapers after school. The mother had to help, earning a day's pay now and then by washing and scrubbing, and they kept their heads above water until she at last went down with some physical trouble, which necessitated an operation, and there were medical as well as other expenses to be met. They managed, however, until the eldest girl met with a "misfortune" that took her from the home, and the family was fairly "up against it." The worst of all, however, was that the conditions under which they were compelled to live made of the man a shiftless, hopeless wanderer. He lost heart, ambition, and self-respect, so that in time he seemed not only willing but anxious for help that he would have scorned in his normal condition. Men who have been respectable and self-respecting are inevitably unmanned by this "slum" process, and, after living without the comfort, cleanliness and hopefulness of a real home, degenerate into mere animals. This man was spending his time loafing about places he would have shunned in his better days. Here lies the crux of the whole situation. It is the circumstances and conditions of slum life that do the deadly work, and thus the breeding of disease and death is by far the least dreadful result. Here was a man who learned to avoid this semblance of a home for the bar-room and had the love of his family replaced by a desire to pick up what he could for himself and live on his wife and family for what he needed.

Various remedies have been suggested and tried to meet the "slum," but most of them fail to touch the root of the matter. There is the "church slumming," which contents itself with street corner preaching and tract distribution, that is like offering a bunch of hay to a drowning man. "Convert them and they will soon improve their conditions" is the watchword of well meaning but unpractical religious enthusiasts. One out of a thousand may be pulled as "brands from the burning," but the other nine hundred and ninety-nine care less with regard to their immortal souls than where next week's rent is to come from. Then there is the "slum" faddist, usually a kind-hearted young woman, who visits the poor, and, while thinking she is doing a great deal of good is often doing much more harm to those she is trying to help. Some of the "slummers" who let themselves loose upon this problem do more to pauperize and destroy self-respect amongst those who but laugh at their kindness and take advantage of their generosity than poverty if left to do its own work. There are charitable organizations which practically perpetuate conditions which they seek to remove by indiscriminate and thoughtless help.

Then there is the community or settlement idea, which just now finds considerable favor. People take houses and dwell amongst the "submerged tenth," to show them how to live, opening kitchen gardens, girls' and boys' clubs; meanwhile the members going in and out of the homes of the district. No doubt some good is accomplished by these efforts as well as those which involve open-air excursions, manual training, rescue work and such agencies, which touch individual life, but workers engaged in such enterprises admit the tremendous discouragements and the apparently hopeless futility of ever reaching anywhere with the best of them combined. It is but touching the fringe of this great ocean of seething corruption.

"Back to the land" is the cry of those who see in this overcrowding of the cities a departure from Nature's plan, and they seek to deport those who are ready for almost anything to surroundings which are as unnatural and unwelcome as a vinegar bottle to a fly. All the efforts so far put forth to take people from the slums and transplant them to the land have been failures, because most of the plants so moved have been as foreign to their environment as a fish on land. If some of those inured to country life could be induced to go back whence they came, or if those contemplating leaving the country for the city could be induced to remain where they are much good might be accomplished, but one might as well put a farmer in the stock exchange as one of these city-bred dwellers in the tenements on a piece of land. That is why so much money and effort have been absolutely lost in seeking to reach a solution along this line. The process seems reasonable to the ordinary mind, but it fails to take into account human nature. A prominent philanthropist who recently tried the ex-

periment and gave employment on his farm to a dozen heads of families, providing them with comfortable little cottages to house them, gave up in disgust. He could hardly get a decent day's work out of the men, and only a couple out of the dozen did anything with the plots of ground he gave them to cultivate for their own use.

* * *

THE solution of the slum problem lies in the proper sanitary and scientific housing of the city's people. We have laws, it is true, governing the amount of air space occupants of tenements should have, and the authorities refer to these with complacency when the question is raised. But these laws are not only flagrantly disregarded but are stupidly inadequate. It is useless to have laws the letter of which may be observed but the spirit persistently violated. In the city of Toronto, in the district just named, there are four and five families in houses that once gave shelter to but one. How can people live decently under such conditions? How can children be properly reared when they are denied not only the comforts but common privacy that ordinary decency demands? How can a man possibly be what he should be to the community and the state who is compelled to live like a beast, and whose very environment conspires to make him an enemy to society?

With wholesome, sanitary surroundings, which ought to be possible even at the price these people pay for squalor and infamous surroundings, it ought to be possible to secure comfort and decency. The solution is being reached in older cities, such as New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, and other places which find it not only desirable but profitable to fight the slum disease in a practical and scientific way. In New York there are to-day a number of modern tenement blocks that give people with small means a chance to live as comfortable, comparatively, as their more wealthy neighbors, and these enterprises which are of a business as well as philanthropic character pay dividends.

At the corner of Sixty-fourth Street and First Avenue is a building which covers a whole city block. It holds a population of about 4,000, enough to make a fairly large town. It contains 184 four-room apartments, renting from \$4.65 to \$5.55 a week, and 392 three-room apartments at from \$3.65 to \$4.15 a week, and 285 two-room apartments at \$2.85 to \$3.85. There are 861 apartments, and the prices include steam heat and hot water, with laundries and clothes drying rooms in basements; baths, clothes lines on the roofs, children's play-room in basement, elevator service for garbage, and other conveniences. There is not a dark room in the building, and the apartments, of course, are sanitary and durable throughout. Imagine two nice clean healthy rooms in a city like New York, with all conveniences and no water or fuel to pay for, at about ten dollars a month; and the company pays a dividend, it is claimed, of five per cent. on the investment. That block alone ought to be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to the city in the saving of disease and crime. It is claimed that the death rate was only 4.5 per thousand last year against probably four times that amount in the ordinary tenement district.

In a city like Toronto or Montreal, with the correspondingly low value of land and cost of building it ought to be possible to erect tenements such as to almost cut the New York rentals in two. What a boon it would mean to many of these people to obtain two rooms for \$7.50 a month or four for \$12.50, with heating, water, and other comforts to make home what it should be. Our Canadian cities are expending almost limitless sums upon filtration and sewerage schemes to cut down the typhoid rate a few per thousand; why not give some consideration to the possibilities of diminishing the general death rate, and especially that of the slum districts, by sanitary housing? It should pay any city to offer a reduction in rates to any private individual or corporation erecting tenements similar to those of New York city, where the rentals are on a basis of not more than a four per cent. dividend.

All other methods of reaching the slum problem are frivolous and ineffectual. Within the next ten or twenty years the energies of economists will be steadily directed along such practical lines as have been indicated to reach the root of an evil that is sapping the very foundations of civic and national life. In the meantime are there not men of means amongst us who will turn aside from their money making and from some of their haphazard methods of philanthropy and take up this question of supplying the very poor with decent housing, and thus help build up a sturdy citizenship? In Toronto building permits have been issued this spring to the extent of \$25,000,000, and Montreal and other cities are "going ahead." In all these developments there is scarcely an effort to meet the requirements of the underworld for habitations providing comforts and conveniences at a price within its reach. While magnificent office buildings, factories and private dwellings go up in abundance, the slum dweller may well say, "No man cares for my soul."

A HONEYMOON IN HIDING

The Fascinating Adventures of a Romantic Honeymoon

By MRS. GEORGE DE HORNE VAIZEY



GWEN sniffed, and wiped her eyes with an infinitesimal handkerchief. To a certain extent she allowed herself to be propitiated by her husband's blandishments, but it was evident that a grievance still lingered. Dr. Hilbert was perfectly conscious of the nature of that grievance, and, smiling, awaited the moment when it would be put into words.

"Did you ever—were you really—is it true that you were ever—"

"Marked? By all the gods of heathen mythology, Gwendoline, my wife, I was not. Whatever may be the attitude the most diametrically opposed to 'marked,' that attitude was mine. And she showed me 'gently but firmly,' oh, lor! That Scotch fellow was all out of it when he wanted to see himself as others see him. If I had the chance to-morrow of hearing how my best pals talked of me behind my back, I'd run like a hare!"

"All people are not like some people. I'd scorn to say a word against a human creature, however—however hatefully they treated me."

Pat swallowed several times in silence, his screwed-up face eloquently expressive above his wife's reclining head. Then he said tactfully:

"But you, of course, my darling, are unlike everyone else. I say! This has been a bit of a nerve-shaking experience. I need calming down. Let's have some tea."

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY! A Sunday in town is apt to be a somewhat dreary occasion to those who have no regular interests or pursuits, or who for any reason are temporarily debarred from the same.

Dr. Patrick Hilbert, standing with his hands in his pockets, staring through the shrouded windows of the Den, on the first Sunday morning after his marriage, was conscious of an acute pang of regret at the remembrance of the lost fifty pounds. Ah! that this bright spring day had found himself and his bride in some peaceful country retreat, instead of being mewed up in a dull town house, unable to draw back the very curtains for fear of detection. He stifled a sigh, and turned towards his wife.

"Gwen! Have you any plans for to-day?"

"We are going to church."

"Are we? H'm!"

"Pat! How can you? Of course we are. It's the first Sunday we have had together. We *should* be ungrateful if we didn't go, and—"

"Right you are, little dear. So we will. Question is, where?"

"We shall have to think. There are lots of places I have wished to go to 'some day,' and they would all be interesting."

"Such as?"

"Oh-h, the Oratory, the City Temple, and the Guards' Chapel—and the Christian Science place in Baker Street—and Southwark Cathedral, and the headquarters of the Salvation Army, and—"

"Great Cæsar's ghost!" Pat fairly gasped with amazement. "Talk of 'fancy religions!' No one can accuse you of being a narrow-minded young woman. Do you propose to take them all at a dose, or to extend the programme over a couple of Sundays? I'm the meekest and most amenable of men, but I tell you plainly, I'm off. I've an idea of my own for once, and I'll back it to be the better of the two. The question is, given congenial society, as many rests as you like, and meals at due intervals—how many miles could you walk in a day?"

"H'm," Gwen meditated. "How many miles does one walk in an hour?"

"Say three. Three would be about your figure, I should think."

"Then I could manage twelve. Two hours in the morning, and two in the afternoon, with rests at lunch and tea. Could we have lunch and tea?"

"Certainly. I'll promise you that, and we'll keep well within the dozen miles. That's fine. I've a ripping little book upstairs, which gave me some fine country walks last year, a guide-book of rambles round London by field path and hedgerow—so that one can practically walk the whole day without striking a high road. We'll get off early, train to

the starting point, laze along through the fields, get lunch at one nice little 'pub,' tea at another, and bring up about six o'clock at a country church, enjoy the service, and train home to supper. How does that strike you for a programme?"

Gwen acclaimed the suggestion with her wonted enthusiasm, whereupon the guide-book was taken from Pat's bureau, and its contents searched for the most attractive expedition. On almost every page the most alluring descriptions attracted the eye, as for instance: "The present ramble introduces the visitor to a variety of scenes. At one time, he saunters along a riverside, at another, he wanders over a breezy common, or through quaint half-forgotten villages," or again, "The church dates from the fourteenth century; note a stile on the left, cross it and enter the Park. Through four fields the right-hand hedge is followed, then cross a second stile, and continue by the side of the ornamental water. Now turn up the hill to the left, from the summit of which an extensive view," etc., etc., etc.

With such careful directions as these to guide one's footsteps—with, moreover, instructions as to

smell like?" queried the bride, wrinkling her little nose in eloquent disapproval.

"Musty!"

"Silly! Of course it's musty. There are lots of musties. What's it like—this particular must?"

"Sure I can't say!"

Gwen sniffed again, inflating her nostrils in critical fashion.

"It's like old bound volumes of the *Sunday at Home*. We had rows of them at home in the schoolroom, and I know the smell by heart. It wafts me back to my youth, but we *did* have the windows open. Ring the bell, Pat, do. I'm ravenous."

A smiling landlady appeared at the summons of that bell, and the same discussion took place concerning the forthcoming meal which has taken place in English village inns since the Flood, and will in all probability continue until the last trump.

Visitors: "What can we have?"

Landlady: "Anything, sir; anything you fancy."

"Any soup?"

"No soup to-day, sir; no call for soup on Sundays."

"Any fish?"

"No fish to-day, sir. Awkward place to buy fish. Only three times a week, but anything you wish in joints. What would the lady—"

Lady (promptly): "Roast chicken."

Landlady (pauses, hesitates, then with brilliant amiability): "We *have* chickens, of course, five chickens; plenty of chickens. I could kill one and cook it at once, if you wouldn't mind waiting, say an hour and anarf!"

The ramblers, explaining that they would seriously mind waiting any period over five minutes, resigned themselves stolidly to the meal of ages. Hot joint and vegetables (boiled potatoes and watery cabbage). Cold joint and salad (plain, undressed lettuce). Apple pie, with a pale and solid crust, and a jug of admirable, yellow cream. Strong-smelling, strong-tasting cheese, and delicious bread and butter. Good home-brewed ale; coffee, well-mixed with grounds.

Not a tempting *menu*, perhaps, but, given youth and good appetite, worse meals than this can be eaten with relish. Pat and Gwen made a hearty meal, and continued on their way powerfully refreshed.

The afternoon ramble through peaceful and pretty country presented no unusual features; another hotel supplied tea (embellished with radishes and spring onions), and shortly after five o'clock the lovers arrived at the village where they proposed to attend evening service, before repairing to a station two miles off to catch the nine o'clock train to town.

The spurt given by the refreshing cup of tea had sped them so rapidly on their way that they found themselves arrived at their destination a good hour sooner than they had intended, and the question arose how to occupy the superfluous time. According to regrettable English fashion the church was closed; it was a fine old pile of rough, grey stone, and promised an interesting interior, so that the fact was the more to be regretted, and the rectory was a stately mansion, approached by tall, iron gates and surrounded by beautiful and extensive grounds. The grounds were in apple-pie order, the house itself presented an air of sleek prosperity. Evidently this was one of the "fat" livings, where in return for spiritual services rendered to a handful of villagers, an incumbent received a stipend running well into four figures.

Dr. Patrick Hilbert had several scathing remarks to make on the good fortune of clerics as he peered through the gate at the velvety lawn, the massed borders of bulbs, the glimpse of glasshouses in the distance. Then, at Gwen's suggestion, they turned down a narrow lane which bent a circular course round the village.

"There might be a little place to let, which would just suit us for a week-end cottage!" she suggested hopefully.

Somewhat to Pat's relief, no cottage, large or small, appeared to be vacant. It was a prosperous looking little village, and the gardening display was unusually attractive. Right at the end of the lane stood a small, white house, a degree superior to a cottage, and surrounded by a thick, well kept, laurel hedge. On the principle that that which is hidden is always more alluring than that which lies unconcealed, our honeymoon couple made strenuous efforts to peer through this encircling screen. Pat stood a-tip-toe, Gwen stooped low to find an open



"Gwen acclaimed the suggestion."

the various hostels *en route*, and thoughtful information as to Sunday trains, no one need go astray, and it was a very bright and happy couple of ramblers who alighted at the quiet station of K— on that sunny spring morning.

During the course of the next few hours the flowery language of the guide-book was abundantly verified; the trees appeared in their "leafy green," the grass was "studded with gem-like flowers," "feathered choristers warbled overhead," and the swans "floated proudly over the surface of the still lake," as duly therein advertised. There also appeared the "snug hostel" at the identical moment when the question of lunch had assumed paramount importance, and the honeymoon couple were shown into a dim, low room of the type well known to wanderers through rural England. Oil-clothed floor, horsehair furniture, portraits of Queen Victoria over the sideboard, and Edward VII. above the mantelpiece, windows shrouded with Nottingham lace curtains, and banked high with fuchsias and geraniums. Atmosphere chill, and—"What does it

space about the roots; they paced the whole length of the fence, and made scathing remarks on the wooden gate, and having denounced the selfishness of the owner in good round terms were about to turn away, when a head rose suddenly above the level of the hedge, and a voice politely bid them enter.

It was a grey head, belonging to an old man clad in a long linen coat, and carrying a weeding spud in his hand. A basket piled high with weeds lay on the grass by his side, and he pointed to it with an air of pride.

"Not bad for an hour's work. It's hard to keep pace with the weeds on this soil. No, no. Charmed, I assure you; charmed. It's not often that I have the pleasure of showing visitors round my garden. I do all my own work, so it's only fair that I should have a little praise sometimes. Quite a little patch, but a fair amount of bloom. Do you know anything about bulbs?"

"Not very much. We are both city bred. My wife and I trained down to K— and have walked over by way of field paths. We want to go to the evening service here, and are just putting in the time before the church opens. Awfully kind of you to show us round. Daffodils, aren't they. Awfully keen on daffodils. So fresh and yellow," protested Pat amiably, whereupon his host's face lit up with a smile.

"Narcissi," he corrected quietly. "Yes; they are an interesting class. I have several new varieties." He looked from one to the other of his visitors with an inquiring gaze, then sighed with an amiable regret. These were not gardeners; they were ignorant ordinary people who were "fond of flowers"; solitary specimens would not thrill them; rare cuttings struggling into life among the saxifrages in the rockery would leave them cold and untouched; the obvious facts, color and fragrance, were all that they desired. It was a disappointment, but with a quick mental change he shifted his interest from his own flowers to his visitors themselves; the tall, clever-looking man, the pretty, bright-faced girl. His tired old eyes dwelt on their faces with a kindly curiosity, and brightened in understanding. As the three made the leisurely round of the garden he picked a few specimen blossoms from every bed, and when the short circuit was concluded and they sat down to rest beneath an arbor of green, he laid the little bunch gently in Gwen's lap.

"With my good wishes for a long life together, my dear. I think—am I not right?—that you are quite new partners."

The lovers blushed. Gwen's lids drooped over the flowers.

"Thank you so much. Yes. It is our first Sunday."

"Ah-h!" The old man's voice was eloquent. "That's good, that's very good. I'll tell you something that is better still."

Gwen's eyes were lifted at that, in quick, incredulous surprise.

"What!"

"To be old partners, trusted and tried, after a lifetime spent together. I've been married forty years and my wife is my sweetheart still. That's what you have to aim at, my dear—to be your husband's sweetheart to the end. Don't ask me how it's done. I can't tell you. That's my wife's secret. Perhaps even she couldn't explain. It's a quality more than an effort, a 'way' some women have with them. I should say, however, I should diagnose," the tired eyes twinkled again, "that you possessed your full share of that quality!"

He looked at the young husband, and Pat looked back at him, a deep, eloquent glance, but he spoke no word. Gwen's heart chanted a little song to itself. "Oh, how happy I am! How happy I am!"

There was a moment's pause, then, being English and terribly afraid of being betrayed into sentiment in public, the bridegroom made haste to change the subject.

"We tried to get into the church, but it was shut. It's a fine old building. I should like to see the interior. An old living, I suppose. A fat one too, by the look of the vicarage. Quite an imposing looking house, and fine grounds. Parsons are lucky fellows to have such jolly places to live in. In almost every village their houses are the biggest and most attractive. Quite mansions, in some cases."

"That is so. Many of the parsons, however, sublet them to others because they can't afford to live in them themselves, now that their income has shrunk to a fraction of what it used to be. A fine house is little use without the money to keep it up."

"H'm!" Pat's voice was politely incredulous. "What sort of a fellow have you here?"

"Well-meaning. Industrious. Not at all brilliant."

"Ah, there are too many of that kind. It's the well-meaning bores who are responsible for half the empty churches. There's no spirit in them—no life—no inspiration. How can they expect to inspire their congregations?"

"Well, well, we mustn't be too hard. They don't expect enough, perhaps, and that's why they fail. And the congregations don't expect enough, either, and that's why they're bored. Wouldn't you find it hard to preach to a congregation of yawning, restless folk who take out their watches before the text is half spoken? Better preaching, yes, it's badly needed, but better listening, too, better listeners."

"Well, your vicar will have two good listeners to-night, at least. I shall listen as I have never

listened to a sermon before. I shall remember it all my life. I wish he knew. Perhaps it would help him."

"I'm sure it would. I'm sure it would." The old man looked at the young girl with a gentle smile. He was old, and lined, his beard and hair looked shaggy and untrimmed, the linen coat was frayed at the seams, and his boots showed a conspicuous patch, but Gwen thought his face one of the sweetest she had ever seen.

"Well," he said, rising heavily from his seat, "there go the bells. If you will wait one moment while I wash my hands and get into my coat, I'll take you into the church, and you will have time to have a peep at the brasses. It's an interesting old church, as you say, and I'm proud to show it. You see," he glanced whimsically towards Pat, "I'm the opulent parson."



CHAPTER VI.

DURING the following week the honeymooners increased their knowledge of London by visits to many places not only unfashionable, but vagrant in character. Probably ninety-nine out of every hundred occupants of the great metropolis have at some period of their history uttered the aspiration, "I must really go to Covent Garden some morning!" but not even the remaining one out of the hundred has really accomplished the expedition. That miracle of beauty, of fragrance, fresh as the dawn itself, is on exhibition every working-day of the year, yet the surrounding millions doze on in stuffy rooms and die content, never having beheld it. Not one person in a hundred, or even a thousand, has even uttered the aspiration to visit the Sunday morning market in Petticoat Lane, yet if they did, of a surety it would provide an excursion, which for novelty, amusement and picturesque effects would be hard to equal in the luxurious west.

Our lovers made both these excursions, stepping out of their narrow doorway in the early morning light, the bride alert, the bridegroom yawning, and walking unafraid, along the shrouded streets, secure as in a city of the dead.

One Friday morning, also, they visited the Holloway cattle market, and lest the fastidious reader be horrified by the grossness of their taste, let it be hurriedly explained that the great square is on those occasions a mart not for beasts, but for a medley of dry goods, laid out in tempting array on the ground itself. The word "tempting" is used advisedly, for be it known that in time not so far distant this same cattle market was the happy hunting-ground of every curio-dealer in London, and many a treasure which was afterwards displayed in aristocratic shop windows had lain a week before in all humility on the ground floor stall of a Hebrew vendor in the north. At the present moment, this same vendor is regretably educated to the value of antiques, but the astute buyer may still pass a happy hour wandering about the picturesque scene, and pick up a dozen thrilling bargains of household value. Wall papers of patterns of a previous year are here offered for a penny a piece; handsome papers, too, some of them, so handsome that our lovers, beholding them; figuratively gnashed their teeth at the remembrance of the prices which they themselves had paid for those other papers, not one whit better, which were at that moment embellishing their own walls. There also, in abundance, are to be found dear old brass candlesticks, such as adorned the mantelpieces of our sires; dainty bits of pewter, and china, and shabby old furniture, which a clever craftsman can soon revive into fresh life. The cattle market on Friday mornings is still a Mecca to that large body of the faithful who possess aspirations in advance of their purses.

But when spring is in the blood, the odor of spring in the air, there are times when even to a honeymoon couple the city palls, and that is the moment for discovering the wealth of beauty lying perdu in the suburbs, generously open to all and sundry. One does not speak of the many woods and gardens for which a key is necessary, purchasable for an infinitesimal guinea a year. There are many such, thank God—real woods; sweet, dim groves of scenery, with dainty wild flowers rearing their heads among the luxurious undergrowth; peaceful retreats where tired workers may lie at ease in rare holiday hours, and town-bred children taste the joys of the soil while a few hundred yards away the motor-buses whirl through the dull suburban street, and naught but the sky remains of the wondrous natural world. And when one sees on the margin of such oases, the encroaching boards, "Freehold land to be sold for the erection of houses," it's oh, for the wealth of a Carnegie to conserve for ever to our people a boon so priceless for health, and happiness, and education.

But the freelands of London, how rich they are, how beautiful, how varied. Wimbledon Common, with its wide and breezy stretches; Epping Forest, with its grand old trees, its badgers, its heronry; its herd of deer, famous as being the only remaining herd of the famous old English black-backed type. What though the wide central road be black with trippers—a short excursion to right or left will ensure silence and seclusion from the madding crowd. Greenwich Park, also, well deserves a visit, with its observatory, and its charming view over the horseshoe sweep of the Thames; for those who would not go so far afield, there is Hampstead Heath; for three days a year the joyful rendezvous of the people; for the other three hundred and sixty-two, peaceful and lovely, with wooded slopes, and sheltered dells, with winding paths, among the golden gorse, and flowering bushes bowing low to the surface of the pools. The West End Londoner

never visits Hampstead Heath, yet its beauties would evoke high praise if he met them a hundred miles away. After an hour spent on the Heath, a surprisingly good two-and-sixpenny dinner can be enjoyed at "Jack Straw's Castle," and if there be another hour to spare, why not turn downhill in the direction of that other hostel famed in popular verse as "The Old Bull and Bush," and almost opposite its threshold find the entrance to "Golder's Hill," the beautiful estate bequeathed to the nation by its late owner, Sir Spencer Wells.

Our lovers spent the happiest of days in this charming retreat; a retreat verily, for, with the exception of Saturdays and Sundays, there is no crowd of visitors. They were enchanted with the beauty of the old walled garden, with its wide, herbaceous borders; its blaze of spring bulbs; promised themselves to come again when the great rose arbors should be covered with bloom, and decided that their own castle in Spain should also possess a Shakespeare bed, containing every plant or scrub mentioned in the great poet's works. When they were finished with the gardens, a pleasant meal served in the old mansion, now converted into a restaurant, supplied the necessary rest and refreshment, before they set forth again to wander over the green sloping park.

How good to think that all this beauty and greenery is London's own. That, at the cost of a few pence for conveyance, the occupants of grim, crowded lanes can be transported here to see the face of God in His creation. And blessed be the memory of all good men who have so enriched their kind.

In their wanderings about the suburbs there was one occupation which never failed to thrill our bride, and at the same time to reduce her husband to a condition of abject boredom and amaze, and this was the survey of unoccupied houses. To pass by a house to let, of any attractiveness whatever, which bore upon the placard the tempting words "Caretaker within," was a feat practically beyond Mrs. Pat Hilbert's endurance. Over that house she raced from attic to cellar, exclaiming with joy at each fresh excellence, and groaning over the drawbacks, as if here and nowhere else she were fated to live and die.

"If only a window could be knocked out in the side wall to let a little more light into the dining-room, it would really be perfect!" she would say meditatively. "Pat—how much should you think it would cost to put in a good-sized bay?"

"My dear, good girl, I haven't the least idea," her husband would patiently reply. "What does it matter? We've got our own house. It's nothing to us if the dining-room is dark!"

"No," Gwen would assent meekly. "But still—" and half-an-hour later, with an air of sudden triumph, she would exclaim, "I have it! I have it! Widen the door into the dining-room, and put in glass panels in criss-cross squares. It would be far cheaper, and let in all the afternoon sun. Now, if only we could plan a dressing-room for you!"

The mysterious flights of the feminine mind are a puzzle to all young husbands, and Pat Hilbert marvelled with the best. He was a straight, hard-working fellow, with a determination to play the game, and a cheery content with his lot in life, which he took "as it came" in practical, common-sense fashion. Flights of imagination were not in his line; but Gwen, it would seem, was continually soaring aloft on the wings of her Pegasus. It was one of her favorite amusements to imagine herself suddenly possessed of a fortune of several millions sterling, and she would make pencilled sums on the margins of newspapers to ascertain the yearly expenditure, and give detailed descriptions of the costume when presented at Court. On other occasions she would be more modest, and acknowledging the improbability of so large a legacy, content herself with weaving touching little histories in which she herself figured as heroine, and by her sweet qualities attracted the attention of a millionaire in a shabby old man in an omnibus afflicted with a sudden hæmorrhage of the nose, aggravated by the absence of a handkerchief to stem the flood. Then she would hastily hand over her *mouchoir*, and offer him an arm to assist him to alight.

"Madam," he would declare, "you, at least, have a true woman's heart!" and a few months later a lawyer's letter would bring the intelligence that he had died a peaceful and happy death, bequeathing a neat twenty thousand to his "humane benefactress."

"Then!" said Gwen triumphantly, "we'd panel the dining-room, and buy a motor car!"

These and other diverting day-dreams served to pass away many an hour, but if ever there were imaginable distance to our Lovers in Hiding, they were those long, chill hours when the rain poured and they were compelled to warm themselves by the warmth of a Beatrice stove, and to find amusement in a house furnished only with solid essentials. Gwen Hilbert was too clever and resourceful a creature to allow her husband to yawn away a whole afternoon, re-reading a newspaper, and standing with his hands in his pockets, staring through the window curtains. Willy-nilly, she dragged him out, knowing full well that after a few hours' absence he would return with zest, and rejoice in the comfort of the cosy little room. West End matinees and exhibitions were necessarily de-

THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

ILLUSTRATED BY C.W. JEFFERYS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada.

THEN, using her fingers for memory posts, she began with admirable patience to sort the knowledge she had gained in so reprehensible a manner. It ran something like this: There was very little money. Money had been lost somehow, with the result that her schooling expenses would prove a serious drain, if not an impossibility. There had been something said about her going into a shop and both her sisters wept at the prospect. (Query, why? Celia worked in a shop.) She had gathered that in any case she was not to be consulted or allowed to aid. (This indignity alone absolved her conscience in the matter of listening.) Something had been said about Tommy Burns helping, but from Celia's voice, Christine gathered that this was out of the question. (Her quick intuition immediately showed her a possible reason for Celia's objection.) So far, all was plain enough, but the rest was mystery. Celia had said something about bringing her, Christine, home. (Query, where had she been? It did not sound like a home coming from an ordinary visit, and a letter had been mentioned, an "awful letter." What could that mean? There was certainly mystery there. Never, since she had been old enough to take any interest in the affairs of the little household, had there been any awful letter. Perhaps it was that Celia had received to-night from Mr. Banks? She sighed impatiently. It was really too bad of the girls to exclude her from a possible family secret. Secrets are such interesting things! She had not been able to hear what Celia had confided to Ada between sobs and the part of Ada's answer which had penetrated to her ears was consoling but not enlightening. All she could gather was a general idea that her sisters were much concerned that she should have her "chance." (Query, why should they worry so about it? Because she was the youngest? That seemed to be the only possible explanation.) With her pretty brows drawn into a frown, Christine sat there in the moonlight which flooded the davenport bed and thought it all out. She was a girl of quick decisions, and, as she thought, her pretty lips grew firm and her eyes more determined. She looked anything but sleepy. Indeed, both Ada and Celia were peacefully dreaming before Christine slipped under the covers with a mind made up. "It's about time they found out," she murmured, "that this family performs best as a trio and not as a duet!"

CHAPTER VIII.

NEXT morning the sisters breakfasted cheerfully. The unburdening of her heart had done Celia so much good that she was more like herself than she had been for some weeks. Ada, whose inner peace no trouble seemed able to disturb for long, was as serene as usual, and Christine was so gay that it would have been a gloomy nature indeed which would have refused to respond to her bright spirits. Nevertheless, when the dishes were put away and Celia had gone to the Stores, Christine informed Ada that she felt the need of a long walk. "And I am not going to ask you to come with me, dearest," she added, laughingly, "because I am going to walk fast and furious."

Ada smiled. She was used to these sudden whims. "In fact," went on Christine, pinning her best grey hat over her bright hair, "I am going to take a holiday and I may not even be home for lunch. It would be fun, wouldn't it, to surprise Celia, and have lunch with her?"

Ada colored faintly. "Celia took her lunch with her this morning," she said. "One gets so tired of having it down town."

"Does one?" asked Christine, innocently. "I hate a cold lunch myself. Well, if I don't come home you are not to worry. I haven't many more days now before going back to school." This last was said with a touch of girlish malice, in revenge for being treated as a baby and excluded from family counsels. But the quick sadness in Ada's face brought swift remorse and Christine had hard work to keep herself from blurting out her secret then and there. That would have spoiled everything. She must not speak too soon. Half of the flavor of the enterprise she had decided upon during the night was in the grand surprise which its success was to be to these two unappreciative sisters. For her idea was at once to show them how short-sighted their conduct had been, and,

by a grand coupe, to place the family fortunes once more upon an easy basis.

The grand coupe, as planned, was something in the fairy-god-mother line, with coals of fire added. Christine would go out for an inconspicuous stroll and would return the proud possessor of a "position," with adequate salary attached—in other words, she would have become a bread-winner.

Exactly how this was to come to pass she did not know, but there is none so hopeful as those for whose ignorance difficulties do not exist. Christine was very young, quite inexperienced and ready to believe that the whole world was her oyster. The opening of the oyster ought not to prove a difficult task. Already she had thought of one promising means and that was the advertising sheet of the daily paper. At breakfast, under cover of reading the City news, she had picked out of a long list three desirable positions, any one of which seemed especially intended for her.



Standing on the door-step she carefully slipped the first clipping from her glove and read it with renewed appreciation.

WANTED—A young person of good address and pleasing voice to read aloud to invalid lady, three hours daily. Generous remuneration to right person.

Could anything be more apropos? Christine felt no doubt as to being the right person. She was not quite sure what good address might mean, but she glanced down over her trim blue skirt, white blouse, and neat shoes, with an innocent air of full approval. Her voice she knew was pleasing. Tommy had often told her so and more than one of her collegiate friends had remarked upon it. It was soft and low, that most excellent thing in woman, and ought to be exactly what the invalid lady was looking for. Three hours reading would, she felt sure, be just so much pleasure! Better than all there was to be "generous remuneration." Christine rather let her imagination run riot in this direction. "Generous" means many different things, but to Christine's hopeful mind it meant every-

"Sure, 'tis a foine day again, Miss Christine," said the cheerful janitress in passing. Then with warm admiration, "And it's foine you're lookin' yourself!"

Christine slipped the clipping into her glove with an embarrassed air.

"Really, Mrs. Halloren? Do I look nice? Is my skirt straight? I want to look particularly nice today."

Mrs. Halloren put down her pail for a better look. "It's perfect ye are," she declared. "If ye were me own daughter I couldn't wish ye to look foiner."

Christine smiled with pleasure. She saw nothing incongruous in the remark, and the tone of the compliment was unmistakably sincere. Christine was innocently pleased with her own good looks, but as yet quite unconscious of anything singular in her beauty. The loveliness of youth is a fairy thing, as illusive as sunlight on water, as potent as wine, and Christine had in full measure the charm and glory of it. Her hazel eyes, dark grey in certain lights, were set rather widely apart under delicate brows. Her nose was straight and fine, her lips curving and faintly red—the only trace of color in the warm paleness of her face; add to this a sweetly rounded chin and a glory of hair, honey-colored and sweeping back on either side of her brow in heavy shining rolls, and you have a description of Christine's beauty; but not its essence. One had to see her, to know her, but having seen, one was not likely to forget. Already Tommy Burns had noticed with somewhat proud annoyance that Christine was apt to be stared at upon the street. He had a special scowl for anyone who dared it, a terrific scowl, and lately he had worn it so often that Christine had declared that she would not go walking with Tommy if he looked so cross.

This morning, Tommy being absent, anyone might stare to their heart's content. Christine herself would never notice it, or if she did she would not have thought to ascribe the admiring glances to a personal cause. She floated down the streets of the city, happily dreaming, a vision of spring in autumn. And so far from self-consciousness was she that when a young man stepped quickly from a motor car and allowed an involuntary "By Jove!" to escape him, Christine thought that he had dropped something, and turned with a child's interested eagerness to see if he picked it up. In doing so she had a momentary impression of dark eyes in a strong face, oddly flushed; then, passing on, she forgot all about him.

The young man, however, seemed not to have dropped anything. For a moment or so he stood on the pavement looking after her, a curiously arrested expression upon his face. Then, with an air of quick

decision, he re-entered the car, ordering the chauffeur to go ahead, slowly. The man did not attempt to hide his surprise at the order and even ventured a protest. "This here is the address you gave me, sir," he said. "The Van Slykes live in here."

"I know—go ahead—and slowly."

The big car went on. It passed Christine again just as she turned in at the address of the invalid lady, a few blocks farther down the avenue. Christine did not notice it. Her mind was quite occupied with admiring the home where in future she hoped to spend three hours a day reading for a generous remuneration. It was a handsome place of grey stone, of no particular beauty, yet imposing and withal comfortable.

"By Jove," murmured the young man again. "It's Aunt Miriam's! she's going in—what luck." But having the wisdom of the serpent he did not at once follow her.

Christine rang the bell. She was not exactly frightened, her inexperience pictured nothing but courtesy behind that handsome door. To the maid who opened it she said that she would like to see Miss—she remembered that she did not know the name.

"Miss Torrance sees no one in the morning."

"Oh, is she worse? I thought the advertisement said to call in the morning."

The maid's face changed perceptibly. The deference faded out of it. "Side entrance," she said, abruptly, and closed the door.

Christine colored faintly. She thought the maid rude. However, she went at once to the side entrance and rang again. Another maid opened the door and looked at her with undisguised surprise. Christine again asked if she might see Miss Torrance, and added that she was answering the advertisement in the paper.

"Miss Torrance will see you, I think," said the girl. "You're the sixth this morning, but she isn't suited yet. You'll have to wait." She led the way up a flight of stairs and into a small room at the end of a corridor. "I'll tell you when she's ready." She added and went out.

Christine's spirits began to sink. The room in which she sat was plain and gloomy—not what one might expect from the appearance of the house at all. It struck her that it must be a special room for tradesmen or servants. It had never before occurred to her that in applying for this place she had forfeited some of the rights of caste. Social distinctions had troubled Christine as little as they trouble most sensible Canadian girls. She had thought as little about her position as a duchess might; now for the first time she felt troubled and uneasy. Some of the first fine flavor of her adventure was evaporating. She sat on pins and needles, flushing and paling, while three maids came down the corridor upon various pretexts, each one managing to indulge in a long stare at the new applicant. She could hear them giggling together afterwards, and her whole body grew hot. It was a great relief when word came that Miss Torrance was ready for her.

"The mistress will see you now," said the English maid, who had let her in. Christine arose with alacrity, but even as she did so a bell rang sharply and the maid gave an indignant exclamation. "There she is again!" she said. "You'd better wait till I see what it is. She never knows her own mind from one moment to another. There's the door bell, too!"

Christine resumed her chair with a sigh. There was more ringing. The saucy maids were sent flying in different directions and then the door opened downstairs and Christine heard a man's pleasant voice in the hall. The English girl poked her head in at the door and whispered, "A visitor—you'll have to wait."

The visitor was evidently at home in the house for he came up the stairs two steps at a time. Christine saw him pass the end of the corridor and, after knocking lightly, enter the room where the maid had disappeared.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Christine. "He is sure to stay for ages!" And she felt an impulse of dislike toward the young man with the pleasant voice.

Meanwhile, in the other room, Miss Torrance surveyed the intruder with unaffected surprise.

"You—Mark!" she exclaimed, offering a frigid hand. "Is anyone dead? Of course someone is dead. Martha hand me my salts! Don't try to break it to me, please!"

The young man shook her cold hand heartily, and not content with that, kissed her soundly in continental fashion.

"Bless the boy! Don't you know that I'm an invalid. Who is dead?"

"Lots of people, Auntie. But no one we know. Can't a prodigal nephew call upon his only Aunt without being mistaken for an undertaker?"

The only Aunt surveyed the prodigal nephew searchingly through her glasses.

"Hum! Well. So you came to see me, did you.

I have my doubts. You have been in the city for a whole week."

"Yes, by Jove, I have! How the days fly. Well, isn't it time I came to see you?"

"If you had wanted to come."

"I should have come sooner. Naturally, and I would have come sooner, only I couldn't, you see. The governor has just kept me on the dead tear. It's been awful! Fact."

"Was part of the dead tear dancing attendance on Alice Van Slyke?" politely.

"Why, yes. You know—don't you?"

This enigmatic phrase seemed so full of hidden meaning that the old lady could not, for pride's sake, repudiate the knowledge. She nodded sagely. "Ah, that! Well, Alice Van Slyke is a fine girl."

"Yes, Bully!" absently. Mark's dark eyes had already searched every corner of the room in vain. "Yes, she is a very fine girl. She says she comes over to see you often. Old people get so lonely!"

"Do they?" with asperity. "I did not know it."

"Oh, you're not old, Auntie. I told Alice so. And of course you won't be lonely now that you have that nice young girl staying with you, Miss—er—what's-her-name?" (Mark considered this remarkably clever).

"Oh!" The old lady's tone was dry. "And was it Miss Van Slyke who told you that I had Miss-er-what's-her-name staying with me?"

"No—oh no! I just happened to see her come in at the gate."

The old lady put down her glasses. "I see," she said. "Martha give me my salts. Mark, your visit to me this morning, your solicitude, is quite touching! But you know I am an invalid. I cannot bear much excitement. You must excuse me. Incidentally, you have made a mistake. Miss-er-what's-her-name is not staying here. Martha, ring for Jane to show Mr. Wareham out."

For a moment Mark Wareham's handsome face flushed angrily, and then suddenly he laughed. His Aunt smiled grimly. "You see I know you, Mark," she said.

"Looks like it. But Auntie, aren't you going to let me see her?"

"I have no one staying with me, nephew."

"Aunt, it's not like you to tell fibs. I saw her."

"Then you have the advantage of me. I have not seen her."

"She is the most perfectly lovely child. Really, Aunt, I only want to look at her. You know how an artist delights in beauty."

"I know. But you have made a mistake this time, Mark. Must I call in the servants to protest that I have no visitor of any kind at present?"

"Oh, forgive me, Aunt! I must have mistaken the house. Really, if you had seen her you would not blame me for wanting another look!"

"It is alright," magnanimously. "And I may say that if I had a lovely child staying with me I would not be afraid to let you see her. Thank Heaven for that, Mark!"

He went over to her and kissed her wrinkled forehead. For an instant his face was serious. "Yes, thank heaven for that!" he said. At the door he paused. "Say Auntie, you've seen a lot of life in your day. Tell me—is there anything in—in that kind of thing?"

"I am not a mind reader, nephew!"

"Well, I mean in seeing someone, you know, and knowing all at once that you never saw anyone just like them—her, I mean, and feeling—"

"I understand. Why, yes. There is probably something in it. It has happened to you once or twice already, hasn't it?"

"By Jove, no! nothing like it. Girls," with a comprehensive gesture, "there are so many girls. They're all alike! Except, Auntie, I really thought I saw her come in here."

"You must have been mistaken, Mark."

When he had gone the old lady looked after him with a softened face. "Not a bit like his father!" she thought. "Not a bit, but a good lad—he will settle down some day. I wonder whom he thought he saw."

"Send in the reading-woman now, Martha," she said aloud.



CHAPTER IX.

THE "reading-woman" followed the maid down the corridor with courageous mien. It would never do to give way to nervousness now that the goal was in sight. Only let her be brave for another few moments and success would be hers.

"What did you say your name was?" asked the maid.

"Christine Brown."

The maid opened the door. "Miss Brown to see you, Mam," she announced, and to Christine, in a whisper, "Go right in. Never mind the dark. Her eyes aren't strong. Don't talk loud, it hurts her head."

"Don't stand there, come right in!" The voice from the invalid's room was so robust that Christine jumped. "Don't bang the door! Gracious! I thought I asked you not to bang the door. Martha, my salts! Please come nearer, Miss Brown. Sit where I can see you!"

It was the invalid herself who spoke, and so amazing was the effect of so large a voice from so small a person that Christine obeyed in bewildered silence. She had intended to be very acute and observing, but she found herself unable to observe anything save the odd figure in the invalid's chair. Indeed Miss Torrance was enough to engage anyone's whole attention. She was so little, so wizened, that her appearance was positively startling. And her voice! when she spoke Miss Torrance appeared to be all voice.

"Don't stare!" boomed the voice, irritably. Christine dropped her eyes.

"If there is anything I dislike it is a person who stares," continued Miss Torrance, staring very hard

herself. "Why, you are a perfect child! How old are you?"

"Going on seventeen."

"Far too young! I didn't advertise for a baby. What is your mother thinking of?"

"I have no mother, Miss Torrance."

"I thought not. Dead, I suppose, or you would not be here. Well, I never judge from appearances. You may read a little from that book on the table, the green one. I am quite sure that you will not do. But I am always fair. I never form conclusions without good reasons. Begin where you find the book-marker." The invalid closed her eyes with a resigned expression.

Christine picked up the book. She knew that she was a good reader and the knowledge brought back some of her confidence. Her clear low voice was very pleasant to hear.

"Not bad, not bad at all," admitted the invalid. "But I don't suppose you could keep it up. I am not pessimistic, but I always distrust good beginnings."

"Oh, I think I could keep it up!" said Christine quickly. "Really I do." As she leaned forward her face came fully into the light, looking so lovely in its young eagerness that the invalid started involuntarily and put up her glasses.



"My dear!" she said in a different tone, "did you meet a young man as you came in here?"

"No," said Christine, truthfully.

"Did you see a young man?"

"No—yes. One got out of an automobile a little farther down the street. I think he had lost something."

"Was he tall, dark, and quite too good-looking for any useful purpose?"

"I'm afraid I did not notice," faltered Christine. She could see no reason for the questions, but the little old lady was evidently excited.

"Did he speak to you, my dear?"

"I think he said 'By Jove,'" said the girl demurely.

"Um, very likely. Well, this is a nice state of affairs. Lost something, had he, the scamp! And no wonder he thought I was lying—"

She checked herself. Her sharp old eyes rested more kindly on the girl's wondering face, but her determination was immediately taken.

"All this is beside the point," she said briskly. "My dear, you read very well, but I am afraid that you would not suit me. I am a very cranky old woman and you are too young to be patient. Don't protest. I believe in being fair and in giving people a chance, but I know that the young are never patient with the old. And I would always feel guilty if I kept you in this close room when you ought to be out in the sunshine. I inherit the Torrance conscience, and it is a great trouble to me!"

There was a kindness in her voice which largely took the sting from the rejection. Christine felt an impulse of liking, and raising her eyes said frankly, "I think I could be patient, Miss Torrance, but if it would worry you to have me, of course—"

The old lady nodded. She had noticed at once Christine's neat dress and good shoes, and decided that this was not a case of urgent need, so that "the troublesome Torrance conscience" could not accuse her of harshness.

"Then we will consider it settled," she said. "And if you will not mind a word of advice from an old woman, I would tell you to go home and try to be useful there. You are much too young and too pretty to work for yourself, unless it is absolutely necessary."

Christine flushed. "It is absolutely necessary," she said, rising. Then, proudly fearful that she might seem to appeal for pity, she added a quick, rather stiff "Good morning," and left the room.

The old lady watched the closing door ruefully.

"Most unfortunate," she murmured. "But it would never have done. Martha," to the maid, "you could see it would never have done to have her here. Pretty? The child is lovely! Mark would have been wild over her in a week. What did you say her name was? Brown? Might just as well have been Smith. Do you know whom she looked like? She looked for all the world like my youngest sister, Mona. She was a belle when I was already passe. How I used to envy her. Adam simply adored her—he used to call her honey-bee on account of her hair. This child's hair is just like it. Poor Mona, she died very young. Likenesses are strange things!"

The maid smiled grimly. "Likenesses or no, she'll have some trouble getting anything respectable with that face," she remarked. "In her walk of life I always say that beauty is a drawback as often as not." She glanced complacently at her own prim features in the mirror. Her mistress, observing the glance, smiled.

"And what would you say Miss Brown's walk in life might be, Martha?"

The maid shook her head, slowly. "Oh, she's got airs and graces enough! But you never can tell. Shop girls are getting very dressy these days, what with their false hair and all! And ladies don't go about looking for work."

"The child said it was absolutely necessary."

The maid's prim lips came together sharply. It was evident that she had her own opinion about what "the child" might have said.

Miss Torrance sighed. "Well, I could not have taken her! Though if Mark hadn't come in I might have. I liked the child. She had a voice like music. It was most selfish of Mark, most inconsiderate! I wonder if he was going to call on Alice van Slyke, when he saw her? It looks as if Adam were making rather a point of Alice. Well, it can't be helped—Martha, I'll see no more applicants to-day."

"There are three waiting, Ma'am"

"Send them away. That girl has spoiled me for anything more ordinary. It would not be fair to hear them now, and I always try to be absolutely fair."

It was of this "fairness" of Miss Torrance that Christine was thinking as she walked cityward with a heavy heart. Why had she, who believed in being so fair, refused to give a trial to one so eminently fitted as Christine? On account of her youth?

Christine had read in books that invalid ladies liked youth. In the proper order of things Miss Torrance ought to have engaged her at once. Soon she would have made herself indispensable; the old lady would have loved her like a daughter, and finally have decorously faded away leaving Christine her blessing and, incidentally, her beautiful home and plenty of money! Here Christine's sense of humor saved the situation. She laughed heartily, and laughter is a good clearing house for gloom. After all, what was one check? One must not expect to succeed the very first time! Pausing for a moment, she drew out the second newspaper clipping.

WANTED—Cheerful companion for lady living alone. No housework. Good wages.

This sounded promising. "I should think she would want someone young," mused Christine. "Young people are more cheerful. Probably all her people are dead. Poor thing, it must be awful to be lonely like that."

The address, this time, was in another part of the city, distant, but easily reached by car. Christine was much too innocent to know that the street mentioned was in somewhat questionable quarters. She only knew that she had never been in that direction before, so that the sauce of novelty was added to the adventure. As the car whirled on she gave herself up once more to dreams. This lady to whom she was going was surely in great need. She pictured her in black with a sad face. It was too bad that she lived so far from Brook Street! Christine peered out of the window of the car to find out just where she was, but the street was a strange one. As she did so she noticed a young man in a motor whose face seemed vaguely familiar. The motor was going very slowly—for a motor. It seemed indeed to keep just abreast of the car! but here the girl's interest was distracted by the crowing of a pretty baby on the opposite seat and her eyes ceased to follow the slowly moving motor.

At the corner of Hadly Street, she alighted, and, after consulting her slip of paper for the proper number, she set off gaily in the direction indicated. It did not look like a pleasant street, yet the girl felt no dismay. She only felt sorry that a bereaved lady should be compelled to live in such an ugly part of the city.

But if her surroundings left Christine undisturbed, the same cannot be said of the young man in the motor car. When he saw her turn into Hadly Street, blank dismay seized upon Mark Wareham. The car slowed irresolutely, turned, stopped entirely, and then started again with new decision. It, too, turned into Hadly Street.

When Mark had left his Aunt's house he had fully believed that the old lady was not deceiving him. She had evidently no guest at present, and he must have been mistaken in thinking that the lady he sought for had gone in at her gate. On the other hand, there was the evidence of his eyes, and his eyes were not bad as eyes go. If she had not gone in there she had disappeared somewhere in that neighborhood, and her disappearance had added the spice of mystery to an interest already keen enough.

The only thing to do was to wait, and Mark waited. The chauffeur he sent home, and, driving the car himself, he patrolled Amberley Avenue with such efficiency that he soon saw Christine coming out—and out of his Aunt's gate!

Had Aunt Miriam fibbed, after all?

He did not care to settle the question now. The main thing was not to lose sight of the lady a second time. Effacing himself as far as possible in a big Panhard he watched her take a slip of paper from her pocket, read it and board a down-town car at the corner, evidently she was searching for an address; he would search too, and the blame for such seemingly dishonorable action might be laid at the door of Aunt Miriam, who had made such procedure necessary.



Christine sat by the car window, once in a while she glanced out, but as she never seemed to notice his presence could not offend her; besides a cat may look at a king.

Where was she going? As the better portions of the city were left behind he wondered more and more, and watched the unconscious face at the window with no little concern. When he saw her alight at Hadly Street he gasped with dismay. That lovely child—here!

Quite happy, and with no idea of causing distress in anyone, Christine walked on, looking carefully at the house numbers. The houses, she thought, were not nice-looking houses, but the one she sought looked rather nicer than the others. It seemed comfortable and had a small garden. But it certainly did appear to be lonely. Christine wondered how it could look so lonely in the midst of a long city street, but long streets are very lonely sometimes—especially when the houses are so much alike. Christine thought that a lady living here would need a very cheerful companion indeed. She felt her own spirits sink a little. Nevertheless, she rang the bell with resolute hand. As she did so an automobile passed down the street. After a slight delay the door was opened by an untidy maid.

"I have come in answer to this advertisement," said Christine, determined this time to have no misunderstanding. But this house had no side door and the maid showed her in at once.

"I'll tell her," she said, eyeing Christine curiously.

"Just sit down."

The room into which Christine was shown was evidently the parlor, and bore its state in life with dignity. It might have been its boast that no one could ever have mistaken it for anything but a parlor. It had a "suite," a piano, a palm, a polished table with the poets nicely laid out in padded leather, and each wall displayed exactly two pictures hung at the same height and at regular intervals. Christine shivered. "But she can't possibly live in here!" she comforted herself, and, with a glance at the precise

piles of music on the piano rack, "I don't believe she can play either."

"No, I do not play," drawled a soft voice from the doorway. Christine turned with a start. A lady had come into the room—at first glance she seemed a very beautiful lady.

"I am Mrs. Wilkins," said the lady. "I saw you looking at the music and making deductions. It does not look like music which is often played, does it? But you see it goes with the house."

"Oh, then it is a furnished house?"

The lady shrugged her pretty shoulders. "I hope you did not think that I furnished it! But it is really a perfect gem in a way. How does it strike you?"

"Very comfortable." The off-hand manner of the lady confused Christine.

"And prim? and respectable? It is very respectable, don't you think? That music, now—'Mendelssohn's Songs Without Words,' is it not? Nothing could be more decorous. It is only the words of songs which are not respectable."

Christine laughed. The remark to her girlish ears sounded clever. Mrs. Wilkins sank into the rocking chair of the suite and arranged her floating draperies. Her face in the better light did not seem so attractive. It was hard, it was too pink and white. Christine thought that it looked "odd."

With the same unerring reading of her thoughts, the lady put up her handkerchief to her face. "Heavens! have I got too much on?" she asked interestedly. "The light was bad upstairs. I don't hold with over-doing it."

"What?" asked puzzled Christine.

Mrs. Wilkins tapped her fair cheek. "This! Now you—gracious, you're not 'done' at all!" Her glance grew keen. "I thought the maid said—"

"I came in answer to this." Christine held out the slip containing the advertisement. "I'm in need of a position with good wages, and I am very cheerful."

"You!" To the poor girl's embarrassment the lady began to laugh—pretty, silvery laughter. "You! Oh, this is rich. Why, my good girl, I didn't advertise for a child!"

"But I am not a child. I am sixteen, and I am very cheerful. Young people are the cheerfulest. You are young yourself, Mrs. Wilkins, I do hope you will let me try."

The strange lady's laughter subsided, and her face grew suddenly grave. "I don't think you will do at all," she said abruptly.

"But why," urged poor Christine.

The other's eyes began to twinkle.

"Well, for one reason, you know, I need someone to go with the parlor."

Christine looked around with a puzzled air.

"Very respectable," prompted the lady,

"very stiff, very prim—"

Christine smiled. "I am respectable,"

she declared, "and you remember you didn't say prim, you said 'cheerful.'"

"I meant prim. At least what I really meant was one who could be both cheerful and prim—upon different occasions."

"I don't quite understand."

"That's it exactly." Mrs. Wilkins' eyes

crinkled up in the most enticing way when she laughed. "Sit down again and don't be cross with me. You see Mr.-um-Wilkins is away most of the time and it is annoying to be here alone without anyone but a clumsy maid, and then to a certain extent one thinks of appearances."

"But," said puzzled Christine, "it is perfectly correct for a married lady to live alone."

"Oh, yes, certainly," Mrs. Wilkins played

rather nervously with her many rings. "I suppose you haven't a mother?" she said without looking up.

"No, but I have two sisters who have never let me feel the want!"

"Do they know you are here?" quickly.

Christine blushed. "No, it was to be quite a surprise."

"It would be," said the other dryly, "and now I think—there's the bell!"

She broke off abruptly and listened as the girl went to the door. The parlor door was open and they both heard a man's pleasant voice say, "Good morning. Does Mrs. Alfred Smith live here?"

"No, she doesn't," said the girl, shortly.

A slight pause, during which Christine racked her brains to remember where she had heard the voice before.

"Might I see the mistress of the house?" asked the man at the door ingratiatingly.

"She don't see no agents."

"But I have here—"

"She don't want it." The maid shut the door with a bang.

"Gracious!" said Mrs. Wilkins, "What a nice voice he had. Some of these agents—why, look, he has an auto—pianos, I guess. I wish we had asked him in, only—" she glanced uncertainly at the girl. "I don't think you ought to stay—I mean I mustn't detain you any longer. You wouldn't do for me, my dear."

Christine thought that she looked rather tired and sad as she said it, but there was decision in her tone. It seemed useless to insist, so swallowing a lump of disappointment which seemed to leap into her throat, Christine held out her hand. The other did not seem to see it.

"Good-bye," she said. "Be sure to take the car at the corner."

The girl murmured an assent, but indeed she hardly heard the words. She was cruelly disappointed, the lump in her throat threatened to dissolve in tears, and she turned away from the house without noticing in what direction she was going. The brightness of the morning seemed dimmed somehow, for beside her own

growing doubts and fears she felt the burden of the tragedy of another, a tragedy which she did not understand, but which she could dimly feel. Absorbed in her thoughts she walked on aimlessly, a strange figure indeed in that haunted street. Many watched her with curious eyes, some slunk out of her way, but at last one man, bolder or more vile, spoke to her. She did not hear what he said, but looked up with a quick smile. The look she met was something she had never seen, never dreamed of.

"If you're going this way, I'll go along with you," said the man, more loudly this time. He placed his hand upon her arm. Christine shrank back with a startled cry, and next moment the man's leering face was knocked out of her foreground and the man himself went spinning down the pavement under the force of a well directed blow.

"Excuse me," said a pleasant voice, "I think that fellow was annoying you."

"Yes," said Christine, "he—he was." She looked up into the face of the speaker with frightened eyes. But the face seemed somehow familiar. It was a dark, strong face, and the voice was kind. She felt none of the fear and repulsion for him that she had felt for the other man, and she spoke to him as she might have spoken to Tommy. "He was horrid," she admitted with a shaky laugh.

"I came up just in time," said the young man, pointing to a big green automobile standing by the



"Happily dreaming, a vision of Spring in Autumn."

curb. "In fact I was looking for you. My Aunt, Miss Torrance, sent me after you. She would very much like to see you if you can spare her a little time."

Hope sprang up in Christine's eyes. "Oh, thank you," she said, gratefully. "Has Miss Torrance changed her mind? I will go at once. Can you tell me the nearest way to the car?"

"It is here." He pointed smilingly to the auto by the curb. "Will not this car do? It is much quicker. If you will trust me to drive you—"

The girl did not hesitate. She knew quite well that she could trust this young fellow who stood there so gravely before her. With a brief word of thanks she stepped into the car. He followed her and in a moment they were off.

"Oh, how fast!" gasped Christine. The driver smiled. "I'll slow down presently. Let's get out of this first."

"Out-of-what?" asked Christine between bumps.

He looked at her sharply and his face brightened.

"Oh, out of these bad roads," he told her. "Now, this is better," as they turned into a broad and quiet avenue. "I can go more slowly here."

Christine, to whom the novel ride had restored her spirits, laughed. "Surely it is an odd idea to go fast on bad roads and slow on good ones."

"Not at all. There is never any sense in lingering over unpleasant places, Miss—I think Aunt Miriam said that your name was Miss—"

"Brown," said Christine.

"Yes, of course, Miss Brown. I suppose you are wondering how I knew you, but the fact is I happened to see you go in to Miss Torrance's this morning."

"Why—and I saw you, too! I remember now. That is why I seemed to know your face. And your voice. You got out of this very auto. You had lost something, I think, and you said, 'By Jove!'"

"Did I, though?" Mark had the grace to blush.

"Did you find it?" asked Christine.

"What?"

"The thing you lost?"

"I don't know," stammered Mark. "I am still looking for it."

"Are you really very keen on going to my Aunt's at once?" he asked her presently.

"Yes, of course I am. It is very important. You don't know how important."

"Then I am afraid you are going to be very vexed with me. The truth is that I have you in this car under false pretences. I—I didn't have a message from Aunt Miriam."

"What?"

"No, I didn't. You see I just wanted to get you away from—from any annoyance, and that seemed the quickest way of doing it. You did not know me, but you knew her, and if you knew she was my Aunt it might be—like an introduction, you know. You see it all just happened. I did see you at Aunt Miriam's and so I knew you were a friend of hers—and when that tough had the impudence to speak to you I took the only way I knew of getting you away without disturbance. I hope you will forgive me."

Christine's face was turned away. The disappointment was so great that she could not have spoken had she wished. There was a horrible lump in her throat again.

"If you can't forgive me you might just as well say so," said Mark gloomily. Christine made an effort to swallow the lump.

"It isn't that. I'm sure you were very kind—but well, it is a mistake all through, I'm afraid. I am not your Aunt's friend. I called to apply for the position of lady's companion."

It was simply said and with dignity. It was evident that Christine did not think any the less of herself for the fact she related. Mark felt himself blush brilliantly. Then after a half glance at the lovely child-face so proudly turned away he cleared the air with a sudden burst of laughter.

"You! a companion to Aunt Miriam! Suffering cats!"

"Why not, indeed?" Christine's face was still prim but her voice gurgled.

"Why not? Oh, I don't know. Only its tremendously funny! If you knew my Aunt as well as I do you would laugh yourself. Aunt Miriam is really a corker, don't you know!"

"I thought her very nice, and when you said she had sent you I was so glad because I thought she had changed her mind and was going to have me. It quite cheered me up. Mrs. Wilkins wouldn't take me either, you see!"

"Mrs. Wilkins? Oh"—a sudden ray of light dawning. "Was it Mrs. Wilkins you called upon on Hadly Street?"

"Yes, but how did you know?"

"Well, I was just passing. I saw you go in—I—"

Christine turned around suddenly. "Oh, I know now when I heard your voice! You were the piano agent!"

The young man's confusion was so evident that she added quickly, "There's nothing to be ashamed of in being a piano agent."

Mark recovered himself. "No, certainly not—only—well, my family—Aunt Miriam, you know, especially, do not like it. I keep it dark."

Christine nodded. "I see. It is just what I was trying to do. I did not tell the girls a thing about my trying to find a place. They wouldn't like it either, although I don't see why. Celia is in a shop herself."

"A shop?"

"Yes, but of course she is the head of a department, and it is the best store in the city, Angers & Son. But like you, I felt that I wanted to do something for myself. One can't go on living on one's family forever, can one?"

"No," said Mark, weakly.

"You look queer," said Christine. "What's the matter?"

In the infinitesimal pause Mark Wareham made a notable decision.

"I'm hungry," he declared, "and you must be hungry too, and I have to take a run out into the country, not very far. It's a nice little place, where they serve good meals and their piano is out of tune. I wonder if you couldn't come with me?"

"Oh, I'd love to, but—I don't believe the girls would let me. I'm afraid I cannot go."

"Did you promise to be home for lunch?"

"No—o, I said I might have it down town."

"Well, why not come? You know who I am now, and I believe you would enjoy it. I have taken dozens of girls out to Haffey's for lunch. It's quite the thing."

Christine considered. She wanted to go very much, and she knew that Ada would not expect her home, nor did she think that she would grudge her the pleasure of the offered trip.

Being a Canadian girl, brought up in an absolutely free though clean and healthy atmosphere, and under conditions which precluded eternal chaperonage she would have had no hesitation about accepting the invitation under ordinary circumstances. Ordinary circumstances in this case would mean that she had met Mr. Wareham in the customary way, and that he was known to her sisters. On the other hand, she wanted very much to go and her misgivings were purely artificial ones. In her heart she knew that there was nothing more proper and natural than that he should ask her and that she should go. Tommy would be furious, of course! but then Tommy was often unnecessarily fussy!

Mark did not urge her, but it was not from want of eagerness. His longing to keep her with him, even for that short time, surprised himself. Had he ever felt like this about any of the many girls whose courteous escort he had been? He knew that he had not,



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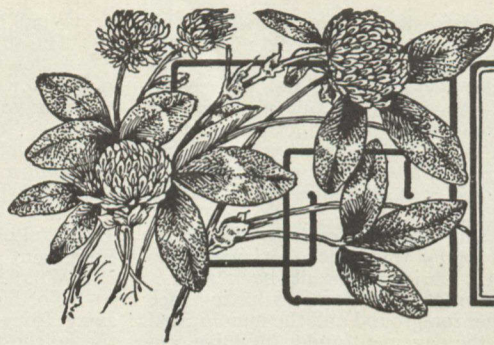
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With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

A Dire Disaster

ONE of our "Juniors," aged ten, has sent us the following sad account of the tragedy of Willie Bright:

Little boy named Willie Bright
Found a stick of dynamite.
Slammed it down upon a rock—
Funeral service two o'clock.

A Chapter in Charlie Chipmonk's Career

By Greta Jansen

CHARLIE CHIPMONK and his little sister lived in a snug little home in the sugar bush. Mother Chipmonk had taken great care in selecting and furnishing the home for her wee squirrels. It was in the centre of a high stub of basswood that the wind had broken off for fun, several years before. In the side of the stub was a large knot-hole, that made a fine door to as cosy a squirrel living-room as one could wish to see. This living-room was well lined with soft grass and moss, so Charlie and little sister were very comfy, after they had had their breakfast.

Mother Chipmonk's pantry had been well filled with hickory, beech, and butternuts, but all that was left now were the shells, that had been thrown down the stairway in the lower part of the stub. So, now, Mother Chippy had to dig up some of the nuts she had pitted in the previous fall.

Our two young chippies grew fast, and before long their mother told them they might practise running and jumping over the roots of an old stump fence (that was near their home), so they would be able to climb the tallest trees, and jump from the wind swings of the elm trees; but she cautioned, "Be very careful, children, don't go far on the stumps when I'm away to the nut pits, for your Great Uncle Red is very cross, and claims all that stump fence as his, though why he claims it, I do not know."

One sunshiny afternoon Charlie and his sister went for a game of hide and seek on the stumps. When they got tired of that game they tried tag. Sister Chippy was it, and as she was chasing Charlie on the jagged old fence he ran a little farther than usual. He turned to see if sister were near, and he was terrified to see Great Uncle Red dash from the bush and spring on the stump behind him. Oh! how cross he looked, with his round, bushy tail quivering over his back!

"Chir-r-r-r-r," shouted Uncle Red. Now that in squirrel talk meant, "What are you doing here? Clear out, or I'll make it hot for you, you impudent young chipmonk!" Poor Charlie, what could he do? Sister had scampered for home as fast as she could, with her flat, bushy tail waving in fright, and mother was away at the farthest hickory pits and couldn't hear him.

Great Uncle Red made an angry dash for Charlie, and away flew the little fellow over the pointed roots, never stopping till he came to the rail fence on the lane. Charlie thought he heard Uncle Red after him, so he scampered on, along the zigzag fence. By and by he stopped to rest, and, finding that Uncle Red had given up the chase, the frightened, tired little squirrel crept into a cubby hole under a flat rail for a good rest, and presently went fast asleep.

When Charlie awoke the sunshine had all gone, and a cold, shivery wind was blowing from the north-east. Oh, how cold and hungry he felt! Off he started to find the stump fence that would lead him home, but he was so cold and stiff he could hardly run at all. After going a long way Charlie thought he must have got turned round in his sleep, and was going the wrong way, so he turned and hurried the other way as fast as his little, stiff legs could carry him. But no stump fence could he find. Soon it grew dark and colder, and the lonely, hungry, little fellow gave up and lay down in a fence corner and cried himself to sleep.

Early the next morning, Mrs. Brown, who had been up all night with a sick neighbor, came along the lane. Just as she went to climb the fence she saw a small chipmonk, apparently dead, in the fence corner. She picked him up and found that Charlie (as they afterward called him) was still alive. Carefully she cuddled him in her warm hands and hurried on home.

"Here's a pet for you, Ida," said Mrs. Brown to her little daughter, "that is, if you can coax this half-dead chipmonk back to life." Ida ran for some milk, and put it and a little hot water into a saucer. She shoved Charlie's nose into the milk, that made him sneeze; then slowly his little tongue tried to clean the milk off his face. The milk tasted very good, and he soon began to lap it, when Ida

held the saucer to his nose. After feeding him Ida wrapped Charlie in some flannel and put him in a little basket by the stove. It didn't take Charlie long to find out that this little girl and her mother, not only wouldn't hurt him, but that they were the ones that fed him. In less than a week Charlie Chipmonk was as much at home in the Brown's kitchen as he had been in the basswood stub in the bush.

Charlie became very playful, and would hunt all over for nuts and other dainties that Ida hid, just for the fun of seeing him rummage into boxes and pockets for his food. Charlie had several sleeping-places—on the lounge pillow in the sunshine, or under the pillow; but his favorite nap-bed was Mrs. Brown's lap, when she sat down to knit or sew. Now and then, when the door was open, Charlie would slip out for a run over the chip pile and up the apple tree that leaned over the window.

Once when he was playing in the apple tree a large black and white creature gave him a great scare. Another day, when he was frolicking over the chips, a big black beast jumped at him, saying, "Bow-wow-wow." Needless to say Charlie rushed home in fright. You see, Puss and Rover didn't know Charlie was a pet: they thought he was one of those saucy squirrels that came up the mountain side to steal the boys' nuts from the woodshed.

One day, in the fall, Charlie slipped out when Ida was away at school and never returned. Ida never knew whether the cat had caught him, or that some other chippies had coaxed him over the mountain edge to live in the hollow butternut.

May Apples

By E. F. McPherson

THE eastbound express thundered along a north shore trestle and whisked into a tunnel. Bobby shut his eyes and held his breath. Then the train rumbled out again and buzzed around a curve. Rocks and baby trees flew by.

Bobby was used to seeing baby trees in Manitoba. What he wanted to see was a great big tree, and most of all a great big apple tree.

"Oh, mother, dear," he cried, as a larger clump sped by, "is this Ontario now? Will the apple trees come soon?"

"This is Ontario, but there are no apple trees yet. Wait, dearie, until we are at grandpa's. Then you will see lots of apple trees."

Mother dear was dressed in black and her eyes looked as if big tears were just behind them ready to come out any time. Sometimes she hugged Bobby so hard it hurt, but he was brave and didn't say anything. He had promised papa to take good care of mother dear. Bobby didn't understand it all, but he remembered that he was proud to

make the promise. Then, a few days afterwards, a great many men and horses and carriages came to their house and went away ever so slowly. One of the carriages had tall wavy plumes on it.

It was late in the night when Bobby and mother dear reached grandpa's town. Bobby fell sound asleep on the way out to grandpa's farm. A disappointment was in store for him, for it was not yet apple time. The trees were just making ready. Their fragrant dresses of pink and white blossoms shimmered in the moonlight and danced lightly to the music of the night wind.

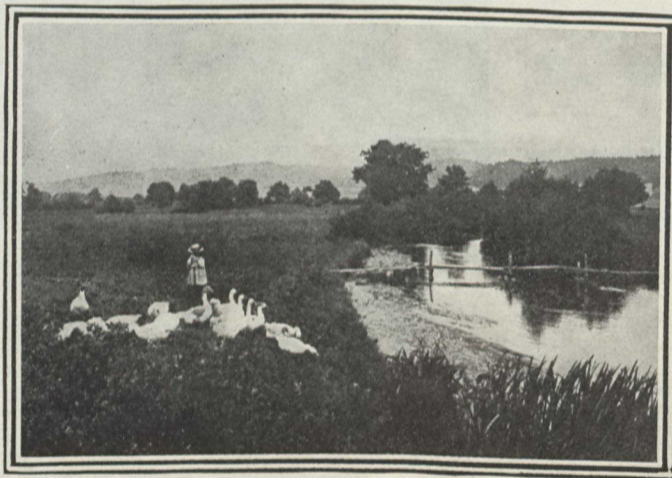
Had Bobby been awake he would have noticed that mother dear was crying and that she snuggled close to grandpa. Then grandpa put his arm around her and called her his own little lassie come home again.

Bobby dreamed of an orchard full of apples, not blossoms, but lovely big apples hanging red from every bough, just as they did in his red and green picture book at home. Next morning at breakfast grandpa said that perhaps Bobby would like some of those russet apples the boys had been keeping for him. One of the boys—he was really not a boy at all, but one of grandpa's grown-up sons—picked up a pail from the sink and told Bobby to "Come along, sonny."

Bobby's eyes danced and he trotted eagerly beside the "boy" to a field just behind the barn. There they stopped beside a pile of earth—the apple pit.

A few minutes later a very indignant little boy ran back to the house to mother dear. So indignant and so disappointed was he that he had to rub his eyes hard to keep back the tears.

"Oh, mother it was all a pack of fibs they told us in Manitoba. Apples don't grow on trees at all. They just grow in the ground, mind you, and then they have to be dug up just like potatoes!"



THE LITTLE GOOSE GIRL.

AN AUGUST LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY
MARY H. NORTHEND

A PRETTY idea for an August luncheon is to arrange the table on the porch, using for its decoration some simple late summer flower, such as the vari-colored nasturtium, then at the height of its florescence. This pretty blossom lends itself to any number of dainty effects, though it shows to better advantage in some simple scheme rather than in an elaborate one. Thus, low bowls, filled with nasturtiums and baby's breath, placed at intervals about the enclosure, will be found far more effective than great quantities of the blossoms worked out in some elaborate design.

In our illustration the use of this blossom in a simple scheme is shown. Here the table is arranged for a children's luncheon, and the nasturtiums are used as an accessory, rather than as the main feature. A large Jack Horner pie graces the table center, and within its crust quaint little favors are hidden. This pie is made of tissue paper arranged on a cardboard foundation, and the crust is of like construction. Little Jack Horner stands in the center, holding in his hands narrow satin ribbons that extend to the table corners, ending there in clusters of nasturtiums. A wreath of nasturtiums outlines the central theme, and interspersed among the blossoms are tiny tapers arranged in walnut shell candle holders. A low glass bowl filled with nasturtiums and baby's breath, is placed at one side of each plate, and the place cards are watercolor sketches of Mother Goose characters—*Mistress Mary, Little Bo-Peep, Little Miss Muffet, etc.* Paper cups, covered with crepe paper, matching in coloring the covering of the Jack Horner pie, and filled with confections, are used as bonbon dishes.

As a help towards preparing the menu for a midsummer luncheon, the following is offered. Of course the hostess modifies according to numbers:

- Vegetable Soup
- Toast Points
- Fish Croquettes
- Potato Balls
- Diced Beef with Rice
- Pineapple Slices with Jelly
- Cake
- Peas
- Tomato Salad
- Jelly
- Coffee

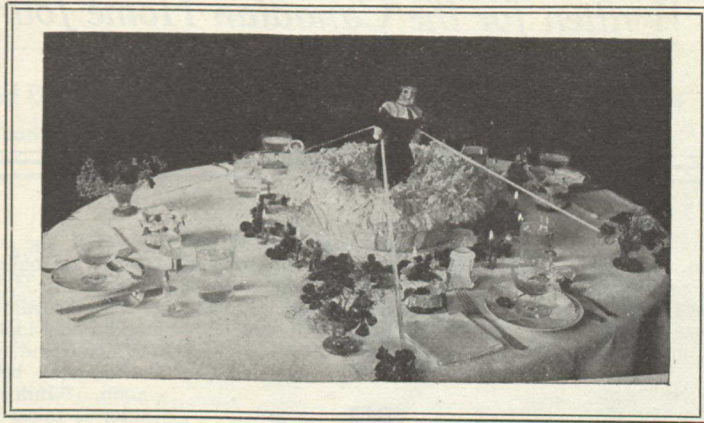
VEGETABLE SOUP.—Take a ten-cent soup bone and put it in one and one-half gallons of water, and let boil slowly for five hours. When cool, add four potatoes cut in small pieces, four tomatoes, four ears of corn, and two onions. Season with salt and pepper to taste, and let it cook slowly for three hours. Then thicken with two tablespoons of flour. Serve hot.

FISH CROQUETTES.—Rub together three tablespoons of flour, and one of butter, and stir into one-half pint of rich milk. Add a teaspoon of finely chopped parsley and a quarter of a teaspoon of onion juice. Boil until it thickens; add two cups of cold boiled fish and boil up again; season with salt and pepper to taste. When cold, take out and dip in egg, then in bread crumbs, and fry.

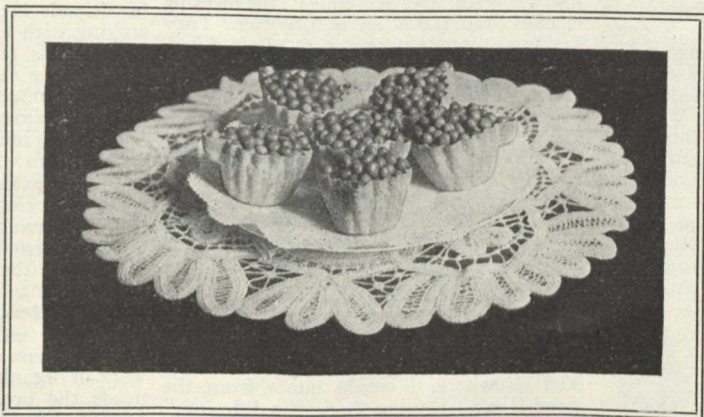
POTATO BALLS.—Roll seasoned mashed potato into ball shapes, brush with melted butter, and put in the oven to brown.

BUTTERED PEAS.—Little pastry cups, which can be bought or made in many attractive shapes, offers a dainty way of serving buttered peas.

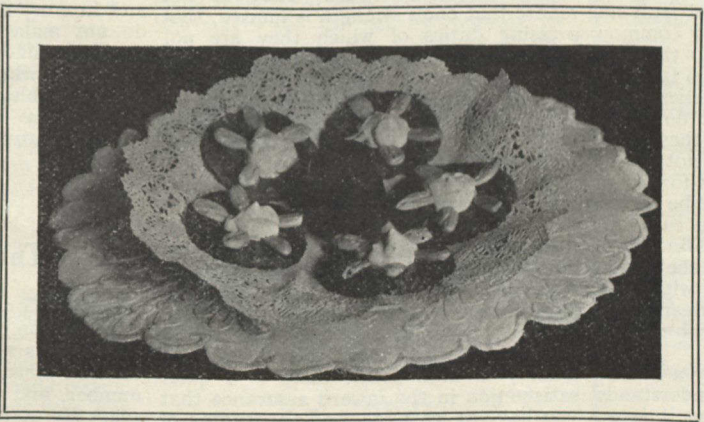
DICED BEEF WITH RICE.—Cut a thick slice of steak into inch cubes, fry till slightly browned in suet trimmed with meat,



A CHILDREN'S LUNCHEON WITH NASTURTIUMS.



BUTTERED PEAS IN PASTRY CUPS.



PINEAPPLE SLICES WITH JELLY.



DICED BEEF WITH RICE.

and put into a stew pan with sufficient boiling water to cover. Simmer gently until tender and remove the meat to a hot serving dish. Thicken the gravy, add one cup of strained tomato juice, season and pour over the beef. Serve at once with a border of hot boiled rice, moulded and sliced.

TOMATO SALAD.—Take twelve large ripe tomatoes. Remove the skin and cut the centre from each. Fill this cavity with a dressing of one cup of cold meat, which has been run through a meat-grinder, one tablespoon of chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste, one teaspoon celery seed, one-half cup of bread crumbs, and tablespoon of olive oil. Place on ice and serve on lettuce leaves with a rich mayonnaise.

PINEAPPLE SLICES WITH JELLY.—Cut a pineapple into slices, and arrange these around a mould of raspberry jelly. Decorate the pineapple with blanched almonds and whipped cream, and serve a spoonful of the jelly with each slice.

VENETIAN CAKE.—One-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of powdered sugar, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half cupful of almonds, yolks of three eggs. Cream butter and sugar very light, add yolks well beaten, the almonds cut, mix and add vanilla and stir in lightly the flour. The dough should be rather soft. Take a small piece at a time, drop into powdered sugar, roll in the hands in a ball an inch in diameter. Put a piece of pistachio nut on the top. Place the balls a little distance apart on a floured pan, and bake in a moderate oven ten or fifteen minutes. They will look like macaroons.

CONCERNING GOOSEBERRIES.—An authority says: Gooseberries that come in with Whitesuntide are the summer fruit, and fortunate is that housewife whose garden holds a goodly number of the useful bushes.

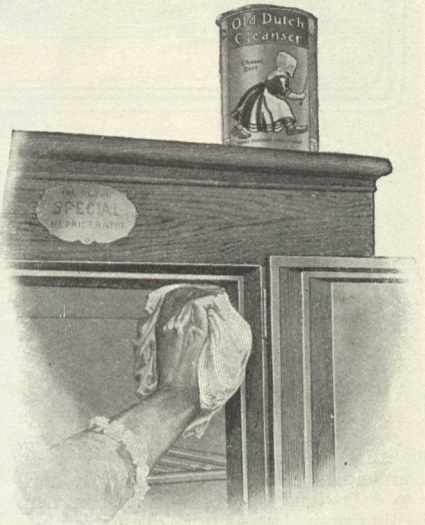
Out of them she will draw up, literally from the very earth, her barrel of splendid gooseberry wine, her gooseberry cordial, her jelly, and her jams. Dishes of luscious goosberry fool, the ever-looked-for dish of early summer, are there in the garden, awaiting the berry-getting.

The juicy contents of many pies and puddings are swelling on the small shrubs now, soon to be gathered.

Early gooseberries are in the market long before the ordinary English garden is in bearing order. But, for the most part, the garden-owner is content to let these alone. The small early ones are prohibitive in price, and will exhaust one's purse to small advantage. It is a pity to gather the immature berries, but for the sake of a few pence per pound extra, this is done. Certainly, the trees may benefit

by having the first berries gathered, because there is then all the more power to expend on those that are left. But very early gooseberries taste of the wood, their citric acid is undeveloped, their sugar almost an unknown quantity. The nitrogens and sulphurs within the pulp have not been persuaded by the gracious sunshine as yet to do their kindly office on the fruit. Pudding, pie, tart, made with such fruit is very unsatisfactory and not at all pleasing to the taste.

Just WHY



Old Dutch Cleanser

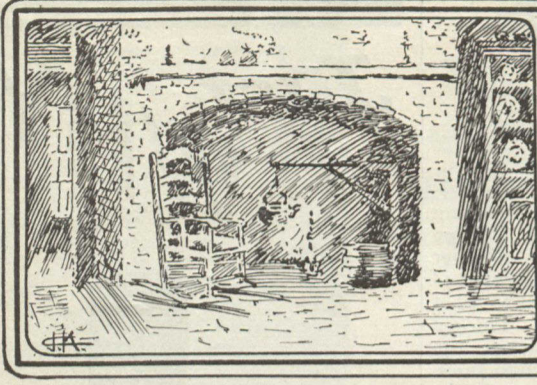
Cleans Your

Refrigerator HYGIENICALLY

Because this pure, mechanical Cleanser contains no Caustic or Acid to get near the food. It penetrates into every corner and cuts every particle of grease from the shelves and walls. Soap-cleaning cannot do this satisfactorily.

Sprinkle some Cleanser on a wet cloth or brush and go over every part of the refrigerator carefully, after removing and cleaning the shelves. Do this once a week (the ice compartment once in two weeks) and it will always be clean, sweet-smelling and sanitary.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c



AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"Many kinds of darkness
In this world abound,
Sin, and want, and sorrow.
We must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

Right Along My Line

I AM old enough to remember the time when it was a rare event to hear a woman speak on a public platform. The first one I heard was a rather short, stout, elderly woman, very plainly dressed, who was assisting her husband in conducting revival services. The choir place in that church obscured the entrance from the speaker, and so she did not see an old man enter; but, alive to everything as growing children are, and sitting well back, I saw him pause suddenly when female accents assailed his ears, and he halted long enough to scrutinize with critical eye the intruder in the pulpit, then, with an expressive ejaculation: "Huh!" into which was blended all the surprise, disgust, and contempt he felt, he turned and went out.

He evidently did not approve of women taking upon themselves to preach, but believed in the Scriptural mandate. "Let your women keep silence in the churches." His attitude and expression amused my girlish fancy, for I was ever alive to fun and the ludicrous, and I believe I rather sympathized with him, and shared his antipathy towards "female wimmen deserting their spere," and coming out as public speakers. You see, we had to be educated up to that sort of thing, and I doubt if he lived long enough to appreciate the innovation, for, somehow, it took years for me to really enjoy lectures and talks from women.

But the time has come when they take their place side by side with men in conducting business meetings, along parliamentary lines, and it is a pleasure and benefit to listen to the utterances of learned and deep-thinking women, who have their subject at heart, and the language to express their sentiments on the topic of particular interest to them. Had any prejudice still lurked within, against the propriety or necessity of women upholding the cause for which they unite and appeal, it would have been swept away during the progress of the annual meeting of the National Council of Women, held in the Twin Cities at the head of the Great Lakes, in the month of June, where delegates were gathered from Halifax to Vancouver.

ONE could not fail to notice the ardor, the intense interest of those women, whose aim is to uplift and elevate, to investigate wrongs, and set them right, and to petition the proper authorities for the administration of better laws and conditions. They had not left their homes, and travelled a long wearisome journey merely to have a good time, but they were out with an object, working for results, and were keenly alive to the causes they espoused. I was forcibly struck by the fact during the meetings that each theme had its own champions. "I am going to speak on 'Home-making,' that is the line I work along," said Mrs. McNaughton, of Vancouver. That cause had first place with her, she made it a specialty. It is a fundamental principle with the whole Council, but while others branched off on many important and far-reaching issues, she built on that foundation, home, with its needs and responsibilities.

And so with other questions, there was always the live coal, as it were, that sought out the root of a matter, the one or two individuals who fanned the flames, and while we listened to the earnest discourses, we caught gleanings from those bright, clever minds, and long years hence the fruits of their labors will be enjoyed by future citizens. The one thought that stayed by me, that seemed to sprout everywhere, the key-note, so it seemed, was in the words of the title of this article—"right along my line." Sitting opposite at dinner to one delegate, whom one of the papers described as being the "live

wire" of the whole Council, and whose words aroused instant attention, and in whose remarks were wisdom, wit, and interest, she said, "No, I did not attend the reception last evening, those things are all fine, the garden-parties and teas, but they are not in my line."

In further conversation, she said she preferred being billeted at an hotel, in fact, insisted upon it, as she was free to rest or sleep between times, and was not placing people where they felt under an obligation to entertain her. No wonder her thoughts were bright, her intellect clear, she had time to think, to settle herself, to absorb what she had heard, to give forethought to the next day's programme. It was no hardship for her to miss those functions, her mind was fully engrossed with the business of this grand annual feast of reason, and as she tersely expressed it, "they were not in her line." There is a danger of overdoing the entertainment of strangers who attend our annual meetings and conventions, and it is universal, with both men and women, that in their desire to do honor to their guests, they "kill them with kindness," as Lady Taylor warned the hostesses they were in danger of doing upon this occasion. The work must be strenuous for those in charge, and mental labor is exhausting, therefore little intermissions of being left to their own devices is commendable during a prolonged session.

ONE sentence from the prayer of a woman, who, to my mind was right in her line. Such a prayer, deliberate, sincere, sensible! It almost made me envious of her talent, the well-formed sentences flowing with a spontaneity seldom equalled. Might each be led to do that which was designed for her to do, her own work, and not seek to do another person's work. In other words, might each one work along her own lines, doing that which she was capable of doing. That one request, we hope, fell on good earthly soil, where it will yield fruit an hundred-fold, for that is a very common ground of failure—trying to do that for which we are not intended. It is a serious fault in women's societies, that of prevailing upon a person to do something that is objectionable to them, and for which they know they are not fitted. A woman who has no memory for faces, understands that she should not be placed on a visiting committee. She can find the addresses she is given, talk kindly and delightfully in the home she visits, and then pass those people by without a sign of recognition, and the poor expectant stranger feels she has been slighted. (I very nearly wrote snubbed).

A certain woman is evidently a leader, she loves command, and understands what is expected of her, hence it is no hardship to accept that position. Why place her in the ranks if she has the qualifications of leadership, which, of course, means more than mere ability. Another shrinks from the publicity of an office, and enjoys being helpful behind the scenes. One likes to be convener, muster forces, finance; give her that to do, and don't frown at her if she fails to be on hand to slice the meats. Do not cause the woman to shrink into herself who acts the hostess to the guest of honor at your church anniversaries, because she does not also appear at the church kitchen. Remember she has her hands fully occupied, so do not scathingly remark as you wait on her at table, "It is well to be you getting out of doing anything." She sets her table half-a-dozen times, superintends as many meals, looks after the guest chamber. Your task is light compared.

Some women are in the height of their glory when managing picnics, or directing tea-meetings, and functions where tables and eating are in evidence. What a mistake to insist upon that woman going around selling tickets, and coerce another who abominates the work to set and decorate the tables! There is a corner for each and all, for the woman who can lead the prayer meeting, and the one that makes the sandwiches; for the woman who sings in the choir, and she who is

noted for her success in tea and coffee making. There should be no confusion as to where and how we should work, if our hearts are willing. The foot cannot do the work of the hand, the ear cannot do what is expected of the eye, yet all are members of one body.

I HAVE never belonged to many women's societies, Do I like them? Pray, spare me, they—they are not just right along my line. There are so many heart-burnings, and petty jealousies, and they carry away from their meetings little spites and fault-findings that methinks should never exist. Men squabble at their meetings, call each other names, glare at each other, defiant and vengeful, and that ends it; the meeting is over, and the affair is forgotten. They are broad-minded enough to allow differences of opinion, and hot-worded discussions to pass as such, and not make an enemy because a man does not vote for him, or dares to criticise his position, or gives him a piece of his mind. These are unpardonable offences between women, they cannot get over it, they have not learned to live above those things. Maybe I am wrong; I am sure there are exceptions; I hope I am mistaken; really my experience is limited; but, even so, these are the impressions that have been left.

If I were asked to supply a text or motto for women's work in the church and elsewhere, I would quote from the good Book, "Having then gifts differing," and proceed to take my headings from the verses following, "Him that teacheth on teaching," and so on, down to "living peaceably with all men," which, I presume, means women as well. I would exhort them to have faith in their own intentions, decide what work is congenial to them, right in their line, then ask to be placed where they can excel, and there let their light shine. So much consists in knowing one's self, for people sometimes expect too much of us. They do not realize that one's strength is limited, that pressing duties of which they are not aware, claim hours of one's time, and they fail to understand why the same leisure they have is not at our command, and so harsh judgments are formed of women, who are doing their utmost, and working under difficulties.

These are the ones who suffer from unjust criticisms, and often, rather than lie under it, they will take upon themselves work, which is not only a burden to them, but grudgingly given, and in a spirit of resentment. It is always safe to do the duty next to you, and somehow, when one set out to do their best, bravely facing the opposition of those who do not see from your standpoint, there is a quiet satisfaction in the inward assurance that you have at least followed the leading of your own conscience. In time you will discover your special work, for in every vocation at the present time there is a call for specialists, and no less should this be observed in seeking out workers in different organisations.

TO give the conclusion of the whole matter, one is obliged to say that there are many buffetings, and we reach the point where we can draw the line of demarcation, and discriminate as to what constitutes church work, and what is church work so called. We often hear the expression, "She is a great church worker," or the reverse. The latter usually carries with it in the speaker's tone a mild rebuke and pity for the one who dares ignore the claims of the church first. There is no allowance made for the home demands, perhaps a family of small children, or an aged, infirm, "shut in," the single fact is taken cognizance of being interpreted means that she does not take any part in the many organized societies in connection with the church. Even though she contributes her share in money, that does not stand to her

credit if she is not prepared to wash the dishes, or bake a cake. These are wrong conclusions.

"I am afraid you are falling from grace," said a cool-looking, nicely-gowned woman to her friend, who found it impossible to accompany her to a meeting one afternoon. "Indeed," was the reply, "I consider it takes more grace to stay in the nursery with those two fretful babies (one three, and the other fifteen months old), than to dress up and walk out this lovely day." A pastor asked one of his new members, who had not identified herself as a worker, "When are we going to see you in the harness?" "Why, what do you mean?" she inquired. "Well, when are you going to take up some church work?" "I have a young man convalescing from typhoid at our house now. He was in the hospital for seven weeks, his friends all live in England, so he is staying with us until he is strong enough to take his position. Isn't that church work?" she said, archly. That was her way of working, and who will say she was not following the Master's "When I was sick ye ministered unto Me?"

A woman of good sense told me that she took utter and complete dislike to women's societies through seeing a clever, thorough-going housewife and mother become carried away with the praise and popularity that followed in the train of her success as a leader and worker among outside interests, until her home was neglected, and her boy a street waif. Do not accuse me of depreciating women's work in organized effort, for every woman needs the broadening influence of some congenial hobby outside her own home. She can be a member of her church, and active or otherwise, as her inclination dictates, but *belonging* shows one's sympathy and willingness to give of one's means, if unable to give time.

Beyond this, choose according to where your talents direct. The musical woman will select the musical club; the philanthropist will seek out hospital or relief society work; there is the Women's Institute, Council, Suffrage, Missionary, Art and Literary Clubs, a place for each, but do not make the mistake of trying to belong to all. Specialize, be "all things" to some work, right along your line, and be charitable enough to consider graciously those whose line crosses yours, or does not run parallel to your ideas.

The Fear of "13"

AMONG motorists the thirteen superstition is very strong. Some years ago a competitor in the Isle of Man motor race refused to take this number, and insisted on driving as No. 12a. He stated that when his firm began to build cars the thirteenth killed its purchaser and five others on its first run. "For me," he added, "No. 13 has been especially fatal. In the Paris-Berlin race I was on No. 13, which was first until about ten miles from Berlin, when a connecting rod broke, and our chance was destroyed. There was also the Paris-Bordeaux race, when another No. 13, and a great favorite at the start, capsized and smashed thirteen miles from Bordeaux. And in a recent hill-climbing contest Count Zborowski and his mechanic were killed on No. 13."

The superstition is not universal, however. Dr. Nansen can afford to laugh at it. The crew of the Fram on its memorable North Pole expedition consisted of thirteen men, who, after an absence of three years, all returned to their homes in perfect health, despite the trials they had gone through. Then, on Dec. 13, 1893, the doctor records the birth of a litter of pups. "There were thirteen—a curious coincidence—thirteen pups for thirteen men."

Further, Dr. Nansen arrived at Vardo, in Norway, on August 13, 1896, and on the self-same day the Fram emerged from her long drift in the ice into the open sea.



CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB

Five Hundred Beautiful Little Sterling Silver Pencils
for Five Hundred New Members to the Club

Dear Journal Readers:

Right in the centre of every community, intimate with many friends, associated with their neighbors in all social activities, interested in the clubs and organizations of all kinds, we need a member of the Girls' Club. We must get acquainted with these people, for every one of them should be a reader of the Journal. Nearly every one of them will gladly subscribe with someone whom they can trust. There are thousands of subscribers waiting for some one with the courage and energy to say, "I am representing CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, the best women's paper in the Dominion. One hundred and twenty-five thousand Canadians give it their hearty approval, now will you give it a trial?"

Belonging to the Girls' Club means being one of hundreds of our readers throughout all Canada, who are telling all their neighbors about the Journal, showing them its attractiveness and interest, urging them to take a Canadian magazine. A request to give a trial to a home magazine seems entirely different from asking subscriptions for any other. It is the hope of nearly every Canadian that everything belonging to Canada shall prosper. And this work, which is not really work, done in your spare time, during afternoon calls or after social meetings, pays our members splendidly. It has raised funds for charity, for travelling, for room furnishing, for many desirable things that otherwise would be beyond the means of our members. Not just one year, but year after year, as subscribers renew and increase, the earnings become larger.

But if each member has a circle of even several hundred subscribers, think how many members we need in the club to reach all the should-be subscribers in Canada. So we want hundreds of new members to join us now, to be ready for the full subscription season, when the majority of magazine subscriptions expire. We need one in every small town and country community, several in every city. Will you join the club or tell some friend whom you think would care to be a member. Just write to the Secretary of the Girls' Club, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, Toronto.

To the first five hundred new members who send us fifteen subscriptions to the Journal, we will give a beautiful little sterling silver pencil, in addition to all the commissions and bonus. This offer is open to everyone who has not yet sent us any subscriptions. Not only is this a most attractive little pocketbook piece, of which I am sure you'll be proud, but one that will be of constant service. Of course I can not be positive, but I am almost sure that the pencils will not all be gone before the first of October, perhaps not till even later. So if you get fifteen orders in August and September, you are practically certain to get one. It all depends on how many Journal readers just at this time want money and are willing to earn it.

Interest in Canada and also approval of the Journal are most strikingly shown by the number of Canadians in the United States who subscribe, even with an increase of price to cover the extra postage and the good American magazines that are offered. It would seem that in Canada, where prices are reversed, that when the Journal is well known there would be little demand for foreign magazines.

The experience of one of our members is interesting. She was visiting in Rochester, and in a short time secured over twenty subscriptions for the Journal.

This is one of the club members whom I know personally, and because I feel sure you will be interested, I want to tell you something about her. This is with her permission.

About two years ago she was troubled with a cancer on her right arm. At first it did not alarm her much, but later became so dangerous that an amputation was necessary. All her life she had been unusually active, to do nothing was as tiresome as work is to many persons. Now she found herself debarred from most of her former occupations, can you imagine the terrible monotony of inactivity. She began to feel that her restlessness was a strain on the people around her. When it was becoming almost unendurable, someone suggested subscription work for the Journal, which she hailed as a welcome relief, although she doesn't at all need to earn money, and all her relatives are most desirous of visits whenever she will leave her married daughter.

From the beginning she has been very successful in securing orders, and thereby earned a good deal of money. This no doubt, has pleased her, for there are many ways of spending surplus money. But by far the most important part to her has been securing a very attractive occupation for her leisure time.

Naturally she started first among her friends, who not only very gladly gave her their subscriptions, but greatly encouraged her by their interest in the Journal. Soon she began visiting her unknown neighbors. "Visiting" certainly is the right word, for though the question "Do you know the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL?" is the introduction, many other topics are discussed. As she talks very interestingly, she has made many enjoyable acquaintanceships. She makes the Journal, its contents, its organization, and its ambitions as interesting to others as they are to her, and unless there is a very good reason for not ordering, she usually gets a subscription. So with her, securing subscriptions is pleasant work which she does in any spare time, sometimes she works a few hours each day, then no opportunity may offer for a week, or several weeks. Yet in the short time she has been working, she has earned nearly \$50.00. Aren't there many things you could do with \$50.00? Let me tell you about the club.

Very truly,
Secretary C. G. C.

Quaint Presents

CELEBRITIES are often the recipients of quaint presents. For instance, on the marriage of the late Queen Victoria the farmers of East and West Pennard, Somersetshire, wishing to show their loyalty, manufactured from the milk of 750 cows an immense cheese nine feet in circumference. The gift was graciously accepted and was stored at Buckingham Palace, where it would undoubtedly have found its way to the royal table had not its donors wished to exhibit it as an advertisement. An equally homely gift was made to the late King Charles of Wurtemberg on the morning of his marriage to Princess Olga of Russia. A peasant woman sent him a pair of trousers of her own design with a note expressing the hope that they might be found a better cut and fit than those which she had last had the honor of seeing His Majesty wear. When Louis IV. of Hesse Darmstadt was married to Princess Alice he received a gift of a dozen pairs of stockings knitted by a humble admirer.

This Guarantee— signed in ink—gets you new hose free if any wear out

Six Pairs of Hose Guaranteed

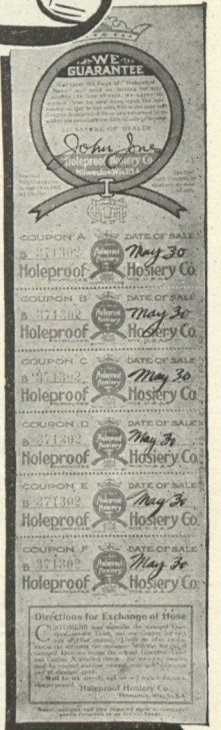
to wear without holes for Six Months

—the lightest weight,
finest Hosiery ever
made for men, wo-
men and children.

Island cotton yarn—the top market price. Common yarn sells for 30 cents. That is the ratio of quality all through. Send today for an assortment and see what a wonderful product they are.

You don't have to darn hose any more. You don't have to wear darned hose. We give you with every six pairs of Holeproof Hose the signed-in-ink GUARANTEE shown at the right. If one or all pairs wear to holes in six months we replace them with new hose free. These are the original guaranteed hose, the hose with the *Carl Fuschl* signature, on the toe, the first hose ever sold with a guarantee. These same hose are a whirlwind success in the United States. Last year 5,400,000 outlasted the guarantee—wore longer than six months—yet they are made in the lightest weights, are soft and attractive. No hose ever looked, felt or fit any better. They cost just the same as hose that wear out in a week, so you might as well have them. We pay an average of 70 cents per pound for our Egyptian and Sea

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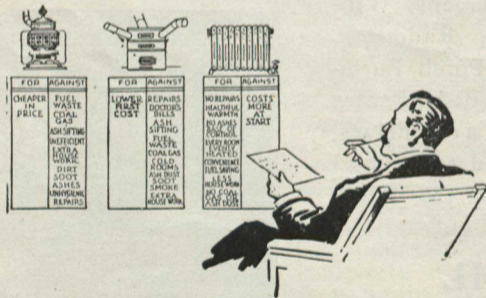
Jas. McHardy

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By JESSIE E. RORKE

IT is a mistake to suppose that a beautiful home is necessarily a costly one. It is true that money smooths the way and lessens the difficulties which one meets with in working out one's ideals, but a well filled purse has also its temptations, and quite as many luxurious homes fail to meet the requirements of harmony and simplicity as do the poorer ones.

If these two are kept in mind and carefully adhered to, though we may have long to wait we will in the end build up about us a beautiful home though it may be a most inexpensive one. But it is necessary to have some definite end in view—a picture in our own mind of

poorer ones would fail to give even in the beginning.

If the home is to be furnished from a small income, it is wise to remember that in some places it is extravagant to economize. This is usually the case where it is necessary to pay for labor as well as material, and with the things that entail a large outlay in the beginning. In selecting wall papers, the quiet and unobtrusive colors that will prove most serviceable will probably give the most pleasing results, but it rarely pays to buy a cheap paper. The cost of hanging will be just the same whatever the price of the paper may be, and a poor paper that must soon be replaced will double this expense. A rug that is serviceable at all means a considerable outlay, and a really good one will usually outlive two poorer ones, and will make the room much more attractive.

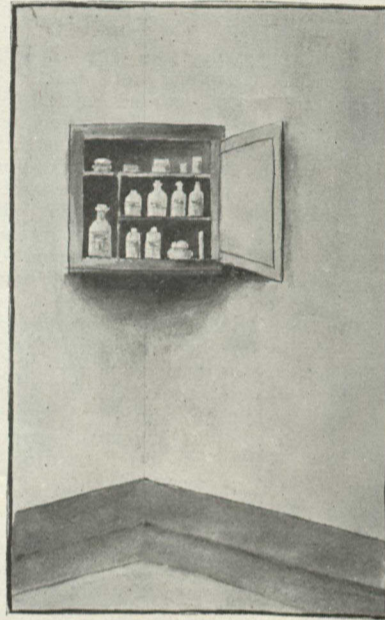
In selecting furniture, it is possible to find much that is really beautiful and not too expensive, if we are careful not to sacrifice line and workmanship for the sake of a prettier grain in the wood, or an added ornament. Curtains may be dainty and pretty, and still be quite inexpensive. It is true that a wider range of beautiful colorings are to be found in more costly materials, but many of the printed linens and cotton repps and tapestries are very artistic and hold their colors surprisingly well.

Beyond the articles of furnishing are the little individual touches that make a house into a home and give it its greatest charm, and these rarely have a money value; they are as possible in the poorest home as in the costliest.

* * *

COOL ROOMS.

FOR those who remain in their own homes during at least a part of the summer months, the problem of making the house cool and attractive, a pleasant retreat from the heat and dust of out of doors, is constantly presenting itself, and, though during some of the scorching July and August days it seems without a solution, much may really be done toward gaining that end. If we can make the thermometer actually drop a few degrees, we have gained much, but

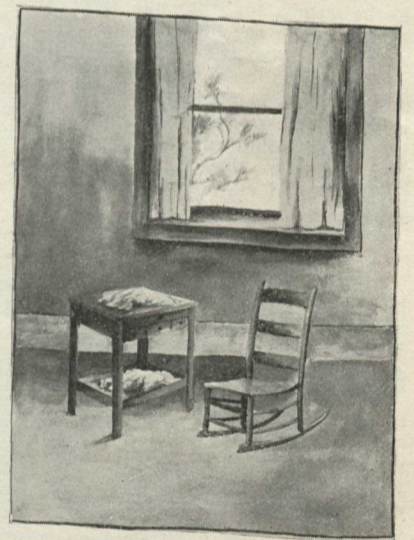


THE MEDICINE CHEST

how we wish our rooms to look, and not to buy, in hit or miss fashion, the curtains that are offered as a bargain at the moment or the prettiest rug in the shop without regard to the position it must fill. True, we may have to buy our curtains at bargain prices, but let us wait until we can find the ones that are suitable, that fill their proper place in our scheme, even at the cost of patiently darning the holes in the last ones and making them last another season.

There is not only harmony of color to consider, but harmony also of style and of purpose. Money will do little for us in securing harmony of color; not nearly so much as time and careful thought in planning out a color scheme that will include the whole house and not allow each room, however beautiful in itself, to show harsh and striking contrasts with every open door. Furniture of the Colonial and Louis XVI. period would look incongruously out of place in the same room, and mission furniture refuses to combine with any other style—all must be mission or not at all. Then, too, the woods that are used should harmonize; one beautiful piece of mahogany would seem sadly out of place if the rest of the furniture was of ash, yet the room might be pleasing in every way, if only the cheaper wood was used, providing it was of the best quality, and the furniture was of good shape and workmanship.

Each room has its own purpose in the house, and the furniture and decoration should fit unobtrusively into the general intention or harmony cannot be preserved. The very fact that we have little to spend in furnishing our homes forces simplicity upon us whether we will or no, and secures for us this essential of beauty. Simple, graceful outlines and soft rich colorings are beautiful enough without ornament, and greatly to be preferred to many of the more elaborate things that are offered for our choice. The careful thought that is required to make our purchases fit in with the amount which we may spend should ensure that the few things we buy for the purpose of ornament alone will at least be what we consider beautiful, if we are wise enough to remember that one exquisite little cast or piece of pottery will be better than a dozen poorer ones, and one good picture gives a lasting pleasure that several



A SEWING TABLE

if we have only succeeded in making the house look cool we have gained something that is quite worth while and will at least give rest to nerves that are tired from the heat and glare of the day.

The first and easiest thing to do is to remove all superfluous bric-a-brac, and even furniture. Nothing suggests heat and stuffiness like over-crowding; let your rooms suggest space and airiness even at the risk of appearing bare. This will also lighten the burden of the house-keeper, and your choice pieces of porcelain or pottery will have a renewed interest when they come to light again in the fall. A few cut flowers in pretty vases, a potted fern or two, and the books and magazines that the family enjoy will be quite enough to make the room attractive, and the moments saved in dusting will give the busy housewife time to look cool and dainty herself.

The most effective way of really cooling

the air is by tempering the light. There is no more successful way of accomplishing this than with the old fashioned shutters. The possessors of such old fashioned homes are indeed to be envied on the hot breathless days when they can retreat behind these cool dark screens during the middle of the day, the freshness of the early morning still lingering in the rooms, while later in the day, the shutters are thrown wide again to let in the cool evening air. But in most modern houses this effect must be attained by the use of shades and curtains. A dull grey green is the best color for the blinds, and if possible use inner curtains of some material that, while looking fresh and cool, is still thick enough to exclude much of the light. These should be arranged so that they may be easily drawn back to let in the air when it is not sunny. Either the plain or printed linens make an ideal material for this purpose. The windows should be closed during the hottest part of the day, but the remainder of the time should be opened as wide as possible to let in plenty of fresh air.

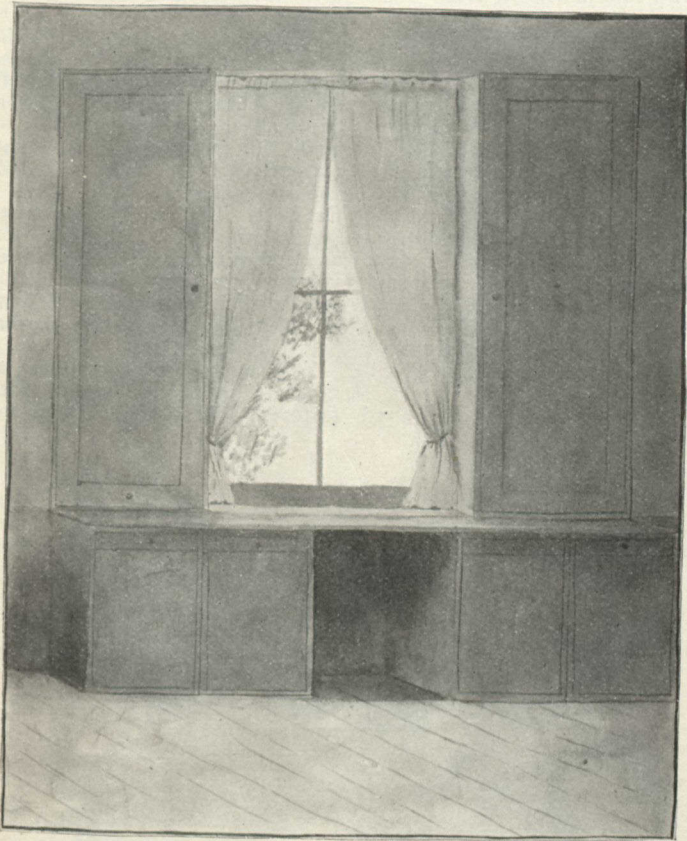
Where possible replace heavy covers with tub materials—stencilled linen is always pretty; banish unnecessary cushions giving those that remain dainty but serviceable wash covers.

It may be difficult to bring color to your assistance unless you have counted on summer changes in planning the original color scheme for your room, but if it is possible it will help greatly in getting a cool and pleasant effect. Shades of blue give the coolest effect, but greys,

place and even prolonged searching sometimes fails to disclose just where things are laid away. But with a little careful planning and perhaps the aid of a carpenter, even a small house may be made to hold more than one could hope, and still look dainty, airy and fresh, without the suggestion of overcrowding. The solution seems to be in cupboards, closets, and pigeon-holes, numerous and well arranged.

A small cabinet for medicines will help in keeping things neat and orderly. This will be convenient if placed in the bathroom, and may often be built into the wall, thus taking up no extra room. It may be quite small, a couple of shelves and one small drawer being quite sufficient. If there is an invalid in the family, a medicine cabinet in the bedroom will be useful, and in that case the outside may be made pretty enough to be an additional decoration to the room.

The roll-top desk and the built in bookcase, or the many pretty ones in the shop from which we may choose solve the problem of how to keep books and papers in order, but a satisfactory sewing table is not so readily found, though one that is well equipped and light enough to be easily moved from one place to another will save much time and keep all the little necessities for sewing safely out of the way. A pretty and useful little table has one shallow drawer just beneath the flat top that is arranged with rows of stiff wire uprights to hold spools in much the same way as they are kept in the shops. So many of them accumu-



A PLEASANT WORK CORNER.

grey greens, and heliotrope and lilac shades are all cool and pretty. The greyer tones of any color are cooler than the brighter ones, and sometimes the most we can accomplish is to remove the brightest notes of color from a room and replace them with lower tones.

Flowers and plants about a house help to make it look cool with their suggestion of shady out of door corners, the white, blue and lilac colors or foliage alone being best to use in a sunny room, while if the effect is already cool and dark we may venture to use the brighter colors of such flowers as nasturtiums, poppies or orange lilies.

* * *

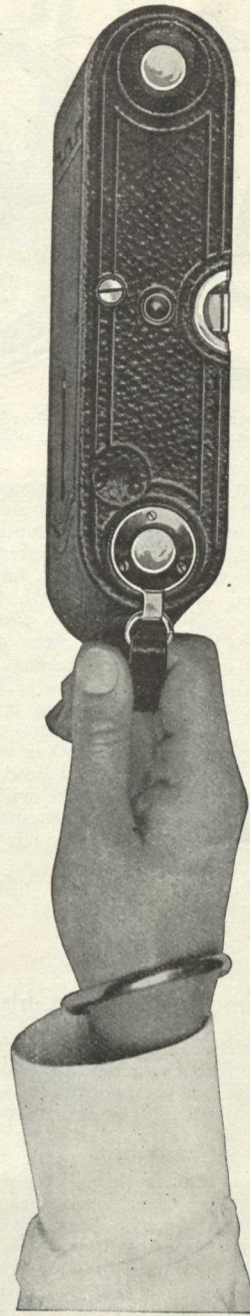
CONVENIENT CORNERS.

WE all agree that the beauty of a home must be based on neatness and order, and our mothers taught us when we were quite small that this can only be achieved by having a place for everything and everything in its place. But in a small home, or, indeed, in a large one, entirely suitable places for all the things that must be disposed of are sometimes difficult to find. We select some convenient spot where we lay away our small possessions in most orderly array, but as they slowly accumulate, as they seem to do with even the most reckless destroying of the worn out and old fashioned, we find ourselves in the position of the college girl who had a place for everything, and everything in its place, and that place the top dresser drawer. A miniature housecleaning and a stowing away in boxes restores things to order once more, but alas! we soon discover that this time it is not a convenient

late in the various numbers in cotton and colors in silks, that it is a comfort to have then placed where they will not unwind and tangle and where the desired spool can be found at a glance. At the end of this drawer a small compartment is made for holding scissors and thimbles. Below this are three small drawers, the first divided into compartments for buttons and fastenings of various kinds, the second holding supplies for darning, and the third tapes and edgings. Near the bottom is a shallow tray where odds and ends of sewing may be placed while one is at work.

The carefully planned kitchen cabinets that are to be had now at any furniture dealers, have surely found a place for everything that a busy cook could need, but often a more pretty and attractive kitchen may be made by doing the planning oneself, and having the cupboards built in. A convenient arrangement, and one that makes a pleasant place to work, has a cupboard running beneath the window with a flat table top, and spaces below for flour and meals of different kinds. Above this on either side of the window cupboards are built into the wall, one to hold spices and other materials required in cooking, the other to hold cooking utensils. Another convenient kitchen cupboard has no shelves, only small hooks in the back from which the various small articles in constant use about the kitchen may be hung, and where they are found much more readily than if put away on shelves.

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Gowns for Summer Functions

SUMMER functions are apt to take place out of doors and bring the demand for just such costumes as the two illustrated.

The one to the left is made of eyelet embroidered linen combined with plain. It is exceedingly attractive, in the height of style, and the model is among the latest and smartest to have appeared. The skirt is cut in three pieces, and can be finished either with the high or natural waist line. The coat can be made just as illustrated with the big revers and round collar or with the sailor collar, but big pointed revers are greatly liked and are much to be desired. For midsummer wear, the eyelet embroidery is one of the most fashionable of all materials, but this suit could be made from any material adapted to street use with equal success. Plain linen made in such way would make a most satisfactory costume for general wear. Serge made after the same model would be excellent for travel, and for the incoming season.

For the medium size the coat will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44; for the skirt will be needed $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or 36, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44, with 2 yards of linen 27 inches wide to trim the entire gown. The pattern of the coat, 7044, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust; the skirt, 6827, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist.

The semi-princess gown shown to the right is an exceedingly dainty one. The sleeves and the blouse are cut in one and the skirt is five-gored. The trimming gives the fashionable panel effect. In this instance, the gown is made from marquisette and is embroidered by hand and trimmed with lace banding, but the model will be found appropriate for all the materials that

are thin enough to be tucked successfully, and, in place of the embroidery can be used wider banding or applique or inset medallions, or any preferred trimming, or wide and narrow bands could be used on the skirt with two rows of lace applied within the panels, following the line of the lower one. Flowered cotton voiles are among the latest materials. This gown made from one of these, trimmed with lace insets only would be exceedingly attractive, and there are a great many other ways in which the design can be utilized.

For a woman of medium size will be required 8 yards of material 27 inches wide, $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36, or $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44, with 20 yards of insertion.

The pattern, 7023, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust.

Pretty Frocks for Little Girls

LITTLE girls are wearing dresses of many different styles this season, but there are no two models that are more fashionable or more attractive than these.

The dress to the left is made with peasant sleeves and with a little panel and yoke that are novel and attractive in the extreme. In this instance, the material is rose-colored linen and the panel and yoke are made of white eyelet embroidery, while the edges of the dress have been scalloped and worked with eyelets. The combination is most dainty and summer-like, and the frock one of the prettiest possible. Loose sleeves are becoming to little children and the scalloped edges are extremely fashionable, but, if preferred, the sleeves could be gathered into bands and the neck made with a standing collar. The closing is made invisibly at the back. The body and skirt portions are cut in one, so that

the dress is very simple and easily made.

For the 6-year size will be required $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44, with 1 yard of all-over embroidery 18 inches wide.

The pattern of the dress, 7074, is cut in sizes for children of 4, 6 and 8 years of age; the embroidery pattern, 583, includes four yards.

The dress made in sailor style is always a favorite for the younger girls. This one includes a straight skirt that can be either plaited or gathered, and a collar that can be made square or round. In the illustration the material is linen, but frocks of this kind are made from various washable materials, from serge, from flannel, from cashmere, and, indeed, from very simple childish material with the collar either of the same or in contrast, as liked. The skirt is joined to a body lining and this lining is faced to form the shield. The blouse is separate. In this case, the lower edges of the sleeves are tucked to form cuffs, but they can be joined to straight cuffs to match the collar, if preferred. The linen illustrated is a fashionable as well as a satisfactory material, and will be quite appropriate for many weeks to come, but this same dress could be made of white serge with collar of blue or of blue serge with collar of white to be exceedingly smart and to become available for cooler days.

For the 10-year size will be required

6 yards of material 27 inches wide, $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 3 yards 44, with $\frac{1}{2}$ -yard 27 inches wide for the collar when made of contrasting material.

The pattern, 7096, is cut in sizes for girls from 6 to 12 years of age.

Many Materials

AN exceptional popularity for lingerie dresses is reported this year.

The business done in these lines has even exceeded the expectations which emphasizes the fact that this summer will be pre-eminently a dress season.

A variety of materials which range all the way from checked gingham to fine cotton voiles and marquisettes are shown in lingerie dresses. Cotton voiles are said to be exceptionally strong, while the great favor demonstrated for marquisettes has not subsided. The voiles are shown in white and colors. Cross bar effects and corded or satin stripes are good. Bandings of laces and embroideries are everywhere prominent in the white dresses; these are often used in connection with strappings of colored materials in soft shades of pale blue, pink, etc.

Empire styles, kimono sleeves, and low necks in round and square effects are features. The use of ribbons for trim-



Dress Pattern No. 7074
Embridery Pattern No. 583

Dress Pattern No. 7096

Coat Pattern No. 7044
Skirt Pattern No. 6827

Dress Pattern No. 7023

mings is quite a prominent feature. A sash of black velvet ribbon with long ends hanging down the left side in front is one of the latest ideas for wearing with lingerie dresses.

Striped linen dresses trimmed with white embroideries have been good sellers, and a demand is reported for white mulls.

Cotton foulards with Persian banding effects enjoy great favor. Gingham in plaids and checks trimmed with plain colors have sold well.

Cassimere-de-soie, a non-transparent silk and wool material, which is almost as light weight as chiffon, is a new feature in New York. Batistes in plain colors with trimmings of Irish or Maltese laces are favorably talked of.

In the spring lines foulard silks have been very popular, and a continuation of this trade is expected for some time at least. Natural sheer linen in hand-embroidered effect are shown.

With the Fashionable Fichu

THE gown that is worn with a fichu is exceedingly fashionable this season, and it is so dainty, so essentially feminine and so thoroughly charming that its popularity is likely to be continued through several seasons. In the illustration, the gown is made of figured net, trimmed with flounces of lace edged with silk, and the fichu is of plain white net, trimmed with lace of the sort. The effect is one of unusual charm. The skirt is cut to the high waist line and makes its own finish. If liked, the fichu could be omitted, for the blouse and skirt make a complete costume without. This blouse is cut out to form a square neck and trimmed with straight banding, but the model is a plain one that can be treated in several ways. It is fitted by means of under-arm gores that are extended into the sleeve portions to form gussets. The neck can be round or high, or square, and the sleeves can be left loose or gathered into bands.

The skirt is six-gored. In this case, it is made without the trimming portions, and the straight ruffles are arranged over it, but the pattern includes trimming portions as indicated in the back view. No prettier nor more fashionable model for a summer dinner gown could be found, but one of the great advantages of this design is to be found in the fact that it can be used for many purposes. The skirt without the ruffles and either with or without

the trimming portions, becomes adapted to tailors' materials, and makes an excellent model for the suit or the odd skirt of the incoming season. The blouse is equally satisfactory for the entire gown, and for wear with the separate skirt. The fichu can be terminated at the under-arms, as in this instance, or extended to form a sash, as it can be made either double or single.

For a woman of medium size the fichu will require 2 yards of material 36 inches wide, with 6 yards of banding and 9 yards of lace; for the blouse will be needed 2¼ yards 27, 1¾ yards 36 or 1¼ yards 44 inches wide, and for the skirt 6 yards 27, 4 yards 36, or 3½ yards 44 when material has no up and down, but if there is figure or nap 6¾ yards 27, 4½ yards 36 or 4¼ yards 44 inches wide will be required. To make the three ruffles will require 11 yards of lace with ¾-yard 21 inches wide for the silk banding.

The pattern of the fichu, 7056, is cut in one size only. The blouse, 7060, in sizes from 34 to 44 bust. The skirt, 6989, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

A Dainty Midsummer Gown

NO material makes dainter or more attractive midsummer gowns than embroidered Swiss muslin. This one is trimmed with Irish lace and with little frills. It is smart and in every way to desired. The blouse is one of the very new ones made with a sailor collar, and it can be finished with straight bands of trimming, as in this instance, or with shaped cuffs. If under sleeves are liked, they can be used, but the simple straight sleeves finished with frills are new and fashionable.

The skirt is cut in four gores, and the front and the back gores are stitched to give a box-pleat effect. It can be made either to the high or natural waist line. The trimming over the hips and the trimming above a wide hem make an exceedingly smart combination, and one that is greatly liked, but the skirt is a plain one that can be trimmed in any way that may be liked. If a high neck blouse is preferred this one can be finished with the regulation stock collar and worn either with or without the sailor collar. The model will be found a most satisfactory one for the

incoming season as well as for the present.

For the medium size the blouse will require 2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 1¾ yards 36 or 44, with ½-yard 18 inches wide for the sailor collar and ¾-yard of banding for the sleeves; for the skirt will be needed 5 yards 27 or 36, or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide, with 3½ yards of lace banding. When the plaits are laid flat the skirt measures 2½ yards at the lower edge.

The pattern of the blouse, 7086, is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust. The skirt, 7094, in sizes from 22 to 34 inches waist.

Frocks for Young Girls

DRESSES that are made with the high waist line are the preferred ones for young girls. Here are two that are charming. They are youthful and attractive at the same time that they are in the height of style, and both will be found available for small women.

The dress to the left is made in semi-princess style with the skirt and blouse joined and closed together at the back. Both blouse and skirt are made of contrasting materials and the effect is a most attractive one. Eyelet embroidery and batiste are the materials shown, with the yoke of Irish crochet and trimming of ball fringe, but frocks such as this one can be made available for morning wear if plain material is used, for afternoon occasions when treated after such a manner as this one. The skirt gives the panel effect at front and back that is new and smart, and the blouse includes pretty close fitting under sleeves. If liked, it can be made high at the neck with a stock collar.

For the 16-year size will be required 3½ yards of all-over embroidery 44 inches wide, with 2½ yards of plain material 27 and ¾-yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide to make as illustrated. To make of one material throughout will be needed 6¾ yards 27, 4¾ yards 36, or 3¾ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, 7075, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The second dress is made with separate blouse and skirt, but the skirt is finished with a band of embroidery at the upper edge and adjusted over the blouse to give the semi-princess effect. Both are closed at the left of the front, and, if liked, they can be stitched together. The little chemisette and under sleeves are in every way attractive and the six-gored skirt can be trimmed just as illustrated or in any way that may be preferred. In this case, a band is arranged over it eleven inches from the lower edge and it is continued over the seam at the left of the front, but there are various ways in which this dress could be trimmed. A pretty effect could be

obtained by scalloping the edges of the blouse and by lapping the edges of the skirt where now there is banding and scalloping to match. Scallops are greatly in vogue and any trimming that means hand-work is always distinctive, collarless necks are greatly in vogue, and much to be desired whenever becoming, but a stock collar can be added to the chemisette whenever desirable.

For a girl of sixteen years of age the blouse will require 2½ yards of material 27 or 36, or 1½ yards 44 inches wide, with ¾-yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and under sleeves; for the skirt will be needed 5¼ yards 27, 3½ yards 36, or 3¼ yards 44; to trim the entire frock will require 6 yards of banding.

The pattern of the blouse, 7092, and of the skirt, 7093, are both cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Miladi's Handbag

NOT for a long, long time has there been such a radical change in fashions in handbags as this season has witnessed. The very practical leather bag has been the accompaniment of almost every costume for three or four years, but it is now temporarily in oblivion. All manner of gay, pretty and frivolous-looking bags have become the fad, but the fancy will probably be worn out in a season or two. The very fact that even the more elaborate ones are daily increasing in size seems to augur a speedy return to the more practical leather bag. Indeed it is so convenient as to have become almost a necessity.

In Paris the main idea in regard to the handbag seems to be to have it as large as possible. The larger it is the smarter the effect, so it is believed. They are shown square, oblong, or perfectly round in shape, while others are square at the top and taper to a point at the bottom. Some of the shapes are unique and really beautiful, but their most fascinating feature is their flatness. However large the bag may be, it must not bulge. In some of the bags, the real place for holding things is very limited, being only at the top; the sides of the bag are stitched together at a certain distance down, while a fringe weights the edge. The more expensive ones have a touch of gold. In fact, in spite of its large size, everything about the new handbag reveals that it is much more a thing of beauty than of practical use.

Gold and silver mesh bags are still being carried, and the familiar beaded bag has come into new favor. Tapestry bags are quite a novelty, and some of them are very pretty, when the



Fichu Pattern No. 7056
Waist Pattern No. 7060
Skirt Pattern No. 6989



Waist Pattern No. 7086
Skirt Pattern No. 7094



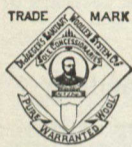
Dress Pattern No. 7075

Waist Pattern No. 7092
Skirt Pattern No. 7093

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IN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

colors are not too bright. The tapestries are intended as imitations of the wonderful old-time Gobelins, and the frames are usually of gold or silver. Many handsome bags are designed especially to suit the costume with which they are to be carried, and a fashionable shop showed last week a

the medium size (6 years) is 3 3/4 yards 24 or 27, 2 3/4 yards 36 inches wide.

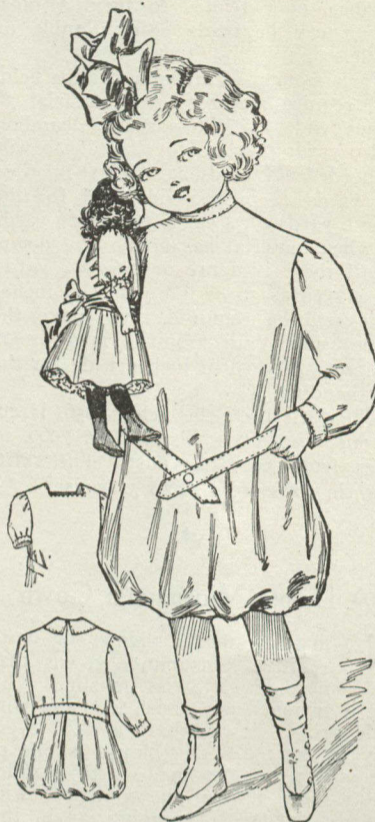
The pattern 6273 is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Child's Dress with Bloomers

SUCH dresses as this one that are cut with waist and skirt portions in one are much liked for the little girls and are especially in demand at this season when washable materials are being made up. This one can be made either with the square neck or high, and it is equally desirable in both styles. It can be trimmed with bands or contrasting material as illustrated, or with banding as liked, or the edges could be scalloped and embroidered if a very dainty effect were wanted. Chambray is the material illustrated, and the bands are of white linen, but little girls wear linen and percales and all sturdy materials of the sort for morning, and the same dress would be pretty made from white lawn or Dresden dimity for afternoon occasions. There are accompanying bloomers which dispense with the need of petticoats and mean both comfort for the child and relief for the washwoman, but these can be used or omitted as occasion demands.

The dress is made with front and back portions, and is laid in tucks at the shoulders. It is closed to the left of the front in the fashionable Russian style. Whether the sleeves are long or short they are gathered into bands. The bloomers are circular and fitted by means of darts over the hips so that there is no fulness at the waistband.

The quantity of material required for



Romper Pattern No. 6273

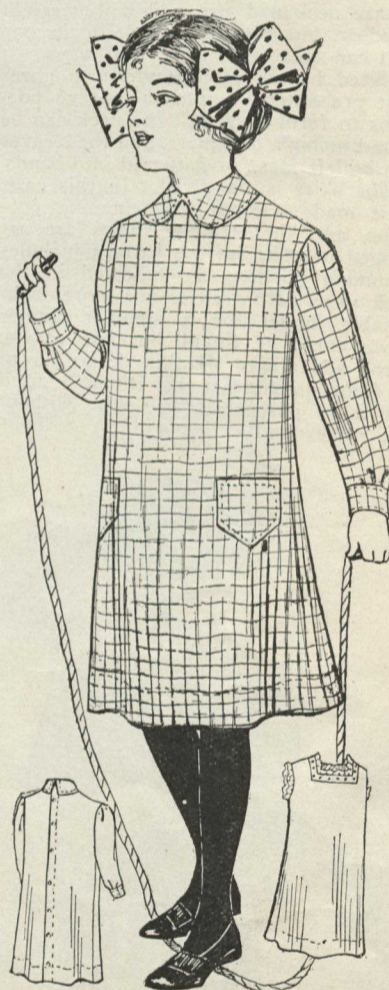
window full of new bags, each one accompanied by a parasol that matched it exactly.

Child's Rompers

THERE is no garment that the little child wears that is more serviceable or more to be desired than this one. It can be drawn on over the frock and used to protect it, or it can be worn in place thereof and it is roomy and comfortable, chambray, percale, all the inexpensive printed wash fabrics, are appropriate and also the sturdier linen and galatea for very hard usage. In this instance chambray is finished with plain stitched edges and the rompers are made high at the neck with a standing collar and with long sleeves. A rolled-over collar could be substituted, however, or the neck could be cut out square and three-quarter sleeves can be used in place of the long ones.

The rompers are made with front portions and legs that are cut in one and with the back portion of the body. The leg portions are gathered and joined to a band and are buttoned into place and the lower edges are finished with hems in which elastic is inserted to regulate the size. The sleeves are the simple full ones that are finished with straight bands, or cuffs, and the belt keeps the garment in position.

The quantity of material required for



Apron Pattern No. 6775

the medium size, 14 years, is 5 yards 24 or 27, 3 3/4 yards 32, or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with 3/4-yard 27 for trimming.

The pattern, 6605, is cut in sizes for children of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Girl's Apron

APRONS that really cover the dress are what active girls require. This one can be made simply and plainly, as in this case, or with square neck, or without sleeves and without pockets, as shown in the small view. It is simple and easily made. It is practical and protective. It is in every way suited to the hours of play. Gingham, chambray, linen and a great many of the inexpensive wash fabrics are appropriate for the apron with sleeves, lawns and the like for the one made as shown in the back view.

The apron is made with fronts and backs. When high neck is used the collar is joined to the edge. The sleeves



Dress Pattern No. 6605

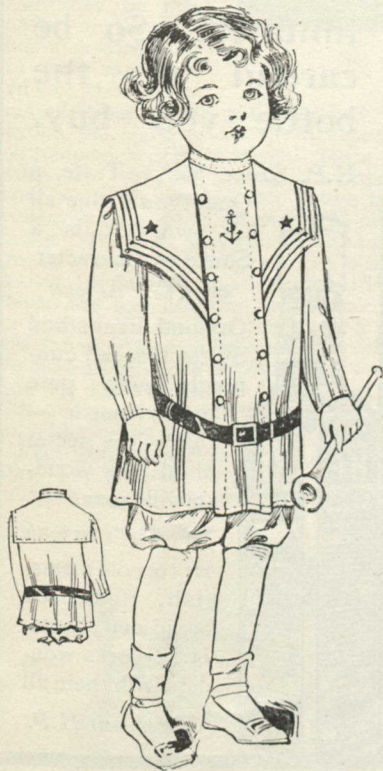
are moderately full, and finished with straight bands.

The quantity of material required for 12-year size is 5 yards 24 or 27, or 3 1/4 yards 36 inches wide.

The pattern, 6775, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10, 12, and 14 years of age.

Muslin Underwear

It is noted that all classes of garments, regardless of price, are made of soft materials in sympathy with the prevailing garment style, which is



Suit Pattern No. 6703

close fitting. The fit of undermuslins is being more carefully looked to by manufacturers this season than ever before, and the result of this extra care bestowed upon them is to be found in a bigger variety of acceptable garments at popular prices than was hitherto produced.

Boy's Suit

THERE is no suit that is better adapted to the small boy than this one made in blouse style with the big becoming sailor collar. It will be found appropriate for linen and for galatea, for madras and similar materials and it also is well adapted to the suit of cooler weather made from serge, shepherd's check and similar materials. For dressy occasions the same model will be pretty made from silk, and ribbed silk is much liked, white for really formal occasions, dark color for those of more frequent occurrence.

The suit is made with blouse and



Suit Pattern No. 6717

knickerbockers. The blouse consists of front and back portions, the front being tucked to give the effect of a wide box plait while the sailor collar is arranged over the shoulders. There is a standing collar at the neck edge. The sleeves are in one piece each, tucked at the wrists. The knickerbockers are made in regulation style, drawn up by means of elastic inserted in hems at the lower edges.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (4 years) is 3 3/8 yards of material 24 or 27, 3 3/8 yards 32 or 2 1/4 yards 44 inches wide with 4 1/4 yards of braid.

The pattern 6703 is cut in sizes for boys of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Boy's Sailor Blouse Suit

THE sailor blouse suit is a becoming and altogether satisfactory one for the younger boys. It means comfort to them and it means general neatness and attractive effect. This one is made with the deep sailor collar that is so well liked this season and with a separate shield and will be found available for all seasonable materials. Blue linen makes this one and the shield is of white, but galatea is much liked for boys' suits, cotton repp and khaki are much used also and for the really warm weather washable materials of still lighter weight are called into requisition. For immediate wear serge or shepherd's check with shield of white would be smart and altogether desirable. Blue serge is always pretty and blue seems to suit the sailor costume especially well.

The suit consists of blouse and trousers. The blouse is finished with hems at



Suit Pattern No. 6643

the front edges and with the sailor collar at the neck. There is a hem at the lower edge in which elastic can be inserted. The separate shield is adjusted under it and buttoned into place beneath the collar while it is closed at the back. The full sleeves are made in one piece each and gathered into bands. The trousers can be gathered into bands at the lower edge and finished with bands to which buckles are attached to regulate the size, or they can be turned up and hemmed and elastic be inserted as preferred.

The quantity of material required for the medium size (10 years) is 5 1/4 yards 24 or 27, 4 1/4 yards 44 or 3 yards 52 inches wide.

The pattern 6643 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Boy's Suit

THE suit with the side-front closing is always a favorite for the small boy, and this model is simple as well as smart. It will be found appropriate for linen, galatea and all similar mate-

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Scores of summer things, such as fancy parasols, bathing suits, colored stockings, ribbons, feathers and artificial flowers, hammocks and cushion covers get faded and dingy long before they are worn out.



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The harm that is being done and the misery that is so often caused to sensitive women that have been tempted by false and misleading statements in the announcements and literature of makers of depilatories is appalling. For twenty years we have been treating the victims of these people. Thousands of women have told us they would have had but few hairs, if they had not used various preparations promised to destroy the growth. The only process known to science that will eradicate the blemish was abused as a scar maker and too painful to undertake. Yet thousands of women, both strong and delicate are being successfully treated by us every year, by our reliable and antiseptic method of

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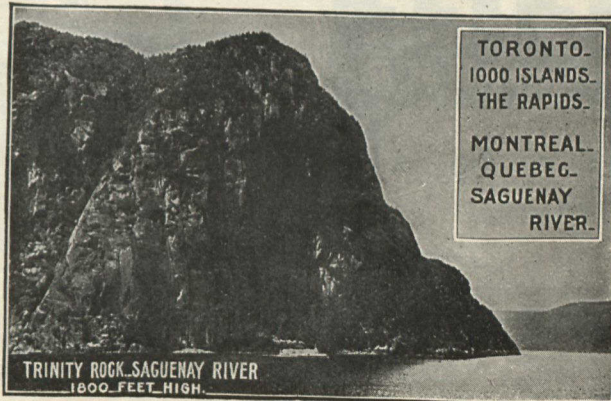
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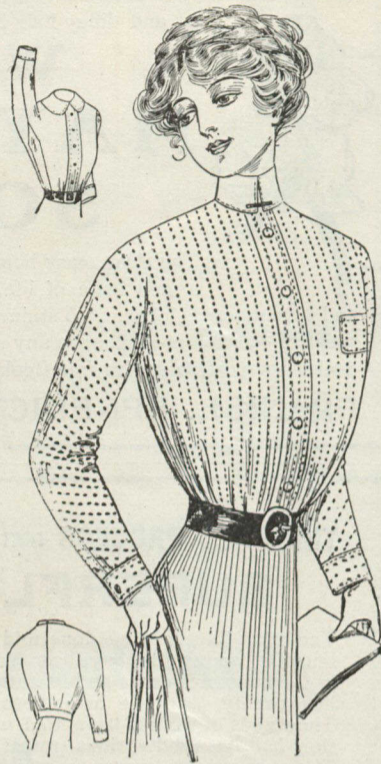
From first to last "Cee-tee" Underclothing delights all folks—perfect fitting, healthy and comfortable.

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rials and is also well adapted to a suit for cooler weather made from heavier materials.

The suit consists of the blouse and knickerbockers. The blouse is made simply with fronts and back, and closes



Blouse Pattern No. 7070

with buttons and buttonholes, while the sleeves are laid in tucks at the wrists. The knickerbockers are of the regulation sort, drawn up by means of elastic at the knees.

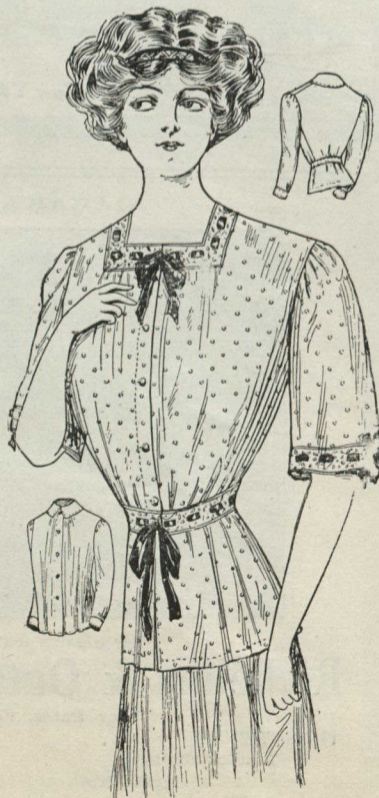
The quantity of material required for the medium size, 4 years, is 3 3/4 yards 27, 2 5/8 yards 36, or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, 6717, is cut in sizes for boys of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Plain Shirt Waist

THE plain shirt waist that is made in peasant style is a new and smart one. This one is finished with the regulation box plait and with regulation sleeves, but it is no trouble to make, as the sleeves make part of the waist and do not require fitting to the armholes. The under-arm gores that are extended into the sleeve portions to form gussets provide additional freedom and snug fit. In the illustration, French percale is finished with simple stitching, but waists of this kind are made from all simple, seasonable materials, silk and flannel, as well as the washable ones.

The blouse is made with two main portions, that are joined at the center back, and the under-arm gores. The openings in the sleeves are finished with over-laps and the straight cuffs are joined to the lower edges. The pocket can be used or omitted as liked. The



House Jacket Pattern No. 6580

neck can be finished either with a neck-band or round collar.

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

The pattern, No. 7070, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

House Jacket

BREAKFAST jackets that can be belted are always desirable ones. This one can be treated in that way or left loose as preferred, and it also allows a choice for square or high neck, elbow or long sleeves, so that it really supplies every demand. Ring dotted cotton foulard is the material illustrated with trimming of beading threaded with ribbon. When made with square neck the fronts are cut out but the back is left high.

The jacket is made with fronts and back. The fronts are slightly full and finished with hems. When cut out to form the square they are joined to a narrow band, when made high they are finished with the rolled-over collar. The elbow sleeves are made simply in one piece each, gathered at their upper edges. The long sleeves are moderately full and gathered into bands at the wrists.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 yards 27, 3 3/4 yards



Apron Pattern No. 6952

32, or 2 yards 44 inches wide, with 2 1/4 yards of banding.

The pattern, 6580, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44-inch bust measure.

Work Apron

THE apron that is becoming and attractive, at the same time that it is protective, is the perfect one. Here is a model that, added to all its other advantages is easy to make and easy to slip on and off. It is supplied with big pockets that add to its convenience.

The apron is made with front and side portions. The front is extended to form straps and the side portions are lapped at the back. There is a belt which is attached to one side of the apron and buttoned into place at the other. The straps are crossed and buttoned to the belt. The pockets are arranged over the side-fronts and stitched to position.

For the medium size the apron will require 4 1/4 yards of material 27 or 36 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 6952, is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44 inches bust.

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EMBROIDERED BEDROOM LINENS

THERE are so many uses for handsome embroideries in the home that the housewife must have a generous supply for every occasion, and complete sets of hand embroidered bedroom linens are in great favor at present, and while these may be purchased in the high class linen stores, they are very expensive, and put these luxurious additions to the well furnished bedroom rather beyond the reach of the average housekeeper. The embroidered bed spreads and shams or bolster rolls which are exhibited among the imported novelties, show beautiful combinations of lace and embroidery, borders and insertions combining to produce exquisite results. The plain heavy linens with handsome padded French embroidered designs have a place all their own, as they are durable, laundering beautifully, and many women are now devoting their leisure time to embroider such a set, realising that these linens will last for ages and may be handed down as a valued possession. We have selected one handsome set to show the effect which can be obtained without expending too much time upon embroidering, as the design is graceful without being too elaborate. The linen for these bed spreads is of a special



No. 5501—Hemstitched Linen Sheet, \$4.50.

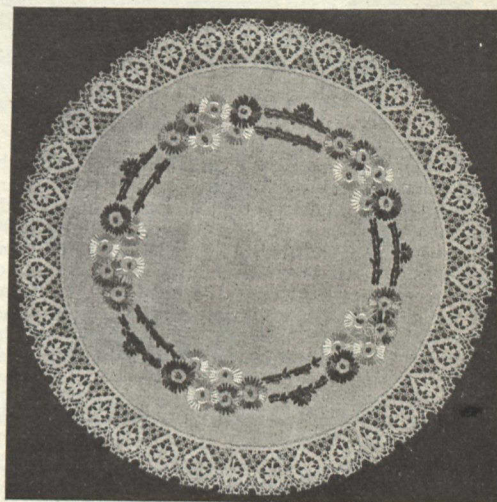
or two pieces), are shown matching in design the handsome bed spread, also dresser scarfs in two sizes, and towels may be also supplied. Embroidered towels have long occupied a favorite place in bedroom furnishings, and new designs are always being added for these. The small guest towels are now generally used, and match in design the

larger towels. No. 5518, which is shown for dresser and towels only, may be also had on a complete matched set as 5505.

This is a beautiful design and we are sure our readers will be interested in these. All white embroi-

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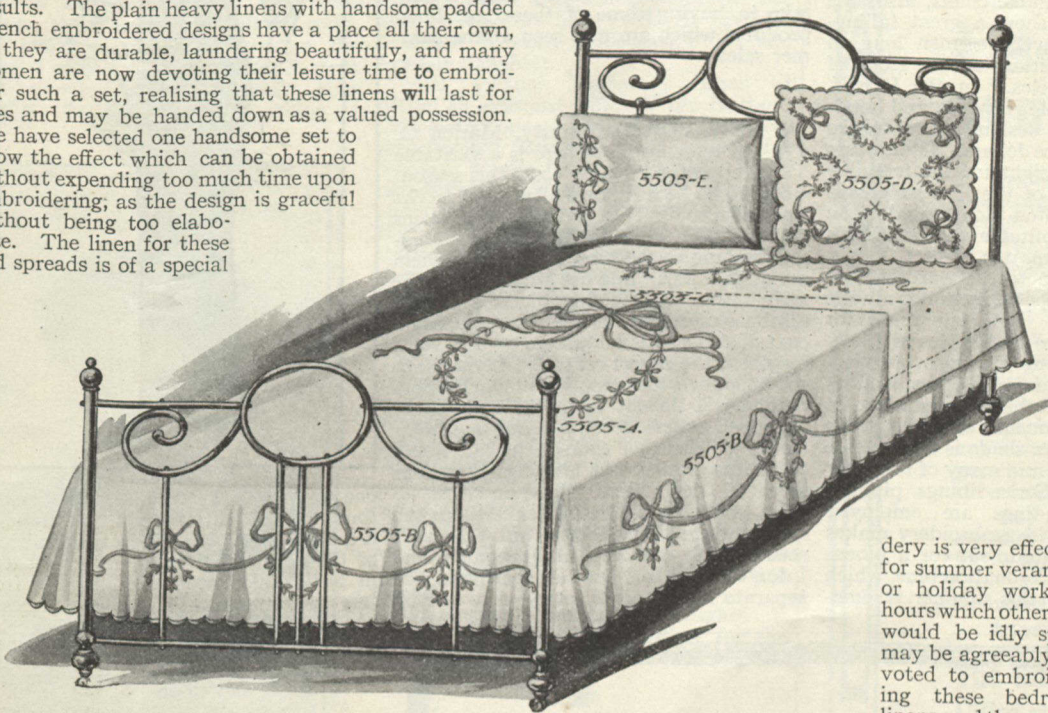
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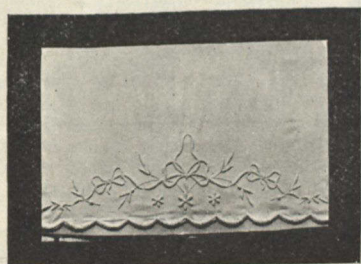


No. 5505B—Stamped Linen Bed Spread.
Bed Spread, 90 x 99 inches, \$5.00 each.
Bed Spread, 100 x 108 inches, \$6.00 each.
Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 80 x 99 inches, \$4.50 each.
Shams, 32 inches, \$1.00 each.
Pillow Cases, 45 x 39 inches, 60 cents each.

weight and weave and comes in widths of 90 or 100 inches. The set illustrated consists of a bed spread with a scalloped border (or if preferred this may be stamped with an allowance for hem-stitching), and the embroidery is the solid padded over and over

No. 5501: pillow cases, either plain or scalloped, can be supplied to match this, and No. 5500 shows a plain

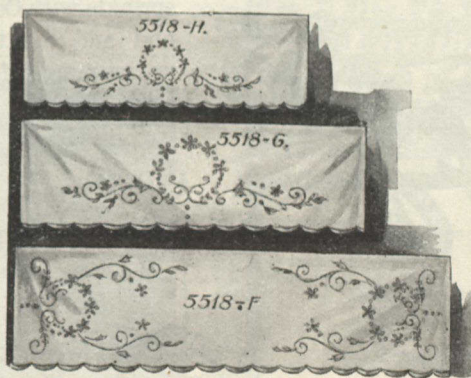
derery is very effective for summer verandah or holiday work, as hours which otherwise would be idly spent may be agreeably devoted to embroidering these bedroom linens, and the woman who possesses such a set will be the envy as well as the admiration of her less industrious friends. We also show a handsome design for a hemstitched sheet,



No. 5501A—Stamped Linen Pillow Case, 60c.

stitch with a little touch of eyeletting introduced. The thread used need not be too fine. A or B Lustred Cotton is suitable for the border, and C for the inner portion of the designs.

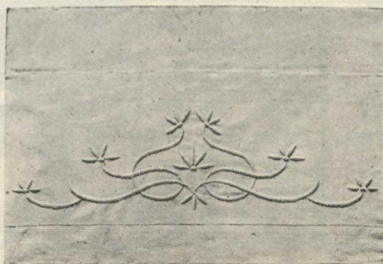
A sheet hem-stitched, pillow cases and shams (one



Design No. 5518—Same sizes and prices as No. 5505.

hemstitched pillow case which has a simple design which embroiders effectively.

When ordering any of the above linens please state the article required as well as the design number, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake. Also

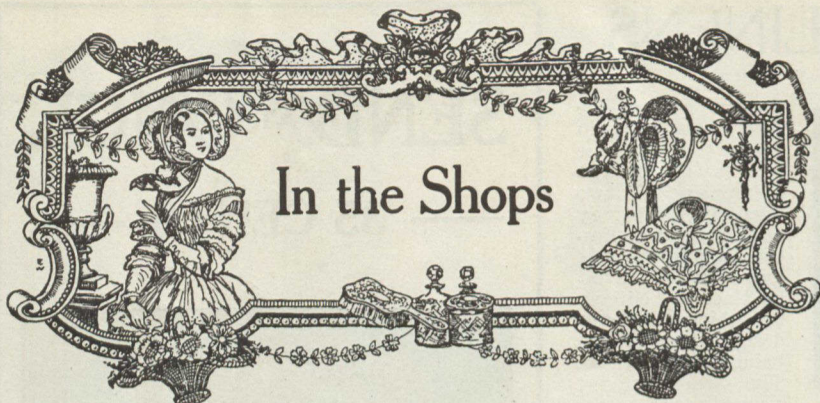


No. 5500—Hemstitched Linen Pillow Case, 75c.

allow about a week from the time the order is received before filling.

Any further information regarding these designs and materials, will be furnished by addressing Belding, Paul Corticelli Co., Limited, Department L, Montreal.

- No. 5505F—Dresser Scarf, 20 x 45 inches, 75 cents each.
- No. 5505—Dresser Scarf, 20 x 54 inches, 85 cents each.
- No. 5505G—Towel, 24 x 45 inches, 70 cents each.
- No. 5505H—Guest Towel, 16 x 27 inches, 30 cents each.



In the Shops

THE month of August is hardly to be considered a shopping season, as so many happy housewives are away enjoying a holiday and indulging in only such shopping as would be required for the daily meals. However, those who are in town may find themselves rewarded for their lonely exile during the heated weeks by expeditions to comparatively deserted shops where bargains rich and rare may be seen on almost every counter.

It is against the principles of the largest shops to carry over goods from any season; and, during the last month of summer, light and airy fabrics are sold at what is really a "sacrifice." There can hardly be any mistake in buying these materials, as the fashions always admit of any dainty pattern in dimity or organdy. It is not wise to buy any goods of ultra-fashionable shade or style, which is likely to look odd or conspicuous before the year is over. Material which will make extremely pretty evening gowns during the coming winter may be bought during August for the proverbial "mere song."

Linen and lingerie are to be obtained at exceedingly low figures at this season. At Eaton's, the most charming French lingerie has been selling at greatly reduced prices, and the September bride cannot do better than invest largely in these exquisite garments. They are really beautiful bits of needlework and afford a rare opportunity of procuring the finest of hand-made, hand-embroidered under-

garments at a moderation of price which renders them attractive to all. In fine linen nainsook there are corset covers with hand-embroidered scalloped edge for seventy-five cents, and gowns with yoke of embroidery and embroidered sleeves for two dollars.

In collars and handkerchiefs, also, the midsummer prices show a great falling-off, which makes every woman long to make extensive additions to her stock of these essential articles. In the former, Irish crochet still holds its own, and handsome collars in this design, for coats, are offered as low as three dollars. The blouses afford a delectable sight for the feminine purchaser, and are of the filmiest charm imaginable. A chiffon blouse used to be considered an unprofitable and perishable investment. As a matter of fact, it is a most useful addition to the wardrobe, as it may be cleaned repeatedly and is always "dressy" in effect. The late craze for veiling of all shades and styles is likely to continue. Among the most serviceable of the better class of blouses, is a design shown in black chiffon over white or cream satin, with touches of bright green or cerise. The latter shade is fashionable once more and is seen in many of the early autumn blouses. Cerise linings, pipings, bandings and beadings are employed extensively, and cerise embroidery makes a decidedly chic adornment for a blouse of white or black. Coronation blue, which has been so popular this summer, is some-

what on the wane, and a softer shade, known as Delft blue, has taken its place. Blouses in French blue voile over blue silk, with fancy cord and small buttons, are in admirable style, while the Oriental patterns, in shades of green and terra cotta are unusual, and add distinction to one's collection of dainty waists. The prices in midsummer range from three to eight dollars—wonderfully reasonably for these imported garments.

August is a good month for silk bargains. Foulards and Dresden silks may be bought at this time at prices which prove a saving for all who are desirous of good management in wardrobe equipment. Silk has become almost as essential as lining, and it never was to be bought at so reasonable a figure as the present offers. While it is false economy to buy a bargain, merely because it offers itself, at the same time an investment in silk or linen can hardly prove a blunder, as this material may be of constant service.

Table and bed linen are usually reduced in price during the summer months. The towel of "guest" size has become most popular and one can hardly make a mistake in buying some of these soft linen products which are now seen at the summer sales.

A NEW YORK authority, Marion C. Taylor, says: There is a veritable craze for separate coats this season, intended to be worn over all sorts of frocks from silks to lingerie and coming in satins and taffetas. They are all short, the longest reaching to the hips, and most of them are quite fancy. I do not at all admire the satin ones. In the first place, I cannot disabuse myself of the idea that a separate coat of this sort is middle class—I haven't forgotten the covert coats of ten years ago and hope never to see another similar fashion. Secondly, I do not think the satin coats look well unless accompanying a similar frock, which is, of course, the old three-piece idea and not at all what the shops intend. I hear them talked about on all sides, and even the best Avenue shops tell me they are selling them, but I haven't seen a single one on a smart woman, and I don't expect to. On the other hand, the separate taffeta coats intended to accom-

pany lingerie frocks, and in this case being shown in the most beautiful shades, corals, greens and the like, with long coat-tails and trimmed with ruchings and soft old time puffings, are most fascinating and bound to be liked. When they accompany veiling or chiffon frocks, they repeat some tone used on the frock and just fit in with the present quaint modes.

An Avenue shop, noted for its reasonable prices and smart styles, is showing

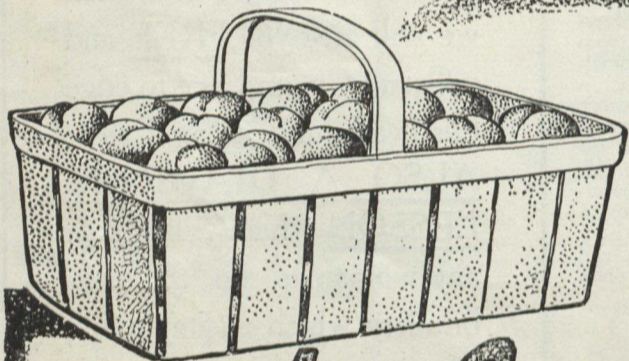


one of these coats in many beautiful tones of the softest possible taffeta. It is a tiny short affair with a large cabochon of the taffeta in front and long coat-tails in back. To accompany lingerie frocks one of these coats is almost a necessary accessory this year, and if you can have but one, choose a soft rose or a dull blue tone which will blend with a number of hats, frocks and so on.

At this season of the year any novelties in belts are most welcome, and while there is no startling change in them, there are several that are most attractive. I find them of all widths, from two inches to three or even four, in the latter case usually of a crushable leather or other fabric; the effect should not be over three inches. One of the prettiest for wear with white skirts is a white patent leather with narrow colored vertical stripes and a simple gilt buckle. A pigskin one, three inches wide, has a long narrow buckle of the leather. But my choice for general summer wear would be the 2 1/8-inch wide soft calf belts which have a covered buckle of the same and come in all colors, white and the natural calf, lined with silk. In beltings, to accompany the smart gold or silver plain buckles or those with open monograms which are still good style, I notice very few startling novelties. Stripes and block checks continue to be among the favorite patterns and come in a great variety of beautiful colorings. Moire in plain colors holds its own and occasionally is varied by a fancy woven border in the same color. Vertical stripes are more popular than horizontal ones—I presume because they have a tendency to make the waist appear smaller.

The steady growth in the popularity of willow furniture, not only for summer use, but in many cases for all-around use in moderate homes, is due to several existing conditions in the furniture world. Among others two of the principal reasons are the cheap and poorly made wooden furniture with which the shops are flooded, which drives discriminating people to buy something which is reliable though inexpensive; and secondly the growing beauty of the designs of the willow furniture, which attract people of taste.

BAMBOO has been so often maltreated that when bamboo furniture is mentioned one instantly thinks of wobbly, distorted tables, highly varnished, very ugly, and utterly useless. When used in its natural state, without varnishes and with proper workmanship, much better and prettier articles may be made from this wood than is generally imagined. Bamboo stands or small tables made of large canes are about two feet high and twelve inches across the top. They are convenient as serving or reading tables, and are frequently used as individual stands, when tea is served on the verandah or under the trees. They are heavy enough not to be easily tipped over, and will stand a great deal of hard usage.



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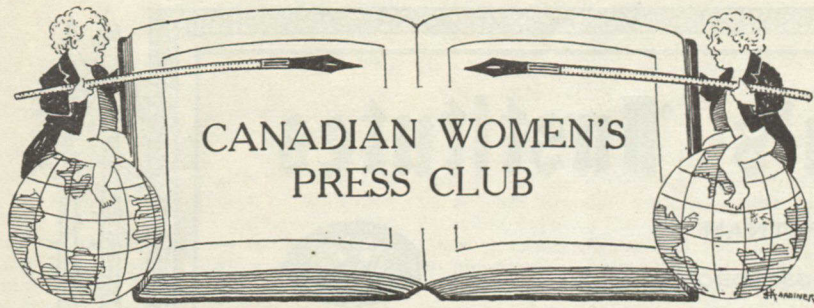
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TORONTO

WINNIPEG 38



THE Winnipeg branch of the C.W.P.C. will celebrate its fourth birthday next September. The air of the West has agreed with it splendidly, and it is healthy, strong and well developed. It started life in a very unpretentious manner, the outgrowth of a social gathering, following the 1907 Annual Meeting of the Dominion Club at Winnipeg, and its birthplace was the home of Mrs. Rockwell C. Osborne, who is president of the branch for the current year. Of charter members, there were about six or eight, and it was a mutual privilege when the election of officers resulted in Miss E. Cora Hind becoming first President. Miss Lillian K. Beynon held the position of

Page, weekly *Free Press*, Winnipeg, and special writer. Her first verse and sketches appeared in the *Canadian Magazine*, *Saturday Night* and *Globe*. Was society editor of *Ottawa Journal*, resigning to go to South Africa as one of the Canadian teachers in Concentration Camps where she acted as special correspondent of the *Ottawa Journal*. Mrs. Livesay writes occasionally for *Canada*, and *Standard of Empire*, and for various Canadian and American periodicals. She was married to Mr. Fred. B. Livesay, Manager Western Associated Press, and has one daughter.

Mrs. Valance Patriarche began at fifteen as assistant editor of the Harbord Collegiate paper. Then she wrote street sketches for *Saturday Night*, articles for *Sunday World*, *Globe*, *Grip*, *The Week*, stories for *Canadian Magazine*, *Munsey*, and other American journals. While in Edinburgh, Mrs. Patriarche wrote some stories and articles for weekly papers there. Lately she has published a book—"Tag," some verse in *Putnam's*, and now has sketches weekly in *Winnipeg Free Press*.

Miss Florence B. Lediard entered journalistic work from school teaching in 1905, beginning her career with the *Farmer's Advocate* of London, Ont. Miss Lediard has been with the *Farmer's Advocate* Winnipeg, for five years. Before and during that time has written occasionally for magazines, including a poem, and some jokes. She counts it her greatest achievement and reward to have known the women of Western Canada.

Mrs. Jean Somerville Hughes is editorial writer and news editor for the *Western Canada Medical Journal*.



MISS E. CORA HIND.

Secretary for the first year, and Miss Mary S. Mantle is the present Secretary. The branch now has twenty-seven members, and the different lines of work they undertake are both representative and interesting. Society, commercial, musical, theatrical, medical and municipal, home departments, children's departments, book reviews, poetry, literary notes, magazine articles, advertising, reporting, editing and authorship. All these branches of literary work have their representatives in the Winnipeg Women's Press Club.

The following brief accounts of the work of some of the members may be of general interest:—

Miss Lillian K. Beynon might be called a product of the West, although she was born in old Ontario. She came West when quite young, graduated from Manitoba University, and for six years taught in the public and high schools of the province. Five years ago she entered journalism as assistant editor of the weekly *Free Press*. Later she was editor of the "Woman's Department" in both the weekly and daily *Free Press*, where she is known as Lillian Laurie. At present, Miss Beynon is a regular contributor to the *Free Press*, does free lance work, and is organizer for the Women's Section of the Saskatchewan University Extension Department.

Miss Ella Cora Hind is a charter member of C.W.P.C. She is the commercial editor of the *Manitoba Free Press*, Western correspondent of the *Canadian Farm*, Toronto, editor "Woman's Quiet Hour," in *Western Home Monthly*, and "The Woman About Town," in *Winnipeg Town Topics*. Miss Hind also contributes to English papers letters on commercial and agricultural subjects. She was the first president of the Winnipeg local branch.

Mrs. C. P. Walker devotes herself to musical and dramatic work. She is press agent for the Walker Theatre, and for Mr. C. P. Walker's other theatres. Mrs. Walker is part owner of *Town Topics*, Winnipeg, and contributes to it, "The Matinee Girl," and the "Drama" sections. Mrs. Walker contributed to the *Canadian Home Journal* last summer a most entertaining account of her musical and dramatic career.

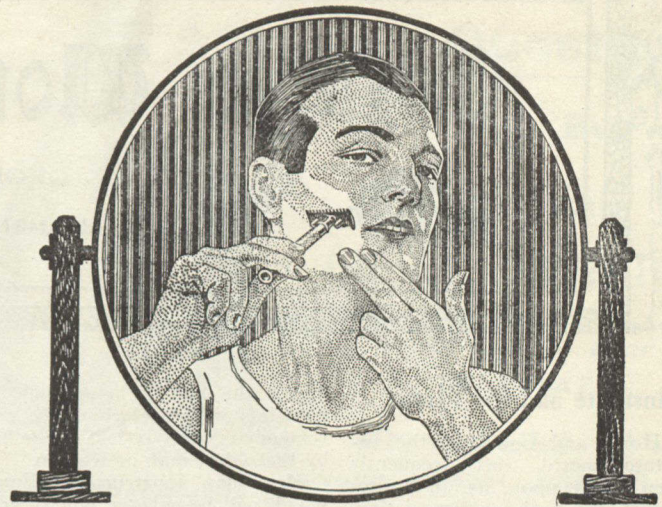
Mrs. Frederick Livesay, "Kilmeny" (formerly Florence Hamilton Randal, of Compton, Quebec), is editor of Children's

MISS ANNA LAKE, who is enjoying a holiday in Oregon, and who writes enthusiastically of its green valleys and rose hedges, was known to readers of the *Toronto Globe*, as "Maria." During her many years' association with that journal, her work, both as artist and journalist, has been of a high order. She understands thoroughly the varied requirements of a woman's page, and makes the most domestic topics entertaining to every reader. Her discussions on



MISS ANNA LAKE.

"the size of the loaf," in connection with Toronto's food supply was most capably conducted, and showed that "our daily bread" is ever a subject of absorbing interest. As a special correspondent on matters outside what is conventionally considered woman's sphere, she showed the same journalistic qualities of a grasp of the "news" aspect, and the ability to present it strikingly. Her bright and gracious manner makes her a most welcome member at Press Club gatherings, and it is hoped she may soon return from the Oregon valley to less glowing but not less friendly environment.



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Ontario Women's Institutes



GEORGE A. PUTNAM
SUPERINTENDENT
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The Institute and the Home

"FOR Home and Country," the Institute motto, has frequently been dwelt upon, as an appropriate maxim for such an association. In a paper by Mrs. J. H. Coatsworth, of the Kingsville Branch, South Essex, the connection between the Institute and the Home is treated with discrimination.

It is in order, no doubt, to say a few words regarding the work and the object of our Institute. As our motto, "For Home and Country," indicates, our object is to arouse a desire to attain to an ideal home life in every respect.

In connection with Institute work, subjects are dealt with which relate to the teaching of a higher standard, morally, mentally, and physically. Many subjects are introduced and discussed which are interesting and beneficial to old and young alike. No woman is regarded as too old either to become a member of our Institute, or to express opinions on any question under discussion. We are pleased that we have quite a large number of young girls, who are taking an active interest in the work.

Some may think that we attend the meetings just to have a good time. Well, what if we do? Are not the busy housewives and mothers entitled to at least one afternoon of each month, in which they can have a good time? We are all familiar with the old saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." In my opinion that saying applies just as much to Jill as it does to Jack. If too much work has a tendency to make Jack grow dull will it not have the same effect on Jill?

If we did nothing more than call together once a month, the mothers of our neighborhood that they might for a few hours forget, if possible, the anxieties of home duties, we would accomplish something towards making this world brighter and happier.

We members of the Institute were not slow to recognize the fact that laughter has a mission to perform in this world. So the sparkle of wit and humor is not frowned upon, but rather is encouraged at our gatherings. The good old proverb, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," is as true to-day as it ever was. If we can, by bringing those of cheery disposition in contact with those who feel discouraged and down-hearted, cause the latter to enjoy themselves for a short time, are we not administering the much-needed medicine referred to?

Any organization which has for its object the introduction of higher ideals and nobler sentiments, is distinctly missionary in its character. Yet we cannot allow our Institute to supplant our missionary societies. If we do, we are not loyal to our home or Institute. In order to fulfil our duty to the inmates of our homes we must endeavor to impress truths on their minds, which will teach them to look beyond the confines of their own community and develop in them a sympathy for those dark parts of the world where Christianity is unknown. By the interest we ourselves take in foreign work, can we cultivate in our children that generous and well-developed nature which will enable them to regard all mankind as brothers.

The home determines the position which any country will occupy in comparison with other countries of the world. Can you conceive of a more worthy object for any society than the improvement of the home? Is not the mother the most potent factor in the establishment of the home? Then, is it not a step in the right direction for us to meet and exchange views on the numberless questions which the conscientious housekeeper and home-maker daily meets with?

It is not the house which makes the home any more than it is the body that

makes the human being, but it is the nameless influence which the child first remembers, and is last to be forgotten by the oldest man or woman.

Men may construct dwelling places which will be palaces, but to women belongs the secret of imparting the true atmosphere of home. Sometimes the boundaries of mother's home life may seem rather limited, but when we consider that to her pre-eminently belongs the task of molding and fashioning the characters of our children, is not hers the farthest reaching of all occupations entrusted to mankind?

We at our Institute are striving to put into actual practice the helpful suggestions regarding the ideal home, realizing that when it becomes possible for us to have the ideal home, the ideal country will be a natural result.

The 20th Century Farmer's Wife

MRS. S. LEE, of Newton Robinson, South Simcoe district, has written some valuable reflections on the above subject:

Farms and farm life are gradually improving. The twentieth century is emphasizing the gospel of leisure. Leisure not only for rest, but for culture, intercourse and pleasure. Like most



IN AN ONTARIO FIELD.

other developments, this idea has reached the city before the country, but gradually it is permeating the rural districts.

Formerly the farmer bought an increasing variety of implements to hasten and also to lighten his work. Man-like, he thought of himself first, of the money he could save and the easier times he could have. The modern farmer realizes the equal rights of his wife, and in many cases gives her first consideration.

The rapid development of the past few years is but an augury of that which will take place in the near future. Indications of good times are in evidence. Improvements have increased rapidly during the past few years. Many homes have been beautified. Neat, comfortable homes have been erected with a view to utility and comfort.

Many of our country homes are already equipped with nearly every convenience found in a city home. We have our bath rooms, laundry rooms, soft and hard water, both hot and cold, in the house, and other appointments designed to make housework easier and life more livable.

The twentieth century farmers' wives are not the drudges their grandmothers or even their mothers were during the past century. Gradually many labor-saving devices have been added to the

home, things that would have surprised our grandmothers during the early part of the past century. The cream separator has taken the place of the old-fashioned hand skimmer that our mothers had to use. Then we have our butter workers, bread mixers, kitchen cabinets and many other articles which save us so much useless work.

Laundries have opened up in all our nearby towns, where farmers' wives can send their laundry and have it washed and ironed at small cost. Of late years, even the family sewing machine rattle seems less frequently heard. Tailored and ready-made clothes take the place of home-made garments. This gives the housewife more leisure, and possibly better style.

Then much of the rough and heavy work has been lightened for her. All this gives the farmer's wife more time for outdoor exercise. We have more time for our gardens; consequently we should be more healthy. Then we have more time for reading and can keep posted on the leading questions of the day. We have more time to study the needs and conditions of our country. The future of Canada depends upon what Canadians are doing for themselves to-day. The boys and girls of to-day will determine the Canadians of the next generation. This applies to our agricultural population, for farm-

Institute meetings, where the farmers' wives can meet together and talk over the ways and means of promoting our own interests, easier methods of doing our work, and better ways of preparing food.

To the many other advantages, we have the introduction of the rural telephone, and it is doing away with the isolation of many farm homes. It also has the advantage of connecting distant communities and creating a friendliness among people who otherwise might not come in helpful contact with one another. These are but a few of the pleasures and conveniences of the twentieth century farmer's wife.

Summer Beverages

FROM the Rodney Institute, a paper by Mrs. A. D. McGugan, on "Summer Beverages," has been received, which we publish as of decided interest to many readers.

When it is remembered that the body is made up very largely of water, it will be understood how important to health is a constant supply of this fluid. Many people have the idea that to drink water in any amount beyond that which is actually necessary to quench thirst, is injurious, and acting on this belief they drink as little as possible. The notion, however, is wide of the truth. Drinking freely of pure water is a most efficacious means, not only of preserving health, but often of restoring failing health.

All the tissues of the body need water. The water of the tissues and that of the blood are interchangeable, and water in abundance is necessary for the proper performance of every vital function. Cleanliness of the tissues within the body is as necessary to health and comfort as cleanliness of the skin, and water tends to insure the one as truly as it does the other. These waste materials, within the body, are frequently poisonous, and many a headache, many rheumatic pains and aches, many sleepless nights and listless days are due solely to the circulation in the blood, or deposit in the tissues, of these waste materials which cannot be got rid of because of an insufficient supply of water.

When water enters the stomach, it does not stay there until it is absorbed into the system, but begins to flow almost at once, in little gushes, into the intestine. It takes about three-quarters of an hour for the stomach to empty itself of a pint of cold water. As heat increases the movement of the walls of the stomach, hot water escapes in even a shorter time. It is therefore an excellent plan to wash out the stomach the first thing in the morning with a drink of hot water, or, better still, with hot water to which a little salt has been added, as the stomach empties itself in a very few minutes of hot, salty water. But at any time of the day drink plenty of water. It will help to keep the food in motion, assist in dissolving the food, wash out all the digestive organs so no waste matter lingers in them, and help generally to keep the system in good order. Physicians at the sanitariums tell us to drink at least four pints a day.

We might consider for a moment some of the beverages we use daily in our homes. Tea, we all know, is made from the leaves of a plant. The treatment of the leaves after they are picked varies according to whether black or green tea is to be produced. For black tea the leaves are dried in the sun, then rolled until they are soft, and broken. They are then made into little balls, and allowed to ferment. While fermentation is taking place some of the tannic acid in the leaves is changed into an insoluble form, thus black tea contains less tannin than green tea, as green tea is not allowed to ferment before the

ing has always been the mainstay of this province.

As farmers' wives, we have much to do with the building up of the future generation. Let us see to it that we make our homes as attractive as we can. Let us set out a few shrubs and flowers, plant out a few trees and vines. Then we are learning more all the time of the benefits of fresh air. And yet how much we have yet to learn in regard to this great natural cure for so many ailments. It is a subject on which the farmer's wife should make herself an expert.

Then the well-regulated twentieth century farm home should give opportunity from the earliest years for the development in the home circle of the spirit of interest in farm life and farm work. The home atmosphere has much to do in determining the inclination of the boy and girl. The women of the farm homes would do well to study this problem.

Then our homes are the great controlling force in morals. Women are the most potent factors in developing the moral life of the youth. In these days of exciting competition for more wealth and power, it is well to keep before us the building up of prosperous, contented, happy rural families, upon which our country's future will so largely depend. We have our Women's

final drying. In the olden days green tea used to be colored with Prussian blue or dried in copper kettles, but this has been done away with. The chief difference now is in the fermentation, which renders the tannin insoluble. Tea should never be boiled, but always made as an infusion. Pour boiling water over the tea and let it stand five or six minutes—not longer, or too much tannic acid will be extracted. The practise of allowing tea to boil, or of using leaves twice, with a small additional supply for the second pot, cannot be too strongly condemned. After the tea has stood five or six minutes the liquid should be poured off the leaves into a hot teapot, so no more tannin will be extracted. It can then be kept hot for any length of time.

Tea in itself has no food value. It is, however, a stimulant to the nervous system. Taken in moderate quantities it is not harmful. Where the mistake is made is either by taking too much or by drinking tea which has not been properly prepared.

Coffee, like tea, has to be cured by heat. It is a berry which has to be roasted to produce either odor or flavor. Coffee affects the nervous system much the same as tea, the stimulant being caffeine. It is said by some that a cup of strong coffee will relieve headache. This is due to the stimulating effect of the large amount of caffeine extracted in the preparation, and the nerves are over stimulated to renewed action. Later a feeling of lassitude will be felt, as coffee is a heart depressant as well as a nerve tonic. When first taken the heart beats more forcibly and rapidly, but this soon changes, and a heavy, stupid feeling is the result.

Cocoa was first taken to European countries from America, Columbus having carried it from Mexico in 1520, before either tea or coffee had been introduced into Europe. Cocoa is prepared from the seeds of a fruit which resembles a cucumber in appearance. These seeds, like black tea, are allowed to ferment, and are then roasted. This produces a dark color, and takes away the bitter taste of the seeds. They are then passed through hot rollers, which melt the seeds and removes part of the fat. The chief difference between chocolate and cocoa is that the fat is not removed from the chocolate. Cocoa has considerable food value, and has no injurious effect on the nervous system.

Of milk, we cannot take too much. Too often those who have to buy it think of it as a luxury which they can afford to take only in limited quantities. This is a mistake. It is one of the cheapest animal foods we can buy. In regard to its nutritive value, milk stands very high, and its worth is not appreciated as it should be, especially when we compare its cost with its value as a food. There is as much nourishment in a quart of milk or buttermilk as there is in a quart of oysters or a pound of beef.

No home-made beverage is more wholesome and delicious than those made with fruit syrups, and every housewife should provide a few jars of each in the season of small fruits. From analysis it has been proven that apples, berries, and stone fruits furnish a rich pure blood that nourishes strong muscles and a clean physical economy. It is perhaps not interesting to the average housewife to learn the amount of carbon, starch, albumen, and sugar this food contains. What she does wish to know is the best nourishment for the brains and bodies of those of her household and how to serve it so as to be healthful and attractive. Beverages made from our fresh fruits are both nourishing and refreshing. Properly made and stored, they keep as well as canned fruits, and, besides making delicious drinks, these fruit syrups are fine for flavoring ices, creams, and other desserts. The fruit syrups require more sugar than jellies and should be made from perfectly ripe fruit. Use granulated sugar, earthen or graniteware vessels, and wooden or silver spoons. When done, they can be bottled, but are more convenient when kept in pint size fruit jars.

For currant syrup.—Wash, drain on a cloth, and stem the currants; mash thoroughly and set in a warm place for twenty-four hours, or until fermentation begins (this destroys the pectin contained in the fruit, and prevents the juice from jellying). Drain the juice through a cheesecloth bag that has been wrung out of hot water; measure and allow two pounds of sugar for each pint of juice. Set over a slow fire and stir constantly until every particle of sugar is dissolved. As soon as it is boiling hot take from the fire, skim, and when cold pour into jars and seal. Make

cherry, raspberry, or a combination of raspberry and currant syrup in the same way. Use about a quarter of a glass of syrup to a glass of cold water.

For strawberry syrup.—Put four pounds of sugar over the fire in five cups of cold water. Stir constantly until the sugar is dissolved, measure, return to the stove, and boil steadily until a little dropped in cold water can be rolled between the thumb and finger. Have strawberries mashed and strained as for currant syrup; add one pint of juice for every quart of syrup, stir well, let come to a boil, skim, and seal hot, filling the jars to overflowing. Make pineapple and gooseberry syrup in the same way. We might mention that the juice of the pineapple is highly valued on account of its digestive qualities.

Delicious lemonade can be made from lemon syrup. Grate the yellow rind from six lemons, being sure that the lemons have been well washed, and mix it with three tablespoons of powdered sugar. Squeeze the juice from one dozen lemons and strain out the seeds. Boil the sugared rind for five minutes in two cups of water, add the juice, and for every cup of liquid allow one and one-fourth cups of sugar; stir until the sugar is dissolved, boil five minutes, skim, and seal hot.

Strawberry vinegar.—Wash, drain and hull ripe strawberries; put in an earthenware vessel, and nearly cover with cider vinegar, and let stand one or two days. Scald and strain; allow one cup of sugar for each cup of juice; stir until sugar is dissolved, then simmer for fifteen minutes. Skim often and seal hot. Currants, raspberries, or cherries are nice made in the same way.

Orangeade is nice made in the same way as the ordinary lemonade, substituting the juice of the orange for that of the lemon; or the following recipe makes a delicious orangeade, and is always ready: Grate the rind and squeeze out the juice from six oranges; add four pounds sugar, one quart of water, and three ounces of citric acid; let stand twenty-four hours, strain and seal. Use two or three tablespoons of the liquid to a glass of water. The citric acid of this recipe sounds much more indigestible than it really is, as it is simply the acid of lemons, limes, and other fruits, and is generally prepared from lemon juice.

For iced cocoa.—Boil half a cup of cocoa, three-quarters of a cup of sugar, and one cup of water to make a rich syrup. Put this in a jar on the ice, and it is ready to serve at a minute's notice by simply adding a large spoonful to each glass of cold milk.

Grapes are so prized for their medicinal value that I must add a word in their favor. Their free use has a salutary effect on the system, diluting the blood, and dispersing scrofulous humors. The juice of the grape, swallowed slowly, has a healing influence on the tonsils, and is curative in bronchial inflammation. Grapes have also a tonic effect on the liver and kidneys. To make unfermented grape wine put ten pounds of crushed grapes in a porcelain kettle with one quart of water and bring to a boiling point; strain through a jelly bag, add three pounds of granulated sugar, boil for a moment, and seal while hot.

Keeping Boys on the Farm

MRS. W. R. SWAIN, of the Val-entia Branch, Women's Institutes, contributes some valuable advice on this subject.

That this paper may be practical, I write these few thoughts more especially to the members of our Institutes, who have their little boys around them, as it depends very much on how they are brought up whether they are fond of home.

Boys seem to grow away from a mother's care so much earlier in their lives than our girls do. For this reason we need to lose no time in instilling into their young minds thoughtfulness. To do this we must not deceive them. They will have their little troubles, but let us help them out of them, let them feel that *mother cares*.

Starting to school will be their first getting away from home. Our children should be our most important work, and the effect of our work and care will last throughout eternity. How important then that we instill right principles into their young minds.

Order seems to be one of the chief essentials. To make our homes attractive let the boys have a place to put their belongings, and see that they are kept there. It will save much con-



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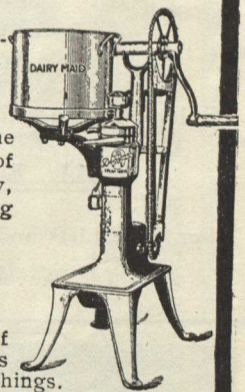
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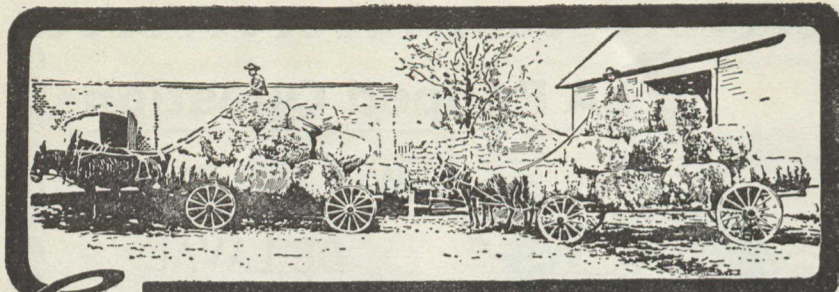
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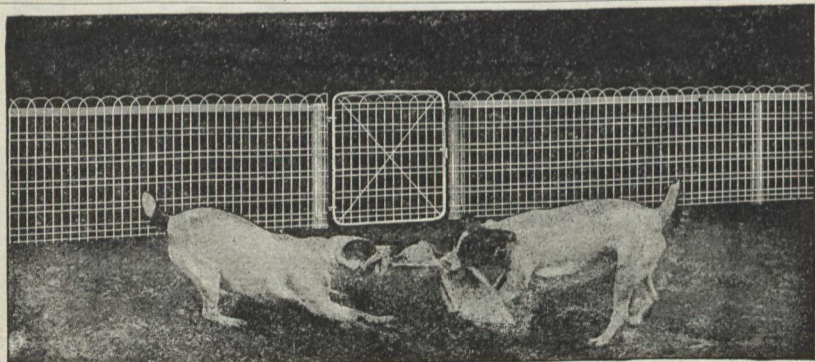
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IN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

fusion, and will teach the boys a tidy habit.

Decision is very necessary. When we tell our boys anything we should see that they do it. I have noticed how necessary it is to see that our boys have the right kind of company, that the influences may be for good. What they are taught in youth they never forget. What they read is next to be considered to their companions. What a great deal of harm those low novels and other such trashy books that are not fit to read have done the boys of our country, as well as other countries! We should watch closely the books that they read while they are young and while they are scarcely aware of the harm, there is in them. They are so exciting that they take away the desire for better reading.

To make boys fond of the home they should have an interest in the home. Some of the brightest and most useful men of our day and also in the past are men from families that had to use the strictest economy. They had to work together to provide for the needs of the family. In this way they were taught to rely on themselves, and this brought out the best that was in them. If they are taught to be industrious they will be much more contented. I have noticed that those who have been the most successful in training their boys are those that told the boys all the business of the home, and fully explained their circumstances, and let the boy have some way to make some money that he could call his own. In this way they learn to do business and feel more independent.

This seems the reason why boys often

all present. During the evening several new members were enrolled.

* * *

The Women's Institute annual meeting, of Haliburton, was held in the Town Hall, May 10th. Every important feature of the work was taken up. Our members present were sixteen.

We endeavor to have a part in the meeting for each member by a response to roll call. Sometimes there is a helpful suggestion, again a recipe. At our May meeting our president was presented with some chinaware. One drawback in our meetings has been a lack of music, even if we have a piano.

The Institute has undertaken to furnish a curtain for the Town Hall, for use during entertainments.

On June 8th our delegate will be with us, from whom we hope to receive much benefit.

South Perth and Others

AT St. Mary's, on June 21st, was held the district convention of the Women's Institute of South Perth in the Methodist Church, Mrs. Proudfoot presiding. Delegates were present from every institute of the district. The reports of the various officers showed the organization to be in a very flourishing condition, last year being the best in its history. The election of officers for the coming year resulted as follows: President, Mrs. Hugh Thompson, St. Mary's; vice-president, Mrs. Valentine Stock, Tavistock; secretary-treasurer, Miss Pringle, Staffa; auditors, Miss Patrick, Mitchell; Miss Kerslake, Staffa. District directors, Mrs. Tyler,



A COUNTRY ROAD NEAR ROCKWOOD.

Photograph by T. J. McArthur

get discontented at home—"When they have nothing that they can call their own."

From Various Branches

THE Branch at Rainham Centre has been one of the smallest in the county, but has taken a step in the right direction in having an oyster supper and concert to raise funds for the purpose of purchasing display cases for the protection of the pastry display at the fall fair. The event brought the Institute into the limelight in such a way that advertising could not have done. Great things are predicted for this Institute.

The oyster supper was served in the Vegetable Hall, which was lighted with gas, and beautifully decorated with the Institute colors (purple and gold), which hung in festoons, and added much to the enjoyment of all present.

After supper was served all repaired to the Town Hall, which stands only a few feet away, and were pleased with the profuse decorations of purple and gold and the Institute motto, "For Home and Country," interspersed with Union Jacks, covered the whole end of the hall.

The concert was of a high order, and was opened by the singing of the national song, "O Canada," followed by dialogues, recitations, songs, etc., each rendering their part very creditably to an appreciative audience.

Too much praise cannot be given Mrs. W. S. Beam, president of the Selkirk Branch of the Institute, who occupied the chair. She gave a very interesting address concerning the Institute convention, held in Toronto some time ago, at which convention she was a delegate, and her manner of conducting the entertainment met with the approval of

St. Paul's; Mrs. Kemp, Kirkton; Mrs. Roberts, Mitchell; Mrs. Woodley, Fullerton; Mrs. Bollen, St. Mary's; and Mrs. Kastner, Springville. Addresses were given by various members on the work of the institute, and the prospects are bright for increased prosperity during the coming year.

The Dufferin Women's Institute convention, which was held in the town hall, Shelburne, on June 5th, 1911, was well attended by enthusiastic delegates from all the branches in the county.

At the morning business session the following district officers were elected: Dist. Pres., Miss Jennie Hall, Shelburne; vice-pres., Mrs. E. Richardson, Laurel; sec.-treas., Miss E. H. Besley, Shelburne; auditors, Mrs. McClean, Honeywood, and Mrs. Endacott, Orangeville; rep. to W. I. Convention, Toronto, Mrs. Currie, Laurel. Interesting reports were read by the representatives from the different branches of their work during the past year, some of which being as follows: Corbetton Branch has beautified the parsonage and manse grounds with ornamental trees and shrubs to the value of \$26.75; Orangeville, Camilla, and Laurel are saving funds to furnish wards in the Orangeville hospital when built; Shelburne is awarding 1st prize \$3, 2nd prize \$2, 3rd prize \$1, at the Dufferin Central Exhibition for best collection canned fruit put up in pint jars and free from acids. This prize is open only to those living in Dufferin county. The district gave \$23 to charitable purposes, and \$7 to the Hoodless Memorial Fund. Orangeville Branch has resolved that they will not buy anything after 6 o'clock Saturday nights unless they carry it home themselves.

At the opening of the afternoon session the following address was read by Mrs. East, president of Honeywood Branch, to Mrs. Fife, retiring district president:

Dear Mrs. Fife.—We, the members of the Dufferin Women's Institute, desire to take this opportunity of expressing to you our appreciation of the deep interest you have always taken in the work of the Women's Institute. And we feel there could be no more fitting opportunity than the present when representatives from all the branches in the riding are met together in this convention. One common object has drawn us hither, the object as expressed in our motto: "For Home and Country." The desire to learn more about the science of home-making and housekeeping, to discuss methods for the improvement of the home and its surroundings, and to get instruction and information to so elevate the whole tone of the home life that we will be instrumental in helping to build up a high and lofty national character, for we realize that the foundation of the nation is laid in the homes and hearts of the people. In the work that the Women's Institutes have been endeavoring to do you have taken an active part for a number of years. Though handicapped to a great extent by ill-health your interest in the work of the Institute has never flagged. The work has been growing successfully throughout the riding, and it must have been an encouraging thought to you many times that you were one of those who helped to form the Institute, to work for it, and watch its growth to its present strength. The different branches are grateful for the assistance and encouragement you have given them, and trust you may be spared to many years of continued activity in the work with which you have so closely identified yourself. We ask you to accept this gift as a small tangible token of our appreciation. We know that it cannot repay you for the hours of thought and labor you have expended on the work, but trust it will remind you of the good will and appreciation of your co-workers in the Dufferin Women's Institute.

Mrs. Crombie, of Blount, then presented Mrs. Fife with a handsome mantel clock in behalf of all the different branches. Mrs. Fife, although taken by surprise, made a very feeling and appropriate reply.

The afternoon programme was given as follows, and was both interesting

and instructive: Opening address, county president; address of welcome, Miss Jennie Hall, Shelburne; reply to address of welcome, Mrs. E. Richardson, Laurel; address, Mr. G. A. Putnam, superintendent of Women's Institutes, Toronto; paper, "The Art of Conversation," Mrs. (Rev.) Rose, Corbetton; paper, "Why I Am a Member of the Institute," Mrs. McClean, Honeywood; paper, "Home," Mrs. Stewart, Bowling Green; paper, "How to Furnish a Living Room for Comfort," Mrs. Cox, Laurel; paper, "Character Building," Miss B. Thompson, Camilla; address, "Home Nursing," Miss Smilie, Toronto.

At the evening session the following programme was given, with Mr. G. A. Putnam presiding: Piano solo, Miss May Hall, Shelburne; address, "Canadian Literature and Writers," Miss Smilie, Toronto; solo, Mrs. Endacott, Orangeville; address, Prof. G. E. Day, O.A.C., Guelph; solo, Miss Berwick, Shelburne; address, Mrs. Endacott, Orangeville; National Anthem.

The Stamford Branch of the Women's Institute was organized on May 29th, 1911, at which meeting two very interesting addresses were given. One was by Miss Robson, of Ilderton, on "The Economic Problem of the Country Girl," and the other, by Mrs. Ferguson, of Strathroy, on "What Place the Institute May Fill in Our Lives." The following officers were appointed: President, Mrs. B. Marsh; vice-president, Mrs. Walters; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. A. C. Pettit. The next meeting was held on June 7th, 1911, at which the members expressed their opinion on Institute work. Mrs. G. E. Russell, Mrs. A. Wells, and Mrs. Culverhouse were appointed as directors. There are thirty-one members enrolled.

The 12th annual meeting of the Kemble Branch of the Women's Institute met during last May at the home of Mrs. H. Hurlbutt, who is a most genial hostess, and whose esteem is attested by the numbers present, about fifty in all. After the opening exercises, the annual report was given by the secretary, showing the Institute to be in a more flourishing condition than at any time in its history. There are over fifty paid members in all—average attendance about twenty. A number of papers have been given during the year

upon many timely and helpful subjects, which are too numerous to write of here. After several nominations ballots were distributed and Mrs. John Jones was re-elected president and Mrs. John Ward vice-president, and Mrs. Jas. Gardner remained secretary for another year. As this was the principal business except some minor details, the programme proper was proceeded with. Mrs. W. McGregor taking charge of the roll-call, to which many responded by giving short selections of poetry, some practical, some humorous, and some pathetic. Then Mrs. Jas. Davidson gave what was the best thing for the afternoon, a paper upon the flowers of May, showing that Mrs. Davidson has a wide and practical knowledge of botany and the classification of plants and flowers, an education which it has no doubt taken years to acquire. She said that Canada produces more varieties of wild flowers, shrubs and trees than any other part of the world, and a great many varieties may be got within our own township and that so-called improved or hot-house varieties have not the inimitable shadings or the woody perfume of so many of our national wildlings. So the wild flowers are the very best ones to decorate our school grounds, and they need not cost us anything but the labor of obtaining them, and also gave directions for planting. At the end of this interesting paper Mrs. A. M. Boyle gave a demonstration upon the virtues of Wondershine as a labor saver in cleaning silver, and samples of work shown made by the "Girls' Club," of which the president is the director. When the meeting was dismissed, the hostess, assisted by a number of pretty girls in white frocks, served an appetising and dainty lunch, when all dispersed and went to their homes well pleased.

"King's weather" favored the brilliant gathering of the joint meetings of Wooler Women's Institute with the Farmers' Institute at the beautiful home of Mr. Esli Terrill, Floral Hill, Wooler. Everyone seemed in the gayest of holiday spirits, and the sun dispensed his beaming rays over a scene not easily forgotten. From one-thirty on to the time advertised as the starting hour—two-thirty—a constant stream of buggies made their way up the picturesque

slope leading to the fine old home. As the hour approached there were fully two hundred present.

While the women of the Institute gathered on the fresh green slopes of the lawn, the "farmers" made their way to a place much more interesting to them—the barn. On view there was the fine herd of Holstein cattle which are famed far and wide.

As the women's meeting commenced one looked round on a most representative gathering.

Mrs. S. L. Terrill, the president of the Wooler Branch, introduced the speaker for the afternoon, Mrs. Hunter, of Brampton. She took as her subject one very near to the hearts of her hearers, "Institute Work." The address was interesting from the very start. First of all, she expressed the delight it gave her to be present at such a large, enthusiastic meeting. Warming to her subject she said that anyone engaged in Institute work was always sure of meeting the best women in the land. It was a membership that was always growing, and to-day there are sixteen thousand women, all belonging to this organization in the province of Ontario alone. She drew a vivid picture of the growth of the Institute from its start, from the time, in fact, when it was only called a cooking school. She touched on the question of why so many girls left home, who had no need to do so, and gave as her reason the dislike, among modern girls, of housework. Now, Institute places work on a higher level by teaching and studying household economy. Girls, therefore, ought to give the best of their talents to this, the highest of women's work, making and keeping the home. The mistress of the house should study and develop the mental talents as well as the physical, in her children, and have spare time to spend with them and her husband in the evening, instead of house cleaning all the time.

One of the greatest benefits of Institute work is that it has taken us women out of our homes and kept us from stagnating. It also helps to keep us cheery and helpful. A simple illustration was used of two women who had lived for years within four miles of each other and yet had never spoken till they met at the Institute.



Add water to milk—
You *weaken* the milk.
Add soft wheat to flour—
You *weaken* your flour.
Cheapens it too.
Soft wheat costs less—*worth less*.
Soft wheat flour has less *gluten* less *nutriment*.
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Soft flour has less *strength*, less *quality gluten*.
Giving less good things for your money and things less good.
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Five Roses is *all* Manitoba.
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Use FIVE ROSES.

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33

A HONEYMOON IN HIDING

Continued from page 12

barred, but there remained a number of well-known places where the risk of detection was infinitesimal.

"We'll go to the British Museum. In novels lovers always go to the British Museum when they want to meet in secret, and sit behind a statue. I'll make a point of prowling into every out-of-the-way corner to see if I can surprise any of them, and I'll bow to the nummy case, you must bow too, then perhaps it'll be propitiated, and send us good luck; and we'll go to the Tower, and Madame Tussaud's. I haven't been to Madame Tussaud's since I was ten. I'd love to see it again. It would be safe enough, wouldn't it?"

"Goodness, yes! It's not holiday time. You won't meet anyone there but strangers and tourists," said Pat positively. "Well! If I've to take my choice between marble and wax, I choose wax to-day, as being a degree warmer. Always did think the Museum was a freezing hole!" So to Madame Tussaud's they repaired without further delay.

Pat and Gwen enjoyed the waxworks like a couple of happy children, and were enthusiastic about the modern innovation of set pieces, or *tableaux*. Foremost among these, in that special year, was one purporting to represent a portion of the enclosure at Ascot, and the surprising up-to-dateness of the costumes worn by the ladies thereon won unmitigated praise from the bride, fresh from the purchase of her own trousseau.

"Look at the one in the grey satin! Look! My white canvas has exactly that back! The green one has ducky sleeves. I wish I had had my blue. And their hats—and their veils—so beautifully put on! Look at that blue girl standing by herself looking at the race-card! Isn't she exactly like life? I've a very good mind to cut short those blue sleeves, and—What is it?"

For answer her husband nipped her arm between finger and thumb, and pointed stealthily to the right. The sound of voices broke upon the air; between serried rows of effigies a female form approached, escorting two flaxen-haired children—a brief glimpse of her face showing as she bent and spiled. By all that was extraordinary and confounding—the well-known face of a friend of the family!

She was approaching along the aisle in which the Honeymooners themselves were standing; there was no turning to right or left; in another minute she would pass the screen of the next group, and confront them face to face! Gwen said no word. To the utter confounding of her spouse, she loosened her arm from his, dived nimbly beneath the protecting cord, and falling into position beside the Blue Girl of the Ascot Enclosure, slipped a hand through the waxen arm, and bent her own head over the extended card!

Of all the resourceful, quick-witted, audacious little wretches! Trust her for getting out of a scrape if a way were to be found on land or sea! The newly-made husband was breathless with surprised admiration, but—but—what of himself? What was he to do? On second thoughts, wasn't it a pretty low down thing to provide for herself, and leave him in the lurch? The faintest, smallest echo of a cough reached Pat's ear, and, looking up, he beheld the latest addition to Madame Tussaud's collection grimacing violently in his direction. She wanted him to do something, of course—but what? He was bothered if he knew. Never could understand what people were after when they mouthed and scowled. No good trying to act a waxwork, too. Couldn't save his life, and what else was there? There was nothing else!

In subsequent hectorings Gwen demonstrated several different ways in which discovery might have been avoided, but as none of them occurred at the moment to the person in need, the next moment brought with it the dreaded encounter.

"You!" ejaculated Mrs. Freeman, incredulously. "You! Pat Hilbert, of all people in the world! My dear, good man, I thought you were miles away enjoying your honeymoon. What does this mean? I met your cousin only yesterday, and she said—"

"Yes, yes. Just so! Of course, and so I am." Pat's flushed conscious face was excellently in keeping with the sen-

sations of a bridegroom unexpectedly run to earth. "Awful fag, but I—I had to come up to town. Things to do, you see—to look after—er—er—"

"Business! Yes, of course. Everything *must* give way to that, mustn't it!" assented Mrs. Freeman sympathetically. "I know what it is. We have scarcely ever had a holiday when my husband hasn't been summoned home in the middle, or obliged to shorten our stay at the end, but I imagined that professional men were exempt. In the middle of your honeymoon, too! Too bad! And poor, dear Gwen! So sad for her to be left all by herself. I do hope you won't be kept here long."

"Oh, no. I shall join her to-day. She's all right! She—er—er, as a matter of fact, at the moment she's with a party of friends. Enjoying herself a treat."

Now, Pat Hilbert, being a well-principled young man, felt a distinct glow of satisfaction in the absolute verity with which he had contrived to parry these embarrassing questions, but Mrs. Freeman looked a trifle surprised and chilled. Strange how even the nicest young people were infected with modern ideas! This young couple had appeared so simple, so attached, so content in each other in good old-world fashion that it came with a shock to hear of the bride making merry with strangers, while her newly-made husband was away in town. Then, being a humorous soul, her eyes twinkled, and she said smilingly.

"Your business is finished, I suppose, and you have a few hours to put in before your return? If one may ask, what in the name of all that is mysterious led you to spend them *here*, of all places in the world?"

Pat hesitated. The devil tempted him to declare that his train left from the Great Central, and that he had chosen the Waxworks as the most adjacent place of amusement, but better counsels prevailed; he recalled that, so far, honesty had protected him more surely than any fraud, and resolved to stick valiantly to the truth.

"Well!" he said smilingly, "since you ask me, I *did* want to put in the time, and there are precious few places in town where you can do so without the chance of running up against everyone you know!"

"I see! I see!" Mrs. Freeman laughed; a cheery, understanding laugh. "And so you came to dear old Madame Tussaud's, and made sure of meeting wax images only. Too bad of me to choose just this afternoon to bring my babies to pay their first visit! But don't be afraid, I won't give you away. I promise you faithfully not to mention to a soul that I have had a glimpse of you since you drove off for your honeymoon."

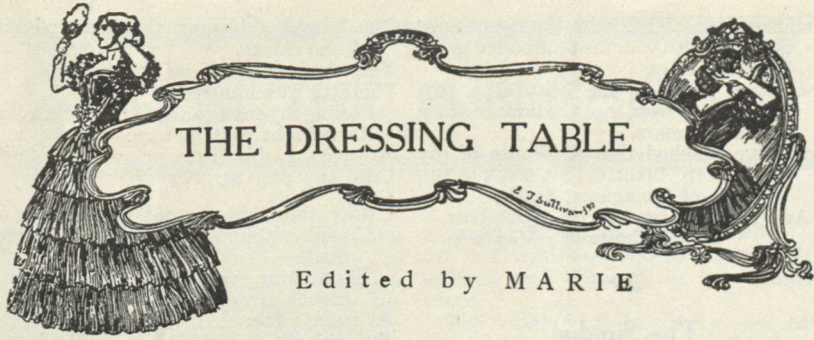
"Thanks, so much! I'll be grateful if you won't. I should get so horribly chaffed. We shall be 'At Home' in another fortnight, and I hope you'll be one of our first callers. I must say 'Good-bye.'"

"Oh, not yet! Do come round with us, as you are here. It's not the least likely that another friend will come along, and we should love to have your company. What's this group? It looks interesting!"

To his horror, Pat saw the good lady's hand move towards the pince-nez which hung by a chain round her neck; he dared not turn towards the new member of the group, but knowing the risible qualities of the lady in question, trembled for her composure.

"Oh, there's a—there's a far better one further along. Let me show you! You can come back to this one later on. I should really like to show you the other before I leave," he cried hastily, pushing forward with such determination that his companions were constrained to follow. To the turn of the aisle he went, and then, safely round the corner, indulged in a flow of banal inanities about an undistinguished group, the while Mrs. Freeman listened with twinkling gravity. The poor dear fellow was so embarrassed he did not know *what* he was doing. But the poor dear fellow knew perfectly well! He was talking against time, until the tip of a white hat had safely vanished into space, and then and only then, did he bid his companions adieu.

(To be continued)



THOUGH undoubtedly the exposure to sun and wind so freely indulged in by motorist, golfer, and river enthusiast does untold good to nerves and the deep springs of beauty, it may cause surface damage, which detracts immediately from a woman's charm, but there is really no reason why, with commonsense care, the face should suffer from the weather-beaten, coarsened look, only too often the result of such healthful occupations.

In the first place, exposure to sun and wind naturally hardens and dries the outer cuticle of the face, and this must be combated by a generous use of good face cream. If every outdoor girl would bear this in mind her skin would be better than in winter, because it would have the additional tonic of plenty of fresh air. Whenever the face is much exposed the cream should be put on at night somewhat thickly, left for fifteen minutes or so, then gently but firmly rubbed in, and finally the surplus removed with soft muslin, a longer time being given to the operation than in the case of protected faces.

When the face is much exposed to sun and wind water should be only rarely used, never within two hours of going out or coming in, as bathing with water is one of the most common causes of painful redness and of confirmed burning. Instead some simple soothing lotion should be applied. Cold cream is all-sufficient and much better than water for cleansing purposes. Just before going out the face should be freely powdered, the powder afterward being wiped off with cotton, so much

that none is visible. Another way of protecting the skin is to always rub some cream well into the face before going out, especially nose, forehead and lips, where the skin is more delicate than elsewhere, and when no more can be absorbed powder should be put on. This will afford considerable protection, and should be remembered by all motorists. It will not show under the veil, and can be removed when you come indoors.

If the face really gets burned the plan to pursue when coming indoors is to cover it entirely with a thick layer of cream, leaving it on as long as possible while resting and dressing; then wipe it off and bathe the face with good eau de Cologne; then apply powder, to be also wiped off. Very little sunburn will then remain, and no painful flushing need be feared.

In this season of collarless and transparent blouses and short sleeves, the neck, chest, hands and arms should be treated in the same way. Another point for the motorist to consider is the hair, which no amount of careful veiling really protects from dust. It should be well brushed directly after a run, a good dry shampoo being used at the same time.

When touring in any style it is well to take with you a small quantity of face cream, powder, lotion, and also a small quantity of boracic powder, with which to make a wash for the eyes, for the dust and quick motion of motoring or driving is very trying for them, both for their health and appearance. To use it, dissolve a very small tea-

spoonful in a wine-glass of warm water; when quite dissolved and cool, bathe the eyes with it. It is soothing, cleansing, and stimulating, and makes the eyes look bright and fresh into the bargain. If you have been on a tramp and are unaccustomed to walking much, and your feet burn and are tired, dissolve a little powdered alum in water and bathe them in this, which quickly relieves and hardens them, and if they should become blistered, first prick the blister and then cover it with a piece of ordinary adhesive plaster, when not the least pain or inconvenience will be felt and the tiresome thing will heal right up. A teaspoonful of ammonia put in a foot bath of water will also give relief to tired feet, as it does refresh when added to a bath after a long day of games or travel.

Hair that is allowed to lose its gloss or to become oily and stringy is far from beautiful. Soft, glossy, wavy hair becomingly arranged will make even a homely face seem beautiful. It must be kept clean like every other part of the body, and if it is straight and requires curling to be becoming, it must be curled, not for dinners, teas, and calls, but for all times. Moreover, the methods by which that may be accomplished before breakfast are so numerous and so simple that there is no longer any excuse for curl papers and partly arranged hair even before one's own family in the early morning hours.

It is not easy to keep the hands in condition when one is doing housework or any other work in which one must struggle against the inroads of dirt and dust with scrubbing-brush and dust-cloth. One can, however, use thin rubber gloves for much of the work, be extravagant by using a soap which is not as strong in alkalis as the ordinary scrubbing soap, dry the hands thoroughly after washing, rubbing in a little glycerine and rosewater at the end of the day's work, and taking off stains as soon as they appear with acids, sulphur, etc.

By rubbing the hands with almond oil and French chalk and encasing them in loose kid gloves upon retiring, they may be kept soft and reasonably white if there is not too much rough work to counteract.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

AS I was still away from home when letters were received in response to the May issue of the C. H. J., some of the addressed envelopes did not reach me, and others forgot to enclose them. I am consequently answering those who have asked largely about blackheads, etc., through the columns this month. To those requiring more details I have written personally, hoping they would receive their answers earlier.

MRS. —, GLANDFORD, ONT.—I have sent your letter to a person who I think can give more information on the subject than I have time to do here. Thanks for advice for Polly.

EDNA, MUSKOKA.—To cure the flushing, take no hot drinks or soups at meal time and wear your clothes very loose. Bathe your face with witch hazel and hot water mixed, then cooler water, afterwards dusting with talcum powder. The royal vinolia is very nice. Take tepid baths at night, no cold ones.

MRS. M. G. C.—Read answer to Edna, Muskoka, in this issue. I think it will give you all the information you require.

MRS. —, GLANDFORD, ONT., kindly sends advice to "Polly," who was told in a previous issue how to become plump. She says, "Drink three quarts of milk each day. I know from experience that it will fatten, as I gained forty pounds in eight months." One would require a good liver and strong digestion to do this, but it might be accomplished in many cases by peptonizing the milk. A druggist will explain the method.

MISS B. BROOKSIDE, S.—Do not squeeze out blackheads. It only makes them come in larger. The catarrh may cause part of the trouble. If you will put a few drops, say ten, of spirits of camphor, also a pinch of baking soda into a glassful of warm salted water and snuff or inject it into the nose two or three times a day before meals it will help cure catarrh. Before snuffing the water, by holding a little in the palm of the hand, you had better use a gargle of part of the prepared water.

MARIE.

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SONGS OF SUMMER

Howe'er It Be

By H. ISABEL GRAHAM.

Howe'er it be I cannot tell,
But on this theme I love to dwell,
That nothing noble e'er is lost,
No sacrifice, how great the cost.
The gift that meets with no return,
The smallest thing that men may spurn,
The hopes to Heaven that aspire
Then sink to ashes in the fire.
That e'en the thought of good intent
(Should aught the power to do prevent)
Fulfils the mission that was meant.

The dewdrops do not die in vain,
The sunshine kisses them again
And clouds transform them into showers
That beautify this world of ours.
The lovely flower unseen may lie
But fragrance fans the passer-by,
The sweetest incense breathed above
Is what earth deems a waste of love.

Song

By CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet;

And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain:
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

Midsummer Night

By ROSE HENDERSON.

The fireflies glow in the clematis vines,
and the roses are weighted with dew;
The birches gleam white where the crescent
moon shines, and the quivering
stars glisten through.
O humming-bird, stop in your 'wondering
flight, the sunset has parted the
curtains of night,
And the purple creeps into the blue.

There is never a sound in the peony-bed
where the deepening elm-shadow falls,
But out of the hush of the leaves over-
head a querulous mother-bird calls;
The houses are dark in the clustering trees,
and the hollyhock blossoms are
heavy with bees
Where the ivy hangs over the walls.

O midsummer night, with your perfume
and dew, with your mist-shrouded moon
and your stars,
You have wakened the beat of a joy
strange and new, that the limit of sense
holds and mars.
You have touched the wild pulse of my
spirit-born breath that leaps to the
struggle of life against death,
And lures me beyond the earth-bars.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

The Sundial

You stand 'mid white and purple phlox
And rows of gay pink hollyhocks,
Quaint relic of the ancient days
When down the pleasant garden ways
My lady in her lustering blue
Stayed her soft steps awhile by you,
And conn'd your motto 'mid the flowers,
"I only count the happy hours."

Oh, grey old dial, do you forget,
Or does she come in dreamtime yet
With tripping feet down moss-grown aisles
By borders set with cheery tiles,
A flash of blue amid the trees,
Like rustling sound of summer breeze,
To gather from that well-lov'd spot
A posy of forget-me-not?
—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Prayer to Azrael

By THEODOSIA GARRISON.

Because thy face is more compassionate
Than God's own angel Pity, he who
stands
Above the world with healing in his
hands,
Early and late,
Therefore I dare to ask a little thing,
Though unto thee no man is small or
great.

The humblest beggar, the anointed king
Of one estate,
Yet, oh, how often, on thy breast
The little children rest.
Feeling thy sombre arms about them close
As twilight folds a rose.
So, even I this little prayer dare bring
Unto thy pitying.

I pray thee find me not my hour to go
Closed within any dwelling men have
made—
Those four, poor walls where I may
crouch afraid
As from a foe;
But seek me on my hills, my hills whereon
The free winds drift and blow,
Between the green and gold of earth and
sun,
Ah, find me so!
I would not quite forget in some new birth
The joy of this my earth,
Nor lose what time I look on Paradise,
The vision in my eyes
Of green boughs swaying in a singing wind,
Oh, Azrael, be kind!

The Old-Fashioned Garden

By SARAH LOUISE DUFFY.

I am thinking of a garden where the pinks
and poppies grew,
Where the hollyhocks and asters, in purple,
white, and blue,
Blossomed in their rich profusion; I can
almost see them yet,
And in fancy smell the new mown hay,
and fragrant mignonette.

'Twas perfect when the roses bloomed, but
was ever rose more fair.
Than my sweetheart with her eyes of blue,
and curls of golden hair?
Like a fairy she tripped down the path to
meet me at the gate,
While birds sang gaily overhead, each
happy with his mate.

O, the charm of that old garden, in the
leafy month of June,
When all the world was beautiful, and
every heart in tune.
How bright the sun shone in those days,
how blue then were the skies,
For that was when my heart was young,
and mine were lover's eyes.

My sweetheart of the olden time is my
sweetheart yet today,
Though the bloom is fading from her
cheeks, and the gold is turning grey,
She is just as fair to me as when fifty
years ago,
We started life, we two as one; our hearts
with love aglow.

And so we've journeyed down the years,
my Claribel and I,
The sun has not been always bright, nor
always blue the sky,
But, through the sunshine, clouds and rain,
God's praises we have sung,
And we're not seventy winters old—we're
seventy summers young.

Year Time and Heart Time

By MILDRED LOUISE GOULD.

Last spring when birds were singing
Their songs of youth and love,
When underneath lay greenening sod,
And blue skies arched above;
Then my heart to Love awakened,
Joy, thought I, would ne'er depart;
It was spring time in the year time,
And 'twas spring time in my heart.

Swift a fuller meed of beauty
Clothed the valleys and the hills,
And the summer's glowing splendor,
Thus the pledge of spring fulfils.
And my heart kept pace with Nature,
Rich and rare Love's flowers grew;
It was summer in the year time,
In my heart 'twas summer too.

Whisp'ring voices fraught with sorrow,
Murmured through the painted trees,
Thicker grew the leafy carpet
With each wand'ring fitful breeze.
From Love's flowers dropped the petals,
Must fruition mean decay?
It was autumn in the year time,
And my heart owned autumn's sway.

Then the ice king's magic fingers
Bound the earth with icy chain;
Clad in robes of softest ermine
None disputed winter's reign.
In my heart the leaves of autumn
Scattered, lay 'neath mounds of snow.
It was winter in the year time,
In my heart was winter's woe.

Once again the birds are singing,
Once again the skies are blue,
Once again the flowers are springing,
And the world seems born anew;
That I fear will ne'er depart,
Though 'tis spring time in the year time
Still 'tis winter in my heart.
But a shadow's lying o'er me,



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FROM THE PUBLISHERS

THE North has proved a veritable wonder land for the writer, as well as for the prospector and explorer. Dr. Cook may have lost his reputation in the frozen wilderness, but a respectable legion of would-be discoverers have found that a "dash to the Pole" is a sure means of notoriety.

However, when one turns to fiction, one finds that it is not necessary to penetrate the Polar regions, in order to find local color of the true boreal tinge. Yukon districts have afforded both poet and novelist attractive ground, and the writer of stirring tales is not slow to take advantage of the stern scenes of primitive struggles and transfer them to paper.

Mr. S. A. White, in "The Stampeder," writes a novel of thrilling incident, which whirls the reader from an accident at sea near Algiers to the rush to the Yukon. The hero, Rex Britton, is a gentleman of marvellous activities and of a bewildering variety of adventures. The story is melodrama of the most frank and "cheap show" order, but will be appreciated by many readers. There is a woman of the false, alluring type, and there is another of the "sweet, innocent heroine" class. The latter is, of course, triumphant in the end and becomes the hero's happy bride. The reader may become rather dazzled by the succession of weird happenings which fall to the lot of Rex, but, at least, the narrative is not lacking in "action."

The publisher of "The Stampeder" is William Briggs, of Toronto, who also brings out a Yukon novel by H. A. Cody, "The Frontiersman," a sturdy narrative of human effort and perseverance in penetrating the regions of the "great white silence." The first chapter introduces an attack of wolves on the lonely trailsman, Keith Steadman, who is a medical missionary from Eastern Canada. This fairly animated scene is an indication of what is to follow, and we find in the narrative a stirring account of the struggle against the dangers and difficulties which pioneers encounter in such a region. Several of the rough characters, especially "Pete," are depicted with a rugged realism, which gives one a vivid idea of the qualities necessary to win a way in the "North Countree."

AN extremely dainty and "informing" volume has been sent out by the Musson Book Company of Toronto. "The Canadian Garden—A Pocket Help for the Amateur" is a book to be desired, both for its contents and the style of presentation. It takes up in twenty-nine concise chapters the varied topics of interest to those who are planning their own garden and who are anxious to obtain the best and brightest results. Fruits, flowers and vegetables meet with due consideration, and their requirements as to soil and culture are discussed in bright and practical fashion.

"L'Envoi" is one of the pleasantest features of an attractive book, concluding as it does—"In retrospect we see once more the blue-and-white bed of English violets, with their subtle, bewildering perfume, where with one in harmony attuned they helped us to worship the Creator through His gift in the Sabbath stillness of Springtime. Could violets have a dearer mission?"

A STORY of old Southern days in Tennessee and along the Mississippi is found in "The Prodigal Judge"—a book which is deservedly among the best-selling novels. Vaughan Kester, the author, is evidently "to the manner born," so far as a knowledge of that country is concerned, and has a genuine gift for narration, as the reader discovers before the third chapter is reached. The romance and turbulence of those old days, when the War of 1812 was still in the memory, are keenly felt, and the casual reference to shooting or rioting is somewhat of a shock to conventional ideas of law and order. The "Judge," himself, is a remarkable figure, whose tragedy is weirdly blended with grotesque humor. His final redemption has the pathos which grows out of the sacrifice of another. The heroine, Betty Malroy, is the

charming Southern girl with whom we are all familiar—who is pretty, high-spirited and winning in her sunshiny grace.

The villains of the story are of a consummate wickedness which gives one the thrills essential to the enjoyment of an old-time romance. The loyalty and devotion of Yancy to the small and mysterious waif, "Hannibal," is one of the most attractive features in a very enjoyable story.

The illustrations are of an unusual order of excellence and are quite the best which this year's popular fiction has shown. Toronto: McLeod and Allen.

FROM the Macmillan Company of Canada come four volumes, which form an agreeable addition to the pile of summer fiction. "The Sea Lion" by Patrick Rusden is, we believe, a first novel. The new writer may congratulate himself on having produced a book of more than ordinary interest. The title is somewhat "reminiscent," reminding the reader too closely of "The Sea Wolf" by Jack London. The narrative, however, is only remotely associated with the sea, and introduces many of the vagaries of modern social life in London, including the visit of the heroine to a marvellous clairvoyant. There are two "villains" of uncanny type, Sir James Ripley being the most unpleasant creature who has appeared since the days of Svengali. The story "marches" admirably and leaves the reader no idle moments. One may wonder how the heroine ever was deceived by such an underbred impostor as "S. Thornfield," but the wonder only adds to the dramatic interest of the situation. As a narrative of thrilling turns, and as a study of character it is worth careful reading, even in these days of a multitude of tales.

"Adventure," by Jack London, is a story of the sea, with one of the most wonderful heroines who ever tried to rule in a semi-barbaric territory. The book is correctly named, as adventures of the hairbreadth order tumble over each other's heels throughout the chapters which lead to the final and happy outcome. Some of Mr. London's romances are too crude and brutal for the fastidious reader, as he appears to delight in physical conflict of the most elemental type and describes it in a fashion which seldom has the virtue of reserve. The present volume is an enjoyable exception to that rule and belongs rather to the realm of romance.

"Phrynette and London," by Marthe Trolly-Curtin, is a most diverting book, containing the reflections of a French girl of seventeen on modern life and manners, as seen in the British capital. There is a delicious naivete about the remarks of "Phrynette," but there is also a subtle social philosophy in her criticism, of which no French demoiselle of seventeen would be capable. As a contribution to international comparisons, it is a volume of some value and, in its arraignment of London rents and the "flat" system, is suggestive of needed reforms.

"The Unknown God," by Putnam Weale, is a story of much more serious order than the reflections of "Phrynette." It is a narrative, or rather study, of missionary effort in China. It appears to be unfriendly to the methods and aims of Christian missions; yet a closer analysis shows that only the unworthy specimens in the service are under criticism. The hero of the book, Paul Hancock, is both sincere and scholarly, and his ultimate decision to abandon the hypocritical Mr. Gray, who is using the mission for personal ends, bids fair to result in more effective work than had been formerly accomplished. The immense difficulties which stand in the way of the West dealing in the East, are realized by the reader, but the author does not say that the christianizing of China is impossible. The secret spread of Mahomedanism, in some respects so like the Mormonism of our own continent, is graphically described. To many readers, the scenes along the great and ever-changing river of the Celestial Empire will prove more attractive than the characters who traverse it.

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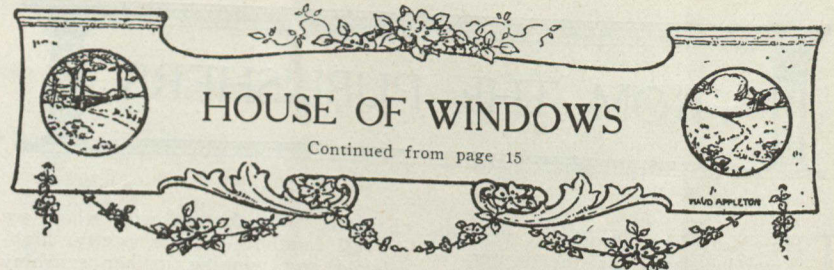
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and the new sensation was as keen as it was delicious. He would expose her to no comment by taking her to Haffey's. It was as he said, "quite the thing." They would be taken for an engaged couple probably, but that did not matter. In the unlikely event of his meeting one of his own friends there would be curiosity aroused, but he would know how to meet that.

He stole another glance at her face. It was serenely thoughtful. How lovely she was. Her hair, he had never seen hair like it, the curve of her faintly red lips, the droop of the white lids over the hazel eyes. Of what was she thinking? Would she let him know her, see her often, be her friend? He had known in that instant's pause which followed after she had told him who she was, and that her sister was a clerk in his adopted father's store that the answers to these questions would tip the balance of his fate.

If she would give him a chance, let him know her better, he would take that chance and let the lesser things go. So strangely are we made that Mark Wareham who, as a very handsome eligible, had for years been the special pet of Mamma and the favorite of their daughters, without a turning of the proverbial hair, was now at the glance of one golden-haired girl, calmly facing a probable giving up of his whole scheme of life, and hesitating in the choice no longer than one might hesitate between a pebble and a pearl. Mark knew very well what ambitions Adam Torrance held for him. He knew his pride, the rather selfish pride which had prevented him from identifying his name with that of the great stores he owned. He knew how deep was his affection for himself, and how he would suffer should Mark disappoint him. He had no misleading hope that such a man would ever consent to the marriage of his heir with a girl in Christine's circumstances, and with the name of "Brown." He sighed. It would certainly mean a breach with the governor!

"You must be very hungry," said Christine, timidly, noticing the sigh. "And I will go with you. I suppose I ought not but I don't feel that I ought not. So I'm going. I am enjoying it so much. I have always wanted to ride in an auto."

"Wanted to—?"
"Ride in an auto. Like this. I have never before. It is like flying. I think it must be awfully jolly to be an agent. Though it would be still nicer to have an auto of one's own, wouldn't it?"
"You think so? Well, I don't know. In that case one would have to pay the bills."

"Don't you wish you owned this one?" asked Christine, practically.

"No, I wouldn't." As a matter of fact, this was true, for this car belonged to Mr. Torrance, and was of a make which Mark himself disliked.

Christine merely thought the remark showed strong-mindedness, and looked at him with added respect. "Celia is like that," she confided, "she doesn't worry about what she can't have."

"Celia is the one in the store?"
"Yes, she has been there sixteen years. Ever since I was born. She is very clever, when she isn't tired she makes more sales than all the rest of her department put together, and her eye is so good that she never makes a mistake in matching a shade. Ada says that perhaps Celia has a double share of eye-sight because, you know," sinking her voice, "Ada is blind."
"I did not know," said Mark gently. "Tell me about it."

So as they flew along under the yellowing autumn trees, Christine told him about her home. Told him, indeed, far more than she knew until he felt that he had known the three sisters all his life. Only of one thing Christine did not speak. She said nothing about their present troubles, nor why she had suddenly decided to seek work herself. Her innocent pride caused her to paint things brightly, and he saw only the pleasant if humble home at its best and happiest.

She told him, too, of her ventures that morning in quest of work, speaking with a quaint air as of one worker to another (for was he not an agent and piano tuner himself?) and he managed, without unduly frightening her, to get her to promise not to make any more efforts without the knowledge of her sisters. From what she had told him of them he felt sure that her morning's experience would not be repeated. For the rest, they were like a pair of children on a

holiday. Christine learned to move the levers of the big machine, and they both laughed like babies at her first attempt with the steering wheel, and at the hideous screech of the horn whose valve was broken.

Neither of them ever forgot that drive. In after years a red leaf, the smell of ripe apples under a tree, a blue haze on the horizon of a sunny day, could bring it all back—as fresh and poignant as yesterday. At the time, Christine was not conscious of observing anything, yet afterwards she knew each foot of the road. It all belonged to the ineffaceable things of life. It remained always cloudless, spotless, completely happy, a day hedged about and set apart from all other days by the miracle of first love.

Not that she dreamed that the miracle had happened! She was conscious only of a new content and of a fresh wash of green and red upon the earth, a new blue in the sky. Nature had brightened up and shone resplendent.

They had lunch at the pretty gabled Inn (a transformed farm-house), in what once had been the farmhouse kitchen. It was pleasant there. The windows were long and low, and red leaves blew in at the open door. They ate and drank fare fit for gods and forget all about the piano which needed tuning. The old lady who waited smiled and nodded.

"That lad has brought many a lass before," she told her grand-daughter, "but this day he's brought the only lass for him."

"I don't see how you can tell, Granny," said the grand-daughter, wistfully. The old lady only shook her head. "When you're as old as me you'll know without telling," she said. But the girl only laughed, and shrugged her dimpled shoulders. "Oh, Granny, what good will it do me then!"

CHAPTER X.

THERE is nothing in life quite so perplexing as the problem of its might have been. We feel ourselves so free, and we are so bound. We are like birds with strong wings and a limitless sky overhead. We say to ourselves, we will fly this way, and we will fly that way, and we beat the air cheerfully with our wings; but in reality our flight is determined by forces against which our poor wings are as thistle-down in a wood—"willy-nilly blowing." Fortunately, we do not dream of our own impotence. How we walk as free men, defying fate. There is a story in a comic paper of a man who fell upon the street and was picked up dead. One physician said, learnedly, "heart-disease." Another said "apoplexy," but the street urchin who saw the fall said banana peel. We laugh at the story; we appreciate the discomfort of the grave physician, but put fate in the place of the banana peel and we unveil a tragedy.

None could have been more certain than Mark Wareham, that he held his destiny in his own hands, that afternoon when he left Christine at the door of the House of Windows. It was with the air of a man making his future that he asked her, timidly as lovers do, if he might call some time soon to meet her sisters; and undoubtedly Christine thought that all the enquiries of fate were answered by her low voiced "Yes." Yet the determining factor in the lives of both of them was not Mark's request nor Christine's reply, but the apparently irrelevant fact that Martha (Miss Torrance's sour-faced maid) had eaten toasted cheese for supper the night before. This is easily seen, for if Martha had not eaten the cheese she would not have had dyspepsia, failing dyspepsia, she would not have asked leave to take a walk. The rest follows naturally, for on the walk she saw Mark and Christine returning in the motor from that divine luncheon at the Haffey Inn.

It all happened by what we contentedly call mere accident; but having happened, the result was inevitable. Martha was shocked; she told herself that she was grieved but how seldom do we feel real grief for the frailties of others. Martha might shake her head and sigh, but deep in her heart she felt a pleasurable excitement. Her estimate of the airs and graces of Christine had been right after all! Very sad, but, still, gratifying in the main.

"There she goes!" said Martha's inner nature, "just as I said! That's what comes of her pretty face. Looks like hers is a snare to them as have them."

With a warm sense of personal rectitude, she turned her face toward home, arriving a good half-hour earlier than usual with a head that was quite cured.

"I tell you it could not have been her," declared Miss Torrance, with a total disregard for the King's English. "Martha, you are an old gossip! Why, you saw for yourself that he did not even know her name this morning, and you tell me now that they were motoring together. The thing is absurd. Give me my salts!"

"It was her, right enough," said Martha. "She isn't one you'd be likely to mistake. Nor Mr. Mark either, let alone the green car. Name or no name, there they were, and no mistake about it. Laughing too! I knew how it would be!"

"Silence! You know nothing about it. The girl is as fresh and innocent as a baby; and Mark—well, Mark is no baby, but she is safe with him. If he really had her in his car—you say it was a green car?"

"Yes, ma'am. The green car belonging to Mr. Torrance. The one that has the awful screech. I see Mr. Mark pressing the bulb to make the girl laugh at the queer noise."

"It is most curious. However, if he really had her in the car he must have—now that I think of it, it is just like Mark! Where are my salts? Don't stand gaping there! Get me paper and pen. If she was really in the car the case is serious—for Mark! just like him too—and Adam would never forgive him, never. Brown, wheel up my desk. I must see to this at once."

Sulkily, the maid, who was mentally incapable of following the mistress's thought-gymnastics, brought the required articles. Her great news had not produced the effect she had intended. Great news seldom does. But for Mark and Christine, the effect was quite all that fate desired. The brief note which the aroused Miss Torrance sent to her brother had all the destructive power of a well directed thunderbolt. One does not need to be Jove in order to strike.

"My dear Adam," (wrote Miss Torrance in her sprawling hand), "can't you send Mark away? There is a lady in the case. Nice girl, but name of Brown! No time for any serious attraction as yet. Now take a fool's advice for once and don't speak to Mark of it, but get him safely off at once. Don't ask me for details. I won't give them.

"Affectionately,
"Miriam."

A characteristic letter, a shrewd letter, and kindly intended, but based upon the fatally wrong assumption that time is necessary for the forming of a serious attachment. Miss Torrance did not believe in love at first sight, and things which Miss Torrance did not believe in simply did not exist. It would have been quite useless, for instance, to quote the poets, because Miss Torrance would have said "Fudge," and to say fudge to a poet, is to extinguish him. It would have been equally useless to quote the philosophers, because Miss Torrance would have said "Don't argue with me!" in a tone which would have left a philosopher as dumb as an oyster.

While as for quoting the latest facts of psychology, that would indeed have been a labor lost since Miss Torrance would have disposed of them out of hand by simply saying, "Don't tell me! I know."

Since then, according to Miss Torrance, Mark could not possibly have fallen in love with Christine without knowing her longer, it is curious to note how his uncle's sudden request that he should go West, came upon him with all the force of a blow. Yesterday, he would have welcomed the chance. He liked travel, and there was nothing to make him wish to stay where he was. Alice Van Slyke was a nice girl, but, in spite of his uncle's hopes to the contrary, he could have left her without a regret. There are nice girls everywhere! Then it would be a real pleasure to do some thing—anything—for his uncle, who had really been such a jolly good sort; and who knows, but what he might get some hunting in the West? All these things would, yesterday, have sent him, on his journey with a light heart. Yet, tonight, so unimportant were they that he did not even think of them, and the one thing which forced him to assent to his uncle's request was that sense of obligation and honor which fate plants deeply in all of us, so that we may do her bidding when we especially do not want to.

Mr. Torrance looked keenly at Mark's perturbed face. "Something in what Miriam says," he thought. Aloud, he said, carelessly, "Nothing here to keep you, is there, Mark?"

"Nothing to weigh against your need of me, sir."

"Nothing definite with Miss Alice, I suppose?"

"No; and uncle, we may as well consider that done with. She doesn't care for me, and I can never care for her. She

is a nice little thing. I like her and respect her—"

"That's enough," dryly. "The 'like and respect' stage is hopeless! I am sorry, but I would not try to force you to a marriage against your will."

Mark looked up eagerly, but the even voice went on, "On the other hand, I shall expect you not to marry against mine. There is no hurry, and you will not find me unfair. Bring me a lady whose name and position equals your own, and if you are happy I shall be. I say nothing about money. You will have enough."

Mark blushed hotly. In spite of the gratitude which he felt for his uncle, there were times when he hated the sense of dependence which great favor, unaccompanied by perfect love, always brings. Tonight the chains were especially galling, and why? He could not himself have told why, and having opened his lips to speak he shut them without having spoken. Mr. Torrance was wise enough not to notice his silence.

"What I want you to do," he went on, dismissing the more intimate subject with a wave of his hand, "is to bring me back some report of the timber limits which have come into my hands. You will say you know nothing about timber. I know that of course. In Vancouver, you will call upon James Macgregor, who knows enough for two, and he will make all the necessary observations. You two will charter a tug, take what outfit is necessary, and go up the coast as far as Quathiaska Cove. There you will strike inland to the limits. I want an exhaustive report from Macgregor, and it may take some time—"

"But, uncle, if Macgregor is to do it all, why need I go?"

"Because I wish it. Your report will be, in its way, quite as valuable as Macgregor's. You will know little about the timber, but you can use your intelligence in a dozen different ways, and your opinions and observations of the country and its conditions will be of the greatest service to me. I have plans—well, it is too soon to speak of my plans yet, but I assure you that you are necessary to their proper carrying out."

"Very well," said Mark, resignedly. "When do I start?"

"Tonight, at ten."

"Tonight!"

"The trans-continental leaves at ten. I have made your reservations. You see," smiling, "I felt sure I could count on you. Benson is now packing. I would advise your going straight out. You can do your sight-seeing on the way back. There will be no hurry, none at all."

"Thanks. But I shall not loaf this time. I'll come right back. I don't suppose the whole trip will take very long, will it?"

"Impossible to say." Mr. Torrance's tone was final, for to himself he thought, "Miriam was right—and I'm not sure that it isn't more serious than she thought. Who can the girl be? Brown!" he shuddered. "I mustn't keep you any longer, Mark," he added. "There may be a few things you would like to do."

Mark Wareham went up to his room thoughtfully. The whole thing had come so suddenly that all his world seemed out of plumb. This morning, coming down that stair, he had not seen Christine. The world had been empty—although he had not known it. Half an hour ago, he had thought that he was going to see Christine tomorrow, and the world had been a wonderful place! Now he was going away, out of sight and reach of Christine, and the world was empty again—only not empty in the same way. Mark did not pause to argue about the different ways of emptiness. Instead he caught his foot in a rug and swore. How perverse things were! Yet nothing was clearer than that he could not fail his uncle in his need. Christine would never approve of his going so. It did not strike him as at all strange that he should immediately place his action at the bar of Christine's approval. He sighed. If he could only see her before he went! His face lighted up—was it impossible? Commonsense told him that it was not possible. Her people would think him crazy. She herself might not like it—he kicked viciously at a strapped suit case.

"What time does that infernal train start, Benson?"

"Ten, sir. I think you will find everything all right, sir."

"Don't you believe it, Benson. Everything is all wrong. Something's slipped a cog somewhere. What time is it now?"

"Eight-thirty, sir."

"Well, get my things down to the station. I'm going out. I'll go on to the station from—where I'm going. So long."

Adam Torrance looked up quickly at the sudden re-appearance of his nephew. "Going so soon, Mark?"

"Yes, a few things to attend to. I'll go right on to the station. Benson has attended to everything. No need of you to come to the depot, of course."

(To be continued)

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Glass for Shelves

GLASS is an ideal shelving for a kitchen closet, as it can be kept clean so easily. If this is too costly paint the shelves white and give a coat of enamel. This is easily scrubbed and does away with the necessity of papers.

The kitchen cupboard should never be permitted to get untidy, and should be scrubbed out at least every fortnight; the lower shelves oftener.

The range and gas stoves quickly show lack of attention. Polish once or twice a week, and in the intervals wipe off frequently with newspaper to absorb grease.

A gas stove should have the parts removed and boiled every few days, and the burners should be kept clear with a fine wire or brush.

The Cellar Window

Is it not remarkable that the one feature about the house to be dismissed without a thought is the cellar window? Good housekeeping may prevail throughout the rest of the establishment, gentility radiate from this spotless steps and sidewalk, the polished knobs and knocker, the shining glass at door and windows—the precisely drawn shades and curtains, but there is the marring, ever present cellar window.

In itself, rarely architecturally correct, its appointments in most instances show a ludicrous lack of fitness, frank neglect or a summary dismissal.

The present treatment of cellar windows covers a latitude in design and material which fancy fails to permit herself in any other department of housefurnishing. In fact, the eccentricities perpetrated in cellar windows appear humorous to the observer with an eye for the suggestive and the symbolic. They are of many types.

How often at the loopholes of semi-subterranean apartments with which the imagination, tradition and habit itself inevitably associate the presence of coal dust, broken furniture, dampness and mice, do we see draped at these cellar windows the inadequate, inappropriate and unsatisfying lace curtain? In every stage of grimness and raggedness, ranging in pattern from a school of fish to a mis-matched "Angel Gabriel" we are confronted by something that is too shabby, too old, too ugly for any other purposes, but apparently good enough for the cellar window.

Scarcely to be preferred to this on the score of durability, but somewhat better in point of harmony, are those windows which are hung with butcher's wrapping paper.

How may the cellar window be improved? As a decorative feature the cellar window does not excel, but it is a necessary adjunct. Where it is placed in full view, it is desirable that it conform in construction to the character of the building and that it be as small as possible so as not to appear, by its gaping presence, to undermine the structure. Where leaded or mullion windows occur in the building, it is effective to have them repeated in the cellar, with the glass of the frosted kind, which will transmit the light without being transparent. Cellar windows with gratings are usually in good form and give the impression of substantiality—a quality much to be desired.

Abolishing the Parlor

OTTAWA is the centre of a better housing movement, which has some novel and attractive features, not the least of which is the abolition of the parlor. The house as a home when every room will be used, and used without restriction, is the ideal which is promulgated, and the competition for prizes for the best plans will be open

to the architects of the whole Dominion. The organizers of the movement are evidently of the opinion that the race has been held in bondage to the parlor long enough. Some of those interested probably recall the "front room" of their boyhood, with blinds always drawn and a heavy air hanging over everything when the door was opened and light admitted on the occasion of a funeral, or a visit of the minister, or something equally important. The centre table held the family Bible, wherein were inscribed the births and deaths of the family and prim and stiff the chairs were ranged about the wall. It was an awesome and chilling place. Some of that same old feeling persists in the average home. The front room is the domestic Holy of Holies, not to be profaned by too indiscriminate use, but set apart from ordinary routine of life. This is the sentiment upon which war has been declared. Let the useless room go, have living rooms and live in them, is the stand taken by the Capital's reformers.—*London Free Press.*

The Bath Spray

ASTRONG spray that can be attached to the faucet of the bathtub is indispensable. It is essential in shampooing, as it gets out the soap quickly and with little effort. The force of a spray is a splendid tonic after a shampoo, and gets the scalp in a glow that prevents cold.

When one comes in tired, the haggard lines can be speedily rested and the tensions loosened by spraying the face and throat vigorously for five minutes. This can be done without disrobing, if a rubber sheet is slipped over the head. Use first warm water, then cold, alternately, until the skin is in a glow.

The benefit of this treatment is increased if a cleansing cream or skin food is first rubbed in five minutes before the hot spray is applied.

A nerve specialist advises the use of a bath spray daily to play upon the length of the spine. The force is directed up and down the spine rather briskly for about five minutes, and is made especially strong at the waist line, to relieve the pressure of corsets and start the blood circulating.

Use warm water first, gradually making it colder. This prevents shock and soothes the nervous system.

Simplicity in Decoration

THE wise decorator will object to the plan of furnishing homes with a collection of antiques, as though it were a part of the owner's business to create a home with something of the air of a museum. This chase after a spurious result is in many cases very closely allied to the desire for sham effects. It is only a slightly more cultivated and chastened evil. Old furniture there will always be which belongs legitimately to some families, but to complete the new home and furnish it by ransacking second-hand furniture shops in the country or in Europe is not to be commended. No doubt, much of this old furniture is of very excellent design, very well worth having in itself, but the people who made this old furniture made it as new furniture. There are manufacturers reproducing at a nominal price the old furniture in cheap imitation materials and making it resemble as far as possible the genuine article in its time-honored condition. The new old Colonial is a good instance of this practice, the propriety of which, for any purpose other than the stage, is unworthy of serious consideration. If ever we are to have good new furniture we must adopt the old methods—abolish all fictitious shams and cheapness. "Do not imitate anything."



Summer Recipes

BANANA PUDDING

For banana pudding slice six bananas, ripe ones preferred, and stew them with very little water. Beat to a pulp when done, add four tablespoonfuls of sugar and turn them into a baking dish. Rub a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour smooth and mix with a half-pint of coconut milk. Place on the stove and stir until boiling. Remove from the stove and when cool add the yolk of three eggs. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, stir in the custard slowly, add four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and a quarter of a grated nutmeg. Pour over the bananas and bake in a moderate oven for a half hour.

PINEAPPLE PIE

To make pineapple pie, grate a medium-sized pineapple. To this add two eggs and two-thirds of a cup of sugar, well beaten together. Add juice of one lemon. Put all in a double boiler, add two teaspoons butter, and two tablespoons flour to thicken it. Let thicken sufficiently, then bake between two pie-crusts. Cornstarch may be used in place of the flour if desired.

KNOX SALAD

1/4 box Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 3/4 cup hot chicken stock, highly seasoned.
1/4 cup cold chicken stock.
1 cup cold cooked chicken, cut in dice. 1 cup heavy cream. Salt and pepper.

The Author of this Recipe won a \$200 prize in a contest.

Soak the gelatine in cold stock, dissolve in hot stock, and strain. When mixture begins to thicken, beat, using an egg beater, until frothy; then add cream beaten until stiff, and chicken dice. Season with salt and pepper. Turn into quarter lb. baking powder tins, first dipped in cold water, and chill.

DRESSING

1 1/2 teaspoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 1/2 cup heavy cream.
2 tablespoonfuls cold water.
Yolks of two eggs. 1 teaspoonful salt.
Whites of two eggs. 1 1/2 teaspoonful sugar.
1/4 teaspoonful pepper. Few grains cayenne.
1 teaspoonful mustard. 3/4 cup lemon juice.
1/2 cup hot cream. 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls butter.

Soak the gelatine in cold water until soft, dissolve by standing in hot water, then strain. Beat yolks of eggs, and add salt, sugar, pepper, cayenne, mustard, lemon juice and cream. Cook over hot



water until mixture thickens, stirring constantly, then add butter and gelatine. Add mixture gradually to whites of eggs beaten until stiff and when cold fold in cream beaten until stiff. Mold and chill. Turn chicken cream from molds, cut in one inch slices and arrange on lettuce leaves. Put a spoonful of salad dressing on each slice and garnish with one-half English walnut meat. Cut celery in small pieces—there should be three cupfuls. Break into pieces one cup pecan or English walnut meats, and brown in a moderate oven. Mix celery and nut meats, sprinkling with one-half teaspoonful salt, and add to one-half the salad dressing. Surround each slice of chicken cream with celery and nut mixture. If a simpler dish is required, the celery and nuts may be omitted.

MINT JELLY

1/2 box Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 2 1/2 cups boiling water.
1/2 cup cold water. Juice of two lemons.
2 bunches mint. 1 cup sugar.

Soak the gelatine five minutes in the cold water; wash and dry the mint and let it stand in the boiling water half an hour on the back of the range. Add the sugar to the gelatine and pour the water from the mint over the whole; let dissolve, then strain, and when cool add the lemon juice and pour into a mold.

RHUBARB JELLY

Rhubarb jelly is a dish one does not often meet, but it is very simply made, and makes a good dessert. Put one small bundle of rhubarb cut into short lengths into a stew-pan, with one-half pint water, rind of one lemon, cut finely, and three ounces pulverized sugar. Simmer until tender, then put through a fine sieve. Dissolve three-quarters of an ounce of sheet gelatine in two table-spoons of water, and strain into the other mixture. Put in a mold, and keep on ice until firm. Serve with whipped cream.

FRUIT WHIP

Any of the canned fruits may be used for this dish, but peaches, apricots or pears are superior. Drain off the liquor, which should be heated; slightly thicken with a little cornstarch to make it creamy, then a little lemon juice added and the mixture set in the ice-box or cold place. Beat the whites of two eggs with a pinch of salt to a thick froth; then add gradually a cupful of the fruit pressed through a sieve, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and continue beating until the mixture will keep its shape when dropped from a spoon. Heap into a dish and decorate with some of the canned fruit. Serve very cold, passing the sauce in a separate dish.

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who defined a mountain range as a large-sized cook stove' was recently lipped by the answer returned by a d from Altoona.

"What is the office of the gastric vice?" was the question put to this boy. "His written response, no doubt ruck off in the hurry of the examination, was: 'The stomach.'"

* * *

Not in Canada.

TO avoid any possible misunderstanding concerning the geographical location of this incident, it should be remarked that California orchardists use boxes for packing fruit. Two piles of apples lay upon the ground. One contained a large-sized and rosy selection; the fruit of the other was green and small. "Large on the top, sir, and small at the bottom?"

inquired the new assistant to his master as he prepared to fill a barrel.

"Certainly not!" replied the farmer virtuously. "Honesty is the best policy, my boy, and one I've always held to. Put the little apples at the top and the large ones at the bottom." The assistant complied. His master was evidently as green as his greenest fruit.

"Is the barrel full, my lad?" asked the farmer.

"Yes," answered the assistant.

"Good!" said the farmer. "Now turn it upside down and label it!"

* * *

A Homely Man.

OLD Joe Appley had the reputation of being the "homeliest man God ever made," but one day he met a stranger who was "homelier" than he.

"Stranger," quoth Joe, "I guess I've got to kill you."

"Why so?" asked the stranger.

"Because I've always sworn that if I ever seed a homelier man than I was, I'd kill him on sight."

The stranger shifted his quid to the other cheek, and looked Joe over with a calculating eye.

"Wa'al, go ahead," he drawled. "If I'm homelier than you be, I want to die, s' help me."

AT THE GATE OF SILENCE

Continued from page 8

"And I suppose Wilmer Norton loved the Don's wife—and there's been the evil to pay ever since!"

"How did you know?"

"Never mind. Go on."

"Well, the Don discovered it—and she died. She's buried near that awful gate. Wilmer Norton went away, at five years ago he came back—drawn to heaven knows what power. Gracia says he brought him back—and now he lies beneath those fiendish flowers. They have haunted me day and night with their soft, heavy scent. Gracia hates me—as only a Spaniard can hate because I am a Norton and have my uncle's eyes." Chase fell wearily back on the couch, and this time Grange did not try to rouse him; but, instead, poured a fine, grey powder into a spoon, squeezed some orange juice on it and watched his friend, as he swallowed it and dropped into a heavy sleep.

"Things are getting plainer," ruminated the young man. "I know something about Latin vengeance and also, thank heaven, something about chemistry. Those are no ordinary white poppies, and I believe, my dear Don Gracia, that you are about at the end of your tether. I'm glad that Jose was told to wait with the mules near Lake Gorda."

ton's forehead, they went bravely on. A bronze petal once again yielded to the pressure of an alien hand and the wide portals swung outward. They passed beyond the Gracia estate, but turned at the sound of a gasping cry. Don Gracia stood with face transformed by hatred, the eyes gleaming, the mouth snarling.

"He will not go—his race is accursed—he will lie—with those others—at the Gate of Silence." The hoarse tones failed him and, staggering forward, the tall form fell prone, the white head resting among the flowers.

Grange went back to the prostrate Spaniard, and raising him slightly, looked closely at eyes and mouth. Then he laid him gently down and came back to Norton, whose hand he took as if to guide him into an unknown land.

"Hadn't we better go back?" he asked Ryerson nervously.

"There is nothing for us to do," replied Grange, looking hopefully towards the almost-stifed path.

A WEEK later, three white-clad travellers, on a brisk yacht, gazed joyfully towards the Florida coast. Norton, with his eyes losing their haunted look, and his form gaining a respectable covering of flesh, lay on deck and grinned contentedly at his native land.

"By the way," said Grange lazily, "here's a tortoiseshell box which Manuel shoved into my hand before we left that place of horrors. I suppose it's for you, Norton."

His friend sat up and reluctantly opened the box, unwinding folds of soft cotton until a bracelet and pendant were discovered, set with such emeralds as made the two rescuers gasp.

"Did you ever see such green fire? Norton, each one of those stones is a fortune."

"Yes," said Chase absently, letting the slender gold chain slip through his fingers. Then, with a sudden passionate movement, he flung pendant and bracelet from him, high about the white railing, and watched them as they sank beneath the warm blue waves.

"Norton, are you mad?" said Ryerson breathlessly.

"No—but I've been mighty near it. I can't tell you, for, thank heaven, I can't remember all the evil which has clung to those jewels for hundreds of years of crime. I don't know about tainted money, but I'm sure those emeralds of Equito were accursed. I'm going back to everyday life, with nothing to remind me of the graves near the Gate of Silence." He went down to his cabin in a sudden attack of giddiness, and Grange nodded wisely at Ryerson. "He's coming round all right and I believe he knew what he was about when he sent those beauties to Davy Jones' locker. Some things are best buried."

sons, but for

The speaker was Col. Lionel C. Harris, ornithologist, of Memphis. He resumed:

"The cost of these aigrettes and paradise plumes is a dreadful thing for any husband to contemplate. I saw yesterday a Virot hat covered with aigrettes that was ticketed at \$200. And that reminds me—

"A lady novelist wrote to a publisher last month:

"Please send a cheque in advance of royalties. I want to buy a new hat for a June wedding."

"The accommodating publisher sent the lady a cheque for \$50. She acknowledged it indignantly.

"I said," she wrote, "that I wanted a hat, not a veil."

* * *

When He Shaved.

"DOES your wife always insist on talking to you when you are shaving?"

"Not always. You see, I sometimes shave when she is away from home."

* * *

A Muskoka Romance.

IT was a summer hotel in Muskoka. There were several chaperons, twenty nice girls, two elderly clergymen, a university professor, and one young man. The twenty girls were ever so amiable towards each other and most considerate of the solitary young man. He was not obliged to do the rowing nor the paddling, and the youngest of the nice girls looked for his lost tennis balls. He was really enjoying himself very much and was making all the girls angry by saying that he felt as if they were his sisters.

But one evening there arrived by the boat a slender and forlorn creature who wore clinging black gowns, had a wistful smile and a dreamy expression in her violet eyes. The chaperons found

JONES had passed a weary night. The strange hotel bed, the passing trains, the midnight cats, and morning roosters had all contributed to his restlessness, and it was not until 7.30 o'clock that he fell into his first really comfortable doze.

Bang! Bang!

He thought that the Germans were upon him. But he awoke to find that it was only the "boots" rapping at his door.

"Well, what is it?" he grumbled.

"A telegram, sir," replied the boots, in breathless tones. "Will you open the door, sir?"

"Certainly not!" exclaimed Jones, crossly. He was by no means anxious to leave his sheltering sheets. "Slip it under the door, my boy."

"I can't do that, sir," replied the boots, anxiously. "It's on a tray."

* * *

Their Native Heath.

DR. EUGENE FULLER, president of the American Urological Association, said at a dinner:

"We must all try to be as truthful as George Washington was. I am afraid we have not, of late years, upheld the reputation for truthfulness that George Washington gave us. I am afraid that we have published to the world a good many tall stories:

"Thus an English teacher once said to a pupil:

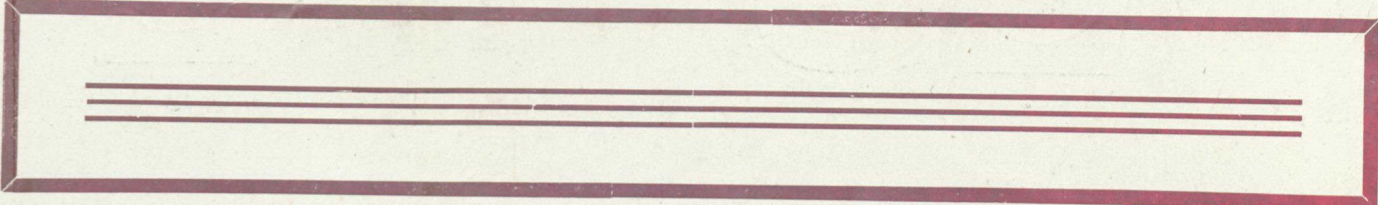
"What is a miracle?"

"Please, sir," the little pupil answered, "it's something that happens in America."

* * *

Its Place of Business.

"IN the absence of any accurate information, the imagination of our pupils sometimes takes a curiously amusing turn," says an instructor in a Philadelphia institution. "The boy



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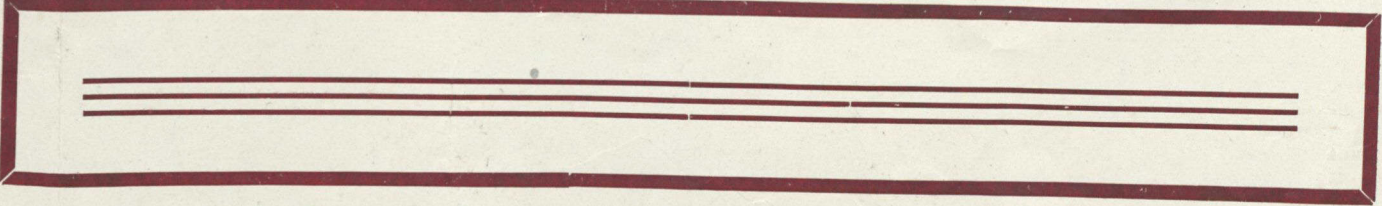
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