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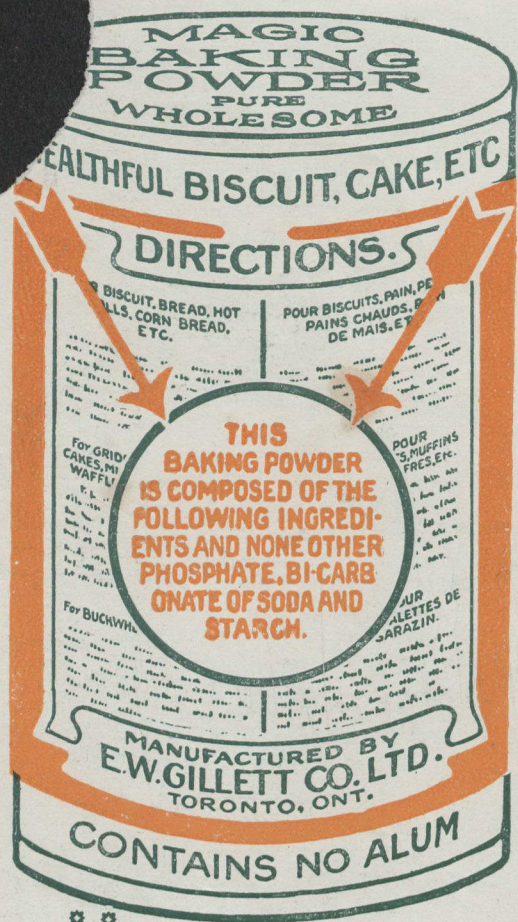
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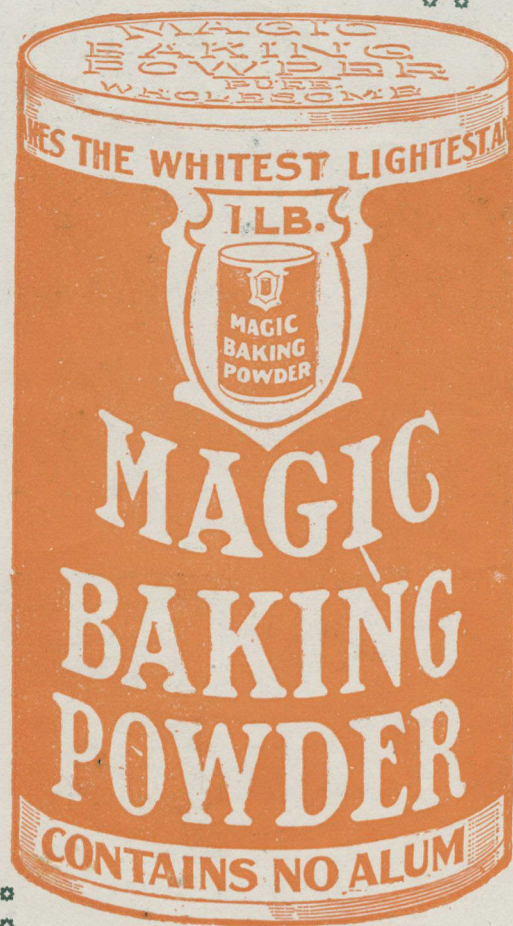


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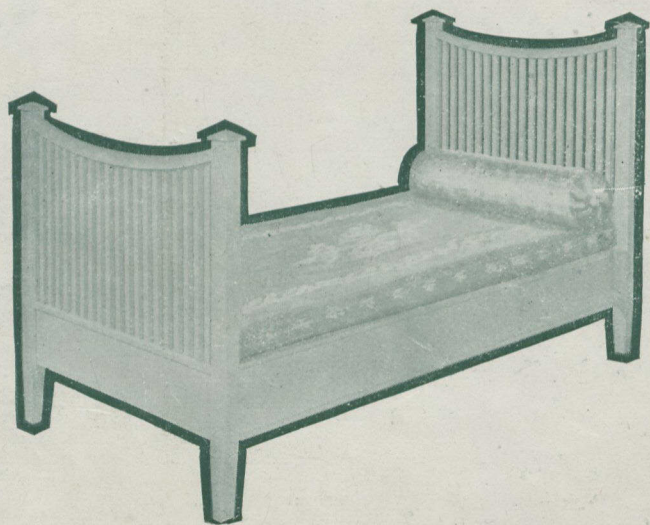


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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL CHAT

Do you know the feeling of pride with which a mother looks upon a daughter developing into full vigorous girlhood? Well, if you do, you know just how we feel when we see this magazine pushing into the front rank of women's magazines in America.

Our readers have made possible the wonderful improvements made during the last year, and in return we promise to do everything in our power to make it still more worthy of their favor in the future.

In the matter of covers we are spending more money to secure good covers than the usual magazine spends for its entire contents. We know that our readers appreciate our using good covers and that they are pleased to see the advances we have made in this direction.

Our readers must agree with us that the June number marks another step in our progress. There is a new serial, two splendid complete stories, the concluding chapters of another serial, ten pages of fashions, enough recipes to keep our readers cooking and eating for a month, music, and a host of other good things.

No part of magazine publishing is worthy of more consideration than the selection of a serial story, and it was only after weeks of consideration and the reading of many of the best stories that we selected "The Third Man" for our next serial story. The author, Silas K. Hocking, is a writer whose fiction is well known where good books are read. "The Third Man" is not a story of "drawings rooms" and "pink teas," but rather a story of the real everyday kind of a young man, who, while not sure he loved the girl, still he did not want her to marry a man whom he thought was unworthy of her.

To learn just how the difficulty was overcome you had better read the first instalment on our recommendation; after that we are sure you will be just as anxious as we were to find out just which of the three men the heroine will marry.

No person has ever told us just why so many marriages are performed in June, but the custom appears to be a popular one, and for that reason we have prepared some interesting articles, giving advice to the bride-to-be about floral decorations, customs at the weddings, furnishing the bride's home, and many other things she should know about preparing for the happy event.

Our short stories this month are somewhat above our standard, and what is better, they are from the pen of two of our brightest Canadian contributors. We want the magazine to be thoroughly

Canadian, and will always give Canadian authors the preference.

Lois Rayburn's wedding is a well-told story of a beautiful girl's devotion to her fiance. Even though he had apparently become an invalid for life, Lois insisted upon keeping her promise. Read the story, you will like it.

There are moments in the lives of most married couples in which it would only require a few words to start a wordy war between husband and wife. The air seems to be charged with electricity.

Well, it was on just one of these occasions that "Joe" unknowingly brought home to his wife a box of beauty roses that was intended for another person. It was a strange mix-up, and it cost "Joe" just twenty dollars to keep his wife from suspecting the truth. It is an excellent story, and well worth reading.

Luncheons, menus and culinary conceits are in the issue in abundance. Luncheons for June, menus enough for every day for two weeks will help the busy housewife decide the vexed question of what she will prepare for the family. Then there is a splendid number of timely recipes that are well worthy trying and keeping for reference.

Our readers have asked us for some time to give them more fashions. We hesitated to do so owing to the limited amount of space available in which to place the good things we prepare for our readers each issue. The demand for more fashions has become so general that we have given ten pages to fashions and kindred matters in this number. It is only another indication of how anxious we are to at all times give our readers what they ask for.

Dr. Hastings, Medical Health Officer for Toronto, has written a splendid article on the extermination of flies. Every one of our readers should read this article, and enlist in the army of women who will "swat" every fly they see this summer. Nothing that can be done around the home is more necessary from a sanitary standpoint than the extermination of the flies.

The change made in our Journal Juniors Department will be appreciated by our younger readers. Most of them like puzzles, and when they know that they will be given a prize for the solution of the puzzles they will be more than anxious to

send us the answers and endeavour to secure a valuable prize. Another new serial will be started in our July issue.

SPECIAL NOTICE—We have moved our offices from 61 John Street, to larger offices at 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Our readers should use this new address when writing us.

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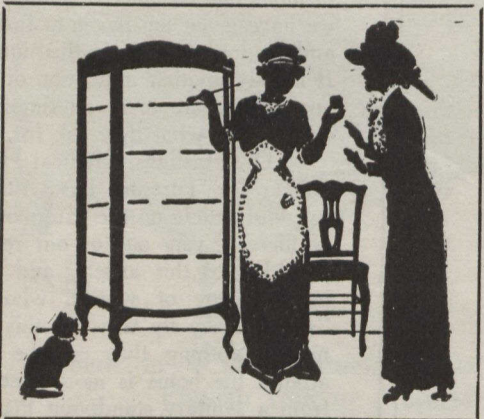
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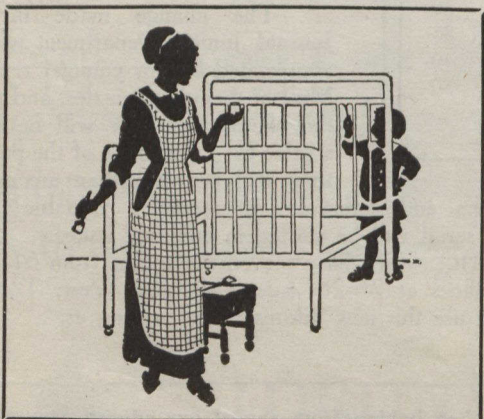
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H. PIZER

The Woman's Club

THERE was a time when the club woman was held up to ridicule and contempt, as a person who neglected important duties for the sake of a vain display. We recall the story of the man who was a "jiner," who belonged to every society under the sun and was a stranger to his own fireside. No doubt there are some women who follow a similar course and join so many societies for uplift and improvement that they forget the duties which lie the nearest. However, there is a happy medium in the matter of club devotion, and the woman who is too ardent in attendance at club meetings is not often encountered in Canadian towns and cities.

On the other hand, it is well to consider what a benefit the club or the society has been to the woman whose nerves were breaking under the strain of monotony. "A change is as good as a rest" has passed into a truism. The eye and brain that are weary of one scene may brighten and become invigorated when given a fresh subject for contemplation. A man who has business cares has also, in connection with his life down town, a dozen trifling diversions which broaden his outlook and make the daily round less monotonous than the routine of domestic affairs. Every healthy woman takes an actual pleasure in ordering well the ways of her household, but there is a danger in too close application to recurring small duties. To go to a club meeting and hear of some other world than ours, to attend an Institute gathering and discover how other women do things will make the next day's work more interesting and keep one from finding the world a dull place.

The June Bride

WHEN the month of roses comes at last, one's thoughts turn to the girl graduates who will step out proudly with nice, fresh diplomas, and to the bride who will set forth with a marriage certificate in safe keeping. The most cynical of social philosophers unbends, as he regards the June bride in her "white ninon over satin" and utters best wishes for her happiness. It must be admitted that women are supremely interested in the weddings which come in June, and that the masculine guests have an anxious rather than a pleased expression.

The June bridegroom is, indeed, a comparatively insignificant being, whose nervousness, instead of being regarded with sympathy, is contemplated with furtive amusement. Yet, who would grudge the bride her importance and satin splendor? A man may become an alderman, the mayor of a city, a member of Parliament, or a railroad magnate, but a woman's wedding day is the great occasion of her life, when, for the space of a brief ceremony, she is the centre of a happy group. Ours is a country of many prosperous homes, where "problems" do not press too heavily, and may it long continue so!

Plant a Tree

AS a custom, Arbor Day has an excellent effect on any community. Nature has been so good to Canada in the matter of forest resources that we have been prodigals indeed, taking little care of our heritage, and have only lately aroused to consider the need for conservation. The forest fires, which have so frequently ravaged large sections of our country, are a proof of carelessness in protective measures and are hardly a credit to our civilization.

To appreciate the beauty and comfort of shade trees, one must live for a while where there is a dreary absence of their umbrageous charm. When, day after day passes, without a glimpse of a grove or forest, with only miserable stunted shrubs to break the plain, then we would give many dollars for a few spreading maples or a stately elm. The love of trees and flowers cannot be instilled too early, for the civilizing influence they exert adds greatly to life's abiding pleasure. As Lucy Larcom tells us:

"He who plants a tree
Plants a hope.

Rootlets up through fibres blindly grope;
Leaves unfold into horizons free,
So man's life must climb
From the clods of time
Unto heaven's sublime.
Canst thou prophesy, thou little tree
What the glory of thy boughs shall be?"

The Girl on the Farm

WE wonder when our farmers will open their eyes to the injustice which they have so often shown to their daughters. Again and again we read paragraphs deploring the fact that so many girls are forsaking the farm for work in the city. What is the reason? In the majority of cases, we believe that it lies, not in youthful unrest, not in a longing for city amusements, but in a protest against the fraternal policy which denies a proper allowance to the daughters of the household. It is all very well to say that our great grandmothers did a great deal more work than their descendants of to-day and that the farmer's daughter of several generations ago was thankful for a roof over her head and the simplest of gowns. Our great grandfathers, also, worked much harder than the modern farmer, who would not dream of using the antiquated implements of sixty years ago.

The son on the farm is usually treated with much more consideration than the daughter, in the matter of money. The old distrust of woman's business capacity dies hard. The way to remove feminine ignorance is not to refuse to give woman an opportunity to learn the ways of the business world. If a father would take his daughter into his confidence in business matters and encourage her to have her own bank account, with a view to investment, there would be fewer mistakes made by mature women in the management of their affairs. A certain widow who has been most successful in looking after her own business remarked to her lawyer: "I owe a great deal to my father, who talked to me in my girlhood about his farm and his investments, giving me advice which I have never forgotten. He believed that every woman should know something of business affairs and be encouraged to have her own account."

It has often been said that we cannot learn by the advice of others, that it is necessary to make mistakes of one's own before wisdom is practically attained. This is only partly true. We may not hope to escape blunders and their consequence, but many disasters have been averted by the remembrance of wise counsel. If the farmer wishes to keep his daughter at home—and it is an infinitely better place for her than a city office—let him treat her as an industrial equal, show that he values her work and give her the benefit of his own hard-won experience.

LOIS RAYBURN'S WEDDING

A Beautiful Girl Proposes to and Marries a Helpless Man

By LOLA MARTIN BURGoyNE

A GIRL lay face downward on the bed crying as if her heart would break. Great sobs shook her slender form. Jim, an invalid for life! The thought brought fresh tears, and she sobbed until exhausted. Jim, the brightest of them all, the leader of all the sports, so big, so strong, and now, never to walk again! He had saved the child, though, and there was a little warm glow in her heart as she remembered that. The little mite had rushed out without warning, in front of Jim's big car. It was the child or the ditch, and, without a second's hesitation, Jim had turned into the ditch. His car turned turtle and he was pinned beneath it. They had carried him tenderly home to the big house on the hill, and for weeks he had hovered between life and death. Then came the turn for the better, and his splendid strength and clean life turned the scale, and he gradually crept back to life. Then had come this awful thing. Never to dance or skate or even to walk again! With a little moan she covered her face.

If only she had the right to go to him. Down in her heart she knew he cared. Many little half-forgotten things came to her, and that night skating on the pond—what had he been going to say to her, when Ruth came flying over and spoilt it all? If he had only told her and she could go to him now. She had not known herself that she cared so, till the news came of the accident and had shown her the truth, and now—

"Lois, Lois," called Ruth, hammering on her door. "What on earth have you locked your door for? Mother wants you to come down and see the Locketts."

"Oh, Ruth, please, I can't go and talk to them. Tell mother my head aches, and I am going out to try and walk it off. Get me out of it, that's a darling," Lois said.

"All right, I shall do my best. Wish I was old enough to do as I liked," said Ruth.

Lois sighed. "Do as she liked." Much Ruth knew about it!

"Mercy, what a sight I am," she cried, as she walked towards the mirror. "Crying certainly doesn't improve one's beauty."

She washed her aching eyes in cold water and brushed out the masses of brown hair. Jim thought she had nice hair, for he had exclaimed at its length that night of the fancy dress dance at Howes', when she had gone as Marguerite. She slipped into a brown velvet suit and pinned on a little brown fur toque with its single yellow rose. "Nut Brown Mayde," he had called her. She went out the side door, successfully eluding her mother and the tiresome Locketts, and was soon walking rapidly down the street. The air was cold and crisp, and the wind blew the wisps of hair that escaped from under her hat, and her cheeks were soon glowing.

"Oh, Doctor," she called, as she saw a tall man coming out of a house just ahead of her. His face lit up as he turned and saw her.

"Well, Lois, what a picture you are," he said, as he clasped her hand warmly. "It is well for us poor doctors that everyone is not as healthy as you are. Where are you off to this cold day?"

"Just for a walk to try and drive the blues away." Then, hurriedly and with flushing cheeks, "Doctor Merton, how is Jim?"

His kindly face clouded, and he looked at her face keenly.

"He is doing as well as can be expected, but he seems to have lost his grip since he found out that he would not be able to walk again. God bless my soul—when I think of him finding out now, when I did not mean him to know for a long time—perhaps never. Oh, God bless my soul," and the old doctor stamped up and down, blowing his nose violently.

"If we could only make him see there was lots to live for yet," he continued more calmly, "he would be all right, but he has given up hope."

Suddenly she raised her eyes and looked straight at him.

"Doctor, may I see him? Perhaps (her breath came quickly), perhaps I might cheer him up."

"He hasn't seen anyone yet, although he is in the library now. Yes, little girl, go ahead and try. I'll be around later and see how it works." With another shake of her hand he was off, and she turned, trying not to tremble at the thought of her visit. Why should she be afraid—of Jim, too? She had often been to the big rambling house when his mother was living, and she smiled at the remembrance of the good times that they had had in it. It somehow looked very forbidding as she walked

up the drive. Poor Jim, all alone in that big house, and suffering too.

She quickened her pace at the thought, and ran lightly up the steps and rang the bell.

"Well, Sarah, how are you to-day?" she said, as the old woman with her stiffly starched apron opened the door. "Can I see Mr. Jim?"

"I'm very well, thank you, Miss Lois, I am afraid Mr. Jim won't see anyone to-day, Miss."

"Doctor Merton said I might see him. I'll go right in, Sarah, and then he can't refuse."

"Perhaps you can cheer him up a little, Miss Lois. He finds it very hard to be tied to a lounge all day, poor lamb."

"He is in the library, isn't he? Never mind coming up, I know the way," and Lois went up the broad stairs.

She stood for a second at the closed door and then knocked lightly and walked in.

A voice from the lounge near the fire cried impatiently, "Sarah, didn't I tell you I didn't want you again? Can't you women let me alone for ten minutes?"

"Oh, very well," said Lois coolly. "If you are so fond of solitude I won't intrude." But, instead of leaving, she walked into the room and stood smiling at him.

At the sound of her voice he turned his head swiftly. His whole face lit up, and he held out both hands impulsively. "Lois, oh, Lois," he cried, his eyes shining.

She dropped her big muff on a convenient chair and put her hands in his. For a long moment they looked deep into one another's eyes, and Lois gave a sigh of deep content. She had found out what she had come up for.

"Well," she said, with a tremulous little laugh, "must I go or may I stay and talk with you?"

"Indeed, you may stay. Oh, but it's good to see you again, and how—how lovely you look," he said as she stood up to remove her wraps.

A picture she certainly was as she stood in the dim old room with the afternoon sun shining on her wavy brown hair.

She threw her furs and long coat over a chair and raised her hands to her hat.

"May I take my hat off too and be comfy?" she asked. "It's so warm."

He just smiled at her without speaking, almost afraid that she was a figment of fancy that would fade and leave him alone.

She drew up a footstool to his couch and began telling him all sorts of odds and ends that she thought would interest him. Once Sarah, passing in the hall, heard him laugh and hurried to tell Thomas, Mr. Jim's man.

"Bless her heart, she'll cheer him up, little sunbeam that she is."

But "Little Sunbeam" was not having such a good time of it. She had mentioned Ralph Burns several times in her little items of news, and gloom had instantly settled on Jim's face. He answered her shortly, staring moodily into the fire. Her heart ached at the change in him, and conversation lagged in spite of her efforts.

Suddenly she caught her breath and plunged boldly.

"Jim," she said, "will you tell me what you were going to say when we were skating on the pond

that night, when Ruth interrupted us?"

She heard him draw his breath quickly, and for a long moment there was silence.

"No, Lois, I can't tell you," he said at last.

"Why not?" she asked softly, "I—I would like to know."

She was busily tying knots in the fringe of his rug, but saw him clench his hands—oh, how thin and white they are now.

Again there was silence and his voice was very low as he answered.

"Things have changed since then, and I have no right to tell you now what I was going to say that night."

Her head was bent low as she asked in an even voice, "Will you marry me, Jim?"

"Lois, for God's sake!" he cried.

"Will you?" she repeated.

"No!"

A little sob broke from her. "Oh," she whispered, "I—oh, I thought you cared." She covered her burning face with her hands.

"Cared! God, I love you! Lois, Lois, you know I can't marry you. Marry you! You beautiful thing! Don't you know I'll never be able to walk again—never—never. And I may live to be an old man. It's worse than death to give you up."

With a quick movement she bent down beside him. She put her hands in his, but his fingers did not close over hers.

"I love you, Jim; what else matters in all the world? Why can't we live our lives together? I can't live without you. I knew these last weeks"—her head drooped.

"Lois, for heaven's sake, go. You make me forget everything except that—I love you—Oh, my darling."

She deliberately put her arms around his neck and he crushed her to him.

"Well, Jim, old boy—oh, God bless my soul!" and the old doctor stood speechless.

Lois sprang up all flushed and laughing, but with dewy eyes.

"I've cheered him up beautifully, Doctor, but I have had an awful time doing it. I'll never, never propose to a man again. It's dreadfully hard work."

The doctor sank into a chair. "Well, of all things," he gasped. "By George, you're a lucky fellow," he said, turning to Jim. "He certainly does look better, Lois."

"Doctor, try to put some sense into her head," said Jim, but Lois put her fingers gently over his mouth.

"Now, Jim, be quiet," she said, "you know perfectly well you can't live without me, and I wouldn't live without you, so what are you going to do about it? No, Doctor, Jim doesn't know it yet, but we are going to be married to-morrow. Can't you get us a special license or whatever is necessary, and please, not a word to anyone."

For a long time they talked, Lois finally getting her way. The doctor promised to arrange everything, and took her home in his motor, leaving Jim to his dreams.

Lois needed all her courage to face the family with her news, and there was a stormy scene when she told them, but she finally won them over. Perhaps the fact that Jim Foster was one of the richest men in the town had something to do with it.

It was a strange party that assembled in the Foster library the next afternoon. Lois, in her plain white dress, by Jim's couch; Mr. and Mrs. Rayburn, and Ruth, Stewart Hamilton, Jim's chum; Dr. Guthrie, the clergyman; Doctor Merton, and Sarah in the background.

Lois' voice was as clear as a bell as she went through the service, but Jim's broke utterly as he tried to say the solemn vows. With a beautiful gesture Lois knelt down beside him, and the service continued as she knelt there, with her hand in his.

When it was over Doctor Merton hurried them out, so Jim would not be fatigued.

Lois knelt by Jim's couch with her head on his shoulder. There was a great peace in her heart.

"Lois, my darling," Jim whispered, "God grant that you may never repent it, my Life, my Love"—but here a knock sounded at the door, and in hustled Dr. Merton.

"Excuse me for a moment, children, but I have brought you a wedding present." He held an open letter in his hand. "A wedding isn't half a wedding without a present. I've got one I think you'll like. When Jim was first injured I wrote to a specialist in Vienna and I have just got a reply, which says Jim can be cured."



"Oh but it is good to see you again."

FURNISHING THE BRIDE'S HOUSE

Photographs by courtesy of Eden Smith & Sons



A HANDSOME DINING-ROOM, FURNISHED IN CHIPPENDALE STYLE

THE point upon which we must all agree is that the bride should have a home of her own. Living with parents is not advisable in most instances. Buying furnishings for the new home is a source of much pleasure with the bride, especially if she has an unlimited purse. Most brides, however, have to count the dollars and make them go as far as they can. It is always advisable in buying furnishings to make each room harmonize.

The days of the old-fashioned parlor are past, and in place of seeing a jumble of rockers and mahogany, silk-covered furniture, we now see the room furnished with mission furniture and the walls and curtains to match.

Living rooms, as they are called, can be used much more freely, and one feels more at home when there is the "comfy" look about the room.

In the dining-room, oak or mahogany furniture is the most popular, and at the same time serviceable kind to buy.

The illustrations of dining-rooms shown on this page give one a splendid idea of styles and arrangements. There is every appearance of good taste; there is also harmony in the furnishings, and the furniture, while costing more than the ordinary kind, gives satisfaction.

As a rule, furniture is bought to last from ten to twenty years, and there is every reason, when buying, to buy only furniture that you will not desire to give away in a few years, owing to its cheap appearance.

Styles in furniture frequently change, but not as often as in women's clothes. Designs that were popular centuries ago are in demand to-day. Perhaps the most-asked-for design in dining-room furniture is the Chippendale, as shown in the illustration in center of page. Other designs asked for are the Jacobean or early French, old English, and the Colonial. Furniture of these styles, made by a reputable dealer, will last a lifetime and will have the appearance of quality about it.

Manufacturers of cheap furniture are becoming so expert in making imitation pieces that a purchaser must make a close examination before buying. Elm can be stained to look like oak, and in many instances pine wood is used and painted and grained to look very much like oak. Birch can be stained to look like mahogany, and so well is the finishing done that only upon close examination can the nature of the wood be discovered.

The best finish for furniture is the dull or satin finish. It is the kind that does not readily show finger marks. The gloss finish looks very nice when the furniture is new, but it is more easily marked, and shows wear much sooner than the satin finish.

A commendable feature that has recently been given attention by furniture manufacturers is the building of articles from four to twelve inches above the floor. This will be appreciated by the clean housewife, as it permits the keeping of floors below the furniture clean and sanitary.

There is a wide range of furniture that can be considered in good taste in bedrooms. Some prefer brass beds, with the balance of the pieces golden oak; others all white enamel, and others all oak, while many prefer mahogany. The same can be said of bedroom furniture as in other parts of the house, the best is the cheapest.

Next to the furniture the most important item to consider in making a home cosy and attractive is the pictures, hangings and rugs: they must harmonize.

In hanging the pictures, before you place the pictures on the walls you measure up the spaces, study the furnishings, and place them where they are to remain in each room. Always try to bear in mind from what angles the light comes in each room, so that each picture shall be placed to the best advantage. Do not try to crowd the walls of a room. Consider each space carefully and the room as a whole, for when they are all up in each room there must be general harmony of color as well as of outline to each wall. Never hang pictures in rows or on a straight line. Vary the monotony of the walls all you can by using oval pictures and circular frames. Indeed, the effect of the best set of pictures can easily be spoiled by improper hanging.

It takes a good deal of artistic taste to make the pictures of a room give the finishing touches to its decorations as they really should. A crowded hall is

always ineffective and most inartistic. Each picture worth hanging deserves sufficient space about it to make it show to the best advantage. If you want to be considered a success as an artistic wall decorator, see well to it that your pictures and frames harmonize with the room where they are placed. This is the most important item in the work. The subjects must also be correct in the kind of room in which they are hung, and if you are decorating in a "period" house both subject and frame must correspond to all the rest of the furnishings, and be of the same "period."

Pictures should be the correct finish to a correct home, for they, more than all else, indicate the culture, education, and refinement of its inmates.

In hanging pictures dispense entirely with wire or chains and fasten them flat against the wall, so that they will appear to be part of the wall decoration, and not tilted out, spoiling the line of the wall. Study the lighting of each picture, and if there is a distinct play of light and shade, hang it so that the light from the window will fall upon it from the direction in which the artist represented it as coming. A picture, as a rule, should hang on about a level with the eye, but if a picture of doubtful merit is hung slightly above the line of vision it will tend to minimize its defects.

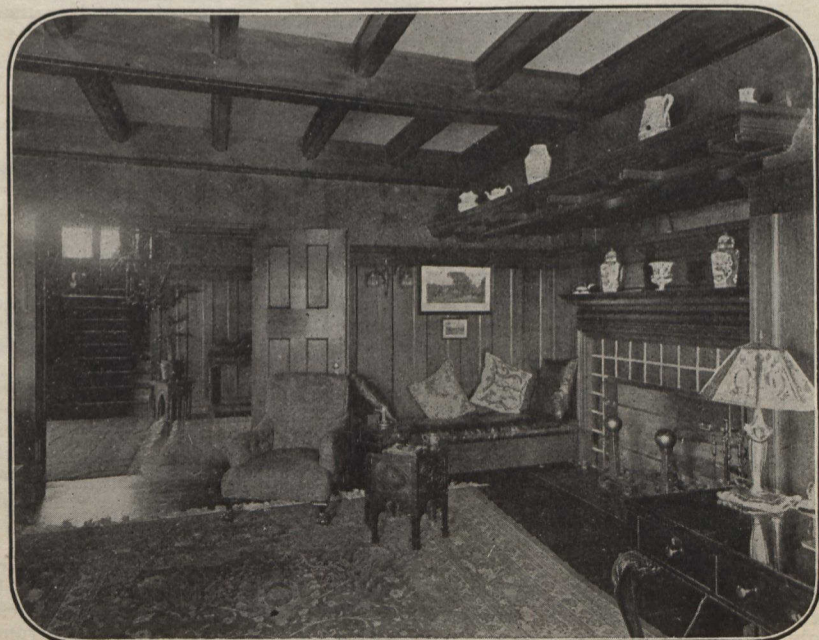
In most homes the fireplace may be arranged without much expense, even if at present there may be the undesirable gas grate with its repulsive odor. The gas piping may be taken out and a pair of grate dogs substituted. In harmony must be the tiling or woodwork, and if at all possible we must work in a little book case in which may be kept our favorite poets and authors, from which to have always at hand those volumes which most nearly express our own feelings, or, to which we usually turn for some message fitting our immediate mood.

But the heart of the home, what of it? Well, to the writer, it is that cozy open fireplace, in the comfortably furnished, living or lounge room. During the long winter evenings how inviting is the crackle of the pine knot, and the leaping up in fantastic forms of the lurid glare, and the warmth shed out from its midst. Around such we are content to sit and dream alone, or with the one we have chosen, to weave around it, into one fabric the story of the past, the ambitions of the present, and the hopes of the future. Around it will entwine the happiest moments of story-telling, of confidences and family ties.

Search high, search low, in the parlor or in the kitchen, nowhere else will you find in any sense "the heart of the home."



A SPACIOUS DINING-ROOM, WITH CHINA CABINET ON LEFT



A BRIGHT, COSY LIVING-ROOM, WITH PICTURES ARTISTICALLY ARRANGED



DINING-ROOM, WITH CONSERVATORY IN THE REAR

HE SETTLED WITH JOE

How a Box of Beauty Roses Made Farmer Dave Twenty Dollars Short in His Quarterly Payment

By MISS MABEL BURKHOLDER

It was not until Farmer Dave was coming from the barn to the house, the team unhitched, the bags of feed safely stored in the granary, the groceries sent ahead to the house by the eager children who always ran to meet him on his return from town, that he remembered how cross and ill-tempered he had left Maggie at noon. Perhaps it was the very infrequency of the situation which disturbed him, for, usually, Maggie was the most patient and loving of wives, easily deferring to his opinion in all matters that seemed of importance in their quiet, uneventful lives. But deep water, when thoroughly stirred by a storm, takes the longer to settle, and Maggie would not easily forget that he had refused her request so emphatically expressed.

It was about money, of course. Women were always so foolish about money. If they could get all the little trifles they seemed to set their hearts on, what would become of the big things demanding payments at stated intervals of the year? Why couldn't they see that when a man was niggarding along trying to pay the debt off his house and land, his one thought was for the wife and children? And why would they insist that a man found pleasure in handling money, when all he did was to pass it over the counter of the grocery store for the bare necessities of life?

By the time Farmer Dave had reached this point in his reflections he had arrived at the wood-shed door. A basin of water stood on a bench and a towel hung over it. Here the men were in the habit of washing off the worst stains of toil, and absent-mindedly Dave reached up to the shelf above for the soap. The action brought his face into close proximity with the little window which opened into the kitchen.

Supper was on the table and the three children played peacefully in front of the fire. The kettle poured forth a cloud of white steam, and the lamp on the mantle was trimmed and burning brightly. It was a perfect scene of domestic content.

But where was Maggie? Farmer Dave's eyes searched the room rather apprehensively until he discovered that his wife was standing apart from the rest, smoothing her hair before the mirror. What in the mischief was she doing anyway? By all the shades of the departed, she was twining a rose in her hair. A rose in November. Where in the world did it come from?

His eyes traveled lower and discovered that there was a whole box of them lying on the table beneath her hand. No stunted and half grown specimens were they. They were great gorgeous American Beauties, which filled the whole corner of the room with color as she lifted them up into her arms with passionate tenderness. Then, like one afraid of being caught in a foolish action, she gave them a quick kiss and crushed them into the box again.

Farmer Dave stood like a man transfixed. It struck him with terrific force that Maggie was still a very pretty woman, that while he was going his slow, plodding way, other people had their eyes open to her charms. The warm flush on her round cheek, the sparkle of her soft brown eyes certainly indicated a lively interest in the sender of the flowers, whoever he might be. Ah, watch how the roses would take their departure for some unused store-room or cupboard, when the rightful lord and master of the domain announced his presence. With a cold perspiration starting from his brow, he opened the door and walked in.

But strange to say, Maggie gave no self-conscious start, nor did she try to hurry the flowers out of sight. The beautiful glow of her cheek deepened as he approached her, and she coquettishly turned her head to display to best advantage the bud in her hair.

"You're looking rather gay to-night," said Dave.

"Just see what night it is!" she laughed happily.

Then Dave, with another jolt, woke up to the fact that it was her birthday. He should have brought her some little gift. But the date had not entered his head since last year, when he had also forgot to get her anything. One thing was plain, however. While he was forgetting somebody else had been remembering. An unaccountable wave of resentment made him as sore-headed as a bear.

The sore-headedness must have communicated itself to Maggie by that delicate sixth sense of which many women are possessed. As soon as she perceived that something was not right she contritely drew near his side.

"Maybe I shouldn't have opened the box," she whispered. "But I knew it was flowers—and I was so curious."

"It didn't matter," he said huskily.

And then, to his utter surprise, she threw her head down on his shoulder and burst into tears.

"I was so nervous and cross the whole after-

merriment was at its highest, his sharpened ear noon," she sobbed. "Nothing went right after dinner, and—forgive me, dear—it seemed to me you did not care. Then, to think you had me in mind all the time, and brought me those beautiful roses for my birthday. I kept saying all day that you would never think of it, that you were only interested in large things like houses and land, that I ought not to have been such a child as to expect anything. But I was just hungry for something that wasn't a necessity in the house, something that was frivolous, and sweet, and girlish; then when your flowers came—forgive me, Dave—I had to cry, I was so happy."

Farmer Dave's mind was doing some lightning calculation, until, finally, out of all the details of the day's business was evolved a sentence which seemed to throw a little light on the subject.

The sentence was this: "Dave, I'm throwing a parcel into your rig—I'll get it when you reach home."

The sentence had been spoken by young Joe Harkness, his nephew, from a distant part of the country, who had hired with him during the busy summer season and who would finish the remainder of the fall ploughing before he went back home. Joe had also been in town during the day, but was going to walk out later. Wednesday afternoon was Joe's day off. They seldom counted on seeing him home for supper. They had their private opinion that he got that meal over at the home of the black-eyed Jennie Brown, to whom he had been paying attention

all the comfort he got out of that meal. When he caught the sound of Joe returning from town. He rose from the table and started to the door with a savage look on his face, as if he expected to encounter a burglar in the hall. But Joe, who had come in the front way, passed on upstairs. He would dress for the evening first.

"It's only Joe," laughed Maggie.

"So it is," said Dave, subsiding into his chair.

"I suppose," said Maggie, as she buried her nose in the fragrant rose petals for the hundredth time, "I suppose there is no use asking you where you got these beauties, or how much you paid for them."

"No use," Dave responded nervously.

From the room above came the sound of a dropping shoe. Dave fancied he could see his nephew cramming his feet into his Sunday-best.

"It would seem that Joe hadn't a minute to spare," he observed, squirming on his chair.

"I think Jennie is pretty exacting with him," smiled his wife.

Farmer Dave was constrained to get up and walk around the room. He felt like opening the window to get a long breath. Young Tootsie was playing with the box the flowers had come in. She had arranged the tissue-paper within to her liking, and then had closed down the lid and tied the ribbon across in a fair imitation of the original bow. "Here's a box of flowers for oo," she lisped, toddling to her father.

Joe was descending the stairs in mad haste, striking a match to see if his treasured box had been left on the hall stand. Dave was seized with a sudden inspiration.

"Take the box to Joe, dear," he whispered, as Maggie went to the kettle for a cup of hot water.

The child obeyed, trotting out into the hall and leaving the door dangerously wide open. Hastening to close it, Dave was in time for the last half of the harangue in process without.

"See here! That's mighty careless of you, Dave. The kid might have got it untied!"

"So she might," confessed Dave, as if he had just thought of it.

As he turned back into the room he looked straight into the eyes of his wife. She was not wise.

"I can't understand," said Maggie, meeting her husband in the kitchen the next morning, "why Joe did not come back last night. His bed has not been occupied."

"Truth to tell," confessed Farmer Dave, "I had a little difference with Joe when he came in last night."

"What, you? Did you sit up then till his return?"

"I did. He was not late."

"Did you sit up with the express intention of having a difference with him?" asked his wife wonderingly.

"I sat up with the intention of settling a difference with him. But there was no settlement in him. He was in a desperate humor."

"Jennie had turned him down in all probability."

"So it came out."

"Well, I hope he didn't blame you for that!" exclaimed Maggie, indignantly.

"I believe, in the course of his remarks he even went so far," muttered Dave.

"How absurd!"

"I offered to pay him three times the price of the—of the—that is he demanded a month's wages in advance, and rather than have a quarrel between our families. I gave it to him."

French Fabrics

FABRIC favorites are clearly indicated. Taffetas, taffetas, and still more taffetas, is the cry on every hand—plain, changeable and chamdeon taffetas, taffetas broche, splendid faille taffetas—never before was there such a taffeta season. Tussore and crepe shantung are as yet touched more cautiously. A covert cloth is again being used; both Bechoff-David and Drecoll are showing smart models for automobile coats in this material made severely plain, with collar, cuffs and buttons of the material. In a pretty unlined suit of white crepon shown by Drecoll, the collar, cuffs and buttons were of glace kid in a dull shade of red.

Crystal buttons are here to stay. Premet obtains a very rich pompadour effect by applying upon plain taffeta large medallions, square or diamond shaped, beaded or embroidered in heavy silk upon net.

Quantities of pearls, in bands of beadings or long ropes, are being used as trimming; several Drecoll evening gowns show three-quarter tunics of net, entirely covered with long loops made from chains of large, colored pearl beads; the effect is barbarically oriental.



HAROLD THOMAS DENISON-12

"Maybe I shouldn't have opened it," she said.

all summer.

Then another of Joe's sentences came back to Farmer Dave with startling distinctness. It was a gloomy confidence, uttered while his nephew was at work with him in the field.

"I tell you Jennie Brown is no easy girl to hold. She's as stubborn as a balky colt. I don't know this very minute whether she'll turn me down the next time I go to see her or not."

Two and two are four the world over. Joe had bought the roses as a peace offering for the shrine of his irate goddess. And the box which now lay on the table was, without any doubt, the parcel he had thrown into Dave's rig before it left town.

A wave of helplessness swept over Farmer Dave. Joe would be in any minute demanding the box which Maggie persisted in hugging to her heart. If he attempted to confess, one would make him out a liar and the other would make him out a thief. It was a difficult situation, but the state of affairs in his home at that moment was a blissful that he felt like making a desperate effort to retain it at all hazards.

While he pondered his precarious position, Maggie bade him sit up to the table. She had taken an old-fashioned jug down from the mantle, filled it with the roses, and placed it as a centerpiece on their humble board. The effect was gorgeous. The children squealed, with delight, and the roses on Maggie's cheeks were as lovely as any in the vase.

Farmer Dave might have been sitting on pins for

THE THIRD MAN

By Silas K. Hocking



CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE PROPOSAL

"SUPPOSE we both propose to her?"

"What folly, Geoff!"

"Of course, neither of us has the ghost of a chance."

"Do you want her—that is, are you in love with her?"

"Well, not exactly—only—"

"Then why trifle with so serious a matter? Would you like a practical joke played on your own sister?" And Bart Gordon's face flushed a little angrily.

"You misunderstand me, old man," the other answered quickly. "It's that cur Wiggs of whom I am thinking. I'd like to head him off by hook or by crook."

"I confess I fail to understand even now," Gordon replied after a pause.

"Then answer me this. Would you like to see Eve Marsden married to David Wiggs?"

"No, I wouldn't." And Gordon's face flushed again. "I'd rather see her buried."

"Exactly. So would I. But he'll marry her, as safe as houses, unless he's headed off."

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, any number of things. In the first place, he wants her. In the second place, the old man likes him; and, in the third place, she may think he's her only chance."

"I don't know why she should think that."

"Put yourself in her place, man. Think of her secluded life. It is by the merest accident that we have been admitted into the circle of her acquaintances. Then Wiggs comes along. Almost the first eligible man she has ever known intimately. He has money, and cheek, and a smooth tongue. If she thinks he's the only chance she's likely to get—why, she'll accept him."

"I don't see that that necessarily follows," Gordon answered, growing red again.

"Well, not necessarily, perhaps, but likely." And Geoff Lincoln walked to the window and looked down into the street. Gordon watched him with a puckered forehead and a troubled light in his eyes. His dislike of David Wiggs was as strong as Lincoln's, his admiration of Eve Marsden as great—perhaps greater—and the suggestion that she and David might make a match of it was peculiarly distasteful to him. But the proposal of his friend, Geoff Lincoln, was really too absurd to be treated seriously.

He waited for Geoff to speak again. The subject had a peculiar—even painful—fascination for him. Geoff, however, appeared to be absorbed in something that was taking place in the street.

"Do you really think that bounder has a chance?" Gordon questioned at length.

Geoff gave a little start, then turned slowly round and faced his friend. "If I did not think he had a chance I should not have alluded to the matter," he said quietly.

"Which means that Eve likes him?" the other questioned, after a pause.

"After a fashion, perhaps. That she loves him I don't believe; but he is pertinacious, as you know—"

"But Eve Marsden would never marry a man unless she loved him."

Geoff laughed uneasily. "Don't be too ready to stake your existence on that assumption," he said. "Girls will do the most unaccountable things. Take the case of my cousin Ethel."

"Oh, that was an extreme case. Besides, Eve is not an ordinary girl, she has refinement, imagination—ideals. Do you remember what she said to us one evening when we were discussing Wordsworth?"

"Wiggs is as able to discuss Wordsworth with her as you or I. Besides, he has come in for heaps of money. Don't forget that. He may be a rank outsider from your point of view, but girls don't see men with men's eyes. He has an oily tongue and an insinuating manner, and a girl like Eve, who has been kept in a kind of walled garden all her life, may be easily imposed upon, particularly if the old man speaks a good word for him."

Gordon turned and walked back to his chair and began to fill his pipe. "Somebody ought to tell her," he muttered at length.

"But who's to do it? Besides, the way to make a girl determined to marry a man is to warn her against him. The more you blackguard him the more she'll admire him."



Gordon struck a match angrily on the underside of the mantelpiece and began pulling vigorously at his pipe.

"Of course, it is no business of ours," Lincoln went on. "Neither you nor I can marry her, though if we were in a position we might do worse; but that is nothing to the point. What is to the point is, we both admire Eve Marsden. We'd both be awfully sorry to see her spoil her life, as she'd be certain to do if she married Wiggs, and we'd both do anything in reason to stop his little game."

"I'd like to wring his neck," Gordon muttered savagely.

"My proposal is less primitive," Lincoln answered with a laugh. "Wringing necks has gone out of fashion."

"So has practical joking, for that matter—at least, with educated people."

"Then suggest something better, my wise and sedate friend. I have made what I consider a practical proposal. It has the merit of simplicity. If it does no good I don't see that it can do much harm."

"But what possible good could come of it; tell me that."

"I'm not sure that any good would come of it, but then, one never knows. It might give Eve a little bit better opinion of herself. Open her eyes to the fact that she is really attractive to the other sex. At present she has not the remotest idea how charming she is. Indeed, I believe she thinks herself—thanks to her training—a sort of ugly duckling, a girl that nobody would be likely to notice, much less admire. Hence her special danger. The fear is she will regard Wiggs as a kind of special providence and come to the conclusion that if she rejects him she will never have another chance."

"There would be no great calamity in that."

"From your point of view, perhaps. But in these days girls are expected to marry. It is the only profession open to a great many of them. I don't suppose the old man has been able to make much provision for her future. Hence, naturally, marriage will appeal to her on other than sentimental grounds."

Gordon, however, did not appear quite satisfied. He pulled at his pipe with savage energy and frowned at the fire. He was as eager as Lincoln was to spike David Wigg's guns and save Eve Marsden from the calamity of marrying a man who was not worthy to tie her shoes. But—

"You had better think the matter over," Lincoln said after a pause, and he turned away from the window and dropped into an easy chair with a book.

Geoffrey Lincoln and Bart Gordon shared rooms. Nearly three years previously they had come up to Oxford with scholarships—the one to Merton and the other to New. They became acquainted during the first term at a Union debate, since when they had been almost inseparable. They were now working for "Greats" which they expected to take during the next month. Beyond that there might be much, or—the other thing.

Gordon intended to have a shot for a fellowship, but was not at all hopeful of success. Lincoln, who had entered at the Middle Temple, would go down to read law with the expectation, a little later, of getting called to the Bar.

They were both young—neither much over twenty-one—both poor, both ambitious, and if neither of them was actually brilliant, Lincoln, at any rate, had more than average ability.

The previous year they had become acquainted with Eve Marsden, the only child of a retired don, who lived in a neat villa on the outskirts of the city. Eve had spent most of her life in a convent school in Brussels. She was an exceedingly pretty girl, shy as a linnets, and with no more knowledge of the world than of the geography of the planet Mars.

Her father had been known in his more active days as old Dr. Dry-as-dust. He had lectured on Roman law for so many years that he almost forgot that he was living in the beginning of the twentieth century.

When, at the age of eighteen, Eve returned from school he was at a loss to know what to do with her, or how to treat her. That she was pretty he could not deny, and that seemed to make his task all the greater. That she was innocent and trusting formed a peril to be guarded against; that he would ultimately have to get her married was a duty that he could not possibly ignore. If he had ever been touched by sentiment or romance, it was so long ago that he had lost all recollection of it.

Since her return, now nearly three years ago, he had guarded her with jealous care. What else could he do? He had a vague notion that girls were helpless things and quite incapable of looking after themselves. If they were kept strictly within well-defined limits they need not give much trouble, but if they once got out of hand there was no knowing what would happen.

At the time our story opens he felt that he was nearing the end of his responsibility. For several months he had been passing through a rather anxious time. Three young men had gained admission to the privacy of Rose Villa, and he was not without misgiving that there were others who, so to speak, were looking over the wall. He had horrible visions of what might happen if Eve got really out of hand.

It had been no part of his programme that young men should be allowed to come to his house, more or less indiscriminately. It was the one thing he had tried to guard against. He had a vision of one suitable young man who should come by his invitation and to whom in due course he would surrender Eve.

Fortunately, in the present instance, two of the young men did not count; they were only youths with their way yet to make in the world, and to whom matrimony, if it entered their thoughts, was in the far distant future.

David Wiggs was of a somewhat different order. He was older than the other two by several years, and was, moreover, master of a very considerable income. He had impressed the professor by his self-confidence, his knowledge of the world, and his general air of robustness. Geoff Lincoln and Bart Gordon were youths, David Wiggs was grown up. John Marsden was so little a man of the world himself that he failed to distinguish between self-reliance and vulgar swagger. The breezy assurance of David acted on him like a tonic.

When he discovered that Eve was the chief attraction he was quite pleased. From his point of view nothing could be better. He encouraged him to come to the house as often as he liked. He was quite certain he would make Eve an excellent husband, and when she was safely married his responsibility would be at an end.

David had no difficulty in getting the old man's consent.

"Have you spoken to her?" he questioned as an afterthought.

"Not yet. I thought it was the proper thing to get your permission first."

"Yes, yes. That shows a correct temper of mind. You may tell Eve it is all right; so we may consider the matter settled."

"You think she will consent?"
 "Consent?" And the professor raised his bushy eyebrows in surprise. "Why, of course. You can tell her we have settled the matter between us."

David left the old man to his books and went off in search of Eve. In spite of the assurance he had received, he was by no means certain of the reception he would get. Eve had always been friendly and pleasant and hospitable, but he was very doubtful if she had ever thought of him in the light of a lover. He had given her quite a number of hints, but bright and clever as she was generally, she seemed a little obtuse in some things. Had she lived more in the world she would have discovered his intentions weeks ago, but her secluded life had rendered her quite unsuspecting of ulterior motives. He found her in the drawing-room busy with some needlework. She rose at once and extended her hand to him. She looked very sweet and winsome in her simple summer gown, and her greeting lacked nothing in cordiality.

"It's all right," he reflected. "I've nothing to do but go ahead and win."

CHAPTER II.

THE TEST.

BART and Geoff decided before taking any definite action to pay another visit to Rose Villa. Geoff might be wrong in his diagnosis. Bart could not bring himself to believe that a girl of Eve's sweetness and refinement would accept a bounder of the type of David Wiggs. They discussed the matter again as they made their way through the park in the direction of Dr. Marsden's residence. Geoff had received a shock from which he had not quite recovered, when his pretty cousin Ethel married an old rake of sixty-five for a title and a house in Park Lane. If Ethel thought so little of herself in comparison with position, what reason had he for assuming that Eve would cherish a loftier conception of the dignity of her sex? Geoff talked like a man of forty who had had a wide and disappointing experience.

"I tell you what, Bart," he said as they strolled slowly along under the trees. "Girls don't look at things as we do. We idealize them. I don't know why we should, but we do; but girls never idealize themselves. They look upon marriage as—well—as a profession, shall I say. I don't say they all do, but a good many of them do. They want to get settled, to have a house of their own; and the most eligible man—that is the man who has the most money and the best prospects—has the best chance."

"I don't believe it," Bart burst out at length. "Eve can't be that sort of a girl."

"David may be all right from her point of view," Geoff urged. "Of course, he's ugly, and—and—he isn't a gentleman; but then, what experience has she had?"

"Trust a girl's instincts. I tell you, I don't believe Wiggs has any more chance than we would have."

"I wish I could think so," Geoff answered. And then they walked on again in silence.

They were told on reaching Rose Villa that Miss Marsden was engaged, but that the professor was in his study. And the maid led the way upstairs to his room.

Bart fancied he heard voices—low but urgent—as he passed the drawing-room door, and a vague feeling of fear and unrest took possession of him.

The old man received them very kindly, as was his habit, talked about the weather, the chances of the various boats during Eights Week, the approach of "schools," the more recent debates at the Union. He apologized for the absence of Eve. She was engaged and might not be at liberty for some time.

He did not invite them to stay to tea, and they were both quick to notice that he appeared restless and more or less on the *qui vive*.

Bart was just turning away from the window to say good-bye to the professor, when he heard the front door bang. Instinctively he stood still for a moment longer, and he saw David Wiggs walk slowly down the garden path and pass into the street. There was nothing in his gait to indicate either depression or exultation.

The professor walked down the stairs with them and opened the front door. They talked loudly in the hope of attracting Eve's attention, but she did not come into the hall. At the garden gate Bart turned, hoping that he might see her face at the window, but she kept resolutely out of sight.

For a considerable distance they walked in silence, then Geoff remarked casually: "We did not gain much by our visit this afternoon."

"I'm not so sure," was the somewhat sullen answer.

Geoff glanced round with a look of surprise, but did not venture any remark.

"Do you know," Bart said at length, "that Wiggs was with Eve all the time?"

"How do you know that?"

"I saw him leave the house."

Geoff gave a low whistle, but did not make any further reply.

"Did you notice," Bart ventured after another long pause, "how restless and absent-minded the professor seemed?"

"I had a feeling that we were not particularly welcome."

"He knew, of course, that Wiggs was with Eve. I hope, Geoff, that you have not been right all along. I confess I am beginning to have my fears—"

"That she will accept him?"

"She may. Good heavens! it will be a burning shame if she does."

"I've told you all along that unless Wiggs is headed off, he'll marry her as safe as houses."

It was on the following morning that Bart broached the subject again. He felt that if he did not, Geoff would not. Geoff had delivered his ultimatum, as it were, and would now let the matter rest. Bart was pouring out tea. They took it in turns to preside at the breakfast table.

"Have you thought anything more about the suggestion you made the other day, Geoff?" he questioned, without taking his eyes off the teapot.

"To what suggestion do you refer?" Geoff questioned after he had emptied his mouth of toast.

"Really, old man, I did not know you were so prolific in ideas," Bart laughed.

"You don't know me, my friend; ideas and suggestions flow from me without effort and without end."

"Do be serious, Geoff, for a moment. I admit I scouted your suggestion the other day, but, really and truly, I can't think of anything better."

"I quite believe you, old man."

"The point is, are you still prepared to carry it out? After our experience yesterday I scent serious danger. Mind you, I don't believe Eve cares for him an ounce; but what excuse has she for rejecting him? I mean, what excuse has she that would weigh with her father?"

"But suppose you should propose to her and she should accept you?"

"That is a proposition that won't hold water for a moment, as you know?"

"I mean if she were willing to wait."

"It's no use discussing that. Our business is to side-track Wiggs, if possible. Are you still willing to carry out your own suggestion?"

"Quite willing. Mind you, I'm not very hopeful of results, particularly after yesterday's visit to Rose Villa. But I agree with you—we ought to do our best. We shall blame ourselves afterwards if we don't."

"Then we are agreed at last. Now let us discuss details. My own feeling is, there is no time to be lost. Will you propose first, or shall I?"

"Suppose we toss for it?"

"Agreed." And a penny was spun in the air without loss of time.

The lot fell to Geoff, and he pocketed the penny in silence.

"Will you call round this afternoon?" Bart questioned after a long pause.

"I don't know. Perhaps I will. The sooner it's over the better," and Geoff's brow contracted and his face became unusually grave. Now that he had come really face to face with his own proposition he saw difficulties and possible complications that had not occurred to him before. To propose marriage when he really did not want to marry her—well, to say the least of it, it was a case of doing evil that good might come.

He was exceedingly restless and ill at ease all the morning, and the lectures on English and Roman law to which he listened left but the vaguest impression on his mind. It was his own proposition, and yet now, when it came to the point, he did not quite like it, and the chances of heading off David Wiggs seemed more and more remote.

He felt painfully nervous as he made his way in the direction of Rose Villa. There was an air of unreality over the whole business. He kept wondering how he should begin; how he should introduce the subject; what excuses he should make; what form of words he should use.

He found Eve in the drawing-room alone, engaged in decorating a table-cover with various colored silks. She rose at once to receive him, dropping her needle as she did so. Her greeting was exceptionally friendly, though her smile lacked the brightness he was accustomed to. He spent several minutes in searching for the needle, and when he had found it he insisted on threading it for her; then he dropped into a chair not a yard away and commenced talking about the tennis match of the previous afternoon.

She did not seem particularly interested, he thought. Some of her answers were not very relevant, and now and then, when she glanced at him, her eyes had a distant look. Also, she was paler than usual, and he thought once or twice that her lips trembled a little.

He could not help feeling that she was in trouble of some kind, and his heart went out to her in a great sympathy. She had never looked more winning, more dainty, more absolutely sweet and wholesome. He drew his chair a little closer and dropped his voice to a lower tone.

Bart waited for Geoff's return with impatience. It would be his turn to go on the morrow or the day following that, unless Geoff should discover in his interview that she was already pledged to David Wiggs. It was this latter possibility that troubled him most. David had most of the winning cards. He had not to wait to make a position—his position was already made; he could provide Eve with a good home to-morrow—that is, if a good home meant a large house, plenty of servants and unlimited cash. Bart resented his own poverty, almost resented his youth, and chafed under the hard fate that doomed him to long years of toil before he would be in a position to maintain a wife.

Geoff Lincoln, it was true, was no better off than

he, but then Geoff regarded Eve with different feelings. He did not know that, of course; nobody know, and he intended to keep the secret to the end, or until such time—

His face brightened as hope pictured a possible day when this sweet dream of his youth should be realized.

There was a step on the stair at length, the door was pushed open and Geoff, flushed and excited, came into the room. Bart glanced at him with a look of apprehension.

"I've done it," Geoff said, flinging his gloves into a corner of the sofa.

"Yes?"

"Sit down, old man, and I'll tell you all about it."

CHAPTER III.

TWISTED LOVES

Geoff took a cigarette from his case and struck a match. "It's a queer world, this, Bart," he said with a hard laugh.

"Why queer?"

"Because it's nearly always the unexpected that happens."

"Then you were too late?"

"No, I was just in time."

"I don't quite understand!"

"I don't quite understand myself. It will take me some time to sort things out. Anyhow, she's accepted me. Behold in me an engaged man."

"What nonsense, Geoff!" And Bart felt all the blood leaving his face.

"It's the sober truth, anyhow. Unless I'm dreaming—unless we both are. I proposed to Eve Marsden an hour ago, and she accepted me."

"Accepted you?" And Bart walked across to the window and looked down into the street. Was it possible? Perhaps they were both dreaming, after all. He turned on his heel suddenly and faced his friend. Geoff had dropped into an easy chair and was blowing smoke-rings into the air.

"I can hardly realise it yet," he said without turning his head, and speaking in low, passionless tones. "It all came about so suddenly. She is pretty, though, Bart, awfully pretty. I did not know that she cared for me a bit. I don't think fellows ever properly understand girls; but, really, old man, she is one in a thousand, she is indeed. You can't imagine how sweet she is, how shy, how trusting. I'm going to try to make myself worthy of her. I felt a brute for a moment or two. You see, I was not quite prepared for her confidence. But it is all right now, I feel sure it is. A girl like that could make a statue love her."

Bart dropped slowly into an easy chair and rested his chin in the hollow of his hand. The room seemed to be spinning like a merry-go-round at a fair. Geoff's voice sounded indistinct and far away; his brain refused to grasp the reality of things; a numbness had crept over him from head to foot.

"Then Wiggs had not proposed to her?" he found himself asking at length, though he hardly recognized his own voice.

"Well, he had, in a sense, but she had put him off. She's in a rather tight place, poor girl. The professor is quite gone on Wiggs. I understand there was something of a scene yesterday after we left. She seemed awfully grateful to-day for a way out of it."

"But you can't marry her," Bart jerked out abruptly.

"She doesn't want to marry—at least, for years to come. She's awfully sensible, is Eve. Pretty girls as a rule have not much brains, but she is an exception. You've no idea how clever she is."

"Then you think she would not have accepted Wiggs even if you had not come along?"

"Oh, no, I don't say that. You see, the professor assured her that she would never have another chance, and I fancy she was inclined to agree with him. My coming along was a great surprise to her."

"Do you think she would have accepted me if I had gone first?"

"Of course I don't. Accepted you! Come, come, Bart! Girls of the type of Eve only love one man at a time."

"But she might have married Wiggs."

"But she would never have loved him; she assured me that with her own lips. Wasn't it lucky that the man she did care for just came along in the nick of time?"

Bart did not reply for several seconds. He was slowly getting back to his normal self, and things were beginning to appear in their true perspective.

He was not convinced that Eve loved Geoff. She liked him, no doubt, as he liked her. He was infinitely to be preferred to David Wiggs. He could understand that she might hail his proposal as a happy deliverance, he was ready to believe that she was quite satisfied with her choice; but—

In the present instance it was a very big "but" from Bart's point of view. No arrangement could possibly be satisfactory that left him out of the reckoning. Had he been certain that Geoff loved Eve with all his heart, and that she loved him equally well in return, he would still have regarded the arrangement with gloomy apprehension. But since he could not bring himself to believe either proposition, he saw nothing but unhappiness for all concerned.

He tried his best not to betray his feelings. He almost hated Geoff for the moment.

(Continued on page 42)

THE COST OF A CRIME

The Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN



"BUT Turner, it's impossible. My uncle knew Reedham quite well. He could not have been taken in like that."

"But you've seen this Charlton yourself, Mr. Stephen," said Turner shrewdly. "More than once haven't you, and you did not recognize him?"

"You're right, but I can't believe it. I tell you it's impossible, why it was an awful thing to do."

"It was, but he'll stick at nothing, makin' love even to Miss Wrede an' his own wife livin', an' his very boy in the office beside him."

Stephen Currie stared helplessly.

"Of course, the lad Reedham was in the office, didn't he recognize him then?"

"No, he didn't, but Charlton he was always messin' round 'im. It was that that made me suspect fust. You see it warn't natural for a bounder like that to take such an interest in a boy from nowhere, so to speak, one that couldn't give him a leg up in his own ambitious schemes."

"And Turner, Mrs. Reedham married again. She's Mrs. George Lidgate now, don't you know that, and Charlton must know it."

"He may know it by now, he didn't afore he went away. But then I warn't sure quite. One day jes before he went to the Cape I went into his room sudden with a cable for him to look at, and he was sitting there with his goggles off, and I saw his eyes. Remember Reedham's eyes? They weren't like nobody else's; they seemed to look right through you. It gave me a start, and from that minute I was nearly sure, but to-day, when I saw him speak to the boy, I knew. What's got to be done, Mr. Stephen?"

"Well, in the first place my uncle will have to be told."

"And then the perlice, Mr. Stephen," said Turner anxiously. "Scotland Yard, ain't that our first duty?"

"Not just yet, Turner, we must go cautiously, because I don't grasp the truth just yet. We must be absolutely certain. My uncle is at Hyde Park Square, you say?"

"Yes, sir, they will come up from Southampton together."

"Well, if you wait just a moment I'll go back to town with you."

He stepped out of the room, and stood a moment irresolute in the hall. It was not half-past eight. Reflecting that it would take him at least three-quarters of an hour to get to Hyde Park Square, he decided to slip out without saying anything to the rest of the family.



To throw such a bomb in their midst and afterwards listen to the babel of horrified discussion, would be to waste the entire evening. Besides, before saying a word to a living creature he must make sure of the truth of this extraordinary, almost incredible story.

He believed it to be true. He could not see what benefit a man like Turner could achieve by concocting it. Besides he had not sufficient imagination. He rang a bell in the hall, and as he took down his overcoat the parlourmaid appeared looking somewhat surprised.

"Just help me on, Jane, and tell them I have been called out unexpectedly. Wait till I have been gone a few minutes. It's important business, tell my father I'll explain it when I come back."

"Yes, sir."

She pulled up the velvet collar of his coat, brushed a few specks from his shoulders, and gave him his gloves and hat. She observed the pallor of his face, and wondered whether he had got into any private scrape. She had not particularly liked the look of the individual she had admitted to the breakfast-room, his oily familiarity had incensed her greatly. Jane was one of the props of Fair Lawn, an excellent servant, priding herself on her long years of unimpeachable character.

She withdrew before the two passed out, which they did rather quietly, closing the inner door without a sound.

"I brought a 'ansom, sir," said Turner, as they turned into the dark shrubbery. "I guessed it would be Hyde Park Square, and told him to wait."

"That was wise, Turner, it will save time. I can drive you so far on your way, unless you'll come to Hyde Park Square too, and substantiate your story. I really think you ought."

"No, sir, not to-night, thank you. I've done enough. To-morrow if there's any dispute or trouble you may call on me, but now I must be getting 'ome to my wife and kids."

"Where do you live then?"

"Kennington, sir. If we go down 'aversack 'ill I can get a Elephant omnibus, that'll do me near enough."

The hansom was waiting outside the front gate under the light of the lamp which spanned it. Stephen gave his directions to the man, and they both got in. They spoke little as they drove rapidly down the hill, but Stephen Currie was in a fever of excitement.

At the junction of Euston Road and Hampstead

Road Turner got out and sought the 'bus to convey him to the Elephant and Castle. Stephen continued his way alone. His hands were clenched, he bit his lips to keep down the rising excitement. His rage against Reedham was the noblest, manliest passion that had ever made ferment in his soul. It was this that had come between Katherine Wrede and himself, this double-dyed scoundrel, who not content with desolating his own home, had tried to wreck an innocent life—surely no punishment could be too great for such an one.

By the time he reached Hyde Park Square, just after nine, he had worked himself up into a perfect tempest of indignation.

"Mr. Currie is at home, sir, yes," said the butler. "A gentleman had just gone into the boudoir, Mr. Charlton, perhaps you know him. He was expected to dinner, but he did not come."



"Yes, I know him," said Stephen thickly. "Put me into the library and ask my uncle to come to me at once. Tell him, if you like, that it is a matter of life and death."

Stephen was perfectly familiar with the house, he went to the library himself and the butler proceeded to the boudoir to deliver his message.

Mr. Currie did not delay, he followed the butler immediately out of the room, leaving Charlton and Katherine alone together.

"What has happened, Stephen?" he said good-humoredly, seeing his nephew standing by the table with his overcoat on, as if in a hurry. "Have you been ordered South, or what, and is this good-bye?"

"No, Uncle Archie, it is nothing of that sort. Come in and shut the door. A terrible thing has happened."

"Where? Not at Fair Lawn, I hope? I saw your father to-day. He said all were well."

"No, no, we're all right, Uncle Archie. It's something else—a horrible thing. The man Charlton you've had so long, in whom you've placed such implicit confidence, who—damn him—has put me out with Katherine—"

"Softly, softly, Stephen; I don't allow that kind of language in my house. What have you to say against Charlton? Remember that moderation brings conviction."

"But, Uncle Archie, I can't be moderate about such an awful thing," stammered Stephen. "Do you know what has happened?—who he is? He isn't Charlton at all. He's John Reedham."

The old man stared at him stupidly, his ruddy face beginning to look a little grey in the soft light.

"Yes, I tell you it's true. Turner has found it out. He came to me to-night. He says there's no doubt at all about it. Isn't there anything about the man that convinces you? You've seen him often. Did you ever suspect?"

Still Archibald Currie did not speak. A weight seemed to settle upon his soul. Incredible as the suggestion might seem, some inward intuition pointed to it as true.

"I can't take it in," he murmured at last, and feebly like a man who has been suddenly stricken. For he had just welcomed the man of whom he had spoken to his inmost home. He had felt his own heart warm to him, he had seen the light in Katherine's eyes. If this were true—But surely, he told himself, God would never permit it to happen.

"Well, I don't wonder. I couldn't at first. It was only after Turner began to explain it a little, to fill in the details, that it took shape as a likely thing in my mind. It was through two things he betrayed himself—his attention to the boy Leslie, and one day Turner saw him without his glasses, then he knew. And all the time he had been lodging with a woman at Camden Town who used to be a servant in his house at Norwood. Turner has been to the house and interviewed her, and she has known it all along. Of course, she has been in his pay."



Archibald Currie straightened his bent shoulders suddenly, and turned towards the door. His face had now become very white, and there were depths of anguish in his eyes which betokened the severity of the blow.

"Charlton is in the house now," he said steadily. "We will go in and clear this awful thing up once and for all. Come."

For the shadow of a moment only Stephen drew back. For the ordeal they were about to face was one from which even the least sensitive might shrink. Archibald Currie—courteous, but obviously impatient—began to lead the way. They crossed the hall, went under the little archway, and he opened the boudoir door.

It was a pretty picture within. Katherine was fond

of golden hues, of amber and saffron intermingled; the room was a perfect harmony of colour and tone, and she, in her sweeping robe of softest brown velvet, harmonized with it. She was sitting on the couch, Charlton in front of her, talking eagerly. The light on her face came from within. She turned with evident reluctance to the door, and distinctly frowned at sight of Stephen Currie following her uncle. But she rose, and Charlton rose with her, both turning simultaneously to the door.

Archibald Currie stepped forward. His tall, spare figure seemed to have taken on a new and pathetic dignity. His white face terrified Katherine.

Charlton, seeing the menace in Stephen Currie's eyes, knew that his hour had come.

"Charlton," said Archibald Currie in a low voice, which, however, was calm and judicial, "my nephew has come here to-night to bring a terrible and almost incredible charge. He says that your name is not Charlton, that you are John Reedham. What have you to say?"

The silence was so intense that the sound of their breathing seemed to fill the room. Charlton put his hand up, nor did it tremble, and took the blue glasses from his face.

"Yes," he said, in a low, clear voice, perfectly heard in every corner of the room, "I am John Reedham."

CHAPTER XII

PAID IN FULL

KATHERINE gave a little cry. Archibald Currie turned to her with an infinity of tenderness, and touched her arm.

"Go upstairs, my dear. I will come to you in a few moments. Go now."

He guided her to the door where she stopped and threw up her head. There were no tears in her eyes, but her expression Archibald Currie carried with him to the day of his death. It was the one barrier in the way of his complete forgiveness of John Reedham.

"Be merciful," she whispered.

He put her outside the door, gently closed it, and walked back.

Reedham stood silently there, not a muscle of his face moving, looking with unseeing eyes upon Stephen Currie's flushed, indignant face.

They waited, both for the directing hand.

It came in a moment, making itself felt with no sort of indecision. He was ever the man for a crisis, this glorious old Scotchman, with the iron and wine of kings' blood in his veins.



While other men hesitated over the wisdom of this course or that, he determined, and it was done.

"I wish to speak to you privately, Stephen, no, not a word here. Go to the library. I will come to you there."

Stephen went at once. It was a moment for obedience, and the tone of his uncle's voice, the expression of his face, admitted of no demur. He was a compelling force, rather than an imperious one, however, moral suasion acting instantaneously on the mind it sought to influence.

"You will wait here," the old man said then, turning to Reedham, "I have your word that you will wait here till I come back to deal with you? I promise you it will not be long."

"I will wait," said Reedham quietly, and the next moment he was alone.

Archibald Currie stood for a moment in the middle of the hall, ere he went to his nephew, and in that wonderful moment he reviewed the whole ground and saw the way clear. But a colossal task was before him, the most colossal, perhaps, that he had ever essayed, to shut the mouths and seal the lips of other men.

Stephen was waiting impatiently by the table and sprang forward with eager words on his lips.

"Quiet, a moment, boy, it is I who will speak first."

Again Stephen was hushed, and stood waiting for what should come.

"You and I have not been so very intimate, Stephen," began the old man; "we have never understood one another fully. Our outlook upon things has been different all along the line."

"I suppose it has, Uncle Archie, though I don't know what that has to do with the case."

"It has everything to do with it, for I am going to try and find a platform upon which we can meet. I am going to ask you to co-operate with me to save a man's soul. I wonder whether I shall succeed?"

"You mean you are going to wait, to let Reedham off scot free!" was the harsh reply. "By God no, I can't do that; sorry not to oblige, but just think of what he has done. Why, the mere embezzlement was nothing to this! Think of all the lives he has ruined!"

"It is because I do think of them I want to act for the best now," said the old man patiently, and in no way resenting his nephew's attitude, which was not only natural, but by the circumstances entirely justified.

"Listen, Stephen, you speak truly enough when you say ruined lives, but if the whole story is exposed now, there will be outer darkness indeed. Take Reedham's wife, for instance. She is very happy with Lidgate; happier, perhaps, than she deserves to be, for her taste in marrying, but we must not judge any woman. Take Lidgate, who up till now has had no happiness in life, what sense would there be in throwing this bomb into their home?"

"But it's immoral!" pursued Stephen. "She isn't his wife, and no amount of charitable humbug will make her so."



"Your words are within the strict province of truth but I hold to what I say. She is not strong, your father tells me she is to have a child in a few months. Picture to yourself, Stephen, what will be the result if you persist in your intention of proclaiming this wretched story on the housetops."

Stephen remained silent, and the lines of his mouth relaxed. He was not a hard man by nature, though circumstances and training had given him the outward semblance of one. And there was something here, some influence emanating from his uncle, which somehow altered as in a flash, his whole philosophy.

"He made love to Katherine," he said sullenly. "That surely in your eyes would be the unforgivable sin?"

"He has never made love to Katherine. He has held himself so aloof from us, accepted so few of our offers of intimacy, that I have resented it. At least, we must be just, Stephen."

"What would you do with him, then? It doesn't seem right, but I'd like to hear what you're going to do. By-the-bye," he added suddenly, "do you really believe you'll find him there when you go back? By this time he is probably out in the Edgware Road."

Archibald Currie faintly smiled. "He is there," was all he said.

"Stephen," he added after a moment. "I think you are going to help me in this. Remember that any fool can send a man down. It takes a better man than himself to lift him up. If you can promise to hold your tongue, Reedham shall go out to London, out of our lives, and the place shall know him no more. Will you promise?"

"I could keep quiet, but there's Turner, the man who ferreted things out."

"I can silence him, I think," replied Archibald Currie.

"But what will you do with Reedham? How shall we be certain that he won't turn up again in a new role?"

"He will go to the war, Stephen, he has spoken of it already."

There was a moment's silence, great issues hung in the balance. There was a brief struggle between personal resentment and something nobler in Stephen Currie's mind.

"All right, Uncle Archie. I don't know what you're driving at, or whether I'm doing right, but I'll do what you ask. I'll keep my mouth shut, it's only ten days anyhow, the C.I.V.'s embark on Thursday week."

"Thank you, my boy." Archibald Currie came nearer, and looked for a moment with a strange kindness into his nephew's face.

"I'm a lonely man, Stephen. Many have wondered why I have never married. But for my own folly I might have had a son like you to comfort my old age. The solitary life is the price I have paid for—the time when I have went down into the pit and another man lifted me up."

Stephen Currie stared in bewilderment, scarcely crediting what he heard.

"Uncle Archie, it can't be true! Why you, you have always been the model we've been taught to regard and copy from afar."

"I speak the truth, lad. All the eccentricities which have puzzled and vexed my relatives and others, have been my reasonable atonement. The men who could have sent me down refrained. It was Abraham Willett, and he lived to see his mercy justified."



Stephen continued to stare, and a little rush of affection warmed his heart and went out to his uncle.

"I'm glad you told me this, Uncle Archie. I—I won't forget it, and it has helped me to understand."

Their hands met and the compact was sealed. With what different feelings did Stephen Currie leave Hyde Park Square! He returned to Hampstead a better, because a more merciful man, and he never breathed to his home circle or to others what had passed in his uncle's library that night.

Archibald Currie saw his nephew off, and then went back to the boudoir, this time with a heavier, more reluctant step.

He even paused more than once, and the lines on his face deepened, until they seemed to have been ploughed by some invisible force.

But his mind was clear, his decision quite unshaken he knew what he would do with John Reedham, but, he was wounded in his dearest part.

Reedham was sitting down in a curious attitude, with his hands crossed on his knees, his now uncurtained eyes staring into space. He drew a sharp breath and stood up, when the door opened, as a man would stand to receive the sentence he expects, but scarcely dreads.

The old man closed the door and came forward. "I am ready," he said slowly, "to bear what you have to say."

The life had gone from the tones which had so often breathed hope and encouragement to Reedham's ears, and the coldness of the features seemed to say there was no hope.

"I have nothing to say. I am guilty, sentence me, Believe me I am ready to take that sentence, which has been too long delayed."

The old man raised his hand with a slight impatience. "The motive might be explained in detail. It is impossible to believe that a man like you should have entered upon his life deliberately, without taking the smallest trouble to review possible consequences. What was the idea?"

"I was down. I wanted to get up. I vowed that I should get up by my own efforts. You gave me my chance—that is all."

"Yes, yes, that part I understand, but your wife? Had you told her all might have been well. Man, did you never pause to think what would inevitably happen to an unprotected woman? Either she comes to grief wrongly, by being exposed to temptation in circumstances which make it difficult for her to withstand it, or—the other man is given his chance. It is inconceivable that you should have lived as you have done for the past years without informing yourself of your wife's welfare, of finding some means to reassure her. Nothing can ever explain that away, Reedham, in my opinion it is the heaviest part of your guilt."

Reedham bowed his head. It was just censure. He had not a word to say.

"Then the boy?"

"The boy knows, Mr. Currie, I revealed myself to him to-day when he told me that his mother had married again."

"I see. Do you realize, I wonder, what has happened even now? The woman who was your poor wife, and who is now a happy one, for Lidgate is an honorable man, and he has loved her for a long time. She is to have a child in a few months' time. This I fear will kill her."

Reedham's face became as that of the dead.

"Need she know?" he asked in a hollow voice.

"Let me go for her sake. I promise that before the morning light I shall have passed from the world of men and gone to take my just punishment at the hands of the great Judge."

Archibald Currie rebuked him with one scathing word.



"There is another way out. I offer it to you, not for your own sake, but for the sake of those to whose suffering you did not give sufficient heed. Listen, this is Thursday, on Saturday another boat goes to the Cape. You will go by it." Reedham tried to answer him but his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth.

"What you do there matters little to me. The best course would, probably, be to offer yourself for service at the war. Meantime the secret will be kept. The whole object of our lives, of those I mean who are in possession of the facts, will be to keep them from your wife."

"But the boy!" gasped Reedham. "He will never be able to keep it; and, further, he will not leave me. He only left me to-night when I promised that some way would be considered whereby we could be together. To-night he has altered my whole outlook, and left only the desire to get away with him where none could come between us."

"Selfish even in this," murmured the old man; and even as he spoke and saw Reedham wince, a sense of his own injustice struck him. "His mother could not spare him. It could never be explained to her satisfaction."

"She could spare him, I think," said Reedham sadly and humbly. "So far as I can gather from Leslie, she has put him outside. Perhaps we need not wonder at it. He is like me, they say; and, anyhow, he is a too painful reminder of the past."

"It is incredible. Do you see what havoc has been wrought even in natural affections by your conduct? Do you realize, I wonder, the extent and magnitude of it?"

Reedham bowed his head. "I think I do. I can't speak, but I see it. My God, if I did not I should not be where I am at this present moment?"

Archibald Currie took a turn across the room. Reedham's words concerning the boy added a new complication. Once more his active brain had to include that fact in his sweep of the horizon of affairs.

"You say positively he will not leave you?"

"To-night when he opened his heart to me," said the man—and the misery of his soul, the rent passion of his heart, betrayed themselves in the harsh vibration of his voice—"he begged me to take him away to another country, or at least to let him live with me where I am now. I pointed out to him how impossible it was. He would hardly leave me. He walked to this very door with me, and, but for my promise to you, I could not have left him even then."

"Would he go home, do you think?" asked the old man sharply.

"He promised that he would."

At that moment there was a knock at the door, and the butler appeared, with seeming reluctance.

"Someone for Mr. Charlton, sir—a young lad. He is waiting outside."

"Show him in," said his master curtly; and Reedham stood up more like a man than he had been at any time during that painful interview.

A moment more and Leslie appeared. The lad's face was white and drawn; under his eyes lurked great shadows. He was visibly laboring under intense excitement.

"Excuse me, father," he said tremblingly. "And please, sir, don't be angry," he added to Mr. Currie; "but I couldn't stop away. I went home. My mother had gone to the theatre, and I left a message that I would not be home to-night. I thought I would walk home with you, father, and stay there. I—I can't go home—to the other home—never any more."

He walked to his father's side and stood there, and his hand slipped into his. The old man's face softened, the hardness died out of his heart. He cleared his throat.

"You, at least, bear no malice, my boy. Yes, I know all," he said kindly. "You are willing, I see, to stand by your father, even after all he has done."

"I will never leave him, sir," said the boy quietly. "He belongs to me, and I to him. We will stay together now for always."



"Great is your faith!" said the old man, with a faint sigh. "See that you become worthy of it, Reedham. Now go. To-morrow I shall see you both, by which time I shall have formed a plan. Probably I shall find some occupation for you at the Cape, though not, of course, the former responsible post. In the meantime I will see your mother, my lad, and try and explain it to her so that her suspicions are not aroused. Now go."

He held out his hand to the boy, but he did not offer it to Reedham.

As they passed out, however, he called him back.

"It is love that has saved the sinner ever since the Lord Jesus Christ died," he said. "Take this lesson to your heart, Reedham, for the boy's sake, live henceforth the upright life before God and man."

This time the hand was offered but Reedham shook his head.

"Not yet," he said, in a low voice. "Some day, please God, but not yet, I cannot thank you. There are no words graven for the purpose."

He passed out, the boy clinging to him, and the door was shut.

The strain lifted, the old man permitted his feelings for a moment to have vent. He wept even as he prayed.

With the second closing of the door there was a swish of silk on the stair, and Katherine Wrede came in.

"Uncle Archie," she said in a low voice, "what have you done? It is no use to send me away or to tell me I must not ask questions. It will be best to tell me everything. Indeed, it is the only way."

He saw that it was, and in a few words he put her in the possession of the full facts and of the terms on which Reedham had left the house.

She listened quietly, and then, without comment rose and kissed him.

"I thank God for you, Uncle Archie. I thank God. But the story is not ended yet."

On Saturday afternoon from Southampton Dock sailed John Reedham and his boy. There were none to bid them God-speed, or to speak a word of farewell, but they needed none. They were sufficient one to the other. And in Reedham's heart there was a peace that had not lain there since the blight had fallen on his life. But he was impatient to be gone. Every moment now increased the fear lest any chance word might betray the secret to Leslie's mother. She had been entirely reassured by Archibald Currie, who had brought to bear upon the matter all the tact and diplomacy for which he was known.

When the boat began to glide out from its landing stage Reedham went below, his feelings were too much for him, he would be alone to unburden them. In the stateroom he found a letter.

Within there were only these words:

To wish you God-speed and hope, from your friend,
KATHERINE WREDE.

Reedham pressed the letter to his lips, then very carefully hid it in his breast. It would never leave him, he vowed, so long as life lasted.

So passed John Reedham once more from the world of men. Those who had known him kept the secret well, until the time came when there was not such pressing need for silence.

In the month of November Lidgate's wife died in childbed. After one brief year of happiness, he had to return to the solitary life.

Archibald Currie and Katherine were at Clere Minster when the brief intimation appeared in the *Telegraph*. Katherine saw it first and passed it over in silence for her guardian to read.

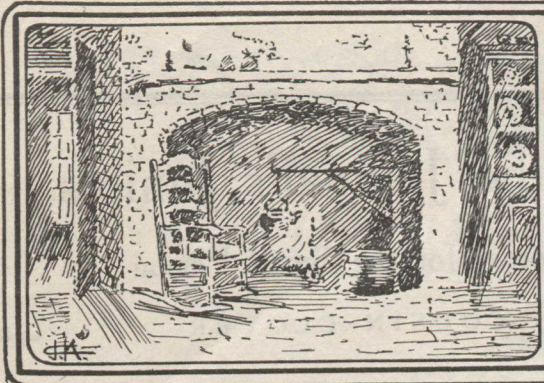


"Ah!" he said, drawing a long breath, and that was all.

So, step by step, the drama was unfolded. A year later, Archibald Currie also entered upon his glorious rest, leaving the world incomparably poorer for his passing. Contrary to all expectations, his fortune was discovered to be comparatively small, accounted for, of course, by the fact that he had disbursed it so lavishly in his life. What was left, with the exception of Clere Minster, went absolutely to charity. Clere was left to Katherine to do with as she willed. Except for the old house, of no great value, she was as penniless as when she first came, a subdued and hopeless girl, from the dreary pension at Bruges.

She was not without friends, however, and received more than one offer of a home.

But Katherine, after converting Clere Minster into a Home of Rest for certain derelicts who had struggled on the drearier shores of life, left England. She went to those who needed her most.



AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the *Canadian Home Journal*

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"A grey eye is still and sly,
A roguish is the brown;
But in the black eye's sparkling spell
Mystery and mischief dwell."
The eye of blue is ever true;

JUST IN PASSING

SITTING behind me in the observation cabin of the boat *Princess Royal*, between Vancouver and Victoria, were two women talking. I could not help hearing the conversation, which was a friendly one, dealing with their traveling experiences, the leaving of their homes, and many little details of family life. One exclaimed, "How I love to study faces, don't you?" "Yes," the other replied, "I do; faces always attract me. There seems so much written in some countenances. Don't you think so?"

"A little extract I had once read came into my mind—'Every time we look into a face, we are gazing through a window. The external face, the form, the color, the contour, is simply the glass, and through that we see the individual. If we can see peace enthroned, with joy and content, intellect and kindly love, then are we prepared to pass our judgment as to the beauty of the face.' And so it would seem that in the expression the beauty consists, rather than the form or coloring. People do not agree as to what constitutes beauty in consequence of the varied types. There are so many really beautiful faces in the world, perfect of form and contour, aristocratic, self-possessed and intellectual. There is the piquant, saucy-faced beauty, with irregular features, yet pretty and bewitching. We have the pale face, the rich in coloring, the perfect complexion, the different colors of eyes, shading of hair, form of mouth, shape of nose; and from these details physiognomists delineate the character of the individual.

The most perfectly formed face can be spoiled by the expression. The most exquisite mouth can be disfigured by a sarcastic smile, or a scornful curl of the lip, and "whether the eye be black or blue," if it looks coldly and proudly from beneath long sweeping lashes it does not draw admiration. Faces attract and repel only as the spirit through the outward expression is revealed. The plainest face can radiate a kindly interest, a cheerful optimism, an intelligent brain; the faded eye can look out peacefully on all mankind, the unshapely mouth may show nought of discontent, or sneer. Thus far I can discriminate, study and admire, but have no faith in my own judgment further, and do not fully endorse that verse I quoted, because there are blue eyes that are not true, and grey eyes that are noble, and brown eyes that are sad; but, say, black eyes are mysterious, like great unfathomable wells, inscrutable and full of mystery.

I HAVE a fault of procrastinating in some matters, but, really, I never noticed that I had until after I took a certain trip some years ago, and we all bunched together in the Pullman—there were just eight of us—and in the twilight amused ourselves in various ways, one man undertaking to tell our peculiar qualities of character by our features. "You are apt to postpone anything, and it often needs some impetus to force you to perform certain work." He was stopped right there and told he was wrong, and I believed he was, but I kept track of myself somewhat after that, and he was right. I do put off things that I do not like doing—mending for example. It piles up, and up, and, oh, the effort to start at that pile and work to the bottom! It will never get ahead of me again, I vow, but it does.

Then there is the cleaning of the silver. Those two jobs are my bugbears in housekeeping. I leave it until some unexpected company is announced, and in the preparation for their arrival, in desperation, attack the tarnished silverware, and when it reflects credit on my efforts, and shines and sparkles, I am certain it will never be left so long again. But it is.

Now, if it is true that our countenances reveal so much of our character, and if every one had the gift of reading them, what an interesting time we would have! How anyone can correctly read a face, head or hand, is something beyond me, and is a science of which I profess utter ignorance. Do not ask me if I believe in it, for some readings strike the truth so hard, some revelations so amaze me, that I am unable to answer. There seems something very mysterious about it all, a complete stranger being able to unclasp your faults and reveal your thoughts, explain your past and foretell your future.

And how we all love to dip into the obscure, to have unfolded the closed book, and peep with inquisitive eyes into the years ahead! How can they do it, we inquire, when a person looks at our palm,

and describes our home, and our children, tells about our finances, our friends, enemies, travels, health, abilities, and what not? There are many forces in this old world we do not understand, and among them is this occult science of clairvoyancy, mental telepathy, mind-reading, what you will; but as for me I am on the outside.

MEETING old acquaintances, and discussing old times, inquiries about old friends, usually begin with, "Oh, yes; John Brown, is he there still? How is he getting along?" This "getting along" meaning usually his financial progress, but bringing in its wake many details of home and family life, their prospects, their marriages, births and deaths. And how interesting it is to see the eagerness with which people listen to old friends and neighbors, inquiring individually for each member of a family, and how they are succeeding in life. Are they still satisfied with the old conditions, or launched out and away from the associations of their early life? Have they made a name for themselves? Has life been a success?

Listening to these conversations found me sifting through my brain for a definition of what a successful life means. To accumulate money, and live on a grand scale, travel around and make a big display, does that denote success? Doesn't it count that a man toiling humbly and faithfully, living an earnest, honest life, bringing up his family to regard truth and right as their highest ideals, and yet remaining what we call a poor man; doesn't that count for a success, or must we call such a life a failure? Ask the children of a man who has gone quietly on year after year, giving them an education, preparing them for useful lives, setting an example of industry and cheerfulness, inspiring their minds with lofty thought, yet failing to pile up riches, if their father was a failure. Methinks I see the indignation flash as they tell you he was the grandest man in all the world. A success? None more so.

Years hence, ask the children of a woman whom I visited in the West, if their mother was a success. She said this to me: "There is one thing I try to impress upon my children, *not to do mean things*. I have done a few things that I deeply regret. They were not *bad*, but what one would call *small*, and somehow they stick, and every little while they crop up in my mind, and make me wish I could forget them. So I instil it into my children that it does not pay to act meanly, for the future years will bring retribution. We haven't much money, but we can be rich in ourselves, and we do have a good time, for I missed so much in my childhood that I am determined my children shall enjoy, and one is plenty of good advice," she laughingly added. Who of us but can recall some mean thing we have said or done? On the spur of the moment, under great provocation, the word or act has been committed, and remorse drives it home occasionally "lest we forget—lest we forget!"

WE attended a large church in Seattle. My friend whispered, "I am so sorry our own minister is away to-day. He is a grand orator. Some special service in Victoria has secured him for the occasion." The choir was splendid. As we settled down for the sermon, all hats were removed. There was no request made, it was the adopted ruling of the church. They were simply held in the lap, and as quietly replaced when the sermon was ended. It was so sensible that other churches might well pattern after—no noise, no fuss, a matter-of-fact proceeding, that attracted no attention, and gave unbounded satisfaction to those sitting behind wearers of large hats.

The minister was a stranger, an old man, and hence the disappointed remark. Talk of power, rhetoric, and eloquence—I could not resist it—my program furnished the paper, my friend the pencil, and I took notes, some of which I want to tell you about, and leave you to draw some conclusions. The text was, "Some cried one thing, and some another." He applied these words to the physical, mental, and spiritual necessities of our lives, to conditions educational, social and political. Some claim that vegetable growth is what makes a person strong, and prove it by the horse, because its food is of the vegetable variety. Then others try to show by the daring and courage and strength of the lion that animal food is what creates such power and vigor.

Some people have been taught as religiously as their prayers, "Early to bed, and early to rise." Others claim that to rise early, before the sun has risen to dispel the noxious miasma of the night vapors, is to invite asthma and other diseases. There are people who cry out against denominational religion being taught in colleges, saying that

students should be allowed full scope to form their own religious beliefs, unbiased and unprejudiced. Others believe in molding young people's minds in religious matters as an important part of their education. Some say that the study of ancient languages, Greek and Latin, is a waste of time, and advise that students devote their energies to more practical knowledge; others advise just the reverse. There is one set of people who say, "Education makes the man," and another who say, "The man makes himself," that the most influential men are those who have never been inside of colleges. There is a diversity of opinion on all reform, on matters of prohibition, franchise, protective policy, free trade, and financial basis.

Then he wound up his remarks by a masterpiece of eloquence calling upon his hearers to notice the lethargy of a people who have come to a time when they wonder at nothing. "Even the birth of a nation in a day does not excite us. It is high time we awakened from our mental and spiritual slumber. We have to reach conclusions on questions of education, of constitution and government by our own intelligence. We must use the pickaxe of our own intellect to dig out of our brains, and the dynamite of our soul's convictions to search out of our own experience, the fundamental principle of things. We are independent agents, we must assert our own individuality in our investigations. Do not belong to the know-nothing party, who cannot exercise their reasoning faculties, and who do not prove by their conduct or speech that they are free agents, or even responsible beings." This is the sermon in a nutshell—draw your own inferences.

THE loss of the *Titanic* will, by the time this is published, be, to the majority of people, a subject which will have passed into history; but, as I write my page, the world is passing through a nightmare of agony and suspense unequalled by any catastrophe it has known in the form of a marine disaster. From the first intimation of the terrible calamity until the last harrowing tale from the survivors had been heard, the people of two continents, at least, lived at a tension so great as to be indescribable. There were four forms of suffering—those at sea, who lived through the horrors of that shipwreck, and who, without protection, felt the physical discomforts of cold and exposure on the open sea, and watched that queen of the ocean dive to her death, carrying their nearest and dearest down to a grave in the icy waters—a grave two miles deep.

There were the anxious relatives and personal friends of those who set sail on that ill-fated steamer, whose minds, torn by hope and anxiety, could not grope with the awfulness of the peril of their loved ones. Then the great sympathetic heart of those outside the two realms—the public at large, who watched, and read, and listened, and were awestricken at the appalling loss of life; and whose hearts were swept with waves of pity, grief, and sympathy.

Of the sixteen hundred souls who perished we draw a curtain over their suffering, and only dwell on their bravery and self-sacrifice. There are heroes buried with the *Titanic* whose names will live only in the memory of those who mourn their untimely death. There were men of unlimited usefulness, wide influence, gifted, talented, wealthy, who went down side by side with the ignorant, obscure, and unknown. Rank and money profited nothing, gained no advantage; only this was counted, that weakness held first place, and was supported by strength. Gallant, chivalrous manhood stood the test, and all ages will honor and reverence the fearless men who stood back and placed helpless women and children in the lifeboats, and faced their doom, bravely and unflinchingly.

The financial loss, enormous though it be, is as nothing compared to the loss of human life. The millions of dollars expended in perfecting what was supposed to be an unsinkable ship, the personal belongings of many wealthy and notable people on board, the treasures picked up in travel in foreign lands, the valuable papers and manuscripts of world-famed authors and journalists, representing years of study and research, the thousands of letters that will never reach their destination, the entire belongings of emigrants, and the luxurious palace itself; all went to the bottom.

What was the cause of that dreadful accident to the ship? Where shall the blame be attached? "Some cry one thing, and some another." Not all the inquiring committees, nor the conjectures, nor the censure, personal and general, that can be heaped on individuals or companies can alter the fact, nor place the fault; but it can evolve a better order of control, and sufficient lifeboats to save passengers and crew, and less desire for speedy transit. It has been a severe experience, but lessons never to be forgotten should be the outcome of this national tragedy.



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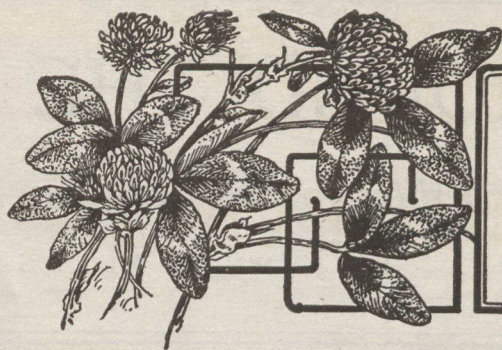
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With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Prizes will be given to the first girl and to the first boy reader of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL sending in the correct answers to all of the puzzles in the Journal Juniors' Department in this issue.

The PUZZLE of the SPITE FENCE

How Did They Build It?



THE Journal Junior readers, I am sure, will be pleased to have an opportunity of solving puzzles. I feel that they are just as bright and will solve these puzzles just as easy as any other class of girls and boys I know of.

We purpose offering puzzles in every issue and will publish the correct answers in the following number.

COUSIN CLOVER.

The Puzzle of the Spite Fence

FOUR men together bought an octagon-shaped piece of property. Each of them built a house, a garage, a chicken-coop and planted a tree. The accompanying diagram shows the exact shape of property, and the location of the houses, garages, chicken-coops, and trees.

In course of time differences of opinion arose, friendship ceased, and thereafter each household had its own entrance to the property. Matters grew worse instead of better, and, finally, the spite fence appeared. To build the fence the property had to be divided into four pieces of exactly similar size and shape, and each piece was to contain one house, one garage, one chicken-coop, one tree, and have one gateway. Can you show on the accompanying diagram how the property was divided? Look for solution in July Number.

How Did He Change the Bill?

A YOUNG lady walked into a drug store and ordered a drink of soda water, the price of which was five cents. In payment she tendered a one dollar bill.

"Sorry," said the clerk at the soda fountain as he glanced at the contents of the cash drawer, "I can't make change for one dollar, but if you have a five dollar bill I can give you \$4.95 cents change."

She handed him the five-dollar bill and received \$4.95 in change, although the drug clerk had not been able to make change for a one dollar bill.

Can you explain why? If you can't, look for the solution in July Number.

(Continued on page 41)





A JUNE LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY
MARY H. NORTHEND

WITH the approach of the summer season, the matter of entertaining is greatly simplified. The profusion of flowers then readily procurable solves the difficulty of decorations, and the variety in kind and coloring leaves nothing to be desired in the way of proper material for devising artistic effects. Then, too, the mildness of climate offers an opportunity for open-air socials, with the result that the hostess is afforded a broader scope in which to plan attractive affairs than at any other season of the year.

The month of roses is particularly lavish in floral display, and the many events with which it is crowded—weddings, commencements, etc.—affords abundant opportunity for the ingenuity of the hostess to manifest itself.

Roses are first and foremost associated with June affairs, yet there are several other flowers that as readily lend themselves to effective adornment. The simple bachelor's-buttons may be mentioned in this class, and when combined with proper greenery serve as an admirable central feature.

One scheme sets forth the value of this pretty flower very well. Here it is shown massed with its own foliage in a bark jardiniere, its light and dark blue tints blending harmoniously with the dull brown of the bark finish. A mat of galox leaves, repeating the coloring of the jardiniere in a slightly darker tone can serve as a foundation, and ropes of these same lovely leaves stretch from the mat to the table corners. Small crystal holders, equipped with blue tapers, can dot the outline of the main feature at intervals, completing the color theme of blue and brown. The place cards may be simple, white cards, attached by inch wide blue ribbons to the lower part of the jardiniere.

The table complete is simple yet most attractive. The decorations permit of abundant room for the placing of food, yet give no hint of scantiness. The coloring of the bachelor's-buttons, which, as the main feature, dominate the decorations, is repeated wherever possible, and as a foil for their soft blue tones, dull shades of brown with a glint of golden, is introduced with excellent effect.

Whether such a luncheon table is arranged indoors or upon the porch, the decorations of room or verandah should be of like nature. Nothing will harmonize so well with this bachelor's-button theme as more bachelor's-buttons, and in consequence they should be given the preference. Greenery, such as ferns, may be grouped with the blossoms in low bowls or rustic baskets, arranged about the room, and the result will be far more pleasing than if other flowers were used to adorn the room proper, even though they should be entirely harmonious in tone.

The table decorations completed, the next consideration is the menu. As a help towards its solution, the following is offered in the light of a suggestion.

- | | | |
|------------------------|-------------------------|---------------|
| Egg Canapes | | |
| Radishes | Cream of Asparagus Soup | Nuts |
| | CROUTONS | |
| Creamed Shrimps | | Lamb Circles |
| Fruit Salad | | Peach Pudding |
| Lady Finger Sandwiches | | Coffee |

EGG CANAPES—Mash the yolks of six hard-boiled eggs with a little butter, to form a paste. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Spread on rounds of crisp toast, and garnish each with a slice of stuffed olive and a spoonful of hard-boiled egg white, chopped fine.

CREAM OF ASPARAGUS SOUP—Boil two bunches of asparagus until tender, then rub through a coarse sieve and season. With one teaspoonful of flour mix one teaspoonful of butter, and stir into one pint of hot milk. Add the asparagus and boil for ten minutes. Cook the tips separately, and add to the soup just before serving. Serve hot, and drop a tablespoonful of whipped cream into each plate.

CREAMED SHRIMPS—Remove shrimps from can several hours before using. Break each one into two or three pieces and put in cool place. Put into kettle 1 cup strained tomato juice, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon butter, and ¼ teaspoon curry powder. When this boils add 1 tablespoon flour rubbed smooth in a little water. Stir constantly until sauce is thick; season with salt and pepper, add shrimps and cook two minutes longer. Serve in patty shells, garnish with whole shrimps and green.

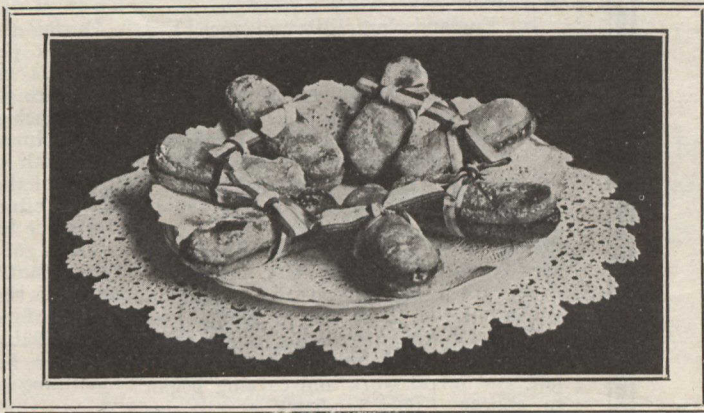
LAMB CIRCLES—One large pint chopped lamb, 1 scant pint of fine bread crumbs, 1½ teaspoon salt, 1½ teaspoon pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, milk to moisten the whole. Add seasoning to bread; when well mixed add to meat; add beaten eggs, and lastly the milk. Form in circles, roll in flour and bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat.

FRUIT SALAD—To make this salad, remove the pulp from three blood oranges and tear it in small pieces with a fork, discarding all the tough membrane. Seed and cut in bits a cupful of white grapes. Mix the orange and grape pulp together, draining off the superfluous juice. Blanc and shred half a pound of almonds, mix with the fruit pulp, and pour over all the following dressing: Beat to a froth one egg, and add half a cup of strained honey and three table-spoons of maraschino. Beat thoroughly together before turning over salad.

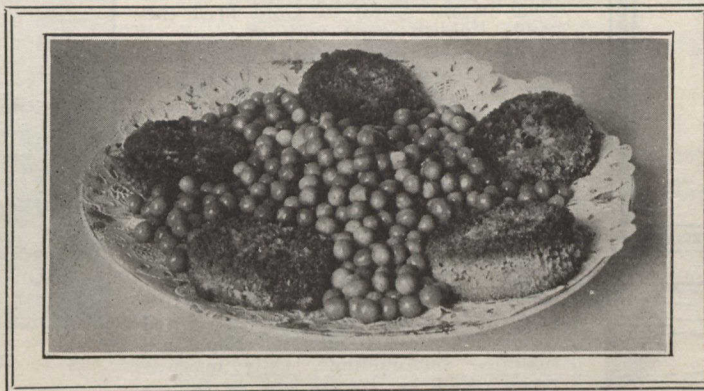
PEACH PUDDING: Make a plain blanc mange, using one quart of milk, and also a peach jelly flavored with fruit syrup and colored pink with a few drops of cochineal or color paste. Wet a plain mold and pour in the blanc mange and gelatine in alternate layers, allowing one to harden before the next is added. Just before serving time, unmold and garnish with slices of fresh or preserved peaches and Maraschino cherries. Serve with plain cream and sugar.

LADY FINGER SANDWICHES—Split the lady fingers, spread a layer of strawberry jam between them, and tie each sandwich with narrow ribbon.

PEACHES IN LEMON JELLY—For a quart mold make a quart of lemon jelly. (Always prepare enough jelly to fill the mold without considering the article to be molded.) Have the peaches chilled, as it shortens the process greatly; cut them in halves and take out the stones; peel and rub over the outside with the cut side of a lemon, to keep them from discoloring; put a blanched almond in the place of the stone, dip the other half of the peach in liquid jelly, and press the halves together; let stand on the ice until firmly joined. Do not prepare all the peaches at once; when one is in place prepare another. Let a very thin layer of jelly form in the bottom of the mold; dip a peach in liquid jelly and place it on the firm jelly and against the side of the mold; put a teaspoonful of jelly around it. Arrange also two or three thin slices of citron or angelica cut in the shape of peach leaves against the side of the mold, to which they will adhere, if the mold has been properly chilled and the leaves dipped in jelly. Add peaches, leaves and jelly as are required to fill the mold. Serve with whipped cream.



LADY FINGER SANDWICHES



PEAS WITH LAMB CIRCLES



CREAMED SHRIMPS

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By JESSIE E. RORKE

Period Furniture

THE tendency in modern cabinet making to turn to the designs of the early periods and produce furniture that is either a copy of these models or has been made with the same lines and style of ornament as a base of its design makes it of interest to glance back over the different periods and notice their distinctive designs and the different influences which affected them. We find the various English and French and the colonial periods all represented in the furniture of to-day, and each with strongly marked characteristics which may be distinguished at a glance if one is familiar with the historical development of interior decoration.

In England but little advance had been made in the decoration of the home and its furnishings before the Tudor period. Whatever beauty was to be found in the furnishings of an earlier time was attained almost entirely by their simplicity of form and appropriateness for their purpose, and any ornamentation partook of the same characteristics—as the long bolts and hinges of the Gothic. But the effect of the Renaissance, which was influencing every form of art on the continent, could not fail to be felt in England as well, and during the reigns of the early Tudors ornament became more important, and inlaid work and carving began to appear. This tendency greatly increased during the reign of Henry VII. The splendor and magnificence of the Field of the Cloth of Gold fired the whole English court with a desire to emulate their French hosts, and much that they had seen abroad was introduced into England on their return. These borrowed styles, which show a mingling of Italian, French and Flemish influence, became decidedly more English under Elizabeth, the terms Early Renaissance and Elizabethan being practically synonymous.

Original furniture of the Elizabethan period is almost priceless, but good reproductions are fairly plentiful. Furniture of this period is best suited to large spacious rooms and simple and dignified surroundings. Only massive types could be appropriate in houses where the living room was a great hall forming the central room of the house, and in many cases rising straight to the roof without any intervening story. One end of this room led to the kitchen and servants' quarters, while from the other the grand staircase was reached. This led to the great chamber which was used as a reception room and was the forerunner of our modern drawing-room. As might be expected, we find the furniture designed for such rooms as these always simple and strong in design, though sometimes most elaborately ornamented. The staircase of the time offers a good example of this: in the form it was little more than a step-ladder, but in some cases it would be almost covered with a rare carving. Wood-panelling was the favorite method of wall decoration; sometimes the whole wall was treated in this way—or the panelling might reach only a portion of the distance up, the remainder being decorated with costly tapestries.

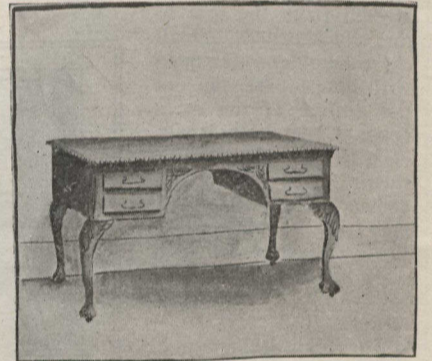
The panelled wall is also characteristic of the Jacobean period, but is distinguished by the "rising" panel which replaced the sunken panel of the Elizabethan. Tapestries were still used and the deeply set windows with their small diamond panes had many cushions. The spiral leg found in cupboards, chairs, and chests of drawers is one of the distinctive features of Jacobean furniture. In the finest types the spirals were hand-carved. Elevated cupboards on high supports were also typical. With the introduction of walnut during this period veneer and inlay began to supersede carving. The use of cane, too, became popular at this time.

With the closing of the Jacobean period and the coming of William of Orange, the best ideas of the craftsmen of Holland were brought into England but it was not until Queen Anne's reign that the Dutch and English de-

signs became amalgamated, and it is from her that the period takes its name. The effect of this Dutch influence was to produce greater simplicity of ornament with beauty of workmanship and design. Many of the types of this period are well suited to the small and unpretentious home. All parts of the furniture were made lighter and more graceful. Chairs began to be shaped to fit the human figure instead of being rectangular, and the easy chair appeared for the first time. The typical Queen Anne chair has round shoulders, long unshaped back, and a seat that is wider at the front than at the back. The cabriole leg succeeded the spiral and is one of the pronounced features of the period. Marquetry became the most popular form of ornament.

During the latter part of this period religious persecution in France drove hundreds of skilled workmen to the neighboring countries, and the influence of French designs began to be felt. This influence continued throughout the eighteenth century, and while the excesses of the French period were avoided, its effect was to bring new charm and grace to the English designs.

Much of the French furniture is very beautiful, but much, too, is exactly the reverse. Its complicated rococo and bewildering variety of curves required the handling of a master, and, in other hands, gave opportunity for concealing poor construction and quality



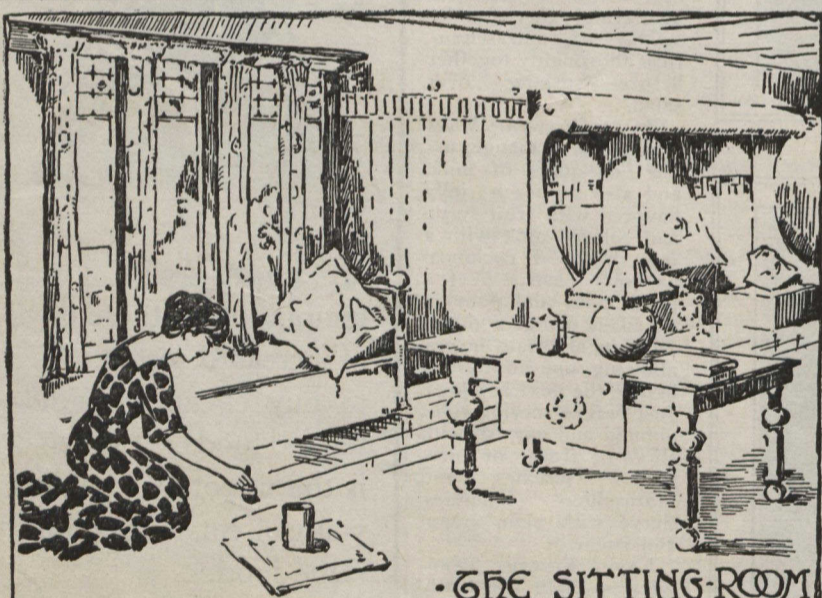
CHIPPENDALE DESIGN

of material beneath masses of ornament that in itself became far from artistic. The same may be said of modern reproductions. Only a well-filled purse should be brought to this selection, as the elaborate carving and the lavish use of gilt and bronze in this style of furniture makes a cheap imitation with any good qualities whatever an impossibility. One must remember, too, that this furniture was designed for costly and elegant surroundings, and only rich rugs and tapestries with extremely decorative effects seem to be in keeping.

The period of Louis XIII corresponds with the Jacobean period in England, and has many of the same characteristics. The walls were hung with tapestries, the ceilings were heavily beamed, and the fireplaces and furniture were massive and richly carved. The upholstery and draperies were of the richest materials, and the use of much gold embroideries and gold fringe brightened the dull interiors.

The period of Louis XIV is characterized by striking effects with generous but not too lavish decoration. A combination of both straight and curved lines gave a feeling of grace and strength, which was very desirable. Carving and gilding became very popular at this time, and the dull tapestries of the former period were succeeded by gay colors and panels of gilt and white marble. The latter designs of this period are well suited to a formal, stately drawing room.

The rococo or shell ornament, which had begun to appear in the latter part of Louis XIV's reign, is the chief characteristic of the following period. Colors became light and brilliant, straight lines were entirely lost, and everything was lacquered, painted or gilded. The general style of the furniture was dainty, graceful and pleasing, but there was no reserve, no restraint,



THE SITTING ROOM

ANYTHING AMISS?

We refer to your sitting-room—the room you live in most—the "Show" room of your house. Is the floor worn in places? The wainscoting scratched? Table and chair legs marred? Picture frames a little shabby?



will restore the original finish, and it is so easy to apply. It dries overnight, and is made in eight shades, and clear. Also Silver and Gold, flat and gloss White and flat and gloss Black. It works wonders on any kind of wood. Send for our booklet the "Dainty Decorator," it gives you a better idea of what can be done with "LACQUERET." Cans contain full Imperial measure. Ask your dealer. Don't accept a substitute.

INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO.
LIMITED

G-98

TORONTO

WINNIPEG

Largest in the world and first to establish definite standards of quality

and in spite of the marvellous workmanship and delicate handling of the minutest detail, one wearies of the surfeit of ornament and longs for a plain surface somewhere. The original pieces of the best craftsmen of this period are worth many thousands, but are barely found, except in museums.

The period of Louis XVI shows a return to straight lines and greater simplicity of decoration. Ornament for the sake of ornament alone is entirely lacking, but the greatest care is given to perfection of detail and the laws of proportion, which had almost been lost in the former reign, were never violated. Fluted columns were a distinguishing feature of this period. They appeared in the legs of chairs and tables, and in the form of pilasters in the cabinets.

The Empire period, which followed this closely, had a marked effect on the colonial style of a later day. The gilt furniture of the former periods was entirely discarded, and most of the pieces were made of solid mahogany with decorations of gilt and bronze. The motives for decoration were borrowed from the Greek and Roman. The Empire designs inclined to be clumsy and heavy, in strong contrast to the slender, graceful shapes of former periods.

The influence of French designs on English decoration is perhaps most markedly shown in the work of Chippendale, whose book on cabinet-making was published about the middle of the eighteenth century. Many of the characteristics of the Louis XIV and Louis XV furniture appear in his work, which was seldom entirely original, but was cleverly adapted from the work of other craftsmen,—so cleverly, indeed, that under his handling it grows to be his own, the Dutch, French, and Chinese all lending him material for his designs. Unlike the preceding periods, the names of a few men now stand out prominently as the originators of a new style, all tending in the same direction, yet diversified by the individual genius of each designer. Chippendale was the first of these and he was followed by the Adam Brothers, Hepplewhite and Sheraton. The original work of these men brings extremely high prices, but modern reproductions, when found in good wood and showing honest workmanship, are quite as beautiful, though lacking the charm of antiquity. The most of these designs are suitable to the ordinary home, and no later style has shown greater merit, or so well combined graceful, well-proportioned lines and beauty and dignity of ornament. Characteristic of Chippendale's work are the acanthus, rococo and ribbon designs, borrowed from the French, and, later, Chinese fretwork with dragons, monkeys and pagoda tops, his ornament usually taking the form of carving. The bow line of the back of his chairs is one of the sure ways of detecting

shaped, oval or heart shaped racks were extremely graceful in construction, but sometimes lacked strength; the legs were slender, square and tapering and frequently decorated with an inlay of the bell flower. His sideboards have either straight or curving fronts, slender tapering legs with spade feet, and frequently the bell-flower inlay. Damask and leather he used most frequently for upholstery, and these were invariably fastened on with brass-headed nails arranged in designs. The influence of the Adam Brothers is shown in his work, his ornamentation being usually of classic design and showing extreme simplicity.

Sheraton is considered to have given us some of the most beautiful furniture designs in existence. He published five



ELIZABETHAN PERIOD

books on cabinet making, illustrated with his models, and these were widely copied throughout the country, so even in the antique furniture it requires an expert to detect a real Sheraton; but it is only the few that are interested in these costly pieces of furniture, and the really important fact is that his designs were preserved and are still being reproduced with much of their original grace and charm. Simplicity and utility were the keynotes of Sheraton's style, which in many respects resembled Hepplewhite's. His chairs were characterized by square rather than round back and horizontal bar across the back near the seat which gave greater strength. The Sheraton sideboards have a convex corner, while Hepplewhite's were always concave. Sheraton decorated with both carving and inlay, and was fond of light delicate colors. White or gold chairs, with dainty satin upholstery, were among his favorites in drawing-room designs.

Colonial furniture, as its name suggests, is an adaptation of the varying English and French styles to the needs of a new country. Dignity, simplicity, breadth and utter lack of ornament are its chief characteristics. The influence of the eighteenth century designers and of the Empire period is strongly felt but simplified to suit the spacious rooms of country houses where wealth did not abound, but all the refined tastes of an older country were brought to aid in building up beautiful homes in the new. Colonial furniture has much to recommend it for present use, particularly for country homes where the rooms are large and airy, where every window has its attractive view, and flowers are to be had in abundance. Here little is needed in the way of ornament, and simple beautiful lines will give the best effect.

Around the House

Sometimes one desires to change the air of a room in, as it were, double quick time. Then the plan is to open the window wide, and to open the door and to swing it backwards and forwards very quickly, making it serve as a sort of fan.

To cure earache, warm a little salad oil to milk heat and drop it from a spoon into the ear. Another remedy is to roast an onion in the coals and take out the centre, put the fire point of this into the ear and let it remain several hours.

To prolong the life of window cords they should be dusted and rubbed with a well-greased rag. The snapping of cords is caused by friction, and they are further weakened by sun and weather. The greasing makes them pliable and prolongs their usefulness.

Should the knob come off the lid of a pan or kettle, a screw should be slipped through the hole with the head to the inside of the lid, and a cork screwed on to the protruding end. This will make a knob that will not get hot, and that can be easily removed when dirty.



**Madam—Are You Serving Your Family
Steamed Beans or Baked Beans?**

BEANS that are merely steamed and boiled *cannot* possess the enticing flavor that *baking* gives.

It is real oven-baking that develops the rich, appetizing aroma which greets you the moment a tin of Heinz Baked Beans is opened.

—And good! There never were beans more delicious since New England's famous bean-pot first gave up its savory contents. They conform to the standard set for all the

57 Varieties

Every Heinz Baked Bean is baked through and through—every particle made tender—mouth-melting.

Topped with tender strips of choicest pork and permeated with Heinz pure Tomato Sauce—all the zest and flavor of real tomatoes—caught the instant the luscious, red-ripe fruit is picked from the vines.

**Heinz Baked Beans
(Oven-Baked)**

And Heinz Baked Beans contain far less water than boiled and steamed beans—far more of strength-building elements.

There are four kinds of Heinz Baked Beans

Heinz Baked Beans With Pork and Tomato Sauce

Heinz Plain Baked Pork and Beans (Without Tomato Sauce)

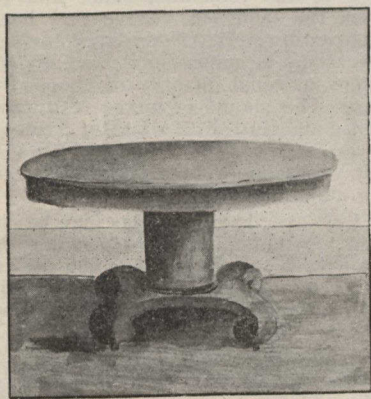
Heinz Vegetarian Baked Beans (Without Pork)

Heinz Baked Red Kidney Beans.

All good grocers sell Heinz Baked Beans under our guarantee to refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied. Try also our India Relish, Peanut Butter, Olives, Olive Oil, Tomato Soup, Vinegars, Preserves, etc.



H. J. Heinz Company—57 Varieties
Member of Association for the Promotion of Purity in Foods



COLONIAL DESIGN

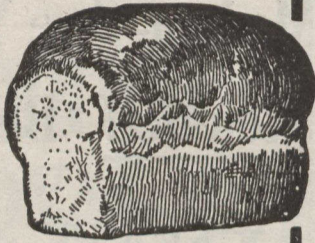
his models, and in his early work we find the bandy-leg with ball and claw-foot, which may be distinguished from the same style of the Queen Anne period by its carved acanthus or shell. He loved bright colors and his walls and ceilings were done in studio with gilded or colored panelled effects in French rococo, or covered with papers in gay French or Chinese patterns.

The Adam Brothers looked upon Chippendale's fantastic designs with disfavor. Their work shows a fine reserve in the use of ornament, the delicate carving or inlay of satinwood being offset with a large proportion of plain surface. Their style is adopted from the pure classic of the Greek and Italian with a succession of French influence, and is characterized by a use of straight rather than curving lines.

Hepplewhite's chairs, tables and sideboards show the principal types of his work. His chairs with their shield-

You will be proud of the bread you'll make with PURITY FLOUR

AFTER seeing a batch of big, golden-cruled, snowy white loaves, that you have baked from PURITY FLOUR, you will, indeed, be proud of your cooking-ability—and proud of your wisdom in deciding to pay the little extra it costs to procure such high-class flour. You will admit, too, that we are justified in the pride we take in milling this superb flour.



PURITY FLOUR

"More bread and better bread"



PURITY FLOUR is milled exclusively from the best Western hard wheat—the world's finest. More than that, PURITY FLOUR consists entirely of the high-grade portions of the wheat. The low-grade portions are separated and excluded during the PURITY process of milling. Such high-class flour, of course, expands more in the baking. It makes "more bread and better bread."

It makes lighter, flakier pastry, too, if you just take the precaution to add more shortening. On account of its unusual strength PURITY FLOUR, for best results, requires more shortening than ordinary flour.

Progressive dealers, everywhere, sell PURITY FLOUR and take pride in recommending it.

Add PURITY FLOUR to your grocery list right now. 106



HE SAID—"Few of us realize how much salt we eat. The fact that we put salt on all meats and vegetables—in bread, cake and pastry—soups and sauces—butter and cheese—shows the importance of using an absolutely pure salt."

SHE SAID—"Well, we are using WINDSOR SALT and no one could make me believe there was any better salt in the whole world than my old standby 64

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

Appetizing Dishes from Left-Overs

By GRACE RENAUD

IN these days of pure food laws, when canned goods are above suspicion—cleaner oftentimes than fresh meat or vegetables—there is no excuse for not having a well-equipped emergency shelf in one's pantry. That, however, should be a last resort, as the good housekeeper's refrigerator should always contain left-overs, which may with little trouble be converted into appetizing dishes.

To find left-overs in one's pantry and refrigerator should be, not a matter of chance, but a regular, daily occurrence, which is easily brought about by systematically preparing a little more of each dish than is required for one meal. There are few foods that cannot be kept over from one day to another if properly cared for.

In making up dishes from left-overs a little pastry is a great addition. This in itself may be a left-over from baking day. The best way to keep pastry is to roll it into a ball, cover it well with lard, and put it on ice. This method prevents a crust forming on it. Pastry treated in this manner has the advantage of being thoroughly chilled, a condition that is invaluable if one would secure the best results.

The first use of left-over pastry that I would mention is to make of it the old-fashioned jelly tarts which most of our grandmothers used to make on baking days. Two discs were cut from the dough, and pricked carefully with a fork, and from the rest, with infinite care and patience, three small discs were cut with a thimble. Then the tarts were baked a delicate brown and allowed to cool. When it was time to serve them a teaspoonful of jelly, jam or conserve was placed on the bottom of the disc, and the top carefully laid on to prevent the jelly from oozing out at the sides.

If the pastry has been sufficiently rolled, dotted with lard, dredged lightly with flour, folded and rolled again, and this process has been repeated four or five times, it will puff nicely when baked, and this same scheme of cutting will answer in an emergency for the more elaborate patty shells. One's judgment must determine the size, but those cut with pound baking-powder cans for the bottom, with a disc cut from the top with a half-pound can, are a convenient size. If the edges are brushed with egg they can be laid one on top of the other before being put into the oven and will bake in one piece. But this requires extra time and calls for the wholly unnecessary use of an egg, which might be put to a better use in another way. If handled carefully, the crusts baked separately will hold together very well after having been filled. These may be filled with any combinations of meats, vegetables, or fruits that can be conveniently prepared. Here are a few that have proved satisfactory:

USES OF LEFT-OVER PASTRY.

Take bits of left-over steak or roast, mince, heat in gravy, season and fill tarts, allowing gravy to run over crust.

Remnants of chicken fricassee may be cut into small pieces and treated as just described. If there is rice and gravy and no chicken left, use in the same way. This, with a baked sweet potato, makes a tasty and attractive dish.

Mince some corned beef or ham and spread a thick layer on bottom crust. Place top on and fill with creamed peas, asparagus, or mushrooms.

Scramble some eggs, allowing two tablespoonfuls of milk to each egg. Add one-half cup of grated cheese, a seasoning of salt and a dash of red pepper. Cook slowly until the eggs are light and creamy, stirring constantly. Fill shells, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve at once.

As an accompaniment to a salad, try these cheese pasties: Take a piece of dough of whatever size you wish. Roll out, dot with lard, dredge lightly with flour and sprinkle thickly with grated cheese. Repeat the process five times. Cut into squares, cut the squares in two diagonally, and bake. Crisp in the oven before serving. Another novelty, which may accompany a salad or may be served with stalks of celery stuffed with pimento cheese as an entree, is made as follows:

Prepare crust as for tarts. Cut in

squares. Put an oyster and a piece of crisp bacon in the center of each. Season with a speck of butter and a dash of white pepper. Fold over, secure the edges by pressing with a broad-tined fork and bake. Serve hot.

Besides the tarts above mentioned we will not forget the apple or peach dumplings, which are such a toothsome finish to a very light dinner. Sweets which will be just the bit one wants after a hearty dinner may be made as follows:

Roll into the crust finely chopped raisins and nuts, cut in fancy shapes, and bake.

Sprinkle the dough with currant, cut out in diamonds, shake some red sugar over the top, and bake.

Add some spices and sugar to the crust, cut in small rounds, and bake. We call these "pennies." Any kind of preserves, jam, mincemeat, or applesauce may be converted in a few minutes into a "pocketbook" tart, made by laying preserves in the center of the paste, folding over and securely pressing the edges.

LEFT-OVER MEAT, FISH, OR VEGETABLES

The sandwich can be made the most substantial part of a luncheon, or may be served as a successful entree. One's ingenuity can readily make combinations that will attract both the eye and palate, at the same time utilizing many remnants of food-stuff that would otherwise be wasted. The following combinations, served in the form of sandwiches, have proved acceptable enough to be repeated, and demonstrate economy both of time and food:

Knead into left-over mashed potato as much flour as it will hold. Mold into a flat, round cake, cut into four triangular pieces, roll in flour and brown on both sides, using as little fat as possible. When sufficiently browned cut in two, lengthwise; butter, fill with slices of crisped bacon and bits of cress and serve. These may also be filled with minced meat to which has been added a little gravy, and more gravy may be poured over them.

A particularly nice way of using up remnants of chicken or veal is to roll pastry and cut into rounds or diamonds. Spread on each piece the hot minced chicken or veal, put two together, pour gravy over and serve.

Peas, asparagus, or a combination of these vegetables, may be mixed with white sauce and put between slices of thin buttered toast. Add the yolk of an egg to the remaining sauce and pour over the sandwich. Serve very hot.

Fried oysters which have been left over may be minced and have added to them an equal quantity of chopped celery. This should be mixed with mayonnaise and served on a leaf of lettuce between slices of hot, buttered toast. A bit of bacon or ham laid on top gives an additional relish.

Left-over ham and eggs may be chopped together and served between slices of French toast which has had the crust removed. Cut the toast rather thick and fry quickly so that it will be moist and not greasy.

Left-over bits of bacon may be reheated in the oven and served between slices of toast garnished with water-cress.

Where good slices of roast beef are not available for hot roast-beef sandwiches, chop finely the more inferior part, put between slices of bread, pour hot gravy over and serve.

Pieces of cold fish may be heated in white sauce or mixed with mayonnaise and spread between buttered toast. Put grated cheese on the top, set in the oven until the cheese melts, and serve at once. Bits of cold vegetables, such as peas, beans, asparagus, or carrots, may be treated in the same way.—*Good House-keeping*.

Frosted coffee is delightfully invigorating after a long walk on a warm day. To prepare it make a strong, clear, drip coffee; sweeten to taste and chill thoroughly. Just before serving drop on each glassful a heaping teaspoonful of whipped cream which has been faintly sweetened and slightly flavored with vanilla.



Music and Matters Musical

A Splendid Old-Time Song

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST

Words by ALFRED BUNN. Music by W. VINCENT WALLACE.

Cantabile e con molto semplicità.

Sve.....

1. Scenes that are
2. Words can - not

bright est May charm a while
scat - ter The thoughts we fear,

Hearts which are light - est, And eyes that
For though they flat - ter, They mock the

smile; Yet o'er them a - bove us
ear. Hopes will still de - ceive us,

dim.

Though na - ture beam, With none to
With tear - ful cost, And when they

love us, How sad they seem With
leave us The heart is lost And

rit.

none to love us, How sad they seem I
when they leave us The heart is lost!

FINE.

Ped.

* Play small notes to lead into second verse.

Editor's Note

WE know that there are many among our readers, musically inclined, who would be filling positions as church organists or as concert accompanists, had they felt sure that the following life story was a possibility. It was only after much persuasion that the writer consented to allow us to publish it, and our strongest reason was that we felt many others would be encouraged thereby to equal or surpass this record. If at any time any of our readers are perplexed in their study of music, we want you to give us an opportunity to assist you. Address your enquiries to the Musical Editor.

Making an Organist

WHEN as a youngster of three or four years of age, I almost worried my mother to death with questions and pleadings for her help in my babyish attempts to play and sing the old familiar hymns. I can just picture myself standing up on the old chair, beside mother at her baking, and with the hymn book open anywhere but the right place, demanding her attention to my song.

This must have been extremely funny, on the old farm, and as I look back and see the picture I almost laugh out loud. They put up with me at home for three years, or perhaps a little longer, and finally decided that the training of such a determined child must be placed in the hands of a teacher. Now, as we were fifteen miles from town, you may imagine the delightful drives I had, sometimes through rain or heavy snowstorm, but very often having the benefit of God's rich sunshine and pure air. It was not infrequent that the roads were so bad, that I had to make part of my journey by train. However, a thirty-mile drive for a child's music lesson became a very heavy tax on those who had to accompany me, and it was soon arranged that I would become one on the circuit of a traveling teacher. I can well remember that during this period, on one occasion, while accompanying myself on the little organ, at an annual tea meeting in the old frame church, I stopped in the middle of a word to cough. Can you imagine what the audience did? Can you imagine, too, what was said to me when I got home.

These lessons lasted but a couple of years, and, owing to different circumstances, I was compelled to make the best of what tuition I had received, and advance myself to the best of my ability.

It must have been in my early teens when we bid good-bye to the old farm, with its row of tall poplars and spreading willows, and to the old collie, to which I was more fondly attached than to the farm itself. After what seemed to me an exceedingly long ride on the train, we arrived at the big city, which has since then been my home.

We had been in the city some years, finishing my public school work, before I had the opportunity of renewing my tuition, although during this time many friends coming to our home seemed to keep me well supplied with music, and one dear old friend suggested that as I was still at school, I should try for a scholarship, given by one of the large colleges. Without much hope of winning, and with many fears and tremblings, I went into the presence of the great professor. It was indeed a happy surprise for me to learn that I was really the winner, and I had now before me a long-hoped-for opportunity of studying under a first-class teacher. There was one serious handicap to my making rapid advance, for, shortly after winning the scholarship, I left school and went to business, and all my lessons and practice had to be during the evening, which found me in rather poor trim to make good headway, but I was enabled to complete my junior examination

in piano and theory with first class honors.

This practically completed all my tuition for the time being, and my only help came through accepting an opportunity to help in church work, to which I must give no small amount of credit. It is certainly one of the best helps that any student of music could wish for, that is in trying to fill the position of pianist in some of the large church organizations. Singing in the choir cannot possibly injure the student's work, nor will the playing of hymns for a small congregation have any bad effect. But the very opposite is true. It will strengthen one's confidence in oneself, and give a certain stability of work.

As an outcome of my work at the piano in the Sunday School and our young people's society, our choirmaster made bold to risk his organ in my care during the vacation of our organist. Fear seemed a frequent visitor with me, but it was downed on that memorable first Sabbath morning by a little touch of pride. I was somewhat afraid on this occasion, because I had never had a lesson—was I too daring? This relief work during vacations occurred twice, when, to my surprise, an invitation came to me to accept the position of organist in another small church. This position and a small class of piano pupils kept me busy for a few years.

During this period it was my privilege to study the organ for a couple of terms only, with a thoroughly competent teacher; also to again substitute for holidays, but this time on a much larger organ.

There are times of discouragement in nearly every life, and my discouragement was in the length of time which passed without my having an opportunity to give up my small organ for a larger one, and more than once I determined to give up the work. The opportunity came at last, however, and my ambitions were realized, and now some of my happiest moments are spent at the keyboard, making some of the old masters express my own feelings.

To me the memories of the childish song, and the years spent in close touch with music, are the brightest and most valuable parts of my life. The friendship created, the spoken appreciation of my effort, and the field of opportunity have been all too valuable to think of in any light manner. We can hardly estimate the condition of the world with music and its companionships taken away.

Music in Our Public Schools

THE need for more and better music in our town and rural schools is too apparent to call for much debate, and is a plain one-sided question, even though at the present time there are those who cry "away with the musical bosh." Just how music influences us is difficult to describe, but that it does have a refining effect even on the lives of young boys and girls at school, cannot be denied. There is something in man that responds to its work, and there is created a deeper love for the beautiful in art, music and character.

Instead of saying we cannot have music in our schools, so far out of town, or, so poorly placed for money, let us set our minds on it, organize a concert or two with our own school children taking part, and we are positive of splendid support from the adults. Then with proceeds in hand, buy an organ or piano and develop the better side of the child's life. None of us have to go outside our own homes to find someone who almost prayed that school would be burned down or that the teacher "would get married." That is unnatural and was due to the lack of development of the better nature, which could be overcome through the influence of music, in song, orchestra or piano. This is the highest development we can reach out to and it will well repay our effort.

"IDEAL" Steel Davenport

An out-door
cosy - corner



See this strong, sensible, serviceable all-steel davenport and you'll want to get one for your porch or summer home.

Doesn't it look inviting? And comfortable, too. Nothing burdensome, intricate or breakable about it—and it doesn't warp or get out of order like wooden kinds. Springs in seat and back. Substantial, sanitary mattress securely fastened to both seat and back. Length is 73 inches; width of seat, 22 inches; width wide open, 47 inches.

Useful All Day And At Night, Too

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BOUNTY FOR FLY KILLING

Dr. Hastings' Clarion Call for Abolition of House Pest—How Things of Evil Multiply

"IF we can just get people to think about it and realize the seriousness of the fly problem, I am sure they will agree with me that prompt action is necessary," said Dr. Hastings, Medical Health Officer of Toronto, recently.

Consequently, what has been formerly known as the house fly, is now better known as the typhoid fly or the death fly.

JOINT ACTION NEEDED

Flies breed in all kinds of decomposing animal and vegetable matter, more especially in the manure from stables. It must be apparent then that this disgraceful pest can be practically annihilated by conjoint action of the citizens in killing all flies early in the season, and a complete control and protection of all breeding places.

LABORATORIES BUILT PANAMA CANAL

In this connection it will be remembered that it was not the more efficient engineering or better financing of the United States Government that built the Panama Canal, but the extermination of the mosquito, which was spreading disease to such an extent that men were dying by the hundreds, and it became

BEWARE OF DORMANT FLIES

The Medical Officer of Health again draws the attention of the citizens to the dangers of the house fly, and that the most important feature in connection with house cleaning is the careful search for flies that have secreted themselves and remained in a dormant condition for the winter months in clothes closets, among books, magazines, etc., and behind loose papers on the walls, especially in the corners of rooms and about the cornices.

TAKE NO CHANCES

Don't think that because a fly is not flying or crawling around that it is dead. Like the man who was cabled to that his mother-in-law had died, and asked what they should do with the body—cremate or bury—replied, "take no chances—do both."

"Take no chances"—cremate everything in the shape of a fly that you come across while house cleaning. One winter-over fly beginning to deposit eggs (120 at a time) on the first of May, under favorable conditions, has been demonstrated, will mean 5,500,000,000,000 in five months' time.

BOUNTY FOR FLY KILLING

Pay your children all you can afford for every fly they kill in May.

Public spirited citizens, and organizations for infant and child welfare could not do better than offer premiums for the largest number of flies killed or caught by any child in the months of May and June.

The maggots you see in the warm weather in your garbage tins or boxes, around any decomposing meat, vegetables, manure, etc., in ten days' time, if not destroyed, will have developed into full grown flies.

CARRY DISEASE

Dr. Jackson, of New York city, found that flies caught in special traps on the shores of the North and East Rivers, near outfalling sewers, carried innumerable bacteria, one fly alone having as many as 125,000 on its body and legs. With the aid of a chart, on which the typhoid cases were recorded, Dr. Jackson was able to prove that the increase of typhoid and other intestinal diseases stood in direct ratio to the multitude of flies in the neighborhood of the outfalling sewers.

impossible to secure men to do the work. In other words, it was the Health Laboratories that made possible the building of the Panama Canal.

The extermination of the house fly will probably do more to stay the spread of disease than any other single action on the part of our citizens.

Suggestions for the Home

ELASTICITY is restored to rubber by soaking it in one part ammonia and two parts clear water until the desired results are obtained. This is specially true in the case of rings or other articles that have become stiff and brittle.

There are many ways of getting rid of mice, but try this. When mice trouble you, hunt out their entrances to pantry or cupboard and plaster them with a mixture of melted (just soft) laundry soap and red pepper. They will not come again.

FIRST AID TO TYPHOID

The increase in typhoid fever in the late summer months and early fall is attributable, to a large extent, to the house fly. This is also true of the various diarrhoeal diseases of infants and children in the summer months, the flies passing in many cases directly from the unprotected excretions of these cases to the nipple and the feeding bottle of the child, to the milk, and other articles of food.

The same applies, to a greater or less extent, to all communicable diseases.

Keep the flies away from the sick, especially those ill with contagious diseases.

Kill every fly that strays into the sick-room.

Do not allow decaying material to accumulate on or near your premises.

All refuse which tends to decay, such as bedding straw, paper waste, table refuse, and vegetable matter, should be burned.

Screen all food, whether in the house or exposed for sale.

Keep all receptacles for garbage carefully covered, and the cans cleaned or sprinkled with oil or lime.

Keep all stable manure screened or sprinkled with lime or oil.

See that your sewer system does not leak.

Pour kerosene into the drains.

Screen all windows and doors, especially in the kitchen and dining-room.

If you see flies, you may be sure that their breeding-place is in near-by filth. It may be behind the door, under the table, or in the cuspidor.



WEDDING FLORAL DECORATIONS

By MARGARET LAING, FAIRBAIRN

AS the time of the wedding draws near the question of what the decorations shall be and who shall do them, looms large in the mind of the mother. (We are thinking now of the average mother who cannot hand over all this sort of thing to paid workers.)

The little bride is busy putting the finishing touches on her trousseau, seeing friends, and acknowledging the gifts that are pouring in, so that she can give her mother little help in the planning for the flowers at the wedding—how they shall be used in the decorations for the table at the wedding breakfast, and how arranged in the drawing-room, living-room, parlor (or whatever name the chief room in the house bears) as well as in the other rooms to be used.

We are going to suppose there is no florist in the question—either he is too far away or he would charge too much, or his arrangements would be too elaborate for the simple home wedding which is our ideal. Anyway, he is eliminated from the problem for which we will seek a solution.

There is the garden, of course, and neighbors have generously offered whatever we covet from theirs—everyone loves to help a bride—and, besides, there is all out-doors to draw upon, with its glory of field and woods.

Since weddings are apt to come off at any time in the year, in spite of the fact that Providence seems to have designed June for that special purpose, in our reckoning we will have to take into account the cycle of flowerdom, from early spring to late autumn.

Suppose we glance over a few of our common garden and field flowers and flowering shrubs that might serve for the purpose in hand.

There are lilacs, hydrangea, japonica, field daisies, syringa, and black-eyed Susans, golden rod, wild blossoms of tree and bush, autumn leaves—in fact, the list is so long that it would be impossible to give it, so we merely offer samples. Flowers differ from one part of Canada to another, from one garden to another, from week to week and season to season, and there is scarcely a bloom of them all but may be utilized. The question is, how to select them and combine with taste.

We will begin, then, with the flowers for the table at the wedding breakfast. White is the usual choice, because of its suggestion of purity and its use is a matter of taste. Color gives a more brilliant effect. Of greenery there must be a generous supply, such as ferns, bracken, acacia leaves, asparagus, anything that is small and feathery, fluffy and green.

On the bridal table choose for flower holders a table vase for the centre surrounded by four smaller ones. Glass is always in good taste and inconspicuous. A very inexpensive set, easily ordered from a departmental store, consists of fold fish bowls, one large and four small, for there are four sizes to choose from.

Another pretty arrangement is made by utilizing a large bowl, if it happens to be a handsome punch bowl so much the better, in the centre of which stands a vase preferably green or clear glass.

By using a piece of wire netting with ends bent by pliers to fit over the edge of the bowl and making a sufficient break in the middle for the vase, you have the foundation for a beautiful mound of cut blooms.

To complete the effect, make a centre-piece of ferns or small green leaves, patterned on the cloth in the shape of an oval or star.

Another very practicable and unique decoration is carried out with moss and bark. It would require a square of galvanized tin with an inch-wide rim turned up as a foundation, to prevent the moisture going through to the cloth.

This is partly filled with sand and covered with brilliant green moss from the woods. From the centre of this rises the flower receptacle, which, to all appearance, is a section of a log with the bark on, but in reality is a little top pail or a crock or anything which will go inside the bark cylinder, made of a straight piece curved.

Where a buffet breakfast is served at

the wedding the decorations must be on a large scale to be effective, since many of the guests will see it only at a distance instead of seated at the table.

A striking design would be a bark canoe filled with a brilliant mass of bloom, the sides partly veiled with the vines that droop over it. The little craft would be emblematic of the voyage on which the young couple were starting together.

A more twentieth century idea would be an aeroplane, but the idea might be more difficult to carry out, so we will go keep to the boat. The home carpenter can easily make this out of bark. It should be anywhere from eighteen inches long, should be filled with moist sand, to hold the flowers, and should be raised some inches above the table on supports, hidden under the mass of green.

These are only a few suggestions indicating the wealth of material available and the variety of design possible, and are given as skeleton plans to be filled in to suit individual requirements.

Before leaving the question of the table decoration, perhaps a definite description of a particular table decoration might be helpful, which could, of course, be carried out in whatever flowers were in season.

The wedding we recall was late in July, when the wild carrot is in bloom along all the roadsides of Ontario—"Queen Anne's Lace Flower" is the prettier and more poetic name it is known by in older countries, where it is highly cultivated. At the bride's table its lace-like whiteness filled the receptacles of a glass epergne having five slender vases in a cluster and a large saucer-like vase, the epergne resting on a centre-piece of ferns. Smaller vases of the lace flower or a centre of ferns decorated each of the smaller tables for guests, presenting an exquisitely dainty appearance by using what most people call "a weed."

Field daisies would carry out a similar scheme—do you remember that when Lord Rosebery's daughter, Lady Peggy, was married, that it was a "marguerite" wedding? So would syringa, white asters, bridal wreath, white lilacs.

When it comes to the decoration of the other rooms, so much depends on their size and arrangement that it is difficult to give definite advice, but one general principle is, let the impression be one of out-of-dooriness of life and things growing.

Bring in huge branches of lilacs, japonica, syringa, spiraea, wild aster, the starry blue wild chicory, feathery asparagus, apple blossoms, or brilliant autumn leaves. Cover the newel post in the hall, fill the umbrella stand, place big jugs or even pails in the corners of the room, hidden by the furniture and holding miniature trees and branches, make a bower for the bridal couple in the bay window, bank the mantel shelf with a mass of bloom, the low vases hidden by moss or a wilderness of ferns and green foliage.

Much of the cutting and arranging of flowers can be begun days before with such as keep their freshness, like daisies, asters or chrysanthemums. Autumn foliage and many of the wild flowers, which lose their color and freshness soon, must be left till later. A bush of chicory cut off just around the roots, will droop the first day, but by the next will revive beautifully.

But perhaps this wealth of foliage and wild flowers is not as available as garden flowers. In that case select a single color for each room. Yellow is always cheerful and gay and would include sunflowers of all kinds, helianthus, nasturtiums, coreopsis, marigold, gailardia, black-eyed Susan, and all the rest of this golden family.

Arrange in large bouquets or masses of smaller ones, according to the flower taking the greatest care to mix only those which are different tones of the same color.

Sometimes a brilliant contrast will be a success, as, where the blue of canterbury bell or larkspur is placed near a bunch of some yellow flower.

A very lovely color scheme could be carried out by using sweet peas, asters (running the whole gamut of color), sweet williams, and phlox.



A Summer Morning

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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For the Bridal Party

PRESENT styles lend themselves to the bridal costume with singular success. This one is attractive in the extreme. It is simple and dignified, yet absolutely smart. The frocks worn by the young attendant and the tiny flower girl also are charmingly dainty, and the group altogether is replete with suggestion.

The bride's gown shows one of the very new skirts, made in three pieces and lapped on to a panel. The side edges of the train are finished and lapped on to the side portions in place of being seamed thereto, and the train can be made pointed or in shorter round

length. The blouse is made with two pieces only, there being no shoulder seams. It is shirred and arranged over the lining. It can be finished with the pointed girdle illustrated, or with a narrow straight girdle, as preferred, and the neck can be made as illustrated, or either lower or higher, but round necks of this sort are among the features of the season for bridal gowns.

For the medium size the blouse will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 or 36, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36 or 44 for the girdle and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette; for the skirt will be needed 5 yards 27, 36 or 44, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 18 inches wide and

$\frac{1}{2}$ yard of flouncing 14 inches wide for the panel.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7383, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, No. 7380, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

The young girl's costume consists of a simple straight skirt and blouse that is made in two pieces with sleeves stitched to it. It is lapped on to a chemisette portion, however, and it consequently suits two materials peculiarly well. In the illustration marquisette is combined with shadow lace and with tucked net. The model could, however, be used for almost any reasonable material, for the blouse can be made with or without a lining, and can be finished with round

or high neck and with or without under sleeves. The skirt can be made as illustrated or with a belt at the natural waist line.

For the 16-year size the blouse will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of bordered material 16 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of tucked net 18 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain material 27 or 36, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 44, with 2 yards of banding, or 2 yards of bordered material 38 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7364, and of the skirt, No. 7363, are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The tiny girl's frock is made of white Brussels net with trimming of Valenciennes lace and is worn with a wide ribbon sash. The long-waisted body portion is prettily tucked, and the trimming that is arranged between the tucks is left loose near the lower edge to allow the slipping of the sash under it. The skirt is straight and gathered. The model can be utilized for an extremely dressy little frock, as this one, and for the simple dress with equal success, for it can be made just as illustrated or with high neck and long sleeves, and with or without the trimming.

For the 4 year size will be required $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $7\frac{3}{4}$ yards of insertion, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of edging, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of ribbon.

The pattern, No. 7384, is cut in sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age.

The Brides of June

THE month of roses is always the month of brides also, and suitable costumes for the central figure herself and for her attendants will surely be needed. These are charming; they include the very latest features, and they are simple withal.

The bride's costume includes one of the draped skirts that make a very important feature of the latest styles. It is made of satin combined with lace. The draped portions are circular, and the separate train is arranged over the back, while the foundation skirt also is circular with the panel and the flounces arranged over it. The accompanying blouse is an extremely graceful one with a wide bertha of lace. Beneath the bertha there is a simple blouse with the sleeves sewed to the armholes. The high waist line is fashionable, but the natural one is equally so, and this gown can be finished in either way. The train can be made pointed or round, plain or square, as preferred.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 inches wide or 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of lace 12 inches wide for the drapery, 1 yard for the sleeves, and $\frac{3}{8}$ of a yard 18 inches wide for the yoke; for the foundation skirt will be required $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 inches, or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{7}{8}$ of a yard of allover lace 18 inches wide, and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of lace 10 inches wide; for the drapery and train $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, 6 yards 36 inches or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse, 7425, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt, 7418, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The gown worn by the matron of honor is made entirely of lace flouncing, and such material is being extremely used. The two flounces of the skirt are joined one to the other and can be worn over any foundation, or the lower flounce can be joined to a close-fitting foundation of satin or other material, while the upper flounce is arranged over it. The fichu blouse is graceful and in the very height of style. In this case the fichu is finished at the waist line and the skirt is adjusted a little



Blouse Pattern No. 7383
Skirt Pattern No. 7380

Blouse Pattern No. 7364
Skirt Pattern No. 7363

Dress Pattern No. 7384

above the normal; but the model makes an excellent one for many occasions, and the blouse can be made with a position, as shown in the back view, and finished at the natural waist line quite as well as after the manner illustrated. This skirt is cut a little above the normal, but can be cut off and joined to a belt if the natural line is more becoming, and the upper flounce can either be tucked or gathered.

For the medium size of the waist will be required 2 yards 27 inches, 1 1/4 yards 36 inches or 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of lace 12 inches wide and 5/8 of a yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette and 1 yard of lace for the sleeve frills. For the skirt will be needed 4 5/8 yards of flouncing 29 inches wide, with 1 1/2 yards 36 inches wide for the foundation, if that is used.

The pattern of the waist, 7351, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40; of skirt, 7394, in sizes from 22 to 30.

The young girl's dress is pretty and faintly as well can be. It is made of embroidered net over messaline and rimmed with lace. The apron overskirt has a straight edge, and at the back there is a panel which is made of a straight strip finished with trimming. The under skirt is made in two pieces. The blouse is slightly full with the sleeves sewed to the armholes, and the fichu drapery is arranged over it. The net is in every way charming and well adapted to bridesmaid's wear, but, as the edges of both fichu and overskirt are straight, the design is an excellent one for lace flouncing and bordered materials. It will be found to be well adapted to graduation and to general summer wear, as well as to the bridesmaid's use. If liked, the neck can be made high and the sleeves long.

For the 16-year size will be needed 3 3/8 yards 27 inches wide or 3 1/8 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1 3/4 yards of net 44 inches wide and 7 1/2 yards of lace to make as shown in the figure, and 2 yards 18 inches wide for the yoke and long sleeves as shown in the back view.

The pattern, 7428, is cut in sizes for misses of 16 and 18 years.

Pretty Parasols for Summer

THE staid coaching parasol of plain colored taffeta looks actually prim and old maidish, this year, beside the fetching and frivolous affairs favored by fashion. Only when the costume is flowered, striped or broken up in some other pattern effect, is the parasol plain in color and even then gay little frills are apt to flaunt themselves at its edge or the upper part of it peeps coyly through lace.

The striped parasol is the whim of the moment and almost half the parasol models displayed in the shops are striped in effect. Black and white stripes are favorites, for the black and white sunshade has a snappy knack of according with every costume; but various colored effects are seen also—green and white stripes being in high favor. Sometimes the stripes are about an inch wide, and sometimes they are much wider, one Parisian parasol having black velvet stripes four inches broad on a white satin ground. Again, the stripes may be very narrow, almost in hairline effect, and when these narrow stripes run around, instead of up and down, and the parasol is twirled in the hand, the effect is fairly dazzling to the eyes. A parasol of this sort, trimmed with black and white chenille fringe, has a handle of black ebony with an exaggerated tassel of the black and white chenille, and the whole effect is inexpressibly chic.

Another striped parasol in the deep tub-shape now fashionable for carriage and formal use, has rose stripes on a pale lavender ground, and the chic black wood handle trimmed with a chou of the silk. A magpie parasol of black lace mounted over white silk has also a black wood handle trimmed with a chou of white silk. Some of the new parasols, called cordeliere models, are provided with a long cord handle, attached to the stick in such manner that when the cord is looped over the shoulder the parasol hangs gracefully and almost vertically at the side, leaving the hands free to carry a handbag, lift the skirt or examine fabrics in shopping.

The Hindoo parasol is a fad of the moment. This parasol is almost flat, like a saucer or inverted plate when open, but specially devised hinged ribs allow it to close in the ordinary manner. Summer parasols in Hindoo style are made of allover embroidery with a band of black velvet set between two frills of lace around the edge. Very elaborate carriage parasols have appliqued designs of velvet on silk, bunches of grapes, conventional flowers, huge dots

and diamonds being used. Pompadour silk sunshades with insets of lace are wonderfully summery and dainty and there are elegant affairs of shirred chiffon and of allover lace trimmed with handsome fringe for extremely ceremonious afternoon occasions.

The Separate Coat

THE coat is very much the thing, this season. Every smart costume has its appropriate wrap, to match; and even the lingerie frocks designed for later wear are being shown with coquettish silk coats in delectable colors like peach blow, Limoges blue and an indefinable raspberry shade. Even frocks are made in coat-effect with peplums, coat tails and other additions below the waist line which suggest the coat lines;

it shall have a perfect straight line down the back, from collar to hem. Fashion cherishes this line with painstaking determination, and the adroit dressmaker shows her customer how to stand, with the weight thrown on one hip and the other knee flexed so that this straight youthful line of the back is emphasized.

Very smart are the steamer coats of broken check in black and white, with black velvet collars and cuffs and touches of white in flat pearl buttons and white braid loops. Younger women are apt to go to the men's department for their motor and steamer coats, and on slender young figures the straight, mannish lines are smart and jaunty. Coats along mannish lines, and made of practical tweeds and woolen mixtures, are shown also in the women's coat departments. There is a new American

shoulder and upper arm like a scarf folded around the figure, the folds crossing surplice-wise over the bust. At the back long ends hung below the waist to hip length, as though the scarf had simply been crossed and the ends carried to the back and knotted there.

Fashionable Summer Costumes

THE pannier makes the latest feature of fashion. In its later development, it is graceful and attractive, and many charming gowns are made in this style. It is especially well adapted to foulards, taffetas and other soft silks, but it is being used for materials of many kinds. The gown illustrated combines one of the new flowered silks with plain taffetas, the trimming being of lace, the yoke of net, and the



Dress Pattern No. 7428

Blouse Pattern No 7351
Skirt Pattern No. 7394

Blouse Pattern No. 7425
Skirt Pattern No. 7418

and really it is not going to be quite correct, this season, to go about in one's frock, uncoated, out of doors.

The styles of the wraps are legion, of course, and range from breezy polo coats and ulsters for the athletic girl to the most fanciful and feminine silk and lace wraps for garden party wear over diaphanous frocks. One may choose between a motor coat of severe mannish type, with close collar and revers and comfortable slash pockets into which the hands may be thrust informally as one stands, or huge patch pockets which will hold a wealth of small belongings; and a trimly cut affair with tapering lines toward the feet, an exaggerated side fastening and revers of contrasting fabric. The one requirement of the separate coat for motor, steamer or traveling wear is that

woven tweed, which has a soft, hairy surface, and which is particularly supple and agreeable in texture. Coats of this fabric come in tan and grey and in pure white. The white coat grows more and more popular, as well it may, for there is something irresistibly dainty and youthful about a big, woolly, babyish coat of white ratine serge or polo cloth, or the new white terry cloth which resembles Turkish toweling.

The taffeta silk wraps for afternoon wear over summery frocks are adorably quaint and old-fashioned and are trimmed with puffings, quillings and pleatings in true Early Victorian style. Most of these wraps have a mantle or dolman suggestion, and some of them are sleeveless. A melon pink taffeta wrap, worn over a cream net lingerie frock at a recent opening, covered the

full portions of the blouse of chiffon. The pannier can be made after the manner shown on the figure or with closed front and wide bands, as shown in the small view, while the skirt can be made in walking or round length and finished at the high or the natural waist line. As illustrated, the pannier makes part of a charming afternoon costume. Made with the longer skirt and with a blouse, from which the yoke has been omitted, it would become adapted to dinner and evening wear. In whatever way it is treated, it is charming in a picturesque and interesting way.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 2 1/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 3/8 of a yard 44 inches wide for the full portion, 3/4 of a yard 18 inches wide for the yoke, and 5 1/4 yards of



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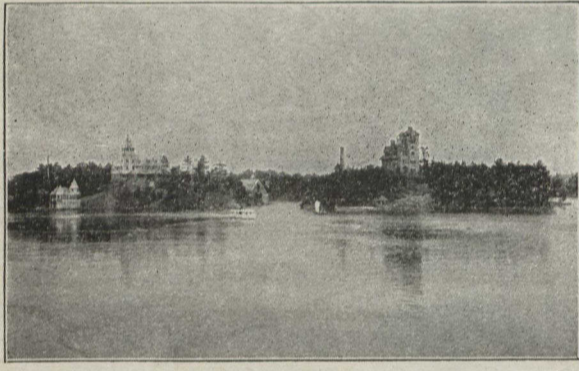
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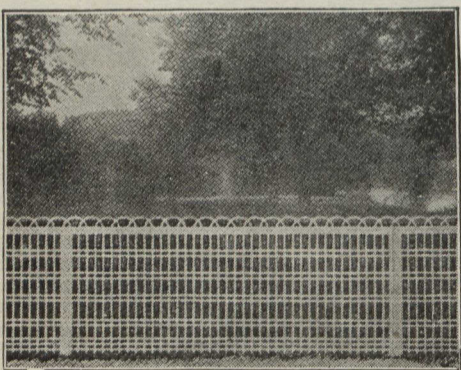
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WALKERVILLE - ONTARIO 13



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lace; for the panner will be needed $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide or $2\frac{1}{4}$ 36 or 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of silk for bands and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of lace; and for the foundation skirt, 3 yards 27 inches, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The pattern of blouse, 7218, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust measure; of skirt, 7434, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist measure.

Over-blouses of taffeta, worn with lingerie gowns are amongst the smartest of all things this season. All sorts of pretty colors are used for their making, and they are extremely attractive and very generally becoming. The one illustrated is perfectly simple, closing at the shoulder and under arm. It includes a peplum that can be adjusted at either the higher or the natural waist

for the foundation skirt, 3 yards 27 inches or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide, to make as illustrated; for the band attached to the lower edge will be required $\frac{3}{4}$ if a yard 27 inches wide.

The patterns of waist, 7335, and of guimpe, 7292, are both cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure; of skirt, 7431, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist measure.

The Lace Blouse

A GREAT richness is given many of the separate blouses this season by a lavish use of heavy laces. One model shows an effective combination of Venetian and Irish lace. The shallow yoke which continues in a panel down the centre-front is made of this



Blouse Pattern No. 7218
Skirt Pattern No. 7434

Over-Waist Pattern No. 7335
Guimpe Pattern No. 7292
Skirt Pattern No. 7431

line. The guimpe beneath is a simple one, with the kimono sleeves that are general favorites. The tunic, or upper skirt, is straight, consequently, it suits flouncing and bordered materials peculiarly well; but it can be made from plain material trimmed with equal success. In this case, the tunic is arranged over an entire two-piece skirt, but, if liked, this underskirt can be omitted and a straight band stitched to the tunic beneath the lower edge. The skirt as well as the over-blouse can be finished at either the high or the natural waist line.

For the medium size, the over-blouse will require $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 21 or 27 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide; for the guimpe, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 18 inches wide or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide; for the tunic, 2 yards of flouncing 38 inches wide; and

lace. On each side of the yoke, and veiled by the Venetian lace, taffeta shading from light to deep primrose is introduced. Irish lace forms the Eton jacket effect which hangs loosely over the girdle of black taffeta. At the left side are a bow and ends of black and primrose taffeta, and in the centre-back this combination is used for a small bow, below which hang two short postillions of Irish lace. The sleeves are entirely of the Venetian lace and are straight and loose without a cuff.

A blouse far removed from the shapeless lace waist of yore is shown in one of the smartest shops. The patterns of the heavy and baby Irish lace, of which the waist is made, show to advantage over a lining of fine black net. A deep V back and front and on the top of each sleeve remains unlined, and so gives a pleasing contrast. The pointed,

panel-like sash-ends are finished with crochet tassels. The lace hangs in loose Eton effect over the waist line, where a bow of black and cerise liberty satin is placed at the left side; the sleeves are three-quarter length, and the cuff, made in one-piece with the sleeve, fits closely around the arm. The well-fitting, collarless neck is finished by a picot edging.

For Bright June Days

ALMOST numberless materials are being worn this season, but among them all, there is nothing prettier or more fashionable than cotton marquisette. Here are two gowns made thereof, over which is worn a little taffeta coat, and such wraps are among the smartest of all things.

The gown is in semi-princess style, combining a two-piece skirt, which in-

For the gown, all lingerie materials are appropriate.

For the medium size coat will be required 3 yards 27 inches wide, 1 3/4 yards 36 inches wide, or 1 5/8 yards 44 inches wide, with 3/4 of a yard 27 inches wide for trimming; for the gown will be required 6 3/4 yards 27 inches, 6 1/4 yards 36 inches or 4 1/2 yards 44 inches wide; to trim the skirt as shown in the front view will be needed 2 1/2 yards of wide banding and 2 1/2 yards of narrow insertion; to trim the gown as shown in the back view, 10 yards of edging and 10 yards of insertion, with 1 1/2 yards 18 inches wide for the yoke and sleeves.

The pattern of coatee, 7432, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure, and of gown, 7419, in sizes from 34 to 40 bust measure.

The gown to the right combines marquisette with eyelet embroidery, and it is trimmed with Irish lace banding. The blouse is a very new one with



Blouse Pattern No. 7432
Skirt Pattern No. 7419

Blouse Pattern No. 7354
Skirt Pattern No. 7403

cludes a narrow panel at the sides, with a fichu blouse. This blouse can be made with square or high neck, and with long or elbow sleeves, and there is a separate peplum which has been omitted from the gown worn with the coat. The little coatee can be adjusted to either the high or the natural waist line, and can be made either with the rever at the right side or without and with the long postillion or with the short, made either round or pointed. Coats of this kind are made from taffeta in all colors. Black and dark blue are liked by conservative wearers, but lighter, brighter colors are more picturesque and are exceedingly smart. Taffeta, charmeuse and messaline are favorites, but taffeta may be said to have a special vogue.

crossed fronts and a vestee, but is closed at the back. If liked, it can be made with high neck and with three-quarter sleeves. The tunic takes exceptionally graceful lines. It is made in three pieces and arranged over a two-piece skirt. It can be adjusted at either the high or the natural waist line, and it can be made in walking or round length. The model is an excellent one for the new fashionable silks as well as for marquisette and other materials of the kind. Dolly Varden Juoy foulard over two-toned taffeta would be charming.

For the medium size blouse will be required 2 1/2 yards 27 inches wide or 1 5/8 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 3/8 of a yard 18 inches wide for the vestee, and 2 3/4 yards of banding. For the tunic will be needed 3 3/8 yards 27 inches or

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Rinse pot or pan in water; sprinkle on a little Cleanser and rub briskly with scouring brush. Wash and wipe dry. The cleanser removes all grease and "burn" (no tire-some scraping with a knife necessary), and leaves utensils "sweet" and clean.



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2½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of banding; and for the skirt, 4 yards 36 inches wide. The width at the lower edge is 2½ yards.

The pattern of this blouse is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust measure, and of skirt, 7403, in sizes 22 to 30 waist measure.

Fluffy Ruffles

SOME of the daintiest lingerie dresses for the kiddies are much beruffled. One little model seen had three hemstitched ruffles on the bottom, while others have one and two.

A very pretty variation in trimming is to have the embroidery and lace panel continue from the neck or yoke down to the lower edge, the ruffles not extending across the front.

Long waists are exceedingly popular.

The Fashionable Silk

SILK is one of the smartest materials for street wear this season, and for early summer, it is charming. Taffeta is being much worn, but charmeuse and faille are also much in vogue. In the illustration are shown two costumes that are adapted to any of these silks and also to other materials of the season. The young girl's dress would be exceedingly charming made of linen, pongee or similar fabric.

The suit to the left shows many new features. The skirt is double, there being a complete two-piece underskirt, while the tunic is shaped at the front. This tunic, however, is straight, and it can be made without the shaping if preferred. When treated in this way, it

becomes adapted to flouncing and bordered materials, as well as to the plain ones, and if the double skirt is not liked, the straight tunic can be lengthened by means of a band stitched to it beneath the lower edge. Bordered materials are much liked made in this way, with bands of messaline or velvet ribbon.

The coatee is an exceedingly smart one. It is excellent for wear over gowns of lingerie materials as well as for the entire costume, and little wraps of this sort made of colored taffeta are much liked over white gowns.

For the medium size, the coatee will require 3¾ yards of material 27 inches, 2¾ yards 36 inches, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide, with one yard 27 inches wide for the trimming; for the skirt will be required 6¾ yards 27 inches, 4½ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1½ yards for trimming, to make as illustrated. To make from bordered materials will be required 2 yards 38 inches wide, with ¾ of a yard of plain material 27 inches wide for the band.

The pattern of the coatee, 7453, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt, 7431, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The young girl's frock is made in the Russian style that is exceedingly fashionable. It gives quite the effect of a coat, but in reality, the three-piece skirt is joined to the three-piece tunic beneath the finished edge. The blouse is a simple one with sewed-in sleeves. In this case, taffeta is trimmed with lace and the neck is made round and the sleeves in elbow length. For a plainer dress, of the more useful sort, linen with trimming of embroidery or heavy lace will be charming. If liked, the neck



Blouse Pattern No. 7453
Skirt Pattern No. 7431

Dress Pattern No. 7441

For every June Social Function

there is a dainty Knox Gelatine dish. Every housewife will find it of the greatest convenience to keep on hand in this month of social activities, a package of Knox Pure Plain Sparkling Gelatine, also a package of Knox Pure Sparkling Acidulated Gelatine. Here is a simple Knox recipe

Fruit Foam

½ box Knox Gelatine 2 eggs
1 cup cold water Sugar
3 cups crushed strawberries, raspberries or currant juice

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Heat crushed berries, or juice: pour over gelatine, sweeten to taste. Stir until gelatine is dissolved, let it stand in cool place until nearly set. Then add whites of eggs, beaten stiff, and beat well into the jelly. Mold and serve with whipped cream or a custard sauce made of yolks of the eggs.

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is exactly the same as the Plain, with an extra envelope of pure concentrated fruit juice added. Most Gelatine recipes require lemon juice and here you have it without taking the time to squeeze lemons.

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Each makes two full quarts (½ gallon) of jelly, or four times as much as "ready-prepared" packages, and you know the ingredients when it is made of Knox Gelatine.

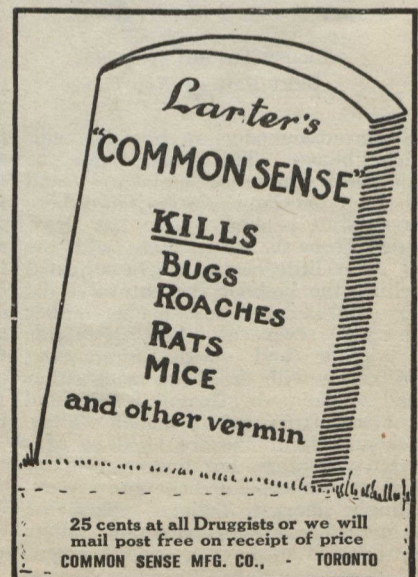
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can be finished with a standing collar and the sleeves made long.

For the sixteen-year size will be needed $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 inches, 4 yards 36 inches, or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of allover lace 18 inches wide and $\frac{3}{4}$ of a yard of lace edging for the undersleeves.

The pattern, 7447, is cut in sizes for 16 and 18 years, and is well adapted for small women.

Empire Night Gown

THE Empire night gown is always a pretty one. Illustrated is one of the very newest, the body portion of which is cut in one piece with the sleeves. It can be made with V-shaped or square neck, and it will be found suited to all materials that are used for gowns, including cross-barred and all dotted muslins as well as plain batiste and the like. If a very elaborate effect is wanted the entire body portion could be cut from allover embroidery while the lower part is from batiste or lawn. Trimming always can be any preferred banding, or beading can be used to cover the seam joining the yoke and body portion, while the neck and sleeves are finished with embroidery.

The upper or body portion of the gown is made in one piece, and the lower full portion in two pieces. Whether the neck is made V-shaped or square the gown is simply drawn on over the head.

For the medium size will be required 4 yards of material 36, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of insertion



Nightgown Pattern No. 7299

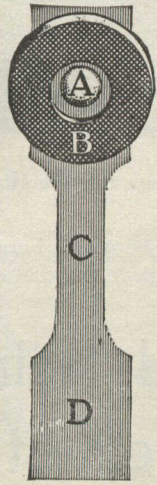
and 2 yards of narrow lace, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of beading and 3 yards of wide lace to make as shown in front view; $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of edging, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of beading to make as shown in back view.

The pattern, No. 7299, is cut in three sizes, small 34 or 36, medium 38 or 40, large 42 or 44, bust.

Child's Dress with Bloomers

THE frock that is made with bloomers to match is one of the most practical that the little girl can wear. It does away with the need for petticoats and is thoroughly comfortable and at the same time it is absolutely protective. This one is made in the simple style that is so much in vogue, but with separate sleeves that are attached below the shoulder line, such sleeves making one of the newest features of fashion. The model will be found an excellent one for all the simple materials that are liked for little girls' dresses. This one is made from

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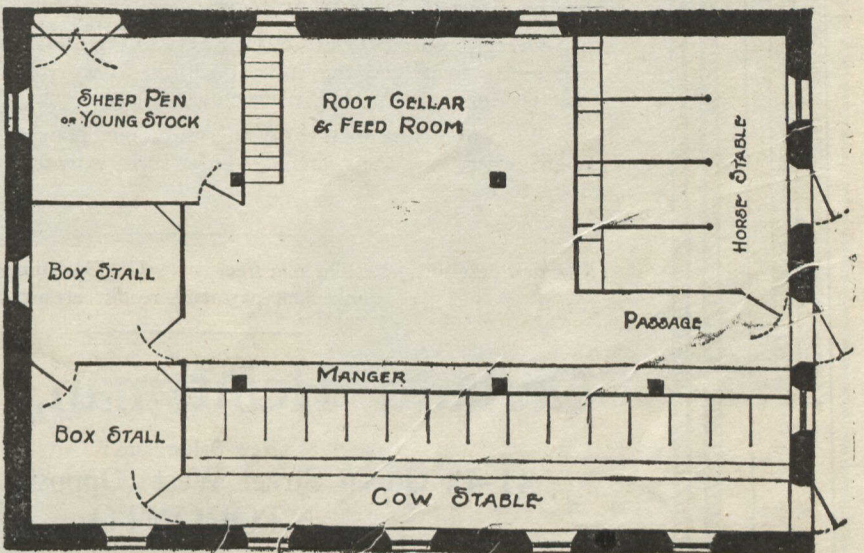
A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
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rose colored linen with fancy stitching of white as a finish. The high neck and the long sleeves are comfortable for cold weather, but round neck and short sleeves are preferred by many mothers and worn by many children at all seasons. The dress can be finished in that way, if liked.

The dress is cut all in one piece. The sleeves are separate and stitched to the armhole edges. The opening is cut at the front and underfaced. The belt holds the garment in place at the waist



Dress Pattern No. 7251

line. The bloomers are circular in shape, smoothly fitting at the waist line and full enough for comfort at the knees. They are joined to a belt and closed at the sides.

For a girl of 6 years of age the dress will require 3 yards of material 27, 2 1/4 yards 36, 1 7/8 yards 44 inches wide, and 2 yards 27, 1 3/8 yards 36, 7/8 yard 44 inches wide for the bloomers.

The pattern, No. 7251, is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Circular Open Drawers

DRAWERS that are smoothly fitting over the hips but that flare comfortably and generously at the knees always are favorites. These are cut in that way. They can be finished with circular frills or with straight gathered frills.

The drawers are made with circular leg portions and when circular frills are used they are joined to straight edges. When gathered frills are used the edges can be left straight, or shaped as shown



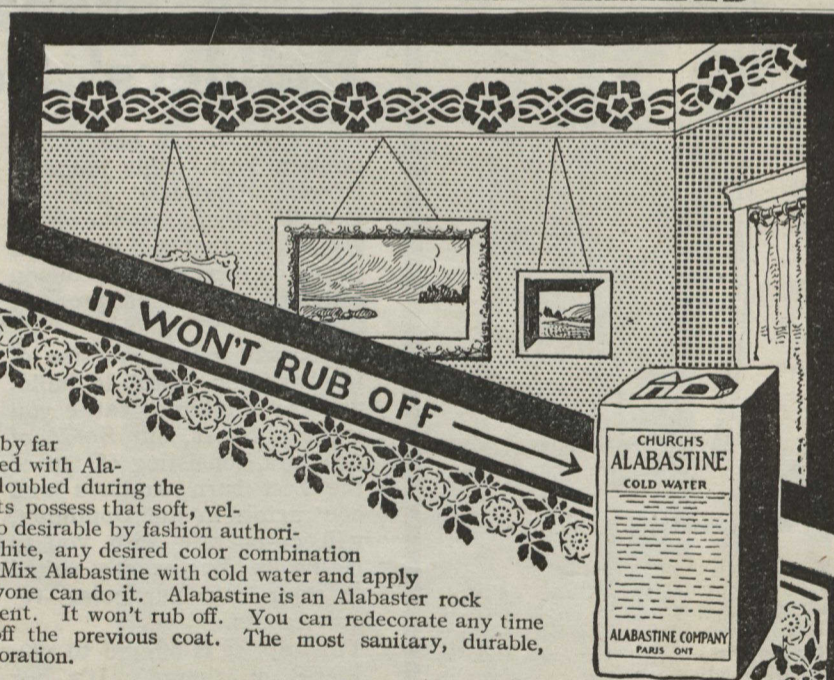
Drawers Pattern No. 7306

in one of the small views. The fullness at the back can be arranged in inverted plaits or gathers or the drawers can be cut off in habit style. In any case they are under-faced at the upper edge and closed at the back.

For the drawers with circular frills will be required 2 1/4 yards of material 36 or 44 inches wide with 3 1/2 yards of edging and 8 1/2 yards of insertion to trim as illustrated; for the plain drawers will be needed 1 3/4 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, and for the gathered frills 3 1/2 yards of embroidery 8 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7306, is cut in sizes for a 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34-inch waist measure.

Are Your Walls In Style



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UP-TO-DATE EMBROIDERIES

THERE is such a constant demand for new ideas that the old world has been visited and many of its most beautiful embroideries and treasures have been modernized, reproduced and adapted to our modern needs, and the result



Method of Making Rose

is that seldom before have so many new and beautiful embroideries been brought together as the spring of 1912 has produced, and they are quite different in form and coloring, but all seem to be adapted effectively to many different materials.

To one of the needlework novelties here shown has been given a name which is very descriptive, and one desires to at once know what this embroidery is like, the designs are so fascinating in their daintiness. This embroidery is known as the "Little Rose" or "Rambler Rose." It is the rose itself which this embroidery distinctly features, and the method of making it will be clearly understood by studying the diagram.

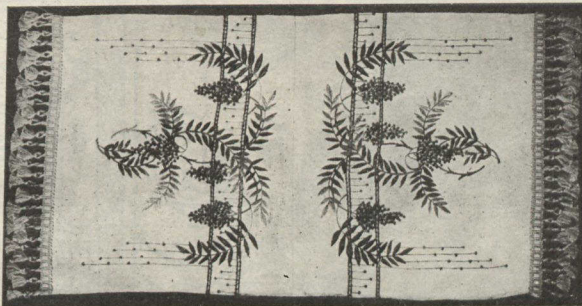
We show one rose in the process of making, and



No. 8196—Cushion. 60 cents.

it will be seen that it consists of overlapping rows of outline stitch, which look very simple, but the art is in the building up of the centre of the rose before the outline stitches are commenced.

To commence the rose, which we will suppose is to be worked in pinks, thread a needle with rope silk (using one which will carry the silk easily) and insert the needle in the middle of one of the little rose forms, making a cross stitch. Make a series of cross stitches, turning to form a circle and spreading each stitch a little outward, crossing in different directions, until they form a little mound, which should be almost the size of the rose, and about a quarter of an inch high. Of course, this size varies with that of the rose, on larger roses the centre mound needs to be larger, but on small groups the above directions will be found satisfactory. Then make two or three small French knots on top of the centre point of the roses, using a dark shade, and commence the outline stitches which form the outer surface of the rose. The first few rows should be worked around in a circle with a needle well inserted under each preceding row, using long outline stitches and making one stitch lie well under the other. The rows of outline stitches near the outer edges are worked closely together, but not so directly under preceding rows as they are at the beginning, and thus the rose gradually flattens towards the edge. With a little practice it becomes an easy matter to work these compact little button roses, which may be said to pad themselves. About three shades may be used to work one of these roses darker towards the centre



No. 7169—Scarf, 22 x 54. \$1.50.

and about six shades of pink or any preferred colorings may be used on a piece of embroidery, as different roses may be worked, making some light and some dark. Rope silk is used for the roses and it is a good plan to have a needle threaded with one each of the shades conveniently at hand.

The leaves are worked in the familiar lazy daisy stitch and form a dainty setting for the clusters of roses, many designs for which show baskets and ribbons combined with the roses and leaves. Suit-



No. 8185—Cushion. 60 cents.

able materials for these designs are heavy brown linens, and one of the cushions, 8196, and centre-piece, 2242, come already tinted on a suitable grey linen. No. 6512 is not tinted, and a centrepiece



No. 6512—Cushion. 60 cents.

matching this may be supplied in either 22, 27 or 36-inch.

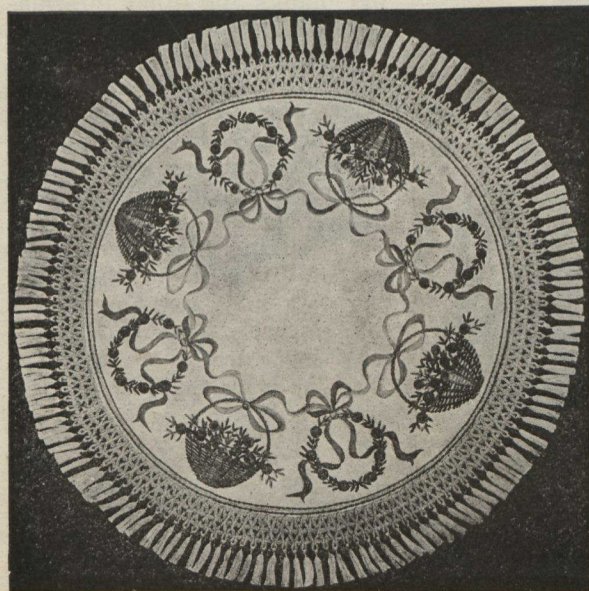
Another effective application of the Rambler Rose is for waists, and beautiful examples of this have been shown on voile and linen, which have been embroidered in white. The method of embroidering is the same, the remainder of the designs being embroidered in solid padded satin stitch.

Another novel embroidery is known as the Wood Bead, and is another handsome imported novelty, and its application to articles of household decoration is entirely new. The large Wood Bead is the one that is used for this new work, and is peculiarly adapted to fruit designs, both in regard to color effect and size. This embroidery is so realistic that it cannot fail to become popular, and another thing in its favor is that it works up so rapidly. One has only to slip a bead over the needle, take a stitch or two in the material and a berry is produced.

The scarf and cushion illustrated is a beautiful arrangement of mountain ash worked with reddish shades of beads and combined with solid embroidery. The bands which form the background for the graceful groups of berries are couched with rope silk, using black and water greens. This combination is beautiful.

The prices quoted in these columns are for stamped or tinted linens only, as we do not supply embroidered articles. We will quote on request prices for silks, beads, fringes, and any other supplies which may be needed to complete these embroideries.

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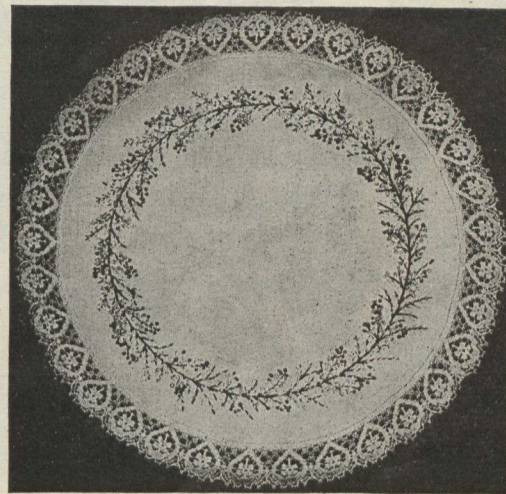
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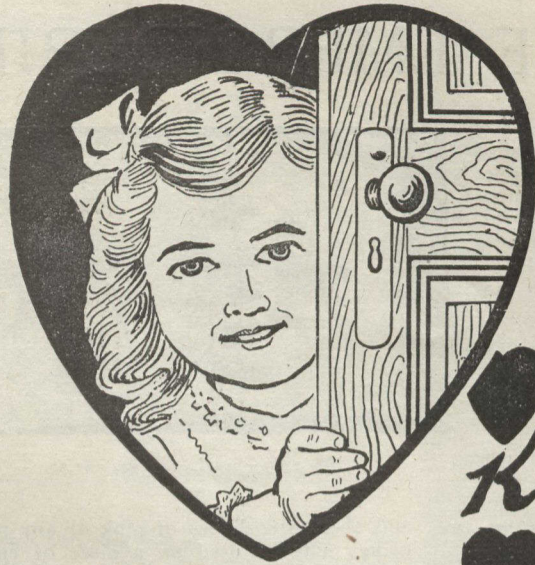
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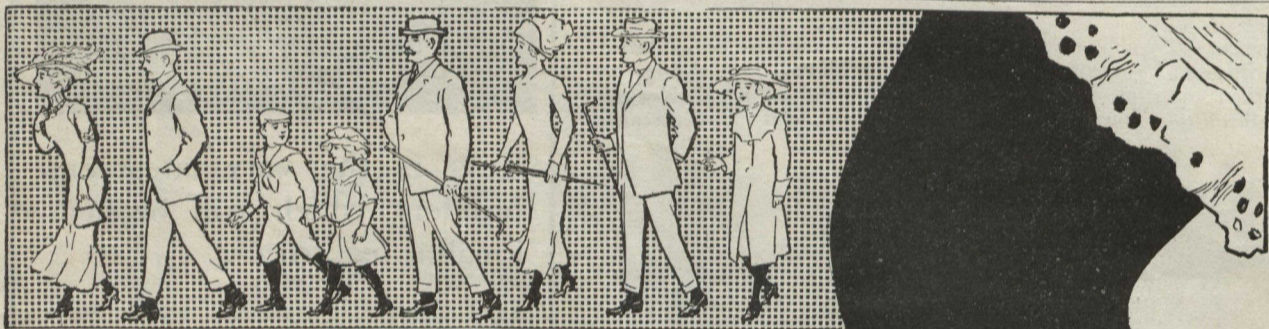
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"Very sincerely,
"S. L."

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Secretary,
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.



DAINTY SUMMER WEAR

Coiffure Pins and Combs

AFTER an absence of several seasons from the forefront of fashion, shell back-combs are again making an appearance. Many of the women at Palm Beach this winter wore rhinestone and pearl-set pins across the top of a low hairdressing at the back; and almost every woman had two or three of the fancy, two-pronged hairpins thrust into her coiffure. These large pins suggest a wealth of luxuriant tresses which require massive pins to hold them in place, though of course the coiffure now is built carefully with many small wire hairpins, and the larger two-prong pins are added afterward as ornaments. There is more skill than the average woman realizes in the placing of these massive pins, which by their adjustment may be made to suggest dignity, youthfulness, coquetry and many other effects.

At the top of the head a tall comb always gives a stately suggestion—the tall shell comb over which the Spanish woman drapes her mantilla being an example of this. Two combs protruding from a low coiffure at the sides of the head suggest girlishness, as do the outstanding loops of a hair ribbon. Thrust into the coiffure at jaunty angles, the shell pins may be very coquettish—but the woman with a natural instinct for artistic dressing will know without being told how to adjust her coiffure pins to give the most becoming effect, and the woman without the coquettish instinct will wisely follow the unexaggerated and conventional fashion in arranging her hair and hairpins.

The prettiest of the new coiffure pins are set with rhinestones, the tops having bowknot, butterfly and lyre shapes and the rhinestones showing to splendid advantage against dark hair. There are also pearl-set pins and handsome pins with jet settings for older women. Some of the pins are in platinum finish and look very like real platinum, and there are plain, heavy shell pins with rounded tops, which look well in wavy thick hair, simply arranged. Sometimes several pins are used at one side of the coiffure and none at the other side; in fact, one-sided hair arrangements are much in vogue in Paris, and rolls, puffs, and coils are placed at odd angles on the head in most unsymmetrical but exceedingly chic effect.

But, however the back of the hair may be dressed, the line over the top of the head, from brow to crown, must be kept as flat as possible. If the natural hair is very fluffy and wavy at this point a barrette or shell comb is thrust into the pompadour, or just back of the parting, to keep the coiffure flat on top and preserve the contour of the head at this point.

The Trousseau

EVERY trousseau is a revelation of the individuality that marks each woman's choice in patterns. No two order sets exactly of the same design. Fewer white petticoats figure in the modern trousseau than in the one of old, but there is always the chance that the changing vogues may bring those delightful garments into wear again, and the outlook at present is decidedly favorable for their reappearance.

It is noticeable that in many sets of whitewear there are no ribbon runners, for the fashion for threading narrow ribbons and broad ones into every item of underwear has been greatly overdone, and the expected revulsion has occurred, leaving the clothes absolutely white and as plain and simple as can be, withal of the most delicate possible hand stitchery, fine lace and exquisite embroideries.

Real lace of the most exquisite quality, hand-embroidery of the daintiest and linen or batiste in the daintiest of webs go to make up the daintiest of webs go to make up the lingerie of the bridal trousseau, but there must also be distinction of design and a little originality in the models if the modern bride is to be altogether pleased with her outfit.

Most fascinating among the lingerie now shown in fashionable shops for the trousseau are the filmy garments made in exact reproduction of some of the wonderful pieces of French needlework which were included in the wardrobe

of Marie Antoinette and which have been faithfully preserved so that they may serve as models for all this sort of handiwork. Even the most exacting bride must fail to find any fault in these fragile creations. Three-piece sets made on these Marie Antoinette designs are of hand-drawn linen of the sheerest quality. The design of the gown is a very interesting one, for the two sides are different over the shoulders. The drapery of lace which is carried across the bust forms a sleeve over one arm and over the other it is allowed to droop off the arm, displaying the shoulder, as is the fashion in some evening gowns. The garment is supported on this shoulder by a straight strap.

Another fascinating feature of this design is the apparent looping up of the skirt or lower edge of the garment. The left side of the skirt is slashed from the lower edge, the lace border being carried up on both slashed edges and finished with a bow of ribbon.

Filet lace is now used as much on lingerie as on other garments, and some of the most beautiful of the new gowns show this lace employed with lierre, Cluny, Irish or Valenciennes. In some of the newest and most attractive gowns there is no hand-embroidery employed. Several kinds of lace furnish the variety needed for working out the design of the trimming instead of the embroidery being used with the lace for this purpose.

The fichu effect is apparent in many of the most interesting of the new gowns. In one very new model filet and Point de Comyn lace are used to form this fichu. The back of the yoke of this gown is quite square and cut very low. The gown has a box pleat from the shoulders.

Although Irish crochet lace has been so much used that it can no longer be considered as exemplifying the newest fashions, there is still much of it used for trimming gowns and combinations, because it makes such an exquisite contrast to the lighter laces and may also be relied upon to launder and clean so very well. Embroidered linen and Irish insertions with wider pieces of Valenciennes is a favorite and effective combination both for gowns and the other pieces of the set. When expense is a matter that must be considered, there are very charming effects to be obtained from the mingling of fine hand-embroidery and narrow Valenciennes lace. One of the new Empire models, than which nothing could be prettier, shows this combination of trimming. There is also a new model, which, although short waisted at the sides and back, has a straight panel piece down the front.

White Blouses Will Be Popular

THERE is to be a revival in white blouses for the spring, according to fashion reports from Paris. The smartly dressed woman in tailored costume is to have a blouse of snowy lawn, with long sleeves ruffled at the wrists and high collar, in place of the ninon design, to tone with the costume of the present season.

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sons back Parisiennes have already gone over to white and cream blouses entirely, the models being in fine net, daintily trimmed with lace and fine tucks or fine lawn with similar trimmings.

Blouses in white lawns and nets are being worn in Paris even with the heaviest of velvet or tweed costumes, and there are many smart designs in white satin, white mousseline de soie or white Crepe.

Two Parisian ideas of the white blouse for tailor made were seen recently. In one design of fine lawn, inset with insertion and trimmed with tucks and embroidery, there was a narrow frill of lace down each side of the box plait in front, the sleeves coming nearly to the wrists. The other, in mousseline de soie, had a deep hem-stitched revers on one side and lace on the other, and in both cases the collars were high.

Nearly all the blouses in Paris have high collars, and very often plaited frills of the materials fall over the hands from the long sleeves. Sometimes the high collars have a frill of lace along the top, but this fashion is only becoming to a few.

The satin blouses are mostly tailored, though they have none of the severity once associated with the word tailor made. They have long sleeves and tucked shoulders and yokes, some being softened in one way or another by dainty little frills of net or lace.

Some of the lawn blouses have lace and hand-embroidery introduced in the frills and collars, but many are severely simple, though fine, and here again one finds the models with adjustable collars, allowing for the use of separate stocks and frills.

The Matter of Millinery

THE question of what is the most fashionable hat is a somewhat disputed one, but the hat that suits one's individuality is really the correct hat, and so its choice is dependent on the woman herself. There are a few fashion features about the new millinery that should be considered, however. They are as follows: If the hat has a rolling brim turning quite high on one side, the trimming should also be rather high, but placed on the other side of the hat. If the hat has a drooping brim, or one with a slight roll, the trimming should not be too high. Most of the trimming on the new hats is placed on the right side, very much nearer the front than it was this past fall and winter.

Many flowers will be used on the summer hats. The first spring models showed few, if any, but as the season advances the desire for flower trimming is growing rapidly. There are to be small turbans almost covered with tiny roses or violets; there are to be high-standing clusters of flowers on the picture shapes, while some of the models with drooping brims will have two or three large single blossoms as their trimming.

Ostrich plumes that are not too heavy will be used a good deal, especially in black and white, while feather effects, or "feather fancies," as they are called, will be very much the vogue.

Lace of all kinds will be seen on the summer models.

Blocked hats seem more fashionable than those of straw braid, though, of course, the latter are always conservative and in good style. The Leghorn and light-weight straws have their brims faced with velvet or taffeta silk, which, by the way, is used a good deal for covering crowns, or for bows, rosettes, and fancy wing effects. The head sizes remain large, no bandeaux are used, and the hats set well down on the head.

The Summer Wardrobe

UNLESS one plans carefully and knows before the first dress is bought just what the complete summer wardrobe is to include, ultimate satisfaction cannot be expected.

First on the list of requisites is a good, light-weight woollen suit of serge, homespun or lightweight ratine. This will answer admirably for traveling. Four tailored blouses of white China silk, made on strictly mannish lines, with turn-back link cuffs and worn with a separate, soft, turndown collar of pique, and a silk four-in-hand tie, would make this traveling outfit complete. These silk shirts wash well and easily, and, with homespun skirts, serve equally well for tennis. The hat for this suit should be a straw shape on the order of the velours, and felt hats, that have been worn for sporting uses all

winter. This should be in a neutral color, so that it may be worn with almost anything, and trimmed with some simple decoration, such as a rosette, a quill or a pom-pom. With this suit, chamois gloves and low tan shoes with silk or lisle thread stockings to match are proper. And just a word about chamois gloves: be sure to get them in as heavy a quality as possible and with pricked seams. These are smartest and will keep their shape and appearance the longest. Those with arrow-back stitchings are somewhat scarce, but straight, heavily seamed backs do practically as well. Dead white is preferable to yellow, but there is no real objection to the latter.

Then there should be one serviceable, but not too severe, stuff frock for semi-dress occasions, such as a small luncheon on a day too damp for muslins. Nothing answers this purpose better than a foulard or a cotton voile with either a bordered or an allover pattern. Taffeta is, of course, the rage, but it does not wear as well as some other materials. To wear with this dress a hat in colors that will harmonize with other gowns should be chosen. A good French model is a black straw in a medium size, trimmed with American beauty velvet ribbon and large roses. Of course, it is always safe to choose an all-black hat or one of white and black. The shoes for this costume should be black, preferably dull calf or kid, rather than patent leather.

New Neckwear Features

FOR the neck there is a revival of a former fashion which was always found becoming. This is the wearing of the white tulle ruche which is so charming a finish for a light dress. The ruches only go around the neck—they do not extend to the shoulders, and are not finished with bows or ends as has been done formerly. They fasten tightly around the throat framing the face. Although white is the most dressy, they are pretty in colors to tone with the costume.

The high collar has so come to its own again that one of the new dresses shows a collar that turns over at the back, and reminds the fashion student of a style in vogue about twenty years ago, when the fashion books show collars that were boned and wired to stand out above the line of the throat.

Jabots of various kinds are seen, although the one-sided frill which has had such a run is dead, or at any rate is not worn by the best dressed people. A long double frill of plaited muslin reaching nearly to the waist is liked.

There are a number of novel ideas in bows, some with a single loop, two ends and a cross piece, on which is perhaps, a tiny knot of black velvet. Cord or flower net, lace, chiffon and muslin form the foundation.

Tulle tailored bows with or without a ribbon flower garniture are conspicuous, as well as the larger, fluffier bows, "Kitties," as some of the young girls call them.

The butterfly bow is perhaps the most popular of all. It is made somewhat large with full pointed wings, a tight cross-over knot, and may be worn at the throat, or as a corsage ornament. Chiffon novelty bows trimmed with black velvet ribbon are very natty.

No summer collar that considers itself in the mode owns to ordinary square, sailor lines; and the woman who is fastidious about the tiny details of dress observes that no really smart collar comes together at the front now. There must be several inches between the points and in the space is set a smart little bow of velvet or taffeta, the bow extending across the throat, giving a square effect to the neck opening. When there is a narrow vest below the bow, or when the frock buttons down the front, this arrangement of the collar is exceedingly effective. The only collars that open in pointed effect at the front are the tall Richelieu models which give an effect of stateliness and dignity to the whole costume. The back of the Richelieu touches the base of the shoulder and arm and is finished with hair and at the front the opening is quite low—several inches below the throat line. These collars are picturesque and novel, but it is not probable that they will be widely worn.

The fichu of filet lace is intended for wear with summer frocks, and is a graceful model which droops over the washable cotton fringe. All the new fichus are cut so that they fit smoothly over the shoulders and back and lie very flat when pinned in place at the waistline. A bow of black velvet ribbon at front and back gives a smart touch to the fichu.



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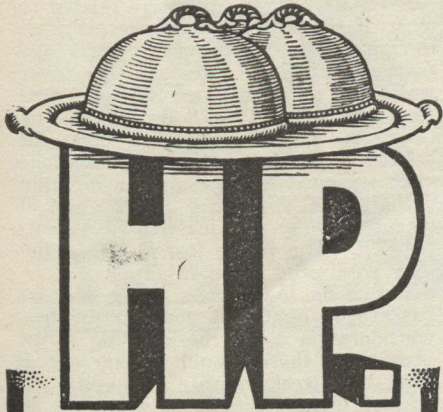
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The Wringer Board extends from the side, out of the way of the cover. This allows practically the whole top of the tub to open—makes it easy to put in and take out clothes. No other washer has as large an opening. No other washer can be worked with crank handle at side as well as top lever.

Do you use Maxwell's "Favorite"—the churn that makes quality butter? Write us for catalogue if your dealer does not handle them. 89

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, ST. MARY'S, Ont.



MENUS FOR BUSY WOMEN

(PREPARED FOR CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL READERS)

MOST women who have the care and responsibility of preparing the meals know just how tiresome it is to think "what will we have for dinner." It often causes more worry to know what to make than it is to make it. These menus have been prepared for the purpose of assisting those women who have to prepare for hungry boys and men that they may send them back to work with a feeling of satisfaction.

SUNDAY BREAKFAST
Fruit Oatmeal, Milk
Nut Gems Coffee

DINNER
Clear Soup
Panned Chickens, Brown Sauce
German Cabbage
Rice Dandelion Salad Snow Pudding

SUPPER
Cottage Cheese Bread
Lemon Jelly Tea Sponge Cake

MONDAY BREAKFAST
Fruit Oatmeal, Milk
Eggs Toast Coffee

DINNER
New England Boiled Dinner
Apple Tart Coffee

SUPPER
Duck Ragout Rice
Fruit Tea Cinnamon Buns

TUESDAY BREAKFAST
Creamed Chipped Beef
Mush Bread Coffee

DINNER
Tomato Soup
Stuffed Calves' Hearts, Brown Sauce
Potatoes Buttered Beets
Farmer's Cabbage Salad
Canned Fruit Coffee Cinnamon Buns

SUPPER
Cottage Cheese Balls
Fruit Whole Wheat Gems Wafers

WEDNESDAY BREAKFAST
Fruit Farina, Cream
Quaker Omelet Coffee Brown Bread

DINNER
Julienne Soup
Boiled Corned Beef
Horseradish Sauce
Potatoes Dandelion Greens
Apple Tart Coffee Cheese

SUPPER
Eggs Virginia Tomato Sauce
Corn Bread Tea

THURSDAY BREAKFAST
Fruit Oatmeal, Milk
Omelet with Tomato Sauce
Rolls Coffee

DINNER
Dried Pea Soup
Broiled Ham, Cream Sauce
Mashed Potatoes Dandelion Greens
Pineapple Sago

SUPPER
Chipped Beef, Brown Sauce
Corn Gems Fruit Tea

FRIDAY BREAKFAST
Creamed Salt Cod Boiled Potatoes
Corn Bread Coffee

DINNER
Ragout of Potatoes
Bean Souffle Asparagus Boiled Onions
Jolly Boys, Sugar

SUPPER
Potato Croquettes, Cream Sauce
Hot Brown Bread
Fruit Cocoa

SATURDAY BREAKFAST
Farina, Cream
Scrambled Eggs Rye Gems
Coffee

DINNER
Barley Broth
Stew of Mutton in Potato Casserole
Canned Peas
Fruit Pudding, Orange Sauce

SUPPER
Cottage Cheese Johnnycake
Fresh Fruit

SUNDAY BREAKFAST
Oatmeal, Cream
Boiled Eggs Toast
Cinnamon Buns Coffee

DINNER
Tomato Soup, Croutons
Roasted Ducks, Potato Stuffing
Stewed Turnips Cabbage Salad
Grandmother's Rice Pudding

SUPPER
Thin Sliced Ham Spiced Apples
Brown Bread Tea

MONDAY BREAKFAST
Stewed Prunes Oatmeal, Milk
Broiled Bacon Coffee Corn Bread

DINNER
Tomato Soup Panned Steak
Hashed Brown Potatoes Cold Slaw
Dutch Peach Pudding, Milk
Coffee

SUPPER
Cottage Cheese Rye Gems
Fruit Tea Cinnamon Buns

TUESDAY BREAKFAST
Fruit Farina, Cream
Eggs Coffee Biscuits

DINNER
English Beef Soup (left-over steak)
Boiled Ham, Dried Apple Sauce
Baked Potatoes
Stewed Cabbage Asparagus Salad
Strawberry Tapioca, Cream
Coffee

SUPPER
Escalloped Macaroni Tomatoes
Sour-milk Bread Fruit Tea

WEDNESDAY BREAKFAST
Fruit Potato Omelet
Corn Bread Coffee

DINNER
German Gruel Soup
Roast Leg of Mutton, Brown Sauce
Rice Buttered Beets
Canned Peach Tarts Coffee

SUPPER
Canned Corn Pudding Biscuits
Fruit

THURSDAY BREAKFAST
Fruit Oatmeal, Milk
Broiled Bacon Coffee Johnnycake

DINNER
Barley Broth (mutton bones)
Shepherd's Pie Asparagus Canned Peas
Brown Betty, Caramel Sauce
Coffee

SUPPER
Cheese Fondue Fruit Brown Bread

FRIDAY BREAKFAST
Codfish Balls, Tomato Sauce
Gems Coffee

DINNER
Vegetable Soup (no meat)
Hot Canned Salmon, Sauce Hollandaise
Potatoes Escalloped Tomatoes
Cabbage Salad
Cheese Coffee Crackers

SUPPER
Strawberry Shortcake, Cream

SATURDAY BREAKFAST
Fruit Oatmeal, Milk
Beaugard Eggs Coffee

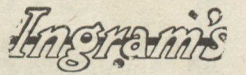
DINNER
Cream of Tomato Soup
Stewed Chicken, Dumplings
Potato
Dutch Peach Cake, Cream
SUPPER
Cold Thin Ham
Mayonnaise of Cabbage
Canned Fruit Rye Gems Ginger Snaps
Tea

To Our Million



Milkweed Cream

Users: We especially commend to our friends who have helped to make Ingram's Milkweed Cream famous, that they ask their druggists to show them the full line of



High Grade Toilet Specialties

THERE IS BEAUTY IN EVERY JAR
Ingram's Milkweed Cream
improves bad complexions; preserves good complexions; cures complexion faults. Healing, soothing. Creates or retains the natural beauty of youthful skin. Is absorbed leaving the skin neither sticky, shiny nor dry. Prevents pimples, blackheads, and removes imperfections. 50 cents and \$1.00.

Look for the name **Ingram** on the White, Green and Embossed Gold Labels to insure the genuine satisfaction we promise you in every product of the House of **Ingram**, including: **Ingram's Zodenta**, paste or powder, for the teeth 25c. — **Velveola** the Milkweed Cream face powder, 25c. — **Eliteine**, for chapped skin, 25c. — **Ingram's Rouge**, 50c. — and many other **Ingram Specialties** for toilet purposes.

"Druggists know and will tell you so." Most druggists carry the Ingram Line, but if you have any difficulty in getting what you ask for, write us, and we will see that you are supplied.

Frederick F. Ingram, Pres.
FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
1 Ouellette Ave, Windsor, Ontario

All the world loves a dainty woman. When you dress, use **Ideal Orchid Talcum Powder**. It is the velvet Italian Talc, perfumed with the fragrance of Borneo Orchids.

For your handkerchief, use

Ideal ORCHID PERFUME

the queen of perfumes—the most exquisite fragrance ever extracted from flowers. Your druggist should have these "Ideal" specialties or write **SOVEREIGN PERFUMES, LIMITED, - TORONTO, 52**

Over 80 Years' Established Reputation.

Neave's Food

FOR INFANTS

When prepared according to the directions given, forms:

A complete diet for the infant, easily digestible, health-giving, strength-giving. Assists teething consequently promotes the healthful sleep so essential to the well-being of the infant.

Sold in 1 lb. airtight tins by all Druggists in Canada.

Free to Mothers—Write for free tin of Neave's Food and copy of our helpful book "Hints About Baby", to the

Canadian Agent — EDWIN UTLEY, 14 Front Street East, - TORONTO.
(Mention this paper.) 37A
Mrs. J. R. NEAVE & CO., England.

CLUBS AND GIFTS

You can say to your friends, "Join in a club and help us get a low price clubbing rate." And, while giving your friends this fine rate, you get a fine premium for getting up the club. You can get **STERLING SILVER TABLE ARTICLES, CUT GLASS DISHES, LIMBOGES TEA SET, LETTER PAPER, FOUNTAIN PENS**. Write for red premium list.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



WEDDING CEREMONIES

By A SOCIETY EDITOR

NOBODY realizes quite as well as a newspaper woman who has conducted an inquiry column, just how many perplexing questions pop up when it comes to deciding about the detail of the wedding.

At a distance it all looks easy enough. The Reverend High Church will marry the couple, of course—who else should when the bride has been one of his flock as long as she can remember, and the bride will wear white and there will be flowers and flowers and flowers, some music in the church and much eating at home. Yes, it all looks easy a year away.

But when the twelve months have shrunk to six, then five, then four—it's quite another story, and the bride's mother begins to worry.

How shall the invitations be written, and when sent? What expenses are met

by the bride's family, and what by the groom? How many bridesmaids shall there be, or shall there be any? Shall there be a matron of honor and flower girl as well as bridesmaids? What colors shall they wear? Or shall the bride be "unattended" as the society column says? Who precedes who, and at what point in the performance does this and the other one have something to do? How shall they sit at the table, and—well never mind. We might go on forever.

The newspaper woman would remind the perplexed ones that no rules of etiquette are fixed, they are not hard and fast affairs. They are merely a sort of formula to enable the people to do the right thing in the easiest way. They are a fair guide when called in consultation, but they are not to be trusted to take full charge of the case.

One wants to be sure, however, what is right and proper when conducting the important ceremony, and then it is time to decide whether the formal rule suits one's circumstances and is in harmony with one's individual ideals.

When my friend, Mrs. Mike O'Flannigan, who was also my laundress, and for whose common sense and ability as a washwoman I have the highest respect, chose to have her daughter married in white satin with real orange blossoms for the bridal wreath and a five story wedding cake at the feast, it did seem a bit extravagant though it was the proper thing. I know better now.

"She'll only be a bride once in her life," said the mother, standing with arms akimbo, as she told me about it next day, "leastways, I hope so, and it's little satin she'll be wearin' the rest of her life, by the way things look, for he ain't the kind that'll rise in the world, though he's sure the man of her choice. So I just put all I could spare into the weddin' and gave her the time of her life. She'll always have it to remember and think about, and that's somethin'." 'Twas the best I c'd do for her, seeing I c'dn't choose her man."

I agreed that it was money well spent, and said the account read well in the paper. I meant it, too.

But on the other hand there was little

Miss Emley Purse, who was related to most of the aristocrats of the place although she had supported herself and two other urchins. She and her lover walked to the manse one day and were married and did without a wedding trip. She might easily have done the conventional thing at home at some one else's expense, but she only made what preparations she could afford, and it meant that she was married in a year-old suit. The future looked bright, but they wisely did not discount it.

But it is the correct thing we are concerned about just now, so the first consideration about the wedding is the invitations, these should be sent out at least two weeks before the event. A formal invitation will be engraved in either script or English lettering, the usual wording is:

Mr. and Mrs. Smith-Jones
request the pleasure of
Mr. and Mrs. Blank's company
at the marriage of their daughter
Marion
to
Mr. John White
on Thursday, June the eighth
at four o'clock
at their home, Woodlawn, 18 Dufferin
Street.

If the wedding is in the church the invitation to the house is added "and afterwards at Woodlawn, 18 Dufferin Street."

Separate invitations must be sent to grown sons and daughters in a family unless there are several daughters, when one may be addressed to "The Misses Blank."

Should the wedding be a very simple affair, informal invitations would read something like this:—

My dear Mrs. Blank:

It would give Mr. Jones and myself great pleasure if you and Mr. Blank would come to the marriage of our daughter Marion, to Mr. John White, on Thursday, June eighth, at five o'clock.

Yours very sincerely,
Mary Jones.

The bride may be attended by a bridesmaid or a matron of honor, or she may have a full complement of attendants, including flower girl, maid of honor, and two or more bridesmaids, always use even number.

Should the wedding be in the evening, low cut gowns might be worn by the women and swallow tail or full evening dress by the men, but evening weddings are now-a-days the exception.

The bride's gown at a day wedding will be white, cut slightly low at the neck. A veil, even of the simplest, adds greatly to the becomingness. The groom will wear a frock or morning coat, pin striped trousers, white vest and ascot tie. The bridesmaids dressed alike in pairs, and the maid of honor in a color distinct from them.

According to church etiquette, hats, caps, veils or wreaths must be worn by both the bride and her attendants in the church, guests wear their hats at a church wedding, and at a house wedding in the afternoon but not in the evening.

If a bride is married in her traveling suit and hat, the bridesmaid must not wear white, but some light color so she will not be so conspicuous as the bride, who must be the chief figure.

A widow marrying again does not wear white; pearl, mauve, or any light becoming color being in better taste. Her wedding is always a quiet affair.

We come now to the performance of the ceremony. If at home, some part of the drawing-room or parlor is arranged for the bridal party, so that the clergyman faces the guests. The groom, accompanied by the best man, enters the room first and takes his place beside the clergyman, when the bride enters on her father's arm, followed by her attendants.

At a church wedding the bridal party assemble at the entrance, and by a pre-arranged signal, the bridegroom is notified, so that he and his groomsmen enter from the vestry as the bridal party proceeds up the aisle, ushers first, bridesmaids next, flower girl, and then the maid-of-honor immediately preceding the bride, who is on her father's arm. On reaching the chancel the attendants divide, half the ushers and of the bridesmaids going to the right and the other half to the left. The bride leaves her father and takes her place beside her future husband. All present, guests or onlookers, rise and stand during the ceremony.

When the clergyman asks, "Who giveth this woman," the father responds, or the mother if the father is dead, and when further on the ring is to be put

(Continued on page 45)

Save one ton in seven



LET us send you
this Book. It tells

how to heat your home comfortably—and save one-seventh of your Coal Bill. ¶ The Hecla steel-ribbed fire-pot makes this saving. With three times the radiating surface of any other furnace, it sends more heat to the living rooms and less to the chimney.

¶ Everyone who is building a home, everyone who has a worn-out furnace or one that is wasting coal, will value the suggestions and information contained in "Comfort & Health."

Hecla Furnace

FOR COAL AND WOOD

Healthful heating is not possible with a leaky furnace. Coal Gas is not only unpleasant—it is a menace to health. The Hecla will supply your whole house with pure warm air because it cannot leak gas or dust.

Every point where a leak might otherwise occur is fused by our patent process absolutely tight.

Time and use cannot loosen the Hecla Fused Joint.

Is 1/7 of your Coal bill worth saving? Do you want more healthful heat?

Write for
"Comfort & Health,"
a book on the sane heating
of homes.



Steel-ribbed Fire-pot



CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED,
Dept. J, Preston, Ont.



EVERY woman naturally desires to have thick and lustrous hair, for there is nothing that is so unbecoming as thin, dry locks that stand out from the head in broken wisps over the ears and at the nape of the neck, or scant oily tresses that cling close to the head and absolutely refuse to be arranged in any of the new coiffures.

In order to preserve the hair that is in good condition, or to cause the hair to grow thicker, the scalp must be carefully treated. When tonic is applied it should be put on regularly and not spasmodically. Sometimes hair tonic is used for one week and neglected for three. Such treatments will do little good. Most toilet preparations made by reputable firms are meritorious, but they will not make the hair grow in one night. If, however, a tonic is used persistently in connection with massage for a reasonable time it is sure to stop the hair from falling.

Shampooing oftener than once in four weeks should not be done, and is absolutely unnecessary for cleanliness, for if tonic is used, it removes dust that that otherwise might accumulate.

A dry shampoo is excellent for oily hair, and I consider powdered orris root best for a dry shampoo, as it not only makes the hair light and fluffy, but gives it a delicious fragrance of violet as well. Powdered orris can be purchased of any druggist or at any department store that handles toilet articles. The powdered orris is easily applied. The hair is first combed carefully, and thoroughly brushed until every bit of dust and dirt is loosened from the scalp. The powder is then applied with a powder puff, being very careful not to get it into the scalp. Let it remain a few minutes and brush out carefully. Once a week, as a rule, is often enough to wash a brush. More than that is apt to make the bristles limp. A few drops of ammonia in a basin of water is the best cleansing agent I know of for brushes and combs.

Liquid green soap is an excellent basis for a shampoo, but so strong is it that any application containing green soap must be reduced before it is used. The soap should be shaved fine and enough boiling water poured upon it to dissolve it. Then when cold it may be further reduced with water. Before shampooing, the hair must be thoroughly wet, so that the suds will foam. If enough soap has been put on, and the rubbing is done properly, all the dust is loosened and will wash out just as soon as the head is held over the basin. There is never the slightest difficulty in knowing when the hair is clean, for after all dust is out, if the locks are squeezed in the hands, there will be a slightly creaky feeling. Until the creaking is felt, more soap and more rinsing must be given. Dry with soft towels.

In massaging the scalp: First, let down the hair and loosen it by giving it several light shakes. Brush thoroughly. To my mind a rubber cushion wire brush is the best to use. Next, part off the hair and apply the tonic with a piece of absorbent cotton or soft tooth brush, until the head is all wet. Now place the tips of the fingers just over the forehead and move them with a circular motion backward, toward the top of the head. The movements should be firm, but light, so as to stimulate the follicles, and at the same time loosen the scalp. The next movement: Bring the fingers over the ears, where the hair begins, and the movements should rotate toward the top of the head. In the third movement the hands meet at the back of the neck and work up toward the line where the second massage left off. Five minutes of massage like this will set the whole scalp in a glow. The hair will respond quickly with the stimulated circulation, and often three or four massage treatments will restore it to health. Self-given massage is not, however as easy as it sounds—that is, if kept up for five minutes. It is very tiring to the raised arms, sometimes even exhausting. But it is better to be one's own masseuse than not to have one at

all, and one soon becomes accustomed to it.

STIMULATING TONIC

- Eau de cologne - - - 8 ounces
- Tinct. of cantharides - 1 ounce
- Oil of lavender - - - 1/2 dram
- Oil of rosemary - - - 1/2 dram

Too frequent shampooing makes oily scalps more oily; it is one of the most injurious methods that can be adopted. For in this way the pores, already overstimulated and throwing out an abnormal quantity of oil, are enlarged by too much water, and if the oily condition does not grow worse the victims are fortunate.

When a woman is troubled by oily hair, she must use something which will act as an astringent to tighten the pores of the scalp. Tonics which will strengthen the general health of the head are desirable naturally, but with them must be alternated an astringent, but not one that is so strong that it will act too quickly.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Amelia.—Can you tell me what causes dark rings under my eyes? Resting does not seem to help me, for I have these dark circles just as much in the morning on arising as when I go to bed at night.

The so-called dark rings around the eyes are an indication of a sluggish circulation of the blood or an abnormal condition of the blood itself. Live in the sunshine and fresh air as much as possible. Take plenty of physical exercise. Do not eat any but nutritious and easily digested foods. Persons with insufficient circulatory powers and blood of poor quality must not burden the body with an unnecessary amount of an improper quality of food.

Mrs. Y.—How can I tell if a cold plunge bath agrees with me? Sometimes I suspect it does not. I am forty-five years of age.

The actual cold plunge bath agree with very few. It is to many a great shock. If, however, you take a cold plunge, and reaction takes place and you feel warm after it and the skin is red, then it is good for you.

But if you feel chilly afterwards it means that the blood has been driven from the surface of the body, and that your power to have it return promptly is not strong enough. Then you know that the cold plunge does not agree with you. In that case try a medium bath, or a cold sponge bath, which is not so severe. Try the water between eighty and ninety degrees Fahrenheit. You can buy what is called a bath thermometer at any druggist's for twenty-five cents, and that will correctly tell you the temperature of the water. Sixty-five degrees you will find is a cold bath. Eighty or ninety is a tepid bath. From ninety to ninety-eight is a warm bath.

Corinne.—It may be a feminine vanity, but I do not like the first appearance of "crow's feet" coming to me. Is there anything I can do to stay this apparent ravage of years?

Catch a glimpse of yourself in a mirror as many times during the day as you can. Watch and take note of how often you find yourself frowning or in various other ways twisting and distorting the facial muscles. Sit down before a mirror and carefully observe your expression while you talk and laugh. I am sure in a short while you will see that you make unnecessary grimaces all day long, and that these distortions of your countenance are responsible for the lines which cause the "crow's-feet."

Plainly speaking "crow's-feet" are usually landmarks made by habit and needless motion and action of the muscles of the face. They are, by no means, necessarily caused by the ravage of years.

"Countrywoman" asks: Can you tell me any safe way to prevent a constant falling out of my hair?

Hair cannot grow on poor soil. The scalp must be thick and pliable and move freely over the bones of the skull. If the scalp is tightly drawn over the bones it will constrict the blood supply and cause a decay of the roots of the hair. Employ much friction to help loosen the scalp and aid the circulation.

The constant presence of dandruff will injure the health of the hair. It is highly important to keep the scalp clean and free from dandruff, and to attain this a daily brushing and a weekly or fortnightly washing are necessary.

If the head perspires very freely and does not have a chance to dry, the roots of the hair may suffer. Always keep the hair as dry as possible. Germs thrive under conditions of heat and moisture.

Let the hair fall down loosely about the head as long and as often during the day as possible. And, if you can do so, sun and air the whole scalp a few minutes of each day,

Bonnie Prince Charlie Talcum Powder

is of the very finest grade, cooling, soothing and refreshing, making an ideal toilet and nursery powder.



Delightfully fragrant, with the exquisite odor of White Heather.

By its daily use babies are protected from chafing; their skin is kept smooth, velvety and healthy.

Bonnie Prince Charlie Talcum is recommended to all who suffer from soreness, irritations and abrasions of the skin, or from prickly heat.

Gentlemen will find it a grateful aid to comfort after shaving.

In white or flesh color

Price 25 Cents

Decorated with Royal Stewart Tartan design in correct colors, and a portrait of Bonnie Prince Charlie encircled with Scotch thistle design. A unique and charming package. Same size as Royal Vinolia Talcum.

On sale at all druggists.

Vinolia Company Limited, London, Paris, Toronto

By Royal Appointment Soapmakers to H. M. King George V.

127



"The Most Beautiful Women in the World"

consider the proper arrangement of their hair, as a matter of utmost importance to their personal appearance.

"Nature's Deficiencies"

can be supplied by Canada's foremost hair goods house.

"DORENWEND'S"

All our goods are of the finest quality hair, manufactured by experts, making detection from the natural hair impossible. The styles we offer are designed from the newest London and Paris fashions.

Write now for our handsome illustrated catalogue "X" and booklet on hair dressing
Free on request to any address

Ladies' Transformations, Pompadours, Waves, Fronts, Bangs, Switches, etc.

Satisfaction guaranteed on mail orders

The Dorenwend Co. of Toronto, Limited

(The House of Quality Hair Goods)
103 - 105 Yonge Street, Toronto



Chocolates

for people who want the best

THE Harry Webb Co., Limited TORONTO, CAN.

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers certainly do make short work of headaches. 25¢ per box.



Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE A. PUTNAM
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO



Demonstration Lecture Courses

ARRANGEMENTS are being made whereby several groups of Institutes in various sections of the province will be given a demonstration lecture course next fall or winter. Full announcements regarding this will appear in an early issue of this journal. The lecturers attending the summer series of meetings will also be prepared to outline the methods of work and the conditions upon which trained domestic science lecturers will be furnished. It is expected that a considerable amount of money will be available for this feature of work in connection with the Institutes.

The superintendent has received a number of inquiries regarding the lecture course and we are sure that the above announcement will be appreciated by many of the Institutes who are interested in a systematic course of study along the lines of household economics.

Conference of Institutes

A CONFERENCE of Institute lecturers, some thirty in number, was held on the 22nd and 23rd of May, when the following programme was carried out. Well known authorities on health topics, social service, school problems, as well as other features of interest to Institute workers, gave the lecturers the benefit of their experience and advice. Altogether, the lecturers received valuable information which they in turn will be able to give direct to the Institutes at the summer meetings.

PROGRAMME.

Wednesday, May 22.

1. Review of work and outline of regulations.
2. Outline of address to members of local Institutes, indicating how they may make their local organization a success.
3. Literature for Institutes.
4. General discussion.

Thursday, May 23.

1. Demonstration lecture courses.
2. Health topics.
3. The School.
4. Social service.
5. General discussion.

Membership Cards

A QUESTION occasionally comes regarding membership cards for Institutes, and we give herewith a copy of one used by the Kingsville branch in 1911-12. The rules and regulations are printed on the back of the card.

These membership cards are furnished by either the district officers or the branch concerned. This might well be one of the items of business at the district annual meeting.

These cards can be printed at a small cost, and it certainly gives the Institutes an air of business to issue a membership card to those who pay the fee. In a number of districts the acknowledgement of membership is printed upon the last page of the programme of monthly meetings.

MEMBERSHIP TICKET

This is to Certify that

.....
Has paid dues (25c) for the year ending May 31, 1912.

MRS. HARRISON SMITH, Pres.
MRS. WM. HOLDAWAY, Sec'y.

RULES AND REGULATIONS, KINGSVILLE
WOMEN'S INSTITUTE

- 1—Meetings held first Tuesday of every month at 2.30 p.m.
- 2—Meetings held in members' homes.
- 3—Membership fee is 25 cents a year. All members should pay dues 1st of June each year.

4—Members who have not paid dues 1st of June are not entitled to hold office or vote on any question until said dues are paid.

5—The person taking a topic must either give the subject in person or send in a written paper to be read by our secretary or chairman of programme committee.

6—Each member is supposed to buy a pin, the emblem of our Institute, and it is supposed to be worn at every meeting of Women's Institute. Price of pin to each member is 15 cents.

7—No member shall speak without rising to her feet and getting the sanction of the chair before speaking.

8—Members will please keep good order while anyone is speaking.

9—Ladies are always welcome to

will, no doubt, be exceedingly glad to give the particulars to any Institute which may be interested. Miss E. H. Besley of Shelburne, the district secretary for Dufferin, has sent us an account of an evening's entertainment recently given by the Shelburne branch. The principal feature of the evening was a debate in which the Institute had the assistance of the gentlemen. These open meetings are one of the ways in which the work of the Institute may be kept before the public.

We are sure that Miss M. M. Daddon, the secretary, would be glad to pass on to other secretaries, who might write her, some of the details of the methods used by this Institute.

Notes of General Interest

A GOODLY number of the members of the Shirley (South Ontario) Institute are taking up the course of study under the St. John's Ambul-



ONE OF THE ATTRACTIONS OF FARM LIFE

invite and bring their friends to the meetings.

Talked Law to the Ladies

MANY of the errors which women are supposed to make, and sometimes do make, would be prevented if a little time were given to the study of the laws of the business world. The members of the Lanark Institute have put this thought into practice, and, at one of their recent meetings, listened to an address along this line. The report states: "Mr. W. H. Stafford gave an edifying talk on legal points upon which women should be informed, starting with banking and widening the scope of his talk to embrace other features closely akin. Many questions arising out of the address were carefully answered." The aim of the Institutes surely admits of a broad education.

A New Rest Room

THE principal matter before the members of the Woman's Institute on Saturday afternoon, was the rest-room movement, and details in connection therewith were advanced to some degree. The rooms in Mr. Forgie's block have been engaged and are being cleaned and put in shape for occupancy. Very kindly appreciation of the movement is being freely expressed, but what is really needed more is that that appreciation be expressed in a practical way. It will cost about \$250 a year to keep the rooms open, and it is quite an undertaking for the ladies to assume. Business men and others who will benefit materially by the presence of these rooms in the town should subscribe liberally to the support—not by little picayune sums such as would be given to a juvenile hockey or lacrosse club, but by amounts in comparison with the importance of the enterprise.

An Enthusiastic Institute

THE Burlington secretary writes: "At our April meeting several members expressed the opinion that our meetings are growing better each month. It

ance Association. We commend this study to other Institutes. The course includes lecturers on Home Nursing, First Aid to the Injured and Home Hygiene.

A new Institute was organized on April 25th at Carterton in St. Joseph Island. This was organized by the district officers at the request of the women in the vicinity of that place. It is the exception when failure is the end of an Institute organized in this way.

The Institute at Flesherton recently held a joint meeting with the Farmers' Club. We received only the briefest report, but judge that the meeting was a decided success. These two organizations can be mutually helpful.

One of the features of the April meeting of the Eldorado branch was a roll responded to by each member, giving some information regarding a favorite bird. This bit of nature study must surely have added to the brightness of the meeting.

Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, a member of the Port Credit Institute, and Mrs. H. W. Parsons of Forest, one of our staff of lecturers, are announced to speak in the interests of the Institute at the annual meeting of the National Council of Women, to be held in London on the 27th and 28th of May.

The report of some recent monthly meetings would indicate that a number of the Institutes have used some of the funds to good profit by distributing flower and vegetable seeds among the school children. No doubt interesting accounts will be given in the fall of the exhibits made by these children. A competition such as this should be made of educational value to the children.

"The Institutes in the Leeds district are all in a flourishing condition." So says one of the district officers. They are certainly enterprising. One of the most recently organized is about to manage the building of a town hall to cost about \$5,000. Another has just bought a new piano and paid for it in full.

The Acton branch believes in the social side of the Institute, and a short time ago held a very delightful open meeting, at which a very large number of people enjoyed the entertainment provided by the members of the Institute. The secretary, Mrs. W. Laird,

Paper Bag Cookery

IN these days of labor-saving devices—the paper bag cookery included—the following report of a recent meeting held by the Parkhill Institute will be of interest.

"We had a successful demonstration of paper bag cookery at a recent meeting. We had a coal-oil stove in the Institute room, and one of the members prepared beefsteak for cooking by buttering the bag, putting the steak in and pinning the bag at the end with common pins. While the steak was cooking, another member read an interesting article on paper bag cookery. The steak was delicious. Beef cooked in this way has no gravy, except some juice in the bag, and, if gravy is desired, this juice can be used as a foundation. Several of our members use the paper bags and find them satisfactory."

Practical Side of the Institute

DURING the past winter, the Ladies' Hospital Aid of Kincardine requested the three Women's Institutes—Barvie, Kincardine and Ripley—to assist with a bazaar to be held in April in Kincardine in aid of the hospital work. The appeal met with a hearty response from the three branches who agreed to have a Woman's Institute table, at which the following articles would be sold: Barvie, home-made baking and fruit; Ripley, large and small aprons and men's night robes; Kincardine, home-made candy, fancy work and articles of clothing. Each branch sent two members to assist at the table, choosing those who had the largest circle of acquaintances. The splendid result of this bazaar, as manifested in the large receipts, was in no small measure due to the interest taken by the Institutes named.

Institute Work in Alberta

MISS ROBERTA MacADAMS, a graduate of MacDonald Institute, Guelph, had charge of a series of short courses in domestic science throughout Alberta during the past winter, under the direction of the Department of Agriculture of that province. This work was so much appreciated by the women that they asked for something more permanent. As a result, Miss MacAdams has been asked by the Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. Duncan Marshall, to undertake the organization of Women's Institutes in that province. Miss MacAdams spent some time studying the methods of the Ontario organizations and will make use of this information in her work in Alberta. She is impressed with the value of the Institute work and will, we are sure, carry a good deal of enthusiasm into the work of organization.

We would suggest that, if any of our Ontario Institute members should leave this province to locate in Alberta, they communicate with Miss MacAdams regarding organization. She may be addressed in care of the Department of Agriculture, Edmonton, Alta.

"Home Journal" Appreciated

THE Moyle and Tranquility branch in North Brant is another of the Institutes which appreciates the HOME JOURNAL. The secretary writes: "The

HOME JOURNAL is in every home, except one, represented in our Woman's Institute. Two years ago we had six subscribers, last year I sent in twenty-five, and this year forty! Everyone is delighted with the JOURNAL."

Summer Series of Meetings

WE gave in the May issue of this journal a list of the summer meetings up to and including June 8th. We give herewith the balance of meetings announced.

We look to the officers and members to do all in their power to make these meetings well known, and to induce those who are not members to attend and become identified with the Institute. The success of the summer series depends to a large degree upon the thoroughness with which the meetings are announced.

DIVISION 1—Lecturer: Dr. Laura Hamilton, Toronto, June 10 to July 5; Miss Mary McKenzie, Toronto, June 17 to 22.

- MONCK**—
 Smithville June 10
 Fenwick " 11
 Winger " 12
 Attercliffe aft. " 13
 Canboro " 14
 Dunnville aft. " 15
- HALDIMAND**—
 Canfield aft. " 17
 York aft. " 18
 Caledonia aft. " 19
 Cayuga aft. " 20
 Decewville aft. " 21
 Gill aft. " 22
 Clanbrassil aft. " 24
 Springvale aft. " 25
 Hagersville eve. " 25
 Garnet aft. " 26
 Jarvis aft. " 27
 Erie aft. " 28
 Sandusk aft. " 29
 Nanticoke aft. July 2
 Cheapside aft. " 3
 Rainham Centre aft. " 4
 South Cayuga aft. " 5

DIVISION 2—Lecturer: Dr. Annie Backus, Aylmer, June 10 to July 5.

- SOUTH WENTWORTH**—
 Glanford aft. June 10
 Carluke aft. " 11
 Ancaster aft. " 12
 Jerseyville aft. " 13
- NORTH BRANT**—
 St. George aft. " 14
 Glen Morris aft. " 15
 Paris aft. " 17
 Tranquility aft. " 18
 Tutela aft. " 19
 Onondaga aft. " 20
 Langford aft. " 21
 Cainsville aft. " 24
- NORTH WENTWORTH**—
 Orkney aft. " 25
 Rockton aft. " 26
 Sheffield aft. " 27
 Freelon aft. " 28
 Carlisle aft. July 2
 Millgrove aft. " 3
 Waterdown aft. " 4
 West Flamboro' aft. " 5

DIVISION 3—Lecturer: Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Pleasant.

- NORTH ESSEX**—
 Woodslee aft. June 10
 Maidstone eve. " 11
 Maidstone Cross aft. " 12
 Oldcastle aft. " 13
- SOUTH ESSEX**—
 Essex aft. " 14
 Amherstburg aft. " 15
 Harrow aft. " 17
 Kingsville aft. " 18
 Cottam aft. " 19
 Leamington aft. " 20
- WEST KENT**—
 Wheatley aft. " 21
 Port Alma aft. " 22
 Cedar Springs aft. " 24
- EAST KENT**—
 Guilds aft. " 25
 Morpeth aft. " 26
 Highgate aft. " 27
- WEST ELGIN**—
 Rodney aft. " 28
 Dutton aft. " 29
 Wallacetown July 1
 Iona " 2

DIVISION 4—Lecturer: Mrs. E. B. McTurk, Lucan.

- EAST ELGIN**—
 Springfield June 10
- SOUTH OXFORD**—
 Brownsville " 11
 Tillsonburg aft. " 12
 Mount Elgin aft. " 13
 Springford aft. " 14
 Norwich aft. " 15
 Burgessville aft. " 17
 Currie aft. " 18
 Beachville aft. " 19
- NORTH NORFOLK**—
 Thamesford aft. " 20
 Kintore aft. " 21
 Lakeside eve. " 22
 Harrington aft. " 24
 Embro aft. " 25
 Braemar aft. " 26
 Bright aft. " 27
 Plattsville aft. " 28
 Drumbo aft. " 29
 Princeton aft. July 2

DIVISION 5—Lecturer: Miss B. Gilholm, Bright.

- WEST MIDDLESEX**—
 Mt. Brydges aft. June 10
 Strathroy aft. " 11
 Napier aft. " 12
 Kerwood aft. " 13
- NORTH MIDDLESEX**—
 Lobo " 14
 Coldstream " 15
 Beechwood aft. " 17
 Ailsa Craig aft. " 18
 West McGillivray aft. " 19
 Sylvan aft. " 20
 Greenway aft. " 21
 Parkhill aft. " 22
 Mooreville aft. " 24
 Lucan aft. " 25

- EAST MIDDLESEX**—
 Birr aft. June 26
 Hyde Park " 27
 Wellburn aft. " 28
 Thorndale aft. " 29
 Crampton July 2
 Harrietsville " 3
 Dates to be arranged later for meetings at Petrola, Oil Springs, Warwick and Shetland.

DIVISION 6—Lecturer: Mrs. W. B. Ferguson, Strathroy.

- CENTRE WELLINGTON**—
 Marsville aft. June 10
 Orton aft. " 11
 Belwood aft. " 12
 Metz aft. " 13
 Cumnock aft. " 14
 Bethany aft. " 15
- SOUTH WELLINGTON**—
 Paisley Block aft. " 17
 Arkell eve. " 18

HALTON—

- Acton aft. " 19
 Ballinafad aft. " 20
 Georgetown aft. " 21
 Norval aft. " 22
 Stewartown aft. " 24
 Kilbride aft. " 25
 Sheridan aft. " 26

DIVISION 7—Lecturer: Mrs. M. N. Norman, Toronto.

- NORTH WATERLOO**—
 Linwood aft. June 10
 Wellesley aft. " 11

PEEL—

- Streetsville aft. " 12
 Brampton aft. " 13
 Malton aft. " 14
 Cheltenham aft. " 15
 Belfountain aft. " 17
 Alton aft. " 18
 Mono Mills eve. " 19
 Palgrave aft. " 20

WEST YORK—

- Kleinburg aft. " 21
 Woodbridge aft. " 22
 Maple aft. " 24
 Elia aft. " 25
 Thistletown aft. " 26
 Weston aft. " 27
 Islington aft. " 28
 Mimico aft. " 29

DIVISION 8—Lecturer: Mrs. C. H. Burns, Toronto.

- SOUTH PERTH**—
 Kirkton aft. June 10
 Fullarton aft. " 11
 Staffa aft. " 12
 Mitchell aft. " 13
 Sebringville aft. " 14

NORTH PERTH—

- Hampstead " 15
 Milverton " 17
 Millbank " 18
 Listowel " 19

WEST WELLINGTON—

- Palmerston eve. " 20
 Rothsay aft. " 24

UNION—

- Teviotdale aft. " 25
 Clifford aft. " 26
 Drew aft. " 27

SOUTH GREY—

- Ayton aft. " 28
 Hanover aft. " 29
 Elmwood aft. July 2
 Louise aft. " 3
 Dornoch's aft. " 4
 Durham aft. " 5
 Dromore aft. " 6
 Robb eve. " 8
 Holstein aft. " 9

DIVISION 9—Lecturers: Miss M. A. Allan, Jarvis, June 10 to June 12; Miss H. McMurchie, Harriston, June 10 to July 5.

CENTRE BRUCE—

- Kincardine aft. June 10
- EAST HURON**—
 Belgrave " 11
 Brussels aft. " 12
 Walton " 13
 Molesworth aft. " 17
 Bluevale " 18

SOUTH BRUCE—

- Belmore " 19
 Teeswater " 20

EAST HURON—

- Gorrie aft. " 21
 Fordwich aft. " 22

SOUTH BRUCE—

- Mildmay " 24
 Walkerton " 25

CENTRE BRUCE—

- Pinkerton aft. " 26
 Paisley aft. " 27
 Chesley aft. " 28
 Willisroft aft. " 29

WEST BRUCE—

- Port Elgin July 2
 Arkwright aft. " 3
 Tara eve. " 3
 Allenford " 4
 Tiverton " 5

DIVISION 10—Lecturer: Miss M. V. Powell, Whitby.

CENTRE BRUCE—

- Hepworth aft. June 10
 Park Head aft. " 11
 Warton aft. " 12
 Colpo's Bay aft. " 13
 Mar aft. " 14
 Hope Bay eve. " 15
 Lion's Head aft. " 17

CENTRE GREY—

- Holland Centre aft. " 19
 Williamsford " 20
 Markdale aft. " 21
 Dundalk aft. " 22
 Hopeville " 24
 Badjeros " 25
 Maxwell aft. " 26
 Eugenia aft & eve. " 27
 Priceville aft. " 28
 Flesherston aft. " 29
 Vandeleur July 2
 Kimberley " 3
 Walter's Falls " 4
 Rocklyn " 5
 Heathcote " 6
 Clarksburg " 8

DIVISION 11—Lecturer: Miss M. Allison, Chicago.

WEST SIMCOE—

- Rosemont June 10
 Everett " 11
 Avening " 12
 Creemore " 13
 Singhampton aft. " 15
 Duntroon aft. " 17
 Sunnidale " 19
 Batteau " 18
- SOUTH SIMCOE**—
 Stroud aft. " 20
 Churchill " 21

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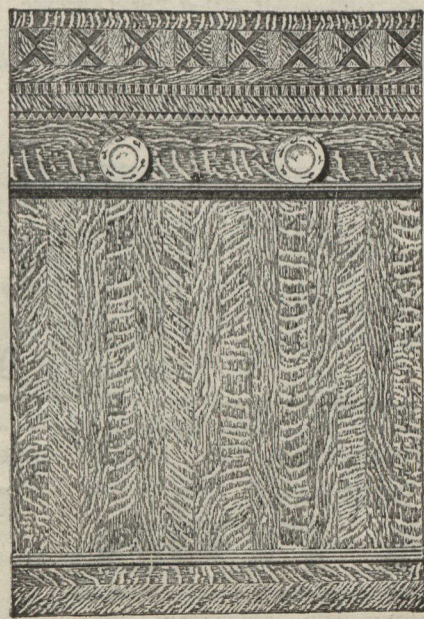


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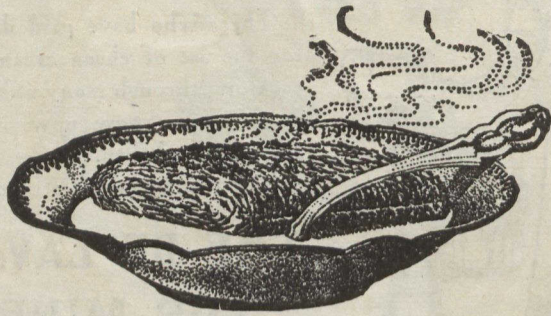
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Coulson's Hillaft. June 22	DIVISION 18—Lecturer: Mrs. F. W. Watts,
Auld Kirk, Scotch Line“ 24	Clinton.
Newton Robinson“ 25	RUSSELL—
Thornton“ 26	VernonJune 10
Ivy“ 27	CARLETON—
WEST SIMCOE—	Karseve. “ 11
Stayneraft. “ 28	Manotick“ 12
DIVISION 11 (a)—Lecturer: Mrs. D. Mc-	Stittsvilleaft. “ 13
Tavish, Port Elgin.	South Marcheve. “ 14
EAST SIMCOE—	Carpaft. “ 15
Crown Hillaft. June 10	Kinburneve. “ 17
Shatby Bayaft. “ 11	Antrimeve. “ 18
Orilliaaft. “ 12	Galetta“ 19
Ardreaaft. “ 13	NORTH LANARK—
Warminsteraft. “ 14	Almonteaft. “ 20
Coldwateraft. “ 15	Claytoneve. “ 21
Waubusheneaft. “ 17	SOUTH LANARK—
Victoria Harboraft. “ 18	Carleton Placeaft. “ 22
DIVISION 12—Lecturer: Mrs. M. L. Woelard,	Perthaft. “ 24
Toronto.	NORTH LANARK—
CENTRE SIMCOE—	Lanarkaft. “ 25
Anten Millseve. June 10	SOUTH LANARK—
Dalston“ 11	Maberlyeve. “ 26
SOUTH MUSKOKA—	FRONTENAC CENTRE—
Port Carling“ 12	Mt. Grove“ 27
Windermereaft. “ 13	SOUTH RENFREW—
CENTRE MUSKOKA—	Burnstownaft. “ 28
Ufford“ 14	DIVISION 19—Lecturer: Mrs. L. Rose
Uttersoneve. “ 15	Stephen, Huntingdon, Que.
Port Sydneyaft. “ 17	STORMONT—
Allansvilleaft. “ 18	Finchaft. June 11
SOUTH MUSKOKA—	Cornwall Centreeve. “ 12
Bracebridge“ 19	GLENGARRY—
South Macaulayaft. “ 20	Martintown“ 13
Baysville“ 21	Maxville“ 14
Monck, Bracebridgeaft. “ 22	PRESCOTT—
Bardville“ 24	Vankleek Hillaft. “ 18
Muskoka Falls“ 25	NORTH RENFREW—
Germaniaeve. “ 26	Stafford (Micksburg)“ 20
Reayaft. “ 27	Shieldsaft. or eve. “ 21
Gravenhurst“ 28	Greenwood“ 22
DIVISION 13—Lecturers: Miss L. Reynolds,	Westmeatheve. “ 24
Scarboro Junction; Mr. H. Grose, Lefroy.	Beachburg“ 25
NORTH MUSKOKA—	Forester's Falls“ 26
Martin SidingJune 11	Queen's Line“ 27
Aspdin“ 12	The meetings announced in Divisions 20, 21,
Ashworth“ 13	22 and 23 are held under the auspices of the
Ravenscliff“ 14	Farmers' and Women's Institutes of the riding
Huntsville“ 15	concerned. Separate afternoon sessions will be
Silverdale“ 15	held for the Women's and Farmers' Institutes.
Hillside“ 17	A joint meeting will be held at the close of the
Dwight“ 18	afternoon sessions, or in the evening.
Fox Point“ 19	DIVISION 20—Lecturers: Miss E. E. Smillie,
Dorset“ 20	Toronto; Mr. J. C. Shaw, Norwich.
Brunel“ 21	EAST PARRY SOUND—
DIVISION 14—Lecturer: Dr. Jennie Smillie,	EmsdaleMay 28
Toronto.	Doe Lake“ 29
EAST YORK—	Midlothian“ 30
Thornhillaft. June 10	Magnetawan“ 31
East Torontoaft. “ 11	Burk's FallsJune 1
Scarboro Junctionaft. “ 12	Sundridge“ 3
Highland Creekaft. “ 13	Wattenwyl“ 4
Agincourtaft. “ 14	South River“ 5
Box Groveaft. “ 15	Trout Creek“ 6
Markhamaft. “ 17	Granite Hill“ 7
Stouffvilleaft. “ 18	Golden Valley“ 8
SOUTH ONTARIO—	Arnstein“ 10
Claremontaft. “ 19	Loring“ 11
Kinsaleaft. “ 20	Restoule“ 13
Broughamaft. “ 21	Carr“ 14
Whitevaleaft. “ 24	Hotham“ 15
Pickeringaft. “ 25	Powassan“ 17
Whitbyaft. “ 26	TEMISCAMINGUE—
Brooklinaft. “ 27	North Cobalt“ 18
Columbusaft. “ 28	Haileybury (Buche Tp.)“ 19
Shirleyeve. “ 29	New Liskeard“ 20
DIVISION 15—Lecturer: Mrs. Horace W.	Milberta“ 21
Parsons, Forest.	Chester's Corners“ 22
EAST DURHAM—	Hillview“ 24
Manver's Stationaft. June 10	Uno Park“ 25
Mount Pleasantaft. “ 13	Hanbury“ 26
Springvilleaft. “ 14	Thornloe“ 27
WEST NORTHUMBERLAND—	Earlton“ 28
Elmviewaft. “ 15	Hilliardton“ 29
Cobourgaft. “ 17	TomstownJuly 2
Graftonaft. “ 18	Heaslip“ 3
Coldsprings“ 19	Charlton“ 4
Roseneath“ 20	Marter“ 5
Fenella“ 21	Chamberlain“ 6
Centreton“ 24	Matheson“ 8
Baltimoreaft. “ 25	Monteith“ 9
EAST NORTHUMBERLAND—	Porcupine“ 10
Smithfieldaft. “ 26	Cochrane“ 11
Hiltonaft. “ 27	DIVISION 21—Lecturers: Miss S. Campbell,
Dundonaldaft. “ 28	Brampton; Clark Hamilton, Dundela, Ont.
Castletonaft. “ 29	EAST NIPISSING—
Warkworthaft. July 2	MattawaJune 3
Codringtoneve. “ 3	Brule Schoolhouse“ 4
Wooleraft. “ 4	Eau Claire“ 5
Menieaft. “ 5	WEST NIPISSING—
Campbellfordaft. “ 6	Ferona“ 6
DIVISION 16—Lecturers: Miss E. Robson,	Sturgeon Falls“ 7
Ilderton, June 10 to June 15; Miss M. Mc-	Warren“ 8
Kenzie, Toronto, June 10 to June 14; Miss	CENTRE ALGOMA—
H. Gowsell, Port Arthur, June 15 to June 17.	Goulais Bay“ 10
WEST VICTORIA—	Tarentorus“ 11
WoodvilleJune 10	South Prince“ 12
Lornevilleaft. “ 11	West Korah“ 13
Linden Valley“ 12	Base Line“ 14
Islayeve. “ 13	East Korah“ 15
Cambrayaft. “ 14	NORTH SHORE ALGOMA—
EAST VICTORIA—	Garden River“ 17
Dunsfordaft. “ 15	Echo Bay“ 18
Bobcaygeonaft. “ 17	Bar River“ 19
Cameronaft. “ 18	Laird“ 20
Pleasant Valleyaft. “ 19	McLennan“ 21
Fenelon Fallseve. “ 20	Desbarats“ 22
Burnt Riveraft. “ 21	EAST ALGOMA—
Kinmountaft. “ 22	Johnson's Schoolhouse“ 24
HALIBURTON—	Bruce Mines“ 25
Mindenaft. “ 24	Cloudslee“ 26
Haliburtonaft. “ 25	Alma Heights“ 27
Irondaleaft. “ 26	Little Rapids“ 28
Gooderhamaft. “ 27	Livingstone Creek“ 29
DIVISION 17—Lecturer: Miss B. Millar,	SowerbyJuly 2
Guelph.	Iron Bridge“ 3
PRINCE EDWARD—	Walford Hall“ 4
Mountain Viewaft. June 10	Massey“ 5
Rednersvilleaft. “ 11	WEST NIPISSING—
EAST HASTINGS—	Webbwood“ 6
Belleville“ 12	Woodlands“ 8
Melrose“ 13	Lee Valley“ 9
Quinteaft. “ 14	DIVISION 22—Lecturers: Miss G. Gray, To-
WEST HASTINGS—	ronto; David James, Thornhill, Ont.
Sec. Con. Sidneyaft. “ 15	EAST MANITOULIN—
Frankfordaft. “ 17	Little Current (W. I. only)June 3
Wallbridgeaft. “ 18	Shegundah“ 4
River Valleyaft. “ 19	Green Bay“ 5
Chattertonaft. “ 20	Budges“ 6
EAST HASTINGS—	Hilly Grove“ 7
Phillipston“ 21	Tehkummah“ 8
Roslin“ 22	South Baymouth“ 10
Tweed“ 24	Sandfield“ 11
NORTH HASTINGS—	Silver Bay (Big Lake)“ 12
Ivanhoeaft. “ 25	Mindemoya“ 13
Stirlingaft. “ 26	Carnarvon“ 14
Wellman's Cornersaft. “ 27	WEST MANITOULIN—
Springbrookaft. “ 28	Grimsthorpe“ 15
Marmoraaft. “ 29	Billings“ 17
Queensboroaft. July 2	Ice Lake“ 18
Madocaft. “ 3	Long Bay“ 19
L'Amableaft. “ 4	Poplar“ 20
Bancrofteve. “ 5	Barrie Island“ 21
Ft. Stewart“ 6	Gordon's“ 22
NORTH PETERBORO—	Evansville“ 24
Clydesdale“ 9	Silver Water“ 25

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St. JOSEPH'S ISLAND—

Marksville	June 28
Stone	" 29
Kentvale	July 2
Richard's Landing	" 3
Carterton	" 4

DIVISION 23—Lecturers: Mrs. Thos. Shaw, Hespeler; R. S. Stevenson, Ancaster. Ont.

THUNDER BAY—

Dorion	May 30
Ouimet	" 31
Port Arthur	June 1
Slate River	" 3
Hymers	" 4
South Gillies	" 5
O'Connor	" 6
Conmee	" 7
Murillo	" 8

KENORA—

Barclay	" 11
Dryden	" 12
Glengoland	June 13
Oxdrift	" 14
Eagle River	" 15
Kenora	" 18
Jaffray	" 19

RAINY RIVER—

Sleeman	" 24
Stratton	" 25
Shenston	" 26
Barwick	" 27
Emo	" 28
Barnhart	" 29
Big Fork	July 2
Devlin	" 2
Burriess	" 4

THUNDER BAY—

Fort William	" 8
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June Flowers for the Table

THE arrangement of the table in June is a delightful task, so abundant and varied are the blossoms to be had. All through the winter, many housekeepers have to content themselves with a potted plant as a centre piece, or without any table decorations in the way of flowers at all. But with the beginning of summer comes a wealth of flowers in country gardens and growing wild in fields and woods, while even in cities many kinds of flowers can be bought at a price within the reach of housekeepers of limited means. It is very often the case that the mother, however much she may feel the importance of having the table look nice, is too busy with other matters to look after the purely decorative part, particularly at breakfast, when, if ever, the table should be attractive and inviting. The young daughters should be encouraged to undertake this part of the preparations, and it is not hard for the parents, by a little genuine appreciation now and then, to stimulate rivalry in the production of pretty effects.

In Japan the daughters of the house are taught flower arrangement just as they are other branches of housekeeping. Their idea as to what is artistic differs from ours in that they seldom mingle different kinds of flowers and never mass the blossoms so that individual beauty is lost. In Japan one very often sees a single branch of a flowering shrub, stuck in a tall jar, the only decoration in the room. This is a good suggestion for the use of lilac, among the loveliest of the June flowers. If the branch arrangement is not practicable for the table, try the effect of a few clusters instead of a massed vase-full. Lilacs are best kept by themselves, but if one had some long-stemmed pink roses to mix with the mauve lilacs the color effect is very pretty.

Pansies, which come later, can only be shown to advantage in a flat arrangement with plenty of room. Fill a low, flat dish with moist sand, and into it stick the flower stalks with a few leaves around the edge of the dish. Another method of supporting pansies is to have a piece of wire netting that just fits into the top of the bowl. The stalks are inserted through the meshes into the water, and the flowers are held over the surface. Wild violets should be arranged in little bunches, each bunch with its own leaves.

Garden snowballs, which come in June, can be made in similar ways an attractive decorative decoration for the breakfast table. Put the stems of the snowballs well down into the sand, and here and there stick a bit of asparagus fern or any delicate greenery, letting the green trail over the edge.

Daisies are always pretty for table decoration, and they stay fresh-looking longer than almost any other flower. They combine charmingly with other flowers of the season, and can be arranged with grasses and feathery fern in a tall, slender vase, or in a quantity by themselves in a lower one.

Nothing is lovelier than the June roses, but their life is brief. As a rule each color of rose looks best by itself, but one can often find several shades of the one color, especially pink, running from the palest tint to a deep glowing color. A pretty centre-piece is a rather low vase of white roses set in the middle of a flat dish of pansies or violets.

If one is fortunate enough to be able to get white pond lilies in their season, one can have a lovely centre-piece delightfully cool-looking on a hot day.

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FROM THE PUBLISHERS

MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY'S first novel, "The House of Windows," has been published during the last month, and the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is proud of the fact that this work of fiction was introduced to the public as a serial in its columns. Our readers became deeply interested in the fortunes and misfortunes of the beautiful heroine, as the months went by, and were anxious to see whatever would become of Christine, who had been kidnapped in her infancy and brought up by a genuine benefactress in the person of Celia Brown, the girl who worked in the great "Stores." Aside from the genuine story interest in the book, there is a sketch of the conditions under which the shop girl lives and works, which should give pause to the modern student of economics and social service. The style in which the narrative is told proves that Mrs. MacKay has the novelist's gift of lifelike portrayal and narration. Of all the characters, that of the blind girl, Ada, is the most delicately and convincingly presented. Her imaginary garden is one of the "truest" things in the story and suggests a world of dream joys. There is a glimpse of Western Canada in the story, which makes the Eastern reader ardently desirous of buying a through ticket for Vancouver. We are sure that the popu-

schoolgirl loves. Lastly, there was the careless boy, Marc Dupre, the *beau ideal* of trapper and voyageur, who took life lightly until he looked into the dark eyes of Maren Le Moyne. The story of the journey to the Whispering Hills is graphically told, and there are no dull moments in this romance of long ago. The charm of outdoors—the outdoors of virgin forest and sun-kissed lake is never far away. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

INDIANA is a state which has lately made a great name for itself in American letters. James Whitcomb Riley is the poet who has made it famous for homely verse, such as you place in your scrap-book and remember for many a year, when more imposing rhymes are forgotten. Our latest story of Indiana is "A Hoosier Chronicle," by Meredith Nicholson, which is a story of love and politics, with the ingredients blended judiciously. Mr. Nicholson is one of the "best-selling" novelists, although, from the artistic standpoint, he is hardly among the first or even second American novelists of the day. Mr. Tarkington, for instance, far excels him in smoothness of literary execution, while Mr. Nicholson is very far below the "Dean" of American literature. However, "The Hoosier Chronicle" is



MRS. ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

larity which "The House of Windows" enjoyed as a serial will be extended to the volume in which the complete novel appears. (Cassell and Company.)

a thoroughly entertaining story, with a heroine of somewhat unusual qualities, and a hero of the right order, the modern young American with a strong jaw and a determination to "get on" and be fair and square. The cheery warmth of the "Chronicle" is its most attractive quality, and the reader becomes a "personal friend" of Mrs. Owen, who winds up the story with the comforting reflection: "It's all pretty comfortable and cheerful and busy in Indiana, with lots of old-fashioned human kindness flowing round; and it's getting better all the time. And I guess it's always got to be that way, out here in God's country." (Toronto: William Briggs.)

IT has never been decided just how much a book's title has to do with its selling qualities? There are certain titles which attract us at once, there are others which make us believe that the books bearing them must be dull or uninteresting. A title which must have been chosen in a happy moment is "The Maid of the Whispering Hills," which belongs to a prettily-bound novel, written by Vingie E. Roe. This is a book for the girl who loves a romance, to read and enjoy. It makes no pretence to being anything but a simple tale of love and adventure. It deals with no problems, exploits no new theories for the world's upheaval, but narrates the stirring events which took place in the lives of certain adventurers in the Far West of Canada, about the year 1796. We are taken back to the days of feud between the Hudson's Bay Company and the North-West Company, which became bitter war, indeed, before the end was seen. There is a heroine of the traditional marvellous beauty, Maren Le Moyne, whose brunette charms turn at least three masculine heads in the community and create an immense amount of mental havoc. Anders McElroy, the Hudson's Bay Factor, is the foremost of these suitors, with "a mouth that was all Irish and a square Scottish jaw." Then there is Alfred de Courtenay, chivalrous and gay, a hero of the gallant, old, fascinating type, which every

WE are glad to see that "Seranus," whose verse appears all too rarely, has published "In Northern Skies," a booklet of poetry which gives us some old favorites and introduces several recent works. "In Northern Skies," the first poem, is a brilliant description of those lights in the Arctic regions which compensate for much dreariness and the desolation of white stretches:

"Shields of silver, studded with fires of topaz,
Harps that are silver-strung, rimmed pale with pearls."

These poems are essentially of Canada, in subject and atmosphere, yet are written with a breadth of feeling which prevents the slightest taint of that provincialism which mars so much of latter-day verse.

Muskoka

The wide expanse of waters and the marvelous beauties of Muskoka can only be realized by a journey along the shore of the lakes. The Canadian Northern Ontario Railway runs through the heart of the district, with wharf-side stations at Bala Park and Lake Joseph.

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WITH THE JOURNAL'S JUNIORS

(Continued from page 1)

THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING FOOT

Can You Find It?



The Mystery of the Missing Foot

THIS is a real serious puzzle, no matter how suspiciously you may regard it. If you don't believe it can be done, just wait until you see next month's CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, containing the solution, and when you know how it is very, very easy.

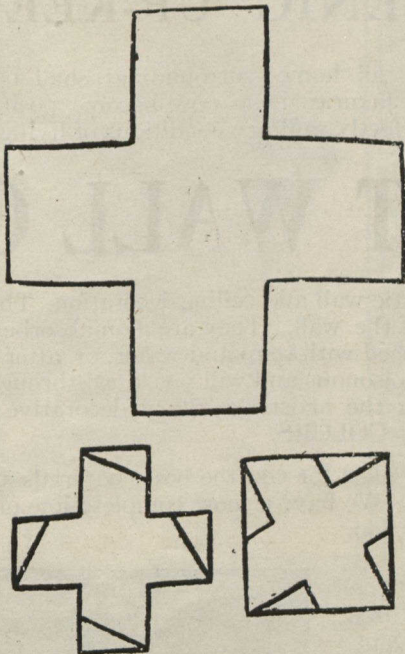
Getting back to the beginning, here are two figures, closely resembling each other. The only noticeable difference is that the one on the left has a foot. The one on the right has none. Each of the figures was made with the self-same seven pieces of the square shown above. In each case the pieces fitted closely together, and there was no overlapping. In both cases the head, hat, and arm are precisely alike, and the width of the body at the base is the same. Yet one figure has a foot and the other has not. Where did the first man get his foot from?

Cut out the square and divide it into seven pieces by cutting along the division lines as marked. Arrange the seven pieces to form first one figure and then the other. In this way you may be able to solve the mystery of the missing foot.

Squaring a Greek Cross

One of the favorite puzzles of the mathematicians of ancient times, involved the cutting of a Greek cross into five pieces which could be fitted together again to form a perfect square. The cross and the ancient solution are shown herewith.

But modern puzzle solvers can find a much better solution to this ancient



puzzle. It is not necessary to cut the cross into five pieces. With two clips of the scissors you can divide the cross into four pieces, which will fit together perfectly to form the square.

Can you show how this is to be done? The solution will appear in July Number.

Gore Bay, Ont., April 7, 1912.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I am just going to tell you about the place where I live. I live in the township of Gordon, province of Ontario. It is about four miles from Gore Bay. My father has a farm and we grow

apples, pears, peaches and many other things. We have no snow here at present. We have no skating here now. In the summer I go bathing and skating. I enjoy going to town because I have a sister there. We have a church and a Sunday School over here, and it is an English church. We have about fifty scholars when they are all present. I go to Sunday School, and I have a lovely teacher; her name is Mrs. McIntosh. I go to school, it is called S.S. No. 1. I am in the third reader. There are two boys and three girls in my class. I think I have told you all, so I will close now. Hoping Cousin Clover much success with the letters. Yours truly,

BELLA PEMBERTON.

Fairview, Van., B.C.
1499 8th Ave. W.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL and I like it very much. I always read the Juniors' Page. In the summer holidays we go out in the country. I and my brother found a camp stove and we cooked potatoes and carrots and beans, and we ate them.

We have two ponies, named Nip and Tuck. I ride on Nip with the saddle up and down the road. Tuck is only a colt. We have a calf and a cow. One day the calf got away and we had great fun catching it. I will close now.

Yours sincerely,

MARTHA McKECHNIE.

Martha has received no assistance. She will be ten years of age next January.

MRS. ANNIE C. McKECHNIE.

Dear Martha:

With such a name you ought to make a famous housekeeper some day, and, indeed, your neat handwriting gives assurance of your tidy ways.

Nip and Tuck are new names to me for ponies, and I am sure you must enjoy your rides on the former. I wish you had a photograph of your small self on his back.

THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF.

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse, but, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right," but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was'n't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it badly. Now, this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse, and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six Minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges, nor break buttons, the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So, said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

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THE THIRD MAN

(Continued from page 10)

Geoff was worse than a rival; he had actually stolen the woman he loved. He did not know, of course. Everything had been done fairly and squarely, but the result was tragic all the same. He had never imagined such a termination for a moment.

Bart went back to the window again, and stared into the street. He supposed he would get used to the idea in time, but for the moment everything, except a dull pain at his heart, seemed terribly unreal.

The old don accepted Geoff as his future son-in-law with a good many inward protests. He hated having his calculations upset. He had nothing against Geoff personally; he was a very nice young man, and in time, given health and a fair chance, might make his way in the world; but, compared with David Wiggs as a husband for Eve, he was not to be mentioned on the same day. David could, and would, have taken Eve off his hands at once. All anxiety respecting the future would have been at an end.

He had yielded in the end for the sake of peace and quietness. He hated to see Eve in tears; it disturbed the harmony of things; it was as bad as a snowstorm in June. He had never quite realized before how illogical women were. Eve swept all his arguments aside as if they were of no account.

She didn't love David Wiggs, and she did love Geoff Lincoln, and that was practically all he could get out of her. Neither was he able to get any real satisfaction out of Geoff.

"Don't you think it is very foolish," he demanded sternly, "to engage yourself to a girl before you have made a position for yourself?"

"And what business had you to propose to her before asking my consent?"

"I apologize for that, of course,"

Geoff answered frankly. "You see, I did not intend speaking quite so soon."

"Then why did you speak?" the old man thundered.

"Well, that is not a very easy question to answer. We do a good many things under the influence of a sudden impulse."

"You mean that you do. I never act on impulse. I hope I have too much sense."

"We have not all the same amount of self-command that you possess."

"I want Eve to marry a man who is able to maintain her. You talk about love. All young people do. It is a passing phase; a pleasant though dangerous emotion; a fleeting passion. You cannot live on sentiment. Rent has to be paid and food and clothes provided."

Geoff, however, did not reply. It occurred to him that silence might be golden under the circumstances.

A few minutes later he found Eve in the drawing-room, looking as sweet and dainty as a June rose. She rose at once, with a smile and a blush, and held up her face to be kissed.

Geoff felt years older than he did a week ago. He was a man now, and this fair girl had promised to be his wife. It was all very wonderful and not a little intoxicating. When he was alone a good many awkward questions presented themselves to him—questions for which he could find no very satisfactory answer; but here, in the presence of Eve, every unpleasant and disquieting thing was forgotten. It was just pure delight to sit and look at her. From her crown of sunny hair to her daintily slipped feet she was a perfect picture.

"Was father very cross?" she questioned, with half-averted glance.

"He was rather."

"My heart was thumping in my throat all the time you were with him."

"Dear little girl."

"You do care for me lots and lots?"

"Heaps and heaps."

"I am so thankful, Geoff, and—and—happy. It is such a deliverance."

"But you would never have consented to marry David Wiggs?"

"I should have been most unhappy if I had. But father was so bent on it, and David was very determined, and really I do think he was very fond of me. It did not occur to me that anybody else could care for me so much."

Geoff did not reply for some time; then he said slowly and with averted eyes, "I think we will not talk about David again, if you do not mind."

"You are not jealous, you foolish boy."

"No, it is not jealousy. Bart felt just the same."

"Bart Gordon?" And a soft blush suffused her neck and face, then slowly vanished, leaving her paler than usual.

"Bart is the best fellow in the world," he replied warmly. "I hope he will win a fellowship, then he will be able to look after you when I am gone down?"

She glanced up at him and smiled.

"Do you think I shall need looking after, Geoff?"

"Oh, I don't mean that I am afraid. But if Bart remains up, he will be able to take you out sometimes and be company for you."

"That would be very nice." And she dropped her eyes again.

"I intend to earn money as soon as possible. It will take time, of course, to win a position, but now that I have you I shall work like a nigger."

"You must not overwork yourself, Geoff."

"Oh, there is no fear of that," he said, with a laugh, "but I don't intend keeping you waiting any longer than I can help."

"I don't mind waiting in the least, now that—that— You know what I mean! Oh, I can wait as long as you like," and she lifted her face to him again and smiled.

"Do you know," he said, with a note of pride in his voice, "I think you are the sweetest girl in the world?" and he bent over and kissed her.

David Wiggs received his dismissal with an ill-grace. He had not an excess of amiability at the best; at the worst

he had less than his fair share. That he should have a somewhat exaggerated idea of his own importance was perhaps natural; the grace of humility had never been given a fair chance. His father had been a successful cotton-spinner. David was his only son—his only child, in fact; hence, on Abel Wiggs's death, about nine months previously, David had come into possession of more money than was good for him, and was likely to come in for a good deal more should he survive his mother.

It was Abel Wiggs's great ambition that his son David should be a gentleman. He did not claim any such distinction himself. He began life in a cotton mill as a half-timer, and gradually worked his way up to the position of manufacturer.

"Keep thy eyes open, David," was his father's parting injunction, "and learn to do th' correct thing. Don't be fooled by foak who don't understand business. Always be up a few minutes afore your neighbor, if you're to get on. And don't you be imposed upon; no man wins respect by lying down for others to tread on him. Keep a civil tongue; but don't remain in anybody's debt. If a man downs you, bide your time till you get quits. Insults should be returned with compound interest. Always do more than thou says, David, especially to the man to whom thou owes a grudge. If there's owt to be gained by pulling an oar, don't be afraid of sweatin'. Remember thou'rt thy father's son, and do credit to thy upbringing."

David took on polish rather slowly, but in most respects he lived up to his father's injunctions. He became quite proficient on the river, and won his college colors—that was his one distinction, and he spoke of it with somewhat exaggerated modesty. He managed in his second year to pass Mods, but never got any farther; his attempt to get through Schools two years later was a dismal failure.

He could not help recalling his father's words as he wandered away from Rose Villa, after that May evening, when Eve informed him that she was betrothed to Geoff Lincoln: "Always do more than thou says, David, especially to the man to whom thou owes a grudge."

He shut his teeth tightly and quickened

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his pace in the direction of the town. It might not be wise to say much. Words had an unpleasant knack of turning up when least wanted. He could bide his time and keep silent. Was not that also his father's injunction? And his father, in spite of his lack of education, was a shrewd man.

The bitterness of defeat and the sense of humiliation did not grow less as the days passed away. He felt sure that Lincoln had poisoned Eve's mind against him—how else could her conduct be explained? Girls were not fools. They knew, as a rule, on which side their bread was buttered, and when it came to a question of eligibility, Lincoln was not to be mentioned on the same day.

He made inquiries as to Lincoln's antecedents, and discovered that he was the eldest son of a doctor in a London suburb. The discovery filled him with disgust. If he had been a sprig of the aristocracy Eve might have been forgiven for turning a blind eye to his poverty; but that she should have preferred the son of a sawbones, with nothing, to the son of a manufacturer, with plenty, could only be explained on the ground that he had either lied or told her the truth with too much circumstance and detail.

It required a considerable amount of self-control to keep his thoughts and intentions to himself. He never saw Geoff but he wanted to take him by the throat and strangle him. He never saw Eve but the smart of his wound seemed to increase a hundredfold. During Eights Week, notwithstanding his college boats made two bumps, he was more miserable than anyone knew. Geoff and Eve were all the time together, and he was constantly running across them somewhere. Geoff was not a rowing man, and so he was able to give all his time to Eve. Their very happiness lashed him into fury, whilst the way they ignored him drove him almost to madness.

The more he reviewed the circumstances, the more he became convinced that Geoff Lincoln had supplanted him by treachery.

"It's that blank scoundrel's lies that have done the trick," he would ex-

claim, "but your day will come, David—your day will come."

CHAPTER IV.

PARTINGS

EVE'S engagement made a difference in many ways. She was happier than she had ever been in her life before. During Eights Week she lived in a condition of almost unbroken ecstasy. Geoff took her down to the river every afternoon and seemed proud to introduce her to his friends. They watched the races from his college barge, had tea on board, and when the last bump had been made, sauntered away across the meadows, and usually reached Rose Villa when the dusk was falling.

But after that came long days when she scarcely got a glimpse of Geoff. He was grinding early and late for his final and could not be expected to spend much time with her. Indeed, she would not have allowed it had he desired to do so. She knew her duty, knew what was good for him, knew what was best for both.

Her great trouble came at the end of June when she had to say good-bye to Geoff for an indefinite period. He was going down for good. Others would return in October to the cloistered stillness of Quad and garden, but Geoff's work at the 'Varsity was done. He was going out to face the world, to fight the battle that every true man has to fight, to win or lose in the great encounter.

Geoff was sad at leaving Eve. Her tearful face distressed him very much; but he was sadder still at having to say farewell to Oxford. Like nearly everyone else he had got to love the place.

He could not help recalling nearly three years before when he came up a fresher and found his way alone to his college. How strange and lonely he was no one ever guessed. He felt chilled and disheartened when he saw his rooms—his bedroom especially gave him the creeps—it was so small and bare and dark. And he had left a warm, snug home, which echoed with the laughter of young children. He hated Oxford that first evening, and felt sure he would hate it to the end of the chapter. Now his heart was heavy, and the tears were very near his eyes because

he had to say good-bye. He was not thinking of Eve as he returned across the park from Rose Villa. "Dear old Oxford," he said to himself all unconsciously, and a mist came up before him which he cleared with his hand.

He turned into his own college for a last look round, wandered across the Quad and out into the garden, sat for a few moments in the shade of a wide-spreading beech and lighted a cigarette.

It all came back to him again like a pleasant dream. He saw the years pass in swift procession, pictured himself with hundreds of others all similarly clad, careless, joyous, often indolent; loitering down the "High," hands in pockets, head bare, gown twisted round the neck. He recalled the pleasant evenings in the Common Room, the debates at the Union, in which he had often taken part, the suppers on great occasions, the "rags," the bonfires, the narrow escapes. He recalled, too, the political speeches in country villages, the fun they had in going and returning, the tilts with interrupters, the friendly notice of great leaders.

He flung away the end of his cigarette and rose to his feet. It was all over now. The free, careless, inconsequential life of youth was at an end. Henceforth there must be work, and evermore work.

He had not realized all his hopes and expectations. He had come into competition with the pick of all the public schools, and even in Oxford rank counted for a good deal, but he had taken a respectable position. In the Union debates he had won a distinct place for himself. He would return home with no sense of shame or defeat.

In the weeks that had elapsed since Eve accepted his offer he had not only made the best of it, but he had succeeded in persuading Bart, and very largely in persuading himself, that he was desperately and whole-heartedly in love with Eve. When in her company he felt the happiest man in the world. She was not only delightfully fair to look upon, but she was so charmingly sweet and gentle in disposition that he could not help being fond of her. But when away from her presence and the glamor of her gentleness no longer steeped his senses, he discovered another influence at work within him. Pretty as Eve undoubtedly was, and loyal to

her as he intended to be, there were times when there came up before him the picture of another face—a face that had haunted him for more than a year. He had been introduced to her on Balliol barge while watching the races. He stayed and had tea, and she sat directly opposite. He met her again the following day and walked with her across Christ Church meadows. In the crowd on the bank of the river they lost sight of each other, and he had never seen her since, and, indeed, he never expected to see her again. Her cousin—a fellow named Wilson—in introducing her, had not mentioned her name very distinctly. Also, he had been introduced to so many people that it was easy to forget. But the following day he had walked with her for quite a distance. Had talked about the weather, and the races, and the crews, and the chances of the various colleges. He could so easily have got to know her name and whence she hailed, but he had let the opportunity slip.

Not that it mattered, he told himself. A boyish fancy for a pretty face was never of any account. Only—only—well, she was not like anyone he had ever seen before or since. Her beauty was of so rare a kind that he wanted to see her again. Also, the fact that he did not know who she was, and had no means of knowing, piqued him; the unknown and the unknowable have always an irresistible fascination.

He made his way slowly out of the garden and back to his diggings. He was loth to tear himself away from Oxford, he shrank a little from meeting his father. Should he tell him everything? Should he tell him a part only, or should he tell him nothing?

His father was a level-headed man, not easily carried away by sentiment. How unutterably silly the whole thing would look in his eyes. Even if he were desperately in love, what madness it had been to get engaged. He had not even started in the way of earning his own living, and even with good fortune it would be years before he would be able to maintain a wife or even maintain himself.

The nearer he got to London the more troubled and perplexed he felt. The conviction grew upon him that he had made a mess of things, and yet he had no thought of drawing back. He would



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"Till in a clear creamy stream it flows into clean new packages, filled full-weight by infallible machinery—sewed automatically."
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have to be true to his promise whatever happened.

"I expect I had better make a clean breast of it," he said at length in desperation. "The truth is bound to come out sooner or later."

CHAPTER V

HESITATION

IT is proverbially easy to make resolutions, proverbially difficult to carry them into effect. Geoff had so many things to talk about on the evening of his arrival that he said nothing about his engagement.

The next day presented no favorable opportunity, nor the day following that. So a week passed away, and the great secret remained untold; what was worse still, he discovered that his courage was a steadily diminishing quantity. Over the dinner table and in the drawing-room the affairs of their neighbors had been talked about from time to time. And it appeared that a young fellow who lived with his parents two or three doors away had become engaged to a rather pretty nurse who was studying at one of the London hospitals. Geoff's brother Watty got hold of the story first, and retailed it as a good joke. Mrs. Lincoln chimed in that it was much too serious a matter to joke about. Dr. Lincoln characterized

the young couple as a pair of silly children who ought to be locked up in separate nurseries until they had learned sense.

All this made his own case increasingly difficult. Like all young men, he had a horror of being laughed at. And if the whole neighborhood was laughing at Billy Smith and commiserating his parents, what would happen when his own case became known?

If his father got angry and Watty became supercilious, he would have no one to whom to turn for comfort. Perhaps, under all circumstances, he had better let his family discover the secret of his engagement by slow degrees.

After a week of idleness at home he went to the Temple to work up his law. There was no time to be wasted. He was anxious to get through his exams. As soon as possible. The sooner he was called the sooner would come the chance of earning his own bread.

During the first week or two he missed Eve terribly. He had got so completely into the habit of walking across to Rose Villa and feasting his eyes on her fair face that when he could no longer do so he felt intensely miserable. It was a great satisfaction to him that she had become so necessary to his peace of mind. It seemed proof, and the best possible proof, that he had not made any great mistake after all in proposing to her.

But when two or three weeks had

passed away and he began to accommodate himself to his new surroundings, the sense of loss gradually wore away; he ceased to miss her, ceased to long for her company, and was quite content to receive a letter from her every now and then, and was not troubled at all if she missed a post or two. Also, he found answering her letters something of a task. There was so little to write about. Every day seemed a replica of the day that had preceded it. If he had been violently in love he could have gone on repeating the same story with variations *ad infinitum*; but as he was not violently in love he had to fall back on news, and news after awhile became exceedingly scarce.

It was not until late in August that his engagement became known to the family. In London Eve's letters were rarely sent to his home address, but while they were away on their holidays in a small village on the north coast of Devon all the letters came by the same post and to the same address. Every morning, Dr. Lincoln would go through the pile and pass on the letters to the different members to whom they were addressed.

Every other morning, with almost the regularity of clockwork, came a letter for Geoff, always in the same handwriting and bearing the Oxford postmark.

He spoke to his wife about it. She had had her suspicions for more than a fort-

night. Indeed, she had been worrying herself for nearly a month.

"It's without doubt a woman's handwriting," he remarked meditatively.

"I do hope he's not got entangled with a girl," she said plaintively.

"So do I, most sincerely."

"Girls nowadays are so forward and cunning."

"Not more so than they have always been."

"Oh, yes, Tom, there's no comparison. Why, when I was a girl——"

"When you were a girl, mother," he interrupted with a laugh, "girls were girls and boys were boys."

"Oh, yes, but the behaviour——"

"Let's not discuss that," he said in the same jocular tone. "The question is, shall we say anything to Geoff?"

"I'm surprised he has not taken you into his confidence. You've been such a companion to your boys."

"Perhaps there's nothing to be confidential about. Let us hope so, at any rate."

Later in the day the doctor intercepted Geoff as he was walking on the cliffs alone. He was not a man who believed in beating about the bush. If there was anything unpleasant to be known he would rather know it at once.

"Dreaming, Geoff?" he questioned in a jocular tone.

"I was enjoying the sea-breeze."

"Find it dull here?"

"Not a bit. It's a delightful change from London."

"Rather be in Oxford, I expect?"

Geoff looked up sharply. There was something in his father's tone that arrested attention. There was a smile, too, lurking round the corners of his mouth.

"Why do you think I would rather be in Oxford?" he questioned.

"You have friends there. Evidently one in particular. Is she very nice?"

"About whom are you talking?"

"The lady who writes to you every other day with such amazing regularity. Not engaged to her, I hope?"

"I hope to marry her when I am in a position to do so."

Dr. Lincoln stopped short in his walk and faced his son. "I'm sorry. You're much too young, and it's a pity to be handicapped so early in the race."

"I don't know why you should speak of it as a handicap. Why should it not be a help and an incentive?"

"In your position, Geoff, it is not well to have one's attention divided. However, I suppose that can't be helped now, but you need not have kept it so dark."

"You all made such fun of Billy Smith that I did not care to become the laughing stock of the family."

"Won't you tell me all about it, Geoff?" he questioned at length, and there was a note of pathos in his voice that was by no means usual.

Geoff began to talk in a low voice and with eyes averted. He was glad to get the secret off his mind. He admitted that perhaps in his courting he had been somewhat hasty and impetuous, but there was a reason for that. He said nothing of Bart Gordon's interest in the matter. It was just David Wiggs. He had plenty of money, a suave tongue, and unflinching pertinacity. He had got round the old professor and was gradually wearing down Eve's resistance. If he (Geoff) had not come along he would have married her by this time, and Eve would have been made miserable for life.

"And would you have proposed to her, Geoff, if there had been no David Wiggs on the prowl?"

"Perhaps not, father. Or, at any rate, not so soon. But one could not stand by and see that boulder walking off with the prettiest girl in Oxford."

"I am glad to hear she has been well brought up and is of good family. She must visit us when we get back."

"I'm sure you'll like her, father. She's a girl in a thousand, and she's quite willing to wait any length of time."

CHAPTER VI

IN LONDON

EVE came up to London in September. The weather was glorious, with only the faintest suggestion of autumn in the air. Geoff met her at Paddington with his father's motor.

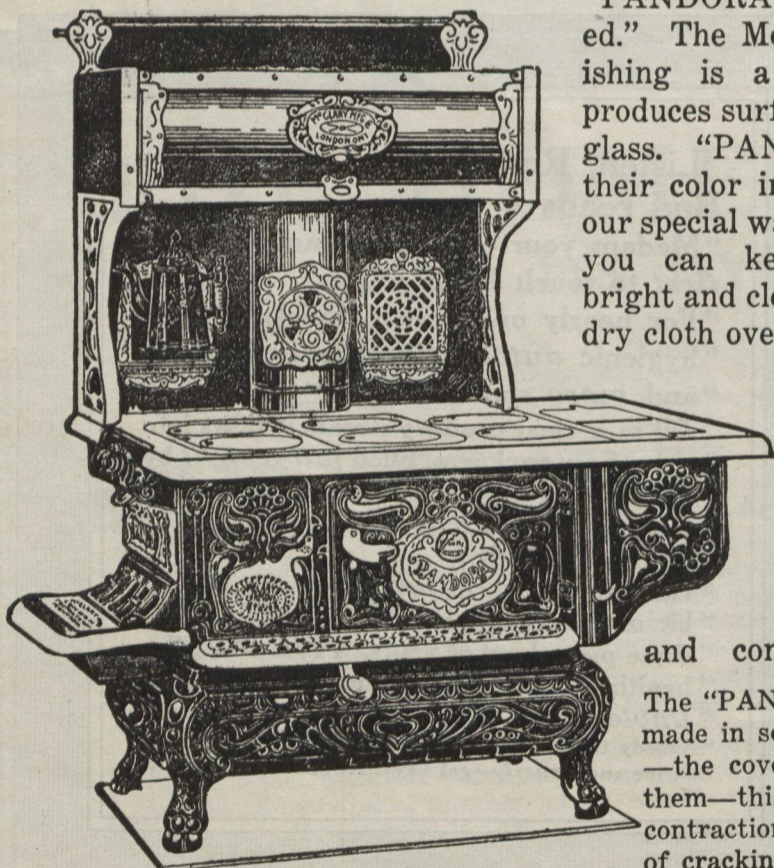
He scarcely recognized her for a moment. She wore a big hat that threw her face completely in shadow.

"Oh, Geoff," was all she could say, and he took both her hands in his and looked into her face. He wanted to kiss her then and there, but refrained—there were too many people about. He did not like her hat—he decided that on the spot—but no headgear could utterly spoil her loveliness; her smile was as sweet as ever, and her eyes shone with unusual brightness.

"It was just lovely of your mother to invite me to visit her," Eve said at length.

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"But you have been here before?"
"Never to stay. I've driven from Paddington to Charing Cross and from Charing Cross to Paddington again and again in going and returning from school, but that is all. Oh, I'm aching to see all there is to be seen."

I hope you are not too awfully busy, Geoff," she concluded.

"I shall give to you as much time as possible, you may be quite sure," he said, stealing his arm timidly round her waist.

She made no response to his attempted embrace. She hardly seemed conscious of it. Her attention was absorbed by other things.

"I don't want to be a burden to you, of course, but I should like to see as much as possible."

"My brother Watty will be able to chaperon you when I am not available," he laughed a little uneasily.

"Oh, that will be splendid!"

"You won't mind?"

"Of course I won't mind."

He felt a little piqued. He had a vague feeling that she ought to mind.

A week later he began unconsciously to analyse his impressions and emotions. Eve had quite captivated the younger children; Watty declared that she was "ripping." Mrs. Lincoln took her to her heart at once; her disposition was as sweet as her face was fair. The doctor appeared satisfied with his son's choice. He did not say very much, but all that he did say was in Eve's favor. Geoff alone was conscious of something lacking.

In some curiously elusive way or other, Eve in London was different from Eve in Oxford. Her beauty seemed less striking, the charm of her personality less rare. In Oxford she stood alone, as it were; there was no one to compete with her. In London she seemed dwarfed by the crowd; there were so many beautiful women, so many well-dressed women.

It was satisfactory, however, to find that a closer acquaintance demonstrated the sweetness and kindness of her disposition. London was a new world to her; its streets, its parks, its public buildings, its museums, its picture galleries, its whirling, rushing multitudinous life interested her beyond expression. She returned every evening—sometimes with Geoff, sometimes with Watty, sometimes with the doctor—with eager face and kindling eyes, and it invariably transpired that she had seen so much more than the others had seen. The days passed for her all too quickly. She was having the most delightful time of her life. She was in love with all the Lincoln family, and not a little pleased that in due time she would be related to them.

She came up for a week, and stayed a fortnight, and then returned quite cheerfully. She had had her fill of sight-seeing, and was getting a little tired; also, she wanted to see her father, and her canary, and her collie, and her flowers; and, of course, she was almost bursting to tell all she had seen during her visit.

Geoff parted from her with a curious sense of disappointment and regret. He was still conscious of something lacking—lacking in himself as well as in her. They had had a fortnight together, and yet there had been practically no sweethearting. Eve allowed him to kiss her whenever he liked, as a matter of course, and she had returned his kisses in the most charming manner, but without emotion. Geoff had no right to complain, he knew. He was not a passionate lover himself; he had not proposed to her because he could not live without her; it was not passion but chivalry that led him to offer his hand, hence it was not reasonable to expect from her what he did not give himself. And yet he had expected—or at least he had hoped—that she would supply his lack, that her wealth of affection would fill all the void, and that propinquity would change his admiration into passive love.

He was loitering at the bookstall for a few minutes after the train had left the station, when suddenly he looked up to encounter the stare of David Wiggs. He was so astonished that for a moment he could not speak, and yet in that moment he had received an impression of malignant hate such as he had never before conceived possible. He tried to smile; he would have offered his hand in spite of the passion that blazed in his eyes, but David gave him no opportunity; with a muttered execration, he turned swiftly on his heel, and strode into the booking hall.

Geoff's eyes followed him as though fascinated. The very evil in the man's face threw over him a kind of spell. He knew that David was a surly fellow—he had borne that reputation in Oxford—but a look of such deadly and concentrated evil he had never seen in a man's eyes before.

As a matter of fact, David's affection for Eve had become a kind of mania; it obsessed him to such a degree that he could think of nothing else; it colored

everything he saw, and made him indifferent to every other interest in life.

He went down from the 'Varsity an embittered and disappointed man. He would not have minded failing in "Schools" if he had succeeded in love; but to have failed in both was a humiliation too great to be endured, and he owed this humiliation entirely to Geoff Lincoln. How was a man to concentrate his attention on his books when his heart was torn with hatred and jealousy? So his hatred of Geoff steadily increased. The more he brooded over his wrongs the more bitter his feelings grew.

His father's mill was still in full swing, under the charge of a competent manager, but David hated the sight of it, hated the roar of the looms and the rattle of the spinning frames, and loathed the smell of the size. His mother wanted him, now that his education was finished, to take an interest in business and in affairs of the town. He might run as a candidate at the next municipal elections; in time he might become Mayor of Croston, as his father had done before him.

David curled his lip with scorn at the suggestion.

"Oh, father was all right," he answered, "but every man in his own order. Father was brought up to the mill; I wasn't."

"But thou shouldn't sneer at the mill. It's thy best friend still. It earns th' brass for thee."

"I'm not denying that. But what's the use of my meddling? Steve Duerden is managing it all right, isn't he?"

"Oh, ay. Duerden's a good man o' business, but it's well thou should understand the run o' things in case of accidents."

"It's too late in the day, mother, even if I had the inclination, which I haven't."

"Then what art thou goin' to do? Thou art not goin' back to college again?"

"No; I've done with college, as you call it. But there are plenty of ways in which gentlemen can spend their time. I intend to see what London is like, and perhaps Paris and Berlin."

(To be continued.)

Marriage Ceremonies

(Continued from page 34)

on the bride's finger, the maid of honor or bridesmaid steps forward, takes her bouquet and helps her remove her glove (many brides slit the finger of the glove to facilitate matters). When the ceremony is over the bridesmaid helps the bride unveil her face. (Sometimes the veil in front is short and parted down the middle) and the bridal party start down the aisle. If there is a flower girl she goes first scattering flowers. Then follow the newly wedded couple, next the maid-of-honor and best man, then the bridesmaids and ushers in pairs. Guests do not leave until after the bridal party is gone.

On arriving at the house the guests are given an opportunity to congratulate the newly-weds before refreshments are served.

These are usually light, unless where guests have come a long distance to attend. Sandwiches, salads, cakes, coffee, lemonade, and ice cream, and, of course, wedding cake. If a more elaborate wedding breakfast is wanted, the first course may be either fruit prettily served or bouillon, according to the season. This is followed by a meat course, hot or cold, and this by a dessert such as mousse, charlotte or ice. Last of all coffee and bonbons.


The bride must, at dessert, put the knife into the wedding cake which is then removed to be cut away from the table and served.

All expense of the wedding rests with the bride's family, except the carriage for groom and best man, carriage for the newly-weds to the station, fees to minister and flowers and gifts to the and her attendants.

After all this attention to the detail of wedding etiquette may we just turn for a moment to the romantic side of a little custom? It concerns the custom of placing the wedding ring on the third finger.

One explanation is that an old superstition connected the third finger with the heart by an artery. It may be that it is better explained by an old custom in England of setting the wedding ring on the tip of the thumb while the clergyman recited, "In the name of the Father," then the ring went to the index finger at "of the Son," then to the middle finger at "the Holy Ghost," and with the "Amen" it was placed on the third finger where the blessing was completed.

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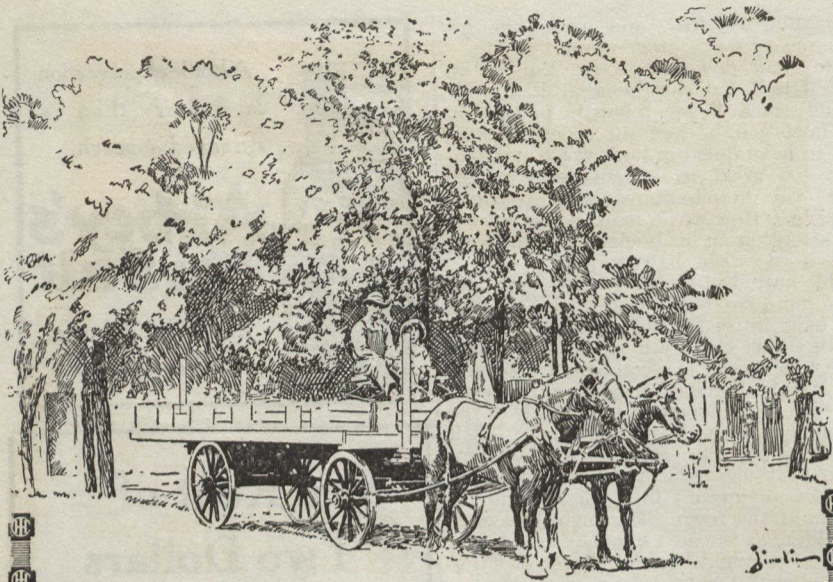
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MY LADY'S GARDEN

Late Planting of Fruits

By A. C. BLAIR

THE date for planting fruit trees depends solely upon the conditions of the tree at the time it is planted. If it is truly dormant it can be planted at any time, and it will grow, even though the planting may not be until midsummer. If, on the other hand, its buds have appeared, or its leaves have started to expand, it will be less likely to live, even though it should be planted very early. In planting trees on which the leaves have appeared, it is best to cut these back severely, and remove the advancing foliage, giving the tree opportunity to push forth more dormant buds after their roots have started.

It is the custom for extensive nurserymen to keep trees in cold storage and often shipments are made late from such trees. It is safe to plant them, even though it may be late in the year. The earliest trees should be the cherry. This is less liable to live if planted late than any other. The peach, on the other hand, can be planted very late, and if cut back severely, will be in as good condition as though planted early.

The greatest objection to the late planting of trees is that they are liable to have started growth late in the season, and are injured by being transplanted after the growth is started. The greatest objection to the late planting of dormant trees is that the growing season is thus shortened, and unless the growth is stimulated by good fertilizers and cultivation, this may be very feeble, and the tree may not gain strength enough to make it resistant to the destructive effects of the winter. Trees planted very late are quite liable to be weakly and easily winter-killed. It is the feeble trees that are thus damaged. The greatest security against winter injury is a strong, vigorous growth of good thick twigs and healthy buds well matured before the severe weather comes. Early planting, proper fertilization and cultivation are the best means of securing this. The first winter is often the hardest winter on the young trees. The earlier in the spring all trees, bushes and shrubs are transplanted the better it will be to insure their starting right, and making a good growth during the summer.

the soil so that the root may be pulled out whole. Do not be content with simply cutting off the crown of the plant below the surface of the soil, but as deeply as possible. After using the spud, immediately use a pounder to fill up the holes that otherwise would afford lodgement for weed seeds that are blowing about freely. These spots may also be seeded with grass seed to advantage.

Dandelions may be treated with chemicals with good effect. A few drops of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol) poured on the crown of each plant usually will kill them. Spraying is also advocated for killing young dandelion plants. A 20 per cent. solution of sulphate of iron is used. Dissolve two pounds of sulphate of iron in a gallon of water, stirring with a stick to hasten solution. Apply with a hand sprayer. Use one gallon of this solution to one square rod of greensward. A second application may be necessary. The grass will be blackened and appear killed but in a few days it will recover and grow with increased vigor. Old dandelion plants cannot be killed by spraying. On these, apply dry sulphate of iron to the heart of the old plant. If this is repeated once or twice, it will kill them. Where the lawn is large and the dandelions plentiful, either of the foregoing operations may require too much time and expense. In such cases, the only thing to do is to plough up the turf and make the lawn over again.

Weeds are more prevalent on thin lawns than on those that are thick and velvety. By improving the turf, by means of fertilizing and additional seeding to thicken it, most weeds will disappear. Keep the mower going as it will do much towards keeping down most weeds.

Save the Old Bulbs

HYACINTH, tulip and narcissus bulbs can be stored during the summer for fall planting. Your stock can be increased by proper care and the saving in expense is considerable.

Easy as it is to keep the hardy Dutch bulbs—that is tulips, hyacinths, and narcissus, and especially the two first named—from year to year, most amateurs saddle themselves with unnecessary expense by digging them up and throwing them away after they have done flowering, and then buying new ones to plant out the following October. If you want purely bedding effects, where every bulb should be of uniform size and quality and you are only dealing with small quantities, it will certainly be best to buy afresh each season, getting selected bulbs of first size. But for ordinary border planting you can keep them over from year to year and increase your stock by a very simple method.

The great secret of successful bulb culture is to leave them alone after flowering and let the foliage ripen fully. Do not be in a hurry to disturb them until the foliage has become distinctly yellowed and begins to shrivel. When the foliage shows these conditions, it is a sign that the bulb has ripened and growth has ceased for the season; it can now be lifted from the ground without suffering any damage. Indeed, by proper handling, it will be improved.

Some time, during the present month generally, it will be safe to lift tulips and hyacinth bulbs and spread them out in an airy, shaded place to dry. Do not place them in full sunshine, but out doors under the shade of trees or in the shelter of a building. Let them ripen or cure here. When the foliage is carefully withered, curing will be complete. They can then be stored away in boxes in a cool place, where there is plenty of fresh air and free circulation. Everything depends on keeping them properly now. In a damp, badly ventilated place they will usually rot. In an overheated, excessively dry place, such as a furnace room, they will be completely shriveled. Keep them in a normal temperature and leave them until the fall.

In September, when garden work outdoors has generally ceased, will be time to attend to the bulbs. They can then be cleaned. The old stems will be perfectly dry and will crumble to dust as the bulbs are rubbed through the fingers.

Watering the Lawn

WATERING is an important factor in the successful treatment of lawns. Constant moisture is essential for vigor and color in the turf. When the proper conditions in soil and seed treatment have been complied with, there need be no failure with the lawn if it is situated where there is a good water supply. Lawns in the cities and in the country, if practicable, should have a generous provision for artificial waterings.

It is best to apply the water towards evening or in the early morning. Give a good soaking. It is useless merely to sprinkle the grass. The water must be applied in sufficient quantities to percolate into the soil down to and below the grass roots.

Weeding Lawns

By A. B. CUTTING

IN many lawns, weeds are persistent nuisances. No matter how careful has been the selection of seeds and fertilizers, weeds will make their appearance. Frequent mowings will destroy many young weeds, but too frequent cuttings in dry weather often weaken the grass and sometimes weeds get the upper hand.

In a newly made lawn it is necessary to keep a careful watch on the weeds. They should not be allowed to get a sufficient start to make them troublesome. Dandelions, narrow leaved plantains, docks and weeds of that class can scarcely be gotten rid of except by spudding, and unless this operation is performed when the weeds are young, it may not be satisfactory, especially in the case of dandelions. A spud may be purchased at a hardware store or from seedsmen. Run the instrument (which resembles a wide screw driver or chisel) downward alongside of the root to loosen

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Clean them thoroughly and assort them into sizes, removing any little offsets, which may be treated separately by growing on for flowering size later. The cleaned, selected bulbs can be replanted in exactly the same way as the new stock imported from Holland. The small offsets should be planted in rows and treated exactly like the larger bulbs, and in time they will attain flowering size. Narcissus bulbs are best left alone for three or four years, and then, when they are disturbed, should be lifted in August and replanted as soon as possible. They can be held out longer, but a great deal in vigor is gained by early planting.

Bulbs that are planted in the lawn can be lifted in exactly the same way for replanting, if it is thought that the foliage will become unsightly during the summer, or they may be allowed to remain where they are, provided the lawn is not cut over so that the foliage is removed before there are signs of ripening. It is perfectly practical, if the room is wanted earlier, to lift the bulbs soon after flowering, heeling them in lightly to ripen in a shaded place in the garden. The one principle in bulb-growing and the only thing to be remembered is that the bulb cannot produce flowers next year unless it is allowed to grow naturally this season and mature its full growth before any attempt is made to dry it off and store it.

Forced bulbs that have been taken out from pots or flats and put into the garden border after flowering can be depended upon to recover if left alone, and the second year from forcing can be handled in exactly the same way as the other bulbs.

For storing, the best arrangement is to have the bulbs in shallow boxes or flats about two inches deep, with plenty of ventilation at the bottom, the boxes themselves being piled one on top of the other, but separated by supporting pieces so that the air can circulate freely at all times. In sorting out the bulbs for re-planting, remember that the best bulbs are the heaviest in comparison to their size—not necessarily the largest. A healthy bulb can be recognized very quickly by the dry, clean, glowing appearance of the outer skin.

Nasturtiums Easy to Grow

THE two chief groups among nasturtiums are those in which the plants are of small, compact, bushy growth, and those which throw out long running branches. The dwarf or bush type, which is commonly known as the Tom Thumb, makes a neat, rounded bush about ten inches high with comparatively small leaves, and in the older varieties the flowers are relatively small; but in the newer introductions the flowers come much larger in size and with broader and more fully rounded petals, which, by overlapping at their outer edges, make a broad or bold-faced flower that is distinctly showier than the smaller and more open flower of the older types.

The dwarf type of nasturtium is most desirable for edging flower beds and garden walks, as it makes a close, neat row of low, rounded growth, relieved by the profusion of highly colored flowers. It is also useful when the space is very limited but comes bushy only in well-drained soil or in a raised bed in the full sunlight, for if planted in low, wet ground or in partial shade there will be a very dense growth of leaves and stalks which is apt to blight and rot off during wet weather.

The tall or running varieties are the most generally grown. For pot culture, hanging-baskets, vases, boxes on the porch or lawn, or for window boxes, they are by far the most satisfactory type. They are also best for planting along the fences, walls, etc., or for a long border where there is ample room for the branches to spread as they increase in growth. Also they are most desirable for growing in solid beds or masses, as the long shoots or runners interlace and mingle freely over the entire bed or border, and will not rot off in wet weather as the very compact bush plants do. In any case they must have plenty of light and air. If planted in a shady place they will make long, slender runners and very few flowers.

One of the best plans for growing the running nasturtiums in a small garden is to plant them in a long row like peas and provide brush or poultry-wire netting for their support. Treated in this way they will come into flower earlier and blossom more profusely than they will if left to run at will on the ground. If a narrow border or bed is dug along the bottom of a paling or light ornamental iron fence, the shoots will climb

and twist through the fence, with very little assistance in starting the early shoots in the proper direction, and make a most pleasing and ornamental effect.

When planted in pots a slender stake should be provided and the shoots carefully trained or tied at intervals to this support, but for baskets, vases, boxes, etc., the runners should be allowed to hang over the edges and to grow at will as trailing vines. This effect is more readily obtained if the seeds are planted or the young plants set around the outer edges of the boxes or vases in which they are planted, using taller erect-growing plants, like geraniums, etc., for the middle portion.

Among the running nasturtiums, the ordinary type is the strongest grower, and has the largest leaves, while the newer varieties have the largest flowers. The Lobbianum type is more compact in growth, with shorter and thicker and much darker and richer colorings in both the foliage and flowers, but the flowers are not as large nor as widely expanded as in the older type.

In the new ivy-leaved type there is considerable variation in the foliage, some kinds having the leaves more distinctly lobed or serrated than others, but the shoots are always more slender and vine-like than in the common running nasturtiums, while the flowers are of open form, the slender petals standing well apart from each other, and are distinctly toothed or serrated at the outer edges.

The most distinct type among the running nasturtiums is the old *Tropaeolum minus*, which makes long, slender, vine-like runners with small, smoothly-rounded leaves which are thickly set with small, bright flowers. This type is not as well adapted for long rows or masses as the larger-flowered kinds, but is especially pretty and graceful for hanging-baskets and vases or for trailing over rock work and other broken surfaces.

Many ordinary flower gardeners will of course prefer to plant everything in separate varieties and colors, but to my mind the general effect of the mixtures of the newer large-flowered varieties as offered by seedsmen is more showy and pleasing than a bed or row of a single color. The regular mixtures as offered in the seed catalogues run largely to solid colors, but include also varieties having small spots of contrasting color at the base of the lower petals and delicate lines in the throat of the two upper petals, so that for the richest and most varied effect in colors I would recommend the choosing of the special mixtures such as the Hotspur Harlequin, which has the red-spurred flowers, French Chameleon, Caprice, and Coquette. These selections comprise colors ranging from pale primrose or cream to deep golden tints, but are more or less overlaid by marbled shadings of bright red, scarlet, and soft rosy tints. They are bright and showy throughout the summer, but when cool weather comes in the fall they become still more varied, as the brilliant markings then deepen in tint and cover a much larger portion of the petals. These fall shadings are beautiful beyond description, and have been the cause of despair among flower lovers who have sought to fix these grand autumn tints by saving the seed from some especially fine flower. Such selections result in a more diverse coloring, but the most gorgeous tints and markings can be had only when the nights become cool in the fall.

The planting of the seed is one of the simplest garden operations. Dig the soil early in the spring, making a fine, loose surface as you would for other flowers, then open a shallow trench or drill one to two inches deep and scatter the seed thinly along the bottom. Another and better plan for a small quantity of seed is to push the finger or a small stick into the soil about two inches deep and drop a single seed in each hole, making a separate hole where each plant is to grow. In either case cover the seed with fine soil, pressing it firmly on the seed so that it may come into close contact with all the corrugations that compose the shell or outer covering of the seed. This firming of the soil is necessary to insure good germination; otherwise the seed is liable to rot in the ground. If the young plants come up too quickly in the row or if it is desired to give them an early start in a special seed-bed, they can readily be transplanted to another bed or location when three to four inches high and when they show two to four true leaves. Any further thinning that may become necessary can be done at any time during the summer until the vines or runners become interlaced or tangled together.

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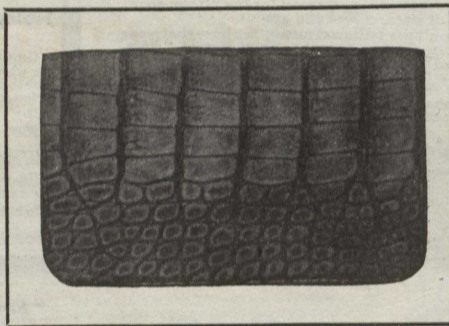
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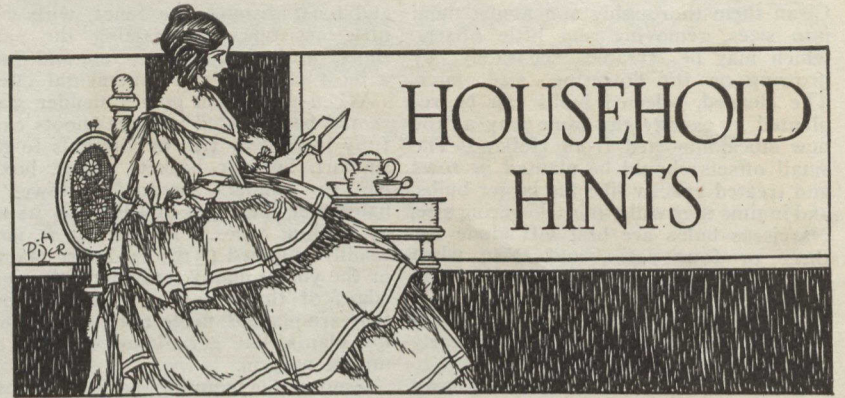
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



Choice of Linen

LINEN connoisseurs sometimes maintain that the most beautiful and artistic linen is that which has no pattern to distract one's attention from the evenness of the texture and its shining surface. It is true that a design is often used to cover the defects in the weaving of inferior grades.

Linen has one limitation. It takes color readily, but the leaky fibre is apt to lose some of the color under the influence of sunshine or moisture or in the laundry. Authorities say that there is no sure process for fixing color in linen. Therefore, highly colored linens are an uncertain investment. A great deal depends upon the manner of laundering. Washed quickly, in water not too hot, quickly dried, guarded from strong light, colored linens are often fairly satisfactory. They are bound to fade in time.

But for the usual household purposes, for the bed-room and dining-room, nothing else is as beautiful as pure white. It is always wiser to stick to white or to the varying ecru tones of the unbleached linens. They will bleach with use.

Hanging Curtains

MAKE a hem along the top of your curtains, to about three-quarters of an inch wide.

Make some loops, of from two to three inches in length, with some half-inch tape.

Then sew the loops to the top of the curtain at equal distances apart, and you will be able to put the curtain-rod through the loops without having the trouble of threading it through the hem. The curtains will also hang nicely, and there will be no danger of tearing them.

Cleaning Pointers

FIRST wash a tarnished chain well in cold water and soap, and then polish in soft tissue paper. You will be surprised at the result.

For inside gas ovens, pots, pans, and all kitchen utensils a handful of common salt rubbed on with a damp cloth will remove any dirt or grease, no matter of how long standing.

Tea is a useful cleanser for wood-work, which it also helps to varnish. Tea leaves are a valuable purifier for stained decanters or vases, especially if boiling water is poured upon them and left to cool in the articles.

The most expeditious way of cleaning windows is by using coal oil. Well moisten a cloth with oil, and clean as many as are required. When finished, come back to the first one, and polish with a soft, dry cloth. This method gives the windows a beautiful finish.

To improve oilcloth dissolve a pound of blue in a quart of water over a fire, then rub it lightly over the oilcloth with a piece of flannel, and leave it to dry. If possible, do this in the evening so that the oilcloth may not be walked on until morning. This treatment adds to the durability of the oilcloth, besides greatly improving its appearance.

First remove all grease and dirt from leather chairs by washing with warm suds; then let them dry. To renovate the worn, discolored parts, melt five cents worth of Bismarck brown in four fluid ounces of petroleum, and apply with a camel's hair brush to the places. Allow this to dry, and coat with clear liquid gum. Finally apply furniture polish and rub with a woolen cloth.

A capital contrivance for keeping knives, forks, and spoons in is a pocket tacked on the pantry door. Make this of American cloth, and line it with green baize, stitching small divisions to fit each article. The baize will absorb all moisture that may be left on the spoons or knives, and keep them in

much better condition than putting them in a basket or drawer, and they are always handy.

An excellent way to keep carpets in good condition is to go over them once every week with a broom dipped in hot water, to which a little turpentine has been added. This treatment not only prevents moths, but freshens up the color of a faded carpet marvellously. Another advantage is that the dust is prevented from flying all over the house. If you try it, you will be astonished to see how much dirt and dust there is in a pail of water at the end of the sweeping.

Bits of Advice

During spring cleaning every bedstead should be wiped over with turpentine.

Iron kitchen spoons should be scoured after washing with a mixture of salt and sand.

Good eggs have dull shells. Remember this when choosing them for the table.

When beating carpets first lay them face downwards on the grass, then turn and beat the other side.

When marble is spotted sprinkle borax moistened with water, leave for a little time, and then wash with soap and water.

A useful gardening apron may be made out of the skirt of a waterproof cloak. This will be most useful when watering the garden.

Varnish stains on the hands are quickly removed by rubbing with methylated spirit. Apply this before washing with soap.

Hair and wire sieves must be thoroughly well scrubbed after use, and should then be well hung in the air for several hours to sweeten.

Delicate cretonne and other cotton materials may be washed with impunity in a lather of Castile soap and water.

When cake making, collect all materials, weigh the quantities, grease the tin, and see that the oven is right before mixing the ingredients.

Where oil lamps are used, keep a box of dry sand in a prominent place. Should a lamp be overturned, some sand will soon extinguish the flames.

A novel pen wiper is a raw potato. When ink has corroded on a pen, stick it two or three times in a raw potato, and the nib will be as good as new.

Common yellow soap should always be bought in large quantities and kept in a warm, dry place. If it is hard before being used, it will last much longer.

Rugs, either Persian or Indian, will wear much longer if they are faced at either end with a piece of webbing. When a rug becomes worn it will be better to line it right through with Hessian, but that is not necessary at first.

Hygienic washing.—Into a four quart bottle put four ounces of sea-salt, one tablespoonful of camphor, and one of ammonia. Fill the bottle with hot water and let it stand for twenty-four hours before using. Put one teaspoonful into a basin of water. This is a wonderful cleanser of the skin.

Leghorn hats may be cleaned with sulphur and the juice of a lemon. Stir a teaspoonful of sulphur into the juice of a lemon. Brush the mixture well into the hat with a toothbrush. Hold under the tap for a minute to get rid of the sulphur, then dry in an airy place.

Buy It Pure

WHY buy mixtures known as alum baking powder when you can get just as well, and at no more expense, get Magic Baking Powder? The ingredients are plainly printed on each package. See if this is on the others. All grocers are authorized to guarantee that Magic does not contain alum.



CULINARY CONCEITS

MOBILE SPICE CAKE

One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of pulverized sugar, three cupfuls of flour sifted three times with two teaspoonfuls of yeast-powder, four eggs, one-quarter teaspoonful each allspice and cloves, one teaspoonful vanilla. Cream the butter and sugar, beat in one egg at a time, put in spices, then milk and flour and yeast-powder. Bake in loaf or in layers. Put together with a boiled icing made as follows: Two cupfuls of sugar and one cupful of water. Boil until it feathers. Have two eggs beaten stiff. If a little of the syrup is put into the eggs before they are well beaten, it will keep the icing from granulating.

BREAK- FAST ROLLS

Two quarts sifted flour, one quart milk, two tablespoons butter or lard, one tablespoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt and cake compressed yeast. Scald the milk in a double boiler and cook it until it is lukewarm; add the butter, sugar, salt and yeast, dissolved in a little lukewarm water, to the milk; then stir the mixture into the flour and make into a dough. Knead and let rise over night in a cool place. Then cut off pieces and shape into rolls the desired size by rolling between the hands, but do not knead them. Set in a warm place to raise quickly.

SAVORY RICE AND TOMA- TOES

One cupful of cooked rice, 6 large tomatoes, 2 sweet peppers, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, seasoning of salt, sugar and pepper. Peel and slice the tomatoes and chop the peppers fine. Butter a fireproof baking dish, put in a layer of the tomatoes, cover with rice and chopped peppers, and season with salt, sugar and pepper. Add layers of tomatoes, rice, chopped peppers and seasoning until the dish is full, having a layer of tomatoes on the top. Dot with the butter. Bake covered for three-quarters of an hour and uncovered for a quarter of an hour.

RHUBARB AND SAGO MOULD

Wash 3 ounces of sago, wipe and cut up one pound of rhubarb into small pieces, and put all into a saucepan with half a pint of water, 6 ounces of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and a strip of lemon peel. Boil slowly for half an hour, take out the lemon peel, color a nice pink with a few drops of cochineal, put into a wet mould, leave to get cold. Then turn out and serve with custard sauce.

STRAW- BERRY FRUIT PUREE

Rub the berries through a sieve to make one cupful of the fruit. Blend three tablespoonfuls of cornstarch with two cupfuls of milk; boil and remove from the fire, add the yolks of two eggs and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Cool, add the fruit and mix well; then add one teaspoonful of lemon juice and serve in bouillon-cups.

ASPARA- GUS A LA MOUSSE- LAINE

Asparagus a la Mousseline is one of the many good vegetable dishes that may be served in individual casserole-dishes. Re-heat canned asparagus, and cut stalks of correct length to fit casserole. Arrange five stalks in each dish, and pour over the following sauce: beat the yolks of three eggs until thick and lemon-colored, and add one-half cupful of heavy cream. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add one-fourth cupful of butter, one-half tablespoonful of lemon-juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Serve at once.

DRESDEN SAND- WICHES

This emergency dessert may be cooked on the table in a chafing-dish. Cut stale bread in one-third inch slices: there should be six. Remove crusts, and cut in halves crosswise. Beat three eggs slightly, and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and one cupful of milk. Strain into a shallow dish, and soak bread in mixture until soft. Cook on hot, well-buttered iron frying-pan or blazer; brown on one side, turn and brown other side. Spread one-half of the pieces with raspberry jam, and cover with remaining pieces. Serve with or without whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, or serve with a thin corn-starch pudding sauce flavored with vanilla.

EGG DAINTIES

Boil 6 eggs twenty minutes. After removing from shells, slice a thin piece from the ends of each, so that the eggs will stand upright; then cut in halves, remove the yolks, and arrange around the edge of a platter. Cook one-third cupful of soft bread crumbs in one-third cupful of milk until a smooth paste. Add 1 cupful of finely minced ham or chicken and 1 slightly beaten egg. Season with salt and pepper, and when cool enough to handle, form into balls the size of the original yolk, and set one in each half egg. Heat 1 cupful of milk and 1 tablespoonful of butter, thickened with 1 tablespoonful of flour. Salt to taste, and turn into centre of platter. Rub yolks of eggs through sieve over all. Set in oven until eggs are hot, and serve at once.

COTTAGE PUDDING, STRAW- BERRY SAUCE

In strawberry season bake cottage pudding in an angel cake pan. Remove from pan to serving dish, fill centre with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with vanilla, and pour around a strawberry sauce, for which cut strawberries in halves or quarters into an earthen bowl and set on back of range. Sprinkle with granulated sugar (the quantity depending on the sweetness of the fruit) and mash slightly. Keep warm until serving time. Strawberry sauce is always a delicious accompaniment to vanilla or orange ice cream.

MARSH- MALLOW ICING

Two cups granulated sugar, whites of 4 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2-3 cup water, ½ pound marshmallows.

Boil sugar and water to 240 degrees or the hair stage. Pour in a fine stream on the eggs beaten dry, beating constantly meanwhile. Beat frequently till cool (not cold). Add the marshmallows, cut in fourths.

If the frosting is too warm when the marshmallows are added they will melt and ruin the frosting. This frosting should be thick and creamy and pile upon the cake rather than run off. This recipe will frost a large cake made in a dripping pan.

"MOTHER"

NO book in recent years has appealed to the reading public like "Mother." Edition after edition has been printed to supply the demand, and quickly exhausted.

It is of a girl, who from perfect faith and adoration of her mother gradually learns from her society associates the materialistic dread of children in the family. But finally love wins her back to the true vision.

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"CANADA MONTHLY" is the standard magazine of Canada, comparable to the best of the American standard magazines, both in contents and appearance. Read it. Be one of the thousands of Canadians who each month welcome it with pleasure, because it is wholesomely Canadian, while supplying at the same time the best stories, poetry and art work of the foremost living illustrators and writers.

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Every Advertiser in this issue is Guaranteed by the Publishers.

BUT THATS ANOTHER STORY



Short and Sweet

SENATOR SPOONER of Wisconsin says the best speech of introduction he ever heard was delivered by the German Mayor of a small town in Wisconsin, where Spooner had been engaged to speak. The Mayor said:

"Ladies and shentlemens, I haf been asked to introduce you to the Honorable Senator Spooner, who vill make to you a speech, yes. I haf now done so; he vill now do so."—*Everybody's*.

Not the Rosary

The socks I darn for thee, dear heart,
Mean quite a pile of work to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.

Each sock a mate; two mates a pair,
To clothe thy feet in storm and cold;
I count each sock unto the end, and find
I've skipped a hole.

Oh, carelessness, this thy reproof,
See how it looms across my sole.
I grind my teeth, and then in very truth
I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn
that hole!

The Village Choir

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward;
Into an awful ditch,
Choir and precentor hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
They led the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, that precentor's look,
When the sopranos took
Their own time and hook
From the Old Hundred.

Screached all the trebles here,
Bogled the tenors there,
Raising a parson's hair
While his mind wandered.
Theirs not to reason why
This psalm was pitched too high;
Theirs but to gasp and cry
Out the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Tenors to left of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Stormed they with shout and yell
Not wise they sang nor well
Drowning the sexton's bell
While the church wondered.

Dire the precentor's glare
Flashed his pitchfork in air
Sounding fresh keys to bear
Out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from rack,
Then from the screaming pack,
Himself he sundered.
Trebles to right of him,
Trebles to left of him,
Discords behind
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild howls they wrought!
Right to the end they fought
Some tune they sang, but not,
Not the Old Hundred.
—*Anonymous*.

Not What He Expected

IT was the day after Christmas, and the hard-working postman plowed his way through snow and a cold wind, a sack of unusual size on his back. He ascended the spacious steps of a west-end residence, and in answer to his ring a man-servant in rich livery appeared. "Wait a moment, please," said the servant, as he took the letters. "The mistress wishes to speak to you." The postman's eye brightened. It was the holiday season. Now, no doubt, in recognition of his regular and faithful—"I shall be glad," he said politely, "to await your mistress' pleasure." In a few moments the lady appeared. "Are

you," she asked, "our regular postman?" "Yes, madam," he answered, bowing. "Do you come in the morning?" "Yes, madam." "And in the afternoon and evening?" Again he assented, smiling eagerly. Then the lady said: "Well, was it you who broke our bell?"

Going East

THIS, says a United States paper, has been found on the wall of a deserted shanty in the heart of Dakota:

"Fore miles frum a naber; sixteen miles frum a post offis; twenty-five miles frum a railroad; a hundred and atey frum timber; half a mile frum watter. Heaven bless our home. We're going East to get a fresh start."—*Tit-Bits*.

No Name for a Christian

THE christening party consisted of the proud father, the baby—a girl—the grandfather and all the rest of the folks. The grandfather stood nearest to the priest during the ceremony.

"What d'ye think av that?" asked the priest of the grandfather at the appropriate moment.

"I dunno," the grandfather replied. And he turned to the father and whispered hoarsely: "What's its name?"

"Hazel," repeated the father.
"What?" asked the grandfather.
"Hazel," repeated the father.
The grandfather threw up his hands in disgust.

"What d'ye think av that?" asked the priest. "With the calendar av the saints full av gur-rl names—an' him namin' his after a nut!"

Food With Frills

A WOMAN instructor at Wellesley College, who presides over one of the dining tables at which sit a dozen students, says that one day some curly lettuce was brought on.

A freshman looked at it, then exclaimed:
"How clever of the cook to crimp it that way! I wonder how she does it?"

Aggravating Submission

TOMMY: "One of the boys says I look like you."

Tommy's Papa: "And what did you say?"
Tommy: "I couldn't say anything—he's a good bit bigger than me."

She Left Her Feet Behind

A GOOD old Scotch minister, calling unexpectedly on a widow who lives in a cottage on the outskirts of the village, surprised her in the midst of washing a lot of clothes. She hurriedly hid behind a clotheshorse and told her little boy to say that she was out.

The visitor knocked at the door. "Well, Jamie," he said, "and where is your mother?"

"My mother's not in; she's down street on a message," promptly replied the lad.

"Indeed," replied the minister, with a glance at the bottom of the screen. "Well, tell her I called; and say that the next time she goes down to the village she should take her feet with her."

Couldn't Help It

A MAN traveling on a through express left his chair in the crowded dining car just after he had ordered his luncheon. He went to get something he had forgotten in the Pullman.

When he returned, in spite of the fact that he had left a magazine on the chair

in the diner, he found a handsomely dressed woman in his place. He protested with all the politeness he could muster, but the woman turned on him with flashing eyes.

"Sir," she remarked haughtily, "do you know that I am one of the directors' wives?"

"My dear madam," he responded, "if you were the director's only wife I should still ask for my chair."

Poor Papa

THE teacher had the letters c-a-t on the blackboard and was trying to teach little Pansy Peavish to pronounce the word, but Pansy couldn't come it. "Think," said the teacher. "What is it that has some whiskers and comes up on the porch late at night when it is cold and begs to come into the house?"

"Oh, I know!" exclaimed little Pansy, a great light dawning; "it's papa!"

Eve's Apple

HOW many apples were eaten by Adam and Eve? We know that Eve 81, and that Adam 812, total 893. But Adam 8,142 please his wife, and Eve 81242 please Adam, total 89,384. Then again Eve 814240fy herself, and Adam also 8124240fy himself, total, 8,938,480.—*Fun*.

Frightened Him

LESPES, the French journalist, known as "Timothee Trimm," was once disagreeably intruded on by a creditor, who announced his intention of not departing until he was paid. The creditor planted himself on a chair, and Lespes beheld him, with consternation, draw bread and cheese from his pockets, as though to fortify himself against events. Several hours glided by; Lespes had resumed his writing and finished an article. The creditor showed no signs of moving.

Suddenly Lespes rose, and with bits of newspaper began carefully blocking all the apertures through which air could come into the room. He then made preparations for lighting a charcoal fire; but before applying the match, pasted on the wall, just opposite the creditor's eyes, a paper thus laconically worded: "Take notice that we died of our own will."

"What are you doing?" exclaimed the creditor, uneasily.

"Your society would render life intolerable, so we are going to commit suicide together," answered Timothee, tranquilly.

It is needless to say that the creditor decamped.—*The Argonaut*.

Making it Right

SHE raised her head from his shoulder for a moment.

"Do you believe that exercise and lotions and toilet preparations will improve a woman's looks?" she asked.

He pressed her blonde curls back upon his chest. "They couldn't improve the looks of some women," he said.

"Whose?" she asked.
"Well, yours and Violet Cochrane's, for instance," he replied, thoughtlessly.

"I don't understand you," she said, raising her head for the second time, and chilling him with a look. "We are not at all alike."

"I mean," he replied, turning her head for the second time and thinking quickly, "that your looks couldn't be improved, because they are perfect as they are, and that hers couldn't be improved, because no amount of work could make her pretty."

And the firelight flickered knowingly as she sighed a great sigh of contentment and relief while he drew a deep breath.

Bargain Hunter's Dream of Heaven

When the big, dark store is empty,
And the counters are shrouded in
lawn;

When the oldest clerk has departed,
And the youngest floor-walker gone,
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need
it,

Recline for a jiffy or two,
Till the lure of the bargain counter
Shall drag us to work anew.

But our forty winks shall be dreamful;
We shall shiver the still night air
With the notes of a jubilate,
For gloves sell at sixty a pair.

We shall read in our dreamland paper
Real lace can be had for a song,
We shall rise before daybreak, and
breakfast
To be ready to hurry along.

For those who are early are happy,
They may struggle and call for their
size,

But if they look sharp and keep busy
They may yet come away with the
prize.

And they never will fuss about money,
But just for the joy of the game,
They will wait at the door and then
scramble

With a mob which is doing the same.

And then they'll come home, fagged but
joyful,

They shall sit in their rocking-chair
And survey the fruit of their labors
With glad eyes but tumbled hair;
They are six-dollar shoes at four-forty;
They may pinch, but who cares for
that?

To save one-sixty it's worth it,
That much more for a new spring hat.

There are handkerchiefs, three for a
quarter,

And boot laces six for ten,
And a chance like that collar for fifty
Will never be heard of again.

And they sit in their comfy rockers
Happy at heart, though faint,
For they've bought the thing as it isn't
At the price of things as they ain't.
—*The Globe*.

A Dubious Compliment

WILLIAM LAWRENCE, bishop of Massachusetts, delights in telling this story:

"Once when there was a vacancy in the Massachusetts bishopric, Phillips Brooks was the most likely candidate. I was walking with President Eliot one day, and in the course of the conversation, I said to him, 'Do you think Brooks will be elected?'"

"Well, no," said Dr. Eliot, "a second or third-rate man would do as well."

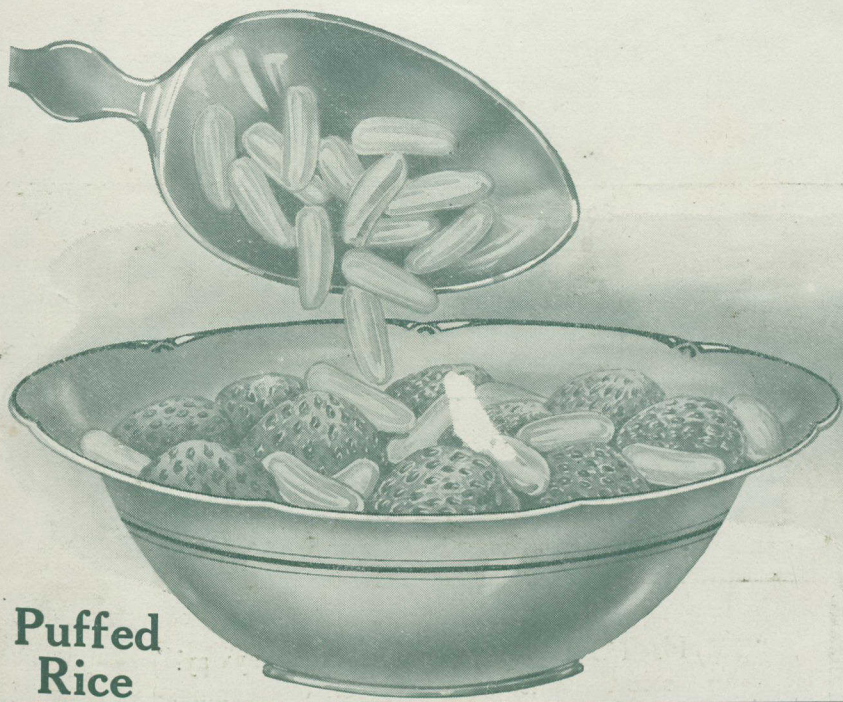
"Phillips Brooks was elected, and a short time afterward Dr. Eliot and I were walking again.

"Glad Brooks was elected, aren't you?" I asked.

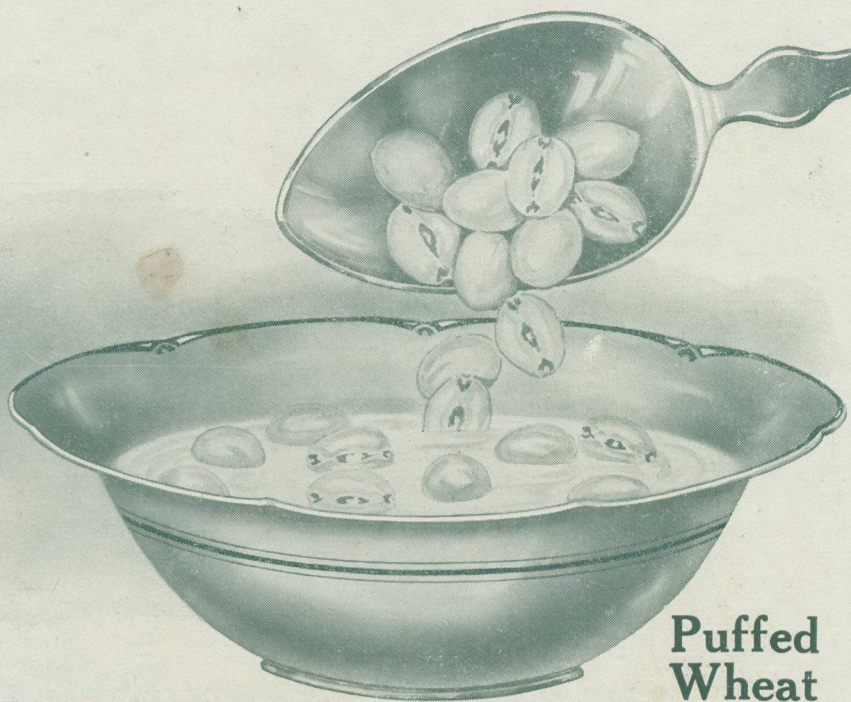
"I suppose so," returned Dr. Eliot, "but, to tell the truth, William, you were my man."

One Little Thing

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN tells of a hard-working farmer's wife, who was asked if she believed in woman's suffrage, and would like to vote. "No, I certainly do not," she exclaimed with a vigorous movement of the churn dasher. "I say, if there is any one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for goodness sake let 'em do it."



**Puffed
Rice**



**Puffed
Wheat**

Mornings Serve With Berries

In June—the strawberry month—try mixing these Puffed Grains with berries.

These honeycombed grains taste like toasted nuts, and form a delightful blend.

Don't serve them merely with sugar and cream, as you do the year around.

Other Summer Uses

In the finest restaurants Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are used to garnish ice cream.

They are used like nut meats in frosting cake.

They are ideal crisps for serving in soup.

Girls use them in candy making. Boys eat them like peanuts when at play.

From morning till midnight—in a dozen ways—users find uses for Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Shot from Guns Blasted by Steam Explosion

These curious foods are due to a curious process.

We select perfect grains, then seal them up in mammoth bronze-steel guns.

The guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees. That's where the grains get the nut-like taste.

The moisture in the grain turns

to steam in that heat, and creates a tremendous pressure.

Then the guns are unsealed and the steam explodes. The millions of granules are literally blasted to pieces.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size. Yet the coats are unbroken. The kernels are shaped as they grew.

Evenings Serve With Milk

These grains are crisper than crackers—four times as porous as bread.

Each grain consists of a myriad cells, each bounded by thin, toasted walls.

Airy, flaky, whole-grain wafers—wonderful morsels to serve in milk.

Prof. Anderson's Delightful, Scientific Foods

One mustn't forget that Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not mere cereal dainties.

They have another advantage over all other cereals. They are fully twice as digestible as wheat or rice ever was made before.

The granules are blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. It begins before the grains reach the stomach.

That is why these foods are

prescribed by physicians when the stomach can't stand a tax.

That's why one may eat them at any hour—between meals or at bedtime—without ill result.

That is why brain workers eat them for luncheons.

Prof. Anderson invented this process to make whole grains wholly digestible, as never was done before. Their deliciousness was merely an accident.

1,000,000 Dishes Daily

Among all the cereal foods ever invented nothing compares with Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

Never were cereals so nut-like—never so melting, so flaky, yet crisp.

Countless users know this. And they consume a million dishes daily.

We invite you to join them—now on the verge of summer. For this is the acme of hot weather food.

Morning, noon and night—between meals and bedtime—the folks in your home will want Puffed Wheat and Rice.

Tell your grocer to get some now.

Puffed Rice . 15c

Except in Extreme West

Puffed Wheat . 10c

Except in Extreme West

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers — Peterborough

COLGATE'S TALC POWDER



"WHAT'S talc powder used for, anyway?" said the artist when he took our commission for the design of this advertisement.

Thinking others might be as ignorant as he, we said: "Ask your family and friends how they use talc." Three days later he brought his sketch book half full of hasty sketches. Here are ten just as he made them.

¶ The fact that he readily found so many uses—some possibly new to you—shows how necessary it is to have a good talc in every home. But—

All Talcums Are Not Alike

Colgate's is different from ordinary talcums in its beneficial amount of boric acid, that mild yet efficient antiseptic, and its other sanative ingredients. It is the real boric powder—safest and best for young and old.

Soothing and absorbent, it gently cools and dries the skin and makes dressing comfortable. For nursery use, as well as after the bath and for the general toilet, Colgate's Talc excels.

Widest Choice of Perfumes

<i>Eclat</i> (new)	<i>Cashmere Bouquet</i>	<i>Violet</i>
<i>Dactylis</i>	<i>Monad Violet</i> (new)	<i>and Unscented</i>

Colgate's Talc is found wherever toilet articles are sold. If you wish a dainty trial box, send us 4 cents in postage, mentioning perfume desired.

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. H.J. Coristine Building Montreal
Makers of Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap — luxurious, lasting, refined

W. G. M. Shepherd, Montreal, SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA



after the shave

for chapped hands

If you can think of other talc uses—write us your suggestions and we will send you a trial size of *Cashmere Bouquet Talc* with our compliments.