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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



SPRING GARDEN NUMBER

APRIL
1911

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

EDITORIAL CHAT

TO OUR CONTRIBUTORS. We are in receipt of a variety of manuscripts, some of which are evidently written by those who "know how," others, by writers who have yet to learn some of the simple rules of journalistic work. We are asked, for instance, if it is necessary to have articles and stories typewritten. While it is not absolutely necessary, it is highly desirable, unless the writing be extremely legible. Manuscripts should be written on only one side of the page. Would-be contributors should always enclose a stamped and addressed envelope. The most convenient size of manuscript stationery is eight by eleven inches. A very good story might come in, so slovenly in appearance that it would be ignored or returned. In these days of busy offices and many aspirants to literary fame, no editor is going to be over-patient with untidy contributions. Good illustrated articles are certain of careful consideration, and stories are always welcome. Our writers of fiction range from Victoria in British Columbia to Nova Scotia, and we are only too glad to hear from new writers. It is a great mistake to suppose that editors desire to have only well-known names in their list of contributors. If you have anything to tell us and know how to tell it, your manuscript is just as welcome as if you possessed continental fame. Our writers have been most kind in their support of the *Canadian Home Journal*.

OUR FASHION NUMBER is a great success, if we may judge from demands for patterns and requests for extra copies. Its production was by no means an easy matter, but our efforts have been amply rewarded by the appreciation accorded us. The new arrangement by which patterns may be ordered from our Toronto office is an excellent innovation and will be sure to be appreciated by the *Journal* family, even if it leads to a greater amount of work in an already busy office.

OUR INSTITUTE WORK is flourishing, and we are making so many friends among the members that it is hard to keep track of the work which is being done. Everything, from gardening to stencilling, appears to belong to Institute activities, and now literature and history are added to the list. Music is a feature to be commended strongly and we notice that a great many Institutes include it on the programme. The thoroughness of the pamphlets prepared and sent out by the Department is always to be remarked.

THE GARDEN is the subject of this month's *Journal*, and we think you will agree that we have dealt both in practical and poetic form with this most attractive feature of our abode. The garden, whether in country or town, is something which gives color and fragrance to the home, even if its perfection means many hours of work on the part of the "amateur" gardener. We know that the *Journal* readers are nearly all interested in gardens—or should be—and therefore we have literally

"gone over the ground thoroughly" and have prepared a thorough "special garden number" which should make all of you, who do not yet possess gardens, determined to have them and the best of their kind, so that Ontario may present a rosy prospect.

OUR PURE FOOD NUMBER, which comes in May, will bring before your consideration the matter of obtaining food which is as nearly 100 per cent. as it may be procured. The question of pure milk, to say nothing of the matter of pure water supply, has been agitating nearly all our cities during the last year. Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto have had a list of typhoid cases which never should have "been" at all. We shall deserve the charge of being without conscience, if we allow this state of affairs to go on. In the May number of the *Canadian Home Journal*, we shall deal with the pure water supply and the question of good dairies. Then the matter of inspection of our manufactured foods has frequently come up and been the object of curiosity. We have published, from time to time during the year, articles on the pure food question as it relates to jams, preserves and spiced goods. Dr. Wiley of Washington has done wonderful work in regulating the food laws of the United States. We propose to help in having the same conditions in force in Canada. The people in this country will have just as good laws as they deserve, and the regulations regarding food are among the most important.

WE KNOW THAT YOU, as a member of our family, will be pleased to know that the family is increasing rapidly. Never in the history of this publication has new and old subscribers been sending in their dollars more freely than at the present time. The recent changes made in the magazine have just suited our readers, and it is seldom a woman hesitates to renew her subscription. In fact, many women would sooner do without a new pair of gloves than to neglect to renew their subscription. The increase in our subscription list during the past three months has been more than fifty-six per cent. We do not tell you these things merely to brag, but to let you know that there are considerably more than twenty thousand other Canadian women that think just as much as you do of the *Canadian Home Journal*. If you know of any person that would like about twenty dollars a month in pocket money to buy a few of those fancy articles that go to make a person enjoy life more thoroughly, just send us their name and we will make it easy to obtain the money by calling on a few persons in their own locality.

IN OUR LAST ISSUE we promised to start a series of articles on Fireproof Homes in our April number. Circumstances over which we had no control has made it impossible to publish the first of the series in this issue. Watch for it in our next number.

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Preserved Right on the Farms



Not hauled or trans-shipped for miles before being put up, but hand-picked when just right for preserving, carried in baskets to kitchens right in the midst of the orchards. Then carefully washed, and preserved with choicest granulated sugar and pure spring—not ordinary—water.

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Proved by the Government to be 100 per cent. Pure

and to contain none of the chemical dyes, preservatives, etc., commonly used in the manufacture of jams. No wonder women say that E. D. Smith's Jams, Jellies and Preserves are different. Can you find another manufacturer, or even a housewife, who can get fresh, ripe fruit from the "Garden of Canada" as soon after being picked as we get it—get pure, clean, sparkling water from a spring in mountain rock near-by—and who also has a kitchen containing the best equipment known that tends to cleanliness and production of good food? Your grocer has them.

E. D. SMITH :- WINONA :- ONTARIO

A THOUSAND BEAUTIES

Tausendschon (A Thousand Beauties) is the sensational new climbing rose which is attracting so much attention among rose growers, and which is pronounced one of the greatest roses ever introduced. Read the description given below, also how to secure one of these splendid new roses free of cost and a supply of seeds and flowering bulbs for your garden this spring.

The **Canadian Horticulturist** offers every new subscriber, who before April 25th will send 60c for a year's subscription, their choice of any one of the following premiums free of cost. Those who get one or more of their friends to subscribe as well, may select additional premiums, one for each new subscription.

Climbing Roses

1. Tausendschon (A Thousand Beauties)

This new rose has been placed by recognized authorities at the head of the list of climbing roses. Ahead of even the great **Crimson Rambler**. The flowers are borne in clusters of from ten to fifteen each, and show tints of bright rose, carmine, white and yellow, all in the same cluster. It is a strong, rapid grower, and free from mildew or disease of any kind. It is pronounced one of the greatest roses ever introduced.

These roses sell regularly for \$1.00 to \$1.50 each. This is an exceptional opportunity to secure one or both of these much-talked-of new climbers. Your subscription to **The Canadian Horticulturist** will entitle you to one. Your own subscription with that of a friend will entitle you to both. Remember, however, the supply is limited. You should take advantage of this offer promptly to avoid disappointment. Write to-day.

2. Veilchenblau (Blue Rambler)

This new rambler is hailed by the German rose growers as the forerunner of a genuinely cornflower blue rose. It is a seedling of **Crimson Rambler**. The color of the flowers on first unfolding is either reddish pink of purplish pink, then turns amethyst and finally steel blue as the flower fades. The stamens are yellow and show up in sharp contrast to the blue petals. It is considered one of our most hardy climbers.

3. Flower and Garden Seeds

1 pkt. Astors, Mixed.	1 pkt. Mignonette, Sweet.	1 pkt. Lettuce, Green Curled Silesian.	1 pkt. Carrot, Chantenay.
1 pkt. Nasturtium, Dwarf.	1 pkt. Petunia, Mixed.	1 pkt. Radish, Early Scarlet Turnip.	1 pkt. Onion, Danvers.
1 pkt. Phlox Drummond, Mixed.	1 pkt. Sweet Peas, Mixed.	1 pkt. Beet, Early Red Blood.	1 pkt. Tomato, Early Ruby.
1 pkt. Stocks, Ten Weeks.		1 pkt. Cucumber, Imp. Long Green.	

Think of it! A choice assortment of flower and garden seeds, worth 70c. free with a year's subscription to **The Canadian Horticulturist** at 60c. Tell the boys and girls about this offer. Suggest that they get a neighbor to subscribe and offer them a plot of ground for their garden this year.

Flowering Bulbs

4. Three Beautiful Cactus Dahlias.	Two Begonias, Double.
5. Eight Single Begonia Bulbs.	7. One Caladium (Elephant's Ear).
6. Six Cannas, Best Assorted.	Three Gladioli. One Double Tiger Lily.

The Canadian Horticulturist tells you just the things you want to know about planting and caring for your garden. It is published monthly and is profusely illustrated. Each issue contains from 32 to 44 pages. Read what our subscribers think of it.

"The **Canadian Horticulturist** gives me more pleasure for the outlay than any other paper or magazine of the \$40.00 worth that I get each year. My garden last season was more productive than ever, and all through the pointers gleaned from **The Canadian Horticulturist**."—J. E. Klotz, M.D., Lanark, Ont.

"I would not be without **The Canadian Horticulturist** under any circumstances. At the last local Fair my flowers took seven prizes and one honorable mention. I lay the credit to the useful information obtained from **The Canadian Horticulturist**."—Constance H. Royds, Rosedale, B. C.

New subscriptions to **The Canadian Horticulturist** will start with the April Number—our Garden Annual. It will delight you with the helpful suggestions and new ideas which it contains. Don't miss it. Write to-day. Order your premium by number.

The Canadian Horticulturist

Peterboro

Ontario

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Volume VII

TORONTO, APRIL, 1911

Number 12

In the Garden

THIS number of our journal presents to our readers in article and illustration some of the most beautiful gardens of Canada, and shows how the best may be made of our native soil. It must have been a garden in which humanity began its course, for we turn so naturally to flowers for comfort, work and solace. Perhaps, there is no toil in the world which so readily and fragrantly rewards the toiler, as the most ancient occupation of all. In the older provinces of the East may be seen some beautiful gardens, and Ontario has some exquisite flower spots. But, in the extreme West, there is a setting which will make the lover of great gardens gasp with envy. Surely the Province of the Pacific will some day show us the fairest gardens in the Dominion! There is no companionship more restful and rare than that of the flowers, and the poet of the garden was wise who wrote:

"A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!
 Rose plot,
 Fring'd pool,
 Fern'd grot—
 The veriest school
 Of peace; and yet the fool
 Contends that God is not—
 Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?
 Nay, but I have a sign;
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

* * *

Petticoat Legislation

IN the United States, one of the legislatures has passed laws against the wearing of the "harem skirt" and actually believes that the women of the State will be obedient to the instructions. After all, these gentlemen of a United States legislative body seem to be unduly officious. The matter of feminine garb is hardly the subject for public legislation. Canadian legislators have more common-sense and gallantry than to venture on any such enactments. They leave the ladies to decide on their own fashions, and deal with more important questions than hats or skirts. The subject of reciprocity or railway legislation has always appealed more to the dignity of our members of parliament than topics of merely "modistic" importance.

This is a matter which should be considered seriously by the ladies of the suffragette belief, for it is unwarrantable impertinence on the part of the gentlemen from Illinois to declare what shall be deemed decorous and becoming in feminine apparel. How happy we should be that we live in a land where woman is free, and man is unequal to the task of legislating as to feminine fashions. The garment in question may be graceful or the reverse. The fact is, that man has no business to attempt to decide concern-

ing it, and that his effort to play the tyrant in all matters relating to feminine raiment should be instantly and firmly discouraged. As a matter of history, man's efforts in this direction have not been most happy, and it is well for him to refrain from criticism. However hideous the harem skirt or the Russian blouse may be, they are not any more offensive than the "bowler" hat or the costume of the football player. Let the women of Illinois unite to prevent the men of that State from wearing ties of a bright blue shade!

* * *

Stern Requirements

OTHER legislation of a more practical order has been put in force in Norway. An act has been passed to the effect that any woman wishing to marry must first present to the authorities a certificate showing that she is competent in the arts of cooking, sewing, knitting and embroidery. This is, indeed, stringent legislation, which makes the heart of the unmarried woman become troubled. There is curious wording, also, in the Norwegian news. Does it really mean that the woman is the more anxious member of the matrimonial duet? Does she, like Priscilla the Puritan maiden, remark: "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?"

If the Norway maiden is of this impetuous order, it is no wonder that she is forced to show certificates of domestic worthiness ere the blushing bridegroom is given to her lot. This formidable list of qualifications, however, brings to mind the practical wisdom of our "foremothers." How many of us can cook, sew, knit or embroider? I am afraid that

the knitting especially is one of the lost arts and will not return any, too soon to the household list. The factories have, in some respects, made certain domestic accomplishments hardly necessary.

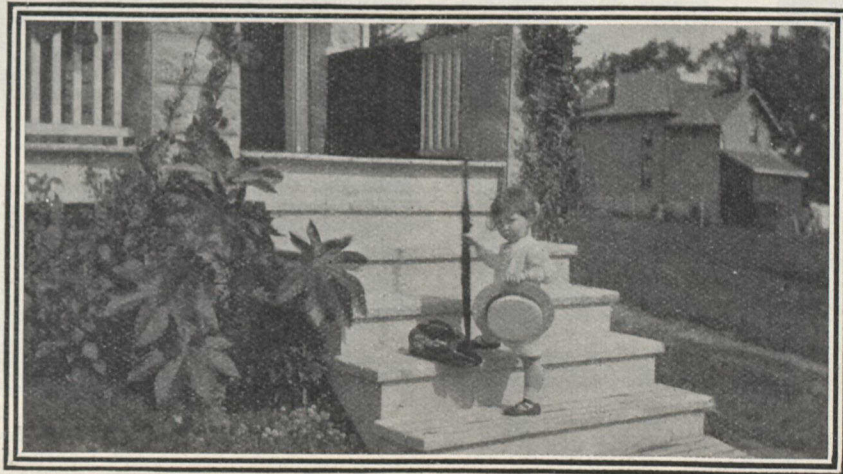
* * *

Municipal Improvements

THE good roads movement is being taken up with vigor and prosecuted by those citizens who are really interested in the welfare and good ap-

pearance of the community. Bad sidewalks and poor roads are too often treated in the local press as matter for amusement rather than for shame. There is no excuse in some towns of Ontario for the indifference to the appearance of the town nor for the apparent ignoring of the commercial importance of good roads.

Yet there are many communities thoroughly alive to the importance of looking well and having all approaches to the town or village in good condition. A few thoroughly energetic and up-to-date citizens can work wonders in two or three years in the appearance of the town. We are too often locally neglectful and leave our gateways, gardens lot. This formidable list of qualifications, however, bring to



BACK TO HIS HAPPY HOME



RIVER TIBER WITH ISLAND AND OLD BRIDGE.

Holy Week in the Eternal City

Scenes and Ceremonies in the City of the Caesars and the Popes

By JAMES ACTON

DAWN is ushered in by a reveille of church bells which, with the excitement and thrill of anticipation puts further sleep beyond thought. What a flood of emotions rush upon one as throwing open the casement he catches the dim outlines of a vision that hitherto had been but a shadowy, improbable dream. There in the distance, grouped in sombre stillness against a background of amber, tinged with amethyst, are the Albanian Mountains, with here and there a hamlet or villa like pearl settings in the foreground. Across the housetops comes the heavy earth smell of the Campagna, freshened somewhat by the faint odor of the flowers of early spring, while like a broken thread, the skeleton arches of the Claudian Aqueduct point with bony fingers to the departed greatness and vanished splendor of the former Mistress of the World. The birds with full abandon celebrate the advent of the orb of day, and already the chill of Italian shadows is being kissed into genial warmth by the first rays of the morning sun.

To realize that one is actually gazing upon the theatre of the mightiest events in the history of our civilization, the home of the Caesars and the Popes, that here were laid the foundations of our modern civil law and government, that from this place were promulgated those spiritual forces that have subdued the world as completely as ever did Roman legions, may well move the most phlegmatic. But to see anything of Rome in a week one has little opportunity for extended reflections along this line. Someone has said you must either enter Rome in the morning and leave at night or stay for a year.

Rome was founded by Romulus some seven centuries before the Christian era, and for five centuries after the birth of Christ continued to sway the destinies of the world. It held within its area

control of the Popes, and on this account the Pontiff withdrew to the Vatican and his successors have since been voluntary prisoners, never going beyond the Vatican gardens except to the Basilica of St. Peter's on special occasions. Before 1871 it was a common occurrence to see the Holy Father borne on a palanquin or in his state coach about the streets of Rome, while the purple-clad cardinals with their red hats flitted about in their strange equipages or on foot, according to their ideals of dignity or humility. The Pope's guard of honor was then, as to-



INTERIOR OF ST. PAUL'S WITHOUT THE WALLS.

day, made up of Swiss Zouaves, who, with their curious uniforms, still lend a mediaeval character to the pomp of church celebrations. The city itself was garrisoned at that period by French troops, for Napoleon III. had undertaken the maintaining of the temporal power of the sovereign Pontiff. When Napoleon went down in the conflict with Germany which culminated in Sedan and the siege of Paris, the victorious Italian army marched into Rome practically unresisted.

To-day the function of the Church in Italy is purely ecclesiastical, with the unfortunate fact also that the sympathies of the male population at least have been very largely estranged by its attitude on the question of temporal power. As a result women form the bulk of attendants upon church services, and the country, as far as the men are concerned, is fast becoming as irreligious as France. It is an unusual thing to find men of the middle or upper classes giving any attention even to the religious care or training of their children. Of course interest in Rome naturally divides itself into two heads, the past and present. To most people the past represents the most attractive side of this most fascinating of all ancient or modern cities, for there is a compelling interest associated even with the viciousness of a great deal of Rome's story that commands our consideration. One cannot visit the Tiber which, as the one unchanging and unchangeable thing about Rome, should be the first to claim the attention of the visitor, without recalling the "brave days of old," when the bridge was so nobly manned against Rome's enemies. One sees the old *Insula Tiberina* just as it stood in the days of Julius Caesar, and the very bridge upon which the Romans of that day crossed and recrossed the turgid yellow stream stands intact, its arch bearing an inscription that has stood the test of nearly twenty-five centuries. On the far side of the river is the round Temple of



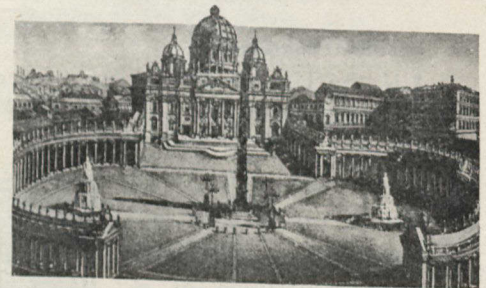
ROMAN FORUM FROM THE CAPITOL.

Vesta, with its twenty Corinthian columns still standing beneath its modern roof, while farther up on the same side, we pass the Castle St. Angelo, known as Hadrian's Tomb, a large mausoleum built by Emperor Hadrian and completed by Antonius Pius, 139 A.D. Formerly encased in marble and surmounted by many magnificent statues, it suffered during the siege of the Goths, when it was turned into a fortress. On the south side of the Tiber is the Pantheon, the best preserved of all the ancient edifices of Rome. This, like the so-called Temple of Vesta, owes its preservation to the fact that for a

long period it was used as a Christian church. The Pantheon is a circular building with walls twenty-two feet thick and a dome of concrete, the height of which is exactly equal to the diameter. A circular aperture at the apex open to the sky, admits the light, the temple originally taking its name from the resemblance of the dome to the vault of heaven. It is now used as a chapel and mausoleum for the remains of Italian kings and literati.

A fitting close to the first day in Rome is a panoramic view of the city from the Pincian Hill at sunset. From this vantage point may be obtained not only a magnificent outlook upon the modern city, St. Peter's, the Vatican, the Tiber and the Campagna, but on a clear day the shimmer of the distant Mediterranean may be caught. As the sun sinks behind the mighty dome of St. Peter's, outlining the pinnacles and statuary with silver and gold, one can fancy he hears the words, "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock I will build My Church." As the disappearing sun spills his javelins of light athwart the azure of the pure Italian sky, flooding the horizon with an aureole of crimson and gold, we are reminded of the words of the prophecy, "He shall have dominion also from sea to sea, and from the river unto the end of the earth."

To finish with ancient Rome, or at least to complete our reflections upon its former state and magnificence, we turn on the second day to that which may be considered the very heart of Rome's greatness; the Forum. As one stands for the first time upon the Capitoline and looks down upon the ruins of temples, courts, rostra, triumphal arches and palaces, and realizes that he has before him that which once formed the very centre of the world's greatest stage, his emotions are more easily felt than described. To the left are the remaining pillars of



ST. PETER'S AND THE VATICAN.

the Temple of Saturn, beyond them the crumbling arch of Septimus Severus. Almost at our feet is the rostra of Cæsar, the scene of impassioned eloquence and scathing invective, of which the Romans were masters. Just below us is the Julian Basilica, shorn of its pillars and statuary, and beyond this the remains of Vespasian's Temple and the Home of the Vestals with its atrium and impluvium still outlined amid the mosaic pavement. Yonder is the Arch of Titus, with its inscriptions depicting the Jewish captives and spoils of the Temple under which no Jew will pass, and beyond stand the Arch of Constantine, Meta Sudens, and the Colosseum. Days will hardly suffice for the examination of these ghostly reminders of pomp and splendor, from which the grave-clothes of centuries have been snatched. On our right is the Palatine, the home of the Cæsars just being brought to light, over which for centuries the plowman has "turned the stubborn glebe." Here we have the House or Palace of Augustus, with its Hall of Justice, in which Paul probably faced Nero. Close by is the House of Livia, where the mother of Tiberius lived and carried on her intrigues. It is amongst the best preserved of ancient domiciles. Close by the Domus Augustiana is the secret underground passage between the Palace and the Forum in which the mad Caligula is said to have been assassinated. Every foot of ground teems with reminiscent suggestiveness, and only the limit of time prevents the archaeologist from lingering indefinitely. For nearly five hundred years it was the scene of scheming ambition and bloodshed such as the world never before and never since has witnessed. Little wonder that a scourge of fire was sent to utterly overthrow and cast out a thoroughly degenerate race and prepare the ground for the seed of Christian truth, that should save mankind from falling to a level far below that of the beast.

Continued on page 50



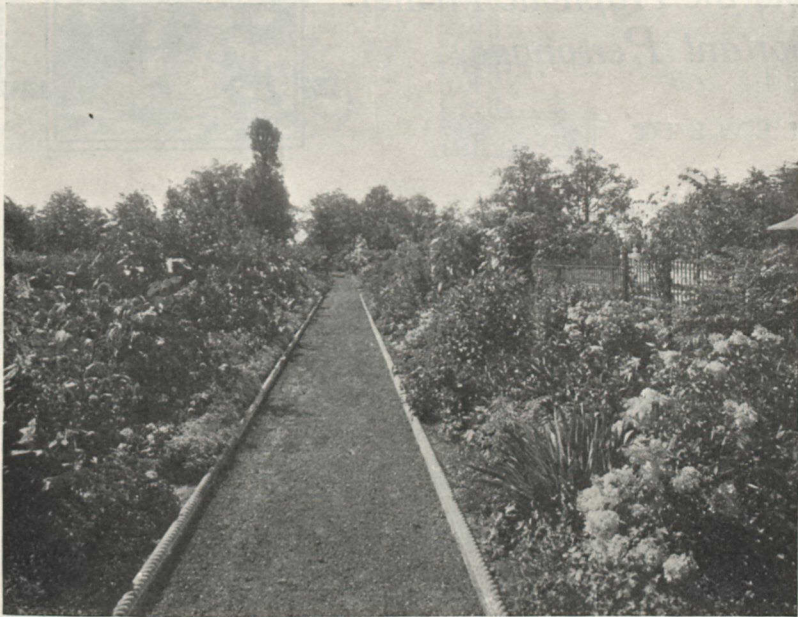
THE COLOSSEUM.

at one time one million of souls, whose proud boast was "I am a Roman citizen"; after the ravages of Hun, Goth and Vandal the population dwindled to less than twenty thousand; to-day it is a modern city of some four hundred thousand inhabitants. Within the past fifty or sixty years the work of excavation has proceeded with the result that many interesting relics of ancient times have been given back to an astonished world. Unfortunately in the building of the modern city much of the material belonging to ancient Rome was used, the celebrated Colosseum being for years a quarry from which stone was taken even for public buildings. The Romans themselves have thus done more than the hordes of savage barbarians that overran their city and country to destroy the many traces of former magnificence, while even Christianity in its frenzy against idolatry despoiled not only heathen temples, but public places of their priceless statuary and art treasures.

Holy Week is a busy time in the Eternal City, for it is the period when pilgrimages from all parts of Europe, and even America, make their way to this Catholic Mecca, and, as it is usually the pleasantest time of the year in Italy, large numbers of tourists are to be found courting the blue skies and warm sunshine as they scurry here and there with their red "Baedekers." "h bene!" said the old concierge, as we started out after an early breakfast, "times have changed since the Pope crossed the Tiber and shut himself up in the Vatican. Those were the days when Holy Week meant something in Rome. *Madonna mia*, but there were processions with the Pope, Holy Cardinals, Patriarchs, Bishops, Zouaves, Guards and pilgrims from all countries, such as one never sees now, even inside St. Peter's!" It must be remembered that after the revolution of 1870-1871, led by Garibaldi, Victor Immanuel was proclaimed King of United Italy, and Rome became its capital. It had hitherto been under the absolute

BEAUTIFUL TORONTO GARDENS

Some Back Gardens of Toronto Horticultural Society Members



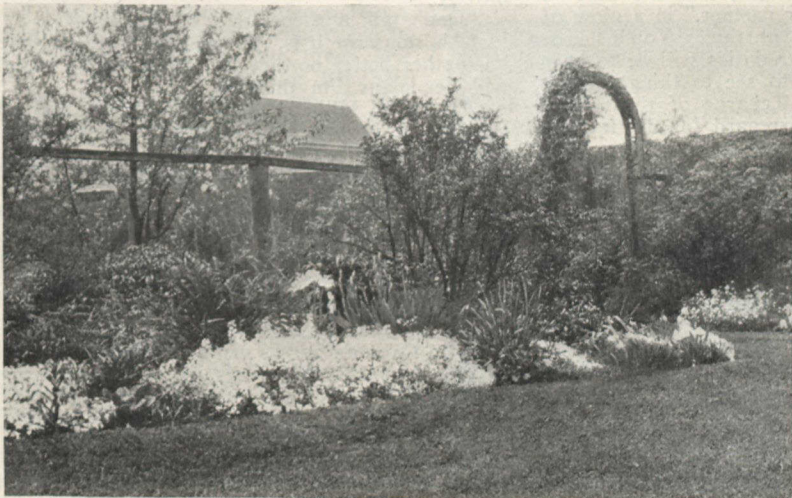
BORDERS OF SHRUBS AND PERENNIALS.

SIR H. M. PELLATT.



GARDEN OF ROSES.

DR. SHEARD, TORONTO ISLAND.



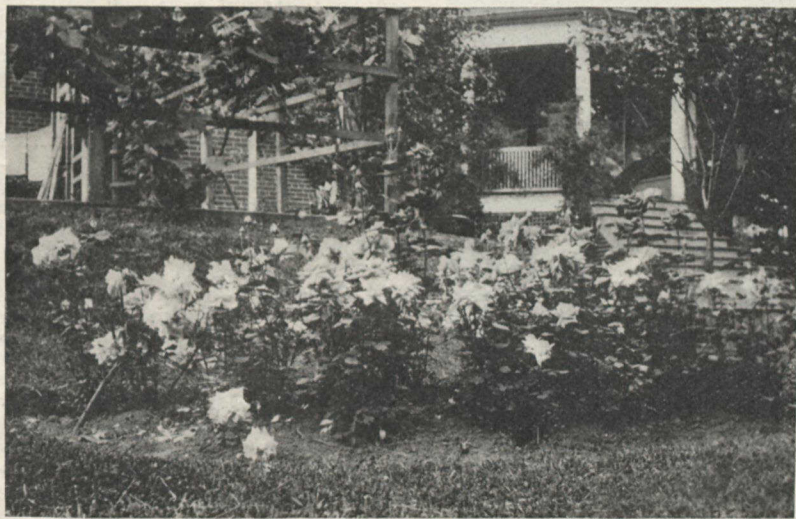
MAY IN THE HERBACEOUS BORDER.

MISS M. E. BLACKLOCK.



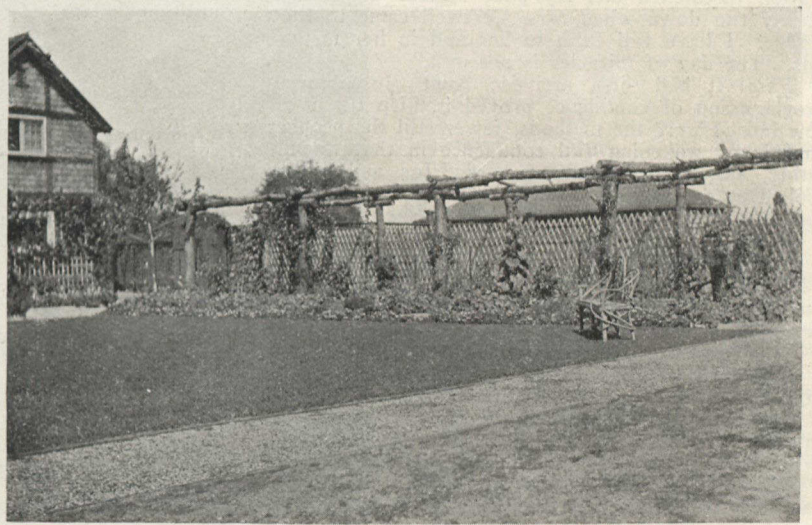
SQUASH USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

C. B. HAMILTON.



BED OF ROSES.

FRANK RODEN.



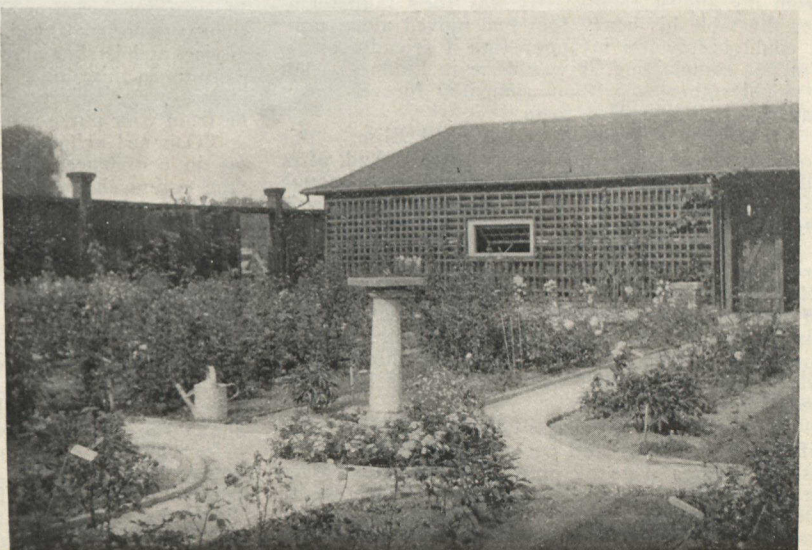
THE PERGOLA.

A. L. MALONE.



SPLENDID BACK GARDEN.

T. D. DOCKRAY.



ROSE GARDEN.

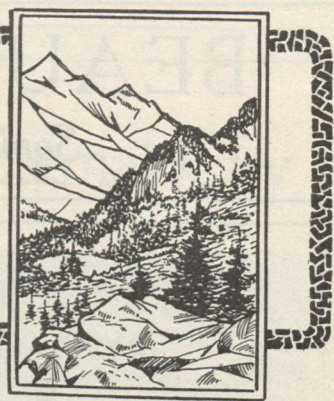
W. G. MACKENDRICK'S, TORONTO ISLAND.



The Health Depot in the Hills

An Accurate Account of how the Hypnotic Healer
"Reduced" an Important Personage

By JEAN BLEWETT



THEY were all mixed up in it. Mrs. Cerswell, with her black eyes and vitality enough for half a dozen women as diminutive as she; Milly Moore, who ought to go down as maid of all work, but who, with true Corkonian stubbornness, refuses to do so, maintaining that though compelled to earn her living in a kitchen, she has in the course of an eventful life married and buried her man "dacently and in order," and is therefore no maid, but widow of all work; Aunt Josephine, with her too solid flesh, who should have come first, seeing that this is her story; Joe, the young widower with the twin girls, and Elise with—well, her face is her fortune.

"And sure," puts in Milly Moore, who is partly responsible for this account of autocratic, dominating Aunt Josephine's cure, conversion, call it what you will, "whin ye say the poor lamb's face is her fortune ye may as well call her a beggar and be done wid it."

Anyway they were all in it. Mrs. Cerswell had left her happy home in the Queen City, and come to this particular Canadian town for the express purpose of routing Janet Morrison of sciatica. The sciatica had refused to be routed, or rather, to quote Mrs. Cerswell, Janet had refused to "let go" of her sciatica.

"It's Aunt Janet's own fault," declared Aunt Josephine, the morning she told us the whole history of the case in her immaculate sitting-room, "she hasn't any mind worth speaking of, and the little she has is contrary. She went so far as to say that Mrs. Cerswell was a fakir, and this, mind you, *this* after Mrs. Cerswell had cured me."

"You think then, the hypnotic—" began Elise. "I don't think, I know," snapped Aunt Josephine. "Without pill or powder she made me a well woman." Milly Moore on her knees polishing the brass andirons gave me a meaning glance which I pretended not to see. If Aunt Josephine were a trifle fanciful in the matter of her ailments it wasn't Milly's business, or mine. "I was in a bad way; neuritis had me in its terrible grip, nervous prostration threatened me, my poor system was completely run down when Mrs. Cerswell came to the rescue. I have full faith in her and in her methods. The day of miracles is not past."

Past! it had just arrived; Aunt Josephine's proclamation of confidence proved it. Up till now few indeed were the methods, fewer still the people capable of wakening full confidence in that calculating, suspicious bosom of hers. Joe and Elise looked at each other. I tried to keep my eyes on the floor, but Milly drew me, and flashed a wink, a wicked, irreverent wink.

"It is my intention to spend the next two months with her in the new resort she has opened up in the country," went on Aunt Josephine, in her oracular tones.

"Do you mean a sanitarium; or is it to be merely a house party?" I ask, by way of keeping her attention from Joe, who has brightened up too visibly.

"A quiet, beautiful spot, where the worn-out body can recruit itself, and the spirit take on new beauty. Where—but what's the use? You wouldn't understand if I told you. To grasp certain things one has to outgrow limited experiences and beliefs, launch out in wider fields of thought and—"

Here I gave vent to a groan, and broke the thread of the strangest discourse I had ever heard from my august relative. It was Joe's fault. Under the table his heavy foot had moved along until it could bestow on my poor toes a friendly pinch. I'm not complaining, it was done in kindness, but I would rather do without sympathy forever and a day than get it in that form.

"I wish you wouldn't go," urged Elise, "this house won't seem right with you away. And, after all, you don't know this Mrs. Cerswell well enough to feel sure that she will be pleasant to live with. One can't always tell."

"As I was about to say when this silly girl broke in," continued Aunt Josephine, with a glance which swept that little grey mouse of an Elise out of her way, out of her world. "Mrs. Cerswell has purchased twenty acres of land in a quiet out-of-the-world locality. There is a big farmhouse on it which she hopes to fill with—ah, here is her prospectus!"

We took turns in looking it over. With its beautiful reading matter and cut of the building it was, as Joe said, a page of promise. The name given in quaint Old English lettering was: "The Health Depot in the Hills." The heading of a paragraph ran: "For women ill in mind or body, women in need of rest and healing."

"The suffering of my sex will hear the call and flock to the institution," asserted our aunt, in the tones of a seer. "How their gratitude will thrill

Mrs. Cerswell! They will linger with her until they own themselves healed, made new and well."

"With that poplar woods in front, and a few bald hills behind, it'll likely be lonesome enough to make 'em call themselves cures in order to get away," predicts Joe cheerfully.

"Quiet is essential." All at once it struck me that never had I heard her use so many stock phrases. Up to this she had been nothing if not original, an overbearing, slave-driving sort of person, with ideas of her own and words to clothe them in. "Quiet is very essential. We need to retire within ourselves, visit with our own souls far more than we do."

Joe muttered something to the effect that most folks found their own souls poor company, and Aunt Josephine demanded to know if that were a slap at her. She was quite belligerent and human for awhile, but presently resumed:

"I join Mrs. Cerswell almost immediately, and will not be home until late in the autumn. I've put some money in the concern, and she says I must stay with her. I'm her partner," in a glow of pride, "a working partner at that. You'll keep house," turning to me; "your duties will be to keep Milly Moore in order and to see to things generally. Elise will assume full charge of the twins," adding with characteristic disregard for the feelings of her sensitive niece, "that's why she's here for the summer."

"You said—at least I thought you wanted me for company," faltered Elise.

"Company for the children, not for myself, oh, dear no!" It wasn't that she really desired to wound; rather she didn't care enough about other people to give their feelings a thought. "Joe goes to British Columbia, so he'll be out of the way."

"Joe going away too?" Elise, the simpleton, let her disappointment show too plainly, and Aunt Josephine answered with emphasis:

"He certainly is. If he were not, I would stop right at home."

"There wouldn't be any need," Joe assured her, "I could look after myself all right, all right."

"For three years I've done the looking after," she reminded him, "and have no wish to shirk my duty now. If you were going to remain I certainly would remain with you, and keep you from making—"

"Aunt Josephine, why are you burying yourself in this health depot? You say you are a well woman," I broke in, by way of averting the threatened storm.

She pursed up her lips as though she didn't intend to answer, then relaxed with a tolerant glance which said plainly, "I'll have to satisfy the curiosity of this foolish creature, or she'll attach some mystery to my going."

"To get back my old slenderness and suppleness," she said. "What are you staring at? Because a woman grows stout, she having a weak heart, and not able to take active exercise, there's no reason why she should stay that way. Mrs. Cerswell guarantees that if I follo wher rules implicitly I'll lose at least twenty pounds in the first two months."

We had forgotten about Milly, but, just then having finished the andirons, she faced around, polishing cloth in hand, and spoke her mind with the freedom of an old servant. "Twenty pounds is it? It's working overtime she'll be if she hypnotizes any twenty pounds off you. Indeed so. Take a fool's advice, and let her play the witch without your company up in thim hills. Oh, go ahead, thin, go ahead, and its twice twenty pounds you'll be losing, but it'll be from your purse instead of your figure, it will so."

"Ochone! ochone!" lamented this same Milly to me in confidence, after Aunt Josephine had gone, "the crying shame it is to see her throwing money away on all kinds of quackery, patent medicines, this black-eyed heathen wid her hypnotizing and electrifying, and the known niece of her teaching away at the schools till it's a dried up old woman she is, and not a girl at all, at all. And the slyness of her sending Mr. Joe clane to the Pacific Ocean! Whist! she has the great lump go galivanting for fear he'll find out how fond he is of Miss Elise. Ye needn't shake your head, reproving like, for it's have me say I will. A born manager is the mistress. Didn't she marry the poor lad off to her own sister before he was old enough to know what he was doing; her own sister, d'ye mind, and a good ten years older nor himself. And whin the sister died, didn't she lug him and the babies home wid her, and go right on managing him. The old schamer!"

I told Milly sternly, at least as sternly as I could, that she shouldn't discuss family affairs, or draw conclusions.

"In regard to what, if ye plaze?" with her hand

on her hip, and a laugh crinkling her kind old face up like a bit of crepe tissue paper.

"To Elise. She is Joe's cousin by marriage, and—"

"'Tis myself would like to see her more relation than that—by marriage," she interrupted gleefully. "Sure he was sort of tender toward her whin she'd only begun the teaching. I remember well the eyes they used to make at each other the first time she came a-visiting here. Poor things! they niver made 'em afther—the old girl had him married to Miss Lavinia the next spring—God forgive her."

"Do you suppose—" I began, but she broke in again. "No, I don't, do your own supposing and see where you get off at. Go 'long wid you! this blissid minute you're as keen on the matchmake as I am meself—and Joe, the easy-going gossoon, off for the land knows where to-morrow morning. I'll tell ye what, Providence ought to be putting something in the way of your aunt's schemes if only to show her she can't run the earth to suit herself intirely."

"Don't talk nonsense, Milly," I scolded.

"Ah, nonsense it is," she sighed, "sure Providence knows her better nor we do, and'll not be meddling wid her plans I'm thinking."

Afterward Milly repented in sackcloth and ashes. She got it in her superstitious old head that her words were in a measure responsible for the accident which kept Joe at home, and gave Elise—but I'm ahead of my story.

Joe said good-bye to the household, including the twins, who were too wrapped up in Elise to care who else went or came, and, strong and good to look at, started for the station. In half an hour he was brought back in a cab, his strength gone, his good looks damaged.

"Old Gainor's horses ran away something fierce," explained to the cab driver, "Joe Hillary here undertook to stop 'em—done it too, good and proper, but got a — of a smashin' up. The doctor is just behind."

We took good care of Joe. I say we advisedly. If I were to tell the honest truth that Elise wouldn't let anyone give him a drink of water but herself, that she nursed him, pampered him, waited on him hand and foot, read to him, even sang to him, let him lean on her shoulder long after the doctor said he could walk unaided, was all the virtues personified (and all for his benefit), why some gossip would be mean enough to say, "There's your quiet grey mouse of a schoolma'am for you! Oh, the sly thing!" so I pass lightly over this eventful time. It was a happy time, I will go that far, a very happy time.

"Ye'll be putting in about the walks in the garden when got the better of his hurts," coaxes Milly, who is collaborating with me, and who from the first has done her best to substitute a romantic flavor for the scientific one which properly belongs to this tale, "the picnics in the orchard for the childer, wid Elise in a pink frock and sunbonnet dishing out the ice crame to 'em, and the poetry—for the love of hivins don't be afther forgetting the poetry!"

"Milly," I say with firmness, "this is no love story, whatever else it is. It deals with deeper things, the influence of mind over matter, the power of thought, of suggestive force, of—of—" here I flounder and come to a sudden stop, wherent Milly snickers, and goes back to her argument.

"Yes, yes," I tell her, "I know about the pink cheeks the girl got, and how pretty she was with the happiness shining in her ace, but she isn't the heroine, Aunt Josephine is."

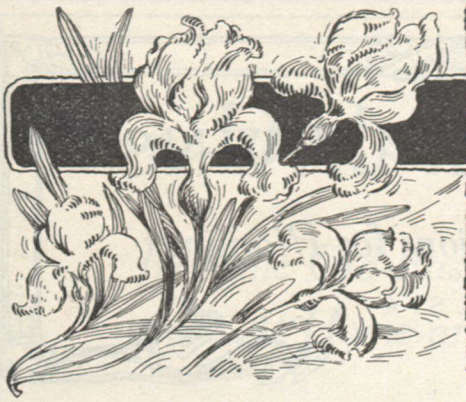
"A fine one she'll be afther making," scoffs Milly, "wid her skin hanging to her the way it do be hanging, and her double chin gone to nothing at all. Praise be! she's done wid showing herself off, and bossing the rist of us off the face of the earth the way she used to do before Mrs. Cerswell—"

I stop her just in time. In another moment she would have told about Aunt Josephine's cure before explaining how it came about.

The truth is, we worried over our aunt as the summer passed and autumn came. No word came from her, our letters brought no replies. Finally, along in November, Joe, who had made a good recovery, set forth to find the Health Depot in the Hills, and bring the lady home. This he did more to please Elise than anything else. The lonely little mortal had an affection for the aunt who had invariably repelled each tender advance, and would have it that harm had befallen her.

Joe found the place, but much good it did him, for he never got further than the door. He was granted neither a look at Aunt Josephine, or word with her.

Continued in next issue



The Scruples of Harold

A Bashful Man's Wooing

By ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW



I HAVE been maid to many ladies, I, Clementine Lafosse, but of all my mistresses none were so charming, so sympathetic as she whom I still serve, Madame—ah, but I will not give her present name yet, for that is part of my story. She was Mrs. Verrall when I entered her service—Maisie, as all her friends called her, and she had friends, *parbleu!* for to see her was to love her.

It was quite a little romance Madame Verrall's second marriage, and, ah, I love romance. I am not a Frenchwoman for nothing.

I do not think I need describe my mistress to you at length. It will be sufficient to say that she is petite and winsome and dark, that she flutters like a humming-bird, and that she has the merriest laugh that you can imagine.

Madame Maisie—she would not mind even if she knew I called her so—was always one of those to enjoy her life, to enjoy it to the full.

Mme. Verrall was always nice to me, even from the very first, and she soon saw that she could take me into her confidence, that I was not one of those who chatter about my mistress's affairs to the other servants. When I was dressing her hair for dinner she used to tell me all that she had been doing during the day, and, with her, it was not as I have had it with others—my Madame had no guilty secrets, nothing that she need want to hide from the world, and her intrigues and schemes—of which I will tell—were as innocent as herself.

But though she smiled and laughed and enjoyed her life, the world had not always been very kind to her—ah, mais non. When she was but a child of twelve her father had lost all his money and died soon after, of grief, poor man. Her mamma was a proud woman, for the family—the name was Leslie—was an old one, and Mrs. Leslie had been a society lady—*grande dame*—and so it was hard for her, very hard, to have to go away from London and live in a cottage in a sleepy little country village. There were sister, too, and brothers, and life was difficult in those days when there were many mouths to be fed and little money to buy food with.

And so it was when she was barely eighteen that the squire of the great Manor House close by saw her and fell in love with her. Imagine it for yourselves. He was an old man of over sixty, and he wanted to marry with this spring-flower just bursting into blossom! Ah, but I call it wicked. But, *voilà!* what would you have? Monsieur Verrall, he was so very rich, and poor Madame Leslie, she had such great heed of money.

And so little Maisie, she was sacrificed, and I don't think she knew what it meant for her to be the wife of this old man. She was still so much a child and she did not know love. She was a beautiful bride, they say, and there were many in the church who frowned when they saw her so young and fragrant and smiling, walking down the aisle upon the arm of that old man, whose shoulders were hunched together, and whose hands trembled as if he had the palsy.

He was good to his wife, this old man—I will say that for him—and good to all her family, too. Mme. Leslie, she was able to return to London and to the life that her heart craved for. Mms. Maisie's two sisters made their bow at Court only a little while after the young bride herself—they were handsome girls, too, and they soon made brilliant marriages to young men who loved them and whom they loved. It was all the doing of my young Madame, of course, but I don't think they remembered that.

It was the same thing with Mme. Leslie's two sons. They both obtained good positions, while, had it not been for their little sister, who had given herself in marriage to a man old enough to be her father, they might both of them to-day have been clerks in the City, working hard for a miserable weekly wage.

And now I must tell you something of this old Monsieur Verrall, who was Maisie's husband. He was a great connoisseur of art, and he had collected together at the Manor House a gallery of pictures that was worth thousands—nay, hundreds of thousands of pounds. I do not think I exaggerate. It was his hobby to invest his money in that way, and he was a very, very wealthy man. People came from great distances to see the pictures at Hingley

Manor, and as Monsieur Verrall grew older and more feeble his passion for art seemed to increase, and he spent his money more and more lavishly.

Well, imagine it for yourselves, the old man ruined himself in this way—partly, at least, for there were certainly other causes that led to the loss of his large capital. Monsieur Verrall awoke one morning to the fact that he had but little left in all the world except his property of Hingley and his wonderful collection of pictures. It was necessary that these valuable works of art should go to the hammer.

Monsieur Verrall would not submit to the sale. His pictures were as dear to him as children. He broke his heart over them, and one morning he was found lying dead upon the floor of the gallery where his collection hung.

Mme. Maisie was a widow, and she cried for her old husband, who had been so good to her.

The picture gallery was left undisturbed that year,

—for it was then that I entered her service—I knew at once that I should be fond of her.

Well, I travelled with Madame to England, and it was not long, as I have said, before she took me fully into her confidence.

And now I must tell you how my mistress fell in love—ah, but it was delightful to hear her speak of it, for you must remember that she was still quite a girl and she had never yet known what real love is.

The man was poor, well-born, and, of course, good-looking. But then he had the misfortune to be proud and to object to marrying money.

And that was the trouble, you see, for of course Mme. Maisie was regarded everywhere as so rich a widow, and because of that this stupid Monsieur Harold Foster would not propose to her.

And he loved her all the while. Of that neither my mistress, nor I, nor anyone else, could have any doubt. He adored the very ground that Mme. Maisie trod, but that only made him more obstinate.

Monsieur Foster was a barrister by profession, and he was not doing badly at all. But still his income was a tiny one when compared with the thousands and thousands of pounds locked away in the Picture Gallery at Hingley Manor.

Moreover, the time had come when Mme. Maisie felt that the pictures must be sold and she must realise her fortune. Everyone told her so, and Mme. Leslie, her mamma, was more insistent than the rest. My mistress, now that she was independent, was inclined to be just a trifle extravagant, too. Who shall blame her, when she had London at her feet, and since she was so young and happy in her life?

Well, Mme. Maisie determined that she would have a big gathering at the Manor before the pictures were dispersed, and so a large house-party was invited. It was more or less a family party, for Mme. Leslie was to be there as well as my mistress's two married sisters and her brothers. Then, of course, there was Monsieur Harold Foster, who, since he had not ventured to propose in London, might perhaps pluck up his courage to do so in the country. So, at least, my little Madame hoped. And she confided her hopes to me.

"I'd give it all up for his sake," she whispered, "I would, indeed, Clementine."

It was a merry house-party at the Manor. The month was October, and there was shooting for the men, while the ladies would ride and drive about the country, and in the evenings some would play bridge, while the younger people would have childish games, so that the walls of the old house would echo with laughter such as had not been heard under that roof for years and years.

But Monsieur Harold would not come to the point, although I know—for Mme. Maisie told me so—that her favourite brother had done his best for her, and had even, half-jokingly and half in earnest, dared to speak upon the subject to his friend.

Monsieur Harold, it appeared, had told Madame's brother to "shut up." "You know perfectly well," he said, "that I wouldn't dream of asking a woman with all that money to marry me."

"I should have imagined anybody would want to marry Maisie, even without the fortune of which you are so contemptuous, Harold," George Leslie ventured to protest.

"Ah! without her fortune, yes." Monsieur Harold's voice softened wonderfully. "If she hadn't a penny I'd ask her to marry me to-morrow; but, as it is, George, old man, we won't discuss this again. My mind's made up."

"And so, I expect, is Maisie's," remarked the other dryly. For he knew what a determined little person his sister could be when she had set her mind upon anything.

But that was the position, and a whole fortnight passed without anything happening. Nor would that pig-headed Monsieur Harold budge an inch from the attitude he had taken up.

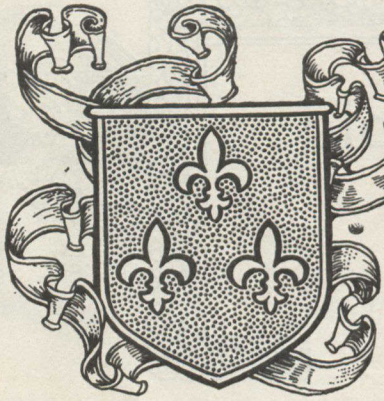
And of course Mme. Maisie had other admirers. That complicated the situation. There was one especially, a certain Monsieur Donaldson, who also was among the guests at the Manor. He had no prejudices against marrying a woman with a fortune, not he. On the contrary, I'm quite sure that it was the fortune which attracted him even more



"Mme. Maisie travelled abroad."

for Mme. Maisie could not reconcile it to her heart to hurt the memory of her dead husband. When all his affairs were cleared up there was enough for her to live upon comfortably, but of course all the world looked upon her as a rich young widow, a very rich young widow, for were not those pictures worth a big fortune? And they could be turned into money at any time. It was as good as having so much gold in the bank.

Well, Mme. Maisie travelled abroad for a few months, then she returned to England, taking Paris on the way, considerably, I venture to say, to the benefit of the milliners. She had reached the stage of grey and white frocks by now, and she subdued colouring of her dove-like robes suited her. I think I said that she was dark, but I did not mention how clear and white was her skin, and her eyes, they were a regular golden brown. Ah, but she was a pretty woman, and when she engaged me



SHADE TREES FOR LAWNS

Some Desirable Kinds with Directions for Planting

By A. B. CUTTING, B.S.A.

THERE are many species and varieties of trees and shrubs that may be used on the home grounds and in parks. Generally speaking, the best kinds are those that are native to the locality. A few others may be introduced for novelty. The selection depends upon individual preferences and local conditions, chief of which is the size of the area to be planted. I shall mention a few of the most common and most desirable ones.

Among deciduous trees, the common sugar maple is one of the best and most popular for purposes of shade. It grows well, is long-lived and usually is not difficult to transplant. Its beauty and thriftiness make it a general favorite.

The Norway maple is one of the most useful trees that we have for lawn planting, but it is rather low-headed for streets. It will thrive on all kinds of soils and stand all exposures. It forms a dense and round head, attains noble size and affords excellent shade.

The sycamore maple is not so symmetrical as the sugar and Norway maples, but its fine foliage and the nature of its winged nutlets make it attractive. It is hardy, healthy, easily transplanted, and will thrive well, even in exposed locations.

The soft maple grows quickly, and is attractive for a number of years, but its branches are brittle and easily broken by ice and snowstorms. A variety of this, known as Weir's Cut-leaved Maple, is graceful. It is remarkable for its drooping branches and finely divided foliage. It is one of the best for lawn planting.

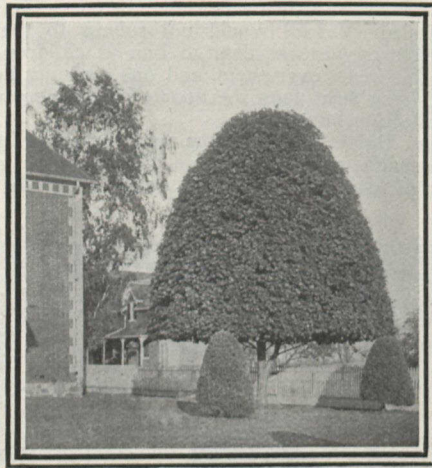
For street and park planting, the red and scarlet maple is a valuable tree. Among other maples that are desirable for special purposes are the Tartarian maple, the large-leaved maple, the English field maple (*Acer campestre*) and the dwarf Japanese maple.

The ash-leaved maple, known also as Manitoba maple and box elder, is one of the best for new places where results are wanted as quickly as possible. It grows rapidly, and thrives best in moist and rich soil. It will stand hardships, however, as is evidenced by its popularity in the western provinces, where it withstands cold and dryness. As it is

particular, becomes a nuisance by dropping in great abundance its flowers, seeds and burrs. In spite of these objections, this tree has been used extensively for lawn, park and street planting. It can be employed also for bowers and places where seats are required, as the top stands heading-in and makes dense shade.

SOME EVERGREENS.

In color and sizes, the evergreens are heavy. They have an important place in producing land-



TREES TRIMMED OUT OF SHAPE

While there is art in trimming trees like this, it is not in good taste on home grounds. Permit trees and shrubs to grow naturally, with an occasional heading-back of unruly branches. The large tree in the illustration is a maple.

scape effects and in planting for protection from winter winds. They can be planted for winter effect, with striking results.

The pines have beauty and picturesqueness of trunk and foliage. Their young fresh growth is

should be done with a tobacco and soap wash, or with kerosene emulsion. Towards the end of August when the winged forms of the insect come out of the galls, the spraying should be repeated. The point is to spray when the pests are seen to be moving about. They are so small that a magnifying glass will be required to see them. For a complete job the spraying should be repeated two or three times at short intervals, as the insects do not all come out at the same time.

Ordinary kerosene emulsion is made by the use of the following ingredients: Soft water, one gallon; hard soap, one-half pound; kerosene, two gallons. The soap should first be dissolved in the boiling water, after which the kerosene is added, and the two churned for five or ten minutes. The mixture should be diluted with ten times its measure of warm water before using. There are two essential conditions of success in making this emulsion. The liquids should be warm, and the water as soft as possible.

PLANTING TREES AND SHRUBS.

When buying trees and shrubs for planting on the lawn, ask the nurseryman to supply specimens of good quality and of medium size for the variety. When the trees are received from the nursery, plant them at once, or if that cannot be done, heel them in, so that the roots will not be exposed to the air, and leave them there until it is convenient for planting. The practice is particularly necessary in the care of young evergreens. By heeling-in is meant the temporary covering of the roots of plants in order to preserve or protect them till in permanent quarters. Plant in spring. Very large trees should be moved only in winter.

When planting dig the hole large enough to take in the roots without cramping. Have the hole as large, if not larger, at the bottom than at the top. Do not plant too deeply. Set at about the same depth as the trees stood in the nursery. This may be determined by the markings of the earth at the bottom of the trunk. Allow about two inches for settling. Work the fresh earth around the roots and under them. Shake tree backwards and for-



TREES ARE NEEDED TO GIVE A SETTING FOR THIS BEAUTIFUL HOME
(Photo by Prof. H. L. Hutt)



A HARMONIOUS BLENDING OF ART AND NATURE
(Photo by Prof. H. L. Hutt)

short-lived, some of the more durable trees, such as sugar maple or elm, should be planted with it to come in and last long after the ash-leaved maple has served its purpose.

One of the finest of all lawn, park and street trees is the majestic American elm. It lives to great age and always is attractive in outline. Although it will adapt itself to different soils and conditions, it readily responds to good treatment, and likes plenty of richness and moisture at its roots. Other elms that are useful are the English elm, the cork-barked and Siberian kinds.

The cut-leaf weeping birch is a superior subject for lawn planting, but it should not be planted too promiscuously. It is highly ornamental, and is useful in procuring color contrasts, when planted, for instance, in front of a group of evergreens. It may be used, also, to vary the sky-line of any group of trees or shrubs. For the best results, plant this birch in early spring, not late spring nor in fall. This species of birch is one of the most precious elements of the landscape.

The foregoing list of deciduous trees comprises only a few of the best known ones. There are scores of others that could be mentioned, among them the lindens, oaks and poplars. The horse chestnut and the mountain ash are undesirable. While showy at certain seasons, they are too symmetrical in outline to be beautiful. The former in

charming. The Austrian and the Scotch pines make handsome specimens, but our native and white pine, when young, is their superior. A small pine for planting in special positions is the dwarf mugho pine, which possesses dark foliage.

Among the spruces, we have the native white one and the Norway spruce, both of which are excellent for effect and for windbreaks; the latter is the more vigorous species. For a beautiful but novel specimen, the Colorado blue spruce may be chosen.

Much beauty and variety in form are to be found in the arbor-vitae, junipers and retinosporas. Among the best of these are the pyramidal and globose arbor-vitae, the Irish juniper and the plumose retinospora. In cold localities the two latter probably would require some protection for a few years.

THE SPRUCE GALL-LOUSE.

In many parts of the province, spruce trees are being injured by an insect called the spruce gall-louse which, as its name implies, forms galls on the twigs. In some districts it is causing much trouble and anxiety. Good results in treating it have been obtained by spraying the infested trees at the time that the young pests are exposed. This should be done in June, so that the treatment may be made before they are enclosed in the galls. The spraying

wards to fill all the spaces, then tramp and pack the soil firmly layer by layer. Air spaces cause decay, and eventually death. Plant in the evenings or on damp days. If the trees, when set, are exposed to strong winds or to injury by animals, it would be well to tie them to stakes and protect them by means of tree guards.

If you have not a border of shrubs you should plant one right away. The average shrub does well anywhere in good rich soil, and an assortment of a dozen varieties can usually find room in most front places. Plant the tall ones at the rear of the lot or next to the fence, and the shorter growers in front. I recommend the following shrubs: Tall growing—*Syringa Grandiflora*, purple and white; lilac, snowball or viburnum, flowering currant, purple fringe and berberry; medium growing—*Pyrus Japonica*, forsythia, weigela, hydrangea, spiraeas in variety, tartarian honeysuckle; small growing—almonds, *Prunus triloba*, *Spiraea fortunei*, S. Anthony Waterer, calycanthus and mahonia. For foliage effect group two or three golden elder with purple berberry and *Prunus Pissardi*; plant in groups, never plant in rows. Vary the outline of your border.

In the May issue of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL the question of shrubs will be dealt with at greater length. A description of most serviceable kinds will be given, and also suggestions on where and how to plant and group them most effectively.

Sun-Dials and Roses

*In Some Old-Fashioned Gardens
At Home and Abroad*

By KATHERINE HALE



IN THE HEART OF BUSY TORONTO.

THEY both belong in gardens, these sun-dials and roses of which I write, and I refuse to separate them from their environment. In April, what so natural as to think upon a garden?

I have been wondering for weeks past, as I watched the nature world awake, how many people were planning, or have planned, their gardens with anything like the same care that they have expended, or were expending, or expect to expend on renovating and decorating the house. That has to be done every five years, you know, if one is only moderately wealthy. Who thinks of replenishing the garden to anything like the same extent? Sometimes I am quite tired of seeing shining hardwood floors, and flemish oak, and invaluable pictures, and ugly old fences, and starving lawns, and conventional thoughtless flower-beds.

Ethically, it is very bad, of course, to concentrate on "all indoors" and leave the garden to run riot, because the garden is really the only thing we possess that we can reasonably offer to every passerby without making him feel hopelessly in our debt. I know that high fences are the fashion, but there is always a gate, and the hand of a green vine outstretched, and the breath of the roses and the violets, to turn the moment of passing into a summer-day for the weariest traveller.

We miss so much by not loving gardens better than we do in Canada. In all my life I have only been in half a dozen gardens in my own country that I call "real" ones. Those of millionaires with variegated beds of pompous flowers, and a sweep of avenue, and a fountain, I do not count. They bear as much relation to a "real" garden as a paper rose does to a living one. And there are many adorable dilapidated enclosures with nice trees, and tennis-court, and straggling hedges, and perennials that come up in spite of themselves each year, but these also one may not count. Nor can one call a public park, however beautiful, a garden.

In what, then, consists a "real" garden?

I don't believe I can suggest its quality by any words, but I played in one when I was a little girl. It was not very large. It was set down in a Canadian town quite hemmed in by buildings and hardly covered half an acre of ground.

into an enchanted feathery forest in August, and a summer-house, and a south wall against which plum trees grew, and a rockery with a big shell basin for ferns where you went exploring up the steep and rocky side, and a cross old gardener named "John." And the great fir tree that stood at the south-west corner was the sun-dial, and across the shimmery green face of the lawn the hours fell and faded. Exquisite hours of childhood!

When I left this garden I did not find another "real" one for a long time, though I dwelt in the tents of the rich and the great. There was no wonder-feeling in any garden that I found. And it was not for any lack of loveliness, for there are great gardens all over Ontario. Nevertheless, I was lonely for that garden-sense of the mystery of the world and of the passing hour.

When I went to England I discovered one reason, for whether I heard the nightingales sing across great places where the white statues caught and held the glamor of the past, or among the rambling roses

I long, I turn, I radiate to Thee,

Who art the All-in-One, the One-in-All,
The moulder of this roseate form of me,
An endless answer to thy cosmic call."

The song thou singest, like the sun, shalt shine,
O rose, who art the poetry of power.

The passion of the centuries is thine

But leave me death and love's one human hour.

Sun-dials and roses are always associated with English gardens. Could there be two lovelier symbols of Changelessness and Change?

In the days of childhood we took the misty seed-ball of the dandelion on its slim stem and held it up to our lips and blew it eagerly and cried: "What's-the-time-o'-the-day?"

And the dandelion, if it said anything at all must have answered, in its light way: "I count only youthful hours."

But ever since we, like all the rest of humanity from earth's earliest dawn, have asked: "What's-the-time-o'-the-day?" Happy if our sun-dial answers. "I count only sunny hours."

I have the loveliest recollections of sun-dials.

Fancy roaming about the Vatican on the earliest spring morning and finding on an ancient stone balcony, quite unexpectedly, "The Rose of all the World"—the oldest sun-dial known! You can imagine how that moment stood still; permanent and wonderful forever.

And then, down in green Surrey on an August afternoon in that dear village of Compton, where, in the garden of George Frederic Watts, we came upon the sun-dial bearing his own motto: "The Utmost for the Highest." It was so fitting that he who has given us the supreme modern conceptions of Time and Death should have so loved this symbol of

The dark, thin-thrown shade
Whereon the journeying line is laid
Upon the point that notes the spell.

And there is a Canadian garden pictured here, where pigeons coo and strut in the green shadows, and an old stone house stands guard over its bits of loveliness, and another with its sun-dial which



IN THE OLD-FASHIONED GARDEN.

of a peasant's cottage in the heart of the country, or the back-yard of a workingman's house in East London, there was the same feeling that one had about our own garden at home—it had been long planned, it was a dream made manifest, it was an established ideal in bodily form.

It seems to me you have to live your real garden for a long time before it actually comes to pass.

The garden ideal of England is very wonderful to me. In those little patches of earth that open out of nearly every back door in certain sections of crowded London, where flowers have to combat against sooty air and every demoralizing influence, what must be the thought and care that will place this clump of valley-lilies in the only sunless spot, and that line of sweet-peas over there, and the phlox just where such a flash of color is most needed. I was in one paradise of a London garden, which could not have measured more than 60 x 20 feet, and it contained hedges of great cool ferns, many varieties of flowers, a linden tree under which to have five o'clock tea, a peach tree, a hedge, several little flagged paths, a sun-dial, and two ring doves. It was a bit of heaven. In Canada it would have been a place to hang the clothes line.

A SUN-DIAL ROSE

Down by the Vatican there blooms a rose;
A sun-dial flower, much carved and age be-pearled,
Guarded by papal Rome from friends and foes,
And quaintly called "The-Rose-of-All-the-World."

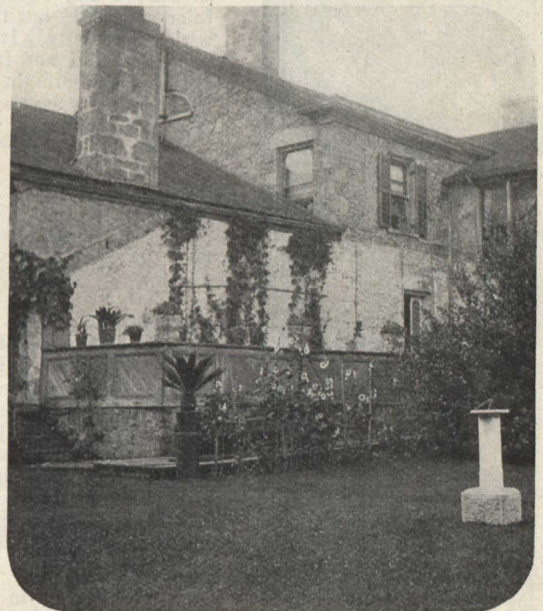
Out of the mystery of ages fled
It blooms how clear, and selfless, and alone,
Singing throughout the silence of the dead
In quenchless radiance of its quiet stone.

I hear, as to a lover far and bright,
"O sun that urgest me, must I give all?
Thy face I seek, and so forever light
The little hours of men that rise and fall.



THE GLAMOR OF THE PAST.

Yet it was a "real" garden. You felt its atmosphere the moment you went in at the gate. Even at the noon-day a fairy might possibly have appeared, and though it was not nearly large enough to bet lost in, there was always a sense of mystery, and every real garden must contain a sense of mystery. That is part of the charm. This garden of mine had thick green hedges to divide the flowers from the vegetables, and the paths and beds were all outlined by white bricks, upon which you balanced yourself deliciously, and all these bricks were deeply bordered with violets, so that in April there were bands of thick purple ribbons outlining the whole garden and people would come up the hill and walk by and say: "Yes, this is the week that the violets are out." And you could pick baskets and basketsful—and always there were more. There was also in this garden an asparagus bed that was huge and turned



THE OLD STONE HOUSE GUARDS THIS LOVELINESS.

might have been found in some Eastern court adorning a lovely old-world garden in the heart of busy Toronto.

Dials and Roses! How the world has loved them; shadows of eternity, shadows irrevocable—unceasing, for the perfume of the roses remains after the leaves have fallen, and time flies not. Should terror seize us so that we stop the clock, or let the glass run down, the little shadow still pursues its way across the face of the dial. Nothing we can ever do will stay its ceaseless course. More than any other of the world's symbols a sun-dial can give one a sense of the isolated completeness of a beautiful moment. That is why we can all remember so vividly and everlasting some sun-dial moment in a garden.

But roses are for radiance. They string whole hours and days of happiness together, like lovely

THE EXCISE OFFICER

Story of Love which did not run Smooth

By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

LIEUTENANT GEORGE BURTON, Excise Officer in His Majesty's service, paced restlessly up and down the brow of the cliff. Far beneath him he could hear the roar of the breakers as they rolled unceasingly in, their white crests reared proudly in the air, then dashed in a smother of foam upon the great granite rocks that for years had withstood their force. Even where he stood an occasional extra boisterous gust of wind drove flying particles of salt spray into his ruddy, weather-beaten countenance.

The night was cold and cheerless, with a wind that chilled one to the marrow; and his very manner betrayed the fact that the young officer's mood was correspondingly unpleasant. Truth to tell his was a most unenviable frame of mind.

For several nights successively cargoes had been run "right under his very nose," to borrow the phrase that he made use of with considerable vehemence, and not a little disgust. He had been censured by the authorities for lack of vigilance, and a great, all-consuming bitterness filled his soul—a bitterness against the exceptionally bold and clever gang of smugglers with whom he had to deal, and whom he not unnaturally held directly responsible for his troubles; a bitterness, most of all, against the authorities for censuring where no blame was due. Never had a man striven harder to discharge his duty in a manner that would commend itself to his superiors; never had an official displayed greater zeal; or made more enemies—for in the days of George the Third public sympathy was not always on the side of the law—in the fulfilment of the duties his position entailed, than he. And this was his reward.

"Just the kind of night to run a cargo," he muttered, with lowered brow, and lips tightly compressed. "I'll wager one will be run, too; and what can a man do on an inky night like this, when one can scarce see a yard in front of him.

"Gad! if I could only lay my hands on the rascals and vindicate myself."

Lieutenant Burton buttoned up his coat more tightly, as a protection against the cold autumnal wind, and the wet, drizzling rain. Surely the world never saw a blacker night! a night conducive, indeed, to smuggling, provided, of course, the enterprise were in the hands of men familiar with the dangerous intricacies of the bleak, rocky coast.

But what was that?

The lieutenant caught his breath sharply. For the fraction of a second a light had flashed out not fifty yards to the left—then vanished suddenly. With bated breath the young excise-man stood, and watched intently.

Twice more in quick succession it shone out—then all was darkness again, but the eager watcher on the cliff fancied that far out at sea an answering point of fire flickered, and disappeared.

Possessed with a sudden grim determination not to allow this unexpected and doubly-welcome opportunity of proving his mettle to slip by, the lieutenant wasted no time in getting into action. With utmost caution he made his way along the cliff in the direction whence the signal light had so fleetingly, yet distinctly, broken the darkness. It was at best a perilous proceeding, and to a man not knowing every inch of the ground, as Burton did, would have meant almost certain death. A single false step and—but the consequences were too dire to dwell upon with equanimity. It was no time to hesitate, however, and the lieutenant did not falter. His only fear was that some unkind trick of Fate might dash from his lips the cup of triumph he believed he was about to drink; might wrest from him those sweets of ultimate victory, for a taste of which his very soul craved.



Yet it seemed for once that good luck was his companion. After what, in his impatient ardor, seemed an interminable age, but which in reality was but a few moments, of tripping over rocks and tufts of coarse grass, of tumbling into miniature crevasses, and of sliding awkwardly on the bare, slippery rock, the young man heard a faint rustle close at hand. An instant later a dark, cloaked figure brushed past him.

Trembling with excitement and jubilation at what he considered his miraculous good fortune, and with his heart beating like a trip-hammer at the suddenness of the encounter, the excise-man squared his shoulders. Then he sprang forward.

"Surrender, in the King's name!" In the stress of the moment his voice sounded hoarse and unnatural to his ears.

A smothered shriek was the response. Lieutenant Burton sprang back in sheer amazement, and released his hold. It was some moments ere he could control his voice sufficiently to articulate the words that trembled on his lips.

"Jean!" he cried, dumbfounded, brain awl with the suddenness of the shock; vaguely fearful, with a premonition of impending evil. "Jean! Is it you?"

The girl made no reply, but finding herself free, sought refuge in flight. Springing hastily forward, he laid a detaining hand on her arm. A strange pallor overspread his features; into his face there came the hard, set expression of the man who sees trouble looming up ahead, and steels himself against its coming.

"Let me go, George. Let me go, please," the girl pleaded in stifled, frightened tones.

The other paid no heed.

"Jean," he questioned, tremulously, "was it you who signalled just now?"

"Signalled?" repeated the girl, her pitiful attempt at an af-

fectionation of composure and wonderment in itself betraying her. "Signalled?" Why, George, what do you mean?"

"How can you deceive me so?" he exclaimed sorrowfully, a world of reproach in his tone; taking hold, as he spoke, of the now extinguished lantern she was endeavoring to conceal.

She burst into tears, and every sob gave to the sorely tried young man a torturing twinge of anguish.

"Give me the lantern, George, and let me go. Oh, please, please do!"

For a moment he did not answer. When finally he spoke it was in even tones, grave, yet gentle; decisive, yet kindly.

"No, Jean, I cannot. To do so would be to thwart myself in the carrying out of my plain duty. You must not, shall not, warn—your friends."

"If—if you love me; of you care for me at all, let me go," she pleaded again, wringing her hands, piteously.

"You know that I love you, Jean. If your eyes were not blinded just now by other considerations you would know that my heart is going out to you with the deepest affection, the greatest, truest love of which I am capable. But you have asked me one thing, Jean, that, even for you, dear, I cannot grant. The matter is not in my hands. I cannot choose my path."

Her tone changed with her mood.

"You do not love me," she accused, passionately, a strange quiver in her voice. She strove to break away from his grasp; gently, but firmly, he restrained her.

"You do not love me!" the girl cried again. "If you did you would not treat me thus. Choose now between me and—your ambitions!"

The moaning of the wind, the ponderous voice of the surging ocean, combined to produce a strange, weird harmony, and it sounded to the young officer like the wailing of his dying hopes. Like a condemned man awaiting sentence he stood, hopeless, disconsolate, yet inflexible in his decision.

"In that case, Lieutenant Burton, I am at your disposal to do with as you see fit." Her tears were gone now, and the words fell from her lips distinctly, icily; there had come to her a degree of composure which even she could scarce have understood.

The young man flinched under her cutting, uncompromising tones. If anything, his face was a shade more ashy than hers; but, compressing his lips tightly, he struggled manfully to subdue his emotions. There was work for him to do—and that without delay.

"Come," he said tersely to the girl, and led her unresistingly away.



The strained situation precluded the possibility of conversation, and in preoccupied silence, their senses dulled by the suddenness of the estrangement, the ten minutes' walk to the coast-guard station was taken.

"Jim," said the lieutenant sharply to a stalwart, uniformed coastguardsman, "see that this young lady is well treated, but keep her in custody until I order otherwise. I want the rest of you," to a number of men making an effort not to appear too interested in the speaker's companion, "to come with me—and look to it, lads, that you are well armed."

Five minutes later, with the tramp of heavy boots and the clash of metal against metal, the little party of men filed out into the darkness and the storm.

It was well on past midnight when the lieutenant and his men returned. Heavy-eyed but sleepless, Jean Meredith was lying on a couch.

"Jean," said the young officer quietly, going over to her and regarding her with tender compassion, "I am glad to say that we have captured practically the whole gang of smugglers, red-handed, but am sorry, very sorry, Jean, to have to inform you that we were obliged to arrest your uncle and your two cousins on a charge of aiding and abetting the King's enemies by receiving the goods."

The girl received the news with no outward sign of emotion save a slight blanching of the cheek.

"Lieutenant Burton," she replied frigidly, and with formal politeness, "if you will be good enough to permit one of your men to accompany me, with your permission, I shall return home."

The lieutenant hesitated for a fraction of a minute, then plunged.

"That is a duty and a pleasure I could not think of entrusting to a subordinate," he said hastily, buttoning up his heavy coat, and preparing to accompany her.

A flush of anger mantled her brow.

"Then, sir," she flared, "I shall not leave this place."

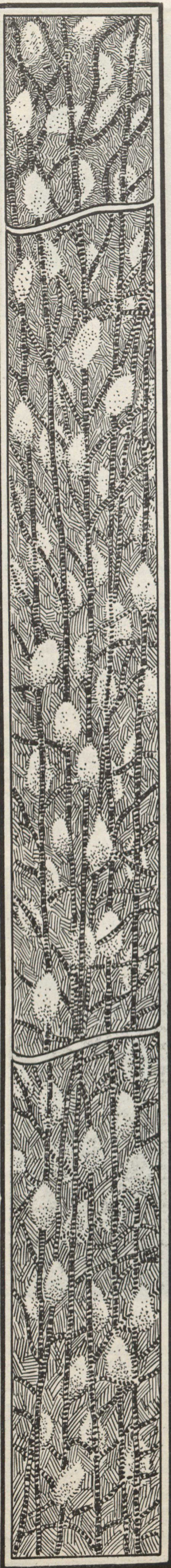
In the midst of his embarrassment and the poignancy of his grief at the ever-widening gulf between them, his admiration gained the ascendancy over his other emotions, as she stood before him, eyes flashing, bosom heaving, red lips trembling in wrathful defiance, and injured pride. For a moment they stood thus face to face; one, unconsciously in an attitude of mute appeal, motionless under the spell of her intoxicating beauty; the other flushed, outraged, defiant. Then the lieutenant turned sharply on his heel.

"Jim, see this young lady home," came the curt command.

"Right, sir!" The coastguardsman saluted stiffly.

A few moments later Lieutenant Burton was left alone with his moody reflections.

Followed long days and weeks of bleak autumn weather; followed the dreary winter months; and through it all Jean Meredith was to the young man but as a dream of a bright hal-



cyon past; the sweet, tormenting memory of a happy, intimate relationship irrevocably broken; the constant companion of his thoughts.

With the advent of spring came the return of the three men involved in the smuggling episode, from serving a comparatively light sentence. Menacing threats reached the excise-man's ears; rumors of drunken boastings made by the younger men when under the influence of the good cheer dispensed at the local taverns, threats of all manner of reprisals. These he outwardly scorned; yet he knew enough of the characters of the young men to keep constantly on his guard.

Time went on—but nothing new developed, until one day when winter had finally given way under the benign influence of spring sunshine.

The day was bright, with that glorious brightness peculiar to the springtide of the year. The ocean, as if desiring to accord with the radiant sunshine and blue heavens, was in its most charming mood. A fresh, salt, invigorating breeze was blowing in landwards, and the water, reflecting the clearness of the sky, was a wonderful blue, while the crests of the billows and the foam of the creaming breakers as they swirled and dashed against the rocks that rudely checked their onward course, were as snow-white by contrast as the few fleecy clouds that dotted the western horizon.

Lieutenant Burton, as he made his way meditatively along the rough rocky beach at the foot of the granite cliffs (for the tide was low and still receding) now clambering over barnacle-covered and seaweed-draped rocks, again crossing a strip of sand beaten hard by the action of the water, was too much pre-occupied with his own affairs to take more than a very passive interest in the glorious freshness and entrancing beauty of the day. A seabird uttered its plaintive cry as it soared above the cliffs, but he scarcely heard it.

Yet not even nature, awakening after her winter's slumber, was more joyous than he. Perchance the weather had something to do with his mood, but primarily it was not responsible for his singularly exalted frame of mind. For it seemed to the young man as though a dreary winter season in his own life and experience was opening up into the springtime in a marvelous way. A simple bit of paper with a few words indited thereon in somewhat shaky handwriting—nothing more; but it was sufficient to infuse new life into his blood, to lift him up to a wonderful altitude, from which the world assumed a new and better form, and life became a thing of sweet and beautiful possibilities.

"Dear George," ran the note, "will you meet me to-morrow as usual at low tide at The Cove? I cannot stand this any longer—Jean."

Hence the lieutenant's happy frame of mind, hence his stroll along the beach in the direction of The Cove, a place of hallowed memories—a former favorite place of tryst, now unfrequented by any but the sea gulls.

Arrived at this trysting-place (a sandy nook snugly nestled among the rocks), and finding the spot still unoccupied, the young man seated himself on a ledge; and, staring out dreamily at two fishing smacks, their sails glinting in the sunshine, gave himself up to pleasant meditation.

Five minutes—ten minutes passed, and still he had not moved, and as he sat and dreamed day dreams, and built bright "castles in the air," he failed to hear the sound of stealthy footsteps approaching from behind.

A sudden cry of alarm and surprise; a desperate struggle; a rough oath; and Lieutenant Burton lay upon the sand, gagged, and bound hand and foot. He looked up and recognized his captors. Jean's cousins! A horrible thought flashed across his mind. That note was Jean's writing; surely? Next instant he was filled with bitter self-reproach for permitting such a thought to find expression.

"Here with the rope, Joe," said the elder of his captors.

The man thus addressed handed his brother a coil of stout hempen rope. Unwinding it, the latter tied it around his victim's waist, then lashed the other end securely to a projecting rock. He worked in silence, and no inkling of their plan entered the lieutenant's head, until a jeering remark made as they were quitting the spot, enlightened him.

"He'll find the water nice to-day!"

Only then did their horrible plan dawn upon his comprehension, and he shuddered at the cold-bloodedness of the scheme. They were going to drown him—by degrees. Already the tide was on the turn; inside of half an hour it would reach him, and then—brave as he was, the young officer shivered as his imagination conjured up the probabilities. Accustomed to face death in the pursuance of his vocation, for many of those old-time smugglers were desperate men—men who held human life in light esteem, yet the thought of dying in this way, helpless, unable to lift a hand, powerless to struggle, fairly unnerved him. It was so diabolical, so inhuman—the work not of men, but fiends in human guise.



Burton struggled desperately with his bonds, but only exhausted his strength to no avail. The rope was good, and vindictive hatred had made sure of the knots. With something like a groan the unfortunate man lay back on the sand, and closed his eyes to keep out the sight of the ever oncoming tide.

The cries of the birds as they swirled merrily above the water, ever and anon darting down to prey upon some unwary creature of the deep, again soaring aloft, lost their music in his ears, and were but as mockery now.

Presently the lieutenant could feel the wavelets gently lapping against his lower limbs, each succeeding wave a little more boisterous than the last, each one leaving its mark a little higher on the sand.

They had reached his head now, and were lightly caressing his face. He made an endeavor to sit upright, but his bonds were too tightly secured to admit of that. He attempted to roll a little further away, if only to prolong the precious spark of life a few brief moments longer; but no, the rope merely tightened and held him fast. There was no way of escape—no hope.

The waters rose higher—became more and more menacing as the moments flew by.

Born and bred by the sea, every wavelet, every billow had hitherto seemed to the young man like a friend; now each one assumed the guise of a deadly enemy, springing forward as

though eager to hasten his inevitable doom. The tide rushed on, on, in! The water entered his ears, it soaked into the cloth that gagged him, and choked him; it trickled into his eyes until they smarted, and fairly blinded him.

His head reeled—he was suffocating. In an agony of desperation he struggled fiercely, insanely, with the stout cords that held him, knowing all the time that he was but hastening his doom. Then he abandoned hope—and prayed that death might swiftly come.

The waters closed above his head; a brief moment which seemed an eternity of strange, whirling retrospection, then merciful unconsciousness brought cessation from pain—and peace.

* * * *

The lieutenant opened his eyes slowly. A cool sea breeze was fanning his brow; a peculiar, not unpleasant, sensation of extreme lethargy caused him to lie back in grateful semi-consciousness.

Five minutes later he again attempted to sit up and look about him. Then his heart gave a great bound.

"Jean!" he cried in drowsy, blissful surprise.

* * * *

"Yes, they came across the note I had written you—and used it, as you know," explained the girl, as with vigorous strokes she rowed homewards, ignoring his protest that he was strong enough to take the oars.

"Then you really wrote it?" he interposed quickly.

Jean Meredith blushed a trifle.

"Yes," she replied softly, eyelids drooping. "But oh, George, I was so fearful lest I should not be in time to save you. It was too far to run for help to the station when I chanced to learn of the evil plot against you; so I had to come myself, you see, but," with a smile upon the lips that trembled somewhat, "it has turned out all right in the end."

"Thank God, yes," responded Lieutenant Burton, fervently. "You're a brave girl, Jean."

A warm glow suffused her face, as she hastened to change the subject.

"I—I've had a wretched time this winter," she said, hesitatingly, gazing out to sea.

"That wasn't my fault," began the excise officer, absently, then checked himself, and bit his lip with vexation. He had involuntarily trespassed upon sacred ground—her pride.

The girl did not answer, but with somewhat heightened color, lengthened her stroke.

"I beg your pardon, Jean," he apologized humbly.

There was no response.

The young man glanced up quickly in some alarm, but she averted her eyes. They rowed in silence for some minutes. The waves swished gently against the sides of the boat. Overhead a sea gull circled gaily.

"Jean," said the lieutenant presently, in a quiet voice, "there is one question we must settle very soon. Under the circumstances you cannot go home to your uncle. The question is what you had better do."

Jean raised her eyes, and he was surprised to see tears lurking in their liquid depths.

"Oh, George," she said, with a little sob, her reserve all gone now, "I don't want to go. I want—to go—with you!"

It was surely only a merciful Providence that intervened on their behalf and prevented a shipwreck at that moment. But then there was no one to witness the strange scene—except the sea gull.

And even he, after circling above the boat once or twice, uttered a plaintive cry, and flew out to sea.



Essence of Rainbow

"THE liquid essence of the rainbow," is the poetic Chinese conception of jade. So highly esteemed is it that the Chinese lover of the beautiful allows himself to believe that when he caresses some amulet of intricate carving, glowing with the mingled colors of the rainbow, he has a stone from heaven.

Count Daniele Pecorini, a Venetian collector and connoisseur of Chinese art, thus defined the esteem in which jade is held by the Chinese:

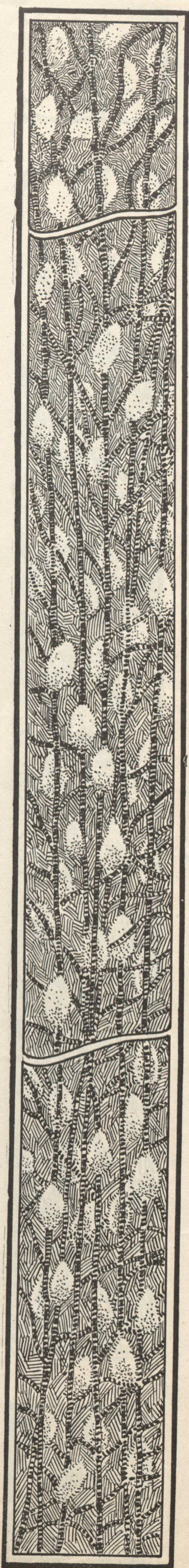
"Consider that in this little bit of carving here," said the count, as he selected from the table of specimens in front of him a carved amulet no bigger than the breadth of three fingers, "we have preserved for us the sweet sentiments of a poet which went to make happy some little bride of centuries ago. Or here we see the charm that fended off evil spirits from the head of some baby born before ever there was a new world. I cannot but love these everlasting poems done in the gracious stone and transmitting to us the best thought of philosophers long in the dust."

Count Daniele Pecorini, so frankly an enthusiast on the subject of jade, began his study of the ancient art while he was in the East in a governmental capacity. For three years he was acting commissioner of customs in the districts of Jusan and Hasampo, in Korea, and later he took up his residence in China.

The jade is a precious stone in China, Count Pecorini said, and it is so considered partly because of its scarcity and partly because of the tremendous difficulty in working it. Many pieces of intricate carving represent the work of years over the lapidary's wheel.

The crude stone comes from Chinese Turkestan, away back in the little known regions bordering on Thibet. Sometimes the dealers in the rough stone have made journeys lasting three and four months to arrive at the quarries, and the work of taking out the jade blocks is peculiarly onerous because of the hardness of the stone.

The Venetian collector threw on a screen some Chinese drawings representing the various stages of work in reducing the rough blocks of stone to the delicate tracery of the amulet or the snuff bottle. Only primitive instruments are used, and the reduction of the jade to art forms, with the polishing and the smoothing of the lines, is a matter of infinite patience.



F. ARDNER

JEANNE OF THE MARSHES

A Story of Love and Mystery

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

"JEANNE is, of course, not of age," the Princess said thoughtfully, "and she is entirely under my control. In England people are rather foolish about these things, but abroad they understand the situation better."

"Why not in Belgium?" De Brensault exclaimed. "We might go to a little town I know of very near to my estates. Everything could be arranged there very easily. I am quite well known, and no questions would be asked."

The Princess nodded thoughtfully.

"That might do," she admitted.

"Why not start at once?" De Brensault suggested. "There is nothing to be gained by waiting. We might even leave to-morrow."

The Princess shook her head.

"You are too impetuous, my dear Count," she said.

"But what is there to wait for," he demanded.

"I must see my lawyers first," she answered slowly, "and before I leave London I must pay some bills."

The Count drew a cheque-book from his pocket.

"I will keep my word," he said. "I will pay you on account the amount we spoke of."

The Princess opened her escritoire briskly.

"There is a pen and ink there," she said, "and blotting paper. Really your cheque will be a godsend to me. I seem to have had nothing but expenses lately, and Jeanne's guardians are as mean as they can be. They grumble even at allowing me five thousand a year."

"Five thousand a year," he muttered. "It is not a bad allowance for a young girl who is not yet of age."

"My dear Count," she said, "you do not know what our expenses are. Jeanne is extravagant, so am I extravagant. It is all very well for her, but for me it is another matter. I shall be a poor woman when I have resigned my charge."

De Brensault handed the cheque across.

"You will not find me," he said, "ungrateful. And now, my dear lady, let us talk about Jeanne. Do you think that you could persuade her to leave London so suddenly?"

"I am going upstairs now," the Princess said, "to have a little talk with her. Dine with me here to-night quite quietly, and I will tell you what fortune I have had."

De Brensault went away, on the whole fairly content with his visit. The Princess endorsed his cheque, and with a sigh of relief enclosed it in an envelope, rang for a maid, and ordered her carriage. Then she went upstairs to Jeanne, whom she found busy writing at her desk. She hesitated for a moment, and then went and stood with her hand resting upon the girl's shoulder.

"Jeanne," she said, "I think that we have both been a little hasty."

Jeanne looked up in surprise. Her step-mother's tone was altered. It was no longer cold and dictatorial. There was in it even a note of appeal. Jeanne wondered to find herself so unmoved.

"I am sorry," she said, "if I have said anything unbecoming. You see," she continued, after a moment's pause, "the subject which we were talking about did not seem to me to leave much room for discussion."

"There is no harm in discussing anything," the Princess said, throwing herself into a wicker chair by the side of Jeanne's table. "I am afraid that all that I said must have sounded very cruel and very abrupt. You see I have had this thing on my mind for so long. It has been a trouble to me, Jeanne."

"I am sorry," Jeanne said stiffly. "I cannot imagine how you could have supported life for a day under such conditions." Her step-mother sighed.

"That," she said, "is because you have had so little experience of life, and you do not understand its practical necessities. Children like you seem to think that the commonplace necessities of life drop into our laps as a matter of course, or that they are a sort of gift from heaven to the deserving. As a matter of fact," the Princess continued, "nothing of the sort happens. Life is often a very cruel and a very difficult thing. We are given tastes, and no means of gratifying them. How could I, for instance, face life as a lodging-house keeper, or at best as a sort of companion to some ill-tempered old harridan, who would probably only employ me to have some one to bully? You yourself, Jeanne, are fond of luxuries."

"It will be bad for you," the Princess continued, "and it will be very much worse for me, because I have been used to these things all my life. You may think me very brutal at having tried to help you toward the only means of escape for either of us, but I think, dear, you scarcely realize the alternative. It is not only what you condemn yourself to. Remember that you inflict the same punishment on me."

"It is not I who do anything," Jeanne said. "It is you who have brought this upon both of us. All this money that has been spent upon luxuries, it was absurd. If I was not rich I did not need them. I think that it was more than absurd. It was cruel."

"Jeanne," the Princess said, "you are a fool. Some day you will understand how great a one. I only trust that it may not be too late. The Comte de Brensault may not be everything that is to be desired in a husband, but the world is full of more attractive people who would be glad to become your slaves. You will live mostly abroad, and let me assure you that marriage there is a road to liberty. You have it in your power to save yourself and me from poverty. Make a little sacrifice, Jeanne, if indeed it is a sacrifice. Later on you will be glad of about her words, too. She spoke as one who had weighed this please, to-night. Your dinner will be sent up to you."

Jeanne turned her head, but she did not respond in the least to the Princess' softened tone. There was a note of finality about her words, too. She spoke as one who had weighed this matter and made up her mind.

"If there was no other man in the world," she said, "or no

other way of avoiding starvation, I would not marry the Comte de Brensault."

The Princess rose slowly to her feet.

"Very well," she said, "that ends the matter, of course. I hope you will always remember that it is you who are responsible for anything that may happen now. You had better," she continued, "leave off writing letters which will certainly never be posted, and get your clothes together. We shall go abroad at the latest to-morrow afternoon."

"Abroad?" Jeanne repeated.

"Yes!" the Princess answered. "I suppose you have sense enough to see that we cannot stay on here for you to make your interesting confessions. I should probably have some of these tradespeople trying to put me in prison."

"I will tell Saunders at once," Jeanne said. "I am quite ready to do anything you think best."

The Princess laughed hardly.

"You will have to manage without Saunders," she answered. "Paupers like us can't afford maids. I am going to discharge every one this afternoon. Have your boxes packed, please, to-night. Your dinner will be sent up to you."

The Princess left the room, and Jeanne heard the key turn in the lock.

CHAPTER XXX.

BACK AT SALTHOUSE.

JEANNE'S packing was after all a very small matter. She ignored the cupboards full of gowns, nor did she open one of the drawers of her wardrobe. She simply filled her dressing-case with a few necessities and hid it under the table. At eight o'clock one of the servants brought her dinner on a tray. Jeanne saw with relief that it was one of the younger parlor-maids, and not the Princess' own maid.

"Mary," Jeanne said, taking a gold bracelet from her wrist and holding it out to her, "I am going to give you this bracelet if you will do just a very simple thing for me."

The girl looked at Jeanne and looked at the bracelet. She was too amazed for speech.

"I want you," Jeanne said, "when you go out to leave the door unlocked. That is all. It will not make any difference to you so far as your position here is concerned, because your mistress is sending you all away in a few days."

The girl looked at the bracelet and did not hesitate for a moment.

"I would do it for you without anything, Miss Jeanne," she said. "The bracelet is too good for me."

Jeanne laughed, and pushed it across the table to her.

"Run along," she said. "If you want to do something else, open the back door for me. I am coming downstairs."

The girl looked a little perplexed. The bracelet which she was holding still engrossed most of her thoughts.

"You are not doing anything rash, Miss Jeanne, I hope?" she asked timidly.

Jeanne shook her head.

"What I am doing is not rash at all," she said softly. "It is necessary."

Five minutes later Jeanne walked unnoticed down the back stairs of the house, and out into the street. She turned into Piccadilly and entered a bus.

"Where to, miss?" the man asked, as he came for his fare.

"I do not know," Jeanne said. "I will tell you presently."

The omnibus rolled on eastwards and reached Liverpool Street. A sudden overwhelming impulse decided Jeanne as to her destination. She remembered that peculiar sense of freedom, that first escape from her cramped surroundings, which had come to her walking upon the marshes of Salthouse. She would go there again, if it was only for a day or two; find rooms somewhere in the village, and write to Monsieur Laplanche from there. Visitors, she knew, were not uncommon in the little seaside village, and she would easily be able to keep out of the way of Cecil, if he were still there. The idea seemed to her like an inspiration. She went up to the ticket office and asked for a ticket for Salthouse. The man stared at her.

"Never heard of the place, miss," he said. "It's not on our line."

"It is near Wells on the east coast," she said. "Now I think of it, I remember one has to drive from Wells. Can I have a ticket to there?"

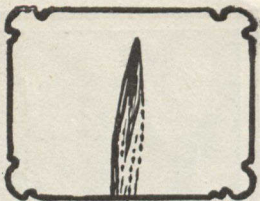
He glanced at the clock.

"The train goes in ten minutes, miss," he said.

Jeanne travelled first, because she had never thought of travelling in any other fashion. She sat in the corner of an empty carriage, looking steadily out of the window, and seeing nothing but the fragments of her little life. Now that she was detached from it, she seemed to realize how little real pleasure she had found in the life which the Princess had insisted upon dragging her into. She remembered how every man whom she had met addressed her with the same *empressement*, how their eyes seemed to have followed her about almost covetously, how the girls had openly envied her, how the court of the men had been so monotonous and so unreal. She drew a little breath almost of relief. When she was used to the idea she might even be glad that this great fortune had taken to itself wings and flitted away. She was no longer the heiress of untold wealth. She was simply a girl, standing on the threshold of life, and looking forward to the happiness which at that age seems almost a natural heritage.

She had found rooms very easily, and no one had seemed to treat her coming as anything but a matter of course. One old fisherman of whom she asked questions, told her many queer stories about the Red Hall and its occupants.

"As restless young men as them two as is there now," he admitted, "Mr. Cecil and his friend, I never did see. Fust one of them one day goes to London, back he comes on the next



day, and away goes the other. Why they don't go both together the Lord only knows, but that is so for a fact, miss, and you can take it from me. Every week of God's year, one of them goes to London, and directly he comes back the other goes."

"And Mr. Andrew de la Borne?" she asked. "Has he gone back there yet?"

"He have not," the man answered, "but I doubt he'll be back again one day 'fore long. Sure he need be. They're beginning to talk about the shuttered windows at the Red Hall."

The girl turned and looked toward the house, bleak and desolate-looking enough now that the few encircling trees were shorn of their leaves.

"I shouldn't care to live there all the year round," she remarked.

"I've heerd others say the same thing," he answered, "and yet in Salthouse village we're moderate well satisfied with life. It's them as have too much," he continued, "who rush about trying to make more. A simple life and a simple lot is what's best in this world."

"I think it is a very interesting place to live in," Jeanne said. "What became of the siren which warned the smugglers?"

"There's no one here as can tell that, miss," the man answered. "There are them as have fancied on windy nights as they've heerd it, but fancy it have been, in my opinion. Five and twenty years have gone since I've heerd it mysen, and there's few 'as better ears."



"Mr. Andrew de la Borne is not here now, is he?" she asked. The fisherman shook his head.

"Mr. Andrew," he said, "is mortal afraid of strangers and such like, and there's photographers and newspaper men round in these parts just now, by reason of the disappearance of this young lord that you heerd tell on. Some say he was drowned, and I have heerd folk whisper about a duel with the gentleman as is with Mr. Cecil now. Anyway, it was here that he disappeared from, and though I've not seen it in print, 've heerd as his brother is offering a reward of a thousand pounds to any as might find him. It's a power of money that, miss."

"It is a great deal of money," Jeanne admitted. "I wonder if Lord Ronald is worth it!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

ENGLETON'S AMUSEMENTS.

THE two men sat opposite to one another, separated only by the small round table upon which the dessert which had followed their dinner was still standing. Even Forrest's imperturbable face showed signs of the anxiety through which he had passed. The change in Cecil, however, was far more noticeable. There were lines under his eyes and a flush upon his cheeks, as though he had been drinking heavily. The details of his toilette, usually so immaculate, were uncared for. He was carelessly dressed, and his hair no longer shone with frequent brushings. He looked like a person passing through the rapid stages of deterioration.

"Forrest," he said, "I cannot stand it any longer. This place is sending me mad. I think that the best thing we can do is to chuck it."

"Do you?" Forrest answered drily. "That may be all very well for you, a countryman, with enough to live on, and the whole world before you. As for me, I couldn't face it. I have passed middle age, and my life runs in certain grooves. It must run in them now until the end. I cannot break away. I would not if I could. Existence would simply be intolerable for me if that young fool were ever allowed to tell his story."

"We cannot keep him forever," Cecil answered gloomily. "We cannot play the jailer here all our lives. Besides, there is always the danger of being found out. There are two detectives in the place already, and I am fairly certain that if they have been in the house while we have been out—"

"There is nothing for them to discover here," Forrest answered. "I should keep the doors open. Let them search if they want to."

"That is all very well," Cecil answered, "but if these fellows hang about the place, sooner or later they will hear some of the stories these villagers are only too anxious to tell."

Forrest nodded. "There," he said, "I am not disinclined to agree with you. Hasn't it ever struck you, De la Borne," he continued, after a moment's slight hesitation, "that there is only one logical way out of this?"

"No!" Cecil answered eagerly. "What way? What do you mean?"

Forrest filled his glass to the brim with wine before he answered. Then he passed the decanter back to Cecil.

"We are not children, you and I," he said. "Why should we let a boy like Engleton play with us? Why do we not let him have the issue before him in black and white? We say to him now—'Sign this paper, pledge your word of honor, and you may go.' He declines. He declines because the alternative of staying where he is, is endurable. I propose that we substitute another alternative. Drink your wine, De la Borne. This is a chill house of yours, and one loses courage here. Drink your wine, and think of what I have said."

Cecil set down his glass, empty.

"Well," he said, "what other alternative do you propose?"

"Can't you see?" Forrest answered. "We cannot keep Engleton shut up for ever. I grant you that that is impossible. But if he declines to behave like a reasonable person, we can threaten him with an alternative which I do not think he would have the courage to face."

"You mean?" Cecil gasped.

"I mean," Forrest answered, "what your grandfather would have told him, or your great grandfather, in half a dozen works weeks ago. At full tide there is sea enough to drown a dozen such as he within a few yards of where he lies. Why should we keep him carefully and safe, knowing that the moment he steps back into life you and I are doomed men?"

Cecil drew a little breath and lifted his hand to his forehead. He was surprised to find it wet. All the time he was gazing at Forrest with fascinated eyes.

"Look here," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "we mustn't talk like this. Engleton will turn round in a day or two. People would think, if they heard us, that we were planning a murder."

"In a woman's decalogue," Forrest said, "there is no sin save the sin of being found out. Why not in ours? No one ever had such a chance of getting rid of a dangerous enemy. The whole thing is in our hands. We could never be found out, never even questioned. If, by one chance in a thousand, his

body is ever recovered, what more natural? Men have been drowned before on the marshes here many a time."

"Go on!" Cecil said. "You have thought this out. Tell me exactly what you propose."

"I propose," Forrest answered, "that we narrow the issues, and that we put them before him in plain English, now—to-night—while the courage is still with us. It must be silence or death. I tell you frankly how it is with me. I would as soon press a pistol to my forehead and pull the trigger, as have this boy go back into the world and tell his story. For you, too, it would be ruin."

"We might go and see what he says," he faltered. "I haven't been there since the morning, have you?"

"No!" Forrest answered. "Solitude is good for him. Let us go now, together."

Without another word they rose from the table. Cecil led the way into the library, where he rang for a servant.

"Set out the card-table here," he ordered, "and bring in the whisky and soda. After that we do not wish to be disturbed. You understand?"

"Certainly, sir," the man answered.

They waited until the things were brought. Afterwards they locked the door. Cecil went to a drawer and took out a couple of electric torches, one of which he handed to Forrest. Then he went to the wall, and after a few minutes' groping, found the spring. The door swung open, and a rush of unwholesome air streamed into the room. They made their way silently along the passage until at last they reached the sunken chamber. Cecil took a key from his pocket and opened the door.



Engleton was in evil straits, but there was no sign of yielding in his face as he looked up. He was seated before a small table upon which a common lamp was burning. His clothes hung about him loosely. His face was haggard. A short, unbecoming beard disfigured his face. He wore no collar or necktie, and his general appearance was altogether dishevelled. Forrest looked at him critically.

"My dear Engleton!" he began.

"What the devil do you want with me at this time of night?" Engleton interrupted. "Have you come down to see how I amuse myself during the long evenings? Perhaps you would like to come and play cut-throat. I'll ply you for what stakes you like, and thank you for coming, if you leave the door open and let me breathe a little better air."

"It is your own fault that you are here," Cecil de la Borne declared. "It is all your cursed obstinacy. Listen! I tell you once more that what you saw, or fancied you saw, was a mistake. Forget it. Give your word of honor to forget it, never to allude to it at any time in your life, and you can walk out of here a free man."

Engleton nodded.

"I have no doubt of it," he answered. "The worst of it is that nothing in the world would induce me to forego the pleasure I promise myself, before very long, too, of giving to the whole world the story of your infamy. I am not tractable to-night. You had better go away, both of you. I am more likely to fight."

Forrest sat down on the edge of a chest.

"Engleton," he said, "don't be a fool. It can do you no particular good to ruin Cecil here and myself, just because you happen to be suspicious. Let that drop. Tell us that you have decided to let it drop, and the world can take you into its arms again."

"I refuse," Engleton answered. "I refuse once and for all. I tell you that I have made up my mind to see you punished for this. How I get out I don't care, but I shall get out, and when I do you two will be laid by the heels."

"We came here to-night," Forrest said slowly, "prepared to compromise with you."

"There is no compromise," Engleton answered fiercely. "There is nothing which you could offer which could repay me for the horror of the nights you have left me to shiver here in this vault. Don't flatter yourself that I shall forget it. I stay on because I cannot escape, but I would sooner stay here forever than beg for mercy from either of you."

"Upon my word," Forrest declared, "our friend is quite a hero."

"I am hero enough, at any rate," Engleton answered, "to refuse to bargain with you. Get out, both of you, before I lose my temper."

Forrest came a little further into the room. The thunder of the sea seemed almost above their heads. The little lamp on the table by Engleton's side gave little more than a weird, unnatural light around the circle in which he sat.

"That isn't quite all that we came to say," Forrest remarked coldly. "To tell you the truth, we have had enough of playing jailer."

"I can assure you," Engleton answered, "that I have had equally enough of being your prisoner."

"We are agreed, then," Forrest continued smoothly. "You will probably be relieved when I tell you that we have decided to end it."

Engleton rose to his feet.

"So much the better," he said. "You might keep me here till doomsday, and the end would be the same."



"We do not propose," Forrest continued, "to keep you here till doomsday, or anything like it. What we have come to say to you is this—that if you still refuse to give your promise—I need not say more than that—we are going to set you free."

"Do you mean that literally?" Engleton asked.

"Perhaps not altogether as you would wish to understand it," Forrest admitted. "We shall give you a chance at high tide to swim for your life."

Engleton shrunk a little back. After all, his nerves were a little shattered.

"Out there?" he asked, pointing to the seaward end of the passage.

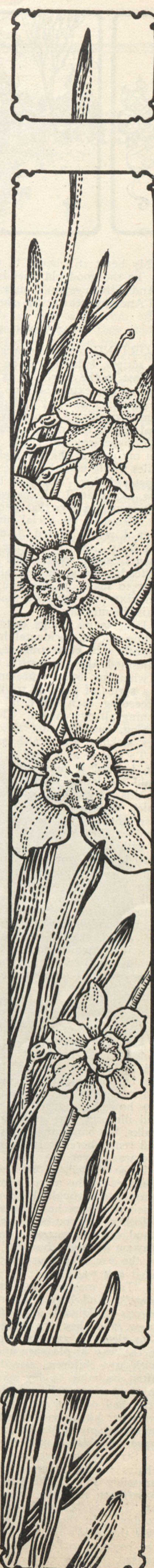
"It will be murder," he said slowly.

Forrest shrugged his shoulders.

"You may call it so of you like," he answered. "Personally, I should not be inclined to agree with you. You will be alive when you go into the sea. If you cannot swim the fault is not ours."

"And when, may I ask," Engleton continued, "do you propose to put into operation your amiable plan?"

"Just whensoever we please, you obstinate young puppy!" Forrest cried, suddenly losing his nerve. "Curse your silent





Around the Hearth

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE



"My heart still bends to the good old friends,
To the good old friends of yore;
And I turn with a sigh to the days gone by,
And the hearts that shall meet me no more."

MY OLD DIARY.

Sorting out a drawerful of papers and manuscripts, I discovered an old diary, and soon was lost to the world in its fascination. Page after page of the extremely fine writing was turned, and the minutes flew by. Work that an hour before seemed positively imperative was forgotten while I lived again the days so faithfully recorded in the little paper-covered book. Unbidden tears would dim my eyes at the portrayal of dark, sad days, and smiles would take their place, as the pleasant episodes registered there would be brought to mind. Somehow, as I read, I felt the weariness I spoke of when writing of the days that were so full, the trying days, the dilemmas, the social functions, the kitchen days, when I would record, "Am so very tired to-night, and it is late." Then the quiet, uneventful times, when I "sewed or mended all day," or "it has been a steady downpour of rain to-day," all of which went to make up the hours of the three hundred and sixty-five days of that year that I am living again in memory.

How many things it takes to make up a year, trifling events, incidental happenings, one following the other in close pursuit, until, when added and multiplied, they present a formidable array! That is what my book represents, as I glance through it, a series of seeming trivialities, a round of duties, succeeding each other in regularity, and then beginning all over again. Sleep, eat, work, going and coming, sunshine and shadow, meetings and partings, sickness and health, such is life!

To live it as I read it, that were a pace indeed, but I lived it only one day at a time, and how could we look forward to the months ahead, only in this attitude of fulfilling each day the work which we are bound to perform! The load otherwise would be too great for us to carry; we would quail at the prospect, but each new dawn inspires us with fresh courage to face what is ahead. Were it all joy, we would become one-sided; all pleasure, and it would unfit us for the enjoyment of a well-earned holiday; all work, our lives would be one dull grind. In every life we find intermingled the bitter and the sweet. It does not always appear so, but underneath the surface that we present to the world, there are depths of bliss, and caverns of grief to which no one has access. The lone, individual soul has the right to guard the innermost recesses of its own source of happiness or woe.

MANY names associated with my book are now spoken reverently—they have crossed the Great Divide. I was struck with the large number, old and young, and as their faces rose up before me in obedience to memory's call, somehow they did not seem so far away. The dear little ones, too, how they figured on every page, their pleasures and illnesses, the making of little garments, the walks, the baths, the hurts and bruises, I read it all and remembered! It was like a happy dream to go backward over the years, and see the names now held so sacred, in the every-day events, to catch glimpses of the merry group as they raced over the lawn, and through the house with laugh and shout. Their baby speeches, how sweet! And the questions! "Mother, will you be an angel when you die?" "Yes." "And will you wear a crown of gold?" "Yes." "And play on a golden harp?" "Yes." "Well, what would be the use of giving you a harp, you couldn't play on it any way?"

"Take me on your knee, mamma, wead me a towy." And here I sit reading the story of their joyous childhood days, the happiest time I ever knew, and they are gone away to work, to study—to sleep. I am glad now that I sacrificed much in the way of pleasure and travel to spend the time with my children, else the reward could not so often be mine to-day of reading: "Have just put my four rosy darlings to bed, their tired little bodies stretched out for rest and sleep"; "Baby is asleep with her kitten on her arm"; and again, "God bless and keep my noble boys, and sweet baby girl, who have just kissed mother good-night."

Strange that we never lose sight of the vacant chairs in our homes! There is something inexpressibly sad in the voice that says, "John would have been nineteen next November had he lived," or "This is Mary's birthday, she would be fourteen to-day." In the sigh that accompanies it, we know that the child's life has been faithfully followed, that the boy's or girl's size has been gauged as the years passed, by the child of the same summers. We

know that his progress in school has been calculated by his class-mates, just when he should have matriculated, and the future career planned, his abilities are all taken into account, and then—suddenly, we remember that "They reckon not by months and years, where they have gone to dwell." But they are not forgotten, for certain as the first snow falls, and spreads its white mantle o'er the little lonely mounds, thought swiftly travels the intervening space, and the eyes have a far-away look as they picture the quiet resting-place. Sleep on, loved ones, good-night!

HERE are they, those who have left our side, and whom we watched till the last lingering earthly knowledge departed, and the eyes looked beyond us to that which we could not see? Did they close them to us, to awaken with a glorified vision of this same old earth, its streets transformed into gold, and the grass turned into the "living green of the everlasting fields," and are they around and about us, ethereal beings, not visible to the human eye, who hover near us, our guardian angels? Who can solve this mystery? Only those who have passed within. We can all have our theories of the life beyond, but there is no certainty therewith, for no one "has ever come back with a message, from beyond that most mystical main." We cannot pierce the obscurity of that secret which only death reveals.

Why, oh, why, we keep asking, why were we bereft? Why was that life cut down in the midst of usefulness, that mother taken from her children? Why that noble mind that could grapple with the sciences and wonders of creation, reading the starry heavens, exploring the unknown regions of the earth, sounding the Gospel trumpet, displaying inventive power, or great genius snuffed out as the light of a candle? Why are poor, helpless imbeciles, and impotent, debilitated creatures, those to whom death would be a welcome guest, enduring, suffering, waiting for release, allowed to live on, and on, to extreme old age? We wonder why, but it is when the dark angel comes to our own fireside, taking one of our loved ones as its prey, that we wonder most, that the darkness cannot be penetrated by our sorrow-stricken hearts, and tear-bedimmed vision.

Do I expect to meet those who have gone before? Just as certainly as that some day, I, too, shall drop this mortal coil, but in what form I shall see them I cannot conceive, that is my belief. We were taught that "when we die our spirits return to the God who gave them"; now, if in each one of us there is a spark of the Divine Being, that He has sent forth, clothed in flesh to do His will, then surely we shall all be united in the next life, when we have fulfilled His mission, and He takes us back to Himself. I love to dwell on the re-union with my friends, and somehow I think we shall know each other there. There are so many conceptions of heaven, and they change with the years. When I was a child I pictured it as a great throne, and around it a white-robed multitude, singing and playing on harps forever and ever. Now, the heaven I look forward to will be the unfulfilled yearnings of a lifetime, the desires that never were satisfied, the longings of the soul, all gratified. That is all—just to be met, the reaching out of our hearts for the best things in the spiritual life that our environments forbade, the revelation of the truth that vainly we searched for, the rest for the weary, and peace—perfect peace.

SUCH a busy year my little book revealed, and at its close, I wrote a summary which I have hesitated about giving to my readers, but the thought that it may be helpful to some one struggling along with the care of a young family, and perhaps chafing at the limitations of her sphere, has enabled me to decide that I will show her that she is not alone, but others have travelled along the same path, and that one woman has never regretted any sacrifices she made while bringing up her children, but enjoyed with them every phase of their changing years, entering into their lives, and counting the world well lost, while she passed through the busy, troublous, yet happy years of their childhood. And so, I ask you to follow me through the mazes of duties of that year, and as you read, forget that it is the writer's experience, and look upon it as a general account of the variety of any one woman's work.

This I copy from my diary—"January opened favorably, all work caught up, so I started my usual winter's sewing—the disposing of everything in the shape of bed and table linen for the year—but did not make much progress, as all four children took

down with grippe in different forms, one a very serious case, and it was five weeks before they were fully recovered. Seized the opportunity during their convalescence, to do some reading for my own profit, as well as the benefit of the boys. In February, dear Grandma was very ill, and I remained a week with her, and then had a guest in the house for a month, part of the time quite ill, and during that time there was a change of servants. Two days before his departure measles developed, three of the babies were ill at once, and in its wake left one with an ear trouble that required very careful attention for a long time."

"Next on the programme was the purchasing and making of new spring clothing all around, which meant trips to the dressmaker, and many hours at the sewing machine. Another guest, seeking health for a shattered nervous system for five weeks—and the drives and drives during her stay—and returning from the depot after seeing her away, I sprained my ankle, and for a week was confined to my room, but did grand work in my scrap-albums, which, otherwise, would have been left undone. It was now holiday time, and before taking a ten days' trip with all the family, I entertained a friend for a week, and preserved the small fruits. Home again, and guests from far away Tacoma for a time, and then to Toronto Exhibition with my sister for two gay weeks, leaving all care behind, and taking in the sights, shopping and visiting.

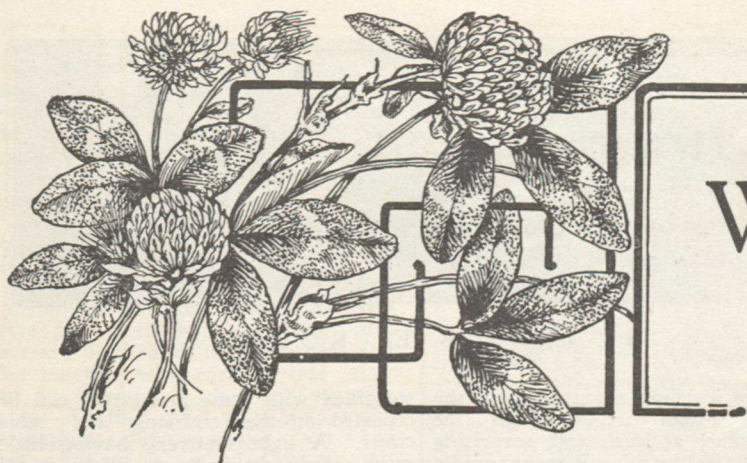
"Back to business again, preserving the fall fruits and pickling. In the midst comes chicken-pox, and all four children had it. Another guest for a week, then followed the fall sewing, which was worked in during the visit of a delicate cousin for nearly three weeks, and then right in the midst of Christmas preparations came the mandate, "Get ready to move." More company, present-buying, letter-writing, a farewell trip to my old home, the happy festival over, and then the climax. We began to pick up, and pack up, and callers multiplied. The battle grew stronger and fiercer each day, and we wound up the year with everything in readiness to depart. Farewell, old year; and a fond farewell, old home; every nook and corner dear to me, because of the tender memories that round thee twine."

"BESIDES all this, I made eighty-one calls, received over one hundred callers; I wrote twenty-three letters, I read through twelve books, and the same number of books in the Bible; I scanned regularly the daily and weekly papers; I practised one hour a day on the piano; I did the shopping and mending, with a considerable portion of the children's sewing, and all of the house sewing. I superintended the meals, and bathed and dressed the children always, likewise training and instructing them. I kept a strict account of how almost fourteen hundred dollars was spent, all expenditures under their respective headings; I directed and assisted in both sieges of house-cleaning, having extra help then, and also in times of sickness, and during my absence from home.

"To this summary I could add many extra, such as several picnics I baked for and attended, a few excursions for the day to other towns; and many outings around home. Then there was the occasional visitor, often several in a week to remain for meals; there was particular baking, and cooking, and ironing which required my personal attention; the constant oversight of the children; the scores of drives; attendance at meetings; and the keeping of this diary, the last I shall ever keep, for I am giving it up forever."

I did give it up. Never since I penned those lines have I accounted for how I spent my time "as the days go passing by." Monotonous? It reads that way, but I did not live it so. There is always a break to the sameness, in some shape or other, some little change that helps us to press on. The work was systematic—every Monday was sweeping day; Tuesday, washing; Wednesday was ironing day—but that's another story, which I shall tell you again.

AND now, good old diary, your work is done! Why you have survived all other records of the same description, I cannot understand; why from your place of concealment you have come to light at this present time I shall not attempt to reason! To my heart the greatest satisfaction from your pages comes from knowing that for that one year in my life I was being spent for others, that I lived it freely and joyfully in ministering to my helpless little ones, and the numerous friends to whom it was my pleasure to extend the hospitality of our home.



With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

The Bads

Y dolly has the bads to-day,
I don't know what to do,
She will not sing, she will not
play,
She's muddied all her shoe.

She hit poor Topsy's woolly
head,
She even tried to bite.
I guess she'll have to go to
bed,
Although it isn't night.

She doesn't care, she doesn't
mind
Whatever I may say.

Come, blow, O wind, you big spring wind,
And blow the bads away.



Empire Building

CHILDREN'S letters may strike some people as being too unimportant to have any share in the great scheme of empire-building. But is it so? The imperial mansion should stand on the solid foundation of mutual interest, a common language and ancestry; the structure itself be fashioned of beautiful masonry, symbolical of the various nations of the Empire, each in its rightful place. But what can hold the buildings together except cement? The cement of true friendship, that arises from mutual knowledge, affection and respect.

So it is with the great concourse of nations which form the British Empire, and live under the protection of the Union Jack. They must surely be held together by the bonds of knowledge and friendship; and among these bonds should be counted the thousands of letters which pass between the children of the Empire, through the Comrades' Correspondence Branch of the League of the Empire. Nearly ten years ago the idea was first started of bringing the children of the Overseas Dominions and the United Kingdom into touch with each other by letter-writing. The scheme has grown and prospered, and through its agency over 20,000 comrades have been introduced to each other, most of whom keep up an active correspondence. Think what pleasure it must be to a boy or girl living on a lonely farm, or up-country station to receive a letter from England, the land their parents speak of as "home"; a letter written by one like themselves, but living under other skies and other conditions. On the other hand, how interesting for a boy or girl, used perhaps, to crowded London, to hear of real adventures in the backwoods from the actors in them, or of city life by southern seas.

Apart from the awakening of friendly interest and appreciation it was realized by the promoters of the scheme, that it would be extremely valuable as an educational factor. And in conjunction with the Comrades' Correspondence Branch of the League there is a school-linking section, which was founded not long after it. School teachers are its most enthusiastic supporters. They find it adds greatly to the interest of geography and history lessons, if the pupils have a personal connection with a school, perhaps of the same name, in a distant part of the Empire. Nature study and kindred subjects are keenly taken up in friendly rivalry with the linked school. This genuine appreciation is shown in such letters as the following, written by the head master of a school in Camberwell (London), to the Camberwell Board of Advice, Australia: "It was a very pleasant thought on the part of yourself to send us greetings on Empire Day. In a short address by myself, I mentioned that our friends at Camberwell, Australia, had already kept Empire Day, and remembered we would be doing likewise. I then read your letter; we cheered for all we were worth. You did not hear us, but no cheers that day were more sincere or enthusiastic than those given for you and the Southern Camberwellians. My exhibition of "Products of the Empire" was seen by hundreds of the parents, etc."

Surely it is worth while to implant in young minds some feeling for the Empire to which they belong: to help them to realize that the great inheritance won for them by their forefathers is a living reality, in which each child has its share.

Though children are, of course, the principal factors in this scheme of world-wide correspondence, the wants of adults have not been neglected. Many teachers have found it useful to have a correspondent

of similar tastes, with whom to exchange ideas and experiences. One adult comrade writes: "Isn't it lovely just to be able to fill in a small form, and then get linked on to someone in a far country; almost as good as having telephones all over the world."

And another says: "To belong to a friendly league is grand, but when it is a league of the Empire it's grander still." And again, families have sometimes been re-united by a chance linking of comrades. A child from New Zealand who had asked for a comrade in her father's birthplace says: "Let me thank you very much indeed for what you have done for us. You have not only pleased us all, but you have given my father hopes of corresponding with his brother, perhaps of seeing him again. My comrade's father and dad used to be playmates at school together and they were neighbors. So you see by this how well I am pleased."

The subjects chosen by the correspondents are too numerous to mention; they range from astronomy geology, history, to the collection of stamps. The writers themselves are of all ages and all classes of society.

May we not consider each little letter as one strand in the great cord that is daily woven to bind us together: and as being in no way too unimportant for the work of union. If you know any child who would like a comrade, write to the Hon. Secretary, League of the Empire, Caxton Hall, Westminster, who will send you a form to fill in; on returning it you will be supplied with the name and address of a correspondent. For school linking a special form has been drawn up, giving a programme of suggested subjects throughout the year. All information will be gladly given, and correspondents welcomed.



Maple Sugar Letters

Brownsville, Ont., Feb. 7th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

My mother takes the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. We all enjoy reading it very much. I enjoy reading the Juniors' page best of all.

I live on a farm one and a half miles west of Brownsville. Our farm is called Greenspot Farm. We have twenty-five cows and fifty calves, which we raised last year. We have six horses, thirty pigs, ten sheep, two hundred chickens, three geese and two turkeys. I have a pet dog. His name is Carlo. He is a pure bred Scotch collie. I have two kittens and a yellow canary. We have a fine carriage team that we drive in our carriage which papa, mamma, sister Elsie and myself enjoy very much.

I must close now, hoping the Juniors' page much success.

RUBY WILLIAMSON (age 9 years.)

I certify that Ruby wrote this without aid.—Mrs. Walter Williamson.

Here is another little girl who is still writing about her pets when she ought to be writing about maple sugar. However, it is such a nice little letter, and so prettily written, that we are using it. Our nine-year-olds always write nicely. Come again, Ruby.—C. C.



Curlew, Alta., Feb. 2nd, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We have just received the February number of the HOME JOURNAL in our home, and as my letter about pets arrived too late for publication I thought I would attempt to tell you what I know about maple sugar. I did not make any myself, though I have ate plenty of it, also maple syrup.

I remember six years ago, down east, in the county of Grey, my parents set out sugar-making. Papa went to the woods and tapped over one hundred maple trees which he inserted a small iron tap in each tree, hanging a tin bucket on each one. Some trees had two taps.

Now what I remember, they prepared a boiling place with large iron kettles suspended on a pole, supported by two huge trees and then prepared a fireplace with two large logs about three feet apart to make room for the fire between them. As the sap ran freely, nice warm days they gathered the sap and emptied it into kettles, and also had barrels for storing the sap. While the kettles are boiling to keep it from running over they hang a piece of fat pork over the top of the boiler. The boiling

is kept up for some time when they strain it, wash out the kettles and return to the fire again. They cleanse this syrup with an egg, and scum off all the dirt that rises. They boil it till they think it is enough for syrup. If they want to make it into sugar the boiling continues till it becomes very thick. It is then tested for sugar by means of a spoon with a hole in. They take up a spoonful and blow through it and when it forms a long bubble without breaking it is considered ready to pour into moulds and set to cool. Sometimes we would like to eat it before it cooled. Alas! there is no fun like sugar-making. In Alberta our best fun is riding a broncho three miles to school over the prairie.

Yours truly,

ANNIE C. MACARTHUR.

I hereby certify this letter was made up and written by my daughter, 13 years old, on Christmas last.—E. C. MacArthur.

I am very glad you wrote again, Annie. We were sorry to leave out any of the other letters, but some of the later ones we simply couldn't squeeze in anywhere or anyhow. Which is most fun—maple sugar-making or broncho-riding? Tell us some more about your broncho.—C. C.

557 Dovercourt Road,
Toronto, Feb. 16th, 1911.

Cousin Clover:

Dear Friend,—I am going to tell you all I know about maple sugar.

It is got from the soft maple tree. Men go out



TEDDY BEARS DON'T EAT MAPLE SUGAR.

in a home-made sleigh called a jumper, and stay for the fall.

They begin by making spiles. This is done by splitting a thin slab off a block of cedar, with a gouge. To tap the tree they make a gash with their axes, put a gouge in the corner of the notch, and hammer it with the flat of their axe. The spile is then put in the incision thus made.

A trough, made by hollowing out a thick slab of basswood, is put under the spile. The sap runs down the spile and into the trough. When the trough is full, it is emptied by buckets into the barrel, and the barrel is emptied into the big kettle over the fire. When it is sweet it is transferred to the little kettle by a large dipper on the end of a long pole. After some boiling here it is syrup, but they must be very careful as it burns easily.

For sugar it is boiled a little more. Then the fire is quickly knocked from under it, and it is poured into pans, where it is stirred to keep it from getting too hard till it is nearly cool.

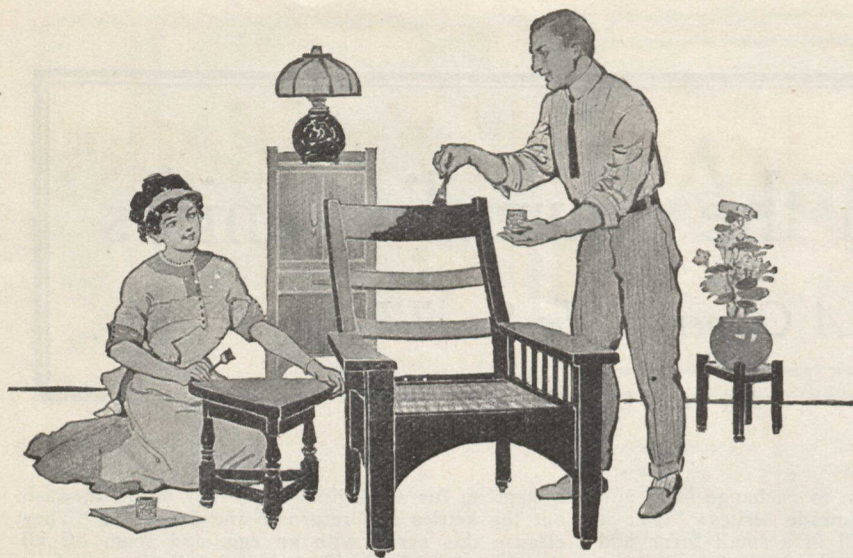
Wishing the enterprise every success.

HILLIER SCOTT (age 11.)

Certified that foregoing has been written and punctuated without any assistance whatever.—D. Scott.

Your letter was a pleasure to read, it was so

Continued on page 46



**With JAP-A-LAC
In One Short Night,
You'll Have the Whole Room
Spick and Bright**

Perhaps you would like to have a *new library*; your old oak furniture may be somewhat *out of date*, and *dingy* by this time.

All you have to do is *wash* it with *warm water* and *soap* during the *day*, order some *Dead Black Jap-a-lac* (Flemish finish) and when your husband comes home at night, give the bookcases, chairs, tables, and picture frames a thorough coat.

In the morning you will have as *charming* and *pleasing* a room as though you'd gone downtown and bought a complete *new* outfit. It will cost you *so little* in both *time* and money that to *hesitate* is to *waste*.

You Can't Keep House Without

JAP-A-LAC

Made in 18 Colors
and Natural (Clear)

Renews everthing from cellar to garret

For hardwood floors; for restoring linoleum; for wainscoating rooms; for re-coating worn-out tin and zinc bath tubs; for brightening woodwork of all sorts; for coating pantry shelves and kitchen tables; for varnishing pictures and gilding picture frames when thinned with turpentine; for restoring go-carts and wagons; for decorating flower pots and jardiniere stands; for re-painting trunks; for restoring chairs, tables, iron beds, bookcases, and for a thousand and one uses; all of which are described and explained in a little book which you can have for a little request on a post card.



For sale everywhere—it wears forever. Look for the name Glidden as well as the name Jap-a-lac. There is no substitute.

The Glidden Varnish Co.

FACTORIES:

Cleveland, O.

Toronto, Ont.

ALL SIZES
25c. to \$3.50



By JESSIE E. RORKE

WE are learning slowly to live the out-of-door life, through the summer at least, and, surprising as it may seem, learning it more rapidly in the cities than in the country, where it is so much more easy to accomplish. In the cities and larger towns the piazza is becoming more and more the living room during the warmer months, and claims from us the same consideration that we give to the rest of the home. The more fortunate country people may leave the house entirely and make both dining-room and living room in the open air with trees for roofing and vines and shrubbery to protect from the wind and sun if necessary; but even here it takes some planning to make the neces-

sary furnishings both suitable and attractive. There are many good styles of summer furniture to choose from, but for those who feel that the expenditure must be small it is good to remember that to be decorative a thing need not be expensive. A well-proportioned kitchen table neatly made and stained, with simple, well-made chairs to match, will be more comfortable and more beautiful than some of the elaborate but poorly-constructed furniture that is sold for the purpose. Indeed, with these simple furnishings, a hammock or two, a linen cover for the table, and plenty of cushions, the veranda may be made most enticing.

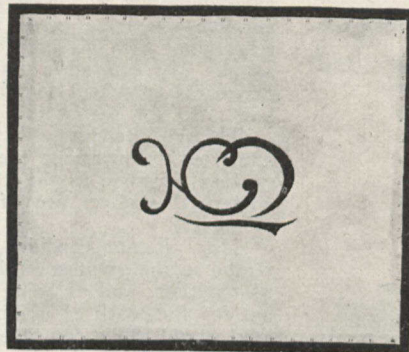


Figure 1.

Rustic furniture is perhaps the most durable, and is very satisfactory to use where it is continually exposed to the weather, but one must select carefully as all of it is not good. It is usually most satisfactory when made by some competent workman who has studied the place carefully and adapted the furniture to its surroundings. Most attractive of all is the reed and wicker furniture, to be had now in many simple and beautiful designs. These may be stained or painted

stencilled with some motif that can be repeated on the cushions and table cover. A light mattress, having little more weight than a rug, will be found very useful. It may be used on the hammock, or if thrown on the grass will make a comfortable seat with the aid of a few cushions. Corn husks will make a very good filling, and the cover may be of plain denim or of some pretty cretonne to match the cushions. It should be tied here and there to keep the filling in place.

Nothing will make the veranda more beautiful than the abundant use of vines and flowers. April, with its promise of coming summer, but with days that are still much too cool to be spent out-of-doors, is a good time to overlook the hammock and veranda cushions, and have them in readiness as soon as the first really warm day tempts us out. Few of last year's cushions will be fit for use without re-covering, and some new ones will probably be desirable.

The new covers should be serviceable as well as attractive. They must not only be able to face the sunshine, but should not be ruined if they are forced to take their share of an occasional shower. It would be asking too much of any material to stand such treatment and be quite as gay and fresh at the end of the season as at the beginning, and for this reason it is wise to use inexpensive material, and if there is any decoration make it quite simple, selecting designs that it will take little time to work out. But this is desirable for another reason also. The summer cushion, above all others, is for use—for any kind of use that adds to comfort—to soften chair or couch, or hammock when needed, but also to be heaped up on the floor or tumbled on the grass if they answer

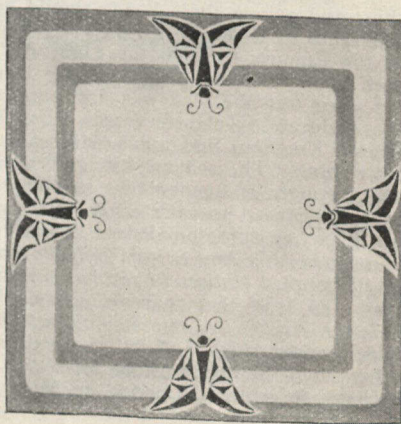


Figure 3.

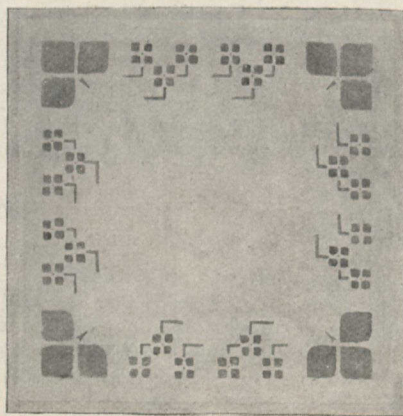


Figure 2.

any color that is desired. Dull greens or browns are usually to be preferred. Brown, being the more neutral shade, will allow a greater variety of coloring in the rugs and cushions. Some of the couches and easy chairs are very comfortable, and the little wicker tea tables make an attractive feature on any veranda.

The best rugs to use are those made of matting or fibre. These can be obtained in any desired size, or the plain matting may be bought and the border

their purpose better there. Hence dainty colors and elaborate trimmings will always fail to please, first because of their unsuitability, and afterward from their soiled, untidy appearance.

In the open air and sunshine we may allow ourselves much more freedom in the choice of color. Even the crude, bright shades please and attract, like the brilliant orange lilies or a bed of flaming poppies, but we must not neglect color harmony, nevertheless. Though we use brighter colors and more striking contrasts we should be careful that they are pleasing ones.

Cretonnes, chintzes, Oriental prints, linens and denims are all good materials for this purpose, as they launder well, and can be found in fairly permanent colors. Burlap is serviceable, and lends itself well to the more simple forms of decoration. Leather is more expensive, but also more durable. The printed materials are best made up without decoration of any kind, and where a number of cushions are placed together one or two of the perfectly plain colors will rest the eye and show the others to better advantage.

No more comfortable filling for a cushion than feathers has yet been found, but when these are not easy to obtain there are some very good substitutes. Excelsior answers well for

a short time, but soon mats and grows hard, but the same objection cannot be made to corn husks. Though not as downy as feathers, they are still quite comfortable, if only the finer ones are used, and will not grow hard with use. Dried lawn grass makes a very good filling, and the pine or balsam needles, by their delicious fragrance, can claim precedence even of the feather pillow.

It is wise to finish the edge of the cushion quite simply, avoiding ruffles and ribbons. Wash cushions are both pretty and convenient, if back and front are finished with a deep hem and laced together with cord so that they may be laundered in two separate pieces. Another good plan is to make the cushion slightly larger than the form, and run a second stitching an inch or an inch and a half from the edge, giving the effect of a deep tuck. Many pillows are quite as attractive if the edges are merely seamed together on the wrong side.

Pretty summer cushions can be knitted or crocheted from heavy cord or colored cotton warp. Almost any patterns for the bed spreads that are shown so frequently in the magazines would be suitable for these cushions, especially the block designs. The back may be the same as the front or of plain denim of the same color. These cushions make good pick-up work for winter evenings, but perhaps require too much time for most of us to undertake when April has come.

Initials, monograms, or crests, em-



Figure 4.

broidered in a heavy floss on linen or denim, make effective cushions, while requiring little time or labor. The design shown in the first illustration is a suggestion for a cushion of Holland linen with initials worked in French embroidery in old blue and laced with a cord of the same color. A large monogram put on with a heavy cord is sometimes quite pretty, but is apt to be irritating if one wishes to use the cushion under their head. French embroidery, except in the very simplest designs, requires more time than we care to bestow on anything so transient, but cross-stitch is quickly done and very effective on a heavy open weave crash or on burlap. Figure 2 shows a design that could be worked out easily in cross-stitch in reds and greens on a tan ground.

Flag cushions are common, but the bright colors are pretty, and the style may be varied a little to give a new touch by using them as an applique against a background of tan, black or navy. One large flag could be placed diagonally across the centre of the cushion or several of the smaller ones arranged to form a design. The handkerchief as a cushion cover has been long with us, too, but as it is pretty, quickly made, and washes well, perhaps we are not wise to discard it on that account. A little searching through the shops will be rewarded by some new and very pretty patterns in the large colored handkerchiefs. Some of the Paisley designs would be most attractive for this summer.

Perhaps no form of decoration is better suited to these summer pillows than stencilling. It is inexpensive, and easily and quickly done, though some of the results are decidedly beautiful. A pine pillow is pretty with a linen cover stencilled in green with a design of pine needles and cones, or the stencil motif that you choose for your cushion may repeat the color of some flowers growing near, or the dull red of the bricks and the greens of the vine that clings to them. Figure 2 might be used for a stencil design as well as for embroidery, and figures 3 and 4 are both suitable for that purpose. The moth design will be pretty in the golden brown shades with the markings on the wings so dark that they are nearly black. Figure 4 would be pretty in shades of green, and might be outlined with coronation braid of a darker green, but in this case it loses its character as a stencil, and has more the

effect of the printed cushions one buys in the shops.

Cushions of woven raffia are very attractive on the wicker and rattan seats and couches for the veranda, or the raffia may be used to ornament some other material. For this purpose the finest strands of the raffia should be secured, and a fine long darning needle

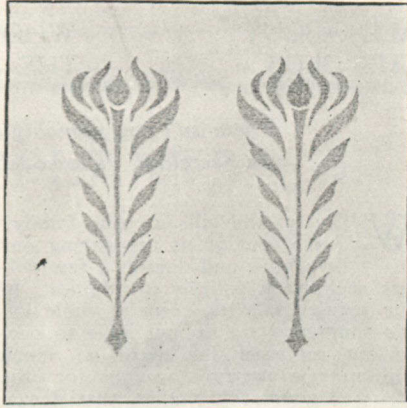


Figure 5.

is used for working them in. A simple darning stitch running horizontally across the material is most suitable. Almost any of the coarsely woven materials to be found in the kitchen linen department of a store will make a good foundation for this work, and burlap with its coarse texture and many pretty colors seems especially adapted for it. The design from the peacock feather (figure 5), might be darned with green and gold raffia on a dull blue ground. In the larger design (figure 6), it would be better to use only one color in the raffia if it contrasts with the background, or shades of the same color might be used in the background and the conventional leaves and flowers.

A comfortable pillow for the hammock is made in the form of an old-fashioned bolster, sausage-shaped, with a flat, round piece set in at each end. If green is the prevailing color in the other cushions, it might be made of green denim with an initial embroidered on one of the ends.

Flowers for the Table

ONE of the greatest mistakes that can possibly be made in arranging flowers as table decoration is to have them so high that they prevent a view of the person opposite. But at a small dinner or the family meal it is a serious cause of irritation not to be able to see the people with whom, owing to the small size of the gathering, it is necessary as well as pleasant to converse. Low dishes of flowers offer such charming opportunities for lovely arrangements that it is simply a proof of lack of ability or imagination to plan a high bunch that conclusively puts a stop to unity in a little group. Men seem to have a distinct

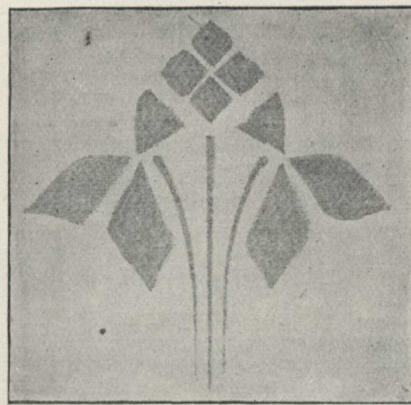


Figure 6.

dislike for this "high altitude" table garnishing, and they divide themselves into two distinct classes according to temperament—those who patiently dodge the obstacle with a baffled look as if not quite knowing why they are uncomfortable, and those who, being stronger-minded, have it removed.

Observation of the various methods of tastefully arranging flowers will show how often half the number, if properly fixed, will answer the same purpose as a large bunch so crowded into a dish that the beauty of the individual blossom is quite lost. The modern shops offer many forms of flower-dishes that aid in planning simple low decorations, such as the charming glass and china baskets and the shallow pieces of pottery, in which the flowers are enabled to stand erect by means of metal and glass holders into which the stems are thrust under the water.

Good Old-Fashioned Cooking

Old-fashioned cookery suggests thoroughness. The old-time brick oven, the pot simmering in the fireplace—they were slow but thorough.

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But in the matter of thoroughness the Heinz way is old-fashioned. This is necessary in preparing foods of high quality and nothing less than the very highest quality is good enough to bear the Heinz name. A good example is

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The superior Heinz quality in Baked Beans has resulted in a larger sale for Heinz Baked Beans than for any other brand of baked beans in the world.

The U. S. Gov't. no longer permits steamed or boiled beans to be labeled "baked." If you want *genuine baked beans*, you should buy none that do not have "baked" on the label.

Heinz Baked Beans include:

- Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce (With Pork)*
- Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce (No Pork)*
- Baked Pork and Beans (Boston Style)*
- Baked Red Kidney Beans*

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Hemstitched Tea Cloths	each .72	
Hemstitched Toilet Covers.....	each .36	
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Embroid. Tea Cloths.....	each 1.15	
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Prices per doz.

Ladies' 13 inches square.....	\$0.73
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Ladies' 16½ inches square.....	1.12
Ladies' 17½ inches square.....	1.12
Gentlemen's 19 inches square...	2.37
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CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB

ALL ABOUT
THE CLUB

WHO PAYS
THE BILLS?

THE \$100
CIRCLE

There isn't any formality about the Club, just write to the Secretary, "Please tell me about the Girls' Club"

WHO pays the bills in your family? Some few of us are paying our own bills, and doesn't a few dollars each week entirely in addition to our regular salaries, seem a whole lot. It's something we do not have to parcel out; so much for board, so much for laundry, car fare, savings for the spring demand for clothes, that devastating division that leaves such a small remainder just to spend as we please. You can have a lot of fun on \$2.00 or \$3.00 a week, and still have some to add to the savings account. Or perhaps you may happen to have a good deal of extra time and some luck, and get eight or ten dollars in a lump.

There are others fortunate enough to inherit an income that pays the bills; but that, also, usually calls for some careful division that leaves an entirely too unsatisfying a surplus, and they appreciate the extra amounts. But in the great majority of cases it is "father" who pays the bills and who makes the division—a division of large sums to be sure, but one that often leaves just about as small a surplus. And here, also, the extra few dollars are of help. And even where the division is easy to make, there are many girls who are not willing to ask for pin money when they can so easily earn it. I feel sorry for the girl who has never had the satisfaction of receiving money that she herself has earned.

ALL ABOUT THE CLUB.

Most of our old subscribers probably know about the club, so this explanation is principally for the thousands of new readers who have lately come to us. We hope among them to find many who will be as interested and helpful in spreading news of the Journal among their friends and neighbors. The club is composed of enthusiastic workers for the Journal, securing subscriptions because they want to see the Journal the dominant magazine in Canada, and because they are earning money for themselves or for some cause in which they are interested. They are enthusiastic because the Journal is developing so rapidly into the most attractive magazine, because it sells so readily and also because we are paying such splendid commissions.

Some who have never done any work of any kind start with much fear and trembling, and then we soon get letters telling us that all their hesitation has passed. A magazine devoted to the interests of our own country—"Our Canadian Magazine"—magical words that secured interest from everyone. Our workers are glad to represent such a magazine.

THE \$100 CIRCLE.

This is a special group of workers inside of the larger club. All of our Girls' Club members who earn \$100 from subscription work for the Journal during the year will be members. I hope that all former members of the club will get out their schedules and figure just how they can manage to get into the "circle." Something like this: April, 25 subscriptions; May, 16; June, 10; July, 10; September, 25; October, 25; November, 35; December, 35. That will place you in the \$100 Circle, with some to spare, but take my advice, and try to get as far ahead of your schedule as you can, and then if anything happens later to prevent as much work as you hoped, you will still be safe.

For all those who get into the circle we have the most attractive little gold watches, with monograms on the back. The prettiest little watches you ever saw. They will be Christmas presents for all members who have earned membership in the \$100 Circle by December 5th. And I certainly will find as much pleasure in sending them as you will in receiving.

There will be some girls who try for the "circle," but on account of the lack of time or sickness or change of resi-

dence, will fall by the wayside. They may be sure that they will be remembered at Christmas time, if they send us a goodly number of orders, yet not quite enough.

Please all try for the "\$100 Circle." I shall be waiting at the door to welcome you in, and I want just dozens of members.

Very sincerely,
Secretary Girls' Club,
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Currant Culture

By PROFESSOR H. L. HUTT

THE currant is a very hardy fruit, and as fair results are obtained without high culture, almost everyone who has a garden grows currants. Like all other fruits, however, the currant becomes most profitable when it is given good care.

The currant is a moisture-loving fruit, hence for profit it should be planted in a cool, moist, but well-drained soil. It also requires rich soil, hence as a rule the best is a good clay loam which is retentive of moisture and cooler than sandy loam. The soil should be thoroughly prepared for currants before planting. One-year-old plants from cuttings, if strong, will give good satisfaction, although two-year-old plants are not too old. They should be planted in rows about six feet apart, and from four to five feet apart in the rows, the wide distance being more satisfactory for the strong growing varieties, especially black currants.

Fall planting is best for currants. They can, however, be planted in the spring with success. The plants should be set a little deeper than they were in the nursery, and the soil well pressed against the roots. Thorough cultivation should follow to promote as much growth as possible, but it should be shallow, as the currant roots are near the surface. The following spring the currants will need some pruning to give them a shapely open head, the bush when well shaped having from five to seven main branches well distributed to avoid crowding. The fruit of red currants is formed from spurs on wood two years old, while the fruit of black currants is borne on wood of the previous year. Currants should be pruned annually to get the best results.

After the bushes are in full bearing the pruning should be done with the object of removing some of the older wood from the ground each year. There should be no wood more than three years old left on black currant bushes, as the object is to keep up a strong growth of young wood. It is also not well to let the wood of red currants get very old, as the finest fruit is produced on the two and three-year-old wood.

The currant plantation will begin to give some fruit the third season, but a full crop will not be obtained until the fourth. As the currant is a great feeder, drawing heavily on the fertility of the soil, the plantation should receive an annual dressing of barnyard manure or some other fertilizer. Rotten manure applied in the autumn and cultivated in the next spring gives very good results. Applications of wood ashes or muriate of potash and ground bones are also beneficial.

The season for enjoying fresh vegetables may be lengthened at both ends, and the garden area made to produce a larger profit, if hotbeds or cold frames are used for starting plants of such vegetables as radish, lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, tomato, celery, egg plant, pepper and so forth. The latest sowing of radish and lettuce may be matured in the frames.

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BISCUITS



In My Lady's Garden for 1911

CONSULTING EDITORS:

MISS M. E. BLACKLOCK AND MR. A. B. CUTTING, B.S.A.

(Dates of Planting, when mentioned, are for Toronto and Vicinity. Allowance must be made for local differences in climate.)



HARDY PLANTS FOR PERMANENT BORDERS

By M. E. BLACKLOCK

THE Paeony. Of these, the Chinese, or Rosescented, Paeony, is perhaps the most popular. Undoubtedly it is a gorgeous flower. It is to be had now in every shade intermediate between pure white and blood crimson, and some varieties combine two or three soft shades most delightfully. Mr. R. B. Whyte's list of the best twelve varieties was pub-



CHINESE SINGLE PEONY "DAWN"

lished in the November, 1910, issue of this magazine. Comparatively few people know how lovely the new single varieties of the paeony are.

The flowers are generally produced in greater profusion than on the double ones, and nearly always come three or four to a stalk. The one illustrated is named "Dawn." It is white, with a faint pink glow to the buds, and is as beautiful as any of the double varieties; the mass of quivering golden stamens in the centre reminding one of a water lily.

The Iris must surely come next to the Paeony in popular favor. Indeed, from an artistic point of view many people consider it the most beautiful of all flowers. There are some dear little dwarf species which begin blooming in mid-May, but the so-called German Irises unfurl their royal standard in June, the Florentine Iris (I. Florentina), from which orris root is procured, preceding them by a few days. This lovely Iris, with its large, nearly transparent, loose petaled white flowers, is one of the choicest grown. Of the dozens of fine varieties, a few good ones are Madame Chereau, white, with delicate mauve edge to all the petals; I. Spectabilis, a large flowered, deep velvety purple; I. Amas (syn. Macrantha), standards light blue, falls violet, huge; I. Dalmatica, Princess Beatrice, a lovely, large, mauve blue throughout; Iris, Queen of May, the mauve pink of a Cattleya orchid, lovely; (see illustration); I. Jacquesiana (syn. Lord

Rosebery) standards fawn, flushed rose, falls claret crimson, very handsome; I. Gracchus, standards of pure pale yellow, falls white, deeply margined and veined with crimson, with a faint rim or yellow outside of the crimson, handsome; I. Porcelain, grey white, flecked with mauve purple inside and falls rich plum purple reticulated with white; I. Maori King, standards golden yellow, falls deep maroon, edged yellow. These ten are all good, and give a pretty fair range of color. But when people once get the Iris fever there will be at least twenty more that they will feel are absolutely necessary.

The Lemon Lily (Hemerocallis flava). This is one of the most desirable old hardy plants in existence. It has many good qualities. The flower is a lovely, pale yellow and richly perfumed and, though it only lasts a day, others take its place and for a week or two in early June, the air is sweet with its fragrance and the eye is charmed with its beauty. Nor is its usefulness over when the flowers are gone. For its long graceful arching leaves remain to add their little touch to the garden's attractiveness. Rightly placed they can do wonders in adding to the general effect. It is perfectly hardy, increases readily and is most uncomplaining as to soil or treatment. There are several other species of Hemerocallis well worth growing, of which either of the double forms (H. fulva, syn. disticha fl. pl., or H. Kwanso fl. pl.) are very handsome, the flowers being an orange scarlet. These bloom later than the lemon lily and have wider leaves and stronger growth.

The "Bleeding Heart" (Dielytra spectabilis). This old plant needs no introduction—everyone knows it and many love its oddly-shaped flowers for old association's sake—can anyone recall an old-fashioned garden without it? It is a faithful friend, and makes no complaint of ill-treatment if it is not given a choice position.

The Solomon's Seal. The garden variety of the Solomon's Seal (Polygonatum majus?) is a very striking plant. It is at least twice the size of our wild one (P. biflorus), and with little or no green in its pretty white bells, which hang in little groups from the backs of the leaves. The graceful way in which the stems arch over other plants makes it particularly valuable from a decorative point of view. For this unique quality and for its easy culture no gardener can afford to do without it.

The "Day Lily" (Funkia subcordata grandiflora). The handsome plantain-

like leaves of this "Day Lily" are of such telling effect in the artistic garden that its large and beautiful white flowers come as a sort of unexpected blessing, but they are none the less welcome on that account. As the popular name implies, each blossom only lasts a day and then fades, but the succession is kept up for some time. The flowers are deliciously sweet. But if the "Plantain Lily", as it is often called, never had a flower it would still be sought after, so beautiful are its deeply-grooved pale green leaves and so good the foliage effect when used in connection with plants that have either sword-shaped or grass-like ones. The more experience one has in gardening the more convinced one becomes that the artistic arrangement of plants has more to do with making the garden beautiful than mere wealth of bloom.

SIX FALL FLOWERING PERENNIALS.

The Helonium or Sneezeweed. H. Autumnale grows five or six feet high and is a mass of golden yellow flowers for some weeks. The flowers grow in clusters, the individual blooms being not unlike those of the hardy Coreopsis. A good clump of this is not only extremely showy, but it is very graceful, if it is allowed sufficient liberty (when tied to its support) for the long stems to sway slightly in the breeze. Another variety of similar growth is H. "Riverton Gem," and it is by far the best of the crimson-colored ones, as it is a glowing wallflower-red, with just a hint of "old gold" about it. A mass of it is gorgeous in the sunshine. The Helonium requires no special care or soil and belongs to the uncomplaining plants that do well for everyone. Put in a small plant in early spring and it will bloom in August and September, and soon grow into a fine clump. Though it increases readily, it has not the bad habit of spreading all over the place. It is perfectly hardy here in Toronto.

The Boltonia (False Starwort). The one generally sold here as Boltonia Asteroides is a lovely thing. Its small white flowers, which resemble those of the wild aster, or starwort, of our fields and woods, fairly smother it with bloom, each stem making a bouquet of itself. It is about six feet in height and blooms in September. It also increases readily, but is in nowise troublesome. Neither is it fastidious as to soil or location. There is another variety with larger flowers of a soft mauve. This is not so generally satisfactory as the first mentioned, as it is not nearly so profuse with its flowers, nor is it as hardy.

It is quite often catalogued as B. latisquama, though according to Mr. Macoun's list and also Barr's catalogue (Barr & Sons, London, Eng.) B. latisquama has white flowers. (See illustration.)

Hardy Asters (Starworts, Michaelmas Daisies). We have so many lovely varieties of these growing wild that we do not realize how beautiful they are, or what our



SPIDERWORK OR "WIDOW'S TEARS."

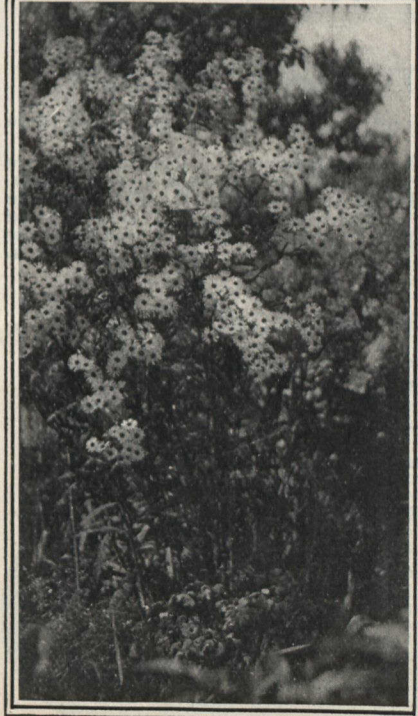
gardens miss in grace and loveliness by not brightening them with their lovely sprays of mauve and white bloom. In England they know their decorative value and grow them in great masses. There are some splendid new hybrids of them, but most authorities agree that the types are quite as good as the hybrids. Our woods and fields are full of these types, and by bringing them into our gardens we will gain a great deal. A few of these that are well worth growing are A. Cordifolius, with light graceful habit and small, mauve-colored flowers. This may be known by its slender stemmed, heart-shaped lower leaves. A. Ericoides and A. Multiflorus are two very graceful and dainty white flowered ones, the latter with leaves of heath-like fineness and its tiny flowers so closely set upon the arching branches that two or three sprays would form a perfect wreath. A. Novae Angliae, the large purple New England aster, grows sometimes more than five feet in height. While this is undoubtedly a handsome plant, and its large, rich, mauve-blue flowers very showy, yet it is stiff and lacks the grace of the smaller kinds. These may be all easily obtained in England from any dealer in hardy plants, as well as the many hybrids of them and countless other types from other countries. Here in Canada we have to go to their haunts to secure them, but they are well worth the trouble. Probably the best and easiest way is to dig them up when in bloom—harsh treatment!—and transplant them then, as they



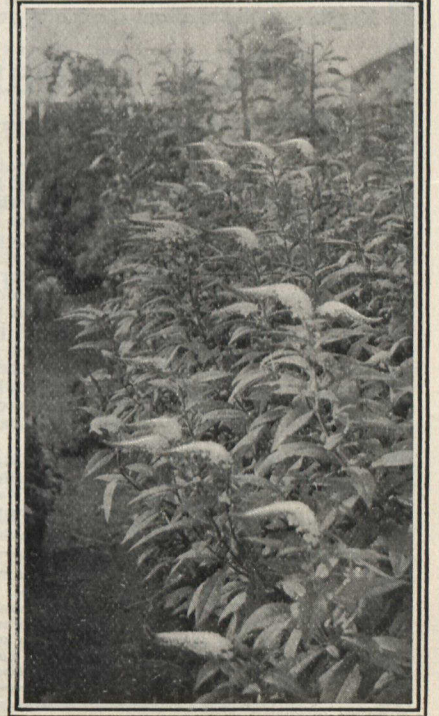
IRIS "QUEEN OF MAY."



THE GIANT DAISY.



BOLTONIA ASTEROIDES.



SNOWY LOOSE-STRIFE.

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Ontario Seed Company, Waterloo, Ont.

IN 1906



This photograph shows beneficial effect of a completely balanced Fertilizer (containing Nitrogen, Phosphoric Acid and POTASH) on flowers

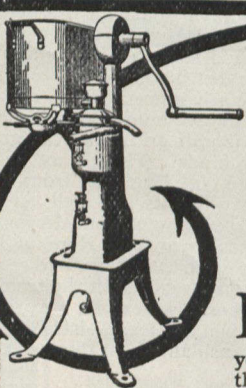
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are hard to find at other times. Of course, the flower stems must be cut off level with the ground when so transplanted, to give them a chance to make growth at the roots and crown. They are such hardy, easily grown things that they will generally outlive even such barbarous treatment as moving them when in bloom. To those who like double flowers, one of the new hybrids named "Beauty of Colwall," has charming sprays of mauve flowers, and A. Longifolia Formosa is a lovely semi-double variety, almost a pink in color.

Another fine plant for September bloom is the Giant Daisy (Chrysanthemum Uliginosum). It attains a height of four or five feet, blooms profusely, several flowers being borne on each stalk, and it is very easily grown. It increases by underground stolons, and therefore spreads readily, but not enough to render it really troublesome, though it is better not to plant it near very choice things for fear it should come up amongst them. (See illustration on page 21.)

The Perennial Sunflower (Helianthus). Few flowers make a more brilliant show in autumn than the hardy sunflower, of which there are many very fine varieties. Most of these may be classed with the decorative but troublesome type of plants, as they spread too rapidly to be desirable in a border with choice things. Still one cannot afford to neglect them on this account, so they must be put in spots where they will not be able to interfere with other plants and yet have a chance to show off their gorgeousness. Some very desirable ones are "H. G. Moon," a rich golden yellow, blooming from August to October; Miss Mellish, very deep yellow (August and September); Bouquet d'or, double rich yellow (August to October).

SIX EFFECTIVE ONES BUT TROUBLESOME.

The Crown Vetch (Coronilla Varia) is as dainty and pretty a creeping plant as anyone could want. Its flowers of delicate pink and white are borne most profusely, reminding one somewhat of clover blossoms, and the leaves are fashioned after those of the Sensitive Plant, only coarser, and have the same habit of folding up at night. The growth is about a foot in height. A more beautiful plant to cover any old bit of rockery where you did not care how much it spread, would be difficult to find, but you may be sure it will be laughing at your futile efforts if you try to dig it out. The roots run in every direction, down for several feet, across for yards, a hopeless task to eradicate it, but it is so pretty that you find yourself forgiving it and enjoying its beauty, while you try to forget how many choice things it has choked out of existence.

Second in this list comes Achillea Ptarmica, "The Pearl." This pretty yarrow or milfoil has almost every good quality but one. Here are some of the good ones: Perfectly hardy, easily grown, flowers all summer, its pure white double flower heads mix prettily with other things for bouquets, and it blooms profusely. But it has the most troublesome habit of spreading, and its roots are so small and so easily broken off that they look quite innocent, but each tiny thread of it will grow, and if you once get it in your border it will take you years to get it out. Therefore it should be grown in a part of the garden where it can be kept within bounds easily without destroying other things.

Another very pretty thing with the same bad quality is the Snowy Loosestrife (Lysimachia clethroides), with its quaintly arched heads of white flowers. Its record is equally as good as "The Pearl," but it is very nearly as tiresome to eradicate, though in its case you have a good substantial underground shoot cropping up here and there instead of thread-like ones. Do not leave it out, for it is very effective, but beware of putting it where it can throw up a shoot in the heart of some choice thing that dislikes being disturbed. (See illustration on page 21.)

Golden Glow (Rudbeckia Laciniata, fl. pl.) comes fourth in this list. It is so well known that no description is necessary. Its admirers' names are legion. But you are making work for yourself if you put it in a choice border.

There is a very showy Evening Primrose (Oenothera Fruticosa, or a hybrid of it) which has so many virtues that it seems ungrateful even to suggest its one vice. For it is easily grown, has large, brilliant, pale yellow flowers, which do not close in the daytime, covers itself with bloom for a month or more, and its foliage is particularly ornamental in its autumn tint of beet red, the rosettes of its new growth lying flat on the ground and glowing warmly with color when everything else is sere and brown. These same little rosettes, though, have a disagreeable habit of popping up where they can do the most damage, and their numbers increase at almost alarming rate. So we must relegate this primrose also to a spot where its ravages can do no harm.

A delightful old favorite of our grandmothers' gardens that has to be kept

within bounds on account of its aggressiveness is the Spider Wort, or Widow's Tears (Tradescantia Virginica). In a moist, peaty soil, such as its soul loves, this will usurp the whole place, but what a joy it is in the summer mornings to greet its lovely blue blossoms, surrounded as they are by unopened buds and seed vessels hanging from thread-like stalks like tears about to roll down, the drooping leaves adding to the "lone and lorn" effect—hence the popular name. It is chiefly from seedlings that this becomes unmanageable. They come up all over the place. (See illustration on page 21.)

Top-Grafting Fruit Trees

BY C. B. ALDEN

FRUIT trees that are unproductive, and those that produce undesirable varieties may often be made satisfactory by means of top-grafting. Varieties that are self-sterile may be made fruitful by working over some of the branches in this way. Top-working may be used with advantage, also, for other purposes, such as the overcoming of weak, straggling and other bad habits in certain varieties, the re-forming of the tops of trees that have been found not true to name, and reducing the danger of sun-scald by grafting a susceptible sort on a variety that is known to be more resistant to the disease.

Apple trees usually are top-worked by means of the cleft graft. In the case of old trees, only a portion of the top should be worked over at one time, and more, if necessary, in the two or three following years. Cut the branches an inch or an inch and a half in diameter off squarely, making a clean



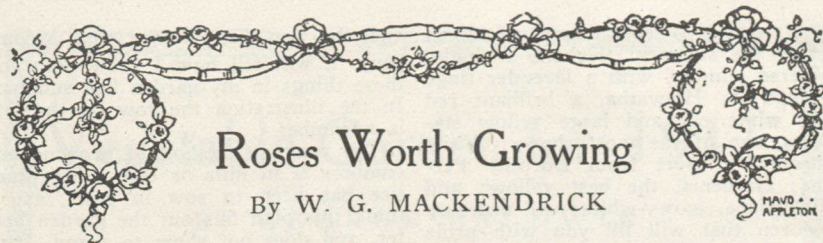
AT BLOSSOMING TIME.

cut with no ragged edges. Split these in the centre and insert the scions, usually two, one on either side, so that the cambium or green layer just beneath the bark, comes in contact with the cambium of the stock. Coat the wounds with grafting wax or wax bandages in order to exclude the air and the spores of disease and to allow of rapid healing.

A good grafting wax may be made as follows: Resin, four parts; bee's wax, two parts; tallow, one part. Melt the ingredients in an iron vessel over a slow fire, mixing thoroughly, and taking care not to burn. When well incorporated, in half an hour or so, pour convenient portions from time to time in cold water and, when it cools there, in a minute or less, take out and pull like taffy until it becomes light colored, when it may be made into rolls three or four inches long and an inch in diameter for convenience in use. A little tallow will be necessary on the hands to prevent sticking.

Peach trees are top-worked by means of budding. For best results, it is necessary to bud on wood of one season's growth. When the tree is dormant, cut back to the branches to within one and a-half feet of the trunk. The following season a new growth will spring from the stubs, and this may be utilized for the desired purpose. Budding is done in August.

Include Swiss chard in the list of vegetables for the garden this season. It is a type of beet that produces an enormous crop of leaves, which, when young, are delicious as greens.



Roses Worth Growing

By W. G. MACKENDRICK

AT our summer home on Toronto Island (where the soil in our rose beds is quite unsuitable to get the best results in rose culture) we are experimenting with about 700 roses; sixty-five named climbing roses; about 200 named hybrid teas; thirty hybrid remontant, and about thirty odds and ends such as rugosa, polyanthas, teas, Chinas, sweet briars, etc.

HYBRID REMONTANT.

Hybrid remontant means that they bloom a second time (or once more). This class is usually termed hybrid perpetual, but they are not perpetual bloomers like the hybrid teas, teas and polyanthas. The term is misleading, and should not be used by growers.

This is the class of rose usually grown in Ontario, because it is known to be hardy. They give an abundance of bloom at the end of June and the beginning of July, and about half of them bloom again in September.

The best dozen suitable for gardens are: Frau Karl Druschki and Margaret Dickson, for whites; Mrs. John Laing, Mrs. Sherman Crawford and Mrs. Crocker, for light pinks; Alfred Colomb and Magna Charta, for dark pinks; Captain Hayward, Ulrich Brunner and General Jacqueminot, for light reds; Prince Camille de Rohan and Victor Hugo for dark reds.

HYBRID TEAS.

Hybrid tea roses are a cross between the tender ever-blooming and the hardy hybrid remontant and other roses. They are practically continuously in bloom throughout the summer, and they will stand our Ontario climate, as I have grown them for three or four years with few losses. Last year I lost only two per cent. of my stock, and each plant lost was a weakling to start with.

The blooms are delicate and refined in form, many of them having a high pointed centre, as distinguished from the flat cabbage effect of most of the hybrid remontants. The colors range from the most delicate shades of peach, pink, soft yellow, to the deepest reds, oranges, etc. Most of this class have the sweet subtle fragrance of the tea roses. I look to this class of rose to be the rose of the future for Ontario.

The Best Twelve Everblooming Hybrid Teas.—If asked to select the best twelve roses of this everblooming class, I would be at a loss just which to choose, because like a bevy of beautiful women, each has a special charm of her own, and like the gentler sex, they possess as many moods and charms as there are hours in the day. Who is the man who can say that Caroline Testout is more handsome than Hon. Ina Bingham or Mrs. Peter Blair?

I have gone into the rose garden in the early morning when the dew was on each petal, leaf and tree, when the rising sun had awakened the birds to singing their lusty jubilant songs in June, and what a glorious sight meets the eye! A thousand blooms of roses of every color in the rainbow, besides many that the rainbow does not possess, indescribable in their beauty, with a fragrance which baffles description.

Is there any sight on this round earth more beautiful, more joyful and more uplifting when it meets the eye than a rose garden on such a morning? I have walked down the paths carefully noting each of the 700 bushes, picking the choicest bloom here and there, and comparing them one with the other, and I have declared that Betty is the sweetest, daintiest thing that ever grew, and have wondered how I could have thought yesterday that Mildred Grant surpassed her.

Entering the garden at high noon Betty's complexion does not look so ruddy. Mildred Grant has a dozen freckles on her glorious face of yesterday, while Hon. Ina Bingham, a blushing beauty, deeply veined on her thick velvety pink petals, is the beauty of the hour. An evening walk along the same paths will show Helen Kellar or Susanne Marie Rodocanachi or some other charmer which surpasses the Hon. Ina Bingham.

This is, I think, one of the principal charms of a rose garden. You can walk through it morning, noon and evening, month after month, and never see it just as it looked on any other day; so, you can see how hard it is for a man who loves them all to specify the best twelve. I can say, however, that Antoine Revoire, Caroline Testout, Dean Hole, Grand Duc a le Luxemburg, Gruss au Teplitz, La France, Madame Ravary, Marie Abel Chatenay, Etoile de France, Viscountess Folkestone, Thursa and Killarney, will give splendored results in your garden.

CLIMBING ROSES.

Climbing roses are as easily grown as tomatoes, potatoes or cauliflower. This is a class of rose which everyone should grow wherever there is a bare piece of fence, a stone pile, an old stump, a dead tree, a pergola, a veranda, the side of a house, a sloping bank or an overhanging wall that would look better covered with their rich shining green leaves, and, during their flowering season, with their masses of gorgeous flowers.

When you consider that for twenty-five cents one can get a good hardy climbing rose that our winters cannot kill, that will bloom the first year, and in three years will cover the wall or fence ten feet high and fifteen feet long, one wonders why there are so many bare and unsightly spots even on the premises of members of the horticultural societies, and all over Ontario.

As there are only a couple of hundred different climbing roses in commerce, it is easier to choose a good twelve than among the hybrid teas. I would place Tausendchon at the head of the list, then Crimson Rambler or Flower of Fairfield, which is colored like Crimson Rambler, but blooms on new wood and flowers two or three times during the season; then Dorothy Perkins or Lady Gay, which is a deeper pink and more fragrant; then Debutante, which to me has the sweetest fragrance of any of the climbers I have grown. Reine Olga de Wurtenburg, a hybrid tea climber, a brilliant scarlet with flowers of the size and shape of Tausendchon, is a gem. Climbing Mrs. W. J. Grant



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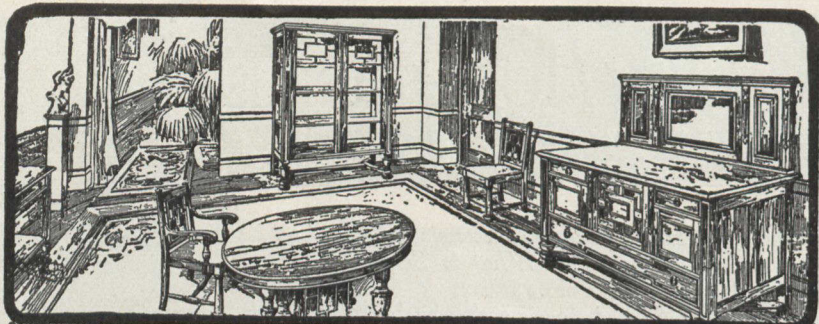
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(h. t.) will give several crops of bloom during the summer. Helene, a single-flowered climber, with a lavender tinge through it; Hiawatha, a brilliant red with white eye and large yellow stamens, one of the most showy; White Dorothy, a sport from Dorothy Perkins; Gardenia, the best yellow; and Wichuriana, snowy-white; will make up a dozen that will fill you with pride every time you look at them during the summer.

HOW TO MAKE A BED.

Dig the ground eighteen inches deep and put in one-third well-rotted cow manure if you can get it. If the soil is very heavy clay, dig in one-third sand and turn it twice. Plant h. t. roses fifteen inches apart; h. r. roses, twenty-four inches, in two rows with a twenty-four-inch grass walk between the beds. The rose is a gross feeder, and will make away with large portions of well-rotted manure, bone meal or liquid manure.

When to Plant.—November, in Toronto, is the best month to plant or transplant, as the wood is well ripened, and the roots take hold and start off quicker than if planted in April, when most of my planting has been done. If you cannot plant in November, April or even May will give splendid results, and lots of flowers if two-year-old roses are purchased. If budded roses are planted, place the joint from one to two inches below the surface and compact the soil firmly with the foot.

How to Grow Lettuce

BY ELLA MORTON

I GET my first lettuce in spring by growing the crop in a hot-bed or a cold frame. Not much bottom heat is required. The seed is sown in March or April. Some of the plants are allow-

and the two illustrations that accompany it, will tell how I grew both of these things in my garden last summer. In the illustration the row on the left is cucumber.

The common method of growing cucumbers is in hills or beds. My practice has been to sow in rows, as I think this plan fills out the garden better, and does not show so many bare spots of ground as does the hill system. Just as good crops can be grown this way, and greater yields.

I dig an eight-inch trench the whole length of row desired and fill up with well-rotted manure to within two inches of the surface. Three inches of well-pulverized rich earth is placed on top of the manure. This furnishes plenty of soil to round off the surface slightly. I do not believe in having the row crowned much above the surface of the adjacent ground, because such causes the soil to dry out too quickly. If the row is left level, or only slightly above level, it produces better results.

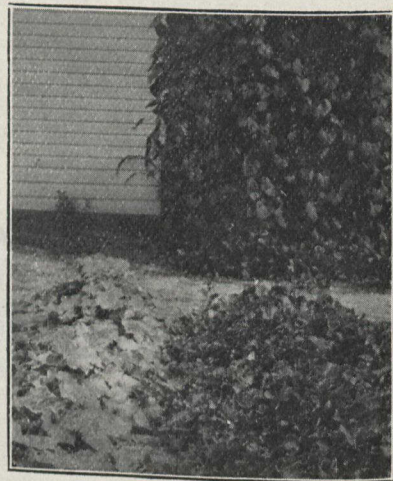
Although the cucumber is a hot weather plant, it requires considerable moisture for strong growth of vine, and for size in fruit. The bed of manure furnishes ample drainage in times of wet weather, and it acts as a reservoir for moisture in times of drought. In prolonged periods of dry weather I furnish moisture by making a trench with a hoe alongside of the cucumber row and pour water into it, and this percolates downwards into the manure bed, and is absorbed there.

When the trench is ready for planting, a line and hoe handle are used for making a straight shallow drill in which the seeds are sown about an inch apart. These are covered with soil and pressed firmly. When the seedlings show their third pair of leaves, they are thinned to three inches apart.

The row on the right in the illustrations is garden lemon, called also vine



CUCUMBERS—RADISHES—GARDEN LEMONS.



THE SAME SPOT LATER IN SEASON

ed to mature in the frame, and others are transplanted to the open.

Seed is sown in the open garden as soon as the soil is fit to work. The seed is sown thinly in rows twelve inches apart. For head lettuce, I thin the plants to stand ten inches in the rows. Some of the thinnings are transplanted to new beds. For a succession, however, I find it is better to sow seed, and to do so every two weeks. Among the best varieties are Big Boston and Hanson. For a loose leaf or cutting lettuce I use Black-seeded Simpson.

Lettuce has one drawback as an all-season salad crop in the fact that it cannot stand the hot summer sun. This does not prevent its culture in the hot months, but necessitates a little extra trouble to afford it a screen that will ward off the sun's rays. These screens may be made of laths or cheesecloth tacked on frames and placed a foot or so above the plants.

Cos, or celery lettuce, exceeds all other lettuce in quality, having a crispness and flavor particularly its own. The long and narrow leaves require to be tied, when they soon form solid heads and quickly bleach to snowy whiteness. They become as stiff, crisp and as sweet as celery stalks, and are delicious when eaten in the same manner or prepared for salad. Plant cos lettuce in rows twelve inches apart, and thin to six inches in the rows. It should be given a trial in all gardens.

peach and other names. It was grown in the same manner as the cucumbers. The garden lemon is an interesting subject. It is related botanically to the cucumber and the melon. The fruit is about the size of a lemon, and of similar shape, excepting that it lacks pointed ends. The color when ripe is a golden yellow. It cannot be eaten in the fresh state, but makes excellent preserves. It is handled in the kitchen in much the same manner as citrons. Although I have not tried it, I think that it should make also very good pickles, if treated as cucumbers are when used for this purpose. In some seasons and in some localities, garden lemons may not all ripen on the vines—and perhaps none will. If this occurs, harvest them when green, just before frost comes. Take them in the house and they will ripen in a few days.

Between the row of cucumbers and the row of garden lemons, two or three crops of radish or lettuce can be grown before the vines occupy all the space. The illustration shows a crop of radish coming through the ground. Two weeks later, and before this row was used, I sowed two more rows of radish, one on each side of the row shown. When the latter was fully harvested, a double row was left that furnished a second crop in plenty of time for use before the vines intruded. Try this plan.

Cucumbers—Garden Lemons

BY L. C. RAYMOND

ONE of our most common garden crops is the cucumber; one of the rarest, the garden lemon. The former is a staple vegetable; the latter, more or less of a curiosity. This article

Try brussels sprouts this year. Start the seed inside right away and plant out in June. Treat the same as cabbage.

The sweetest of sweet corn is Golden Bantam. The kernels are a golden yellow, which gives it its name. It is a quick-maturing variety. The stalks grow only about four feet high. Try it this season and you will be pleased.

Vegetable Garden for 1911*

By GEORGE BALDWIN

MUSKMELONS.

- Earliest-of-All, (green fleshed.)
- Paul Rose, (salmon fleshed.)

Plant in hills four feet apart each way; dig out the holes, six inches deep and twelve inches in diameter; fill up with good rotted manure, cover manure over to three inches above level of ground, then plant ten seeds and cover to one-half inch. Put in a few radish seeds, for insects. Thin out melons gradually, leaving two strong plants in each hill. Cultivate often and as long as possible. Keep soil in hills loose and drawn up around the plants. Watch the young plants, and if discovered flagging, search for the grub. Gather fruit in early morning. Intersperse the above with peppers, taking up a space of nine feet.

PEPPERS.

- Chinese Giant
- Large Bell
- Long Red
- Golden Dawn
- Celestial
- Ruby King

Start seeds in greenhouse or hotbed, eight weeks before wanted. Plant in hills, the same as melons, only twenty inches apart when trees are in full leaf; smaller kinds twelve inches apart. Cultivate freely. They will not hurt melons, if planted in amongst the vines.

GARDEN TURNIPS.

- Early Snowball
- Golden Ball

Can be grown on ground after peas or early corn has been taken off. Make the ground as fine as possible. Sow in drills twelve inches apart and one inch deep. When three inches high, thin out to four inches apart.

SWEDE TURNIPS.

- Derby Bronze

Cultivate same as garden turnips, with rows eighteen inches; thin to eight inches.

KOHL RABI.

- Purple and Green

Sow in hotbed and transplant to ground when four inches high, or can be sown in drills twelve inches apart, one inch deep, and thinned out to ten inches apart.

CABBAGES.

- First and Best
- Early Jersey
- Wakefield
- Winningsdtadt
- Henderson Summer

Sow seeds in March in hotbed. Transplant to ground as soon as workable, eighteen inches apart each way. Dust young plants with Slug Shot and use tar paper around stem, three or four inches in diameter; sprinkle sulphur on and around young plants.

CAULIFLOWER.

- Early Snowball

Cultivate same as cabbages, eighteen inches apart. As soon as the heads measure five inches across, they should be covered by having the leaves tied up over the top.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS.

- Sutton's Dwarf

Cultivate same as cabbages, fifteen inches apart, in rows eighteen inches apart. Keep down insects and green flies with kerosene emulsion or pyrethrum powder.

BEETS.

- Cardinal Globe
- Intermediate
- Long Blood Red

Sow seed in ground as early as can be done with safety, planting Cardinal Globe for summer table use and Intermediate and Long Blood Red for winter storing. Sow in drills fifteen inches apart, and when well started, thin out to six inches. Tread the seed down firmly with the feet, or tamp with the rake head.

TOMATOES.

- Earliana
- Beauty
- Dwarf Champion
- Ignotum
- Imperial
- Livingston's
- Coreless

Sow seed in seed pans or boxes in greenhouse, middle of March. When two inches high, transplant to other flats, placing three inches apart. Plant out in garden when trees are well out in leaf. Above all, tomatoes need regular cultivating. Loosen earth around stem, raising the earth again three inches up the stem. After fruit has formed nicely, lower leaves may be clipped gradually till taken right off. The tops may also be pinched out when plant is grown to sufficient height, especially so where vines are trained up wires or trellis. In saving your own seed, the first ripe ones are the best, if of uniform size and shape. Stir the seeds frequently when drying to keep them from adhering to the drying board.

PARSNIPS.

- Hollow Crown
- Sutton's Student

Sow in drills in garden one inch deep and firm down. Thin out to six inches apart when three inches high. Store in ground or cellar for winter use.

CARROTS.

- Rennie's Market Garden
- Early Gem
- Imperial
- Red-pointed Root

Sow seeds in drills one inch deep and fifteen inches apart, and when three inches apart thin out to six inches apart. For winter use store in cellar, in same manner as turnips and beets, by placing in box and covering each layer with good earth.

ONIONS.

- Giant Prizetaker
- Red Weathersfield
- White Globe
- Yellow Globe
- Early Silverskin

The ground should be prepared with an abundance of manure. Sow the seeds in drills one inch deep and twelve inches apart, and firm down by walking along the top of drill, after drawing the rake over the drill to fill in. Always use a line when planting. Another and more profitable method is to sow seed in pans in greenhouse one-half inch deep. When seedlings are up and are found to be sown too thickly, take a pair of shears and shorten the tops to make plants short and stocky, and thin out if necessary. Transplant in rows twelve inches apart, and three inches apart in row; clip off tops and bottoms and put plant one inch in ground. Cultivate regularly through the rows and between plants, always removing all weeds. Onions do not require much water. Never soak them. Sprinkle crushed sulphur over and around young plants to keep off maggots and flies. A peck of lime to 100 gallons of water is a good solution for earth worms. Let onions lie on the ground a week after pulling, before putting away. Onions are ready to harvest as soon as tops begin to turn yellow. Be sure that onions are dry on outside before storing. Cut off tops and bottoms, and be sure and store in a dry place.

PEAS.

- Pride of the Market
- Telegraph

As soon as ground can be worked, sow seed in drill three inches deep and width of hoe; press the peas down with the foot and then cover with fine earth to depth of one inch and fill in trench as peas grow.

*The author of this article on what to plant this spring and how to plant it is an amateur gardener in Toronto, who has been successful in competing against professional gardeners at the Canadian National Exhibition, where he has won a number of prizes. As he is employed during the day by a manufacturing concern, his garden receives only the time that he can spare "after hours." Last summer, Mr. Baldwin was in his garden every morning at 4 o'clock. Enthusiasm brings results.—EDITOR.



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White Plume
White Rose

Sow seeds in latter part of February in pans or boxes. Cover seeds with a thin covering and firm down, putting a single thickness of light paper over them, until they have broken through the ground, then remove paper gradually. Do not let them dry out, but do not give too much water. As soon as large enough to handle, transplant in other pans, three-quarters of an inch apart, in rows three inches wide. Water well, and shade them for a few days. When transplanting to garden, clip tops and bottoms, and plant with a dibber in ground partially dry, and firm plants in well. If ground is too dry, pour in half a gill of water in each hole, which should be five inches apart in rows fifteen inches apart. When plants are tall enough for blanching tie them up lightly and then draw the earth up on each side, or else use boards. Before planting, the ground must be gotten ready by digging a trench six inches deep, by twelve inches wide, throwing earth on each side, then fill in the trench with rotten manure, and dig same in deeply, and put a light covering of fine soil on top. Celery needs lots of watering; give them a good soaking, in dry weather, at least once a week. Do not spray water on foliage. Shade young plants for a day or two when planting.

SQUASH.

Hubbard
Boston Marrow

Hills should be made for these in the same manner as for melons and cucumbers. Sow some radish seeds in same hills for insects to feed on, and dust with Slug Shot, for bugs, in early morning, when plants are damp with dew. Do not allow old squashes to remain on vines. Keep squash and marrows away from melons and cucumbers, to prevent the pollen being mixed. Hills should be four feet apart each way. Put about ten seeds in a hill and thin out to three in a hill when vines are one foot long. Pinch off heads of runners when four feet long.

BEANS.

Round Pod
Kidney Wax
Wardwell's
Kidney Wax

Sow in drills the width of a hoe and one inch deep. The beans should be kept picked off closely and the plant will remain longer in bearing. They may be planted in two hills between each hill of corn. For white soup beans sow amongst late corn. Rotten manure should be put under each hill.

EGG PLANT.

New York
Improved
Purple

These plants are subject to potato bug, which should be treated with Slug Shot. Raise plants in frame or greenhouse, and plant in garden when trees are in full leaf, the same as peppers. Set the plants in hills of well-rotted manure, two feet apart each way. Fruit takes 150 days to mature. Should be picked for use before seeds are formed.

CITRONS.

Red-seeded

Same treatment as for muskmelon. Can intersperse with peppers or egg plant.

SWEET CORN.

Golden Bantam
Early Giant
Country Gentleman

Sow in rows two feet apart and thin out to about ten inches apart, or may be sown in hills with four plants to the hill a foot apart, in rows two feet apart. Sow every two weeks for succession. Plant the later varieties a little wider apart than the early kinds.

CUCUMBERS.

Out-door
Long Green

Treat same as for melons, and use Slug Shot to kill insects, also plant radishes in same hills. Thin out to three plants in a hill, which should be three feet apart each way. Can be planted amongst sweet corn.

LEEKs.

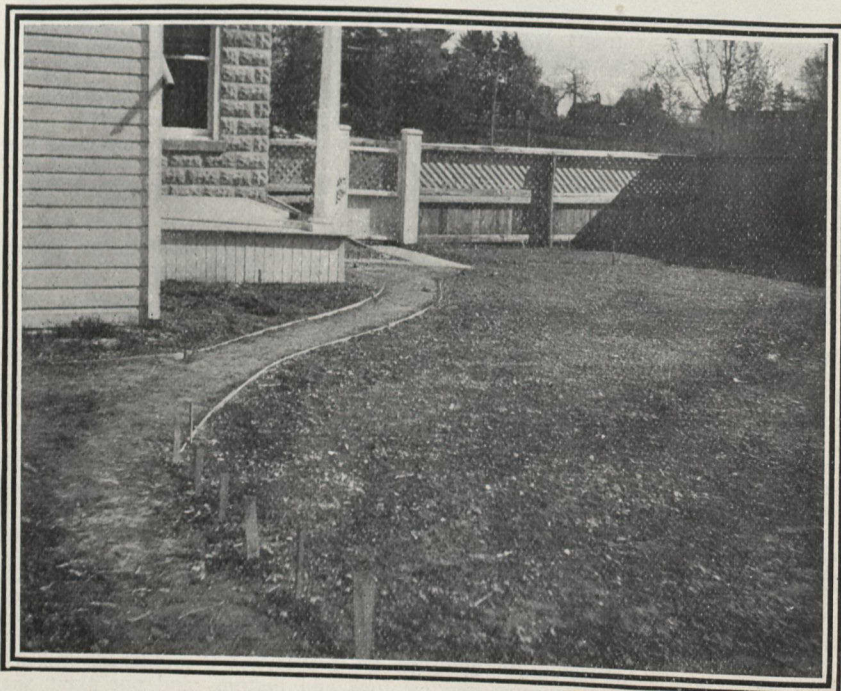
French Carentan

Treatment same as onions. Sow seed in rows two inches deep, and twelve inches apart; thin out to four inches apart. When plants are well grown, bank soil up for blanching. They are greatly improved in flavor by frost.

SALSIFY.

Mammoth Sandwich
Island

Treatment same as for parsnips, and is improved with frost.



A KITCHEN GARDEN IN THE MAKING.

All the top soil had been removed for filling in the lawn at the front of the house. The soil illustrated is really subsoil, and heavy at that. Two large wagon loads of stone were taken from it. Liberal applications of manure, thorough digging of the soil and proper after care made this garden yield surprising results even the first year. Such a condition of soil, however, requires at least three years attention to put it in proper shape.

Sowing Seeds

BY CHARLES MALCOLM

HARDY seeds, such as onion, spinach, and lettuce, may be sown as soon as the ground can be worked. Seeds of corn, cucumber and squash cannot be sown until the ground becomes warm. Much depends on the kind of seed and on the physical condition of the soil. Seeds always should be sown in freshly-stirred soil as they then will be placed in direct contact with moisture. On heavy soils, sow

after a rain rather than before it. In soils where a crust forms it is advisable to keep the surface moist until the seedlings from very fine seeds have pushed through.

The proper depth to sow depends also upon the kind and size of seed. Small seeds usually are sown about one inch deep, although celery and some others cannot be planted so deeply. Plant peas, beans and corn from two to four inches deep. Seeds may be sown somewhat deeper in sandy soils than in heavy clay.

A PLANTING TABLE FOR VEGETABLES

By A. B. CUTTING

THE tabulated directions for planting a vegetable garden that appear below give pointers that can be adapted for use anywhere in Canada. It is particularly impossible, however, to prepare a schedule that can be followed to the letter in all parts of the Dominion. Differences in climate, in soils and in "best varieties for local conditions" make differences in methods of garden practice. In this table the "time to plant" gives information for conditions similar to those in and near the city of Toronto, although the words "early spring" apply anywhere and mean as soon as the soil is ready.

The distances given for depth to plant, for plants in rows and between rows will give satisfactory results in the treatment of all varieties, but ideal results in this respect are secured only by treating each variety according to its individual characteristics. For instance, Golden Bantam sweet corn can be sown in rows that are much closer together than can Stowell's Evergreen. Choose distances also that accord with the results desired; such as, 12 inches apart in the row for head lettuce and 3 inches apart (or not thinned at all) for loose leaf lettuce.

When planting outside place a stake at one end of each row and write on it the variety, date sown or planted and the date when first ready for use; or, better still, number each row and record these things in a garden book—stakes are unsightly. In this way, a schedule can be made that will suit one's own garden.

Many vegetables can be had earlier in season than the months indicated by the table by starting the seeds in a hotbed or in boxes in the house. Right now (last of March) sow seeds of beet, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, eggplant, lettuce, pepper, radish and tomato. Two weeks later start Brussels sprouts, cucumber, onion, squash, lima beans and more lettuce and radish. About first of May sow celery, corn, muskmelon, watermelon and more cauliflower and tomato.

To make the garden yield maximum results, and to have a fresh supply throughout the season, it is necessary to sow a succession. Sow radish and lettuce every ten days from early spring until fall; peas, every week until first of July, and once again about first of August; spinach, every week until July and once again in late August; beans and corn, every two weeks from first of June until mid-July; beets and carrots, every three weeks until last of July; turnips, two sowings in spring, two weeks apart, and one sowing in July; onions, every three weeks until mid-August (for green onions); cucumbers, every two or three weeks from late May until mid-July and one sowing in late August for pickling.

Name of Crop.	Depth to Plant, (in inches)	Distance Apart in Rows	Distance Between Rows.	Seeds or Plants for Single Row of 100 feet.	Time to Plant Outside.	Time Required to Mature.	REMARKS.
Asparagus.....	6	1 1/2 feet.	3 to 4 feet.	70 plants.	May.	2 years.	Use plants, not seeds.
Beans, bush.....	2	9 inches.	2 feet.	2 pints.	Late May.	40 to 60 days.	
Beans, pole.....	2	3 feet.	3 feet.	1/2 pint.	Late May.	50 to 75 days.	Plant in hills.
Beans, bush lima.....	2	1 foot.	3 feet.	1 1/2 pints.	Early June.	60 to 70 days.	Start some earlier under glass.
Beets.....	1	3 to 6 inches.	18 inches.	2 ounces.	Early spring.	65 days.	Soak seed over night.
Brussel Sprouts.....	1/2	18 inches.	2 feet.	1/4 ounce.	Late May.	120 days.	Start in hotbed.
Cabbage and Cauliflower.....	1/2	2 feet.	3 feet.	1/4 ounce.	Late May.	00 to 140 days.	Star in hotbed.
Carrot.....	1/2	6 inches.	15 to 18 inches.	1 ounce.	Early spring.	75 to 100 days.	
Chard (Swiss).....	1	1 foot.	2 feet.	2 ounces.	Early spring.	60 days.	
Celery.....	1/8	6 inches.	3 feet.	1/4 ounce.	June.	4 to 5 months	Start in hotbed. Transplant twice.
Chicory.....	1/2	6 inches.	2 feet.	1/4 ounce.	May.	5 to 6 months.	
Citron.....	1	6 to 8 feet.	6 to 8 feet.	1 ounce.	Early June.	100 to 120 days.	Start in hotbed.
Corn, sweet.....	2	9 inches.	3 to 4 feet.	1/2 pint.	Early June.	60 to 100 days.	
Cucumber.....	1	4 to 5 feet.	4 to 5 feet.	1/2 ounce.	Late May.	50 to 75 days.	May be grown in rows.
Dandelion.....	1/2	6 inches.	18 inches.	2 packets.	Early spring.	60 days.	Best crop, following spring.
Eggplant.....	1/2	2 feet.	3 feet.	1/4 ounce.	Early June.	100 to 150 days.	Start in hotbed.
Endive.....	1/2	1 foot.	1 1/2 feet.	1 ounce.	June.	60 to 100 days.	
Horseradish.....	4	15 inches.	2 feet.	80 roots.	Early spring.	1 to 2 years.	A perennial.
Kale.....	1/2	18 inches.	2 feet.	1/4 ounce.	Early spring.	100 to 140 days.	Can be started in hotbed.
Kohlrabi.....	1/2	8 inches.	18 inches.	1/4 ounce.	Early spring.	60 to 80 days.	
Leek.....	1	6 inches.	15 inches.	1/2 ounce.	Early spring.	150 days.	
Lettuce.....	1/4	6 to 12 inches.	12 to 15 inches.	1/2 ounce.	Early spring.	45 to 70 days.	Start some inside.
Muskmelon.....	1	5 feet.	5 feet.	1 ounce.	June.	120 to 150 days.	Start in hotbed.
Onion seeds.....	1/2	3 inches.	12 to 15 inches.	1 ounce.	Early spring.	125 to 150 days.	
Onion sets.....	2	3 inches.	15 to 18 inches	1 quart.	Early spring.	90 to 120 days.	
Okra.....	2	12 inches.	3 feet.	1 ounce.	Early June.	100 to 150 days.	
Parsley.....	1/2	3 to 6 inches.	18 inches.	1/4 ounce.	Early spring.	70 to 100 days.	Soak seeds over night.
Parsnip.....	1/2	3 to 4 inches.	18 inches.	1/4 ounce.	Early spring.	125 to 150 days.	Sow lettuce to mark rows.
Peas.....	3/4	1 inch.	30 inches.	1 quart.	May.	50 to 80 days.	Early kinds in double rows 9 inches apart.
Pepper.....	1/2	15 to 18 inches.	2 to 3 feet.	1/4 ounce.	June.	130 to 140 days.	Start in hotbed.
Potato.....	5	18 inches.	3 feet.	1 peck.	May.	80 to 120 days.	Early kinds only 2 inches deep.
Pumpkin.....	2	8 feet.	8 feet.	1 ounce.	Early June.	100 to 130 days.	
Radish.....	1/2	1 inch.	12 inches.	1 ounce.	Early spring.	20 to 35 days.	
Rhubarb.....	1/2	3 feet.	4 feet.	33 roots.	Early spring.	2 to 3 years.	Sow every two weeks.
Rutabaga.....	1/2	10 to 12 inches.	2 feet.	1/2 ounce.	July.	75 to 90 days.	(Swedish turnips).
Salsify.....	1/2	3 inches.	18 inches.	1 ounce.	Early spring.	150 days.	
Sea-kale.....	1	3 feet.	3 feet.	1 packet.	May.	2 to 3 years.	A perennial.
Spinach.....	1	1 to 2 inches.	15 inches.	1 ounce.	Early spring.	35 to 50 days.	
Squash, bush.....	1	4 feet.	4 feet.	1 ounce.	Early June.	60 to 75 days.	Can be started in hotbed.
Squash, late.....	1	6 to 8 feet.	6 to 8 feet.	1/2 ounce.	Early June.	110 to 130 days.	
Tomato.....	1/2	3 feet.	3 feet.	1/2 ounce.	June	100 to 150 days.	Better use plants.
Turnip, white.....	1/2	6 inches.	18 inches.	1/2 ounce.	May.	50 to 70 days.	For late use, sow in July.
Vegetable marrow.....	1	8 feet.	8 feet.	1/2 ounce.	Early June.	110 to 140 days.	
Watermelon.....	1	6 to 8 feet.	6 to 8 feet.	1/2 ounce.	Early June.	120 to 140 days.	Start in hotbed.



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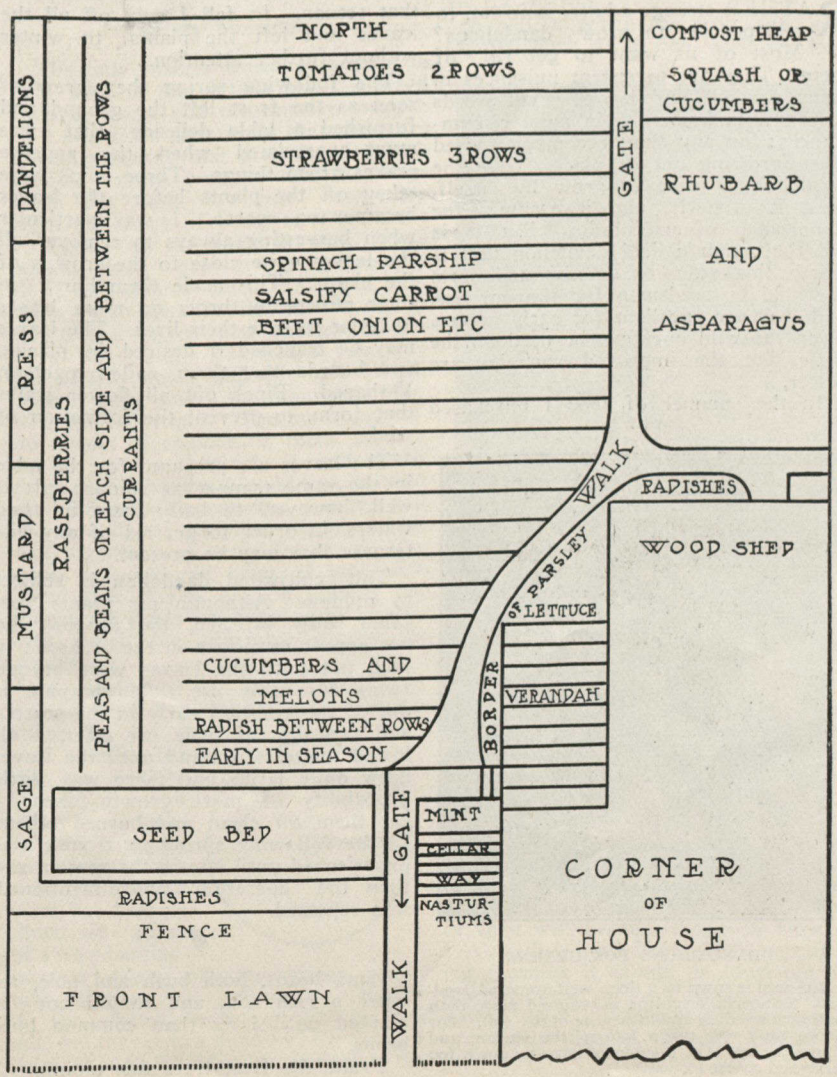
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EASTER EGG DESSERT
 1/2 box Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 1/2 cup sugar
 1 teaspoonful vanilla
 2 cups milk or cream, scalded
 Soften gelatine in cold water 5 minutes; dissolve in hot milk; add sugar and flavoring; wash 12 large eggs; make pin hole in one end of each shell, larger opening in other end, shaking out contents from shell; rinse shells clean and drain; pour chilled but liquid pudding through funnel into shells; set them upright in broken ice. When ready to serve, remove shells and arrange contents in nest of orange, lemon or wine jelly; or spun sugar may be used for nest. The pink color may be dissolved in the hot mixture, imparting a tint to the eggs. Serve with whipped cream.

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What the Diagram Means

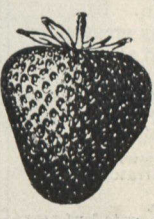
MANY lots in city, town and village are similar in size and shape to the one illustrated by diagram on the left of this article, and by an engraving on the opposite page. It is fifty-five feet long by fifty feet wide. On the west fence, and around the veranda morning glories were grown. On both sides of the fence, between garden and lawn and left of the gateway, were some sweet peas. On the right of this gateway the diagram is slightly in error; there is no "jog" as indicated, the fence being in line with the one on the left. On the garden side of this fence nasturtiums were trained, and on the lawn side, hyacinth beans. Close to the house, and in the mint bed, was planted a Crimson Rambler rose and around the wood shed were placed other climbing roses.

On the north and east fences a grape vine was planted between each post. As the garden is in the city of Peterboro, only hardy varieties were chosen, as follows, one vine of each: Brighton, red; Yamago, red; Starr's Early, white; Moore's Diamond, white; Moore's Early, Cottage, Manito and Daisy, all black. Tomatoes were trained on these fences between the young grape vines. For the May issue of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, an excellent article on the culture of grapes for home gardens in all parts of Canada has been prepared by Mr. W. T. Macoun, Dominion Horticulturist, Ottawa. Don't miss it!

Compare this plan for an almost square lot with the plan for an oblong lot that appears on page 28. By compromising and by improvement, the suggestions will furnish a working basis for the making of a garden of any area and shape.—A. B. C.



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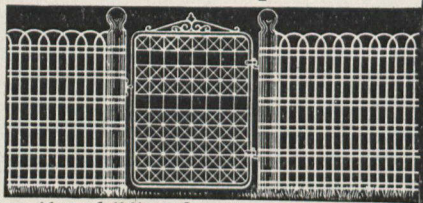
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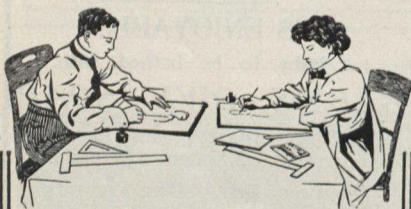
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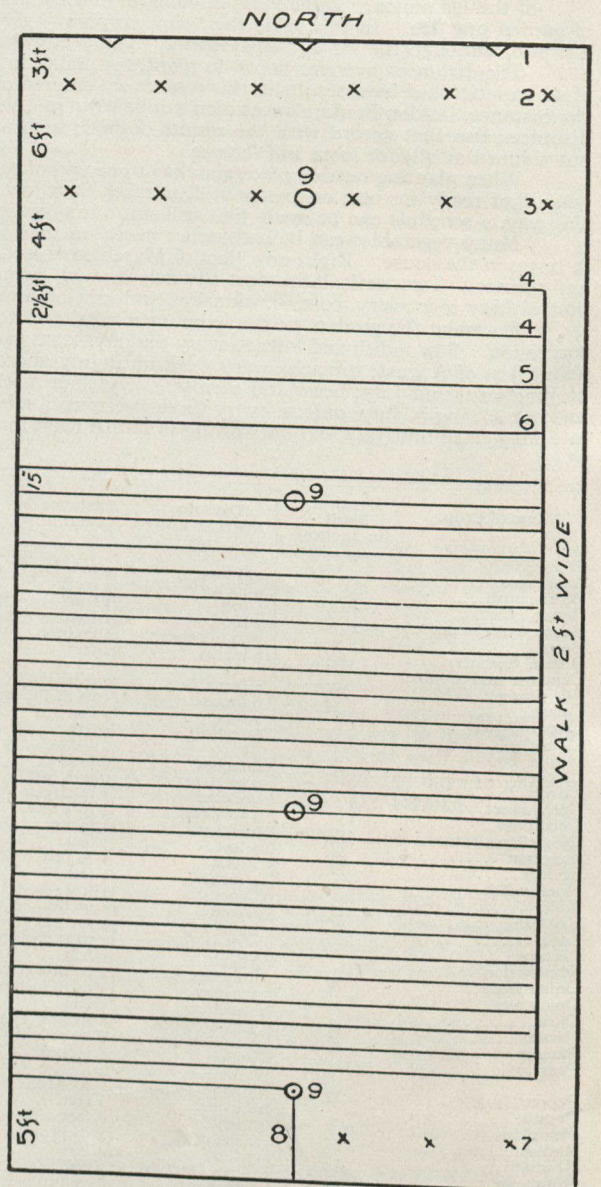
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A Plan for a Kitchen Garden

THE diagram herewith presented for a kitchen garden, 60 feet long by 30 feet wide, is merely suggestive. Many modifications could be made to suit the desires and needs of any family. The explanation of the diagram is as follows:

1. Grapes—1 Moore's Early, 1 Worden, 1 Lindley.
2. Raspberries—6 Herbert or Cuthbert, 5 feet apart.
3. Currants or Gooseberries—3 Red Cherry and 3 White Grape currants, or 3 Downing and 3 Whitesmith gooseberries.
4. Old Strawberry Bed—1 row Clyde, 1 row Buster.
- 5 and 6. New Strawberry Bed.
7. Rhubarb—3 clumps of Myatt's Linnaeus.
7. Asparagus Bed—Palmetto or Conover's Colossal.

Between the strawberries (row 6) and the asparagus are rows for vegetables, salad crops and greens, at distances 12 to 18 inches apart, according to the nature of the crop grown. Tomatoes, cucumbers and squash can be grown on the fences. If desired, a row of fruit trees could be planted at points No. 9, but their shade would interfere with growth of crops beneath them; these might include 1 Duchess apple, 1 Seckel pear, 1 Reine Claude plum and 1 St. John peach. The selection of varieties in the case of these and of all fruits will depend, of course, upon the situation and climate. In place of either the asparagus or rhubarb beds, a hotbed or a seed-bed could occupy that position, if the rays of the southern sun are not intercepted by a closely boarded fence. The ingenuity and personal preference of the gardener will influence all these things.—A. B. C.



Grow Dandelions

BY A. B. CUTTING

RATHER strange advice, is it not, to tell people to grow dandelions? Most of us want to get rid of them. They are persistent nuisances in many gardens and lawns. Bad weeds they are, undoubtedly, in most circumstances; but any plant becomes a weed when growing out of place. Give the dandelion a place to grow by itself, treat it properly, and it assumes the importance of usefulness. But it is not the common field dandelion that is worth this attention. Cultivated sorts are sold by seedsmen for the purpose, and they are excellent for early greens. Even the wild ones can be used on the table, but the improved varieties are better.

In the summer of 1909 I purchased

a five-cent packet of seed, and sowed about the first of June. In eight weeks the leaves were ready for use. Two "messes" were taken from the patch that season. In fall I cut off all the leaves and left the plants to winter without further attention.

The following spring they grew as soon as the frost left the ground and furnished a table delicacy that was much appreciated when the appetite craves green things. Three crops were taken off the plants before the leaves became too coarse. I was particular when harvesting always to remove all the leaves quite close to the crowns of the plants. This made them hurry in their efforts to throw up more leaves in order to save their lives. The leaves may be blanched if desired, by placing two boards over them, nailed together, V-shaped. Pinch out all flower stalks that form, to prevent the formation of seed.

The leaves are prepared for the table in the same manner as spinach. It is well, however, to boil them in two waters, in order to get rid of any bitterness that may be present.

The cultivated dandelion is subject to mildew. Although my plants became badly infected, the fungus did not appear until late in the season; in fact, not until the leaves were beyond favor for table use. As spraying is out of the question early in the season, and probably of little use later, I allowed matters to stand until the leaves grew quite large, and there was little probability of more growth, then I cut them off clean and burned them. In the following spring no trouble was experienced until late in the season, and then the operation above-mentioned, was repeated.



DANDELIONS FOR GREENS

The seed is sown in a deep well-prepared seed-bed. No special attention is required more than ordinary weeding and loosening of the soil. The photograph was taken late in the season, and shows the leaves at a stage of growth much too large and coarse for use.

Lima beans, both bush and pole, require a rich soil, and should not be planted until later than common bush beans.

Prune the fruit trees this month.

Cabbage Culture

By GEORGE BALDWIN

THE above subject is a difficult one to discuss, as there are so many different varieties in the cabbage family, and so many different kinds of soil to deal with, and so many different ways of cultivating, together with where to get seeds and how to fight the insects that infest every garden. However, we will start with the first question of importance: the seed.

Everyone knows that to get good results we must procure the best seeds. I have found from five years' experience that any one of our seed establishments in Toronto is reliable, and I have purchased from all of them. This could not be said fifteen years ago, but the gardening public are relying more and more on the seedsmen every year; consequently, all that is necessary in this direction is to choose the variety you require, see that you get it, and have faith in the firm of whom you purchase.

Next comes the soil and its preparation. While it is a well-known fact that cabbages, if properly attended to, will grow on almost any kind of soil (of course, the better the soil, the better the quality and size), a good, rich sandy loam is the best soil obtainable for this crop. A stiff clay soil, which is frequently found in the gardens of new houses, where the clay from the cellar is incorporated with mortar, brick rubbish, and building materials of all descriptions, is certainly not an ideal spot for cabbages, and must at once be cleared of rubbish, underdrained, and liberally supplied with organic matter before one can hope for success. No matter how good the soil is, large quantities of manure, preferably horse manure, the more rotten the better, should be dug in deeply in the fall, and the ground dug up lightly again in the spring.

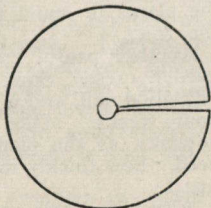
Do not plant cabbage in the same spot you had them last year, but change your crops around. Do not forget to keep off the ground when it is wet and sodden.

In the event of being unable to obtain stable manure, the next best thing to do is to buy fifty pounds of fertilizer (which is plenty for any city back garden) from your seedsman, who has it bagged up, ready for delivery. Throw this on the ground broadcast, after you have dug it in the spring; then rake it into the soil before planting.

INSECT ENEMIES.

The only insects which I propose to deal with in this article are the green cabbage worm and the cabbage maggot, as I find from experience that these are the only insects that give the city back gardener much trouble. At the stage when the plants are just recovering from the shock of being torn from the seed-bed, or the box in which you bought them, growth is necessarily slow, and this is when the green cabbage worm gets in its fine work, by eating the leaves fast enough to destroy the plant. There are two species of this worm, differing only in color, one being green, the other pale blue, with yellow stripes. The most successful means of combatting them, according to most authorities, is with Paris green, but I have got good results with one-half pound pyrethrum powder and two pounds of common flour, mixed well together and sprinkled on to the plants in powdered form. I have also found that this is a good remedy for almost all kinds of bugs and insects, with which the vegetable garden is troubled.

An abundance of small insects, in size between a mosquito and common house fly, is a sure indication that we shall be favored with plenty of cabbage maggots later on. As soon as the plant has become climatized after transplanting, take a piece of tar paper about four inches in diameter, similar to the sketch, with a slit in one side to the centre hole, which is just large enough to closely encircle the



stem of the plant, and press the paper down on a level soil surface.

CULTURE.

If it is the intention to raise your own plants, have the hotbed ready to receive the seeds on the 1st of April, and transplant (six to a berry basket), as soon as the third leaf makes its appearance. Keep the plants moist, but not sodden, till the second week in May, when they can be transferred to the garden, giving them eighteen inches to two feet of room each way. Two weeks after this, sow some more seeds for your fall crop, finally transplanting them in the ground where you have taken your early carrots or beans from.

Unless you desire to grow several varieties, I would recommend the Henderson Summer Early, for first, second or main crop. To have a number of varieties, use for first crop, Early Jersey Wakefield or Winningstadt; for second crop, First and Best or Henderson's Summer Early; for main crop, Henderson's Summer Early or Burpee's Surehead. For savoy I would recommend Marvin's Savoy; for brussels sprouts, Sutton's Dwarf; for cauliflower, Early Snowball.

In the case of brussels sprouts and cauliflower wait till all danger of frost is past, then sow seeds where you want the plants to grow, and thin out where necessary, as it is disastrous to transplant, unless you are an expert at the business.

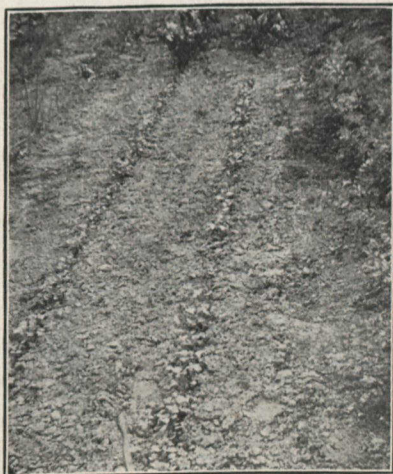
Successful cabbage growing, like success in all other walks of life, depends entirely on the work and attention given. Unless the ground is soggy from rains, keep the hoe going to keep down weeds and let in air to roots. Water only when it has been very dry, and when you do water, do it thoroughly. My last suggestion is to watch closely for the cabbage worms and cabbage maggot, and do not let them get a start.

Radishes all the Season

BY A. C. BLAIR

IN large gardens, in small gardens, and in gardens that are not gardens—simply boxes on the verandah or in the window—there is room for radishes. Any family, no matter how or where situated, can have home-grown radishes all the season.

A soil in which the crop will grow rapidly, such as a rich, mellow loam,



MIDSUMMER RADISHES

This photograph was taken one week after seed was sown. The rows might have been much closer, but were sown in continuation of beet rows shown in background.

will give radishes that are crisp and tender. A succession of sowings should be made, beginning with the earliest one in the hot-bed, and continuing throughout the season, and ending with a late sowing in the hot-bed, started in the fall. The photograph shows radishes one week from seed sown on the 21st of July last year. In midsummer they grow rapidly, and must be used at once or they will become tough in fibre.

As radish seed has a high germinating capacity, it should be sown not too thickly. Sow in rows twelve or fifteen inches apart. Varieties of best quality are Early Scarlet Turnip (white-tipped), French Breakfast, and Chartier.



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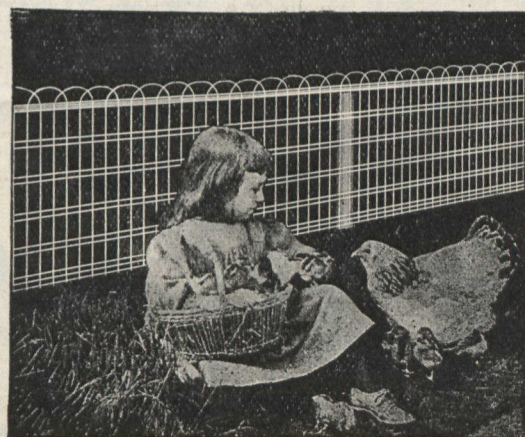
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Root and Salad Crops

Garden Root Crops

BY A. C. BLAIR

AMONG the easiest vegetable crops to grow in the kitchen garden are the various common roots: carrots, parsnips, beets and turnips. The seed of any of them may be sown as early in spring as the ground is fit. The soil should be spaded deeply and made as friable as possible, so that the roots will grow down straight and be clean. In hard soil they will be obstructed in growth, and many side branches, particularly on carrots and parsnips, will form. Housekeepers know the annoyance in cleaning, and the waste of material that occurs in the preparation of crooked and gnarled roots for cooking.

In the case of carrots the stump-rooted varieties may be grown in shallower soils than can the long types. The ideal soil for carrots is a deep, well-pulverized sandy loam, free from weeds. As

carrot seed is slow in germinating, I usually start this process before planting. I place the seed in a box in a warm room and moisten it with warm water every day for seven days, until germination begins. Then I pour the seeds into a sieve or a colander, and place same on the window sill with the sash raised just high enough to admit the sieve, and there the air will dry the seeds sufficiently for sowing.

Carrot seed is sown in rows eighteen inches apart. As soon as the plants are large enough they are thinned to four inches apart. Those intended for early summer use are not thinned at all, as they will grow plenty large enough, and small carrots are sweeter than large ones. Those intended for winter use need not be sown until late in June. Oxheart, Nantes and Ghanenay are good varieties.

Parsnips should be planted in deep loamy soil in order to secure long

smooth roots. This is a very important factor in the culture of this crop. I sow the seed one-half an inch deep in drills that are eighteen inches apart, but sometimes think that two feet would be a better distance, particularly in seasons that give an exceptionally heavy growth of top. Although parsnip seed also is slow in germinating, I have not yet tried starting the seed inside, but intend to do so this spring. This trick is worth a trial by others, but only enough seed for, say, one row, should be so treated, until you know how it will work. My plan in the past has been to sow at once in the open, and in the drills every six feet or so sprinkle a half-dozen lettuce seeds. The lettuce will soon show, and serve to mark the rows, and thereby permit hoeing without injury to the sprouting parsnip seed. The lettuce will grow large enough to be used before the parsnips require the space.

When the parsnip plants show themselves, thin them to four or five inches apart. Keep the soil well worked all summer. Leave them in the ground until early winter, as they are improved by the frost. Some of them may be left in the ground over winter and dug in the spring. The standard variety is Hollow Crown.

The beet is one of the most satisfactory garden crops, for greens and for roots. Sow the seed early in drills fifteen inches apart, and later thin out.

It has always been my practice, as with carrots, not to thin much, if at all, the beets that are to be used in the early part of the season. Those that are to reach maturity are thinned to three or four inches apart in the case of long-rooted varieties, and to six inches for globe-shaped ones. For winter use beets may be sown as late as the middle of June. For a supply of young, tender beets for summer use, I make a succession of sowings at intervals of four weeks. Among the best varieties are Early Egyptian and Eclipse.

The turnip may be grown as an early or as a late crop. For the first early, sow as soon as the soil is in condition, in drills eighteen inches apart, and thin to six inches. Turnips for winter storing should not be sown until the first of July, and they should be left in the ground until freezing weather. For early use, select a table variety, such as Early White Globe or Early Snowball; for winter, one of the Swedes.

Have an Asparagus Bed

BY C. H. RUSSELL

IN every home garden there should be an asparagus bed. This vegetable is one of the earliest to be ready for use when the products of the garden are eagerly awaited. It prefers a light sandy loam and responds readily to liberal feeding. When once planted, an asparagus bed is good for fifteen years or more. The plants may be raised from seed, but it better to buy strong two-year-old roots from a seedsman or nurseryman. The two best varieties are Palmetto and Conover's Colossal.

I have grown asparagus for many years, and find it one of the most valuable features of my home garden. I plant it in early spring. The land where the roots are to be planted is heavily manured and plowed deeply. In small gardens where a plow cannot be handled, this work can be done, of course, with a spade. When preparing the bed for setting, I furrow out the rows about six inches deep, about four feet apart, and set the plants in the bottom of the furrow, about fourteen inches apart, and cover firmly with about four inches of soil. The furrows become filled with subsequent cultivation. Each fall I apply about two inches of manure as a top dressing, and work it into the soil as early in the spring as possible.

If the two-year-old roots are planted, a light cutting may be made the second season after planting, and each succeeding year will give a full crop. As my family prefers asparagus stalks that are bleached, I see that the bed is slightly crowned in the spring so that the stalks may have as great a distance as possible to grow before reaching the sunlight. The shoots are cut several inches below the ground soon after they appear; it is important to put the knife straight down beside the shoots in order to avoid cutting others which cannot be seen. If green stalks are preferred, all that is necessary is to break off the tender shoots at the surface of the ground as soon as they have reached the desired length.

Some Salad Crops

BY NELLA MCDONALD

BESIDES the chief of all salad crops, lettuce, there are some others that deserve a place in every garden. One that is at its best at midsummer when lettuce is scarce, is endive. It is a tender and delicious salad, but some persons find it necessary to cultivate a taste for it. Sow in June, and have a succession until late fall by sowing a new row every two weeks. The leaves will have to be blanched before being used, either by tying together with some soft material or by standing boards on each side of a row, allowing the tops of the boards to meet over the centre. Sow the seed in rows eighteen inches apart, and thin the plants to stand ten inches apart in the rows.

Another useful crop is the curled garden cress. Sow early in spring in any good soil, and a crop may be cut in four weeks. Make a succession of sowings, as the plant runs quickly to seed. Sow thickly in drills about a foot apart.

Although water cress grows naturally on the edges of brooks and ponds, it may be grown at home in a frame, provided that a retentive soil is used, and care is given to watering the bed often. Water cress may be grown in any moist soil, even in a greenhouse.



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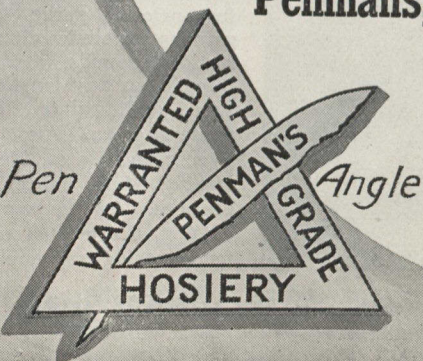
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THE strawberry is one of our most luscious fruits. When we take into consideration all its good qualities, and then add to them, that it is our earliest fruit, that it comes when we have grown tired of the winter stuff, and when we are fully ready for some fresh fruit, we hail the strawberry with the greatest delight and profit.

While fairly good berries have been grown in the past by what is known as the matted-row system, I do not believe that this is the way to grow quality strawberries. The commercial grower has too often sacrificed quality for quantity. The commercial grower is encouraged by the generality of buyers, who very seldom taste the berries when buying, going entirely by the eye; if the berries look nice, they never think of tasting them. I am glad to believe that there is a growing number of the best buyers now asking for quality, and the best quality in the strawberry.

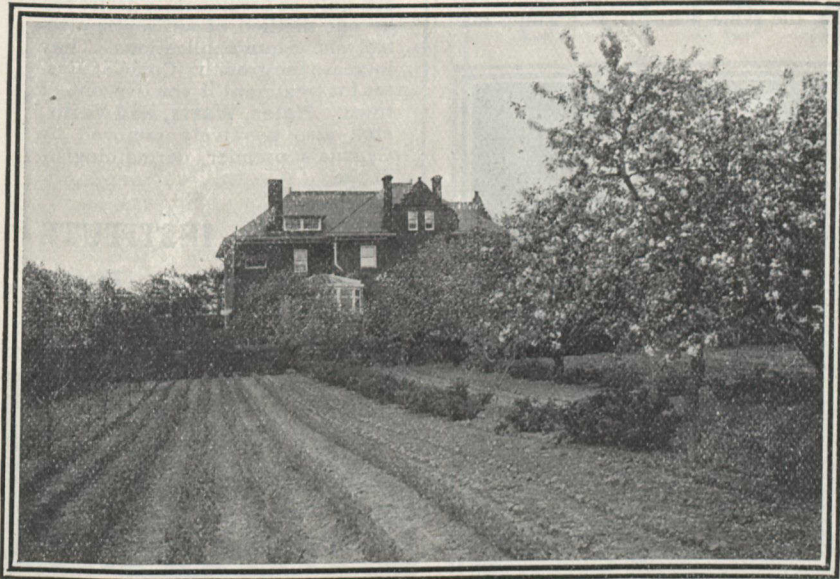
For quality berries grow the plants in narrow rows. The best strawberries grow on the edges of the row, and the more edges you have in your patch the more fine berries you will get. Narrow rows yield finer berries, and give a better return than wide, matted rows.

quality strawberry. The plant is large, healthy, with fine bright green leaves, quite free from rust. The berry is large, somewhat oval in shape, with a slight neck; strong fruit stems, holding the berries up well in the foliage; the quality is of the best. The plant is quite productive; late season. I consider it one of the best for fancy market.

WM. BELT—(Perfect) is included by some among the quality varieties. The plant is large and strong, but rusts somewhat, quite productive. The berry is large to very large, conical, bright scarlet in color, firm; the flesh is pink, slashed with white, nice mild flavor and best quality; medium to late season.

BARRYMORE—(Perfect) is among the quality, although a new one. The plant is healthy and a good grower. The berry is a dark glossy crimson, with red flesh of fine quality and flavor, ripens mid-season, conical in shape and firm. It was awarded a silver medal, and three first premiums at the Massachusetts Horticultural Show, and is causing quite a stir in strawberry circles.

CHAS. NEWMAN—(Perfect) is without doubt the best early medium berry that I have grown for years. The plant is



A FAMILY FRUIT GARDEN WITH VEGETABLES BETWEEN THE ROWS.

Plant the rows three feet apart, and the plants eighteen or twenty inches in the row. Begin to cultivate at once, and cultivate once a week till the fall.

In some sections the plants require covering in the fall. This covering can be raked into the pathways in the spring, and used as a mulch, and thus keep the berries clean. In the fall give a dressing of unleached hardwood ashes before the covering is put on, and after the growth has ceased.

To obtain the best berries you should have a variety with a good strong healthy plant. Some of the varieties that produce the best berries are subject to rust in certain seasons. This can be prevented by spraying with lime and sulphur just before the blossoms open, and again just after the fruit is set.

VARIETIES FOR QUALITY

ANNIE LAURIE—(Perfect) was for a long time the standard of quality. The plant is healthy and vigorous, very late in fruiting. The berry is round, very bright scarlet, glossy, with bright golden seeds, and of the very finest quality. It is the finest table berry, but only moderately productive.

BISMARCK—(Perfect) is a seedling of Bubach and Van Deman. The plant is a strong, healthy grower, very much like Bubach, but makes more plants. The fruit is very large, bright scarlet, mild-flavored, sweet, and good quality, roundly conical. The plant is very productive.

RUBY—(Perfect) deserves a place among quality strawberries. The plant is a good grower with some rust. The fruit is large, and lots of it, crimson in color; flesh red, firm, and of best quality; productive.

THE JOE—(Perfect) is certainly a

healthy, a good runner and very productive of fine, large, glossy, round berries, bright scarlet with yellow seeds, firm and good quality.

POCAHONTAS—(Perfect) is truly a fancy variety. The plant is perfect, strong and healthy. The berry is very large, good dark color and fine quality and flavor.

PENNSYLVANIA DUTCHMAN — (Perfect) resembles Pocahontas; good healthy plant. The berry is very large; a fancy sort of fine flavor.

CHESAPEAKE—(Perfect) won the \$100 prize offered by W. F. Allan, of Maryland. The plant is very large, healthy, with large thick leaves. The berry is large to very large, roundish conical, bright scarlet, glossy yellow seeds, solid and firm, and very fine quality; one of the best; quite late season.

EKEY—(Perfect) produces extra fine fruit of fine quality. The plant is a strong, healthy grower, and very productive. The berry is very large, long, bright, dark glossy red, with red seeds; early medium in season.

MASCOT—(Perfect) is another quality berry. The plant makes a healthy strong growth. The berry is very large, many boxes having only 27 berries, and heaping full at that; it is late, quite productive, and of good quality and firm.

GRAY'S DOLLAR—(Perfect) is a vigorous plant maker, deeply rooted and thereby stands drought. The berry is large, quite firm, bright glossy red, good flavor and quality. The plant has several fruit stems.

Among the quality berries I would include Colossus, Brandywine, Three W's, President, Heritage and King Edward, but want of space forbids a description of these fine varieties.

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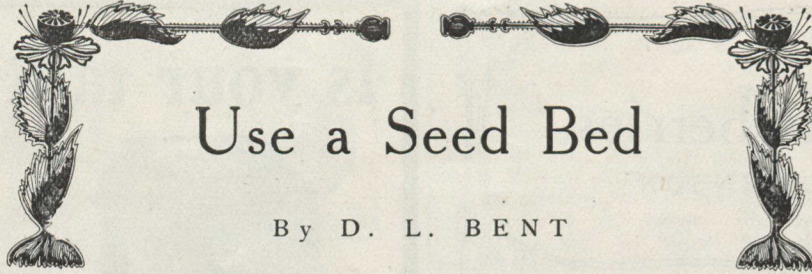
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Use a Seed Bed

By D. L. BENT

WITH the best of care in preparing the soil, and in sowing the seed, some parts of the garden, especially the annual flower border, often become unsightly through the non-germination of some of the seeds. Bare spots occur, and there is a general lack of uniformity in growth. This can be largely overcome by the use of a seed bed located somewhere in the back garden.

From each packet of seed that is used on the border a few seeds should be saved and sown in the seed bed. When these seedlings appear they can be transplanted to the spots in the border that need them. Any that are left can be allowed to grow for supplying cut flowers later on, or they can be transplanted to nooks and corners that may have been overlooked earlier in the season. Among the annual flowers that can be treated in this way are godetia, salpiglossis, stocks, phlox, pinks, zinnias, alyssum, snapdragon, balsams, marigolds and mignonette.

A seed bed is useful for starting some kinds of vegetable seeds, such as late cabbage and cauliflower, and for hardening-off celery and other things that may have been started in a hot-bed or in the house. Often it is useful, also, for the temporary growing of plants for which permanent quarters are not ready, and which would be-

time allows inter-cropping one way between the trees. It also tends to produce better quality and color in the fruit, as the sun has a better chance to do its work.

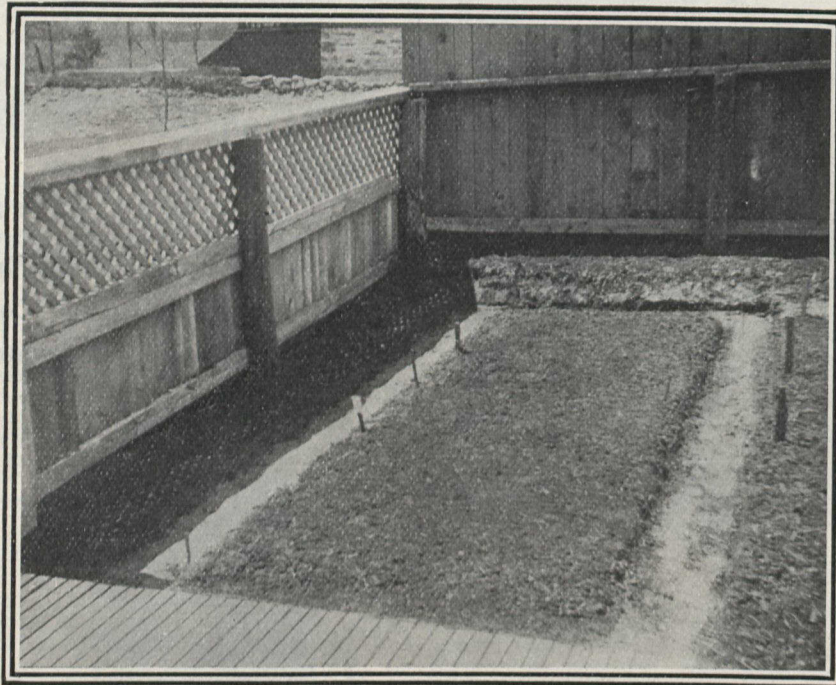
Peaches can be grown successfully in tubs fifteen inches in diameter. These tubs can be removed to the cellar in late fall, where they will be safe during the winter.

In cold districts, grapes and other tender fruits may be grown under glass-covered sheds. Glass sheds cost very little, and can be used for a variety of tender fruits. City amateurs can afford these things for the pleasure there is in it, to say nothing of the benefits derived from having fresh fruits grown at home.

Pruning Bush Fruits

By H. C. EDGAR

ONE thing often neglected, or only partially done, in the home garden is the pruning of currant and gooseberry bushes. A little time and labor at this season will give large returns. As the fruiting habit of the red currant and gooseberry are so nearly alike, the same methods of pruning may



A SEED BED IS USEFUL IN MANY WAYS

Owing to lack of good soil, a low path was made around the one illustrated. A level bed is better, as it will not dry out so quickly, and when watered, the water will not run off. Note the height of the border by the board fence. It shows the original surface in the garden illustrated by cut and diagram on pages 26 and 27.

come too spindly if allowed to remain in boxes or frames. If a few plants are left over when planting the strawberry patch, put them in the seed bed. They will be welcomed later on for replacing those that “miss.”

City Fruit Growing

By C. B. ALDEN

AMATEUR fruit growers in cities should look to quality rather than to quantity. The best tasting fruit is not always the most marketable. A strawberry of the finest tasting qualities cannot be shipped long distances. At home, one can select the varieties that stand for quality instead of those that are known for their ability to keep or to ship.

Even small lots can be used for growing some kinds of fruit. For small areas, intensive methods of culture and care must be employed. Along the walls, fruit trees can be trained so that they will take up but little room.

One method of pruning for small lots is the fan system. By this method, the trees are kept low and the branches are trained to grow in opposite directions, all others at right angles to be cut off. This system admits of more trees on a given area, and at the same

be practised on each. This applies also to the white currant. On these bushes, the finest and largest fruits are produced around the base of short spurs, coming out from the two and three-year-old wood. From this fact one can judge the proper method to pursue.

A plan that is easily carried out, is to remove each year the two oldest canes at or near the ground and to allow two new strong shoots to take their places. All other new shoots that start from the ground may be cut away. Head back these two new shoots fully one-half to induce the formation and growth of new lateral shoots near the ground. On the remaining old canes, head back all the new growths, particularly if the variety is a strong grower and a heavy producer.

Black currants should not be treated the same as red currants. While the reds bear their fruit around the base of the new shoots, the blacks produce theirs towards the tips. The new wood may be headed back, but do not head-in all the lateral shoots if a large yield is desired. As black currants are vigorous growers, three new canes may be allowed to grow each year and three old ones cut out.

If you plant strawberries this spring, nip off the blossom clusters when they appear.



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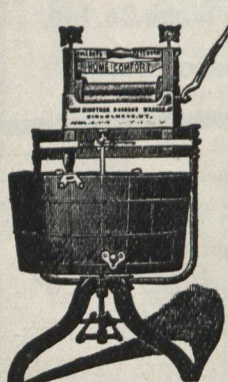
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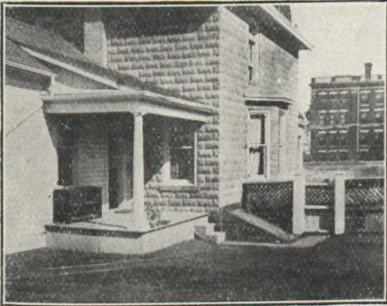
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Plan for Use and Beauty

BY A. B. CUTTING

ALTHOUGH the culinary value of the crops grown in the vegetable garden is the most important factor to be considered, there is no reason why the garden cannot be made a place of beauty as well. But for the commonplace way in which we are accustomed to regard nearly all vegetables, many of them would be favored as much for ornamental purposes as for cooking. Some kinds have a real ornamental value, and this should be taken into consideration when making plans. The arrangement of classes also can be made to serve in producing an ornamental effect. The method of harvesting also has a bearing in this respect.

In most kitchen gardens there are nooks and corners, and one or more



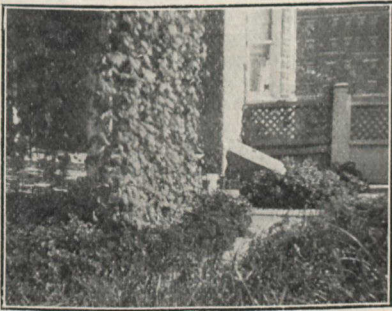
GARDEN READY FOR PLANTING

Note the evenness of the seed-bed and the walk curving around the verandah to relieve the monotony of straight lines.

sides of plots that could be made more acceptable to the eye by the use of some material for edging. Nothing is better for this purpose than parsley—and what plant is more beautiful in foliage than this? The leaves of the carrot have a similar charm, but this crop does not adapt itself to the purpose so well as parsley. Leave room this spring on the sides of plots for rows of parsley and keep them clipped if necessary. Sow the parsley only on the sides that run with the rows. Edging is not practicable along the ends of the rows. These can be kept neat by a little attention in the way of having them uniform in length and in removing leaves that overhang too much or sprawl on the walks.

If it is thought that the supply of parsley will be too great, some other garden herbs may be used in some of the available places.

When planning the garden for usefulness, consider also an arrangement that will be as ornamental as facilities will allow. Do not sow a row of beets, then a row of radish, and next a row of parsnip, and so forth. Group each kind together or in different lots of a number of rows each, and have the taller growing kinds at the back or in the



THE SAME CORNER SHOWING RESULTS

Morning Glories covered the verandah and afforded a cool, summer breakfast room. Edging the curved walk was parsley. By the cellar-way was a clump of mint and behind it nasturtiums which, owing to repairs there, were planted late and did not develop. In the foreground were onions and other common vegetables.

middle of the plot, and others, in rotation as height decreases, from these points outwards. On the fences all around and on buildings grow annual flowering vines, or, if edible things are wanted, grow pole beans, scarlet runner beans, cucumbers, squash and tomatoes, trained to occupy all the space. Sweet corn may serve to hide the fence on one side.

Many kitchen gardens that appear trim and nice in the early part of the season often are spoiled in appearance by unthoughtful methods of harvesting the crop. When a half dozen bunches of lettuce, or a dozen beets are wanted for the day's use, they are pulled all from one spot; and thus the rows are made ragged long before it is neces-

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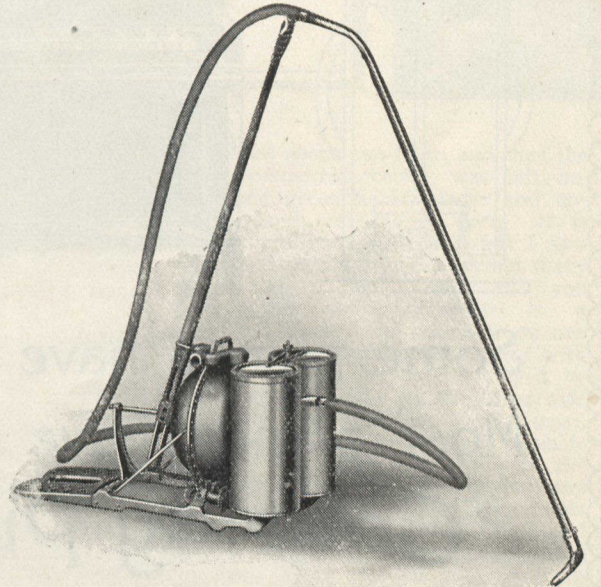
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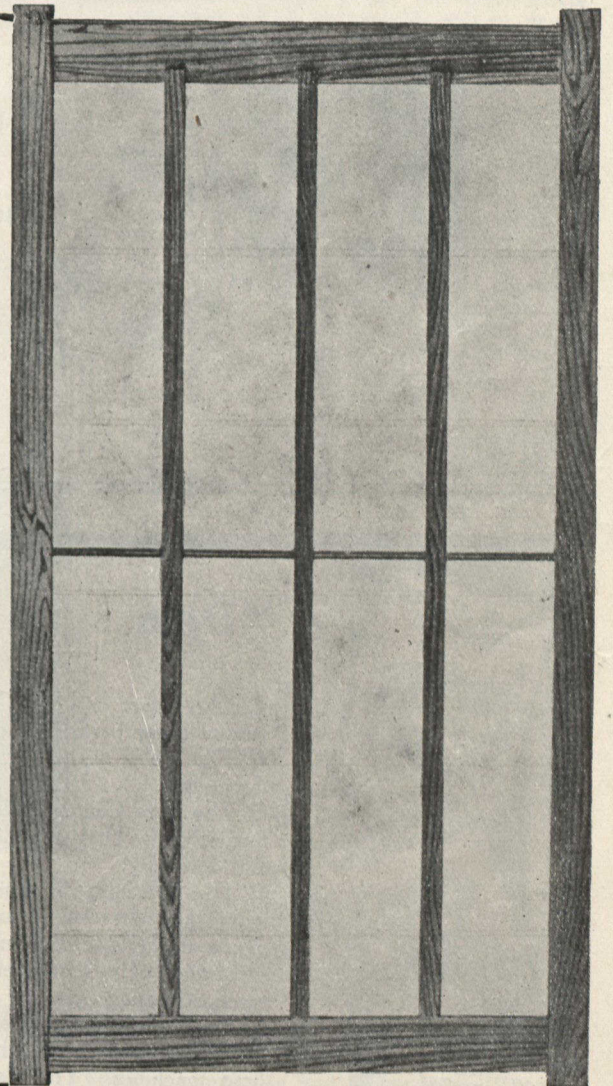
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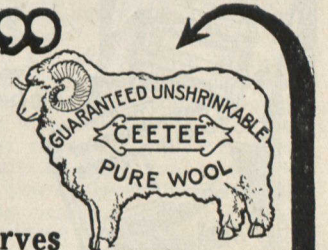
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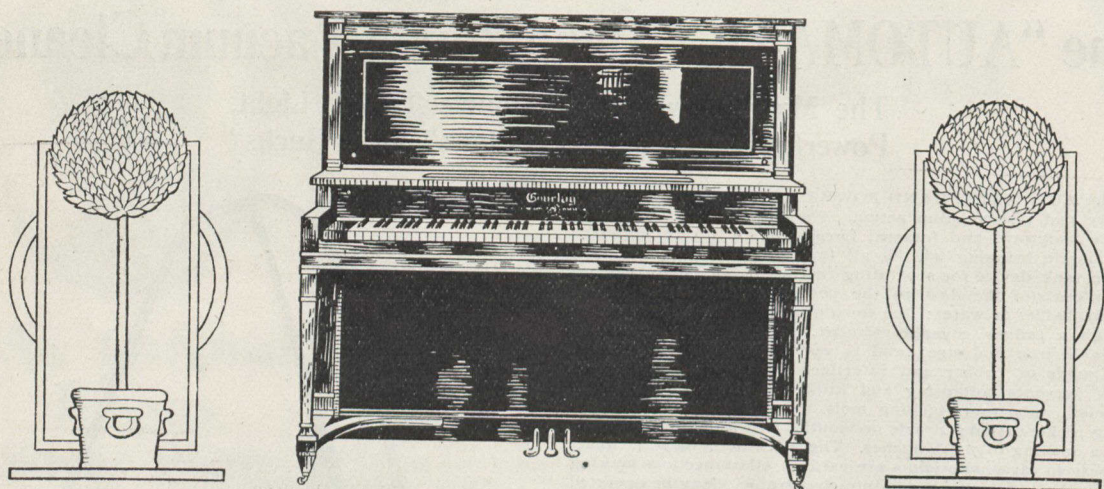
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sary. Neatness and order can be prolonged by selecting the crops wanted from various places in the row—individually, not collectively. Oftentimes also plants are broken off or bent over unnecessarily.

All these things play their part in making and maintaining a garden that is ornamental or otherwise, as the case may be. It is just as easy to have a vegetable garden that will please the eye as well as the palate, as to have one that serves only the one purpose—and those that are ornamental are doubly acceptable in and to the other sense.

Sun-Dials and Roses

Continued from page 11

perfumed heads. Every real garden has a rose plot. And in this country it is wonderful to what fine perfection they may be cultivated. I have never, anywhere in the world, seen more perfect outdoor roses than those grown in a certain garden on the Island, near Toronto. In June this is a place of enchantment, set in the most fairy-like fashion against green lagoons where tall reeds harbor the old god Pan—who still loves roses.

"No wonder rose-growing is my hobby," said Dr. Sheard, "no other flower is more beautiful and prolific. In Canada our long, cold winters are hard on the roots, we cannot perfect the climbing rose as they do in England, but by ordinary care and study we may obtain splendid results. My roses bloom sometimes five or six times during the season, and by a proper use of the hose there is no fear of the insect pest. I use a Dutch hoe, and advise as little spading as possible."

To turn from this modern garden, we hear of roses twenty centuries ago, for they were known and loved in those days, and Pliny, in the sixteen hundreds was full of rose-lore. He talks very learnedly, and very picturesquely, of "twelve varieties," and gives this curious statement that sweet scented roses ever have the "cup or knob under the floure" (the calyx), "rough and prickly."

Although the rose is the emblem of England, many of our best roses bear French names; for no marked progress in rose cultivation in any country took place until 1815, when Vibert, the first of the great French rose growers, founded his nursery under the patronage of the Empress Josephine. It is only forty years since English gardeners raised any important blooms, for although they had charming roses in 1824, wholesome, hardy flowers, they would not, I fear, take any prizes at the rose shows of to-day.

In that strange, and now little-known society of the Rosicrucians, it is easy to trace the intimate relation between the two subjects of this article—Sun-Dials and Roses. The Rosicrucians as a sect, left a distinct trace upon the poetical and legendary literature of Europe. Their beliefs became public in the early part of the seventeenth century, and in their faith in alchemy, mental healing, and "cures by fasting" they really led the van of much of the advanced thought of to-day. The founder, Christian Rosencreutz, lived in 1484, and learned the "sublime science" in the East. He and his followers believed in a distinct harmony in the processes of nature and the doctrines of religion, and used chemical terms to express religious truths; they talked of the "signatures of things," of the influence of the stars, of magic, and of the orders of friendly spirits.

Into the symbolic history of the cross we need not enter. It is of greater antiquity than the rose, and yet a mystic rose in an allegorical garden is met with in religious traditions almost as far back as we can go. There is a silver rose in the "Garden of Heaven," which is the Brahman paradise, Buddha and the Hindoo god, Indra, both suffered for robbing paradise of this flower.

But legendary as it all is, the mysterious influence of this flower-of-flowers remains, like all magic, inexplicable; we feel it as we do the strange quality we call charm in a person, though it can never be described in any words. Yet if we look deep into a rose we discern but the old sweet Essentials of life—earth and air turned by sunshine into form, color, and perfume, and perhaps charm, that sister of the rose, when we look deep into its heart is compounded also of the sweet Essentials—the world about us turned by sunshine into form, color, and perfume.

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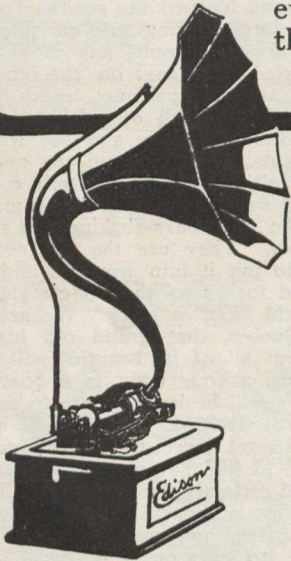
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ing. I can assure you it is not a pleasant holiday to be seasick. The boundless ocean was our scenery for Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. It was amusing and interesting to watch the sea-gulls contending for the refuse that was thrown overboard. When scenery was absent a fine chance to study the faces of the passengers—the gay dude and the fashionable belle, the young married couple all absorbed in each other's welfare, the wealthy middle-aged bent on pleasure, and vain of their acquired thousands, and many looking for chances of various kinds. Quiet and orderly as we all appear, yet there must be some evil ones, for some are losing their pocket-books and valuables. Late Thursday night we thought we could see distant lights. Early Friday morning we could distinctly see the Isle of Man, and it was a pretty sight. A few hours later we realized we were in the beautiful river Mersey, and soon at the great landing stage, Liverpool. I had many anxious thoughts when on the briny deep, as I had no relatives, and only one person in England that I had met before, and he was in Yorkshire, and knew nothing of my intended visit. Some of my relatives had an intimate acquaintance in Birkenhead, and had cabled him to meet me at Liverpool. I was to carry a red silk handkerchief in my right hand, and he an umbrella hung on his left arm. He and his daughter met me, and I can safely say I never had the privilege of meeting with finer people. After a little looking around I secured a fine home at Liscard, on the Promenade overlooking the Mersey. The docks at Liverpool are just seven miles long, and you can fancy the traffic, not ten minutes of the day but some fine liner or merchant ship is in full view, to say nothing about the pleasure ships and ferries that are constantly crossing to and fro on their daily rounds. No wonder one would think Liverpool the kitchen and pantry for England, when you gaze on the immense amount of cattle, sheep, swine, cereals of all kinds, and fruits and vegetables of every description: eggs, butter and cheese that are landed at Liverpool, and in a few hours swept away and the places vacant and waiting for more. Liverpool has many fine buildings of perfect architecture. One quaint old building I shall never forget, St. Nicholas Church, said to be built before Columbus discovered America. I visited Birkenhead, and its Hamilton's Square is certainly a beauty spot. We went on the Higher Tranmere into the country as far as the old Bebbington Church, where Oliver Cromwell held the Royalist army at bay. It is aged and peaceful now, but it must have seen turbulent times. Sauntered through some fine parks and walked through the grounds of the first clubhouse of England. The society has for its president the Bishop of Liverpool. We took the underground railway home. It is a strange sensation to go down, down, far enough to get under the River Mersey. It is pleasant and rapid travelling, and well lighted, and we were soon in Liverpool again and in five minutes on the ferry heading for Seacombe and then the tram car for Liscard. New Brighton is a quiet little summer resort, and some fine places of amusement. One tower theatre I will not soon forget. You can ascend to the altitude of five hundred feet and it is a nice airy place to view the surroundings from. There are 10,000 electric jets in the tower alone, and it is a pretty sight at night to see the whole building light up. Went to the Isle of Man by the Ben Machrie. The name Ben Machrie brings to memory Hall Caine's "Deemster," and all of the bishop's sorrows and humiliations. Landed at Douglas, and it is an exceedingly pretty place. Many homes on the promenade are built of spotless marble and have brass steps and door sills, giving it an Oriental appearance, which is strikingly beautiful. In Douglas all is gay and giddy. Naturally it is beautiful, and all that art can embellish and develop is done. Visited the walled City of Chester on the Dee. Fancy a wall more than ten feet wide on the top, and fully twenty-five feet wide at the base, and thirty feet high and miles long. I think the men that built that wall did not wear bouquets or smoke cigarettes. The museum on top of the wall contains many relics of the Stuart period. Eccleston Ferry is rightfully termed the "artists' paradise." Each side of the river Dee is overhung with beautiful trees, and in the background are many beautiful gardens. As you sail along in the little ferry you forget home and friends, for the scenery is entrancing. Chester has

a grand old cathedral. Oh, what a hushed stillness pervades that place of worship! It is the home of the dead as well as a place of worship. One wing of the great building devoted to monuments, slabs and tablets of various kinds, tell of the dead that rest there. Then a few miles away is Hawarden Castle, the home of the late Hon. W. E. Gladstone. The park that surrounded it is quite nice. I noticed some fine farms on our return trip, and I wondered if they made that good old Cheshire cheese in those stately homes. Then to the Lancashire Sands, and it pierces one's heart to look at the broken beams and spars merely protruding above ground. How many have perished there hundreds of years ago. You grow sad, but consolation comes in this way. More, yes far more, have been wrecked and perished on the sands of time.

I go to Doncaster, in Yorkshire, and am met by my only friend in England, and we had a drive of six miles through the country before we reached their fine farm home. I was glad to be with people that I had some knowledge of before. The cities have grand beautiful sights and many and varied are their attractions, but to the country remains the restful delights. They have no concessions or side lines as we have. Their roads wander and wind through the country, paying little attention to the points of the compass. But they are good roads, level and perfect in structure. Finger-boards at each crossroad telling where each road leads to. If it wasn't for this information a stranger would have no idea where he was or where he was heading for. I went through the Woodhead Tunnel on my visit up to Doncaster, and it took nineteen minutes. The tunnel goes through the Pennine Range. At the crossroads in Braithwell a monument was erected in 1645 commemorating a Yorkist victory. King Charles took refuge in the manor house in Braithwell during those stormy times. I visited a couple of pleasure resorts: Bridlington on the east, and Blackpool on the west. Had a drive to Conisboro and a look at the old Conisboro Castle, so finely pictured by Sir Walter Scott in "Ivanhoe." I was often in Doncaster, and it is what an American would term a smart town. I believe my vanity reached its highest point, for I had the extreme pleasure of seeing our late lamented sovereign, King Edward VII., on Leger Day at Doncaster. It certainly was a great event to be one of a million and a half crowd to witness the great St. Leger Day race and at the same time to see the greatest monarch of the world. It was a great sight to see the king coming sailing along in his auto car, followed by fifteen auto cars, step out like an ordinary man unprotected, and make his way to the box set apart for his exclusive use, and the whole crowd rise and cheer most lustily. It was a great exhibition of mutual confidence and respect between monarch and people. The king and his party always stay during the racing meet at Rufford Abbey. They reach Doncaster by that famous Bawtrey Road. I might say that people that know have told me that the Bawtrey Road is the most beautiful and perfectly kept road in the known world. It is customary for the church in the vicinity of Rufford Abbey to hold a garden party on the Thursday evening of the meet, and King Edward always attended it. A pretty little story is told that shows the home side of his life. One day as he was entering the drawing-room a little three-year-old tot accosted him "You are King Edward?" "Yes, little miss," he replied. As she had a little plate of goodies in her hand, she asked him to have some. He helped himself mildly. When the waiter brought the king his plate of good things he would have the little girl have some of his. There are good reasons for him being so beloved.

I enjoyed my visit to Sheffield. It is a great industrial centre, and contains many places of great interest. The Duke of Norfolk gave the city of Sheffield a present in the shape of land containing three acres, and covered by a great building called Norfolk Market Hall. It has a fine university and a good museum adjoining. It was opened by the late King and Queen Alexandra. The Botanical Gardens are long to be remembered. Took a trip out to the moor adjoining Sheffield. It is a dreary waste, and I could not help thinking of the moor that is pictured in the "Hound of the Baskervilles." The auto car trip on the bank of the Humber to Hull was new to me, and long to be remembered, but too brief to be described. Next I



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Pleases people hard to satisfy

visited the great metropolis, London, the great, and it seemed a whole world. It was almost paralyzing to look at the crowds, and the question came to me, Where will all those people be fed? Where are their homes?

The London Tower is a giant of strength. Westminster Abbey, musty, but sacred. The Art Gallery, where everything that art has produced is represented. And that wonderful wax exhibition where everybody is fooled by the natural appearances of the persons represented. Many a visitor is caught talking to those beautifully dressed guards, and they will spend a minute or two before they discover that they are wax.

The great exposition was in full blow, and I spent a few hours at it. Was very pleased to see some lovely Canadian butter. Time was up, and I hustled back to the country, then to Liverpool. I learned that my acquaintances were returning by the Tunisian, and I by the Empress of Britain. A lot of Canadians were returning by the Empress, among them four ladies from our own London. I met them by accident, and I soon felt quite at home. The weather was not good coming back, but the people more friendly. A party of four ladies spent seven hours in Quebec. One of the four of us was a Scotch lady coming out to visit her sister in a northern town. Her friends had warned her that she was to put on all her heavy clothing before she left the steamship, and she even donned a fur-lined coat, for, they said, you are going to the land of snows. It was late in September, but an excessively warm day, and you can fancy the predicament she was in. She visited me in April after, and a good laugh we had as she remarked, "I was almost toasted to a cinder." The forest fires raged in Quebec and New Brunswick, and the smoke was almost unbearable, but we were all glad when we reached Toronto, and more so when we reached London, but the climax was reached a few hours later when I had lunch and a well-brewed cup of Japan tea. I was home.

A READER who is interested in Women's Institute work has sent in the following sketch by Beatrice Fairfax, which, she thinks, may be of some concern to others.

She was a good wife—there was nothing unusual in that.

She looked upon her husband as a demigod—there was nothing unusual in that.

He looked upon himself as an absolute god—and there was nothing unusual in that.

For fifteen years she had been a perfect wife and mother, living absolutely for her home and family, thinking only of their welfare and happiness.

She demanded little in return for her loving service, and the family had come to take it for granted and to enjoy the belief that constant self-sacrifice was mother's pleasure.

Then, one day, as gently and sweetly she had lived, the mother died. The funeral had been in the morning, and toward nightfall a steady, dreary rain set in.

The husband had wandered down to his office in the afternoon from sheer force of habit. It was closed since she died, and he sat there idly turning over a bundle of letters in whose contents he could not concentrate his attention.

He thought of the fifteen years they had spent together as man and wife, and it passed through his mind that perhaps he had not been quite the perfect husband that he had always considered himself to be.

"I suppose I've been as good as most husbands," he thought, uncomfortably, "but I wonder if I was good enough for her."

Oh, well, it was all over now, and he must make the best of things. There were the children to think of; he would go home to them now; they must feel as forlorn as he, poor little mites.

As he entered the front door he found himself listening for the cheery call that always greeted his home-coming.

Dreary silence—that sweet welcoming voice was hushed forever.

With a sigh he turned into the parlor. It was dark, and he stumbled over a footstool on his way to press the electric light button.

What were the servants thinking of to have the house in darkness at this hour. It had never happened before.

The fire that always blazed cheerily on the open fireplace had been allowed

to die out, and his own particular chair had been pulled away from the table by which it always stood.

There had always been a lighted lamp on that table and his favorite evening paper.

On a table at the other side of the fireplace, was a basket filled with half-finished mending.

There was Bobbie's stocking, with the darning egg in it, just as she had showed it to him the night before she was taken ill.

"Bobbie is getting to be such a great, strong boy," she had said, with tender pride. "He keeps me half my time mending his things."

With tear-blurred eyes and clumsy unsteady fingers, he picked up the stocking, the last sign of her loving ministrations.

He wandered forlornly upstairs. Where were the children, he wondered.

He turned into their room, the room he and she had shared for fifteen years. There, in the closet, hung the pretty pink wrapper she had always worn when she did her hair.

With a sobbing sigh he buried his face in its silken folds—the sweet fragrance of her still clung to it.

He paced slowly up and down the room, which henceforth must be his, alone.

That worn place in the carpet—he remembered that she had wanted a new carpet last Easter, but he had said they couldn't afford it; and then he had bought a very expensive fur-lined coat for himself, and she had been delighted that he should be so comfortable.

In a sudden fit of unendurable misery he walked over to the window and flung it open.

It was raining hard, and with a groan, he remembered how she had always hated the rain.

Hated it, and to-night she was lying out under that rain-soaked sod—all alone, his pretty, pretty girl.

He moved blindly back to the bedside. Where were his slippers, he wondered? She always had them ready for him.

As he kicked off his shoes, a thing absurdly pathetic upset him utterly.

There was a hole in the toe of his stocking; such a thing had not happened during his fifteen years of married life.

She wouldn't have it happen. With a hoarse sob of misery, he cried: "I cannot bear it. I cannot live without her."

When, a few minutes later, he answered the summons of his dinner gong, he found the children at the table, a subdued, little sad-faced group.

He sat down opposite the empty chair.

"Children," he said, "I want to tell you that you have lost the best mother and I the best wife that ever lived, and we did not half appreciate her."

And out in the silence and the rain the little mother slept peacefully.

Appreciation had come too late to disturb her place of rest.

Worth Knowing

DO not use a brass kettle for cooking until it is thoroughly cleaned with salt and vinegar.

To take out dye stains from the hands, use corn meal, pumice stone, or fine sand, or a little chloride of lime in water. Many stains can be removed with vinegar or lemon juice.

Tumblers which have contained milk should first be rinsed in cold water before washing in hot water.

Graniteware should not be left to dry over a hot fire, as the heat in expanding may cause the outside to scale.

When material is being dyed it should be stirred well. This allows the dye to penetrate to all parts alike, thus producing an even shade.

Never put meat directly on the ice, but always on a plate, as direct contact with the ice will destroy its flavor.

Fish, lemons, and cheese, or any strongly-flavored food should not be placed in the same compartment with milk and butter.

Perspiration stains can be removed by rubbing with soap, and laying the garment in the hot sun.

Mold can be kept from the top of preserves by putting a few drops of glycerine around the edges of the jar before screwing on the cover.

To take out grass stains, rub over the marks with the juice of a raw tomato, sprinkle with salt, and lay in the sun. Repeat the process if necessary two or three times.



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Make your new barn better than your old one—make your present one better than ever before—by putting on a roof of "Galt" Steel Shingles. The wood shingles of today can't give you satisfaction and are a constant expense. "Galt" Steel Shingles make a permanent, storm-proof, fire-proof and lightning-proof roof that saves your money for every year in protecting barn and stock, and in doing away with repairs.

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THE GALT ART METAL CO. Limited, GALT, ONT.
Watch for the advertisements with The Kids from Galt.

JOURNAL FASHIONS

FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 10 cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 59-61 John Street, Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. Patterns are mailed from our Toronto office the same day as order is received. Paper Patterns 10 cents each. Enclose 2 cent stamp for postage.

Frocks of Summer Stuffs

SELDOM has any season shown so many lovely summer stuffs as does this one. In the illustration is shown a frock made of bordered marquisette and a dress for the older girls that is made of mull with trimming of lace, but both of these models can be varied almost indefinitely, for they are adapted to all seasonable fabrics.

The girl's dress is a very charming one that combines a simple blouse and skirt joined by means of a belt. The skirt is straight, consequently it suits bordered materials especially well. It can be either pleated or gathered so that it is adapted both to the thinner materials and to the heavier ones. The blouse is cut in one with the short sleeves, and the frock is an exceedingly simple one to make, while charming in the extreme. Plain materials can be trimmed to suit the fancy, or made with a hemmed skirt as preferred.

For a girl of ten years will be required $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 yards 36, or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, 6937, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

The older girl's frock is a charming one for many occasions. It is made with the raised or Empire waist line, and is trimmed to give an effect of daintiness and elaboration, yet it is really a very simple blouse and five-gored skirt that are joined by means of a belt. The trimming shown on the waist is arranged on indicated lines, but for a simpler frock the blouse portion can be left plain as shown in the back view. The skirt is finished with hem and tuck, and is gathered at the upper edge. As the sleeves are cut in one with the blouse, the labor of making is slight in the extreme.

For the 16-year size will be needed $7\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 or $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 14 yards of banding and 1 yard of lace for the sleeve frills.

The pattern, 6959, is cut in sizes for

girls of 14, 16 and 18 years of age, and is adapted to small women.

Costume of Mannish Suiting

MANNISH suitings are among the smartest of all things for spring wear, and this costume shows a new coat and plain five-gored skirt. The coat is made with a novel collar and revers, and is closed with three buttons only, these two features making important ones of the season. The five-gored skirt can be made either with a natural or high waist line, and it can be made as illustrated or with a band at the lower edge. The suit is a practical, as well as smart one, and will be found available for all seasonable suitings. It makes a good design for remodelling also, for the skirt could be made with a band of contrasting material, and this same material used to trim the coat.

For a woman of medium size the coat will require $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 or 2 yards 52 inches wide, with one yard of satin. For the skirt will be needed 7 yards 27 or 4 yards 44 or 52 inches wide, if the material has figure or nap, but if there is no up and down 4 yards 27, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 or 52 inches wide will be sufficient.

The coat pattern, 6912, is cut in sizes from a 34 to 42-inch bust measure, the skirt pattern, 6855, in sizes from a 22 to 30-inch waist measure.

Fashionable Gown of Silk

SILKS are among the most fashionable materials this season, and combinations of striped and figured with plain are greatly in vogue. Here is a gown that is smart in the extreme, yet simple, as are the best mod-

els that the season has to offer. The side portions of the blouse are cut in one with the elbow sleeves. The skirt is made with a three-gored upper portion, and with a circular lower portion, but the points on the skirt and the points on the waist make an unusual and distinctive effect. In the illustration striped foulard is combined with plain silk, and the trimming portions are made of beaded net. The same model could be utilized for simpler stuffs, for it would be charming made from the lovely cotton materials, as well as from silk, and it can be utilized for the fashionable eyelet embroidery with great success. If the lower portion of the skirt and the outer portions and pointed portion of the blouse were made of eyelet embroidery with the remaining portions of the gown of dotted Swiss, an exceedingly smart effect would be obtained and the gown become adapted to mid-summer wear.

For the medium size the waist will require $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of material 24 inch-

trifles, but there is so little new at present, and that is perhaps the excuse.

With the Empire and Directoire dresses the open-work laced boot is being introduced. For evening dress the low shoes are made with four or five straps and a small diamond buckle.

Many-colored beading is the feature of one dress. It covers the front of the bodice, reaching almost to the waist, and is veiled across the bust with a thick nixon bolero lined with a contrasting color. It is difficult to describe the exact shade that these superimposed veilings take, but it is essential to select the two principal colorings in the beading for this little bolero; the same colorings are repeated at the bottom of the skirt over satin. The dress itself is, however, quite distinct in shade from this polychrome effect, and is made in dark blue satin with a tiny, almost invisible, braided spot.

Dark blue braiding upon the satin forms the trimming at the end of the



Dress Pattern No. 6937

Dress Pattern No. 6959



Coat Pattern No. 6912

Skirt Pattern No. 6855

es wide, or $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36 or 44, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 18 inches wide for the centre portions and the trimming of sleeves; for the upper portion of the skirt will be needed 3 yards 24, or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, and for the lower portion will be required $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards 24, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 18 inches wide for the yoke and undersleeves.

The waist pattern, 6960, is cut in sizes from a 34 to 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6961, in sizes from a 22 to 30-inch waist measure.

Stray Items

HAT pins are now only seen in enormous pearls, black, stone grey, and white. They are fetching fabulous prices, for such imitation



Waist Pattern No. 6960

Skirt Pattern No. 6961

tunic, outlined top and bottom with dark fur. Narrow bands of the same fur trim the bodice and sleeves.

Satin is very much in favor for short dresses for all occasions. Many are made with a satin bolero and skirt and a voile tunic in the same shade, trimmed with fur, but without the braiding described on the satin tunic.

Mole grey voile, which, as everybody knows, is only another name for the best quality of mousseline de soie, is the material par excellence for afternoon receptions and for casino dress. This particular shade of grey is made from a variety of colored foundations, but for the moment there is a great run on a deep, ruddy purple.

Braid promises to be extravagantly used on the spring tailored costumes, especially the wide titan braids, which give a rich and distinctive look to the simplest models.

A little ready built suit of dark blue diagonal serge is in excellent style, and the loose box coats with almost unfitted lines are easier to slip into without the extra expense of alteration than the more snugly fitted garments.

The lines of the latest suit are straight and narrow, like the winter models, and a dainty trimming touch is added by the piece of colored embroidery on the collar.



Child's Coat No. 6624.—1, 2 and 4 years; in three-quarter or full length; 3½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 1¾ yards 44, 1¼ yards 52, ⅝ yard of velvet, 1½ yards of banding, for 2-year size.

Child's Box Reefer Pattern No. 6715.—2 to 8 years; 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 1⅝ yards 44, 1½ yards 52, ¼ yard of velvet, for 6-year size.

Girl's Coat Pattern No. 6830.—8, 10 and 12 years; with sailor or notched collar, with or without shield, perforated for shorter length; 4¾ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 yards 44, 2¾ yards 52, ⅝ yard any width for the sailor collar, for 10-year size.

Child's Single-breasted Coat Pattern No. 6759.—4 to 8 years; 4½ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3½ yards 44 or 52, ⅝ yard of velvet, ⅜ yard 18 for revers and cuffs; for 6-year size.

Girl's Coat Pattern No. 6820.—6, 8 and 10 years; with high or notched collar, in three-quarter or full length; 3¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 yards 44, 1¾ yards 52; for 8-year size.

Girl's Russian Costume Pattern No. 6614.—8 to 14 years; including coat and straight pleated skirt, with five-gored upper portion; 6¼ yards of material 27 inches wide, 4 yards 36, 3¾ yards 44, 6 yards of banding; for 12-year size.

Child's Cape Pattern No. 6778.—With hood or rolled-over collar; 1, 2 and 4 years; 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 1½ yards 44 or 52, ⅝

yard of silk for lining for hood, for 2-year size.

The Outing Underskirt

FOR the outing underskirt it is well worth while to go to some trouble and expense, for the fascinating effect of a pretty flounce that appears and disappears in the quick motions of skating, country walking, etc., is a distinct element of feminine charm. Of course, for rain the underskirt should be durable and of a material that could stand a visit to the tub, if necessary to remove all stain of mud. But the fair weather outdoor skirt has a different purpose and can therefore have different materials and style.

A silk or sateen foundation, made perfect-fitting on the new close-fit lines, will do away with all unsightly bunches of strings. A material of silky surface will be found more practical because the heavy outer skirt slides and hangs easily over it. The jersey-top petticoats are not good for this purpose because the skirt sticks to their tough fibres. Of course, if the jersey top is woven of silk, that would make it all right for the garment now under consideration.

Make your skirt knee-length, on the modified habit-back pattern, but wide enough for the freest motions. Then make or buy one of the new adjustable flounces that can be had in so many charming colors and effects, and put it on to the body of your skirt with the clever little draw-string. Presto! Your little plain, simply-made petticoat becomes at once a garment of charm and

distinction. A clever woman who can make her own simpler clothes can easily construct this underskirt for herself, and if she makes or buys several of the new adjustable flounces she can keep her outing underskirt in perfect harmony with the touch of color she shows at waist or neck or in her outing hat or cap. There is an indescribable look of refinement and "class" about the woman who shows taste and fastidiousness throughout her entire wardrobe. Bear in mind that clothes themselves can be either attractive or repellent. There is no need of having any but the former kind.

Coronation Coloring

INDICATIONS of coming modes bear out the prophecy that this will be a season of greater variety and a much wider indulgence of the personal note in dress.

It is predicted that we shall have a season when pastel colors will pass away and brilliant hues take their place.

Anything more bizarre than some specimens of the new era of straw headgear it would be impossible to imagine. How is it that when made of velvet and beaver and even of felt shapes that are truly extraordinary they look less startling than like manifestations in straw? Perhaps it is that the colors introduced for spring wear are more vivid and therefore more noticeable than the dark ones of the winter season.

One enormous white velvet hat has a brim upon which swallows cut out of dark blue velvet are applied; another

effect in millinery that is quite of a different shape, but none the less startling, is a turban made of twisted green mousseline de soie powdered with jet, from which sprout at the sides immense bunches of black fantaisie plumage.

Another toque of biscuit-colored chip resembles a flower basket, and is made remarkable in appearance by the addition of black velvet ribbon wired to stand away from the crown and far above it. One length is threaded beneath the other, and the effect produced is that of handles of a grotesque size.

That the milliners have studied the military headgear of a hundred years ago is certain, inasmuch as they have produced helmets made of gold silk, with a positive riot of purple feathers on the top, and a little curb chain chin strap to hold the sides in their place.

Other helmets, called Revolution bonnets, are built of lightly woven straw or of velvet decorated with chenille, and again of tapestry and of silk with motifs of latticed gold upon it. The old-fashioned calash is also being voted a favorable subject for revival, developed in corded silk and in fine straw.

In the evening plumes are added to the coiffure, some made of ostrich feathers clipped very short, with gilded spines and colored fronds. Others composed of single quills luminous with silver are decorated with various devices in crystals and colored stones. They are placed in the hair in such a manner that they branch away from the head instead of assuming the upright position that used to be the one chosen by the smartly habited women.

Additions to the military aspect of present-day walking dress are constant-

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Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on-method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back. "HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION Adjustable Dress Forms" do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

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MAKE YOUR OWN WILL

ly being made to the adjuncts of the toilette. We have found in the sabretache so handsome an accompaniment of the promenade costume that the shoemakers have been emboldened to tempt their customers with gaiters of a military cut. They are meeting with great success, and are very smart and trim as the accompaniments of a short-skirted suit. Pale shades of tan, putty, and grey are the fashionable wear, fastened by means of pearl buttons to match.

Naval Blouse

THE naval blouse is always smart for many occasions, and is a favorite. This model can be made in a variety of ways, it fulfils every need that such a garment can suggest. In the illustration, white linen is banded with blue, and the blouse is made with long sleeves tucked at their lower edges, but those of elbow length with rolled-over cuffs, can be substituted and the shield can be cut off and made half low, consequently the blouse is adapted to both cool and warm days, and to wool materials as well as to linen and cotton.

The blouse can be made in one or two pieces, as the front is closed or open.



Waist Pattern No. 6939
Skirt Pattern No. 3936

The collar finishes the neck edge, and the shield is separate. It is closed at the back and attached beneath the sailor collar. When the yoke is used, it is applied over the blouse on indicated lines. Both the long and short sleeves are of moderate fullness.

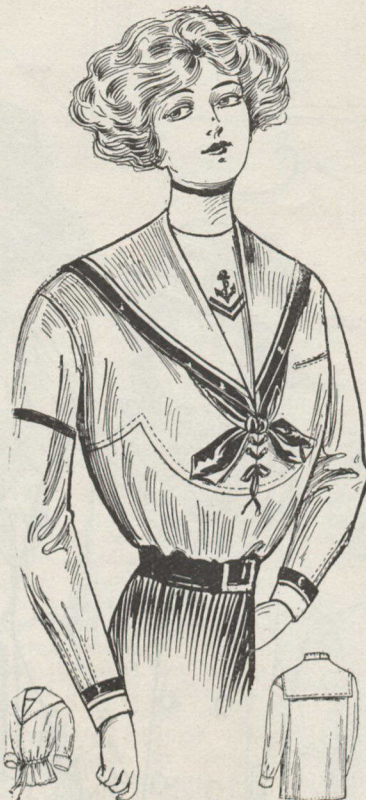
For the medium size will be required $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern, No. 6947, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.

Fashionable Gown of Linen

LINEN of lighter color, trimmed with dark, will be much worn this summer. Here is a gown that is made of buff with brown. The combination is an attractive one, and the gown is eminently smart, yet it is of the practical sort that can be made, available in numberless ways. The simple blouse can be made just as illustrated, or it can be furnished at the front with a regulation box pleat and

made with long sleeves, the neck being finished with a neckband and worn with a separate collar. The skirt can be made in two or three pieces, as best suits the material. In this instance it is made of contrasting material to the



Pattern No. 6947

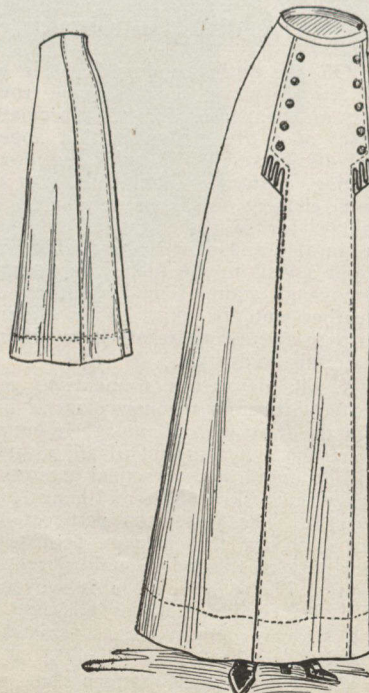
depth of a generous band, but it can be trimmed to simulate a tunic, and this tunic can be a plain round one, or apparently opened at the left side. Again, the skirt can be finished with a belt as in this instance, or it can be cut to the high waist line, so that while this gown is a very simple one, the model is susceptible of many variations. The skirt can be used in combination with a more elaborate blouse, and the waist will be found available for separate use as well as for the entire gown.

For a woman of medium size will be needed 4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 yards 36, or 2 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt, when made in two pieces, will be needed $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 27 or 36, or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide; when made in three pieces, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or 36, or 4 yards 44 inches wide, and for trimming the gown 2 yards of material 27 inches wide will be required.

The waist pattern, 6939, is cut in sizes from a 34 to 42-inch bust measure; the skirt pattern, 6936, in sizes from a 22 to 30-inch waist measure.

Four-Gored Walking Skirt

THE four-gored walking skirt that gives a box pleat effect at front and back is an exceedingly smart one. This model is exceptionally at-



Pattern No. 6864

tractive, as the front gore is shaped to allow a most effective use of trimming. It will be found appropriate for entire gowns, for the coat suit and for the odd skirt. It can be finished with a belt or cut a little above the waist

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MONTREAL

line, as preferred. The skirt is made in four gores. The edges of the front and back gores are turned under and lapped on to the side gores, then stitched to suggest the box pleats. When the



Pattern No. 6953

high waist-line is used the upper edge is designed to be boned and underfaced.

The quality of material required for the medium size is 5/4 yards 24 or 27 inches wide, 3/8 yards 44, or 25/8 yards 52 inches wide. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 23/8 yards.

The pattern, No. 6864, is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30-inch waist measure.

Girl's One-Piece Dress

ONE-PIECE dresses for little girls are always pretty, and are among the smartest of all things this season. This one is closed over the shoulders, so that it is novel, at the same time that it is smart. White linen with threads of blue is the material illustrated, but the dress is appropriate for woollen fabrics as well as for washable ones. If liked, it can be worn over a guimpe.

The dress consists of front and back portions; there are only under-arm



Pattern No. 6950

seams. The shoulder edges are finished with buttonholes worked in the front portion, and buttons are sewed to the back.

For a girl 6 years of age will be

required 2 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards 36 or 44 inches wide. The pattern, No. 6953, is cut in sizes for children of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Tucked Peasant Waist

WHAT is known as the peasant blouse, or the simple one cut in one piece with the sleeves, is exceedingly becoming to girlish figures and greatly in vogue. This one is adapted to young girls and small women. The tucks over the shoulders are exceedingly attractive, and the fact that blouse and sleeves are cut in one means the minimum of labor in the making. As illustrated, the blouse is lined, but the lining has been cut out to form a round neck. When made unlined, the under-sleeves are omitted.

The lining of the blouse is made with front and back portions, and with two-piece sleeves that can be made in full or three-quarter length. The blouse is cut in one piece with the sleeves. When the high neck is desired, the lining is faced to form the yoke.

For the 16-year size will be required 2 1/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 1 1/2 yards 36 or 1 3/8 yards 44 inches wide, with 3/8 yard of silk 27 inches wide for the trimming of the blouse;



Pattern No. 6948

1 1/8 yards 36 inches wide, and 3/4 yard of all-over lace for the lining.

The pattern, No. 6948, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

Girl's Princess Dress

CHILDREN'S frocks that are made without openings and slipped over the head are among the smartest and most approved. This one is exceedingly attractive and can be made as illustrated or with plain edges, as preferred. It is adapted to a variety of materials, but in the illustration pale blue linen is embroidered with white. The sleeves can be made with openings and finished edges, as illustrated, or plain.

The dress is made with the centre portions that are cut in one piece, and side portions that have under-arm seams only. There are wedge-shaped gores that are inserted at the under-arm seams below the waist line, and ribbon is threaded through slits and tied to make a pretty effect.

For the 6-year size will be required 2 1/2 yards of material 27, or 2 yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 6950, is cut in sizes for children of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

Thimbles

THE thimble is a Dutch invention, and was first brought to England by one John Lofting, who began its manufacture at Islington in 1695.

Formerly thimbles were made of brass and iron only, but now they are shown in gold, silver, steel, horn, ivory, and even glass.

IF you are on the School Committee in your district, you certainly ought to look into the question of "Galt" Art Metal Walls and Ceilings for the Schoolhouse. Plaster is a useless expense. It is constantly cracking, falling down and being repaired. It is unsightly and unsanitary, and makes the schoolhouse a fire-trap.

"Galt"

Art Metal Walls and Ceilings

are unaffected by jarring, heat, cold or moisture. They cannot crack or fall down—and will last a lifetime. They are fire-proof themselves—and thus prevent fire spreading from one room to another. An occasional coat of paint keeps them fresh and handsome and they may be erected directly over old plaster, without trouble or inconvenience. Look into this question of sanitary, economical Walls and Ceilings. Our Catalog A-3 will show you many designs eminently suited for schools and churches, as well as for homes and stores. May we send you a free copy?

THE GALT ART METAL CO.
Limited, GALT, Ont.

Watch for the advertisements with The Kids from Galt.

2

If it's JAEGER'S it's good—Whether Underwear or Overwear

The name JAEGER has been so closely identified with Pure Wool Underwear that few people know that JAEGER Pure Wool Goods embrace a large number of lines, each as good in its way as JAEGER UNDERWEAR.

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Any color, from your old ostrich feathers. Money saved and more lasting than new "factory" plumes. Special processes for cleaning and dyeing evening gowns and street dresses to avoid injury to the lustre or softness. Express paid both ways on orders amounting to \$5.00. Ask for our advice and prices. Quarter century reputation.

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We will send you POST PAID this 22 x 22 inch Centerpiece, tinted on tan crash. Your choice of the following designs

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Wild Roses, Yellow
Daisy or Poinsettia**

with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—if you will send us 35 cents for sufficient lace, also four skeins BELDING'S FAST COLOR ROYAL FLOSS to trim and commence embroidery on the centerpiece. The lace is ECRU FILET matching centerpiece in color.

THIS OFFER IS MADE

to convince every woman that BELDING'S SILKS are the best made. We will also send a copy of our "SUGGESTIONS FOR SHADING," giving color numbers used in embroidering all flowers. Send at once enclosing 35 cents, stamps or coin, and state design wanted.

We will send to any address a one-ounce package of assorted shades Art Silks for 50 cents; half-ounce, 25 cents. These silks are of various sizes and suitable for fancy work of all kinds.

Address

**Belding, Paul
& Company, Limited**

Dept. L

MONTREAL, P.Q.

SUMMER EMBROIDERIES

THE embroidered linen costumes and dresses which are so suitable for warm summer days, and for which so many beautiful shades and weaves of linen are now to be had, will be more fashionable than ever for the coming season, as the straight, simple lines of the up-to-date costumes and dresses need no other trimming than embroidered skirt bands and bodice por-

the bands are stamped and the waist design placed in such a manner that the materials may be adapted to any style of making up. The braid used on these designs may be the "micca" or the "rat-tail," which works up effectively, and the embroidery used on the models is the padded satin stitch.

The embroidered waist is indispensable, and no other garment can quite replace it. Although blouses



No. 5588. Stamped on white or colored Linen. \$4.50



No. 5733. Kimona Blouse
Stamped on Linen, \$1.00. Stamped on Lawn, 75c

to match costumes are so much in evidence, the white hand-embroidered garment will always hold its own, being especially suitable to wear with summer suits, either of linen or light-weight material. The kimona slip-over, or peasant blouse, has become a great favorite, as it is so easily made up, and may be suitably worn over a net or fine muslin guimpe. This model has been embroidered on a medium weight of white linen, and a deep skirt band has been designed to match this.

One of the very newest, and handsomest materials for shirt waists, is the corded stripe linen, which comes in white only, and will make very

tions, for which many beautiful designs can be supplied.

Every garment worn by the well-dressed woman requires hand-embroidery more or less elaborate, and as this embroidery is quickly worked no one need fear to attempt it, as the designs are simple but effective, and the work is the simple over and over or satin stitch lightly padded. The colored costume linens are very attractive, as they are lustrous, and the shades are exquisite, rivalling the silks in favor. Still, white linens, which can be kept fresh and dainty, have a charm all their own, and the last



No. 5472 Skirt and Coat
Stamped on Russian Crash, \$5.00

word from Paris is that white will be very fashionable for costumes and gowns.

The Russian crash, either white or natural, is very stylish for the skirt and coat costume, as figured on 5472. The braiding design is placed on the material in such a way that the skirt may be made up plainly and the coat cut on any pattern or length preferred.

The dresses on this page show the fashionable banded effect on the skirt, and, as mentioned above,



No. 5732. Stamped on white or colored Linen. \$4.50

handsome tailored effects. Other suitable linens are fine cambric linens, the sheer handkerchief variety, dainty fine Linene, and checked dimities. All these materials are suitable backgrounds for embroidery, and the lustered cottons can be had in sizes to embroider any of these goods.

One point we wish to emphasize, and that is a simple, graceful design, well worked, is far preferable to an elaborate pattern carelessly embroidered. The best results are obtained by using a smooth lustered cotton for the embroidery. The padding, which must be carefully placed, is put in lengthwise of the design, and the satin or surface stitch laid across this, each stitch lying close to the preceding one.

If these goods cannot be supplied by your dealer, address Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Department L, Montreal, for further information regarding articles illustrated on this page.

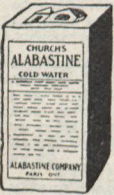


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and beautiful of all wall decorations. Alabastine tints make a room glow with warmth and cheerfulness. With the 21 tints and white you can best produce those soft, velvety effects which are found in the most fashionable homes to-day. Anyone can apply Alabastine. Just mix it with cold water and brush it on the wall. No glue or paste required. While quite inexpensive, Alabastine is the most sanitary and durable wall coating known. Hardens with age. Will not rub off or fade.

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CANADIAN KODAK CO. LIMITED

TORONTO, CAN.

Catalogue free at the dealers or by mail.

IN WRITING ADVERTISERS MENTION CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



Jeanne of the Marshes

Continued from page 14

tongue and your venomous face! You think you can get the better of us, do you? Well, you are mistaken. You'll tell no stories from amongst the seaweed."

"I shall take particular good care," he said, "to avoid the seaweed."

"Enough," Forrest declared. "Listen! Here is the issue. We are tired of negative things. To-night you sign the paper and give us your word of honor to keep silent, or before morning, when the tide is full, you go into the sea!"

"I warn you," Engleton said, "that I can swim."

"I will guarantee," Forrest answered suavely, "that by the time you reach the water you will have forgotten how."

CHAPTER XXXII.

STRANGE THOUGHTS.

THE days that followed were strange ones for Jeanne. Every morning at sunrise, or before, she would steal out of the little cottage where she was staying, and make her way along the top of one of the high dyke banks to the sea. Often she saw the sun rise from some lonely spot amongst the sandbanks or the marshes, heard the awakening of the birds, and saw the first glimpses of the morning life steal into evidence upon the grey chill wilderness. At such times she saw few people. The house where she was staying was apart from the village, and near the head of one of the creeks, and there were times when she would leave it and return without having seen a single human being. She knew, from cautious enquiries made from her landlady's daughter, that Cecil and Major Forrest were still at the Red Hall, and for that reason during the daytime she seldom left the cottage, sitting out in the old-fashioned garden or walking a little way in the fields at the back. For the future she made no plans. She was quite content to feel that for the present she had escaped from an intolerable situation.

The woman from whom Jeanne had taken the rooms, a Mrs. Caynsard, she had seen only once or twice. She was waited upon most of the time by an exceedingly diminutive maid-servant, very shy at first, but very talkative afterwards, in broad Norfolk dialect, when she had grown a little accustomed to this very unusual lodger. Now and then Kate Caynsard, the only daughter of the house, appeared, but for the most time she was away, sailing a fishing boat or looking after the little farm. To Jeanne she represented a type wholly strange, but altogether interesting. She was little over twenty years of age, but she was strong and finely built. She had the black hair and dark brown eyes, which here and there amongst the villagers of the east coast remind one of the immigration of worsted spinners and silk weavers from Flanders and the north of France, many centuries ago. She was very handsome, but exceedingly shy. When Jeanne, as she had done more than once, tried to talk to her, her abrupt replies gave little opening for conversation. One morning, however, when Jeanne, having returned from a long tramp across the sand dunes, was sitting in the old orchard at the back of the house, she saw her landlady's daughter come slowly out to her from the house. Jeanne put down her book at once.

"Good morning, Miss Caynsard!" she said.

"Good morning, miss!" the girl answered awkwardly. "You have had a long walk!"

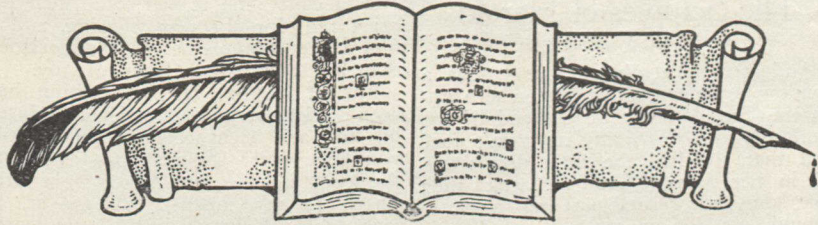
"I went so far," she said, "that I had to race the tide home, or I should have had to wade through the home creek. It is a wonderful country. When I saw it first it seemed to me that it was depressing. Now I love it."

"And I," the girl remarked, with a sudden passion in her tone, "I hate it!"

Jeanne looked at her, surprised.

"It sounds so strange to hear you say that," she remarked. "I should have thought that anyone who had lived here always would have loved it. Every day I am here I seem to discover new beauties, a new effect of coloring, a new undertone of the sea, or to hear the cry of some new bird."

To be concluded.



CANADIAN WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB

AN account in the *Western Canadian* tells how the people of Manitou welcomed Mrs. McClung home after her recent visit to Ontario. At an evening of readings from her works *The Canadian* says that "there was scarcely a house in Manitou which was not represented, while many came from outlying country points to pay a tribute to the talented woman whose name is fast becoming a household one."

Mrs. Barrie, of Port Arthur, a member of the Thunder Bay Branch of the C. W. P. C., paid a visit to Hamilton in January. Later she visited Montreal and sailed from St. John for Cuba and Mexico with a party of friends.

Miss L. M. Montgomery's "The Story Girl" is to be published this spring. Miss Montgomery visited Boston as the guest of her publisher, Mr. Page, and was entertained by the Boston Culture Club. The Canadian Club of Boston also gave a reception for Miss Montgomery, and she was the guest of her fellow-novelist from Prince Edward Island, Mr. Basil King, author of "The Inner Shrine" and "The Wild Olive," at an evening reception where she had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Thomas Wentworth Higginson and other literary celebrities of New England.

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron was the hostess of one of the weekly dinners



MISS LOUISE BIRCHALL

given by the Lyceum Club of London in March.

Miss Louise Hayter Birchall, who has been writing special correspondence for the *Toronto Star* from Great Britain for the past eighteen months, arrived in Toronto in February and sailed again for London in March.

Miss Alice Read, of the Thunder Bay Branch of the C. W. P. C., Vice-President for Ontario and Quebec, spent some weeks with friends in Toronto on her return from a long visit to England and Scotland.

The President, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer of the C. W. P. C., and Mrs. Snider, President of the Toronto Women's Press Club, had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. George Ham, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and Honorary Member of the Club, to luncheon at the King Edward Hotel on February 7th. Mrs. Simpson Hayes, one of the founders of the Club and an Honorary Member, and Miss Alice Read, of Port Arthur, were also guests at the luncheon. As is known to every member of the C. W. P. C., any entertainment at which Mr. Ham is present has to be a success. The ladies who had the good fortune to be entertaining on this occasion enjoyed themselves extremely. They expressed the hope that their guests might have as pleasant recollections of the luncheon. Mrs.

Simpson Hayes, who has been since last summer on the staff of the *Ottawa Free Press*, is taking a holiday from active journalism. After a short visit to her son in Toronto, Mrs. Simpson Hayes returned to Winnipeg. Her latest book, which is to appear shortly, is highly spoken of by those who have had the opportunity of seeing it in manuscript.

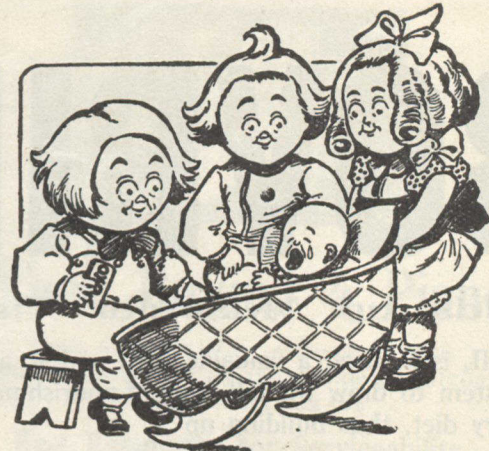
Miss Marjory MacMurphy was in Montreal and Ottawa for a few days in January. In Montreal she had the pleasure of seeing a number of the women newspaper writers of the city, and told them of the benefits which the C. W. P. C. has afforded its members. Miss MacMurphy saw Miss Heuback, one of the Montreal members, who is on the staff of *The Herald*, and had tea with Mrs. Lebouillier Marchand, who has been a member of the Club since its very successful meeting in Winnipeg in 1906. Every woman writer whom Miss MacMurphy met in Montreal spoke with warm affection of the talented and brilliant "Francoise," whose death had been such a loss to the Club. In Ottawa Miss MacMurphy saw Mrs. Simpson Hayes, Mrs. Macbeth and Miss Bessie Watt of the *Ottawa Journal*. It is with regret that the officers of the C. W. P. C. record the recent death of Mrs. Perley of the *Ottawa Citizen*. Mrs. Perley, a short time before her death, sent in an application for membership in the Club. Her application had been accepted by the Membership Committee, and the letter informing her of her election must have reached Mrs. Perley almost immediately before her death. It is felt that Mrs. Perley's membership would have added much to the strength of the C. W. P. C. in Ottawa.

Members of the C. W. P. C. took an important part in the Convention of the Manitoba Horticultural and Forestry Association, which met in Winnipeg in the middle of February. At one of the sessions Miss L. K. Beynon presided, and Miss A. F. Playfair, Editor of the *Hartney Star*, gave the opening address. Her subject was, "Tree planting from a woman's stand-point." Miss Playfair spoke of the good effect on all of the beauty of trees and flowers, and then, turning to the utilitarian side, showed that trees were a protection from the winds of the Manitoba summer, and from the keen blasts of its winter, helped preserved the water supply, and in other ways increased the value of the land. Mrs. Vialoux, of Sturgeon Creek, followed with a talk on "The Place of the Garden in the Life of a Busy Mother." She advised every house-mother, even the busiest, to take at least two hours every day for work in her garden. Mrs. Vialoux has spent many years on a prairie farm, and so was able to give extremely practical suggestions as to how the two hours for gardening might be found—and best spent.

The Regina Branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club entertained the visiting press women at the recent women's convention, and the wives of the editors of the local dailies at luncheon. Mrs. Bennet, Vice-President for Saskatchewan and Manitoba, was at the head of the table, and Miss Isabel Armstrong, Secretary of the local branch at the foot. Mrs. Nellie McClung and Miss Hind responded on behalf of the visitors to the addresses of welcome.

This spring the Musson Book Company will bring out a Canadian story by Miss Emily Weaver, of Toronto, called "The Trouble Man." It appeared as a serial in *The Presbyterian*, of Toronto, some little time ago under the title of "The Wards of St. James," and was published late last year in England. It deals chiefly with Ontario country life. The *Bristol Journal* gives the following notice:

"The Trouble Man," by Emily P. Weaver, is a charming Canadian story. A clergyman's young English wife, new to the life of Canada, recounts her experiences among her husband's parishioners. One seems to live with the characters so ably presented, and enter into the pathos and humor of the scenes, in which the "trouble man" is an important actor.



Baby makes an awful noise,
Just like us big girls and boys.
He won't stop just cause we rock so—
When he gets big, we'll give him OXO.

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Thousands of delicate children have grown into happy, rosy, sturdy boys and girls on OXO and milk.

Children, who can't digest milk alone, can do so if OXO is added.

The strengthening, feeding qualities of the best beef are thus combined with the recognized food value of milk. One cube to half a pint of warm milk.

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Two Free Samples sent on receipt of 2c. stamp
to pay postage and packing.

OXO is also packed in Bottles for People
who prefer it in Fluid Form.

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Toronto.

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"I WOULD RATHER LATHER FATHER THAN FATHER LATHER ME"

Royal Vinolia Shaving Stick

In Vinolia is summed up all that science and experience in the art of high-class soap-making can effect to produce the ideal shaving stick. Yields a generous lather—does not dry—and keeps the skin cool and free from irritation.

On sale at all good Druggists and Stores. Price 25c.

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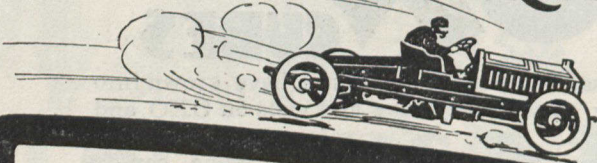
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Builds up Muscular Tissue

BOVRIL is in itself a valuable food and it also aids the system to draw the full store of nourishment from ordinary diet, thus building up

Sound Nerve and Muscle

Quick!



'CAMP' COFFEE is ready almost before you know it. Add boiling water, sugar and milk to taste, and there you are—steaming, refreshing, fine—a drink for a King.

'CAMP' COFFEE

But to be sure of the PURITY, the QUALITY, and the truest ECONOMY, you must take care to always ask for 'CAMP.'

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Sole Makers—R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd., Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

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ELLIMAN, SONS & CO., SLOUGH, ENGLAND.

The Scruples of Harold

Continued from page 43

And it was at that moment that a window was flung open somewhere upon the first floor at the far end of the building, and I saw my mistress's face and that she had the little dog clasped in her arms. And it was then that somebody rushed past me—a man—though, at the moment, I could not recognize his face, and while we all stood there helplessly he got a ladder up against the side of the house—in spite of the flames and the smoke—and he was soon climbing up it to the window at which my mistress stood.

And it was not till a minute or two after my mistress and her rescuer had reached the ground, and that Mme. Maisie had been given into the charge of her friends, that I realized—ah, mon Dieu, can you imagine my feelings? For the man who had mounted the ladder turned towards me, and for the first time I saw his face.

It was not Monsieur Harold at all—it was Monsieur Donaldson!

For now, I said to myself, the matter can be no longer in doubt. It will be Monsieur Donaldson who will claim my mistress's hand, and it is well, for he is a brave man and deserves his good fortune. Not that Monsieur Harold would have been less brave had fortune brought him to the spot. Of that, ma foi, I am quite certain, for, as it was, poor fellow, he risked his life again and again in his efforts to save the horses.

My mistress, too, as you may guess, she had to keep her bed, and of course I tended her—ah, but it was an anxious time! We had been taken in at the house of a neighbour, and, of course, the rest of the house-party had dispersed to their own homes—all except Monsieur Harold and Monsieur Donaldson, who had found accommodation at the village inn.

It was two or three days later that Monsieur Donaldson himself called to see my mistress, and I—as I conducted him to the little boudoir which had been given over to her use, and where she spent the day lying upon a couch—checked—I said to myself that now the time had come, and that Monsieur Donaldson would leave the house that afternoon an engaged man. For I knew she would accept him—there was so much gratitude in her heart.

It was about an hour later that she called me to her, and she was smiling, smiling happily. Monsieur Donaldson was there, too.

"Clementine," she said, and there was that sparkle in her eyes which had been absent from them for so many days. "You may congratulate Mr. Donaldson."

I was about to murmur a few words when my mistress interrupted me.

"Mr. Donaldson is engaged to be married to Miss Brittain," she said. "He has come to tell me so. He got engaged to her upon the very day that the fire broke out at the Manor."

And would you believe it? Monsieur Harold called that same afternoon, after the other had taken his departure, and he, too, remained a long while with my mistress.

I waited impatiently until Mme.

Maisie called me to her, and then my heart fell, for she was weeping, and it was a few minutes before I understood that her tears were tears of joy.

For at last—at last, everything had been settled, and Monsieur had declared his love and been accepted. But—would you believe it?—he was pig-headed to the end, and he would not have proposed to my mistress at all—or, at least so he declared—had he not learnt from her own lips that she was no longer the wealthy widow that all the world had taken her for.

I have only to add that I am still with Mme. Maisie. She is Mme. Foster now, and she lives with her husband in London, and they are really very well off indeed.

For, as it turned out, the pictures were not quite all destroyed. Several—and those the most valuable, although damaged somewhat—were saved, and they realized a large sum of money when they eventually came to the hammer.

And sometimes I wonder if my mistress knew the day that Monsieur Foster proposed to her that those pictures might be saved, or whether, indeed, she believed that they were all utterly destroyed, as she had maintained.

I cannot say; Mme. Maisie alone knows.



Journal Juniors

Continued from page 17

beautifully neat. I have known lots of boys and girls of fifteen who did not write nearly such a good hand as you. Your description of sugar-making is very clear and good. Is it from your own experience?—C. C.

2387 St. Clair Ave., West Toronto,

Feb. 2nd, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I read about the competition on maple sugar last night.

One day last spring we got a spike and an axe and went down to Black Creek to find a maple tree.

We soon found one, and drove the spike in, about a foot from the bottom. We put the tube in. At first we had no luck, for only a drop came very slow.

Spying a squirrel, the smaller boys went to chase it, but we called them back, and told them not to hurt any animal that did not hurt them.

Meanwhile the sap had increased its speed, and our tin pails were about half full. Having tasted it, we found it not very nice, so we built a fire and boiled it a little. It seemed better.

We boiled it a bit more, and it got cold; the bottom was granulated. We boiled it even more, and there was an inch of sugar on the bottom. We took it home and ate it there.

Wishing the club every success, I remain,

W. B. WARD (age 11).

Certified by L. Ward, sister.

W. B. Ward, your letter nearly went into the waste-paper basket, because you wrote on two sides of the paper, which you mustn't do. But it was so interesting to learn that the delights of making maple sugar can be enjoyed just outside Toronto that I saved it. Yes, don't let silly boys chase the squirrels; it doesn't do either the boys or the squirrels any good.—C. C.

Vanco Lime Sulphur Solution is better than any home-made spray, because always of the same strength and uniform quality. Specific Gravity stencilled on every barrel. One barrel makes 12 barrels for spring or 40 for summer spraying.

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More effecting and more lasting than Paris Green—safer to handle—easier to spray—sticks longer—strength guaranteed—NEVER BURNS. Made in Canada.
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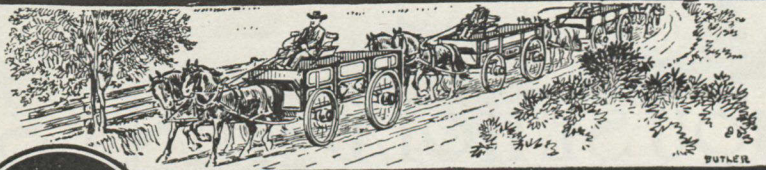
Metallic Ceilings don't crack or crumble—don't get damp or mouldy—don't need repairs.

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OWNERS ARE PROUD OF I H C WAGONS

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If you want to be proud of your next wagon—choose one of these two in the I H C line—

Chatham or Petrolia

The loads they carry, the roads they traverse, and their wonderful durability make others wish they had bought a Chatham or Petrolia.

Chatham Wagons have a long record for satisfactory service in Canada. Made with hard maple axles, oak bolsters, sand boards, rims, and spokes, and oak or birch hubs—they represent the highest standard of wagon construction. When you buy a Chatham wagon it is with the assurance of getting the utmost service and satisfaction out of it.

Petrolia Wagons are constructed of first quality woodstock which is thoroughly seasoned by being air-dried. The ironing is of the very best. The inspection of each part is most rigid.

Be sure to call on the I H C local agent, get a pamphlet, and let him show you one of these wagons.

If you prefer, write the International Harvester Company of America at nearest branch house for any information you want.

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International Harvester Company of America
(Incorporated)

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IHC Service Bureau

This Bureau is a clearing house of agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distribute the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problems to the I H C Service Bureau.



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Why not put away your Furs and Woolens in one of our Moth Proof Red Cedar Chests? Does away with the obnoxious moth ball smell. Saves storage charges. Our Chests are built from fragrant, Southern Red Cedar, and are moth, dust and damp proof. Are an ornament to any home. Sold direct from factory to home. FREIGHT PREPAID to all points in Canada east of Fort William and satisfaction guaranteed. Send for booklet to-day and get a whiff of the Red Cedar perfume.

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Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving. Ask your Chemist for it.

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VISIBLE MODEL No. 10



MISS REMINGTON

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SPREADS LIKE BUTTER

You can buy twice the quantity of Ingersoll Cream Cheese in blocks for the same money as you would receive in jar cheese, besides there is just as much difference in the quality in favor of Ingersoll Cream Cheese as there is in the price.

Never Becomes Hard. Every Particle Can Be Consumed.

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Be sure to look for the Signature

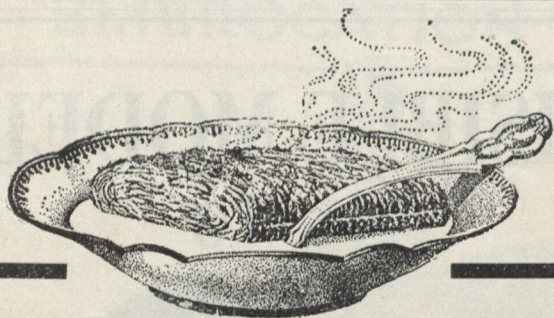
The success of Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes has brought many imitations. But you can always tell the genuine by the fac-simile signature "W. K. Kellogg," which appears on the front of the box. This signature is your guide in getting a scientifically prepared breakfast food.



17
Kellogg's
10° Per. Pkg.
TOASTED

CORN FLAKES

Made in Canada,
at London, Ont.



When the Cook Leaves

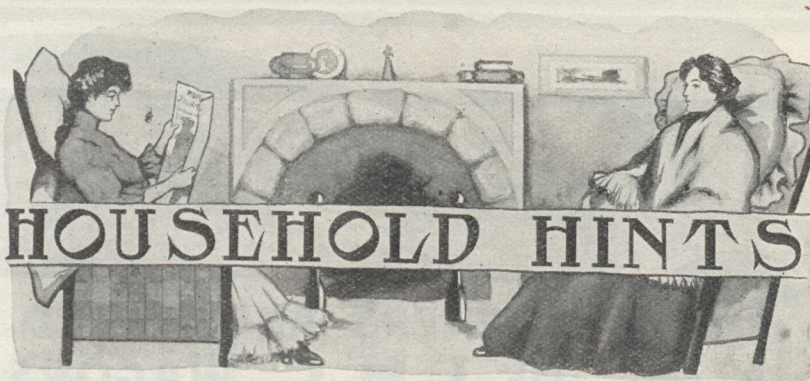
don't fret or scold—lay in a good supply of Shredded Wheat—the food that is ready-cooked, ready-to-serve—contains all the nutriment in the whole wheat grain, steam-cooked, shredded and baked to a crisp, golden brown—a food that is good all the way through—tempting in its nutlike flavor—a delight to eat and to serve.

SHREDDED WHEAT BISCUIT

is without doubt the most perfectly balanced, most easily digested food ever given to man. It is not flavored or compounded with anything—not a "patent-medicine" food—not a "pre-digested food"—just plain, simple, wholesome, steam-cooked whole wheat, shredded and baked. It is better than mushy porridges because you have to chew it, thereby getting from it all its rich, body-building nutriment.

Try it for breakfast with milk or cream (hot milk in Winter). Being in biscuit form it is easy to prepare a nourishing meal with it in a few minutes in combination with fresh or stewed fruits. Always heat the biscuit in oven to restore crispness before serving. Two Biscuits with milk or cream and a little fruit make a complete nourishing meal. Your grocer sells it.

TRISCUIT is the Shredded Wheat wafer—a crisp, tasty, nourishing whole wheat Toast, delicious for any meal with butter, cheese or marmalades. Always toast it in the oven before serving.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Remove Spots from Clothing

A FORM of repairing—though not under the head of mending, is the removing of spots. Nothing is more objectionable than spots, and it is frequently possible to remove them at home. First determine what the spot is: whether mud, stain, grease, or a water mark which has collected dirt. The latter may usually be removed with warm water with a little good soap in it and then rubbed dry. A piece of cloth of the same character as the garment should be used for this purpose, as a cotton material will usually shed lint. To prevent making a ring around the spot put blotting-paper under the material and rub round and round. To remove a grease spot sprinkle a little French chalk on it, leave for some hours, placing blotting-paper over it and then press with a hot iron. The heat and chalk absorb the grease and the spot appears on the blotting-paper. Then remove the blotting-paper and brush thoroughly with a whisk broom. For mud spots or ink stains use a teaspoonful of oxalic acid and one of cold or lukewarm water, increase the strength if necessary, but as soon as the spot disappears rinse quickly and thoroughly and rub gently, for the acid tends to rot the material. Be careful of your hands, and do not let children touch it. With paint or varnish spots first cover with olive oil or butter, then saturate with chloroform, follow with soapsuds, then rinse and rub dry.

Cleaning Cretonne

NOW that cretonne and chintz are used so universally about the house this cleaning suggestion should be invaluable, as it can be adopted in the home so easily. Take one pound of rice and boil it in a gallon of water until the rice is quite soft. Now strain off about one quart of the milky water in a separate vessel, and add to it a piece of gum arabic about the size of a small egg. This to be set aside and used for starch later on. To the remainder of the water and rice add enough warm water to wash the curtains in. Instead of soap rub the curtains with a handful of the boiled rice, and "souise" the cretonne up and down many times. Rinse in fair water, and finally starch with the water as prepared above. The cretonne or chintz material should be ironed when partly dry (not allowed to dry and then sprinkled), and a medium hot iron should be used. If this method is followed the hangings will be like new.

Touching Up the Home

IT is astonishing how we impose on our patience and strength by neglecting things about the house—creaky hinges, doors that latch and unlatch hard, catches that don't catch, loose handles—annoyances we notice every day, but never think of repairing unless some unusually provoking thing happens in connection with one of these little slipshods.

A good plan is to go over the house periodically and remedy these matters—you will be surprised at the number of them.

For dresser and chiffonier drawers that stick, remove the drawer, turn upside down, and rub the bottom edges with soap. Rub the places where the drawers rest with soap also. If the drawer sticks because it is too close a fit, get some one to shave off a bit of the edge with a plane.

For creaking door hinges apply a little vaseline with a duster. Sewing machine oil will do, too, or even olive oil if there is nothing else handy.

Buy a small bottle of stain and a tin of white enamel and touch up all the spots on the floor or door and window frames that have become marred. Take

out all the unnecessary screws and hooks that mark the places where curtains used to hang.

If the wall paper is torn and the plaster is broken, fill the broken place with plaster of Paris, then cover it with a piece of plain white paper coming just to the edges of the torn wall paper. With the children's water colors paint the plain paper, following the design of the wall paper, and the place will never be noticed. Of course, this is unnecessary if there are any left-over pieces of wall paper at hand.

Replace all lost knobs and correct faulty catches on wardrobe and cupboard doors in particular. Doors which will not shut should be planed off at top or bottom.

Gas fixtures may be made as bright and shining as new with metal paint.

Window blinds that are worn and dirty may be unrolled, taken from the roller, turned end for end and tacked on again, and a new hem sewed in the lower end with the sewing machine.

"Nevers" to Prevent Fire

NEVER have stovepipes go through a wooden partition or through the roof without proper protection.

Never put up gas brackets so they can be swung against the wooden window casings or against or immediately under curtains.

Never put ashes in a wooden receptacle in or about your premises.

Never keep matches in any but earthen safes, and when you light one, never throw it, after it is supposedly extinguished, on the floor or into a waste basket.

Never take an open light to examine a gas meter or into a closet.

H.P.

THE NEW
SAUCE

Imported from
England

Its delicious flavor is obtained by blending together the choicest Oriental fruits and spices.

It is used on the dining tables of both the British and Canadian Houses of Parliament, and has rapidly become England's most popular sauce.

Grocers over here are already selling it—
buy a bottle right away.



For the Easter Table

EASTER PUDDING.—Fill the shells of eggs, from which the interiors have been blown, with orange corn starch pudding and put them in a cool place to set. Prepare candied orange peel in as long strips as possible. Follow the directions on a package of gelatine and make some orange jelly, using the juice but not any pulp; turn this onto a ring mold and stand aside to become firm; when ready to serve unmold the jelly into a deep platter and garnish its base with the candied orange peel. Remove the shells from the cornstarch-pudding eggs and fill the centre of the jelly ring with these eggs. Serve sweetened whipped cream with them, flavored with pineapple.

EASTER SALAD.—Cut potatoes into long, narrow strips, as for straws; boil in salted water until barely done; drain, and while still warm sprinkle with a little oil, lemon, and onion juice and let stand till cold. Arrange these straws into little nests on crisp lettuce leaves; make little balls of cream cheese, roll them into grated yellow cheese, and lay them in the nests. Serve with mayonnaise for the potatoes.

NEST EGGS.—Cut slices of bread half an inch thick and with a round cutter three inches in diameter stamp out a disk; cut out the middle with another cutter a little smaller so as to form a ring, which is to be fried in clarified butter. Put the rings on a buttered pie tin and break an egg in the centre of each, place in a hot oven till the eggs are cooked. Season with butter, salt, and pepper; lift them right on to the serving plate.

CHICKEN ON A NEST.—To make this nest carefully hollow out a large sponge cake; prepare some shredded gelatine by soaking in cold water till moderately soft; mix a little spinach juice with it to make green, then cover the cake, outside and in, with it. Fill either with

the bought candy eggs or those molded of fudge in egg shells. Place a toy chicken on the eggs and present each guest with an egg.

EASTER WAFERS.—A cupful of flour, a tablespoonful of butter and two of grated cheese, pinch of salt and enough sweet milk to moisten to a stiff dough; roll out very thin, cut into egg shape, and bake quickly on floured—not greased—tins.

Tried Recipes

CRANBERRY MARMALADE (to serve with meats).—Wash three quarts of cranberries, barely cover with water and cook until the berries are tender. Press through a sieve and add to this juice, and pulp six pounds of warm sugar, two pounds of seeded and chopped raisins, and four large, very clean oranges. The oranges should be minced fine, thus using skin and pulp, but the seeds should be picked out. Cook until thick and turn into glass jars. The orange skins must be cooked until thoroughly tender.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—One cupful of sour cream, one cupful of sugar pint of mashed sweet potato, yolks of four eggs, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-half a nutmeg, little salt. Mix and bake with one crust. Cover with meringue or spread while hot with strained honey.

GRAPEFRUIT SALAD.—Remove the tops from six green peppers, take out the seeds, fill the peppers with grapefruit pulp, finely cut celery, and English walnut meats, mixed with mayonnaise dressing. Use half as much celery as grapefruit and three English walnuts to each pepper.

SARDINE SALAD.—One box best sardines, twelve small sour pickles, four square crackers, chop all together, moisten with juice of half a lemon. Delicious served on round pieces of toast as an appetizer at dinner or as a salad on lettuce leaves.

CRANBERRY SALAD.—Cranberry salads serve with roast meat. Allow one package of gelatine to soak in one pint of cold water until dissolved. Pour over this two quarts of boiling cranberry juice, adding juice of one lemon, one-quarter teaspoon salt. Sugar to taste, and when cool one cup black walnut meats and one cup of celery chopped fine.

Drinks for Invalids

BARLEY WATER.—Two tablespoons barley, 1 quart cold water. Wash barley, add water, let soak four hours. Cook in same water until water is reduced one-half, if to be used for infant's feeding. For adults reduce to one cup. Salt and cream may be added.

EGG LEMONADE.—One egg, 1 tablespoon powdered sugar, ¼ cup cold water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 2 tablespoons crushed ice. Beat egg slightly, add sugar, water, lemon juice, then strain over crushed ice.

COFFEE EGG NOG.—One egg, 1 teaspoon sugar, little salt, 2-3 cups made coffee. Beat egg slightly, add sugar, salt and coffee gradually, while stirring constantly. Then place in a pan of hot water and continue stirring until pleasant to taste.

IRISH MOSS LEMONADE.—One-quarter cup Irish moss, 1½ cups cold water, lemon juice, syrup. Soak Irish moss in cold water to cover; drain and pick over. Put in double boiler with 1½ cups cold water, cook 30 minutes and strain. To ½ cup liquid add lemon juice and syrup to taste. Repeat and serve.

Syrup made by ¾ cup sugar, ¾ cup boiling water. Stir until sugar is dissolved, then let boil 12 minutes without stirring; cool and bottle.

This helps the cook as much as the sewing machine helps the seamstress

Prepare meals sitting down.

Take no more needless steps.

Have everything in easy reach.

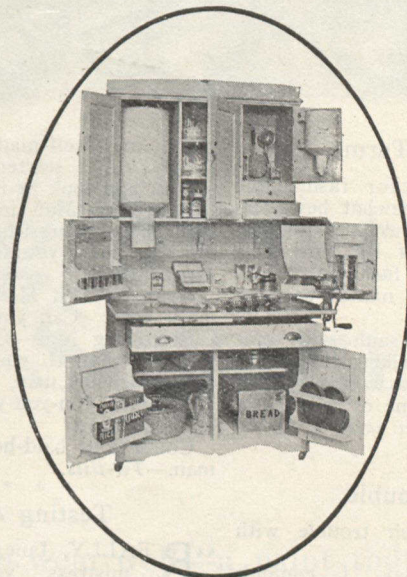
Gains hours for rest and recreation.

Economize your foodstuffs.

Keep the Kitchen tidy easy.

Know just where everything is.

Have a kitchen helper worth while.



If you attend to your own cooking, you need a Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet. You need one even more if you hire a cook. For this Cabinet does much indeed to solve the servant problem. It keeps help contented, because it makes the work so much easier.

The Knechtel is the only really up-to-date practical Kitchen Cabinet. Its shining, tarnish-proof extension top of seamless aluminum; its cylinder flour-bin (50 lbs. capacity); its ingenious sugar-bin—these are only three of the thirty points in which none other vies with it. See it.



The picture here merely faintly suggests how compact, how handy, how complete the Knechtel is. You must see it and examine it to know its value to you and to understand why it must save its cost in a few months' use.

Be sure and have your furniture dealer show you the several styles of Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet. One among them is just what you have been wanting. The price will suit you, too. Booklet B mailed on request.

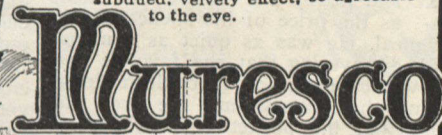
INSIST ON SEEING THE KNECHTEL

Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co.
HANOVER LIMITED ONTARIO

The Best Wall Finish

Only one coat required
Easy to apply

Most beautiful, economical and sanitary wall coating made, can be applied by anyone to any kind of surface. Will not rub off or peel. Shows no spots or brush marks. Produces that subdued, velvety effect, so agreeable to the eye.



Muresco is made in a large line of handsome tints and colors, also white. Ready for use when mixed with hot water. It can be re-coated any number of times, and entirely removed by washing, thus rendering it a simple matter to keep walls in perfect condition. Beware of wall finishes that cannot be removed by washing; they are neither practical or sanitary. Will eventually peel off, leaving your walls in ruined condition.

Muresco costs no more than other finishes an goes farther. Call for sample card and see handsome combination effects.

BENJAMIN MOORE & CO. Limited

Sole Manufacturers, Toronto, Canada.
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It Is Worth The Difference

St. Lawrence Sugar costs the dealer more than ordinary sugar, but it is worth the difference.

St. Lawrence "Crystal Diamonds"

are absolutely the perfection of sugar refining—brilliantly clear and sparkling—and an ornament to every table.

Ask for "St. Lawrence Crystal Diamonds"—in 5 pound boxes—also sold by the pound.

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited

MONTREAL.

30



BENGER'S FOOD

Wherever there is a case of enfeebled digestion, whether from advancing age, illness, or general debility, there is a case for Benger's Food.

When the stomach becomes weakened, the digestion of ordinary food becomes only partial, and at times is painful, little of the food is assimilated, and the body is consequently insufficiently nourished.

This is where Benger's Food helps. It contains in itself the natural digestive principles, and is quite different from any other food obtainable.

All doctors know and approve of its composition, and prescribe it freely.

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, AND THE AGED.

The "British Medical Journal" says: "Benger's Food has, by its excellence, established a reputation of its own."

BENGER'S NEW BOOKLET deals with the most common doubts and difficulties which mothers have to encounter. It is sent post free on application to Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere.



But That's Another Story



A Confusion of Terms.

THE modern terms for fashionable garments are somewhat bewildering. A woman was speaking not long ago in derision of her husband's absolute ignorance of fashionable raiment, and the various names used to describe it.

"For instance," she said, with emphasis, "he actually talked the other day about how absurd a woman's fashions are, and accused me of wearing a harem hat and a helmet skirt."

* * *

Lots of Trouble.

"DO you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble. Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."—*Detroit Free Press.*

* * *

So Much Easier.

A TOURIST while travelling in the north of Scotland, far away from anywhere, exclaimed to one of the natives: "Why, what do you do when any of you are ill? You can never get a doctor."

"Nae, sir," replied Sandy. "We've jist to dee a natural death."

* * *

Those Little Dishes.

TOMMY ate his first meal at a country hotel, when he was nine years old, and the experience was an event. He was especially interested in the collection of small, thick dishes containing side orders scattered about his place. When he went home he gave a graphic description of the meal.

"And what do you think, mamma," he concluded, "we ate most of the things out of birds' bath tubs."

* * *

Wouldn't Stay Bought.

A GUEST was expected for dinner and Bobby had received five cents as the price of his silence during the meal. He was as quiet as a mouse until, discovering that his favorite dessert was being served, he could no longer curb his enthusiasm. He drew the coin from his pocket and, rolling it across the table, exclaimed:

"Here's your nickel, mamma. I'd rather talk."—*Success Magazine.*

* * *

Teaching a Girl to Swim.

M. R. HOPKINSON SMITH, painter, author, engineer and professional optimist, tells a story showing that Boston boys of the street are like all others. He overheard a conversation between two youngsters selling newspapers.

"Say, Harry, w'at's the best way to teach a girl how to swim?" asked the younger one.

"Dat's a cinch. First off you puts yer left arm under her waist and you gently takes her left hand—"

"Come off; she's me sister."

"Aw, push her off de dock."

—*Cosmopolitan.*

* * *

A Reminder.

HE had joined the multitude in New York since his quick fortune came to him, and was entertaining friends at dinner. The service was magnificent, and so was the dinner. His wife, gorgeously clad, reigned over the table.

During a lull in the conversation he watched a servant who was dexterously removing crumbs from the cloth. Then he looked down the glistening table at his jewelled wife and remarked:

"Jennie, remember when you used to shake the tablecloth out of the back door to the hens?"—*The Housekeeper.*

* * *

An Oversight.

SCENE: A crowded railway carriage. Bald-headed, Pompous Old Man (addressing passengers)—Talk about the poor of England; it's their own fault. Now, just look at

me. I'm a self-made man, and proud to say so. I started with nothing but brains, and look at me now.

Stuttering Man in Corner (who is seen endeavoring to speak)—What d-d-do you call yourself—a sel-sel-sel-made man?

Pompous Old Man—Yes, sir—a self-made man. Can you contradict me?

Stuttering Man—Oh, n-n-no. Only I thought that if you-you-you were a self-self-made man, why the d-d-dickens didn't you-you-you put some hair on your head?

Collapse of bald-headed, pompous old man.—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

Testing An Egg.

"REALLY, Jane," remonstrated her mistress, "you must learn to be more careful and test the eggs before you mix them in the pudding! Now, a good way of testing, is to take an egg in your hand, swing it around a few times and then place it to your ear. If it gives out a pleasant murmuring sound, you may then be quite sure that it is fresh and good."

Like a dutiful cook, Jane promised in future to obey her mistress's instructions, and that same night there was hot baked custard for dinner.

At least, there was to have been hot baked custard. But at the crucial moment Jane appeared upon the scene

with nothing to show but a tear-stained face.

"Well, Jane," anxiously enquired her mistress.

"Please, mum," gasped the saddened servant, "there's a little something gone wrong. I was a-testin' the egg, as you told me, and a-swingin' it around, when it slipped out of my hand, and blessed if it didn't biff the policeman in the eye as he was watchin' me through the window. An' please, mum," concluded the cook, breaking down utterly, "I think it was a good egg, too, for I listened, and I heard a murmurin'—oh, quite a loud murmurin', mum!"—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

Go 'Way, Mistuh House-fly.

Go 'way, Mistuh House-fly! Don' you sign dat song to me!

I's hyuhd about yoh doin's; you's es tough as you kin be;

You's been aroun' a-lunchin' on typhoid an' things,

Till you's jus' about as danjus as a rattle-snake wif wings.

I didn't use to min' you when you come a-browsin' round,

Ca'se I knowed a slap 'ud send you tumblin' senseless to de groun'

But since I hyuhd dem white folks, I's as skyah't as kin be,

Go 'way, Mistuh House-fly! Don' you sing dat song to me! —*Adapted.*



HOLY WEEK IN THE ETERNAL CITY

Continued from page 6

To the religious, Holy Week in Rome means more than a mere study of ancient history or the meditation even upon the sentiment "*sic transit gloria mundi.*" The very air takes on a devotional spirit, and what with the presence of strangely-garbed pilgrims, cowed monks, robed priests and church dignitaries of various degrees, it is difficult even for the ordinary tourists to escape the feeling of religious interest that pervades the place. Rome is a city of churches. There are eighty devoted to the Virgin Mary alone. This will at once evidence the utter impossibility of visiting them all, or even the best of them, within a reasonable time. That they are lavishly ornate, and for the most part wonderfully artistic in interiors, at least is due to the artistic abundance and cheapness of Italian handicraft and skill. Such profusion of decoration almost palls upon one, and certainly leads to an inevitable contrast between the abject condition of the people and their temples of worship when it does not invite a comparison of the lowly ideals of the Nazarene with the imposing splendor of His representatives and their temples.

Apart from such churches as Santa Maria Maggiore, St. Paul's Without-the-Walls, St. John in Lateran, St. Lorenzo, Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, St. Sebastian and Santa Scala, which are amongst the oldest churches in Rome, St. Peter's should be visited almost daily in order to appreciate its magnificence and charm. It stands practically upon the spot where Nero had his gardens, and it is said that the Egyptian obelisk now surmounted by a cross and Christian inscriptions, actually looked down upon the condemned Christians who, arrayed in shirts soaked in pitch, were tied to stakes and set on fire to illuminate the grounds on the occasion of the fete given by the Emperor to the Romans, when he sought to divert public suspicion from himself as the author of the previous general conflagration of the city. Near this spot also St. Peter suffered martyrdom, being crucified with his head towards the ground.

The structure is superb, and would easily contain twenty ordinary churches. During Holy Week there is a constant succession of consistories and other gatherings, every day Mass being celebrated by some well-known cardinal. It is interesting to sit by the heroic bronze statue of St. Peter, and watch the passing multitude do it reverence.

Here an old peasant woman, there a distinguished-looking foreigner, here a little child, there a ragged mendicant kisses or presses the forehead against the toe of the image, which is almost worn away by the constant process. It is the morning of Holy Thursday, and the place is thronged with pilgrims and visitors. A touching scene is noticed in the southern transept where are placed confessionals with confessors in attendance for all tongues. A fresh-faced, well-dressed maiden enters the one designated "French," and comes forth, her face shining with the joy of absolution. From yonder, marked "Italiana," comes a peasant lad, and the friendly Father as he emerges places his hand upon his head and gives him his blessing. Here the rich and poor meet together, and the Lord is Maker of them all.

Mass is being celebrated by Cardinal Rampolla, and during the *Gloria in Excelsis* all the bells are rung, thenceforth to remain silent throughout the city until the *Gloria* in the Mass of Holy Saturday. A large Host, consecrated during the Mass, is carried in procession afterwards to a side altar called the Sepulchre, richly decorated, on which it remains until the day following, when it is brought back, offered in adoration to the people and consumed by the celebrant. In the evening the office of *Tenebrae* is chanted. The edifice is in almost absolute darkness except for the fitful gleams of candles or torches. Near the altar a large candlestick is placed with fifteen candles in the form of a triangle representing the light of Christ and the prophets who predicted His coming. As the psalms are sung the candles are extinguished until only the topmost, representing Christ, remains. During the *Miserere* this is removed and placed behind the altar, signifying the temporary extinction of the light of Christ during entombment. In the darkness pervading the sanctuary the mournful cadences of the *Miserere*, the bareness of the altar, the enshrouded Cross, the shadowy outlines of the statuary and pictures all conspire to create a scene of weirdness never to be forgotten. From the great cathedral the crowds disperse in comparative silence, and crossing the moonlit bridges of the Tiber, find their way back to the city. By some strange instinct we are drawn towards the Colosseum, and wandering amidst the softened shadows of the great amphitheatre we meditate upon

the blood of the martyrs which again and again drenched its cruel sands and became the seed of the Church which transformed pagan idolatry and cruelty into the faith and sweetness of Christianity.

Good Friday finds us visiting the Church of the Holy Stairs, where the faithful upon their knees ascend what are said to be the actual steps of Pilate's Judgment Hall, brought to Rome by St. Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. The stairs which, of course, are of stone, are covered with wood, but the knowledge or conviction that upon the anniversary of His condemnation and execution they are actually traversing the same steps as their Lord appears to fill the devoted hearts of those who go through the trying ordeal with joy unspeakable. In the afternoon we drive out past the Colosseum, the Arch of Constantine, through the Appian Way, which for eleven miles has been cleared of the accumulated debris of the ages, traversing the very roadway over which passed not only Roman conquerors, but the Apostles Paul and Peter. We visit the celebrated tombs or catacombs of St. Calistus, in which the Christians were compelled to assemble during the neronian and subsequent persecutions. Here it was that the early presbyters served the communicants from wooden chalices in a fellowship far closer and sweeter no doubt than that which is to-day cemented by that served in vessels of gold and silver. Returning by the new Appian Way we notice once more at closer range the remains of the Aqueduct of Claudius.

On Saturday we visit again St. Peter's in Vaticano and take time to go over more carefully its art treasures as well as those of the Vatican. We mount to the Dome, and after looking down upon the interior of the basilica ascend the winding stairs to obtain a view of the city and surrounding country from this eminence. A visit to St. Peter's in Vincolo is worth while on account of its holding the celebrated statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo.

Easter Sunday is announced by a tremendous alarm of bells as well as the muffled roar from the streets below of thousands of feet wending their way to different churches to Easter confession and early Mass, for this is a holiday in a larger sense than a mere religious festival with the Italian. As we are not so intensely religious as these early birds we content ourselves with waiting for breakfast, then sallying forth for St. Paul's-without-the-Walls we visit the scene of the final act in the great drama of the Apostle to the Gentiles. We pass through the gate still called by his name, where stands the pyramid of Gaius Cestius, upon which Paul's eyes must have rested as he marched with the escort of Roman soldiers, followed at a distance by a little band of devoted Christians. About three miles from the city we reach the spot where he was beheaded and upon which now stands the noble edifice to which his name has been given, and which is said to cover his bones. On our return to the city we take part in the Easter service in the Protestant Episcopal Church, which was the occasion of the recent difficulty with the Vatican on the part of Ex-President Roosevelt, and Ex-Vice-President Fairbanks. The simple service forms a striking contrast to the Easter Mass in St. Paul's.

In the afternoon we visit the Borgese Gardens on the Pincian Hill, the resort for time immemorial of the elite of the Eternal City. In this immense park, which is at once the Rotten Row and Hyde Park of Rome, the rich and the bourgeois, if not the poor, meet together and listen to the band or roll in handsome equipage over the smooth roads. The forty days of Lent are over and the people yield themselves up to the pursuit of pleasure. Throughout the city one finds the *al fresco* restaurants in full swing, the sidewalks overflowing with joyful parties sipping their wine and enjoying their freedom from the restraints of church fasts. Outside the gates the "osteria" are enjoying unwarranted patronage, little picnic parties gathering under vines that are just breaking into leafage. The lightness of Italian character is everywhere attested by the good humor and friendliness that seem everywhere to prevail in spite of apparent poverty, for to-day the people are ground down by taxation as cruel and relentless as any ever levied by the Caesars in order to maintain an army and navy for which they seem to think they have no less need than their ancestors in the "brave days of old."

Much Painting Must Be Done at this Season

Painting Needs :

The House,
Verandah,
Steps,
Floors,
Furniture,
Outbuildings,
Garden Walk,
Wagons,
Buggies,
Farm Implements, etc.

The Question is . . .

What paint will you use?

You want a paint that will wear well—a paint that will retain its appearance for the longest time.

You want a paint that is easy and simple to apply.

You want a paint that you **know** will give just the right effect.

Paint experimenting is expensive.

To secure the best results you should use

Minerva Pure, Ready Prepared Paints

The paint with the reputation

Minerva Paint is simply the best proven paint ingredients compounded and prepared under the most modern methods.

Great machines in the big Minerva factory thoroughly mix and grind to the greatest degree of fineness. In consequence—

Minerva Paint flows easily and spreads smoothly, insuring the greatest covering capacity.

Minerva Paints are perfect—the best paint for any job—a real protection against weather and decay.

Its high quality is the reason—yet Minerva Paints cost no more than many of the so-called “just as good” brands.

You should insist on Minerva Paint for every job around the home.

Look for the Minerva Trade Mark on the can—it is your assurance of good work.

If your dealer hasn't Minerva Paint in stock, write us—we will see that you are supplied and furnish you with some real paint information.

There's a Minerva Paint, Varnish and Enamel for every purpose.

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ESTABLISHED IN ENGLAND IN 1834

“It's so easy to paint with Minerva”

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Scours Pots & Pans easily, quickly, and hygienically



Many other uses &
full directions on
Large Sifter-Can
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