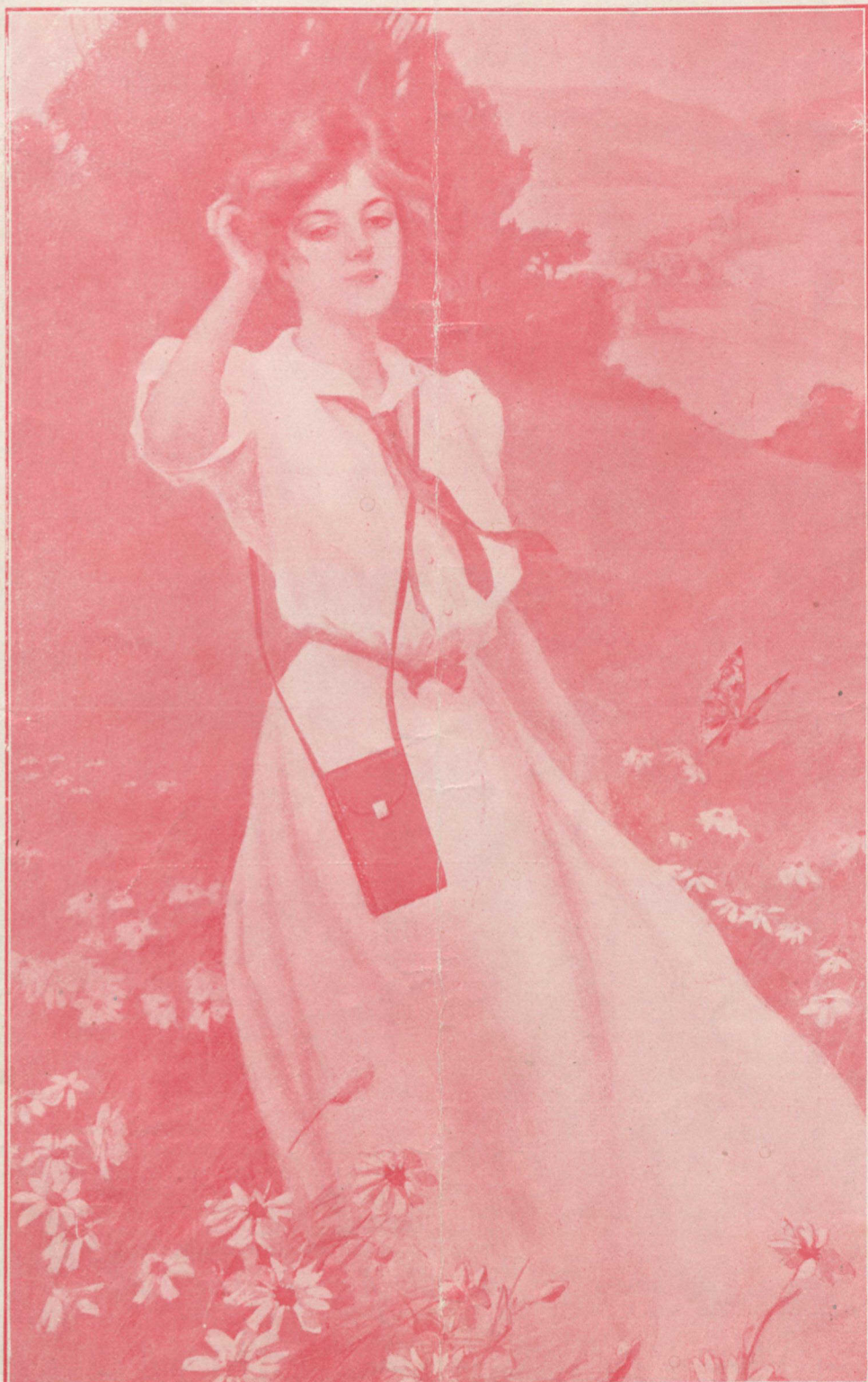


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JUNE 1906

THE HOME JOURNAL



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The Home Journal

V. 1. 2

TORONTO, JUNE, 1906.

No. 2

The Quinton Jewels

By ARTHUR COLEMAN

CHAPTER I.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.



HE case will probably be very well remembered. Sir Valentine Quinton, before he married, had been as poor as only a man of rank with an old country establishment to keep up can be. His marriage, however, with the daughter of a wealthy financier had changed all that, and now the Quinton establishment was carried on on as lavish a scale as might be, and, indeed, the extravagant habits of Lady Quinton herself rendered it an extremely lucky thing that she had brought a fortune with her.

Among other things her jewels made quite a collection, and chief among them was the great ruby, one of the very few that were sent to this country to be sold (at an average price of somewhere about £20,000 apiece, I believe) by the Burmese King before the annexation of his country. Let but a ruby be of great size and color, and no equally fine diamond can approach its value. Well, this great ruby (which was set in a pendant, by the by), together with a necklace, brooches, bracelets, earrings—indeed, the greater part of Lady Quinton's collection—had been stolen.

On an investigation by London detectives, however, a feature of singularity was brought to light. There had plainly been only one thief at work at Radcot hall, and no other had been inside the grounds.

I was talking of the robbery with Hewitt at lunch and asked him if he had received any commission to hunt for the missing jewels.

"No," Hewitt replied, "I haven't been commissioned. They are offering an immense reward, however—a very pleasant sum, indeed. I have had a short note from Radcot hall, informing me of the amount, and that's all. Probably they fancy that I may take the case up as a speculation, but this is a great mistake. I'm not a beginner, and I must be commissioned in a regular manner, hit or miss, if I am to deal with the case. I've quite enough commissions going now and no time to waste hunting for a problematical reward."

But we were nearer a clue to the Quinton jewels than we then supposed.

We talked of other things and presently arose and left the restaurant, strolling quietly toward home. Some little distance from the Strand, and near our own door, we passed an excited Irishman—without doubt an Irishman, by appearance and talk—who was pouring a torrent of angry complaints in the ears of a policeman. The policeman obviously thought

little of the man's grievances, and with an amused smile appeared to be advising him to go home quietly and think no more about it. We passed on and mounted our stairs. Something interesting in our conversation made me stop for a little while at Hewitt's office door on my way up, and, while I stood there the Irishman we had seen in the street mounted the stairs. He was a poorly dressed but sturdy-looking fellow, apparently a laborer, in a badly worn best suit of clothes. His agitation still held him, and without a pause he immediately burst out:

"Which iv ye jintlemen will be

ested, although amused. "What actual assaults have they committed, and when? And who told you to come here?"

"Who towld me, is ut? Who but the payler outside—in the sthreet below! 'Well, me frind,' sez he, 'I can't help ye; that's the marvellous an' onaccountable departmint up the stairs ferninst he; Mистер Hewitt, ut is,' sez he, 'that attinds to the onaccountable departmint, him as wint by a minut ago. You go an' bother him.' That's how I was towld, sor."

Hewitt smiled.

"Very good," he said, "Now, what are these extraordinary troubles of yours? Don't declaim," he added, as the Irishman raised his head and opened his mouth, preparatory to another torrent of complaint. "Just say in ten words, if you can, what they've done to you."

but the only expression there was one of surprise.

"Got ut?" said the Irishman. "Got fwat, sor? Is ut you're thinkin' I've got the horrors, as well as the polis?"

Hewitt's gaze relaxed. "Sit down, sit down!" he said. "You've still got your watch and money, I suppose, since you weren't robbed?"

"Oh, that? Glory be, I have ut still! though for how long—or me own head, for that matter—in this state of besiegement I cannot say."

"Now," said Hewitt, "I want a full, true, and particular account of yourself and your doings for the last week. First, your name?"

"Leamy's my name. sor—Michael Leamy."

"Lately from Ireland?"

"Over from Dublin this last blessed Wednesday, and a croll bad pound-erin' ut was in the boat, too—shpakin' av that same."

"Looking for work?"

"That is my purshuit at prisint, sor."

"Did anything noticeable happen before these troubles of yours began—anything here in London or on the journey?"

"Sure," the Irishman smiled. "Part av the way I thravelled first-class by favor av the gyard, an' I got a small job before I lift the train."

"How was that? Why did you travel first-class part of the way?"

"There was a station fhwere we shtopped afther a long run, an' I got down to take the cramp out av me joints, an' take a taste av dhrink. I overshtayed somehow, an' whin I got to the train, begob, it was on the move. There was a first-class carr'ge door opin right forninst me, an' into that the gyard crams me holus-bolus. There

was a juce of a foine jintleman sittin' there, an' he stares at me un-brageous, but I was not discommoded, bein' onbashful by natur'. We travell- ed along a heap av miles more, till we came near London. Afther we had shtopped at a station where they tuk tickets we wint ahead again, and prisintly, as we rips through some udther station up jumps the jintlemen opposite, swearin' hard unther his tongue, an' looks out at the windy. 'I thought this train shtopped here,' sez he."

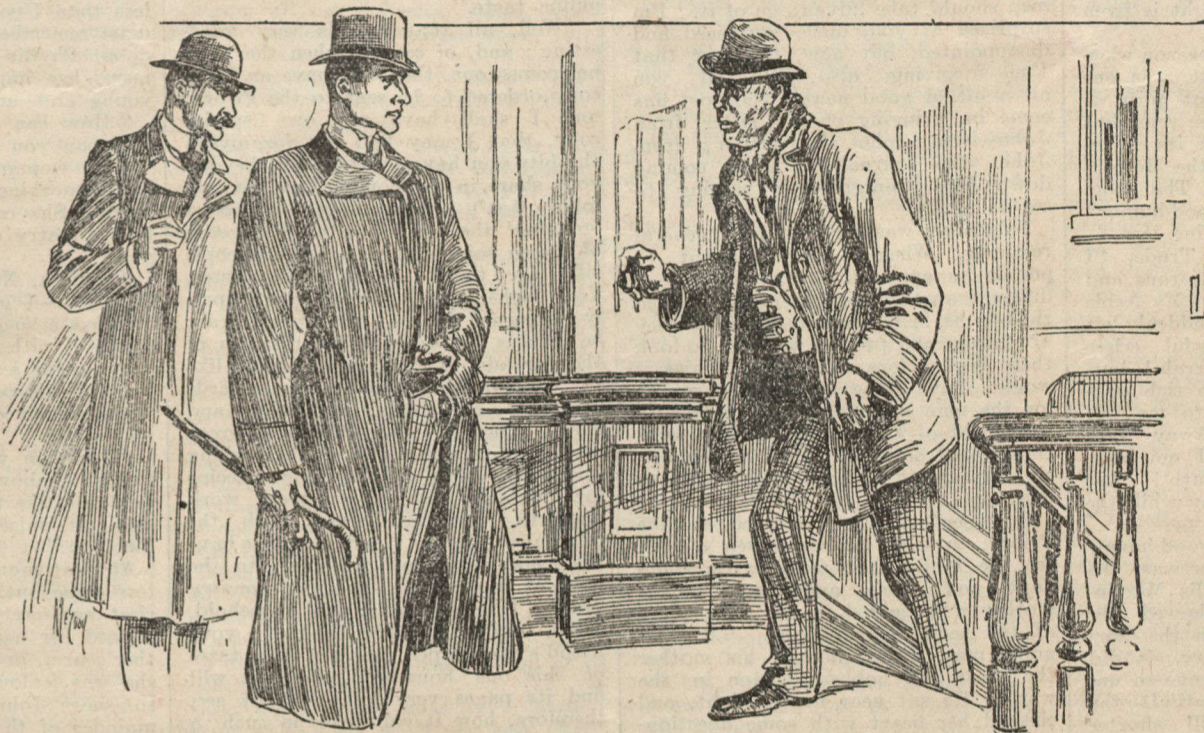
"Chalk Farm," observed Hewitt, with a nod.

"The name I do not know, sor, but that's fwat he said. Then he looks at me onaisy for a little, an' at last he sez 'Wud ye loike a small job, me good man, well paid?'"

"Faith," sez I, 'tis that will suit me well."

"Then see here, sez he. 'I should have got out at the station, havin' particular business; havin' missed, I must sen' a telegrammer from Euston. Now, here's a bag,' sez he; 'a bag full of important papers for my solicitor—important to me, ye ondershtand, no worth the shine av a brass farden to a sowl else—an' I want 'em tuk on

(Continued on page 5.)



"IT'S PROTECTION I WANT, SIR! PROTECTION!"

Mister Hewitt, sor?"

"This is Mr. Hewitt," I said. "Do you want him?"

"It's protechshin I want, sor—protechshin! I spake to the polis an' they laff at me, begob. Foive days have I lived in London, an' 'tis nothin' but battle, murder an' suddhen death for me here all day, an' ivery day! An' the polis say I'm dhrunk!"

He gesticulated wildly, and to me it seemed just possible that the police might be right.

"They say I'm dhrunk, sor," he continued, "but, begob, I b'lieve they think I'm mad. An' me being thracked an' folleyed an' dogged an' way-laid an' poisoned an' blandanhered an' kidnapped an' murdered, an' for why I do not know!"

"And who's doing all this?"

"Sthrangers, sor—sthrangers. 'Tis a sthranger here I am mesilf, an' fwy they do it bates me, onless I do be so like the Prince av Wales or other crowned heads they thry to slaughter me. They're layin' for me in the sthreet now, I misdoubt not, an' fwat they may thry next I can tell no more than the Lord Mayor. An' the polis won't listen to me!"

"But what have these people done?" Hewitt asked, looking rather inter-

"I will sor. Wan day had I been in London, or—wan day only, an' a low scutt thried to poison me dhrink; next day some udther thief av sin shoved me off av a railway platform unther a train, malicious and purposeful; glory be, he didn't kill me! but the very doother that felt me bones thried to pick me pockut, I du b'lieve. Sunday night I was grabbed outrageous in a darck turnin', rowled on the ground, half strangled, an' this very blessed morning av light I was strook onsensible an' left a livin' corpse, an' my lodgin's penetrated an' all the thrurk mishandled an' bruk up behind me back. Is that a panjandhery for the polis to laff at, sur?"

"Did they steal anything?" asked Hewitt.

"Divil a shtick but me door key, an' that they tuk home an' lift in the door."

Hewitt opened his office door.

"Come in," he said, "and tell me all about this. You come, too, Brett."

The Irishman and I followed him into the inner office, where, shutting the door, Hewitt suddenly turned on the Irishman and exclaimed sharply:

"Then you've still got it?" He looked keenly in the man's eyes,

A Modern Knight Errant

By J. HUNTER

CHAPTER XVI.



HE weather was splendid—the London season was at its height. Winter with its fogs and east winds had gone out of view for the time being. People forgot all the disagreeable and only remembered that the fresh spring and the time of the singing of birds had come. Those who thoroughly understand what a London season means, know that it has its variations and degrees almost as surely as the weather which governs it. There is as vast a difference between a gay season and a dull one as there is between winter and summer. The season which is enhanced by many drawing-rooms, which numbers amongst its attractions several marriages in fashionable life—the season during which money flows freely, during which the shops are crowded—the park full of gay horses, luxurious carriages, lovely ladies, and smart men, is as different from that dull time which yet goes by the name of a season in town, as night is from day.

It so happened that the season when Phyllis Martindale came out, was one of the gay ones. It was not quite as gay as the celebrated Jubilee year, but it approached that time in its splendor and its fun. All over the Metropolis its influence was felt. The shopkeepers were in supreme good-humor; trade generally wore a smiling face.

"I am reviving," said Trade. "I am becoming strong and vigorous and lusty and young once more. My feeble years of decrepitude have suddenly left me—I have done with awful crises and appalling crashes. Hurrah! hurrah! I am hastening to be rich once more. Those who belong to me will make colossal fortunes. Away with beggary and starvation! I am here, in the full power of my youth! Let those who love me make hay while the sun shines."

The whole world is in a good-humor when trade smiles, and this was the state of affairs when Phyllis Martindale, heiress and beauty, showed her shining and radiant face on the surface of the waters of society. It did not take long to make any one so uncommon, so rich, so beautiful, the fashion, and it took a still shorter time to turn a young head never too strong, and never too humble.

Nancy Browne and John Smith's sisters were having a pleasant season down in the country. For the London weather was not confined to London—the sun shone on the fields, and made the hay ripe, and brought the flowers into bloom. Even in the country trade was good, and the farmers were satisfied. Mrs. Smith was quite well and strong again, and John Smith, the elder, had only one cause for grumbling; why didn't his son take the farm off his hands instead of wasting his time writing books in London?

"There are more books in the world already than we can possibly read," he remarked, "but I never heard yet that there was an overstock of potatoes, or of loaves of bread. Don't talk to me, girls, I know what I'm about. Your poor mother thinks it is a grand thing to write a book, but I'm told that authors are like the dirt under your feet now. There's John—he's well educated—we spared him nothing. He knows the musty tongues and the modern tongues, and a good bit of the Queen's English into the bargain. All the better say I. If he has worked his brains he can devote them to finding out what's good for clay soil and what for gravel, and how to keep the smut out of wheat, and the blight from the potato crop.

To discover any of these things would be to bless mankind; but to write a book! Now, Nancy, my girl, what are you glowering at me for? You know perfectly well that you'd rather make a good pat of butter than trim the daintiest bonnet that ever was seen—you have sense, whoever else has not."

"And I always thought you had sense, Uncle John, until to-day," retorted Nancy, in her clear tones. She was standing by the open window, filling a great glass bowl with mignonette and sweet-pea. She looked dainty and fair and fresh and good in her pretty pink dress. Her frank eyes were raised now with a pleasant smile to the perturbed old father.

"I always thought you were the most sensible old man I knew until you began to abuse books," she said. "What would the world be without books? The thoughts of the dead who lived before us are preserved in their books. Suppose John did discover a cure for smut, or for the blight, he'd have to get his cure printed, wouldn't he? so that all men should take advantage of it. I'm surprised at you, uncle—surprised and disappointed; but now, to show that I'm forgiving also, I'll tell you all a bit of good news. The post has come in, bringing me a letter from John—from John the author; from John the journalist. He's coming down here to-night—he's coming to see us all."

This news was received with general rejoicing. When a hero is about to put in an appearance, preparations of different sorts must be made. Even though he is a brother, girls, if they are young and pretty, will like to look their best before him. John's sisters would have done anything in reason for the man who connected them with the world of Light and Leading—with that world of which they knew so little, but about which they thought so much.

So when the hero arrived at the Priory, in time for the seven o'clock tea, he found that meal extra abundant and extra appetizing. His mother was seated in her own place at the head of the board. Like all good men, John thought his mother the best and noblest woman in the world. He sat near her to-night, and cheered her heart with some affectionate squeezes of the hand and some smiling looks of love. His witty and brilliant remarks, his sarcasm, his knowledge, his anecdotes of the "on dits" of fashionable life, were for others, but his hand-squeeze was for his mother. She felt rich beyond the riches of most when he squeezed her hand, and looked down the well-filled board with eyes which were a little misty, as well as bright with happiness.

The farmer ceased to abuse books while John talked. Gradually there fell a silence over all the others, and the voice of the hero alone filled the room. It was an interesting and manly voice, and he said many things worth listening to. Nancy now and then ventured to criticise him, but the others gave him only silent admiration.

"And now, John," said this young lady, an hour or two afterwards, "you have got to tell me about yourself."

They were walking round the hayfield—the new-mown hay smelt delicious—the moon was lifting its crescent face above the hill.

"Now, John, tell me about yourself," said Nancy.

"I have been talking about myself ever since I came home," he replied.

"Your 'outer' self," she answered. "I want the inner man. What about her, John? Have you seen her, and

does she make you happy? Have you failed to see her, and are you consumed with misery?"

"I am too busy to be consumed with misery, Nancy; besides, hope is not dead—I may see her any day. I told the whole story to Daintree, and he is looking for her—he will be successful in his search before long."

"As you have hope, you are, of course, all right. It is a good thing to be on the look-out for the princess, and to be working for her. I liked the tone of your letters very much since you went away. Let me see, you left us the end of October, and it is now the middle of June. In that time you have done wonders. I read that article of yours in the 'Budget,' and thought it good. How could you take up such a subject as bi-metallism?"

"Because it is one of the topics of the day. A journalist whatever he is, must be up to date; he must be fresh, and in harmony with the topics of the times."

"Well," retorted Nancy, "you made your subject interesting, which is the main thing. And now, tell me about Mr. Daintree. Is his journal going to be a success?"

"The biggest that was ever made. Daintree is a wonderful man, Nancy. He has got the best cleverness, the only cleverness that can be of use in the present day—he can gauge the public taste."

"Well, all that sounds very interesting; and, of course, when the journal comes out, they will have an early copy ordered to be sent to the Priory, and I shall have my own special copy, that I may find out for myself the bits you have written; but beyond your share in the concern, we country folks don't know anything about 'gauging' the public taste. That sort of speech sounds to us ignorant people silly, for there are so many tastes. Your father, for instance, is principally concerned in matters agricultural; he wishes to combat the diseases of the vegetable world, and he would like to control the elements, as regards sunshine, and rain, and heat, and cold. Then my aunt thinks a great deal of preserving jam and bleaching linen, and would like to know a recipe for making servants do their work properly, and laundresses wash the dirt out of clothes; and the girls have the usual tastes which come into the lives of frank, nice, pleasant, country girls. This is only one household, John, but if 'The Eagle,' your friend's new paper, 'gauges' the taste of this one household alone, it will find its pages very full. I don't see, therefore, how it can take up such a very wide scope as the gauging of universal tastes."

"This house is only a sample of thousands of others," said John. "In every house each person has a special line, which is the most interesting of all, but each person also has minuter tastes and whims, and these can be appealed to in a general way by a clever paper like 'The Eagle.'"

"I see," replied Nancy. "Such an idea is clever, but it is not great—a paper which will appeal to our littleness. Such a journal does not seem worthy of the best a man can do."

"You don't understand; it is impossible," said Smith, fretfully.

"I know I don't," she replied; "so I won't annoy you any more by showing my ignorance. That was a delightful story you wrote in 'The Messenger.' It made the girls cry, and gave your mother and me a glow round the heart. We both felt proud of you after reading that simple little sketch—it touched the best in us; it was noble."

"I took a pleasure in writing it," said John, his eyes sparkling with delight at the sweetness of her genuine praise. "But of course," he added, "the best of my time is given to 'The Eagle.'"

"When will the first number appear?"

"Not before September. Such a

colossal enterprise takes months and months to bring to perfection. Our great bomb is for September, when the world's book fair begins to open its great doors. We rush foremost into the fray. Oh, Nancy, if we conquer—if only we succeed, how much, how very much this will mean to me."

"Are you to receive a share of the profits?" she asked.

"No! I wish I could, but Daintree promises me all kinds of things if we succeed."

"You ought to have a share of the profits—promises are pie-crust, they are made to be broken; but if you have ever so small a share of the profits then you begin to put by capital—then you begin to secure to yourself an independence."

"Daintree gives me £300 a year—a very large income for a man like me. He will also pay me at the usual rate for all the articles which I write for 'The Eagle.'"

"Yes, yes; and I suppose you think you will be able to marry your Phyllis on £300 a year? Poor John!"

Smith's face changed; the sparkle of hope left his eyes at Nancy's words.

"You would marry a fellow on that sum," he said, after a pause.

"I don't think so. It is too little. It would mean too great a strain both on love and prudence. These are not days of cheap things, and £300 is less than I could do with. John, you must remember that you have told me about Phyllis—her beauty, her enthusiasm, her impulsive nature. She is young and—and ignorant."

"How can you possibly say that—how can you know?"

"My woman's wit tells me that she knows nothing at all of the practical world. She could not, by any possibility, marry on £300 or even £600 a year."

"Besides, Nancy," said John, "she is, I fear—I greatly fear—rich. Daintree has a suspicion that my Phyllis is identical with a certain girl who lately came in for a fortune. I have a great fear on this point, for if it is the case she is removed, very, very far above me."

"How can you say so? What girl living is above a good man? When you talk like that I think you are putting on false humility, and I don't like you."

At that moment one of John's sisters came out. It was Polly, the merriest and prettiest of the girls. She slipped her hand through her tall brother's arm, and said with a laugh that she was jealous of Nancy, and meant to share John with her for the remainder of the evening.

"How long can you stay with us, Jack?" she asked. "If you can make up your mind to remain at the Priory until over Sunday we could get up a picnic for Saturday. The Johnsons would come and the Merrymans, and Mr. and Mrs. Dyce-Jones. We might go to Garrett's Hall and—what is it, John?"

"I am so sorry, Polly, but I must run away. I must be back in town to-morrow night."

Polly pouted and instantly began to grumble.

"It's too bad," she exclaimed. "Other girls see something of their brothers. What can you possibly do with yourself during this hot weather in town?"

"I have no time to think of the weather, Polly. I am busy from morning till night. I have no time to think of anything but my business."

"Good gracious! Just listen to him, Nancy. Such a life must be frightfully exhausting, and where's the use of it? I mean what's going to come of it? I can't make out why people kill themselves with work when they needn't. You are no good to us at all since you went to London; we three girls might just as well have no brother."

"Some day, Polly, when through hard work I have secured a nice happy little home of my own, you shall come

and stay with me, you and Agnes and Phoebe."

"And Nancy, too," exclaimed Polly. "She is more a sister to you than any of us."

John turned suddenly, and looked at the tall girl, who was walking by his other side. He noticed, with a sort of sigh, an intangible regret, which he could scarcely explain to himself, her noble, simple pose—the erect graciousness about her. He wondered, also, but vaguely, why the moonlight made her look so pale, and why her dark eyes should glance at him for a moment, and then quickly veil themselves under their thick lashes.

"Nancy too," he said; "certainly Nancy must come too. No one in the world more welcome."

CHAPTER XVII.

Nancy Browne was going back to her old uncle and aunt on the afternoon of the following day.

"Why can't you stay until the evening?" said John. "You won't see me again for months and months; why should you run away to-day?"

"Because I have something special to do," she retorted. "For instance, we keep twenty milch cows, and the butter invariably goes wrong if I am not there to attend to it."

"But must you go this afternoon?"

"Yes, for the butter is to be made to-morrow morning, and there are certain preparations which I must attend to over night. I thought of asking you, John, if you would walk over to the farm with me. I have something I want to say to you, and I can say it better there than here. I know Uncle John and Aunt Mercy won't mind, for I will promise not to keep you long from them."

"Very well," replied John. "We will ask Polly to let us have dinner in good time, and then we need not hurry with our walk."

"I wish those two would make up their minds. I can't imagine what they're hesitating about," said Mrs. Smith to her daughter, Agnes, as John and Nancy walked down the shady avenue of the old Priory together. "I never saw two people suit better, and they're as fond as fond can be. Why, anyone can see with half an eye that John thinks more of Nancy than he does of the whole of the rest of us put together, and she—for all she's such a proud sort, she's always in a twitter whenever she speaks of him. Why can't they make it up, and speak out, and let us congratulate them?—that's what I'm wondering."

"Perhaps they don't want to," said Agnes.

She was sitting with her mother in the cool summer parlor. They were both busy turning sheets, putting the sides to the middle, as they expressed it, and Agnes had a long seam in her white hands.

"If they wanted to, I suppose they would speak out," she continued, after a pause. "They both belong to the outspoken order, so I conclude they're not what you say, mother."

"What did I say they were?"

"Well, you didn't name the word, but I conclude you suppose they are lovers. Well, I say they ain't, for if they were we'd know it by this."

"Much experience you have," replied the mother, almost savagely. Agnes broke her thread as her needle flew in and out of the seam. Mrs. Smith continued, after a pause: "I tell you what it is, Aggie, your father and I are set on the match. Nancy is a girl after our own hearts, and she'll have a nice little bit of money, too. Her uncle has left her from three to four thousand pounds. She's the wife of all others for John, and I do wish they'd settle it. I've a good mind to speak to him on the subject when he comes back for his tea."

"I wouldn't if I were you, mother."

Young men like John are never driven into marriage, and certainly he's not the sort to take a girl for her money."

"How cross-purposeful you are," said the mother. "You take me up wrong every minute. Who says there's any one would dare marry a girl like Nancy Browne for her money? There isn't her like in the countryside, so bonny and proud and sweet. I hope to goodness John won't get entangled with some one in town. It would just break my heart if he brought one of those society girls to the Priory. I've a good mind to speak to him, whether you think it prudent or not, Aggie. Sometimes a hint goes a long way."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Agnes again. A few moments afterwards she went out of the room to attend to a young brood of chickens which were just now occupying a good deal of her attention.

Mrs. Smith, left to herself, pondered more and more over what had long been the desire of her heart; and as the afternoon advanced, and the shadows grew longer, felt more and more inclined to give John that hint which should set matters straight.

Meanwhile Nancy, quite unconscious of any such intentions, was earnestly advising John Smith to adopt a certain course. They were standing together in a shady lane, and she was bringing all her influence, which was very considerable, to bear upon the young man.

"I have made up my mind," she said. "I am quite determined that you shall not oppose me."

"I can't take your money," he replied. "You have always endeavored to raise me, Nancy. I wonder you recommend a course which will make me feel small."

"I should not recommend anything which would lower you. Why should not a girl have an interest in life? Why should not I have one? I never complain, but sometimes I long for a little variety, and that breath of the great world which comes to other girls. I am not like your sisters. They are as happy as the day is long at the Priory, but there are times when I get tired of the cows and the animals, and when I feel that the butter is not the most important thing on the face of the earth. Oh, how shabby of me to reveal my weaknesses to you. How small you must think me."

"Not at all, Nancy. I love you all the better for your weaknesses. You have always seemed to me such an immaculate sort of girl."

"Oh, don't! You have very little idea of what I am when you talk like that. The fact is, I am as full of weaknesses and smallnesses as any other girl, and when they assail me most, it is a great comfort to think of you, for you have always been a strong, a very strong interest in my life."

"Have I? I am more than glad."

"It will greatly add to my pleasures to feel that I have materially assisted you. I want you, therefore, not to say anything more about it, but to take the £500 which is now lying idle in the bank, and buy for yourself a certain interest in Mr. Daintree's journal, 'The Eagle.' Stay, John. Don't speak until you hear me out. You can, if 'The Eagle' is a success, pay me four per cent. for the loan of this money. If it is not a success I shall be no worse off than I am now, for I have never cared to invest this little sum, and it is simply doing no good to any one in the bank."

"But suppose I lose it, Nancy?"

"I am prepared to risk that. I don't think you will lose it. I feel great confidence in your judgment. You think well of 'The Eagle' and its prospects. I, too, am prepared to think well of it, and to invest a certain sum of money in it. Now, shall I write you out a cheque for £500?"

"Oh, Nancy; how can I say yes?"

"Don't say anything. Accept my

cheque and make the best you can of your life. I want you to marry Phyllis if she is worthy of you."

"The question to consider," said John, "is this: am I worthy of her?"

"Don't talk nonsense. You are a good man, honest, upright. You possess a faithful heart. You are, therefore, worthy of any girl who will give you her love. I believe firmly in people marrying those they love, therefore I am anxious you should marry Phyllis. I do not think the fact of her being an heiress, supposing she is proved to be one, need be an insuperable obstacle. You may as well be rich as any other man. You certainly did not love her because she was rich, therefore you are worthy to receive both her and her money, but I want you to meet her on as equal terms as possible. That is the reason I give you £500 to turn over and double and treble and quadruple, and make it bring forth abundantly. But £500 is not all I want to give you, John. I have something far, far more important to bestow upon you. Now, come into the house with me. Come into my own little sitting-room. I will fetch my treasure for you. I will bring it to you there."

Nancy's eyes were shining. There was a faint tremble about her red lips, and a lovely color mantled her cheeks.

John could not help gazing at her in admiration and astonishment.

What did this strange, this wonderful friend of his mean now?

She ran out of the room, returning in a few moments with a square, old-fashioned mahogany box.

This she laid on a table in the middle of the room, and, taking a key out of her pocket, put it into the lock.

"John," she said, "before I turn this key I must tell you something of what is inside."

"The uncle who died lately—he was my mother's brother—his name was Michael Hudson, was one of those queer characters who are called eccentric by their friends, and by their enemies a little mad. Uncle Michael, however, was shrewd enough and clever enough to turn twenty ordinary men around his little finger. Had he chosen to go into the world and use his great intellectual powers he could have taken almost any position, and reached almost any eminence."

"He was a hermit, however, and as a hermit he lived and died. He was a literary man also, and was very fond of books—books were his solace, his friends, his companions. On his death-bed, when he sent for me, and told me he had left me what little money he had to leave, he further confided to me a secret. 'I have notes,' he said, 'in a certain box'—this box, John (Nancy touched the old-fashioned mahogany casket as she spoke)—'I have notes,' he said, 'which I have carefully put together relating to a secret in connection with this old house, which, if given into the care of a clever literary man, would make the most sensational, the most startling and exciting romance which has, I may almost say, been written during the century. I have tried, Nancy,' said my uncle, 'for many long years to write that romance, but beyond collecting the notes, beyond establishing every fact, and putting the whole queer matter into perfect order for another man to complete, I have done nothing. The spirit of romance is not in me. I have tried for it. I have almost prayed for it, but that which will make these old bones live,' he touched the bag, 'which will cover them with living flesh, and put a heart into them, to make men creep with horror at them, and rejoice over the nobleness which surrounds them, is not for me. Some one else must do this. You can have the box, Nancy, and you can look at the secret. If the spirit is in you, make a book out of it, and get the world to talk of your book; but if you cannot do this, find an honest man or woman who has got the neces-

sary education and the necessary imagination to do it for you. The story must be put into scholarly hands, and a man would complete the task better than a woman. If you never find any one worthy, let the casket and secret be buried with you when you die, Nancy Browne."

"That's what my uncle said, John," said Nancy, with tears in her eyes. "I remember how he looked; how his old eyes shone like coals in his head, and I recall each of his words just as if they were a lesson I had to learn by heart. John, I could not give you a better honor than to let you have the casket and its treasure. I have not read the secret, but I know it is a worthy one, and I think you can handle it both in a scholarly and imaginative fashion. When I read your story in 'The Messenger,' my heart leaped, for I thought, 'I have found the man who will complete my uncle's work.' Take the casket, John, learn the secret, and write a worthy book."

John Smith's eyes glowed. Nancy had fired his ambition, and ambition stood next to love in his heart.

"But this," he said, touching the casket, "is fifty times more valuable than the £500. Do you really, honestly mean to give it to me?"

"Honestly and really I do. I could not make a story of it; but you can."

"I have no words to tell you what I think," said John, after a pause.

"Don't make use of any words. Take the old box; talk about its contents to no one, and when the world speaks of you and your book, I shall be abundantly rewarded."

A few moments afterwards John took his leave.

He had a cheque for £500 in his pocket, and the little mahogany box carefully fastened up in brown paper, and sealed by Nancy's own hands, was tucked under his arm.

As he walked to the Priory he could not help thinking of this good friend of his.

"I don't deserve her a bit," he muttered. "What have I done to have secured the services of a sort of beneficent fairy of that sort?"

Then he began to dream after the fashion of fortunate young men, of the future which lay before him.

"The Eagle" should be an enormous success, and Nancy's £500 should be returned to her in a year or two doubled. The book, too, which he would write, should set the world by the ears. One half of it should abuse it, the other half should laud it to the firmament; and all the greater because of the abuse and because of the praise, the book should sell, and sell, and sell! The libraries would be glutted with it, and one edition after another should appear. He would take his laurels modestly, and if it were his fate to wear the crown of bay, Nancy should have the lion's share of the more substantial profits of the enterprise.

In all his golden dreams, however, Phyllis, not Nancy, was the central figure. All these good things which Nancy showered upon him meant a certain result—Phyllis should be the queen of his home and his hearth. Good Nancy, to take such practical steps to secure him his prize.

He entered the house, and sat down to tea with his family. He was going to catch the night train back to town, and before he went, his mother, still full of her idea, came to him, and, drawing him into the seclusion of a bay window, began to talk.

"Some day you'll be bringing your wife home to us, John," she said. He colored when she said this, and his heart leaped up. Could his mother have heard anything?

"It's good for men to marry young," she proceeded, "and, John, my dear, it isn't far to guess where your affections are centered. I'd like to tell you now before you go back to town how heartily your father and I

My New Friend

By GEORGE M. WESTON



THE moment I had so long waited for had come at last, and before me appeared the picture I had dreamed of for six weary months in Mexico.

This, at last, was New York, and as the ferry-boat plowed across the river I leaned over the rail and drank in the scene: the towering sky-line with the pennons and plumes of steam and smoke waving from the lofty structures; the broad river and the glorious bay alive with their shipping; and over all a sense of the magnetic touch of the rushing, throbbing life of working millions.

Despite my preoccupation, I felt that some one was looking at me, and turned to find a portly person eyeing me intently. He was considerably past middle age, of florid complexion, and his whole make-up suggested that he might be one of those men who make it their business to welcome new arrivals to New York. I smiled grimly at the thought of an old New Yorker like myself being chosen as a possible client, and met my friend's gaze with the most innocent look I could assume. The idea of a possible adventure appealed to me.

My assumed innocence must have been successful, for presently the stout man moved nearer, and out of the corner of my eye I could see that he was reading the tag on my traveling-bag. The bag was a present received the day before from a dear sister at home who had written on the tag, as a reminder, she said, that I did not belong to New York alone, "James C. Knowlton; Clayville, N.J." Of course I was prepared for what followed.

"Mr. Knowlton, of Clayville, I believe?" said my portly bunko-steerer blandly.

"The same," I replied with equal urbanity.

"Ah, glad to meet you. My name is Smith—Sylvester Smith. Lived in Clayville myself when I was boy. Knew your father well. How are all the folks in the old town?"

We shook hands cordially, and I assured him that Clayville was as happy and as prosperous as could reasonably be expected since it had been deprived of his citizenship.

I had heard that lists of names of families living in rural towns and villages, procured at much trouble and expense, formed the most valuable asset of your enterprising, up-to-date bunko-man, and my corpulent friend had evidently procured a complete schedule of the older families in Clayville. He ran over a long string of them, claiming half a dozen as his relatives. He really amazed me by his retentive memory. He was evidently in the front rank of his profession. I led him on, helping him over rough places, and what he did not know about Clayville and its people before he certainly did not when we dropped the subject; for I told him tales of that quiet burg that caused him to gasp with astonishment and did credit to my inventive powers.

The situation amused me immensely, and I was determined to see the adventure through to the end. It was my first experience with the craft, and I was curious, more especially as the genial Sylvester seemed to be a bunko-steerer from whom I might expect to learn all the latest methods in the business—one in short who would try to swindle me in the most gentlemanly and polished manner.

Would I take luncheon with him? To be sure I would! and a first-class luncheon we had. I treated myself,

at his expense, to the most costly dishes on the bill of fare, seizing the opportunity to make up for my long period of plain living and high thinking in Mexico. During the meal we discussed finance, a subject upon which my new friend displayed great volubility.

When the luncheon was finally over came the expected invitation to "Run down with me to my office." Did I ever invest? "Well, yes, once in a while," I admitted coyly. With a knowing wink, my companion suggested that he thought he could "put me onto something good." My father, John Knowlton, had been the friend of his boyhood, and it would be a real pleasure to Sylvester Smith to be of service to his son. "Dear old Clay-



I FELT THAT SOME ONE WAS LOOKING AT ME.

ville!" and he rambled back to the Jersey village again.

I was so amused at the manner in which I was fooling this experienced sharper that I cracked several jokes as an excuse for laughing. It was really too easy! He took me to a tall building in the financial district, and we shot up an elevator. It was a most respectable, high-priced building, and that he should have his den there rather surprised me at first, till I remembered that I had read in the papers of a pool-room being discovered on top of one of Wall Street's most immaculate office buildings.

On the door of the office was "W. Sylvester Smith, Stocks and Bonds." The office consisted of an outer room in which two clerks were at work over ledgers and papers and an inner room marked "private," both fitted up in good imitation of the place of business of a financier who was "in the Street," but not engaged in a general brokerage business. There were stock-tickers and all the usual appurtenances of such an office. "This layout must cost money,"

thought I. "The bunko business is evidently not feeling any industrial depression just at present."

I sat opposite "Mr. Smith" at a large table, while he opened and glanced over a pile of letters. "Been over to Philadelphia on business and so got behind with my mail," explained he. The whole thing was really artistically arranged.

"How about that investment," said my host when he had finished his letter-reading. "How much money can you put up for a margin?"

"Oh, about five thousand," I replied carelessly. He went to the ticker and running the tape through his fingers pretended to read its cabalistic signs. "Ah, I thought so." "Just as I expected!" "By George! it's a sure thing!" "Good for ten points at least," he repeated as if to himself.

I had got into the habit of carrying a revolver while in Mexico, and had it with me now in my hip pocket. I slipped it around into the right-

Do you mean to insinuate—" he managed to shriek. One of the clerks opened the door leading to the outer office and looked in.

I did not wait to hear the last of Smith's remarks, but sought the doorway as rapidly as my dignity would permit. And I confess to a feeling of relief when I finally reached the street and became lost in the crowd. Later in my own apartment, when I thought the matter over, I was glad the adventure had ended without mishap. At the time I had had no fear, but now it occurred to me that I had taken some risk in going alone to beard such desperate characters.

Speculation as to what might have happened was put to an end, however, when my servant brought me a letter. It was from Her, and asked if I would put Her everlastingly in my debt by filling a vacancy at dinner that evening. She had just heard of my return to town and was looking forward to seeing me again. It did not take long to reply. One of my reasons for returning to New York was to renew my acquaintance with Her, and now not only to be asked to dine, and to put Her in my debt by doing so, was almost more than I had hoped for.

My toilet consumed more time than usual that evening, and I was a few minutes later in reaching Her home as the result. I feared that I was the last guest, until She assured me that one other man was still to come. For this I thanked Providence and blessed the other man for his tardiness.

"The one to come," She said, "is my uncle, and I am most anxious to have you meet him."

Then we talked of the days before Mexico, and She seemed more charming than ever. We were in the middle of a most enjoyable tete-a-tete when there was a step at the drawing-room door and the butler announced the belated guest, Her uncle.

It was Mr. Smith, my bunko friend from Clayville. She presented him to the other guests and then to me. For a full minute we stared at each other in great and mutual astonishment, the expression on the other's face gradually changing to a look of anger and a threatening scowl.

"My uncle, Mr. Smith," She said. "Uncle, this is Mr. Knowlton."

I was conscious of appearing not altogether at my best. The most I could do was to say "Smith!" as if I had expected his name to be Mortimer or Cholmondeley or something of that sort.

"Yes," cried the uncle, "Smith—Sylvester Smith, otherwise W. Sylvester Smith, or William S. Smith!"

The whole thing flashed over me in a second. I remembered to have heard of an uncle of Hers commonly called "Bill" Smith in Clayville, who had left the village when I was a baby and was now something in the plutocratic line in New York.

I believe this young man and I have met before," said the angry uncle, "and that we have some accounts to settle between us."

"Surely, you're joking, uncle?" She said in the belief that his anger was assumed. "But where did you meet? You both have been everywhere."

Before the older man could reply, I had assumed a confident manner, which I was far from feeling, and broke in with: "At his office in Wall Street this morning. And by the way, Mr. Smith, I have decided to take that stock you were speaking of."

The look on the uncle's face gradually changed into one of amusement. He actually grinned. Then he broke silence with an emphatic, "You'll do, young man! Have a check for those margins at my office to-morrow morning before the market opens."

The warmth with which he grasped my hand assured me that all was forgiven. And a little later at dinner I broached a subject, at which I am glad to say She did not seem displeased.

hand pocket of my sack coat while he bent over the tape. The time to end the comedy was approaching, and the little barker might come in handy if W. Sylvester should happen to be without a sense of humor.

"Now," said he, "about the money for margins—"

"Mr. Sylvester Smith, or whatever your right name may be," I interrupted, rising, "the game is up! I have been onto you from the start, and am surprised that the touch didn't come sooner. I thank you for a most excellent luncheon, and by way of return for it I offer you this piece of advice: the next time you want to try a bunko game, try it on a real jay and not on a real New Yorker who may be on. Good-day!" And I took a step toward the door.

The look of blank astonishment that overspread the man's face was so ludicrous that it made me laugh; but in an instant his look changed to one of rage. He fairly foamed at the mouth and doubled up his pudgy fists as if to attack me. "You—you!—"

Canterbury Cathedral



In the year 1511 two of the most celebrated men of their time, Colet and Erasmus, rode out together from London on the usual pilgrimage of their day to visit the shrine of St. Thomas a Becket in Canterbury. But their spirit was very different from the reverential duty of the ages of faith, and was much nearer to the modern attitude of curious inquiry. They rode out, not to worship, nor to seek a blessing, but to see and know. Dean Colet of St. Paul's was the most cultivated man of his own country, well versed in the classics and the new learning. Although touched with the coming reforming spirit, he was still loyal to the old faith. Erasmus, more famous still, was soon to become the literary dictator of Europe in an age when his command of erudition and the pen made him the equal correspondent of princes and kings.

The story of their journey and sight-seeing, as told in the Latin of Erasmus, not only suggests the coming revolution in matters spiritual, but reveals quaintly the personal contrast between the two men and possibly, also, between Continental and insular matters. Erasmus, whose subtle mind and undecided character were to keep him for years on the border line between the reformed and ancient faiths, drew back protesting from the ruder fervor of the Englishman, and was quietly eager to smooth down and gloss over the effect of his intemperate outburst. Colet's zeal was too much for his courtesy, if even he had any, and it fell to his companion to avert the storms which might break out between the representation of the old ideas and the new.

The date of their visit coincided with the summit of prosperity of the cathedral and monastery of Christ Church in Canterbury. The revenues accruing to the shrine under Archbishop Morton's financial management after the distressful civil wars, had enabled Prior Goldstone to crown and complete the cathedral with the great central tower in 1495, leaving the building substantially as it now stands. In addition, as a work of ostentatious luxury, he had added to the precincts the sumptuous gate, known as Christ's gate, through which all pilgrims and visitors must pass. Under this gate he met his distinguished guests, who were furnished with a special letter from Archbishop Warham himself, admitting them of right to the view of the most sacred treasures of the shrine, such as were not to be seen by ordinary pilgrims. As far as we can see, neither Erasmus nor Colet was moved by what we should call the historical sense, or any imaginative picture of the events which had taken place on the sacred spots, on which they trod. They were too deeply imbued with the moral sense, prompting them perpetually to judge of what they saw by its spiritual or material utility to their own time. When they came to the Transept of the Martyrdom, to the very spot where Becket fell in his heroic but unequal struggle with the four armed knights who murdered him, no comment on this tremendous scene escaped them, nor on the eventful consequences to the Church and kingdom which arose from it.

Erasmus praised the simple wooden altar erected on the spot, as typifying the simplicity of manners of Becket's day, compared with the degenerate luxury of his own time. So, also, he praised the hair shirt which Becket wore, just as if he were Horace writing against latifundia, or Juvenal denouncing the vices of the empire. Colet refused with disgust the relics which were offered to him to be kissed; not at all, as far as one can judge,

from any critical incredulity as to their origin, but solely because their natural vileness was not veiled by any spirit of embalming reverence. To him an old bone or a filthy fragment of linen, whether they belonged to St. Thomas or St. George or not, carried no sanctifying spiritual flavor, and he did not hesitate to proclaim his opinions with all the offensiveness of a man in earnest. It was only the diplomacy of his companion and the courtly politeness of the prior which got him out of the place without an open quarrel.

The gold and gems of Becket's shrine and the still more dazzling riches of St. Mary Undercroft's Chapel in the crypt moved the two men in different ways, neither of them to reverence. Colet said roughly that if St. Thomas had all the virtues attributed to him he would prefer to see so much wealth devoted to the needs of the poor. Erasmus confessed more profanely, but with a prayer for forgiveness to the saint on his lips, that he himself was moved mainly by envy for the comfort which some of this wealth would have brought to his own home.

We must leave them on their return journey at Harbledown, a little village on a steep hill two miles out of Canterbury, or as it is called by Chaucer:

"Wist ye not where standeth a little town,
Which that ycleped is Bob up and down,
Under the Blee in Canterbury way."

Here an assiduous almsman after plentifully sprinkling them with holy water rushed out offering to their kisses the blessed shoe of St. Thomas. Colet lost all patience, "Do these asses expect us to kiss the shoes of all the good men who have ever lived?" Erasmus smiled and quietly dropped a few coins in the old man's money-box and so to London and out of our view.

The prosperity of Becket's shrine, with which was wrapped up the early fortunes of Canterbury Cathedral, was now drawing near its close. It endured for about 350 years, lasting long enough for the completion of the magnificent cathedral with the embellishment of the monastery and precincts, and came to a sudden end in 1538. For many years its income, with that of the less famous shrine of St. Mary in the crypt, must have been between £20,000 and £30,000 and the culminating point of its prosperity was probably the jubilee of 1420, when over 120,000 pilgrims attended the July festival from all the British dominions at home and overseas, including Ireland and the lately conquered kingdom of France, acquired by the battle of Agincourt.

The story current of its downfall, although not universally received as authentic, is probable enough and does not lack a savage humor. By 1535 the lesser monasteries had been suppressed and the worship of relics and shrines was forbidden. But a special and peculiar fate awaited the shrine of St. Thomas, owing to the long forgotten circumstances of his death. For 350 years his murder had been accepted as a martyrdom and the Church had used his sanctity as a mask and vindication of its independence of the State. Now the pendulum had swung the other way. A summons was formally issued in the name of King Henry VIII. to Thomas Becket, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury, charging him with treason, contumacy, and rebellion. As no reply came from the saint within thirty days, counsel was appointed at the public expense to represent him at the formal trial at appointed at the public expense to represent him at the formal trial at strangely enough, won the case. On June 10 of that year the former Archbishop was condemned, his bones were sentenced to be burned and the prop-

erty of his shrine was forfeited to the Crown. There never was any institution so ruthlessly effective as the forms of law wielded by the Tudor monarchy.

In a few weeks came the Royal Commissioners to execute the order of the court with goldsmiths, masons, and carts for the plunder. The sentence was read out, the goldsmiths picked out the jewels, which were of immense value, and stripped off the gold plate, and the masonry of the tomb was levelled to the ground. The bones were in all probability not burned or scattered abroad, as there is reason to believe that they have been discovered and identified in recent years. The evidence of the identity of these supposed remains was the unusual height of the skeleton of Becket, who was known to have been 6 feet 4 inches, and the presence on the skull of a deep cloven mark which corresponds to the manner in which he met his death. They now lie buried in the exact spot in the crypt where his body was first laid immediately after his murder. Of his shrine and tomb not a vestige exists to-day. The spot where it stood now is bare, and the size and shape can only be traced by the furrows worn in the marble pavement round the circumference by the knees of the pilgrim worshippers of three centuries.

The Quinton Jewels

(Continued from first page.)

to him. Take you this bag,' he sez, an' to you straight out wid it at Euston an' get a cab, I shall stay in the station a bit to see to the telegrapher. Dhrive out at the station, across the road outside, an' wait there five minutes by the clock. Ye undershtand? Wait five minutes, an' maybe I'll come an' join ye. If I don't 'twill be bekase I'm detained unexpected, an' then ye'll dhrive to my solicitor straight. Here's his address, if ye can read writin', an' he put ut on a piece av paper. He gave me half a crown for the cab, an' I tuk his bag."

"One moment—have you the paper with the address now?"

"I have not, sor. I missed ut after the blayguards overset me yesterday; but the solicitor's name was Hollams, an' a liberal jintleman wid his money he was, too, by that same token."

"What was his address?"

"'Twas in Chelsea, and 'twas Gold or Golden something, which I know by the good token av fwat he gave me; but the number I misremember."

(To be continued.)

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SO WOMEN WITH DOUBLE CHINS MUST LOOK OUT

Plenty of Remedies to Bring Them Within the Lines of Fashion—They Can Exercise Their Chins or Diet Them or Massage Them or Simply Hold Their Heads Up—Chin for Low Necked Frocks.



DOUBLES are cut low in the neck this season, and chins should therefore be single and round.

The woman with a square chin is at a great disadvantage, for the reason that she never looks well in a low-necked dress, and the woman whose chin is pointed is at an almost equal disadvantage.

The chin to be desired is the round one, almost like the end of an egg; and if it has a dimple in the middle, so much the better.

To determine whether your chin is what it should be, sit before a mirror, take a hand-glass and gaze at yourself in profile. Don't give yourself the benefit of the doubt. If there are two chins count them aloud, touching them as you do so. If there are three or four, count them bravely.

It is the lack of courage at such times, the tendency to slight things, the unwillingness to face matters just exactly as they are, which is responsible for the double chins in the world. If women saw themselves as others see them there would be few double chins.

The woman with a double chin must work upon it herself. It is not a case for a masseuse.

True, a good rubber, if she has plenty of patience, can reduce your chin for you; but it is hard work, and if she be of the ordinary variety she will give it up in despair.

Reducing the double chin depends mostly upon rubbing; but you must rub the right way.

Massage should be very rapid and very swift. If you want to take off flesh you must exercise it. You must slap it, you must stroke it heavily, you must beat it with your fingers. The flesh must be fairly pounded off.

Remember that when you want to reduce you must stroke the chin heavily. No other method of massage will reduce the great lump of fat which lies underneath the tip of the chin.

At the same time you must rub in a little skin food. This keeps the muscles firm and prevents the chin from becoming baggy.

Take a chin that is undeniably double and measure it. The way to measure your chin is by putting on the necklace you wore two years ago. How does it fit? Is it a tight fit around the throat?

If so, your throat has grown full and you must reduce it. The throat must be slender and stemlike, it must be long and slim like the stem of a lily, it must be white and firm—like the throats you read about. That is the kind of throat you want and need, if you are going to look pretty this summer in a waist round in the neck.

Take, then, your double chin in hand and massage it well, rub in the skin food, and dash it with cold water. That keeps your skin nice. The English women, who have the nicest chins in the world, are very particular about the cold dash. They say that it restores the hardness of the flesh and keeps it from getting flabby.

Then learn how to take care of your chin. Cultivate it as carefully as you do your hair, your eyebrows, or your finger tips.

One way to take care of the chin is by exercising it. A girl of fourteen does not have a double chin. And the reason is plain. She exercises her chin.

Watch her and see the many quick motions she makes. She turns her head this way and that. Her chin is kept single by exercise.

The grown up woman cannot do this; the necks of her gowns are too tight. But she can exercise her chin night and morning. She can bend her head back; and she can incline it forward.

She can do the head and neck exercises and keep at them. She can put in, say, three minutes night and morning, and this, with three minutes at noon, will keep her neck slim.

The neck and chin exercises are these: Bend your head to one side until your ear almost touches your shoulder; then bend it to the other side.

Incline your head forward until your chin rests upon your gown; then bend it backward until your back hair almost touches your bodice. A little practice will enable you to do this very well indeed.

And, when you have learned it, you will find that it is just the exercise you need. It keeps your chin single and prettily shaped.

Practise thumb massage with your chin. Place your two thumbs at the tip of your chin and massage upward toward your ears, following the line of the jawbone. This keeps the fat from settling at the point of the chin. Ten thumb motions once a day will help wonderfully.

Massage sometimes with the tips of the fingers, working first with the right hand and then with the left. Give each side the same number of strokes.

This keeps the chin from becoming crooked. A great many women suffer from crooked chins.

Massage frequently by pressure. Press upward upon the tip of the chin and on the chin muscles. Massage from the tip of the chin downward into the neck.

A woman gets a double chin by binding her neck up tightly. She winds too much around it, and the result is bad for the muscles. The fat settles in the neck and the chin grows thick and full. The tighter you bind your throat the more your chin will grow double.

In Vienna, where women make a practice of being beautiful, they treat the double chin in a scientific way. They dash it with cold water night and morning, saying that this exercises the muscles and makes them firm.

In London they treat the double chin entirely by exercise. The head is bent this way and that until the flesh is exercised off. The method is tiresome, but very effective.

In Paris they have a way of treating the double chin by the most vigorous kind of massage. There are women who come to your house at a certain hour every morning to slap your neck, and they keep it up for half an hour.

In Berlin, where they do things in the most thorough manner, they treat the double chin by putting the patient on a diet of bread and cheese and very weak tea, and sometimes some vegetables and a little meat. Her diet is very restricted and she is not allowed to drink a drop of anything at meals. In the middle of the morning and the middle of the afternoon she is made to drink nearly a quart of water.

In St. Petersburg, where they are the wonderful Russian beauties, they banish the double chin by a royal dictate. "Hold up your head," is the rule. And the woman who holds up her head will find her double chin partly gone right at the start. "Hold up your head," and the higher you hold it the better," is a good rule for the woman whose chin is so double that she can count one, two, three when she looks at her profile.

Magic



CAPTAIN JOHN GLADWIN JEBB of the English army died a few years ago. He was a man of great erudition and of wide experience as a traveller in all parts of the world. A residence of several years in India confirmed an original aptitude for mystical studies and led to some strange investigations and adventures. As he was a man of the highest character, of keen powers of observation, and of unimpeachable veracity, his statements are entitled to more than usual attention.

In speaking of the exploits of the fakirs, one of the features of East Indian life, he said that he had once been sitting at mess with a dozen fellow-officers, when a fakir appeared at the door and begged for contributions. The mess-room was about twenty-five feet long by fifteen in width, and was lighted by a series of gas-jets along the cornice, in order to avoid the draft created by the punka—a sort of fan fastened to a wide wooden frame, which is kept in constant motion by the punka-wallah, at about a man's height from the floor. There were twenty of the gas-jets, and as the walls of the room were whitewashed they gave abundant light.

"We told the fakir," said Captain Jebb, "that if he would give us a good exhibition of his magic we would contribute to his fund. He showed us two or three tricks; but we were all old hands and had been seen the same before; and we declined to be taxed for them. He grinned and said: 'I will show the sahibs something new.' He lifted his left arm and pointed his finger at a gas-jet in the corner of the cornice; after a moment it went out. He pointed at the next one, and it was extinguished also; and at the next, and the next. In this way he had soon made the circuit of the room, and there now remained only one gas-jet alight. By that time, as you may suppose, we had become a good deal interested. The man stopped to rub his left arm lightly with his right hand for a few moments; then he pointed at the final gas-jet, and out it went, leaving us in total darkness.

"Do the sahibs wish the lights restored?" asked the voice of the fakir out of the darkness. We intimated that we did, and immediately the light which had been last extinguished appeared again, and by its illumination we saw the fellow in the same attitude as before, except that this time it was with his right finger, instead of with his left, that he was pointing. To make a short story of it, he relighted every burner in reverse order, until the whole twenty were going again. "Now are the sahibs satisfied?" he asked.

"As a matter of fact, it was one of the most remarkable feats I ever saw, as far as our ability to account for it scientifically was concerned. But we pretended not to think much of it, and demanded something more. He seemed a little annoyed; but after standing with his hands folded in front of him and his head bent on his breast for a minute, he looked up, and his eyes met those of every man in the room, one after the other. He then said in a slow voice: 'No sahib may leave his chair!' and turned round and walked out of the door.

"We laughed, and supposed that he had given us up as too skeptical for his purpose. We resumed our conversation, and in ten minutes had forgotten all about him. Then one of us—General Gatacre, though he wasn't a general then—said that he must be

getting back to his quarters, and started to rise from his chair; but after seeming to struggle for a moment he settled back and his face turned red. 'What the deuce is the matter?' he exclaimed. 'I can't get up!'

"Some of us laughed; but I remembered the last words of the fakir and made an effort to stand. I could not stir from my seat. Lieutenant Cholmondeley, my neighbor on the left, saw my predicament and tried to get up himself. He was a big, powerful chap, and he pressed his hands down on the edge of the table till it cracked in his struggle to rise; but it was no use. He was pinned to his place, just as Gatacre and I were.

"At that every man caught the idea, and for several minutes there was as queer a scene as ever I saw—five and twenty strong young fellows striving their best to get up out of their chairs, and everyone of them as helpless as a paralytic. The veins started out on their foreheads, and the sweat ran down their faces, and there was plenty of animated language; but all in vain; not one of them could disobey the fakir's command, do what he would. The sensation, as I felt it, was an odd one—something like one's



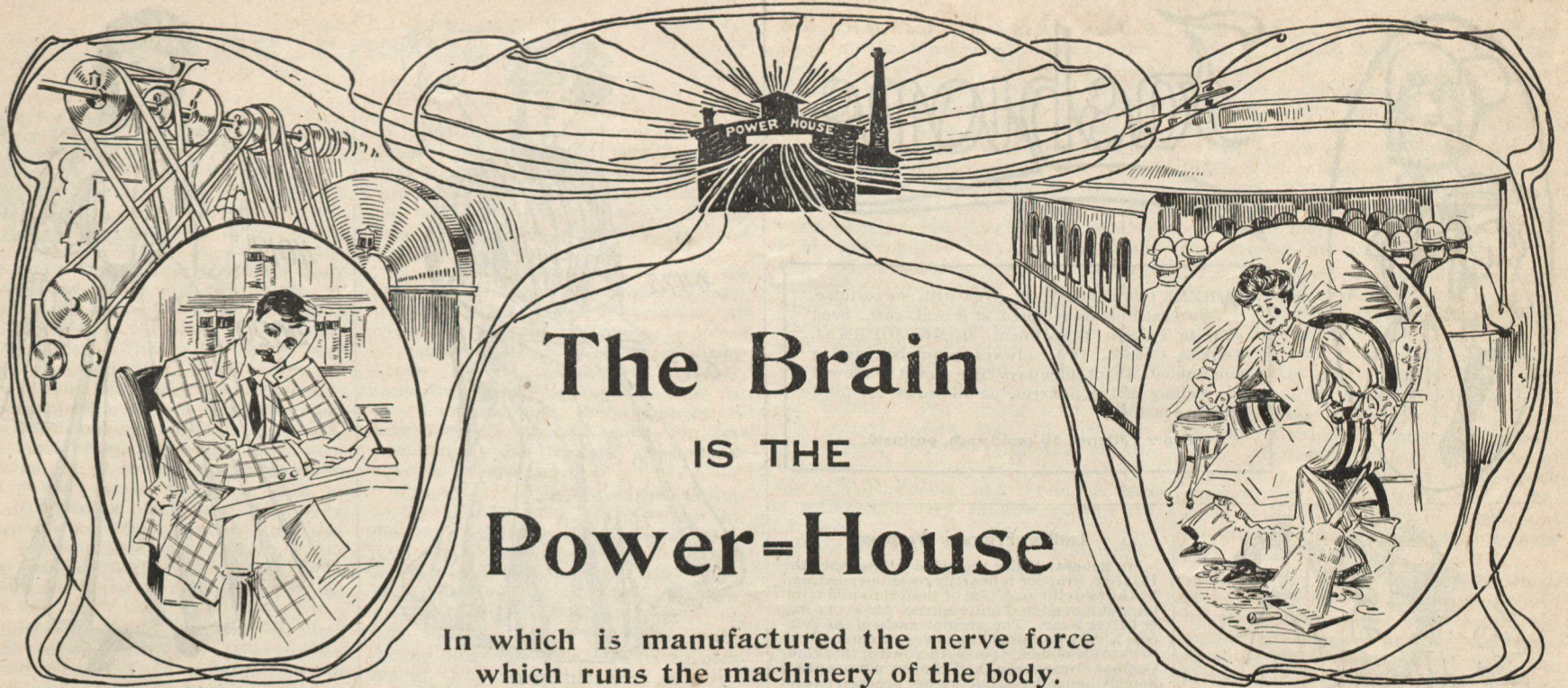
"Do the Sahibs Des're Any Other Experiments?"

failure to remember a name or a word that is on the tip of the tongue, only this was a physical instead of a mental disability. I could not bring power to bear at the right point. By and by, we all gave it up, and sat there staring at one another, looking foolish enough. The fakir had gone; would he ever come back? and must we sit there forever? We were divided between a longing to wring his neck and a willingness to give him all our next month's pay if he would set us free.

"We had sat there a good half-hour, before the old rascal's head appeared round the door-post, and he asked, in his whining voice: 'Do the sahibs desire any other experiment?'

"No, we had had enough; and he went away with more plunder in his wallet than he had ever collected at one time before. All he did was to say, 'The sahibs may now rise!' and we were all on our feet in an instant; but it was worth the money. Of course, the thing can be explained on the theory of hypnotism, which the putting out of the lights cannot; but whatever it was, it was impressive, and gave us more respect for fakirs than we had had up to that time."

When one secures a good plaster cast take it to an art store and have it sprayed with "fixatif." It can be kept clean easily after that, and the ivory finish will add to its appearance.



The Brain IS THE Power=House

In which is manufactured the nerve force
which runs the machinery of the body.

In the Spring Nerves are Weak.

And With Weak Nerves There Comes Not Only Bodily Weakness and Tired, Languid Feeling, but General Failure of the Vital Organs.

How to account for the feelings of fatigue and exhaustion which come to most people in the spring is the problem you annually try to solve.

It is not that you have necessarily lost in weight, not that your muscles have become small and flabby, not that there are any visible signs of decline, but you are weak and languid nevertheless and must have assistance in order to regain strength and vigor.

The weakness and impurity of the blood, which is so common in spring, has starved the nerves, and you do not feel unlike a person who is the victim of nervous prostration.

It is under just such circumstances as these that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food proves its marvellous upbuilding and restorative influence by instilling into the blood the very elements which go to enrich the blood and rekindle vitality in the depleted nerve cells.

This great food cure sharpens the appetite, awakens the flow of the gastric juices which are necessary to digestion, ensures a healthful working of the filtering and excretory organs, strengthens the action of the heart, and puts new vigor and elasticity into every movement of the body.

You can escape all the ills of spring this year and the depression, discouragement and despondency which accompany them by the timely use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, because this preparation supplies the very assistance that the body requires at this trying season. While gentle in action, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food possesses wonderful restorative influence, and the benefits which it bestows are lasting. It is not like a stimulant which braces you up for the time, but by actually forming new blood and nerve force it makes weakness and disease impossible.

BECAUSE of the subtle power which it possesses, nerve force can be likened to nothing so well as to electricity.

Like electricity, nerve force is mysterious, unseen and of marvellous power, and while, to some extent, it may be stored up, the supply must be continually renewed to make good the waste which is continually taking place.

In the human body the brain may be called the power-house, for here is manufactured the nerve force which runs the machinery of the body. And by the machinery of the body is not meant only the outward movements, such as walking, the raising of the arm or the turning of the head, but also the complex systems of breathing, of digesting food, of filtering blood and pumping it through the body, of seeing, hearing and feeling.

When the action of the heart becomes slow or irregular, the lungs weak, the stomach inactive and the liver, kidneys or bowels sluggish, the first thing to think about is the condition of the nerves. In nine cases out of ten it is not organic disease but general weakness of the nervous system that gives rise to weakness, irregularities and derangements of these bodily organs.

It may be interesting to know that one-fifth of all the blood used in the human body is consumed in the brain in the making of nerve force, or the vital fluid, as it is sometimes called, and it is on account of its extraordinary blood-forming and blood-enriching qualities that Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is so effective in creating new nerve force.

You have possibly been in the habit of looking upon the muscles as possessing strength, but without the all essential nerve fluid the muscles are like so much dead flesh. They would be as helpless as a street car when the current of electricity from the power-house is cut off.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

THE GREATEST OF NERVE RESTORATIVES.

Notwithstanding the mystery that is associated with the nerves and diseases of the nerves there is nothing mysterious about the way in which the vitality of the nerves is restored by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

In nature are found certain elements which go directly to form new, rich blood and create new nerve force. Because Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is composed of these very elements of nature, it builds up the nervous system as no preparation was ever known to do.

By enriching and purifying the blood it also forms new, firm flesh and tissue, rounds out the form, restores a healthful glow to the complexion, and gradually but naturally and certainly replaces weakness and disease with health, strength and vitality.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Diseases Which Lead to Helplessness.

Nervous Prostration, Locomotor Ataxia and Paralysis are the Natural Result of Neglect to Restore Exhausted Nerves.

As is explained in the preceding columns, the muscles without nerve force are as helpless as the trolley car without the electric current, and helplessness of mind or body is due to lack of nerve force.

Weakness of the body and of the bodily organs is among the first indications that the nerves are becoming exhausted, and that nervous prostration or some other dreadful form of helplessness is approaching.

You feel tired, worn out and run down—lack energy and ambition—are unable to concentrate the mind, and allow the duties of the day to go undone—the head aches—digestion fails—you cannot rest or sleep well—the heart palpitates, and dizziness, fear and depression make you miserable.

While such symptoms are sometimes overlooked as not being of importance, they are in reality the warning which tells of nervous collapse and the approach of some form of mental or bodily helplessness.

Help awaits you in the form of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, which, by assisting nature, is bound to prove effective in revitalizing the wasted nerves and overcoming diseases arising from nervous exhaustion.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an up-to-date, scientific preparation which has proven its right to very first place as a treatment for diseases of the nerves. A committee of specialists in such diseases could not prescribe for you a more effective medicine, and while they might work on theory, we produce the evidence from persons who have been cured.

A test of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will convince you of its remarkable restorative influence on the nervous system and lead you to an understanding of why this great food cure is so successful.



Fashions

WHERE two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required, at 10 cents each. Send cash to Pattern Department, HOME JOURNAL Toronto, Canada. Order always by number, stating size wanted. About three days' time should be allowed for mailing of the patterns, as all orders are filled from the factory.

Paper Patterns, 10 cents each, postpaid.



6475

6454

No. 6475, 6454.



4019

4020

No. 4019, 4020.

A Simple Shirt Waist Dress.

The woman who has household duties or business to attend to during the morning is always glad of a simple gown which is easily made and tubbed. Here is just the thing for such a dress and suitable to duck, linen, percale or lawn as well as a light wool or taffetas. It consists of a shirt waist which escapes absolute plainness only by its three tucks on the shoulder in front which provide a modish fullness. The skirt is a new seven-gored one which fits smoothly over the hips and has a full ripple about the lower edge. The idea of trimming suggested in the drawing might be followed, using the plain material in bands about the lower edge. A collar and belt of silk would add to its attractiveness. In the medium size the pattern calls for 10 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

Two patterns: 6475—sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure. 6454—sizes, 20 to 32 inches waist. The price of these patterns is 20 cents, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents.

A Trim Gown for a Miss.

For a young girl's gown there is no smarter model than the one sketched here. Every feature of the dress serves a purpose and the result is a graceful and becoming whole. The yoke lends breadth to the shoulders which need it, while the tucks extending a short distance below supply a becoming fullness for the blouse. The plastron front continued in effect by the front pleat of the skirt, suggests height and slenderness. The skirt is pleated all around to make up deficiencies of the undeveloped figure. Raiah, linen, taffetas or cashmere might develop this design. The least experienced dressmaker can fashion the gown without difficulty for which 6 1/2 yards of material 38 inches wide are required, in the medium size.

Two patterns: 4019—sizes, 12 to 16 years; 4020—sizes, same. The price of these patterns is 20 cents, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents.



6430

No. 6430.

A Modish Blouse.

Tucks and pleats continue to form and adorn the separate blouse. A pretty idea is introduced in one of the newest waists, the one shown, in the way of tucks resembling a cuff on the sleeve. The waist is made of chiffon taffetas in an old blue. A plain stitched yoke comes down to a fanciful point in front and back, giving place to a lace panel and collar in tucker effect. Narrow tucks occupy the space between this and the shoulder to supply a soft fullness over the bust. The sleeve is exceedingly pretty with its cuff and puff in one piece, the former composed of tiny tucks in great number. A narrow turnover cuff finishes this at the wrist. In the medium size 4 yards of 27-inch material are needed. 6430—sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

Ladies' Princess Wrapper.

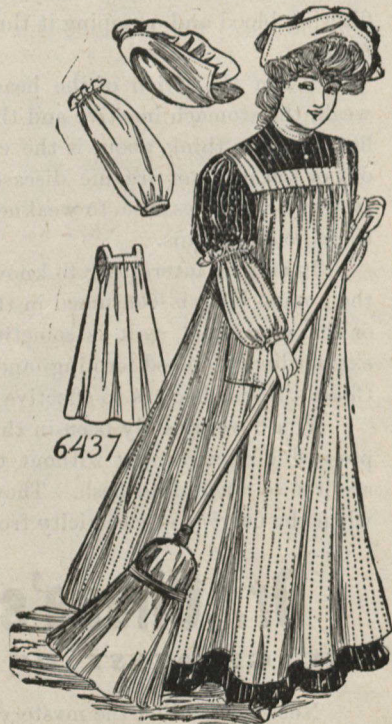
For general utility and good appearance the Princess wrapper is heartily recommended, and by the tasteful selection of materials and trimming it is rendered quite correct for every-day or better wear. The present mode of the Princess is very prominent and every woman of up-to-date ideas should possess a gown of this kind. One has always seen the Princess wrapper as a homely housemaker, but it is not necessary to be a good dressmaker to see the excellent lines in this model. Instead of the old fashioned dart fitting fronts, which always left a bulge in the material at the top of the darts, this pattern is with the darts extending to the shoulder and by such means a good fit is assured. The model is very simple in construction and may be fashioned with a fancy collar and open neck or made in double breasted style, finished with buttons and high collar, it is all one could desire in a plain every-day dress. Any material in cotton or woollen may be satisfactorily used in its construction. For the medium size 14 yards of 27-inch material are needed. 6278—7 sizes, 32 to 44 inches bust measure.



No. 6249.

Ladies' Square Yoke Night Dress in High or Open Neck.

At this season of the year the shops display remnants of white goods and odd lengths of trimmings, not to mention the soft fleecy outing flannel, at low prices to close out before the season's goods are put on sale. These odds and ends prove real bargains to the deft-handed woman who wishes to replenish her supply of undergarments. In all well arranged households winter is the time for "white sewing." One has a supply of clothes and then during the Lenten season there is a splendid opportunity for such work. Perhaps the most serviceable night-dress for all kinds of wear is the square yoke style. It is easy to make, most comfortable to wear and besides it is easy to launder. In the model here shown either high or open neck in square outline may be used. Fullness in the neck and sleeve is disposed of by tiny tucks, although gathers may be used instead if one so desires. The model may be as simple as one could wish or as elaborate in material and garniture as one's purse will allow. It is not only suited to the under muslins but to outing, flannel, and madras as well. Sizes 32 to 44 inch bust.



6437

No. 6437.

A Dusting Outfit.

No housekeeper can afford to be without a useful apron, cap and sleeves for that time when the house must be swept and dusted and there is no one else to do it. These are invaluable on other occasions when there is work to do which would soil Milady's gown and the models sketched are designed especially for home construction and very easily made. The apron consists of a narrow square yoke from which the full straight portion depends. The underarm seam is left open for a short distance to allow plenty of room for the sleeve to pass through. The cap is modelled on the quaint Dutch order and very becoming. The sleeves provide for a shirr string or elastic to be run in top and button to hold them in place. Gingham, percales and madras are suitable materials. For the medium size 5 yards of 36-inch material are needed. 6437—sizes, small, medium and large.



4011

No. 4011.

An Attractive Little Gown.

Designs in children's frocks are always welcome to the mother who does the fashioning and when a dress is pretty and yet simple it is all the more desirable. Here is a small dress of linen which is very effective with its broad pleats and square yoke with panel front. It is a style which will prove becoming to any child as the pleats suggest height while the stitching and huge buttons give a modish finish so that no trimming is needed. For general wear a dress made after this design would be very attractive and serviceable. The design is one appropriate to madras, crash, ponges or any reasonable fabric. In the medium size 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch goods are needed. 4011—sizes, 6 to 12 years.



No. 6278.

The Fashions



As the season advances, it is pleasant to observe that more simplicity in hats is the rule. That is to say, one may have simple hats, if one chooses.

The shops are showing almost as many extreme models as ever, but, side by side with them, are many charming hats without a suspicion of freakiness about them. The sailor shape continues its popularity. Most sailors are small, short-brimmed, and arranged on bandeaus, high or low. The color combinations are carefully thought out, and most of the little hats are very satisfactory. A model in natural straw had a low crown encircled with a wreath of small pink roses. Almost in front was an ample bow of black velvet ribbon, holding a lovely pink wing, shaded with rich brown. The bandeau was velvet ribbon and black tulle.

Another pretty sailor was in fine black straw. A pale blue Liberty satin ribbon was tied in a large bow in front, where a round buckle ornament of tiny pearl beads also showed. Two pale blue wings and a bunch of old green peacock feathers started from the bow, and were pointed sharply towards the left, in the dashing fashion of the hour.

A great many flower hats are seen. One charming toque was made of natural-looking white gardenias, the green leaves of which made the top of the crown. A pale blue bow and a standing cluster of the white blossoms trimmed the toque on the left side.

A little different from the all-flower hat, and quite as effective, are the hats with flower crowns and straw brims. Many leghorn hats are thus composed. Nothing is prettier with leghorn than pink roses, especially if a touch of black velvet is added. A leghorn hat which was much admired had the crown covered with large, crushed pink roses without foliage. The hat was tilted from the back, and the cache-peigne was covered with many loops and ends of velvet ribbon. On the side of the crown against the roses was a long, uncurled black ostrich feather.

Very pretty was a black pyroxylin sailor hat, with a wider brim than ordinary. The entire crown was covered with pink primroses, and there was no other trimming except an uncurled black ostrich feather, which trimmed the bandeau in the back.

These uncurled ostrich feathers are greatly admired this season. The long fronds hang in thick, willow-like fringes, giving the plume a very different appearance from the ordinary curled feather.

Great attention is paid to the tulle bandeaus, which build out and supplement the hair arrangement. The shopper should not fail to take account of the silhouette of her hat, looking at it from every point of view. If any part of it is unsatisfactory a brown, black, or colored tulle ruche often supplies exactly the missing effect. The ruche should, if possible, match the hair of the wearer. Another touch is the veil to match the hair. Very fine veils are being worn, with the preference given to tiny spots of a matching or contrasting color.

From Paris comes the word that the hatless maiden will be in evidence at summer resorts. She will not be entirely bareheaded for all that. A great many substitutes for hats in the way of bows and other head decorations are shown in Paris shops, and as the fashion is one which the American woman will be very apt to adopt, one enjoys reading descriptions of them. Large bows of black taffeta ribbon are worn with simple gowns, while with elaborate afternoon toilettes all sorts of lovely things are assumed. Scarfs

of illusion, into the bows of which are placed aigrettes and small ostrich plumes, gold wheat ears, and even flowers are described. For automobiling in summer are long scarfs of chiffon, made to wind around the head and throat several times.

It is rather amusing to note the avidity with which the makers of fashion seize upon every opportunity to change or add to the names of colors or modes generally. The Millinery Trade Review says, quite seriously, that the activity of Vesuvius may or may not increase the popularity of bright red as a good color for hat trimmings. Its remark was made apropos of cherries.

"Cherries, which usually appear about this date as a substitute for flowers, promise to be particularly favored this spring. One special sort is selected each season. This year it is the largest bigarons, both pale hued and brilliantly red, now imitated in such rare perfection that even deprecating birds might be excused for pecking at them, and if arranged in a desert dish, not a child among us less quick-eyed beings but would be misled into taking them for real fruit.

"For the garland the cherries are either tied up short with their own green leaves or set around like a row of huge beads, while those in the bunch dangle from leafy boughs sometimes mixed with cherry bloom. I think I prefer them without. Cherries harmonize charmingly with the new mixed straws, dark green or medium brown, just flecked with little touches of other colors enough to give a slight variety of tinge. They also look charming on cinder gray straws.

"It is likely that the alarming activity of Vesuvius may add still more to the favor in which this tint is just now held, not only as a good color for straw shapes, but also as a harmonizing note where all else is brightness. Thus to make smart hats a single feather of this tone is a not infrequent addition, or else a shading down of white feathers to a cinder gray at the top. Moreover some of the latest novelties in plumage, such as the crest feathers of the crane and marabout, have their whiteness tinged with this same gray."

Princess linen robes are new this season. It is much better to buy the unmade robes, both on account of price and individual style. When fashions tend to make us look alike there is only one thing to be done; we must avoid ready-mades and have our gowns built with a special eye to individuality. The gores of the robes are cut and basted and need only careful fitting and stitching. On many of the linen robes the embroidery is arranged in long graceful lines running from shoulder to hem, outlining the gores and giving the appearance of having been done after the gown was made. The cheapest of the linen robes is \$10, and the price runs from that figure up into the hundreds. For \$50 one buys a beautiful quality of linen embroidered in a rose design and encrusted with Valenciennes. Of course a silk slip must be worn underneath, preferably one of liberty or other soft fabric.

Large plaids are being used in the simple walking gowns, which have taken the place of shirtwaist suits. They must be well-designed, and skilfully built, for any other kind of a plaid gown is distressing. A very smart green and blue plaid in large squares was greatly admired recently. The skirt was laid in fine plaits at the waistline, and although the plaits were not stitched, they hung in long, straight folds almost to the hem. Half way down the skirt was crossed by a heavy black satin ribbon, three inches wide. This was stitched only on the upper edge, and gave the effect of a

tuck. Just above the hem was another band of the black satin ribbon, this one five inches wide. The blouse was simple, the shallow guimpe opening being outlined by a twist of black satin ribbon. The wide girle was of the gown material, and was fastened with three little ribbon bows.

Scotch plaids in the bright tartans promised early in the season to become popular, but they do not seem to hold their position to any great extent. As trimmings, however, they are extremely good. As an example of their usefulness one might cite a very effective travelling gown of blue mohair, with a small figure. The skirt was triple, each flounce being edged with a narrow bias fold of bright tartan taffeta. The blouse worn under the smart bolero was of the tartan taffeta. The short sleeves of the bolero were finished with narrow ruffles of Valenciennes, and the blouse had a collar and very shallow guimpe of the lace.

Plaid ribbons are most fashionable. For trimming sailor hats the plaids and checks are preferred to almost any of the great variety offered in ribbons.

Plaids are very popular for separate skirts. Many unplaidd models are shown. They are becoming somewhat common, as they are cheaply produced, and easy to obtain; but, aside from this objection, they are about as attractive as separate skirts can be. For country wear with black taffeta boleros they are recommended.

The Modish Empire Veste in Paris

The most successful and apparently the most popular form of short jacket is the Empire veste. One example is a little, round, fitted bolero, reaching under the bust and with a flaring extension just long enough to cover the waist line. Paquin is one of the grands couturiers particularly fond of this model, and he generally adds wide revers of antique linen and embroiders the sides of the jacket. The latter is cut with short sleeves and generally worn with a princess skirt.

Although the short skirt is fashionable now, it is not cut in comfortable walking length. The trotteur is the practical gown intended for the morning, or, for what its name indicates, walking. But the short, round skirt is worn at every hour of the day, and when one hears that short skirts are fashionable this is the skirt that is meant. It is very full and flaring at the hem, and is cut barely to clear the ground, showing only the soles of the shoes.

Short skirts are going to make footgear more prominent this summer, and daytime shoes come in almost all colors; certainly in all shades of brown, tan and gray. A smart low shoe has the vamp of polished leather and the upper part of braided kid. Toes are more pointed than last year and the military heel seems to have disappeared in favor of a modified Louis XV. heel.

Skeleton frocks appear with new devices. The top to an Empire skirt, for instance, consists merely of a round collar piece attached to the skirt and trimming the lace bodice. The bretelle idea has been rather abandoned in favor of arrangements of this sort. In some cases the top of an Empire or princess skirt consists of a sort of surplice arrangement.

The Surplice Top

Crossed and surplice tops are fast coming into favor. A gown worn by Mlle. Carlux in a new play at the Nouveautés has a pretty surplice waist, and, in fact, all the costumes she wears are built more or less on this line. The material of the most striking gown is a black and white striped gauze, with the stripes so arranged that they are solid black at the belt and gray toward the hem. The skirt is Empire, but not very high, about two inches above the natural waist

line, and at the hem it is trimmed with a two-inch band of silver embroidery and a puff of the material the same width, put on in waves. The surplice bodice crosses on one side under a gold buckle, and the bottom of the bodice and the décolletage are finished by a narrow band of the embroidery. There is a square collar of embroidery and lace, ending on the shoulders, and the guimpe is of Irish lace crossed by silk bands.

Another gown is a fairylike creation of white silk muslin, lace and pink silk. It is also on princess lines—the upper part of the skirt being made of stripes of tucked muslin and Valenciennes entre deux. On the lower part the entre deux is put on in scallops, with rosettes of lace edge and pink ribbon. There is a pink silk foundation. The surplice top is made of Irish lace, embroidered with pink roses in fine ribbon work, and is finished with a little fichu of muslin and lace tucked into the belt with a large pink rose.

One of the model places here which make a specialty of cotton, linen and lingerie gowns shows some smart examples of summer morning costumes. Most of the gowns are cut with the fashionable round skirt just to clear the ground, and the sleeves come just below the elbow, a better length than elbow sleeves for gowns of this sort.

A skeleton gown of pink linen is trimmed with white cord and buttons and made up over a blouse of Irish lace trimmed with cuffs and straps of the pink. The skirt is untrimmed and hangs in box plaits. The waist is cut out in a deep, round décolletage and slashed on the shoulders, where the edges are trimmed with buttons and connected by loops of the cord. The front of the bodice is trimmed with larger buttons and a twisted design made of the cord. The full lace sleeves gather into a little flaring cuff of the pink, embroidered with white, and the top of the choker and front of the blouse are trimmed with stitched bands of pink.

A Prayer

Oh, Life, in this my journey
Along thy hidden ways,
Give me nor peace nor quiet
Of uneventful days;
But grant me joy of battle,
The striving for the light,
The glory of the combat,
The foremost foe to fight.
I shall not quail at hunger
Nor naught of bitterness,
So I but meet unshamed
The struggle and the stress!
Yea, dole me fiercest anguish,
If that the end may be
Through power of understanding
A signal victory!

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Political Flowers



THE most critical stage of the recent conflict between the Crown and the people in Hungary an association was formed by Countess Louis Batthiany and a number of other great ladies of the Magyar aristocracy for the purpose of promoting the complete emancipation of their country from its subjection to the imperial government at Vienna. It was at a grand ball given by the countess at her palace at Pesth that the society came into existence, and most of the women present, fired by patriotic enthusiasm, divested themselves then and there of their jewels, announcing that they devoted them to the cause of Magyar freedom—being careful, however, on the following morning to send their husbands and their fathers to redeem them by means of cash subscriptions to the extent of their value. On the same occasion these ladies adopted the tulip as the badge of their organization, to which they gave the title of the Tulip Society. A temporary compromise has since been effected between the dynasty and the nation in Hungary. But most of the former points at issue still remain unsettled, and consequently the Tulip Society, instead of laying down its arms, has not only remained in existence, but is branching out in every direction, its membership, at first restricted to the fair sex, being now extended so as to include patriots of the masculine persuasion. In fact, it has become quite as powerful a political organization as the Primrose League of the Conservative party in Great Britain, and aims at bringing about Hungary's complete separation from Austria. The Tulip Leaguers are willing to permit the crown and sceptre to be retained by the Emperor of Austria for the time being, provided always that he lives up to his constitutional obligations as King of Hungary. But they demand the entire independence of their country in every other respect, and its treatment by Austria on a footing of absolute equality.

Thus far the imperial government has not seen fit to prohibit the wearing of the tulip, although in its eyes it is undoubtedly a floral emblem of sedition and of treason. In fact, there is a desire at Vienna, and also at Pesth, to avoid anything calculated to interrupt the recently concluded truce so long as the venerable Francis Joseph remains in the land of the living. But it may safely be taken for granted that when he is gathered to his fathers and sleeps between his murdered consort and his ill-fated son, in the vaults of the Capucine Church at Vienna, where more than two hundred members of the house of Hapsburg are entombed, his successor, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, will place the tulip in Hungary under the same ban as the daisy and the cornflower in Austria.

If the Austrian authorities regard the daisy as a badge of treason, it is because it has been adopted as an emblem of that all-powerful political party in Italy and in Austria's Italian-speaking provinces, which aims at the incorporation of the latter into the kingdom of Italy. The Roman government gives no official countenance to the "Italia Irredenta" Society. But, owing to the number of important political leaders and statesmen in the ranks of the organization and to its influence and importance as a political factor, King Victor Emmanuel is obliged to treat it with a degree of tacit tolerance that excites no end of indignation at Vienna. Disposing of vast sums of money, the Italia Irredenta maintains a whole army of agents in the Italian-speaking provinces of Austria, inciting the people there to disloyalty, hatred and disobedience to the imperial govern-

ment, keeping up a constant pan-Italian agitation and creating so much trouble for the Austrian authorities that the latter have come to look upon the daisy with intense aversion. In fact, anybody wearing daisies at Trieste, or in the Latin districts of Emperor Francis Joseph's dominions is immediately set down as affiliated with the Italia Irredenta. If a foreigner he is likely to be expelled from Austrian territory, while if he is an Austrian subject he is likely to be sent to prison for a few months, and possibly also fined. I may add that if the Italian Irredenta selected the daisy for its floral emblem, it was by way of a compliment to the immensely popular consort of the late King Humbert, the French and Italian name for the daisy being marguerite, which is likewise the name of the widowed Queen.

Another very important political party in Austria is that composed of the German-speaking subjects of Francis Joseph, who aim at the eventual transfer of their allegiance from the Hapsburgs to the Hohenzollerns, and who look to the incorporation of the German-speaking provinces into the German Empire. They have adopted as their political emblem the cornflower, out of compliment to old Emperor William, whose favorite flower it was, and they are now known as "the Cornflower Party." Resenting the loss of their former predominance in the affairs of Austria-Hungary and their relegation to much the same level as the other races subject to the Austrian Crown, they now insist that they are absolutely at the mercy of any coalition, say, between the Czechs and the Poles of Galicia, and declare that it is only by becoming part and parcel of the German Empire that they could ever hope to receive fair and just treatment and preserve their civic rights. These views, of course, cannot be regarded as other than treasonable and disloyal by the authorities at Vienna, and the consequence is that in the northern part of the empire the cornflower has been placed under the same ban as the daisy in the south. Thus far there are only three so-called flower parties in the Dual Empire, namely, that of the daisy in the south, that of the cornflower in the north, and that of the tulip in Hungary proper. As, however, there are about a score of Nationalist factions in the Reichsrath, at Vienna, and about a dozen more in the Magyar Legislature, at Budapest, it is to be hoped that they will not be prompted by the recent formation of the Tulip Society to select flowers as their political emblems. Otherwise the florists subject to Francis Joseph's kindly rule might just as well shut up their shops and retire from business, since one flower after another would be placed under legal ban.

While in France the wearing of flowers has not yet been punished as a political crime, yet the presence of certain flowers in men's button-holes and on women's corsages, especially at election time and in political crises, is likely to invite inconvenient and disagreeable attention on the part of the uniformed and secret police. Thus the white carnation betokens monarchical opinions and royalist sympathies. It is affected by those misguided people who are foolish enough to believe that France would be better off under the sceptre of the disreputable and completely discredited Duke of Orleans than under the sagacious rule of the republic to which she is indebted for five and thirty years of unparalleled prosperity. The violets have always been the emblem of the house of Bonaparte since the reign of the first Napoleon. At the memorial services held each year at Paris on the anniversary of the death of Napoleon III. and of the unfortunate Prince Imperial who perished in Zulu-

land every man and woman in the congregation may be seen wearing a bunch of violets. Red carnations were the badge of the partisans of General Boulanger, and for a time were in great demand as such; but the manner in which they suddenly vanished from buttonholes when the ignominious flight of "le brav' general" to Belgium and to England became known was altogether phenomenal.

Of course, the lilies stand in heraldry for the house of Bourbon, and are frequently referred to by French authors and poets of the Middle Ages as the "fleur de Louis," owing to their having been the badge of many French kings of the name of Louis. There are eminent antiquarians, however, who claim that the golden lilies on the white flag of the former monarchs of France were either lance heads or else mere frogs, and there is in existence a whole library of books dealing with this abstruse question.

In the fifteenth century England was devastated by the horrors of the most disastrous civil war of its entire history. It was known as the War of the Roses, owing to the fact that the badge of the followers of the Duke of York was the white rose and that of the house of Lancaster the red rose. The rose is a flower which from time immemorial, has been associated in the eyes of the English people with its royalty, and for hundreds of years judges, when deciding any question of importance and delivering a decree, were wont to hold either a bunch of roses or even a single one of these flowers in their hand, in token of the authority delegated to them by the crown, and of the fact that judgment was there pronounced in the name of the king.

Fashion Notes

A shirt waist which has become very popular is known as the golf or tennis shirt. It is strictly plain, tailor made, with attached unstarched collar, short or elbow sleeves with soft turned back cuffs. Many of them have a patch pocket on the left side.

The maline boa, very full, in black or white lace, is very much in demand. These and long scarfs in chiffon, crepe de chine, Japanese silk, and net both in black and cream with all sorts of decoration, such as embroidery, tucks, ruffles, etc., are the latest thing.

A new shoulder cape is shown among the latest walking and carriage suits, says the Home Journal. Although it is considered new it is only a revival of the well known shoulder cape of the sixties. It is made of the same material as the dress and the only change observable is in the cut of the neck, which is very low, exposing the bodice top.

The bolero still remains the leading novelty of the season and grows in favor. It comes in fine linen and baby Irish lace combinations and in lawns trimmed with valenciennes and baby Irish lace or rennaissance. There has arisen lately, so popular has the bolero or bridge jacket become, a heavy linen or duck affair, a tailored variety with a little patch pocket on the left side embellished with an embroidered monogram.

The latest news from fashion centres in Europe indicates the vogue of dark colors in women's tailor made suits and costumes next fall. According to this authority a very dark blue called crow's wing, dark prune, the deepest wine shades and black will be the leading colors. Gray will continue to be popular, but will be in much darker shades and in gun metal tones. Novelty fabrics show coin spots or polka dots. All black costumes will be extremely fashionable, as a contrast to the all white of the summer reign.

In separate outer garments or wraps long loose black silk coats and eton or bolero jackets share in popularity. The pony coat, a jaunty and attractive garment, is used among the models for street suits of wool and silk, but the bolero is the acknowledged coat of the season.

In Paris one of the most chic costumes is said to be a skirt of the darkest wool plaids, such as blue and green, with a one tone coat of cloth or silk. America has never affected plaids to any great extent and it is not probable that this particular combination will find any very great popularity.

In silk skirts accordion plaiting is universally seen. They are made in checked and plain taffetas and messalines. Some of the manufacturers of ready made garments exhibit princess gowns with accordion plaited skirts, and the corselet skirt holds a leading position. The latest models in the latter style have the corselet of a moderate depth cut down at the middle front and rising higher at the sides and back, thus fitting the figure to greater advantage than those of the earliest models shown.

Pekin stripes in mousselines and silks in all the leading colors combined with white, and black and white striped silks trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon are the materials used by some of the best importers and manufacturers of costumes. Blouses of fine lingerie lace or net and boleros go with the corselet skirt.

For 1906-07 lightness in weight, softness of texture and many novelty weaves characterize the principal new goods. Panamas, twills, batistes and serges, as well as chiffon broadcloths, are in demand. Heavy rough manish goods have departed.

Femininity has come once more into its own. Never have more beautiful goods been shown. The softest, lightest weight broadcloths, prunellas, medium and light weight poplins are all in the newest samples. Ombre plaids in dark tones and suitings in narrow stripes and small checks are seen for street wear in autumn colorings. Grays will be quite as popular for early fall as they have been for spring, although in somewhat darker tones. Mohairs seem to be coming back into favor.

All kinds of velvet ribbons in the leading shades will be in active demand, but black leads. It is expected to be largely used as trimmings and in millinery.

In plain silk ribbons heavier weaves of taffeta and faille in wide numbers are very active. At present white is very brisk, running up to sash ribbon width. Advance business shows that dresden and warp prints will be largely favored for all consumption.

Ribbons which have been extensively used in millinery this spring promise to be also used on dresses and summer wraps in the shape of ruchings, frills and plaitings in narrow widths. They also will be employed in deep corselet belts, and in some cases entire waistcoats will be made of them.

These waistcoats will be worn with tailor suits of plain materials; also those made of warp, printed or oriental designs with black satin edges will go with white pique or plain black costumes.

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Unnatural History

Grasshoppers

The number of astonishing and often absurd blunders perpetrated by translators is without limit. The first man to translate Cooper's novel, "The Spy," into French made numerous errors, among which are these:

When the translator came to the word "Locusts," which was the name of the Whartons' residence in the story, he turned to his dictionary and found the rendering of the word to be "Les Sauterelles," the "grasshopper." He was a trifle puzzled later when he came to the passage in which a dragoon was represented as tying his horse to one of the locusts on the lawn.

He had never been in America; but taking it for granted that the grasshoppers of that country must be of tremendous size he solemnly informed his readers that the trooper fastened his horse by the bridle to a grasshopper which was standing near the door of the house.

A Live Unicorn

One of these strange marine creatures, now so rare in this part of the world, was caught and stuffed not long ago near Cape Sagami, and put on exhibition in San Francisco.

The body is of the size of a small deer and covered with scales about an inch in diameter, with tufts of reddish brown hair growing plentifully between the scales. Its legs are slender, and have long hair about the hoofs, which resemble those of a deer or goat. The tail is straight and tufted, like that of a cow, while the snout is enlarged at the end like that of a swine, and the mouth shows formidable tusks protruding on either side. From the center of the face projects a single horn, not more than six inches in length and less than an inch in diameter, which curves upward slightly.

In addition, there are two long feelers or tentacles, one on each side of the mouth. The hair on the neck is longer than elsewhere, of the same reddish color, and has the appearance of a short mane. The fishermen related that this sea wonder was sometimes seen upon the shore of the island, and that it made a musical noise, which gave it the name of the singing sea-unicorn, and some of the more credulous islanders had taken its notes, heard faintly in the distance, for those of mermaids.

The unicorn still exists in the interior of Tibet. It is there called the one-horned tso-po. In that country it is more of a land animal; its hoofs are divided; it is about twelve or thirteen hands high. It is extremely wild and fierce, yet associating in large herds. Its tail is shaped like that of a boar, and its horn, which is curved, grows out of its forehead. It is seldom caught alive; but the Tartars frequently shoot it and use its flesh for food.

The Nest in the Boulder

In a somewhat desolate region near the valley through which runs the brook forming the outlet to Sand Pond in Norway, Maine, is a peculiar-looking boulder of large dimensions.

On one side is a deep cleft, and a small shelf juts out in such a way that no rain or storm can reach it. On this shelf is a bird's nest made from moss, taken from rocks in the brook.

A citizen owning land in that vicinity tells me that he has annually visited the place in June for over fifty years, and has found either eggs or young birds without a single exception. The nest is renewed every year,

and is invariably made of the same material.

More wonderful still is the statement that his father had noted that a bird of peculiar species annually built its nest and reared its young in the same place as far back as 1812.

The Man Fish

There used to be traditions among the sailors of mermaids at sea, half women and half fish, and there are fishes which may have given rise to the belief, from their resemblance to human beings. One of these is called the man-fish.

This animal inhabits the mouths of the Amazon, Orinoco, and other South American rivers. Its name (manatee) has reference to the peculiar form of its swimming-paws; these are composed of soft parts and a membrane which infolds the bones of the hands and fingers; but in the manatee four flat nails are seen attached to the edge of the paw.

The tail also is peculiar, being about one-fourth the length of the body, and oval-shaped, not unlike that of the otter. The head is round, attached to the body without a neck; the muzzle, in which the nostrils are placed, is large and fleshy; the upper lip, cleft and bristled at the side; the lower lip much shorter, and the mouth small.

When seen at a distance, with the anterior part of the body out of the water, they are sometimes taken for some creature approaching to human shape. The effect has been deepened by the thick-set hairs of the muscle, giving somewhat the appearance of human hair, or a beard. Thus, the Spanish and the Portuguese give the manatee a name which signifies woman-fish; and the Dutch call it the dudong beardmannetze, or little bearded man.

Something About Ants

The ants in Lapland are three times as large as our common ant. Their nests are hillocks of fir sprigs and rubbish, often four feet high, the inside a mass of eggs and ants. Well-beaten roads diverge from them in every direction, like the lines of a railway. These ants cross the little streams and brooks by means of natural bridges.

One day a naturalist was jumping over a brook, and brushed with his head and shoulders two willow branches which met over the water. In an instant he was covered with ants, which were making their way across the bridge which he had disturbed.

The Indians of Brazil have a curious method of stitching up a gash which is as efficient as the method of modern surgeons. There is a species of large ant, which has mandibles that can bite through almost anything. One of the peculiarities of this ant is that when it catches hold of anything with these jaws it cannot be made to let go. Even if the rest of the body is pulled off, the jaws still keep their hold.

When the Brazilian Indian receives a gash, he catches some of these ants, and, holding them to the wound, which he has previously closed together, lets them bite. They fix their mandibles on each side of the wound, and then he pinches off the rest of the body. The jaws do not come apart, and so a row of these ants' heads keep a wound together until it heals.

Ants know their friends after they have been separated from them for a long time. An Englishman took half the ants from a nest, and after six weeks marked one and put it into its old home with a stranger. The ants in the nest flew at the stranger, but took no notice of their old friend. He

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did the same thing about once a week for a month, and every time the stranger was killed or driven out.

One evening a friend of mine observed an animated black ribbon, half an inch wide, extended along his gravel walk. It proved to be a colony of black ants moving their headquarters. Every ant carried a larva—a milk-white ant, almost as large as itself—going in one direction, while those returning were without loads.

To Peggy

They say that love is out of date;
But, Peggy, if that's true,
Why is it that my heart beats fast
Whene'er I think of you?

Why is it that from my cigar
The smoke will wreathe your face,
Which lightly floats anear, afar,
Ere drifting into space?—

That from the most enthralling book
By poet, seer, or sage,
I see your eyes smile up at me
From every single page?

Perhaps my heart's old-fashioned,
dear,
And that's the reason why
This modern creed heretical
Has lightly passed me by.

The power to form oneself is almost infinite, but environment and outside influences have their share in it. Therefore it is a needless taxing of one's formative powers to seek environments that make it harder to reform our faults. No one would advise a drunkard to go and sit in a saloon to become temperate. Purity cannot be acquired by looking at impure scenes or words. If you have a bad temper, avoid persons that irritate you and prompt you to break out in passion. Avoid circumstances that you know will be apt to make you lose your self-control. By breaking but once over the line you have set for yourself, you will undo all you have gained by keeping a hundred times within bounds.

A Modern Knight Errant

(Continued from page 3)

would approve of such a match, and if money is any difficulty, John, we shouldn't mind pinching ourselves a little bit to give you a yearly allowance."

"But I couldn't allow you to do that," said John. The color was still high on his cheeks; his eyes had an eager light in them. "My father allowed me £200 a year when I was at Oxford," he said. "I am now receiving £300 a year as assistant editor of 'The Eagle.' With that sum I must be content, and my wife, when she comes to me, must be satisfied with what I can earn for her, and with what she may happen to have of her own. She cannot come on my parents for support."

"But we should like you to marry soon," said Mrs. Smith, "and—and—you'll forgive my saying it, John, but your father is so set on your helping him with the farm, and if there is a girl who'll make a splendid farmer's wife, it's Nancy."

"Nancy!" said the young man. He stepped back a pace or two, and his face turned pale.

"Nancy!" he repeated. "Is such an idea as that in your thoughts, mother? Then pray put it away again. Nancy and I are friends, nothing more."

"That is not true, John," retorted his mother. "It isn't for me to pry into a young girl's heart, to take her secrets out and expose them to the light of day, but if I know anything you are more than a mere friend to her, and I can only say that I think you have treated her shamefully and unworthily if you have not returned her affection. If you don't love Nancy already, John, think of the old saying, that 'Love begets love.'"

(To be continued.)

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"Fair-Weather" Business Man

"He had no reserve." How often we hear this expression on 'change or in the street, when a firm has failed, or when a business man has been pushed to the wall! It would make a fitting epitaph for the grave of many a failure. A man without reserve is like a condemned, leaky vessel. On a calm day, it can be towed from port to port, but it would be utterly helpless in a storm.

The country is full of "fair weather" business men, who can proceed safely as long as there is no strain on the market, as long as collections are easy, and nothing unusual happens. But, the moment reverses strike them, they go down in the first financial squall, because they have no reserve of strength, no ballast, no spare sails; the knees of the ship are made of pine instead of sturdy oak, and they are easily crushed in a collision or by the strain of a storm at sea.

Tranquillity

Who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? It does not matter whether it rains or shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for they are always sweet, serene and calm.

That exquisite poise of character which we call serenity is the best lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

It is as precious as wisdom, more to be desired than gold,—yea, than even fine gold. How contemptible mere money-wealth looks in comparison with a serene life,—a life which dwells in the ocean of truth, beneath the waves, beyond the reach of tempest, in the eternal calm!

How many people we know who sour their lives, who ruin all that is sweet and beautiful by explosive tempers, who destroy their poise of character by bad blood! In fact, it is a question whether the great majority of people do not ruin their lives and mar their happiness by lack of self-control. How few people we meet in life who are well-balanced, who have that exquisite poise which is characteristic of the finished character!

Get in Touch with the World

The man who gets "out of the swim," so to speak, who loses his touch with the great, pulsing world about him, who secludes himself in his study or laboratory, and deals only with books and theories instead of with men and things, will soon find himself going down grade.

It is not living in the world of yesterday, nor in the world of tomorrow, but in to-day's world, that counts. We must know the world and the day we are living in, and keep in responsive touch with the great movements of civilization.

A great many men have lived in the past, and have been educated in medieval methods instead of modern ones. They have lived in history, spending their time in buried cities, in dead philosophies, in exhausted theories, until they are dried up. They have gathered all their nourishment from the past. They are as much out of place in the present as a bird of paradise would be at the north pole. Their physical sustenance is the only thing that ties them to the actual world of to-day. Their mental food, their reflections are all in the past, and yet they wonder why the world does not appreciate them, why they are not in touch with it, when the fact is that they are really strangers in a strange land. They have no sympathy with the struggles of the present, with the tendency of the age, or with the great movements going on all about them.

It is Easy to be a "Nobody"

It is the easiest thing in the world to be a "nobody." All that is necessary is to do nothing, or to be like the boy who, when questioned by his father as to why he had resigned his position as clerk in a store, replied: "The work was too hard; I am looking for something easy."

Look for a "soft snap." Don't get up in the morning until you feel like it. Don't go to work until you are obliged to. Don't put yourself out to meet engagements. Never mind if you miss a train, or if you are half an hour late at your work.

If you are at school, don't trouble about preparing your lessons. "Crib" whenever you can, cheat as often as possible, and get the best of your teacher whenever you see a chance, and your progress in the desired direction will be assured.

If you are in college, never mind about a scholarship, the main thing is to slide through. You can employ a tutor at the close of each term and "cram" for the examination. Have "a good time," and never bother about results: they will take care of themselves.

Do not try to do things as well as you can; any way will do. If you are sawing a board, do not exert yourself to saw it straight. If you start to make a sled or a bookcase, never mind about completing it; or, if you do, put it together anyhow. Half done, botched work is just the thing for "nobodies."

How to Reach a Goal Quickly

Do not put yourself to inconvenience to be orderly in your room, or elsewhere. Drop your overshoes, hat, overcoat, and other wearing apparel wherever you happen to be when you remove them. "Some other time" you can put things where they belong.

Never bother about your papers or letters; leave them scattered on your desk. Don't file away anything, for it takes too much time. Don't hurry about answering letters, for many of them will answer themselves if you leave them long enough. Confusion and disorder are characteristic of "nobodies."

Do not be particular about your dress. It does not matter to a "nobody" whether his linen is soiled or not, whether his finger-nails are clean or his clothing well brushed. Do not trouble to black the heels of your boots; very few people will see them, and those who do are too particular for comfort.

Give yourself no concern about your manners. If you are a clerk, be as curt and gruff as you please to customers. Do not try to control your temper or to restrain your ill-humor. Act naturally.

Do not tire yourself with your work. Take things easy. Life is too long to hurry about anything.

Do not try to decide things; let them "slide" and they will finally decide themselves. Do not rely on yourself; lean on some one; it will save you the trouble of thinking or acting. Be a "wishy-washy" fellow, well mated with every one; agree with everybody; antagonize no one, and you will make neither friends nor enemies.

Paths to the Land of Nowhere

If you are doubtful in regard to the efficiency of work, or the wisdom of spending energy and time in trying to develop body or mind, it is of no consequence; but let nothing impair your faith in the saving grace of luck.

There are many paths leading to the land of "Nowhere;" but it is not necessary to point to all of them.

If you send a snowball rolling down hill, it will gather additional weight and momentum as it rolls faster and faster to the bottom; so, if a boy starts out in life with a few of the qualities necessary to the making of

a "nobody," others will quickly hasten to give momentum to his downward course.

No one reaches his goal more surely, swiftly, and easily than the youth who makes up his mind to be a "nobody."

The Song of the World

Action, unceasing endeavor,—whether with brain or with brawn;
Singing of hammer on anvil, thrust of the plough through the soil,
Thought born of thought in the night-time, axe-stroke in silence of dawn,
Solving the secrets of science,—secrets that guerdon our toil.
Action, strong effort forever,—this is the life of our time;
This is the heart-throb of Manhood, the pulsing of purpose sublime.

Flickered the glaive long in battles, carving the future of kings,
Cutting the fetters of bondmen, doing God's will in His way;—
Now in its scabbard 'tis sleeping, here on the wall where it swings,
Dust on its hilt and Time's sharp teeth eating its edge, day by day.

Hauberk nor casque brought it harming, yet all of its temper is gone,—

Vanished its puissant prowess,—to-day labor rolls the world on.

Tides of the amorous ocean strive for the kiss of the moon,

Rivers, full-bosomed and brimming, bring their broad blessings to men;

Health from their restlessness rises; but, in the stagnant lagoon,

Born is the pestilent vapor,—born in the death-breeding fen.

Water, life's limitless solvent, its blessings will freely disburse;

When it is stagnant and pulseless, lo, it is turned to a curse.

Action, untiring and constant,—this is the law of our breath;

Live, then! O brothers who labor; labor that ceases is—death.

Gauss—How does your dog like your new neighbor?

Matchett—It's a little too early to say. Rover has had only one small piece.—Smart Set.

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Men Who Have Been Willing Martyrs to Science

LIVES HAVE BEEN SACRIFICED IN THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE
IN ALL AGES AND THE ZEAL IS NOT ABATED TO-DAY

When Andree Sought the Pole



HE death of Salomon August Andree was a sacrifice to that ambition in man which leads him to explore unknown lands. Though he took with him in the balloon

which carried him to his death instruments with which to make observations of the atmosphere, Andree regarded his aerial studies as only of secondary importance. The chief purpose of the sky voyage was to discover the North Pole.

What sensations of hunger, thirst, of drowning, or of being frozen the Swedish explorer had in the Arctic wilderness will probably never be known. Before death came he may have recorded his last thoughts, but if he did no one has ever yet found the manuscript. The last word from him after he sailed away northward over the ice fields, sent by carrier pigeon, was written two days after his departure. He said he had travelled 145 miles north and forty-five miles east to a point which was more than five hundred miles from the pole. The bird bearing the message was shot in the rigging of the sealing vesse "Alken," near Spitzbergen, two days after its release.

The last moments of Andree's life before he jumped into the balloon's basket and sailed away tried his nerves well, and showed them of the stuff which could risk everything on one inal stake. On July 11th, 1897, after Andree and his party had been waiting for weeks at Dane's Island for a breeze from the south, the long wished for wind came. The previous year Andree had waited the whole summer for such a favorable gale, but had been disappointed. Lest he should again be balked, Andree ordered the balloon made ready with all possible speed. It had been varnished and revarnished to prevent, as far as possible, the gas from escaping; for unless it could keep the aeronautic party up for several weeks Andree and his two comrades, Knut Fraenkel and Nils Strinberg, were doomed to death. The inflation of the great bag, which had a total capacity of 170,000 cubic feet, was completed with the greatest despatch. But while this was being done the unusual violence of the wind almost brought disaster. It broke one of the supports of the balloon house, which, falling, would have destroyed the airship had not a quick hand pushed the falling beam to one side. The aerodrome, however, creaked ominously in every joint. Heavy clouds came tearing down the mountain, on the north side of which the balloon house stood, and some of the party predicted that the aerial travelles would be dashed to earth as soon as they attempted to ascend. This prophecy almost came true. No sooner was the balloon cut loose than it struck the swift current of air blowing over the mountain top and descended rapidly into a lake near by. The basket struck the waves, and then as one bags of sand, each weighing forty-two pounds, were thrown overboard it bounded up again, and was soon lost in the clouds. It was travelling at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and in an hour it was lost to sight.

Andree took along provisions to last nine months. The balloon also carried sledges, boats, sail yards and other articles which would be of use

when the aeronauts descended. Yet nearly nine years have passed by, and their fate is still a matter of conjecture.

Sir John Franklin's Fate

Another explorer who died in the Arctic wastes, but who was found years after his death to have succeeded in the task to which he had devoted himself, was Sir John Franklin. For twelve years, however, his fate was unknown. He had set out to find the North-West Passage, of which navigators had dreamed for centuries and through which they hoped to travel to the Orient by a short cut, as they will be enabled to do when the Panama Canal is dug. Whether or not he had discovered such a route no one knew until Captain McClintock, in 1857, learned how and where Franklin had died.

The body of Franklin never was positively identified. Many skeletons were found on the ice fields, where members of the party had fallen, and some Esquimaux, who said they ran across the wrecks of Franklin's ships, told of finding the bones of the leader of the fatal expedition on the deck of one of the vessels. One of the natives described this discovery in language which may be translated as follows:

"We brushed off the snow from the deck with a bit of timber, and after scraping away for an hour we struck something rough and hard. A little more digging, and we turned up a great skeleton. Wolves had devoured the flesh, as might be seen from the bones, which showed the gnawing of their teeth. We knew it was what was left of the pale-face, for the bones were bigger than those we have. We covered them up with snow again and left them."

A note was discovered by a member of McClintock's party which showed that Franklin had died some time before the remnant of the party, at last abandoning the wrecked ships, had started out in a dash across the ice for the nearest settlements, a journey which ended in their dying from starvation and cold in the snow wrapt wilderness.

"About twelve miles from Cape Herschel I found a small cairn built by Hobson's party" (Hobson had made a side expedition under McClintock's direction), said Captain McClintock, "and containing a note for me. He (Hobson) had reached the extreme point six days previously without seeing any wreck, but he found a record, the record so ardently sought for, of the Franklin expedition, at Point Victory, on the north-west coast of King William's Land."

This relic of the ill-fated expedition bore in printed words the usual directions for forwarding it to the Secretary of the Admiralty, but on the edge of the paper, almost buried among a lot of scrawled words, evidently written by a half-frozen hand, was this short sentence:

"Sir John Franklin died on June 11th, 1847."

Seeking Geographical Knowledge

In the search for geographical knowledge both Magellan and Livingstone lost their lives. The first met his death in a frightful way in battling with savages on one of the Philippine Islands. The rajah of the Island of Mactau refused to acknowledge the

sovereignty of Spain, and, unlike the King of Cebu, whose subject he was supposed to be, he took a hostile attitude toward the white stranger. The King of Cebu had even permitted himself to be baptized and to have taken the vows of the Catholic Church to show his loyalty to Magellan; and accordingly, when a little rajah scoffed at him, the representative of the Spanish throne became greatly enraged. In spite of the words of caution from the lips of his associates Magellan decided to swoop down on the rajah's island and either kill him and all his kind or bring them in chains back to Spain. On a Saturday, which he regarded as his lucky day, Magellan took along sixty Spaniards and a thousand natives furnished him by the King of Cebu. They left the fleet about five miles behind and went to meet the foe in small boats. The attacking party, however, found itself at once at a great disadvantage. Their boats grounded many feet from the shore on a low lying reef. Yet Magellan and his men plunged into the waves and waded to high ground amid a shower of arrows from the natives. The white men, however, soon found themselves outnumbered ten to one. The land was undermined everywhere, and Magellan almost lost his life as soon as he had waded out of the water by falling into a cunningly set trap. The savages at last closed around him, and as he retreated to the boats they pursued him. If the fleet had had the guns of the present day it could have shelled the island and saved its leader, but the bombards of that time five miles away were no better than pea guns.

The battle between the great explorer and the savages of Mactan has been told by Pigafetta, who fought valiantly by his side.

"We fought for an hour," said Pigafetta, "knee-deep in the water, until at length an Indian succeeded in wounding our captain in the face with a bamboo spear. He, being desperate, plunged his lance into the Indian's breast, leaving it there; but wishing to use his sword, he could only draw it half-way from the sheath, on account of a spear wound he had received in the right arm. Seeing this, the enemy all rushed at him, and one of them with a long tergado, like a large scimitar, gave him a heavy blow upon the left leg, which caused him to fall forward on his face. Then the Indians threw themselves upon him with iron-pointed spears and scimitars and every weapon they had, and ran him through—our mirror, our light, our comforter, our true guide—until they killed him."

The savages bore away the body in triumph, and no amount of treasure offered by the officers of his fleet could persuade the haughty rajah to give up their prize. They said they would keep the body as a monument to their own bravery and prowess. All that remains of Magellan, therefore, lies in Mectan.

When Pliny Watched Vesuvius

Like Professor Matteucci, the elder Pliny, the greatest naturalist of Roman times, watched an eruption of Vesuvius at close range. Pliny, however, lost his life in consequence. It was in 79 A.D., at the time when the volcano buried Pompeii and Herculaneum. In telling of how he lost his life Pliny, the younger, his nephew, wrote as follows in a letter to Tacitus:

"This phenomenon seemed to a man of such learning and research as my uncle extraordinary and worth further looking into. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me leave, if I liked, to accompany him. I said I had rather go on with my work, and it so happened he had himself given me something to write out.

"Hastening to the place from

whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his course direct to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind as to be able to make and dictate his observations upon the motion and all the phenomena of that dreadful scene. He was now so close to the mountain that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice stones and black pieces of burning rock; they were in danger, too, not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore.

"Here he stopped to consider whether he should turn back again, to which, the pilot advising him, 'Fortune,' said he, 'favors the brave; steer to where Pomponianus is.' Pomponianus was then at Stabia (Castellamare), separated by a bay which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms with the shore. He had already sent his baggage on board, for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within sight of it, and indeed extremely near, if it should in the least increase he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind, which was blowing dead inshore, should go down. Meanwhile, broad flames shone out in several places from Mount Vesuvius, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still brighter and clearer. But my uncle, in order to soothe the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames; after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little disquieted as to fall into a sound sleep, for his breathing, which, on account of his corpulence, was rather heavy and sonorous, was heard by the attendants outside. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any time longer it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out. So he was awakened and got up, and went to Pomponianus, and the rest of his company, who were feeling too anxious to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now rocked from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, as though shaken from their very foundations, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers and threatened destruction.

"In this choice of dangers they resolved for the fields, a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into it by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins, and this was their whole defence against the storm and stones that fell round them.

"It was now day everywhere else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the darkest night, which, however, was in some degree alleviated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go further down upon the shore to see if they might safely put to sea, but found the waves still running extremely high and boisterous.

"There my uncle, laying himself down upon a sail cloth which was spread for him, called twice for some cold water, which he drank, when immediately the flames, preceded by a strong whiff of sulphur, dispersed the rest of the party and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead, suffocated, as I conjecture, by some gross and noxious vapor, having always had a weak throat, which was often inflamed."

Health and Beauty

Care of the Brows and Eyes

Inflammation in the eyes may be greatly relieved by bathing them in a weak solution of salt and hot water, to be followed by an application of very cold water.

When the eyes have been irritated through excessive use of a compass of fine linen wet with very cold water will generally bring relief. An eye-wash that is particularly excellent when inflammation has set in can be made by combining fifteen drops of spirits of camphor, one teaspoonful of boric acid and two-thirds of a cup of boiling water. Cool, strain through muslin and apply every hour with an eyecup. Veils with thick, heavy dots are extremely bad for the eyes, and they are not half as pretty as the finer French veils with a large dot scattered here and there. Reading in the twilight or continuing to do fancy work when the eyes are tired should be forbidden.

To make the eyes bright, apply cold water night and morning. Bathe the eyes once a day also with water and common table salt—a pinch of salt to a teacupful of water.

Puffy places under the eyes are generally due to some sort of kidney ailment. Cold water should be taken very freely. Make it a practice to drink a glassful half an hour before each meal, and another one or two hours after, and the puffy places will not only vanish, but the complexion will be clearer and the general health much improved.

While irregular growth of eyebrows cannot be wholly controlled, it can be greatly lessened, and the whole form

of the eyebrows much improved with systematic care. Brush the eyebrows daily with a soft brush kept for the purpose, training them in a graceful arch. To stimulate the growth, apply pure vaseline or lanoline, rubbing it in thoroughly just before retiring, and being careful to brush the brows into shape afterward.

The Complexion

To soften skin that is harsh and inclined to be dry and scaly, bathe nightly in milk that is just on the point of turning. Let it dry on the face. Half a cupful will be amply sufficient for the purpose.

The prescription for destroying superfluous hair is as follows: Peroxide, full strength, applied for about a week, followed by a drop of ammonia. This will lighten the hair and eventually destroy the constitution of the hair itself. It is a slow depilatory.

If you are suffering from liver trouble the most you can do by external applications will be to keep the brown spots, which are the exponents of the disease, in subjection. This remedy is sometimes very effective: One dram of white precipitate, 1 dram of subnitrate of bismuth, 1 ounce of benzoated lard. Apply every night for one week, longer if the speckles are persistent.

Soft rain-water to wash in will in a short time improve the poorest complexion. Even the hair will grow brighter in its tint if exposed occasionally to the wind and the rain.

Toilet Preparations

To make toilet vinegar, take (1) dilute acetic acid, three hundred parts; rectified spirits of wine, one thousand parts; tinctures of tolu and benzoin, of each twenty parts; oil of lavender, six parts; mix and strain. (2) Rosemary leaves, six parts; garden sage, six parts; peppermint, six parts; bruised cloves, six parts; vinegar, three hundred parts. Mix, after breaking up the solid ingredients. Keep for three days in a closed jar and strain.

An old beauty recipe calls for half a teacupful of fine oatmeal to be gradually stirred into a pint of boiling water, using a double saucepan for the purpose to prevent any possibility of burning. Let boil till clear-looking; then strain through a cloth, boil again, and once more strain. To this add enough rose-water to make it pour easily, and about an ounce of glycerine. This may be perfumed in any way you like, and is recommended to rub into the skin to prevent roughness. Bottle and shake well before using.

The best toilet preparation in the world is plain hot water. Drink a glass of it every night if you want a good digestion, a good sleep and a clear complexion. Put a bag of it to your feet when you have a cold, to your back when you have a back-ache, or at the nape of the neck when you have a headache or feel sleepless. Bathe the eyes with it when they are inflamed. Soak the feet in it when they are tired. Soak the hands in it before manicuring.

Oily Skin

If the face is abnormally oily, an application of sour buttermilk will often remove the condition, but it is not infallible. It is perfectly harmless.

The Care of the Teeth

When teeth are on edge from eating acid fruits or drinking too sour lemonade, chewing cinnamon bark will give relief.

When teeth are stained with fruit juice, rub salt over them, and rinse the mouth with hot water. This will remove every trace of discoloration.

A Remedy for Toothache.—Mix equal parts of hydrochlorate of cocaine, powdered opium and menthol, with just sufficient glycerine and gum arabic to form a stiff paste. A piece the size of a pin's head to be placed in the tooth-hollow, and kept in position with cotton-wool.

To Prevent Loose Teeth.—Tannic acid, two drams; tincture of iodine, one and a quarter drams; iodide of potassium, fifteen grains; tincture of myrrh, one and a quarter drams; rose-water, to make one pint. Mix one teaspoonful with two tablespoonfuls of warm water, and use as a mouth-wash night and morning.

A good liquid dentifrice is made by dissolving one ounce of powdered castile soap in one pint of water, and then adding three drams of powdered borax, five drops of oil of nutmeg, and two ounces of honey water. If gums are spongy, an excellent tooth-powder is made by combining one ounce each of cinnamon and bicarbonate of soda and two drops of oil of cinnamon. This is also a good tooth-powder for general use.

How to Whiten the Teeth.—At times, in spite of all one's efforts, there is an increase of tartar on the teeth, making them look yellowish instead of polished and pearly; and the best of tooth-powders seems then to lose its efficacy. To remedy this, dip an orange-wood stick into fine wood-ashes, and rub the teeth both on the inner and outer surfaces, when the tartar will disappear as though by magic. The operation should not be repeated too frequently, as it is apt to be hard on the gums.

Tartar on the Teeth

The remedy for tartar on the teeth will be of benefit in clearing the color. Get five cents' worth of powdered pumice stone, an orange stick and a lemon. Sharpen the stick to a flat point, cut the lemon in half and dip the stick into the lemon juice, and then into the powdered pumice. Rub over the green spots until they are removed, and be careful to rub between the teeth also. Rinse thoroughly with warm water. You should only use this when necessary, not oftener than once in two weeks, as the pumice, if used often, will destroy the enamel.

Thin, Falling Hair

Advice old, but ever the same—scalp massage by a good operator and a tonic for falling hair and promotion of growth. Here is a tonic for falling hair: Phenio acid, 2 grams; tincture of nux vomica, 7½ grams; tincture of red cinchona, 30 grams; tincture of cantharides, 2 grams; cologne, 120 grams; sweet almond oil, 60 grams. Apply to the roots of the hair with a soft sponge once or twice a day. This lotion is especially good for very dry hair.

Sensitive Skin

Try the accompanying healing lotion as directed for sensitive skin: White castile soap, in powder, 22 grains; lanoline, 1 ounce; tincture of benzoin, 1½ drams. Distilled water sufficient to make a milk-like mixture, not quite so thick as cream, but just between a cream and milk. Apply with a soft sponge after washing the face at night before retiring.



Riding In The Street Cars

You are prone to note all the details of the dress and personal appearance of the woman sitting opposite, partly because you have nothing else to do. Even notice how you have silently admired some women's hair, and noted the bad taste and very apparent lack of attention on the part of others. The woman you admire knows the important part her hair plays in her general appearance and consults

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with the result that she gets all the value out of her hair, while the other woman, who may have just as much, and just as pretty hair, does it up any old way, and lets it go at that, and the result is apparent. With our

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The Effect of Borax

A little borax in the water used for rinsing the hair will not harm it, but frequent use will dry the hair out and make it brittle.

Wants Velvety Skin

This formula for a skin food is very excellent when made up properly and used daily. Any skin food rubbed in at night and left on, if not absorbed, should be washed off in the morning with brush, soap and warm water. Here is the skin-food formula: White wax, 1 ounce; spermaceti, 1 ounce; lanoline, 2 ounces; sweet almond oil, 4 ounces; coconut oil, 2 ounces; tincture of benzoin, 30 drops; orange flower water, 2 ounces. Melt the first five ingredients together. Take of the fire and beat until nearly cold, adding little by little the benzoin, and, lastly, the orange flower water.

To build up the tissues of the body sip a glass of rich creamy milk before retiring.

Be exceedingly careful to use the purest benzoin in creams. To test it put some in water. If pure it will turn the water white as milk.

Rochelle salts taken in small quantities—say, a teaspoonful in a glass of water, and this sipped from many times a day, will cool the food and help to purify it.



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Fresh Air for the Anaemic

Paleness of the complexion is often one of the signs of anæmia—a complaint from which young girls very often suffer nowadays. For these an indoor life is exceedingly undesirable, and they should be out in the fresh air as much as possible. The diet should consist of milk, farinaceous foods, etc., and a cold or tepid morning bath is excellent as causing better circulation to the body.

Temperature of the Sick-Room

A thermometer is the only safe guide. It should be hung against the wall near the bed, and the record frequently noted. The temperature should be kept as nearly as possible at 60 degrees F., and on no account should it be allowed to descend below 50 degrees. It should also be remembered that infants and old people require more warmth than adults. In throat and lung complaints, such as croup and bronchitis, as high a temperature as 70 degrees may have to be maintained. The moisture of the atmosphere can be regulated to a certain extent, when desirable, by a steam kettle, or by the evaporation of water placed in open dishes.

Turpentine is one of the best remedies for croup. A piece of flannel should be saturated with it and placed on the child's throat and chest.

To cure a ringworm apply a strong solution of borax and water three or four times a day and cover the place with the fine powder very often.

A certain beautiful woman takes a Turkish face bath when she wants to look "smooth and young." She comes home tired, worried and livid, and she creams her face with cold cream instead of bathing it. Then she takes a bath if she has time; if not, she lies down and rests fifteen or twenty minutes. It is very important that this be taken when one is completely undressed—no shoes, no corset or waistbands to interfere with the circulation. When she gets up she washes off the cold cream in a face bath of warm water in which she has put a half teaspoonful of borax and a teaspoonful of almond meal. She rinses it in a cooler water mixed with one-third rose water. The latter is a mild skin tonic and very soothing.

"I think that every young woman should learn to play the piano before she is married."
"That's right. And forget it afterward."—Cleveland Leader.

The Golden Rule

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

The Golden Rule may be said to have existed always and to be a part of all religions. Sixteen hundred years before the birth of Jesus, there ran an Egyptian vale to the dead: "He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on."

A century later than this—thirty-four hundred years away from this present—when the Hindu Kingdoms were being established along the Ganges, it was written: "The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own."

The Greeks in 1070 B.C. came yet nearer the wording of Jesus, with: "Do not that to thy neighbor which thee would take ill from him."

The book and scrolls of the Hebraic law taught the truth. In a time-stained parchment, believed to have been inscribed first some twenty-five hundred years ago, is to be read: "Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you do not that to him. And to strengthen this, the teachers of 600 B.C. added immediately: "This is the whole law. The rest is mere exposition of it."

Confucius in 551 B.C. advised: "What you would not wish done to yourself do not unto others."

At the first Buddhistic Council, held at Rajagriha in 477 B.C., the scribes almost duplicated the advice of Egypt's priests: "One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself."

A century and a half before Christ the law of Rome once more repeated the theme: "The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves."

It is practically certain that no land which has at any time laid claim to a more or less true form of civilization has omitted some phrasing of this basic ethical teaching from its moral or civil philosophy. When Alexander of Macedon marched into Persia in 334 B.C. did he not find there before him the most useful of all these closely paralleled formulæ?

"Do as you would be done by," ran the Zoroastrian precept.

Finally, Mohammed gave yet another expression to it, for the Koran instructs: "Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated."

Ellen Terry's jubilee is the occasion of many stories. Her playing of Prince Arthur in "King John" when

she was a little girl is recalled. She was unable to realize the honor of having her eyes put out, and she remembers Mrs. Kean saying scornfully: "Do you think you would go on like that if your eyes were really going to be put out? Why, you would make more fuss if you had lost your doll." But she could not rise to the occasion, and at last Mrs. Kean lost patience with her, and she burst into a paroxysm of sobbing and crying. "That's it; now say the words, and remember how you say them!" exclaimed Mrs. Kean, delighted. "Just imitate the way you are crying now another time, and you will have no more trouble." "I was just intelligent enough," Miss Terry adds, in relating the story, "to catch her meaning, and I have ever since profited by the advice."

The Bright Side

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

Why should we cloud the sunshine
God sends to us to-day
By fearing that to-morrow
May have a sky of gray?
Why should we mar the blessings
The present has in store
By longing after others
Or wishing these were more?

Look on the bright side always.
What better plan than this?
Since fretting never changes
What we think's gone amiss.

Let's take things as we find them
And make the best of life
By thinking of its blessings
And not its wrong and strife.
Enjoy each hour of sunshine;
God gives it all in vain
If foolishly we waste it,
Forboding future rain.

Look on the bright side always,
And watch the blessings grow
As flowers do in the summer—
God likes to have it so.

Take what a good God sends you
With thanks for what is giv'n,
And trust Him for to-morrow
Just as you trust for Heav'n.
Aye, make the most, my comrade,
Of time that flies so fast,
By gathering up its gladness
Before the chance is past!

Look on the bright side always,
And sing when skies are gray,
And little ills and worries—
Let's laugh them all away.

Wimbourne, Ireland, is noted for many things, but its famous chained library is, perhaps, the most notable of its curiosities. The library possesses unique interest as being one of the earliest attempts to disseminate knowledge among the people. The collection was made accessible to the people in 1686, and numbers some two hundred volumes. The scarcity of books and the value of the collection are both indicated in the care taken for their preservation and especially against loss of such treasures by theft. By means of chains and rods the books were securely fastened to the shelves and these chains, it is rather surprising to learn, were not renewed until 1857, when the library fittings were repaired. Among the interesting works of the collection is a copy of the first edition of Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," 1614. It has suffered from fire, and tradition says that Matthew Prior was responsible for its present condition, the story being that he fell asleep when reading it once upon a time and the pages were burned by his candle. It has been neatly repaired and its mishap now adds to its interest. The oldest volume in the library is a fine old copy in vellum of "Reginum Aninnarum." It is in manuscript and bears the date, 1343.



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Mrs. Jubb—Oh, miss, I be that bad—
Inexperience—But you're looking very well, Mrs. Jubb.
Mrs. Jubb—Ah, miss, I be one o' they as frets innardly!—Punch.



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COOKING

DELMONICO POTATOES.

Boil four good-sized potatoes, and when cold chop rather fine. Rub together one tablespoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. Mix this sauce with the potatoes and pour all into a porcelain baking dish, turning in gradually four tablespoonfuls of grated American cheese. Bake until a golden brown in a quick oven.

TOMATO CHEESE.

Stir together one pound of soft, grated cheese and a cupful of strained tomato juice. The best way of "grating" soft cheese is to pass it through a potato rinser, or press it through a coarse sieve. Season the mixture with one teaspoonful of salt, a sprinkling of paprika, and a cup of soft bread-crumbs. Pour the mixture into a saucepan and stir rapidly until smooth and creamy. Serve on toasted crackers.

HONEY CANDY.

Half pint strained honey, one-fourth cup granulated sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one tablespoonful vinegar, half teaspoonful soda. Put honey and sugar in granite saucepan. When they begin to boil, add butter and vinegar. Boil until brittle when dropped into cold water. Add soda, taking care the candy does not boil over. Pour into shallow, well-greased pans.

VANILLA COOKIES.

One cup sugar, two-thirds cup butter, two eggs, three teaspoons baking powder, two teaspoons vanilla, two tablespoons milk; add bread flour to roll. Make them stiff and roll very thin. After they are in the pan, wet each one with milk and sprinkle sugar on.

POACHED EGGS.

Put in small frying pan a piece of butter half the size of an egg. Break into this when melted two or three eggs. With a silver fork break the yolks. Let them cook until nearly done, then tear into strings with fork and serve in side dishes.

SOME CULINARY HINTS.

For strawberry sarabande, whip a cup of thick cream until very light, and fold carefully into it one pint of fresh strawberries cut into small pieces with a silver knife. Soak a tablespoonful of gelatine in a quarter of a cupful of cold water, and when it is soft and has absorbed all the water place the cup it is in in a pan of hot water. When the gelatine is dissolved add it by degrees to the berries and cream in such a way that it will not form in strings. Finally add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. When the sarabande begins to grow thick turn it into a mould and place it on the ice. When stiff and firm turn out on a pretty dessert platter and serve.

Some cooks, when they prepare cream puffs and eclairs at this season, like to fill a few of the shells with fresh strawberries instead of the usual cream filling, the berries being first crushed and sweetened. These eclairs will make an agreeable sur-

prise if a few of them are piled among the ordinary eclairs and puffs on the cake plate at luncheon. By way of variety, the tops of some of them may be decorated with a strawberry icing, made by adding to one cupful of confectioners' sugar sufficient strawberry juice to make a fine icing. A few drops of lemon juice added to the icing is an improvement.

The first cup of breakfast coffee is apt to be the weakest, and he who has the honor of being served first fares the worst. To overcome this difficulty pour a little into each cup, then begin again and add a little more to each until the cups are filled.

Appleade is a refreshing drink. Peel and quarter a tart apple, and boil it in enough water to cover it well. When tender press the apple to a pulp, let it cool, sweeten slightly, then strain into a glass containing a liberal supply of cracked ice. Late in spring apples are apt to be tasteless. Therefore, when preparing this drink in the spring it is better to add the juice of half a lemon to every apple.

There are many people who do not like a salad of dandelion leaves. The bitter flavor of this plant will not be so noticeable if equal quantities of dandelion and lettuce are used, or, better yet, one-third dandelion to two-thirds lettuce. Serve with French dressing.

Orange salad, owing to its acidity, appeals to the appetite in spring. Cut two or three small oranges in thin slices, after peeling them and removing all the white inner skin. Place the crispest of small lettuce leaves in a circle in the salad bowl, forming a compact bed; place on the lettuce the slices of orange, and serve with mayonnaise.

Cold spinach left in the vegetable dish after dinner is good served again in the form of a salad. Season it well with salt and pepper, dress with mayonnaise, and decorate with a few small lettuce leaves and one or two hard-boiled eggs sliced crosswise. A tiny young onion, sliced, may be sprinkled over the salad or alternated with the slices of egg as a garnish.

A famous German cook-book contains a recipe called windbeutel, or in English "windbags." A more graceful name and one just as expressive would be "windpuffs." For these puffs use half a pound of butter, half a pound of fine flour, the same weight in water and eight newly laid eggs. Clarify the butter and let it come to the boiling point with the water. Then gradually stir in the flour until the mass cleaves from the sides of the pot. Remove from the stove and allow the pus to cool a little. Flavor slightly with nutmeg or grated lemon peel, and begin to beat the eggs through and through it with a steady motion. Put the mixture on to a well-buttered plate, and divide it into cakes the size of walnuts. Then set them immediately into a quick oven and let them bake a golden brown. Upon taking them from the oven sprinkle them with sugar and serve immediately.

A "jellied sponge cake" makes an attractive-looking dessert, and is nice for a change. Bake a shallow sponge cake of pretty shape and prepare two or three pints of orange jelly. Into a flat-bottomed mould put about a quarter of the jelly, and when it is almost firm place the cake, freed from any hard crusts or ragged edges, upon it. Cover with the remaining jelly, which should be rapidly growing thick. When all is firm, turn onto a dessert platter and garnish with whipped cream.

Another pretty dish in which sponge cake plays an important role is made as follows: Prepare either a lemon or an orange jelly, and while it is cooling hollow out the centre of a square sponge cake, leaving the bottom and sides thick enough to hold the jelly. When the jelly is beginning to grow thick pour it in, and set the plate as near the ice as possible. When it is ready to be sent to the table pile some whipped cream in a small pyramid over the top. Chopped nuts or bits of candied fruit are an attractive addition to the jelly, and a few bright bits of candied fruit as a decoration for the top, surrounding the whipped cream, give a festive touch to the dessert.

A seasonable salad is offered for those who like mayonnaise with fruit. Cap ripe strawberries and arrange in cups of whitest lettuce procurable. Make a mayonnaise, using lemon juice instead of vinegar, and forbearing to add mustard. Some cooks add whipped cream of mayonnaise, and if this is ever desirable it is when the sauce is used with fruit. Put a tablespoonful of the sauce on each lettuce cup, and serve very cold.

Every spring some one starts a discussion on strawberry shortcake, whether or not a cake foundation is ever permissible, whether the berries should be crushed or left whole, etc. There is only one real strawberry shortcake, and that has a foundation of baking-powder, biscuit dough, baked in a round pie-pan, split and buttered. The berries should be lightly crushed, sweetened and piled lavishly between the layers and over the top. The sauce is made with more berries, crushed quite fine and made juicy. Pour this over the shortcake and serve hot.

Strawberry cream-cake is another thing. It is usually called shortcake, but the name is misapplied. The cake is very good, nevertheless, and perhaps more wholesome than the real shortcake. Sponge cake is used in two or three layers, and whipped cream is an invariable accompaniment. Garnish with the largest and finest whole strawberries.

A deliciously cool salad is made with small pieces of grape fruit, pitted white grapes, and blanched lettuce hearts. Arrange the lettuce in cups, fill with grape fruit and grapes, and sprinkle with rolled nuts. Serve with a French dressing.

What-to-Eat gives a recipe for "mock prairie chicken," a glorified fricassee. Steam one or more large fowls several hours until tender. In a large skillet place a tablespoonful of butter, several slices of bacon, half a dozen peppercorns, and some whole cloves. Cut up the chicken, if it was steamed whole, roll the pieces in salted flour and fry until brown. Just before serving, pour in a cupful of cream. Allow it to boil up once, and serve immediately.

Puff paste and all light pastry should be placed in the oven as soon as possible, otherwise it will become heavy if allowed to stand long.

Stories of Bird Life

Dying Bird's Devotion to Young

While swimming on a lake with her brood of five, a diver bird was shot, and although mortally wounded collected her young ones and dived for their safety.

When her dead body floated to the surface the five little birds were still clinging with their beaks to her wings, but all had been suffocated by remaining too long under the water.

Crows Aided Searchers

Crows fluttering in the air and ceaselessly calling and croaking directed a searching party from the city and the surrounding country to the spot where the daughter, but three and a half years old, of Henry Pehling, who lives near Round Lake, had spent the night and was lying in a stupor.

The child wandered away, and the father conducted a search as best he could until 2 o'clock in the morning. Then, feeling that his child had probably perished, he came to Anoka and aroused the officials, says the St. Paul Despatch.

The search was then taken up by the sheriff, chief of police, the county attorney and county auditor, who hurriedly drove to the lake, and, bright and early in the morning, found the child lying on the ground with the uncanny birds flying about her and making their dismal calls.

Rain which came through the night fell upon the little girl and she was drenched to the skin. However, she soon recovered and called for her mother, and after being fed, sank into restful sleep. Despite her tearful experience, it is believed she will experience no harmful effects.

Punctual Bird Passengers

In a railway van of the Marbach-Heilbronn line, in Wurtemberg, a little family of redtails have built their nest.

While the van, which travels over the line every day with milk cans, stops at the station for a couple of hours, the male bird, leaving his companion hatching her eggs, goes out in search of provisions. The extraordinary part of the story is that he never misses his train, but always arrives exactly one minute before it starts.

The little family are, of course, great pets of the railway men.

Eagles in Sheep Pasture

Robert Donaldson noticed an immense bird on his father's farm the other day. It was in the sheep pasture, and though down on the ground was chasing the sheep in a very threatening way. He managed to get a shot at it on the ground, and his aim was so good that the bird was not interested in any subsequent proceedings. The eagle measured six feet seven inches from tip to tip.

Another morning early Will Cotterell, on an adjoining farm, noticed a great commotion among a flock of sheep on his father's farm. He was confident that dogs were worrying the flock, as they were running about in great confusion. Hurrying to the pasture with his gun, his surprise was great when he discovered that the cause of the disturbance was a big bird on the ground, making things lively for the sheep, seemingly determined to have fresh mutton for breakfast.

COWAN'S COCOA

Gives the most and best for the cost.



A point specially to notice in washing a shirt for the first time is to see that the hooks are not of the genus which cause rust marks, or there will be a disaster. If they are suspected, cut them off and replace them when the blouse is washed, with others which have been proved good. If, however, the iron-mould marks should be found dotted about the garment, they should be removed with salts of lemon, taking care to give a thorough rinsing afterwards.

Lace should never be rubbed or moved about in a lather with the hand, and squeezed, as the delicate threads will soon break if it is roughly used. Another method of washing fine lace is to wrap a piece of flannel round a bottle, and over this to stretch an old handkerchief, tacking the lace on to this. Then wash in a lather of castile, or any good white soap, and warm water. Never apply an iron directly to lace. The best way to dry it is to spread it on a piece of white cardboard, fastening it down with pins at all points to preserve the shape, but taking care not to stretch it unduly.

In a rapid flesh-reduction system hot water is substituted for breakfast. A cup is taken on rising, and one every hour through the morning until lunch, which is a light meal. It must not be forgotten that heroic measures like these are not to be undertaken by any but strong persons.

One of the best tonics for the hair is salt, and an excellent dry tonic shampoo may be made with it. Mix a coarse quality of salt with powdered orris root, using two ounces to a pound of salt. Sift well in order to mix thoroughly, rub into the hair and scalp, and brush out with a good bristle brush.

Fancy towelling makes one of the nicest coverings for bureau tops, and it can be ornamental with as much or as little embroidery as one likes.

Tailors make use of the unusually short needle called "betweens" for their felling and other fine handwork. Women who are fortunate enough to know about these handy little needles all like them very much indeed for hemming and felling, as they are more conducive to fine work than the larger ones.

An easy and satisfactory way of making fine hand-run tucks is to mark the tucks on the sewing machine with the attachment which comes for that purpose, using a coarse needle, but no thread, and afterward running by hand in the holes, made by the machine needle. In this way the stitches may be made perfectly even and the method of creasing the tucks is much simpler than that of measuring each tuck.

Leather chairs and leather bindings can be brightened by being rubbed with a cloth which has been dipped in the white of an egg. If in covering a kitchen table with oil-cloth a layer of brown paper is put on first, it will prevent the oil-cloth cracking and make it wear three times as long. A little paraffin oil rubbed on with flannel will clean a greasy sink. To prevent stove-blackening turning brown, mix it with a little ammonia.

To clean silver spoons and forks in every-day use, rub with a damp cloth dipped in baking-soda, and polish with a piece of chamois leather. A bit of blue in the water in which glass is washed adds much to its brilliancy. If new tinware is rubbed over with fresh lard, and thoroughly heated in the oven before it is used, it will never rust, no matter how much it is put in water. Oil-cloths should never be washed in hot soap-suds. They should first be washed clean with cold water, then rubbed dry with a cloth wet in milk. This may seem expensive, but it pays in the end. Table salt and a wet cloth will remove egg-stains on silver. To stone raisins, free them from stems, place them in a bowl, cover with boiling water, and let them stand two minutes. Pour off the water, and open the raisins, when the seeds may be quickly removed. A zinc bath-tub may be polished with kerosene. Have the tub dry before using the oil. Cover one small place at a time with the oil, rubbing it well with a brush and then with a cloth. When all has been gone over, wash the tub with boiling water. Lamp-wicks soaked in vinegar a short time before using will give a much better light.

The following is a good recipe for cementing china: Get a tube of white lead such as artists use; have the broken edges perfectly clean; squeeze the lead generously along the edge; press tightly together; wrap a cloth or cord around the piece, and put in some place where it won't be disturbed for a few weeks.

To renovate a shabby wicker chair, first cleanse the wicker thoroughly, using a scrubbing brush and plenty of soap and water. When dry, the chair will be greatly improved with a coating of green stain. For the seat, make a cushion of green linen or a pretty greenish cretonne. Another cushion for the back may be light, and it is easily made. Make it of the same material as the seat cushion, and of bag shape, longer than wide. It may be fastened to the chair by means of tapes sewed at the top and bottom. If a loose cushion be preferred, a pretty yellow linen would look nice, and contrast well with the green. Make the case slip fashion, so that it may easily be washed. An unbleached calico bag will be good enough for the vegetable down with which the cushions are filled.

The fashion of small safes concealed in unlikely places is such a popular one that any piece of furniture may now be used to baffle burglars. The latest is a linen-chest, a substantial thing of oak or cedar, which contrives to hide a safe. The safe is fire as well as burglar proof.

Do not spoil the effect of daffodils, tulips, narcissi, and other spring blossoms by arranging them in glass vases. These flowers never show to better advantage than in the florists' windows, where they stand in straight earthenware jars. Take the hint and provide the simplest of flower jars, cylindrical in shape and quiet in color. A great many American potteries are to be had in lovely greens, yellows, and browns. They are dull in finish and very good in design. The best of these depend on color for their attractiveness, and are bare of ornament or decoration.

AUTOGRAPH RECIPE BOOK.

In an autograph recipe book, always a pleasing reminder of old friends to a housewife, the recipes are either written by the contributors themselves or the housewife copies them and has them signed. One young bride collected all the tried and tested favorites of her family and friends and recorded them in a stout, strongly bound blank-book, that could endure long and hard usage. And in another family a book of recipes and household hints has been handed down through four generations, each one of which has added to it. This heirloom is both instructive and amusing, for it shows the difference between the housekeeping of to-day and that of past generations.

There is a temptation to get out the autograph recipe book in an edition de luxe, but unless it is intended merely as a graceful souvenir or to be used occasionally, at chafing dish suppers and similar functions, it is better to have a plain, stout cover. A dainty cover is attractive on an invalid's recipe book. A pretty idea is a pansy cover, with the leaves cut in the same shape. A picture of a tiny tray and tea service may decorate the heart of the big flower, and the invalid's friends may write the recipes in the book.

A rather pretty novelty for the country house hall is a miniature belfry, with a thatched roof and a brass or copper cow-bell. A heavy strip of leather sways the bell, which may be used for dinner calls or the rising summons.

The *House Beautiful* once published a list of things nobody ought to buy for the house. It is good enough to reprint: "What we do not want: Parlor furniture, carpets, lace curtains, ready-made curtains, hat-rack, umbrella-holder, made draperies, gilt picture frames, small gilt chairs, grille-work, ornaments, colored lamps, ready-made china cupboards, sideboards, book-cases, gas-lugs, sofas, upholstered chairs, jardinières of glazed china." Built-in china closets and book shelves were preferred to ready-made pieces, and a piano was wanted only if the family was musically inclined.

Never wash chamois skins in hot water. Use cold water and avoid soap, if possible. The skins clean very easily, as a matter of fact. This applies also to chamois skin gloves, which are so popular in summer.

When gelatine dishes are put away to cool, be sure to cover the mould with a piece of window glass or a plate. Gelatine is the best germ-killer in the world, and is used in laboratories and hospitals to gather bacteria.

Sometimes a screen is needed in case of illness or other emergency. A common clothes-horse and two sheets serve excellently until something better can be procured. Of course, if a darker drapery is available, so much the better, but in a sick-room something washable is absolutely necessary, no matter what the color.

In clarifying fat that has been used for frying, pare and slice a raw potato, placing it in the fat. Heat until the potato is well browned, set it aside until moderately cool, and then strain ready for use once more.

Crocheted articles of wool can be successfully cleaned by keeping them in a pillow case during the entire process of washing. Plenty of warm water and soap must be used, abundance of warm rinsing water, and the pillow case with contents still untied hung on the line on a bright, windy day.

Glance kid gloves of light color can be satisfactorily cleaned with a paste of flour and gasoline. Apply with a soft cloth to the glove (on the hand), rubbing till quite dry with a clean dry cloth.

A brilliant polish may be given to brass door fixtures, ornaments, etc., by washing them in alum and lye. Make a solution by boiling an ounce of alum in a pint of lye, and wash the article in it.

When boiled potatoes are required quickly the process may be hastened by having two pans of boiling water. Pour the contents of one of these over the potatoes, and then place them all hot in the second pan. In this way the boiling of the water will not be checked at all. Baked potatoes will cook much more quickly if they are first placed on the top of the stove and turned over once before being put into the oven.

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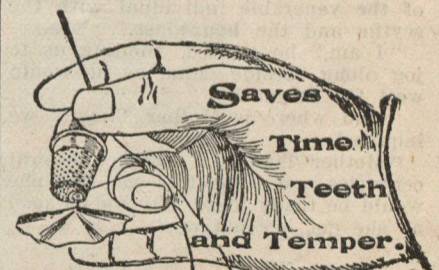
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Wit and Humor

She Didn't Sleep Well

A woman who lives in an inland town, while going to a convention in a distant city, spent one night of the journey on board a steamboat. It was the first time she had ever travelled by water. She reached her journey's end extremely fatigued. To a friend who remarked it she replied: "Yes; I am tired to death. I don't know that I care to travel by water again. I read the card in my state-room about how to put the life-preserver on, and I thought I understood it, but I guess I didn't. Somehow, I couldn't go to sleep with the thing on."

Hono s in India

Appointments: Pandit Kanhaiya Lal, of Shahjanpur, to officiate as subordinate judge of Shahjanpur, vice Babu Shambu Nath Dube, Vakil Moradabad, to officiate as Munsif of Shahjanpur, vice Pandit Kankaiya Lal; Babu Pyare Lal Chaturvedi, Vakil Agra, to officiate as Munsif of Lalitpur.

Her Weak Point

The dream of suffrage had been realized. There were female police. After a desperate struggle one of the brave lady cops had arrested two porch-climbers single-handed.

"Don't dare to resist," she hissed; "if you do I shall shoot."

There was an ominous click.

"Don't shoot, lady," said one of the porch-climbers suavely; "we won't resist, but I just wanted to tell yer dat during de row yer hair got mussed an' yer hat ain't on straight."

The lady cop flushed with embarrassment.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed. "Where can I find a mirror? I could never think of going along the street like this. Wait here until I return."

And the porch-climbers slipped off in the shadows, while the lady cop went to find a mirror.

The Net Result

Teacher—"A poor man finds a purse containing ten twenty-dollar bills, twenty ten-dollar bills, and fifty five-dollar bills, what does it all amount to?"

Boy—"A pipe-dream—dat's all."

As Usual

"You are Father Time?" we asked of the venerable individual with the scythe and the hour-glass.

"I am," he replied, bidding us to jog along beside him, as he would wait for no man.

"And where is Mother Time?" we inquired.

"Mother Time? I lost her several centuries ago. She told me that she would be ready to go with me as soon as she got her hat on."

No Hurry

Mrs. Newlyrich—"We haven't a single 'old master' in our art gallery, John."

Mr. Newlyrich—"Never mind, Jane they all be in a few hundred years."

Willie Knew

Mr. Bliggins had put in about an hour the previous evening explaining in words of one syllable to his little son the geological theory of the formation of coal-veins—how they are the result of the decomposition of vast forests that existed in riotous profusion in the prehistoric era. This evening they had company, and Mr.

Bliggins turned to Willie and asked, "Willie, how did we get coal?" "Got Mr. Coke to trust us for it," Willie replied.

The Sleeping Car Hammock

Patrick O'Connor and Denis Boyle were travelling in a sleeping car. It was a brand new experience for Denis, and fraught with much interest and not a few qualms, but Patrick having once before spent a night in a sleeping car berth, felt himself a seasoned traveller, and as such patronized Denis. When the time for retiring came Patrick stowed himself away in the upper berth, leaving the lower berth for Denis.

There was much struggling and sighing from behind the curtains of the lower berth. "How ye gittin' on, Denis?" called down Pat.

"Sure I'm all right," replied Denis. But still the disturbance went on.

"Most ready for slape, Denis?" said Patrick.

"All right! All right!" replied Denis again. Silence for five minutes.

Finally Denis's voice came quaveringly in the semi-darkness. "The clothes is here, and me shoes they're here, too, all put away, but how to git meself into the little hammock to slape, begorra, I don't know!"

The Family Spoons

While rummaging through the drawers of a bookcase in her daughter's room in search of some writing-paper the other day, Mrs. Wimberling came upon a bundle of letters tied with a pink string and emitting a faint perfume.

She untied the bundle and glanced through several of the letters.

Then she picked them up, went downstairs, and confronted her daughter.

"Eunice," she said, in a high state of indignation, "who is the idiot that you're corresponding with, I'd like to know? Of all the lovesick trash I ever saw this is absolutely the worst. I shall consider it my duty to report the matter to your father if this thing goes any further. Who wrote these letters?"

"I am not going to lie to you about them, mamma," said Miss Eunice serenely. "If you will put on your glasses and look at them again you will find that they're a lot of old letters papa wrote to you when you were a girl."

The Boy Fooled Them

There is a good story told of a man who has become one of our most successful merchants. A few years ago he was employed as an office boy and messenger for a large firm. He was sent to collect an account from a firm which was considered very "shaky," and was told to get the money at all hazards. The debtors gave the lad a check for two hundred and fifty dollars. He went to the bank at once to cash it, and was told by the cashier that there were not enough funds in to meet it.

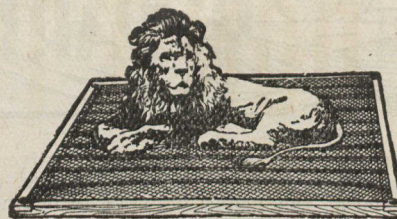
"How much short?" asked the lad.

"Seven dollars," was the answer.

It lacked but a minute or two of the time for the bank to close. The boy felt in his pocket, took out seven dollars, and, pushing it through the window, said, "Put that to the credit of Blank & Co."

The cashier did so, whereupon the boy presented the check and got the money. Blank & Co. failed the next day, and their chagrin can be better imagined than described when they found out the trick that had been played upon them.

"Sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse."—King Henry IV.



The difference between gold and pewter is
the difference between a

HERCULES

and other beds.

Sleep on a guaranteed Hercules Spring Bed for thirty nights. The patent interlacing gives it strength and comfort. If it does not prove itself better than you thought a bed could be, your dealer will promptly refund your money. Look for guarantee on frame.

Gold Medal Furniture Co., Limited

TORONTO, MONTREAL and WINNIPEG

His Finish

Bronco Bill—"Yes, de tenderfoot was killed by his auto."

Grizzly Pete—"How did it happen?"

Bronco Bill—"He ran over Alkali Ike's dog."

Refused, of Course

Hicks—"My stenographer made an awful mistake in proposing to that girl he is so much in love with."

Wicks—"How so?"

Hicks—"Why, he wrote his letter of proposal on the typewriter, and from force of habit marked it 'dictated.'"

The Conqueror

See, there he comes!

Oh, the gay pride of him,
Youth in the stride of him,
Trumpets and drums!

All the street stares,
Turning to glance at him,
Soft eyes askance at him;
Little he cares!

Never a pause,
Taking as due to him
What may accrue to him,
Love and applause.

Careless and proud—
That is their part of him;
But the deep heart of him,
Hid the crowd!

Simple and frank—
Traitors, be wise of him!
Are not the eyes of him
Pledge of his rank!

Vigor and tan—
Look at the strength of him;
Oh, the good length of him!
That is my man!

Plant Compasses

The means of telling north from south by the bark on a tree is already well known to the average person; yet few seem to be aware of the fact that there are several plants which may be termed almost infallible guides. These are the "compass-plants," so-called. The most common one is the rosin-weed.

The discovery of the "compass-plant" was first made in 1842 by a company of western pioneers, and in the following year Major Alvord, of the United States army, made a report in which he verified the statements of the discoverers, and at last the compass-plant was duly classified and recorded.

Several theories have been advanced to explain why the leaves of this plant are attracted to the poles; for they stand perpendicularly with their faces to the east and the west, and their edges to the north and the south. But it remained for Dr. Asa Gray to give a true explanation. This was that both sides of the leaf being similarly constructed, and both equally sensitive to light, both sides would, therefore, make an equal struggle for sunlight, causing each leaf to twist upon the stalk until it became perpendicular, thus exposing one side as much as the other. Further microscopic examinations proved the truth of these deductions.

Nature lovers will find it a pleasing study to examine this plant, the rosin-weed, and personally collect data upon the subject. If the plant mentioned is not to be found select for the experiments instead the common garden lettuce, which, if allowed to go to seed, will be seen to point the leaves along its stalk directly north and south.

DON'T THROW MONEY AWAY



THE SETTING HEN—Her failures have discouraged many a poultry raiser.

You can make money raising chicks in the right way—lots of it.

No one doubts that there is money in raising chickens with a good Incubator and Brooder.

Users of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder have all made money. If you still cling to the old idea that you can successfully run a poultry business using the hen as a hatcher, we would like to reason with you.

In the first place, we can prove to you that your actual cash loss in eggs, which the 20 hens should lay during the time you keep them hatching and brooding, will be enough to pay for a Chatham Incubator and Brooder in five or six hatches, to say nothing whatever of the larger and better results attained by the use of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

If you allow a hen to set, you lose at least eight weeks of laying (three weeks hatching and five weeks taking care of the chickens), or say in the eight weeks she would lay at least three dozen eggs. Let the Chatham Incubator on the hatching, while the hen goes on laying eggs.

Our No. 3 Incubator will hatch as many eggs as twenty setting hens, and do it better. Now, here is a question in arithmetic:—

If you keep 20 hens from laying for 8 weeks, how much cash do you lose if each hen would have laid 3 dozen eggs, and eggs are worth 15 cents per dozen? **Ans.—\$9.00.**

Therefore, when the Chatham Incubator is hatching the number of eggs that twenty hens would hatch, it is really earning in cash for you \$9.00, besides producing for your profit chicks by the wholesale, and being ready to do the same thing over again the moment each hatch is off.

Don't you think, therefore, that it pays to keep the hens laying and let the Chatham Incubator do the hatching?

There are many other reasons why the Chatham Incubator and Brooder outclasses the setting hen.

The hen sets when she is ready. The Chatham Incubator is always ready. By planning to take off a hatch at the right time, you may have plenty of broilers to sell when broilers are scarce and prices at the top notch. If you depend on the hen, your chicks will grow to broilers just when every other hen's chicks are being marketed, and when the price is not so stiff.

The hen is a careless mother, often leading her chicks amongst wet grass, bushes, and in places where rats can confiscate her young.

The Chatham Brooder behaves itself, is a perfect mother and very rarely loses a chick, and is not infested with lice.

Altogether, there is absolutely no reasonable reason for continuing the use of a hen as a hatcher and every reason why you should have a Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

We are making a very special offer, which it will pay you to investigate.

Small Premises Sufficient For Poultry Raising.

Of course, if you have lots of room, so much the better, but many a man and woman are carrying on a successful and profitable poultry business in a small city or town lot. Anyone with a fair sized stable or shed and a small yard can raise poultry profitably.

But to make money quickly, you must get away from the old idea of trying to do business with setting hens as hatchers. You must get a Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

To enable everybody to get a fair start in the right way in the poultry business, we make a very special offer which it is worth your while to investigate.

We can supply you quickly from our distributing warehouses at Calgary, Brandon, Regina, Winnipeg, New Westminster, B.C., Montreal, Halifax, Chatham. Factories at CHATHAM, ONT., and DETROIT, MICH.

The MANSON CAMPBELL CO., Limited, Dept. 11a, CHATHAM, CANADA

Let us quote you prices on a good Fanning Mill or good Farm Scale.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder has created a New Era in Poultry Raising.

The setting Hen as a Hatcher has been proven a Commercial Failure.

The Chatham Incubator and Brooder has always proved a Money Maker.

A Light, Pleasant and Profitable Business for Women

Many women are to-day making an independent living and putting by money every month raising poultry with a Chatham Incubator.

Any woman with a little leisure time at her disposal can, without any previous experience or without a cent of cash, begin the poultry business and make money right from the start.

Perhaps you have a friend who is doing so. If not, we can give you the names of many who started with much misgiving only to be surprised by the ease and rapidity with which the profits came to them.

Of course, success depends on getting a right start. You must begin right. You can never make any considerable money as a poultry raiser with hens as hatchers. You must have a good Incubator and Brooder, but this means in the ordinary way an investment which, perhaps you are not prepared to make just now, and this is just where our special offer comes in.

If you are in earnest, we will set you up in the poultry business without a cent of cash down. If we were not sure that the Chatham Incubator and Brooder is the best and that with it and a reasonable amount of effort on your part you are sure to make money, we would not make the special offer below.

**WE WILL SHIP NOW
TO YOUR STATION
FREIGHT PREPAID**

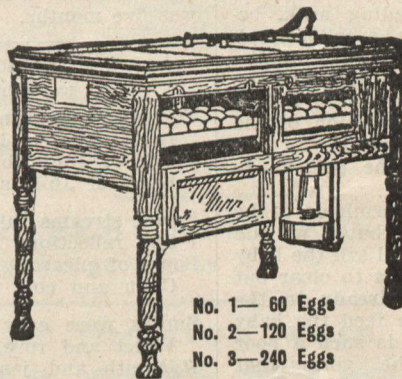
A CHATHAM INCUBATOR and BROODER

**You Pay us no Cash
Till After 1906 Harvest**

"Gentlemen,—Your No. 1 Incubator is all right. I am perfectly satisfied with it. Will get a larger one from you next year. H. M. LOCKWOOD, Lindsay, Ont."

"Gentlemen,—I think both Incubator and Brooder is all right. I got 75 per cent. out of three hatches. R. S. FLEMING, Plattsville, Ont."

Gentlemen,—I had never seen an incubator until I received yours. I was pleased and surprised to get over 80 per cent., and the chickens are all strong and healthy. A child could operate machine successfully. JAS. DAY, Rathwell, Man."



No. 1—60 Eggs
No. 2—120 Eggs
No. 3—240 Eggs

THE CHATHAM INCUBATOR—Its success has encouraged many to make more money than they ever thought possible out of chicks.

Every Farmer Should Raise Poultry

Almost every farmer "keeps hens," but, while he knows that there is a certain amount of profit in the business, even when letting it take care of itself, few farmers are aware of how much they are losing every year by not getting into the poultry business in such a way as to make real money out of it.

The setting hen as a hatcher will never be a commercial success. Her business is to lay eggs and she should be kept at it. The only way to raise chicks for profit is to begin right, by installing a Chatham Incubator and Brooder. With such a machine you can begin hatching on a large scale at any time.

You can only get one crop off your fields in a year, but with a Chatham Incubator and Brooder and ordinary attention, you can raise chickens from early Spring until Winter and have a crop every month. Think of it!

Quite a few farmers have discovered that there is money in the poultry business and have found this branch of farming so profitable that they have installed several Chatham Incubators and Brooders after trying the first.

Perhaps you think that it requires a great deal of time or a great deal of technical knowledge to raise chickens with a Chatham Incubator and Brooder. If so, you are greatly mistaken. Your wife or daughter can attend to the machine and look after the chickens without interfering with their regular household duties.

The market is always good and prices are never low. The demand is always in excess of the supply and at certain times of the year you can practically get any price you care to ask for good broilers. With a Chatham Incubator and Brooder you can start hatching at the right time to bring the chickens to marketable broilers when the supply is very low and the prices accordingly high. This you could never do with hens as hatchers.

We know that there is money in the poultry business for every farmer who will go about it right. All you have to do is to get a Chatham Incubator and Brooder and start it. But perhaps you are not prepared just now to spend the money. This is why we make the special offer.

IS THIS FAIR ?

We know there is money in raising chickens. We know the Chatham Incubator and Brooder has no equal.

We know that with any reasonable effort on your part, you cannot but make money out of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

We know that we made a similar offer last year and that in every case the payments were met cheerfully and promptly, and that in many cases money was accompanied by letters expressing satisfaction.

Therefore, we have no hesitation in making this proposition to every honest, earnest man or woman who may wish to add to their yearly profits with a small expenditure of time and money.

This really means that we will set you up in the poultry business so that you can make money right from the start, without asking for a single cent from you until after 1906 harvest.

If we knew of a fairer offer, we would make it. Write us a post card with your name and address, and we will send you full particulars, as well as our beautifully illustrated book, "How to make money out of chicks." Write to-day to Chatham.

Keeping the Baby Healthy

By D. T. MARSHALL, M.D.

First of all, stop giving the baby milk. I assume that the baby is bottle-fed, but whether it is or not, stop the milk. Whatever may have been the exciting cause of the attack of diarrhea in the first place, it will be aggravated by feeding milk, because milk forms an excellent culture-medium for the growth of the germs of putrefaction, which are the real cause of the diarrhea. Before we can cure the inflammation of the intestines we must get rid of the germs, together with the poisons to which they give rise.

We might add some germicide to the milk to kill the germs, but if we add enough to do that we will kill the baby also. The thing to do is to clear out the irritating matter already in the intestines, and then to feed the baby with some food which is such a poor culture-medium for the germs that that they will disappear altogether, or be so reduced in numbers as to be almost harmless.

The food most available for this purpose is some preparation of vegetable origin, such as the cereals, barley, rice, oatmeal, etc.

At the beginning of the attack stop all food whatever for at least twelve hours. Give a teaspoonful of castor-oil, and if the baby cannot retain it, give one-tenth of a grain of calomel every half hour until one grain has been given. Give only water to drink. When the baby's intestinal tract is empty begin feeding barley-water or rice-water flavored with beef or mutton or chicken broth. Change the kind of broth every day or two, or the baby will tire of it and will refuse to take it.

To soothe the inflamed intestinal tract and limit fermentation give at least ten grains of subnitrate of bismuth every two hours when the baby is awake, no matter what the age. This will make the stools dark green or black. If it does not, you are not giving enough. As the baby gets better give less of the bismuth, but don't stop until he is well.

To make the barley-water, mix two tablespoonfuls of barley-flour with one pint of water, and boil for twenty minutes, using a double boiler or setting the containing vessel in another vessel of water. Strain, and add water to make an even pint. Add a little salt, and put on ice. When you are ready to feed, put three ounces of barley-water and one ounce of broth into the nursing-bottle, warm to the temperature of the blood, and feed. The proportion should be about one-fourth or one-fifth broth and the rest barley-water.

Rice-water is made by boiling three tablespoonfuls of rice in one pint of water for three hours, making up for the water lost.

A baby cannot for any length of time take barley-water stronger than two even tablespoonfuls of raw barley to the pint of water. To make a stronger food, make use of baked or dextrinized barley. Of this as much as four tablespoonfuls can be used to the pint, though usually three are enough.

Barley-water or rice-water even with the addition of broth is not as good a food for babies as milk, therefore we must get the baby back on a milk diet as soon as we can with safety. This should be done gradually. At first add one tablespoonful of milk to each feeding, then two, and so on until the mixture is the normal one for a child of a given age. Never give a child whiskey, gin, paregoric or any other medicine, except the comparatively harmless castor-oil or subnitrate of bismuth unless by the advice of your physician.

The white-of-egg-and-water mixture so commonly given is about as good a culture-medium for germs as milk ;

besides, it is a poor, starvation sort of diet. Don't use it.

Barley-water looks thin, tastes thin and is thin, but I have known many babies to live on it for weeks, and even months. The longest I know was five months.

Honey

BY EMERY POTTLE

Thou'rt a fragrant garden, Honey,
In the land of Love ;
Fields of June about thee, Honey,
Skies of June above.

Forest streams thine eyes are, Honey,
Shy reflections keep ;
Pools of pleasant shadow, Honey,
Calm and cool and deep.

Smiles were ever blossoms, Honey—
Violet and rose,
Hyacinth and jasmine, Honey—
Every lover knows.

Daffodil thy heart is, Honey,
Brimming golden bowl ;
Find the fairest lily, Honey,
That's thy perfect soul.

Thou'rt a fragrant garden, Honey,
God hath wondrous blest ;
Give my heart sweet refuge, Honey,
Give my love sweet rest.

An Interesting Inscription

The following is a copy of an inscription made from a monument erected in the churchyard of Passage in the County of Cork, to the memory of Lieutenant Roberts of the royal navy, who was the first person who successfully navigated a steam vessel across the Atlantic :

"This stone commemorates in the churchyard of his native parish the merits and the premature death of the first officer under whose command a steam vessel ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean. Undaunted bravery exhibited in the suppression of the slave traffic in the African seas, a character unequaled for enterprise and consummate skill in all the details of his profession, recommended for this arduous service Lieutenant Richard Roberts, R.N. In accomplishing it he surpassed not only the wildest visions of former days, but even the warmest anticipations of the present, gave to science triumphs she had not dared to hope, and created an epoch forever memorable in the history of his country and navigation.

"The thousands that shall follow in his track must not forget who it was that first taught the world to traverse with such marvelous rapidity that highway of the ocean, and who, in thus connecting by a voyage of a few days the eastern and western hemispheres, has forever linked his name with the greatest achievements of navigation since Columbus first revealed Europe and America to each other.

"God, having permitted him this destination, was pleased to decree that the leader of this great enterprise should also be its martyr. Lieutenant Roberts perished with all on board his ship, the President, when on her voyage from America to England. She was lost in the month of March, 1840. As the gallant seaman under whose guidance was accomplished an undertaking the results of which centuries will not exhaust, it is for his country, for the world, to remember him.

"His widow, who erects this melancholy memorial, may be forgiven, if to her even three claims are lost in the recollection of that devotedness of attachment, that uprightness and kindness, of spirit, which, for alas ! but three brief years, formed the light and joy of her existence.

"Vessels : British Queen, Black Joke, Sirius, President."

Victoria SHOES FOR WOMEN

Owing to the great advance in the cost of leather, shoes to-day cost much more to produce than for many years. But we have not advanced our prices, and wearers of **VICTORIA BOOTS AND SHOES** can feel that they are correctly shod, and that no shoe made is superior in any way.

VICTORIA SHOES are made in all widths and sizes, in all shapes, and all kinds of leather required by the prevailing fashion.

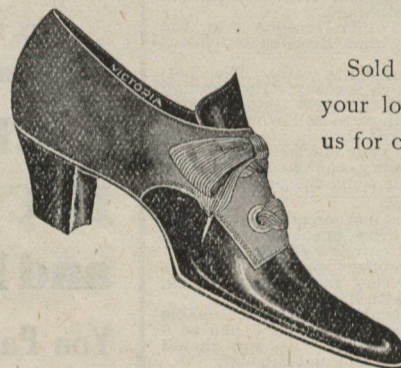


By giving your foot a comfortable home, you add materially to your own health and well being. That means a perfect fitting shoe ; a shoe built on nature's lines ; a shoe just right at every point ; a shoe that will let your foot live and breathe, not a leather prison.

The Victoria Shoe

is a perfect home for your foot. It has style and distinction too. It is made of materials that endure—it fits the foot, and because it is better made and of superior material it outwears all other shoes and is justly called

The Shoe of Shoes



Sold by first-class dealers everywhere. If your local dealer does not sell them, write us for catalogue.

For Women

Nothing is more attractive than good looking shoes—they are the most critical part of her attire.

Victoria lasts have that necessary touch of character which gives shoe assurance—shoe pride.

We guarantee to all wearers of **VICTORIA SHOES** that the **Finest Leather and Material** are used in their construction.

The Victoria Shoe Co.

LIMITED

TORONTO - CANADA

A Little About Everything

Nothing New Under the Sun

The old saying, "There is nothing new under the sun," is as true in these days of invention and progress as it ever was.

The theory of the automobile was known to Solomon de Coste of Normandy in 1641. He wrote a book on the propulsion of carriages by steam power, and was cast into a Paris madhouse for it by Cardinal Richelieu.

The theory of telegraphing by wire was practically illustrated in 1775 by Arthur Young, long before Professor Morse was born.

Although to Robert Fulton, the American inventor, is given the credit of navigation by steam power, Blasco de Guere, a Spanish sea captain, propelled a ship by a steam engine before the King of Spain in 1543. The age was not capable of appreciating his feat, and he died in exile.

Air-ships, a few of which have been comparatively successful, are called a new invention; but in 1679 a pamphlet was written by Francisco Lana expounding the theory of ships which would navigate the air as well as the sea.

No doubt the invention of wireless telegraphy was foreshadowed by a book of philosophy which appeared in 1617. This work mentions communication between two persons at different points by means of a loadstone and a needle placed upon a metal dial.

The discovery of the circulation of the blood is accredited to Harvey in 1619; but from a passage in Loginus we learn that this was known two thousand years before.

Dr. Morton of Boston in 1846 was the first man to put to practical use the administration of anesthetics; but for hundreds of years before this the use of various herbs to ease pain and induce unconsciousness was known. No doubt the use of cocaine as a local anesthetic originated from Baron Laney, Napoleon's physician. This man applied ice to wounds to produce a state of insensibility to pain.

Newton was preceded in his knowledge of the law of gravitation by Dante and Shakespeare.

Laennee discovered the stethoscope in 1816; but one hundred and fifty years before Robert Hooke had shown a knowledge of its principle. The theory of the stereoscope, which we consider a comparatively new invention, was known to Euclid.

Early Balloon Ascensions

The first balloon ascension was made in 1783 in France, by Stephen and Joseph Montgolfier, two paper makers. They succeeded in reaching, in a small balloon, the height of fifteen thousand feet. Before this date, however, Cavendish, who had discovered hydrogen gas in 1766, and Black, who had the following year discovered that this gas would cause a light envelop filled with it to rise of its own accord, had laid the foundation of aeronautics.

In the same year that the Montgolfier brothers made their ascent, Professor Charles made an ascension in a balloon of his own construction before half the population of Paris. Balloon ascensions were not wholly successful, however, until 1830, when Green of America introduced coal gas instead of hydrogen with which to inflate the bag of the balloon.

The highest balloon ascension on record was made by Glaisher and Coxwell from Wolverhampton in September, 1862. They reached an altitude of seven miles, or thirty-seven thousand feet. The cold at this height was about twelve degrees below zero. Glaisher became insensible, and Coxwell's hands were frozen; but by the

aid of his teeth he managed to open the valve in the balloon and descend in safety.

Sandwich Men

Advertising is preeminently a modern business, yet one phase of it, like much of our commercial system, found its origin in Italy of the Middle Ages.

The sandwich man made his first appearance in 1346 on the streets of Florence. The wine merchants there were in the habit of hiring indigent individuals to parade the streets dressed to represent straw-covered wine-bottles. Now, the custom has spread to all the great cities of the globe.

But nowhere, perhaps, is the sandwich man subject to more stringent regulation than in London. He must walk near the curbstone, but not on the pavement, and not within thirty yards of his nearest placarded comrade. In case the sandwich man does not fulfil these rules he may be arrested and fined.

Steel Pens

Steel writing-pens are a modern invention. They were first made in 1803 in England by a man named Wise. The quill pen of our forefathers was first used in the fifth century. Before that time split reeds were used to write with.

There was not much use for pens in the olden times. Theodoric, King of the Ostrogoths, it is said, was so illiterate that, instead of using a pen with which to sign documents, he had a gold plate through which letters were cut, and this being placed on a piece of paper, the King traced his signature with a quill.

Bells

Paulinus, Bishop of Nola in Campania, invented bells about the year 400. Originally they were used in churches as a defence against thunder and lightning. The first bell in England was hung in Croyland Abbey at Lincolnshire in 945.

About the eleventh century it became a peculiar custom to baptize bells in churches before they were used. Musical bells and chimes were invented in Belgium in 1407. The curfew bell was established in 1068.

Moving Pictures

Moving pictures are considered a modern invention; but at the beginning of the eighteenth century an English engineer invented an arrangement of figures painted on thin strips of wood which were put on a canvas background, so that by the aid of wires they could be made to move and go through various actions in a life-like way.

This was considered a marvel at that time, and the engineer exhibited his invention all over England.

Banks

It is to Italy that the first establishment of banks is credited. These banks were founded by Lombard Jews.

The name "bank" is derived from the word "banco," which originally was a term applied to benches set in the market-place for the exchange of money. The first public bank was opened in Venice in 1550. The Bank of England was established in 1693.

Prehistoric Incubators

The use of incubators in the hatching of eggs is not a new process. On the contrary, it dates back to the an-

STOP and think if there is any reason why you should not buy that Engagement or Wedding Ring from us. We give you from 25% to 40% better value than you can get in your own town, because we sell you direct from Factory, thus saving you all middlemen's profits.

You may not know us; that is why we do not ask you to send money until after you have ring on your finger, and are thoroughly satisfied that it is a better bargain than you can get elsewhere. Do not buy it unless it is; return it to us at our expense.

Our Rings are marvels of beauty and excellence in both workmanship and design.

You have your choice of stones—Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Pearls, Olivines, Sapphires, Turquoise, Amethysts, Garnets, Blood Stones, Sardonyx.

Any of these stones set in a beautiful 10k, 14k or 18k solid gold claw setting, either twin style, single stone, or three or five stone hoop ring, is an ornament to the hand, a pleasure to the wearer, and a pleasure which no young lady or man need be deprived of, because our prices are so reasonable.

Just tell us the stone you prefer, style of ring desired, and finger size, also price you wish to pay, and we will send it to you. Pay us after you have ring, not before.

Don't be without a ring any longer. If you do not feel like spending the money just now, but would like to earn a beautiful ring, write us, and we will show you how you can earn one in a few hours.

THE BEST JEWELRY CO.,

Janes Building, Yonge Street

Toronto, Ont.

NEXT TIME YOU WASH USE

GILMORE'S PURE FLOATING SOAP

For All Laundry Work and Baths

No home should be without it. It will not shrink woollens or flannels. Especially adapted for cleansing and whitening the finest of linens, laces, cambrics, etc., also baby garments. It removes stains, dirt and grease very quickly, and makes clothes sweet and clean. Price, 10c. If your grocer does not sell it write us.

Saver is an excellent yellow laundry soap for rough washing and scrubbing. Ask for it.

Have You Eczema, Scrofula, Sunburns, Rashes, Blotches, Blackheads, Pimples, Itchings, and Burning of the Skin? Use

DR. GILMORE'S CURATIVE SKIN SOAP

It softens the skin, soothes and heals eruptions, and beautifies the complexion. Buy it and follow directions. Sold by druggists, or will be mailed to any address on receipt of price, 25 cts. Address all communications to

THE GILMORE M'FG CO.,

Advt. Dept., 75 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

cient Egyptians who often hatched eggs of various fowls in clay ovens heated to the proper temperature.

With the dying out of the Egyptians the science of incubation, like so many of their other arts, went with them, and it was thought that it was one of the lost arts until Reamur regained it in the last century.

Watches

It is said that watches were made in Nuremberg as early as 1477. They were of little practical use, and resembled our watches of to-day in a slight degree. Some of them were in the shape of a pear, and often they were used as heads to walking-sticks.

They were of small service in keeping time until the invention of the spiral spring by Hooke in 1395.

Livingstone's Death in Africa

David Livingstone was not killed by savages, but died from exhaustion, caused by continued hardship and privation. He met his death on May 1st, 1873, at the village of Tshitambo, a friendly chief, on the shore of Lake Bangweolo. Yet, despite his peaceful end, his body was not to have repose. The native followers of the explorer cut his heart out and buried it at the foot of the tree beneath the branches of which he had died. And on the trunk they cut a crude inscription to mark the spot. It was not till twenty-five years had passed that the body of the man who had shed more light on the Dark Continent than any before his time was buried with the honor due him. When Mr. Sharpe, the British administrator for the district, visited the spot in 1898, he found the tree decaying. He raised a subscription in England and procured a substantial stone monument, which now marks Livingstone's first grave. The body was dug up and buried in Westminster's Abbey.

The Silver Ship

A silver ship on a silver sea
Waits in the offing for you and me,
To bear us away to Lotus Land,
Beyond the golden circle's strand,
Where wooing waves and yielding shore
Twine lovers' arms forevermore.

Oh, haste and away, for the rainbow spars
Flash in the light of the peeping stars,
And the swelling sails of silken pearl
Filled by the fair south wind unfurl.
Oh, haste, and bear us far away
Ere the gold of the circle pales to gray!

Toss and break, thou foaming crest!
We ride on thy swell to the Islands Blest,

Where all our vanished dreams return,
And love its altared fire shall burn.
Who would not leave a world like this
In a silver ship for the isles of bliss?

Shorthand

The first known treatise on stenography is a curious little book called "Arte of Shorte, Swift, and Secrete Writing by Character."

The credit of inventing this method belongs to Dr. Timothe Bright.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO HABITS

A. McTAGGART, M.D., C.M.,
75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

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The Sneeze and its Significance

BY MICHAEL WHITE

"Shall not love to me,
As in a Latin song I learnt at school
Sneeze out a full God-bless-you right
and left?"

These lines of Tennyson's emphasize the importance of the ancient and universal act of sneezing. As sneezers, the Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, Hindus, and Persians have had not a little to say about the habit in their classics, attributing to it a variety of causes and effects. By the Arabs the creation of the universe is declared to have come about through a sneeze on the part of Allah. Both the Africans and North American Indians have regarded the sneeze as a potential omen.

However, to begin with ourselves, whether or not there may be found some old-fashioned people in the United States who still sneeze "A full God-bless-you right and left," it is a fact that many of us possess relations near or distant in Europe who give vent to the pious exclamation after sneezing. This custom extends practically all over Europe from Sweden to Spain, and for its origin one must go back to early Christian if not pagan times.

It would seem that in the days of Saint Gregory Italy was swept by an epidemic, possibly grip, the crisis of which was reached by a violent fit of sneezing. This was called the "death sneeze," and Saint Gregory enjoined that if the sufferer survived it he should express his gratitude in the form of the benediction, "God bless you!"

But long before this period the Romans had come to regard sneezing during a pestilence as such a dire symptom that it was customary to offer a short prayer to one of the gods. Thus while the sneezer exclaimed, "Jupiter help me!" those at hand responded, "Absit omen!" From this source, therefore, the custom spread over Europe; so that we find the importance of a sneeze further illustrated by the saying, "Not to be sneezed at," meaning something to be regarded seriously. In Greece, however, when a person sneezes, those in his company bow reverentially in recognition of the epidemic of sneezing which tradition has it once depopulated Athens.

Turning in another direction, it would appear that the Persians and Hindus still regard the sneeze as the special manifestation of an evil spirit. In the Sadder, one of the sacred books of the Persians, all people are enjoined to offer prayers when a person sneezes, because Satan in his flight that way is hovering overhead and has half made up his mind to descend. In fact, it is supposed to be the draft made by his sinister wings which causes a person to sneeze.

But with the Hindus, on the other hand, a sneeze is regarded rather as a matter for congratulation. With them it is a sign that an evil spirit is trying to escape from your throat. Hence when a Hindu sneezes, he exclaims in high satisfaction, "Live!" to which his companions respond, "With you." At the same time the thumb and middle finger are snapped vigorously, to scare the evil spirit from the room, so as to prevent his jumping down some one's else throat.

In China, where every act is governed by a minute and strict code of etiquette, a rule for polite sneezing is in force. If by sundry twitchings of your friend's nostrils you observe that he is about to sneeze, you clasp your hands and bow until the fit is over. Then you express the hope that the bones of his illustrious ancestors have not been rattled by the demon of the earth.

With the Japanese it is not considered good form to recognize a sneeze, unless the sneezer should be a fox. Then it is advisable to make propitiatory offerings at the nearest shrine of the fox god.

But in this connection the most remarkable point is the universal evil significance attached to a sneezing fit. In Northern Africa when a potentate sneezed horns were blown and drums beaten to apprise those in the vicinity; so that faithful subjects might make vows and offerings for the safety of the chief. Again, when the Spaniards landed in America they were surprised to find their own superstitions reflected by the Indians when anyone sneezed. Thus on one occasion the Chief of Florida implored those about him to raise their hands and petition the sun to avert the evil consequences.

But as an exception there is at least one race or tribe of people who regard sneezing in another light. With the Eskimo it would seem to be their chief expression of hilarity, and "Have a sneeze with me" to be the equivalent to whatever form of passing hospitality other people may offer. In order to produce a fine bone-shaking sneeze, the Eskimo mix powdered quartz with ground tobacco, and the result is a nasal explosion that would wreck any other than an Eskimo head. It is said to be their one form of dissipation, and they will travel two years along an ice-girt coast to procure the tobacco for its indulgence.

To the majority of us, however, who are unlike the Eskimo in this respect, it may be opportune to know that the only way to prevent a sneeze is to press a finger tightly upon the upper lip.

Wishing

I wish I had a house and lot
Like Jones'—he's my next door
neighbor—
The height of my ambition's not
My labor.

I wish I had a million cold;
I wish that I could even borrow
One-half of Johnson's pile of gold
To-morrow.

I wish I had Bill Brown's estate;
Large, beautiful, and full of trees.
He
Loafs all day long. It must be great—
So easy.

I wish—but no! I'll have to stop.
This poem's getting socialistic—
My muse is generally op-
Timistic.

Farewell, oh million bones! I'll sell
This rime, "my own, though it's a
bum thing."
A dinner's in it—and—oh, well,
That's something.

The Talk of the Day

An Austrian scientist is inclined to think that short sightedness is not an unmixed evil. He doubts if school work causes it. With the aid of a large staff of enthusiastic medical helpers, the eyes of more than fifteen thousand school children were examined, and a great mass of information was collected and studied. The professor finds that among the most extreme cases of short sight, hand-workers greatly outnumber the eye workers. The majority of these cases declared that their defective sight had existed from birth, or as long as they could remember. He declares that his investigations prove that school work never produces extreme short sightedness, but only a slight myopia, which, far from being a disadvantage, may even be regarded as a benefit. For, he says, persons with normal sight, although they can see distant objects quite clearly, cannot read or write without the aid of glasses when they reach the age of fifty, whereas the slightly short sighted individual can always read and write quite comfortably, and requires glasses only for distant objects—a much happier state of things.



The Angle Lamp

Is not an improvement on the old style lamp, but an entirely NEW METHOD of burning oil which has made common kerosene (or coal oil) the most satisfactory of all illuminants.

And when we say satisfactory we mean satisfactory—one that combines brilliancy with soft, restful, pleasing quality, that is as convenient as gas, safe as a tallow candle, and yet so economical to burn that in a few months' use

IT ACTUALLY PAYS FOR ITSELF.

The ordinary lamp with the round wick, generally considered the cheapest of all lighting methods, burns but about 5 hours on a quart of oil, while The Angle Lamp burns a full 16 hours on the same quantity. This, even where oil is cheap, soon amounts to more than its entire original cost. But in another way it saves as much—perhaps more.

Ordinary lamps must always be turned at full height, although on an average of two hours a night all that is really needed is a dim light ready to be turned up full when wanted. A gallon of oil a week absolutely wasted, simply because your lamps cannot be turned low without unbearable odor. All this is saved in The Angle Lamp, for whether burned at full height or turned low, it gives not the slightest trace of odor or smoke.

You should know more about the lamp, which for its convenience and soft, restful light, might be considered a luxury were it not for the wonderful economy which makes it an actual necessity. Write for our catalogue "P", fully explaining this new principle of oil lighting, and for our proposition to prove these statements by

30 DAYS' TRIAL.

When such people as ex-President Cleveland, the Rockefellers, Carnegies, and thousands of others, after trying The Angle Lamp, find it profitable to rip out gas and electric light fixtures, to throw away gasoline and acetylene outfits or ordinary lamps, it is surely worth your while to send a penny postal to find out about it.

Write for catalogue listing 32 varieties.

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The Praise of Women

A poet's compliment to a woman, or to women, is one of the prettiest and pleasantest exercises of words. Francis I. of France once said that a court without women would be like a year without a spring, and a spring without roses; and Malherbe, who was a poet, said that there are only two pretty things in the world, women and roses; and only two dainty morsels, women and melons.

Then, Chateaubriand said: "Man without woman would be gross, rude and solitary, and would ignore the grace which is the smile of love. Women hangs around him the flowers of life, like those forest creepers which adorn the trunks of oaks with their perfumed garlands."

In his pretty little book, "Opinions of My Friend Jacques on Women of Mind and the Mind of Women," F. J. Stahl says: "The mind of woman has every kind of relation to the diamond. It is fine, it is precious, it has a thousand fires, a thousand rays, it has facets which radiate in every direction, it dazzles and betrays itself, even in the shade, when the slightest opening is made. It cannot be shut up in the jewel-box; it must be seen."

Fontenelle said: "Among women modesty has great advantages; it augments beauty, and serves to hide ugliness."

"A young girl was walking in a garden," said an enthusiastic French poet, "and the flowers began to speak. 'You are prettier than we are, fair damsel,' said they: 'Fresher,' said the rose of May; 'more vermilion,' said the pomegranate; 'whiter,' said the lily; 'sweeter,' said the jasmine; 'more graceful,' said the meadow-queen; 'purer,' said the virgin-spike; 'chaster,' said the orange-flower. The young girl knew nothing of the language of the flowers; her fair, open countenance fell upon each of them without blushing, and she admired them all without knowing the praises they were giving her. But, perceiving half-hidden among the herbage the blue-eyed violet, she stooped toward it, gathered it with her delicate fingers, and after having inhaled its perfume, placed it near her heart. 'How happy is the violet!' said the other flowers."

We can hardly omit here the saying of Schiller: "Honor to women! They scatter celestial roses on the pathway of our earthly life; they weave the fortunate bands of love; and under the modest veil of the graces they nourish with a sacred hand the immortal flower of noble sentiments."

Making Maps of Ocean Beds

Prior to the nineteenth century, navigation, except on the high seas, was mainly that of the Irish pilot who claimed to know all the rocks in the harbor. "An' there's wan of thim!" said he, as he struck.

On approaching land one needs to know how far he is from the lighthouse or headland in sight. Triangulation tells him. Two points on land being taken for the base of the triangle, lines from these points, representing the other two sides of the triangle, are drawn until they intersect. That apex of the triangle will be the point where the observer is. Then the distance from his point to the land can be easily calculated.

The maritime wars under Napoleon disclosed the dangerous ignorance of French mariners about their own sea-coast. French vessels were unable to break or run their enemies' blockade. After peace was established Beautemps-Beaupre was appointed as the organizer and chief of a corps of engineers to chart the whole coast of France. His work was so well done that the other naval powers hastened to chart their own coasts according to his methods.

The head of a rock may easily

escape ordinary soundings, or lie between soundings. When covered by ten or more feet of water, and unmarked by ripples or breakers, it is hard to find. Even when known it is hard to get soundings. The lead may glide over it, so that even in well-surveyed waters some unlucky ship out of hundreds passing there may "find the rock with its keel."

Groups of buoys with grappling irons are lashed together in long sweeping lines and sunk behind the small sounding-boat until they touch bottom, and are then towed until they strike a rock. In calm weather rocks and reefs may be seen at great depths from great heights in balloons. Even after a rock has been discovered, its depth and position must be precisely ascertained. Fishermen, too, help make known these uncharted rocks, rewards being offered for all new ones discovered.

England, the United States, Spain, Italy, and other maritime nations have adopted French methods. Japan in the last twenty years has devoted to the subject its usual minute, trustworthy and masterful study; but has imitated the English crowded and complicated charts, rather than the artistic execution of the French.

Eccentric Travellers

An Englishman once went abroad with the design of taking an extensive tour on the continent, but was diverted from his purpose by finding himself so comfortably on board a certain canal-boat in Holland or Belgium, that he went no farther, preferring to be a daily passenger in the boat, which went and returned between certain limits on alternate days.

It seems to be agreed that this man started on his intended tour in 1815, the year of the Battle of Waterloo; that he landed at Ostend with the design of pushing on to Brussels; and that the canal-boat which arrested his progress was one that plied between Bruges and Ghent, starting one day at Ghent, and the other at Bruges.

According to one account which we have heard, the individual in question, went abroad not merely to see foreign lands, but in the hope of meeting with illustrious personages and distinguished characters, which will account for his making for Brussels in 1815. Finding, however, that on board the canal-boat he not only fell in with many persons worth meeting, but had the opportunity of sitting down with them to the table d'hote, he thought he could not do better, and went backward and forward, never getting farther than Ghent, until the railroads were invented, when he drowned himself on the last trip of the passage-boat.

Another Englishman is said to have made a bet that Van Amburgh, the lion-tamer, would be eaten by his ferocious pupils within a given time, and followed him about the continents of Europe and America, in the hope of seeing him at last devoured, and so winning his stake. Eugene Sue introduces this mythical Englishman among the dramatic personae of "The Wandering Jew."

The Russians also have a story of an eccentric traveler, likewise an Englishman, who posted overland, and in the depth of winter, to St. Petersburg, merely to see the famous wrought-iron gates of the Summer Garden. He is said to have died of grief at finding the gates superior to those at the entrance to his own park at home.

Add to this the lying traveler, who boasted that he had been everywhere; and who being asked how he liked Persia replied that he scarcely knew, as he had stayed there only a day.

Note also, among eccentricities, the nobleman of whom it was inquired at dinner what he had thought of Athens. He turned to his body servant, waiting behind his chair, and said: "John, what did I think of Athens?"

THE DIFFERENT STAGES IN A WOMAN'S LIFE

There are certain stages in a woman's life where it is absolutely necessary to pay particular attention to the heart and nerve system.

In the young girl blossoming into womanhood, the heart and nervous system are subject to influences and conditions which, if not attended to with the greatest care, bring about all sorts of nervous disorders, such as melancholia, hysteria, and palpitation and pains and aches in various portions of the body. There is no period in life that demands such unremitting attention to the nerves and heart. Mothers, this is the time to guard your daughter's health. Build up her system and allow her to enter womanhood strong and robust and fit for the duties that lie before her. You will find Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills invaluable for this purpose.

The next period of life that constitutes a special drain on the heart and nerve force is during pregnancy. Women at this time grow nervous, fretful, irritable and despondent. They really can't help it. Their nerve energy is being drawn upon heavily, and their heart is being over-taxed to supply blood for the new life. The heart must be strengthened and the nervous system built up to meet this condition, and the best thing for the purpose is Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

The next stage is at the "change or turn of life." At this stage she is most liable to heart and nerve troubles. Often there is great nervous prostration, melancholia, irritability, dizziness, floating specks before the eyes, irregular menses, the heart palpitates, the arteries of the neck throb, there is a rushing of the blood to the head and alternating hot and cold flashes.

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By C. D. MATHEWS



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"Hello! Is Mr. Edward Peyton in the office?"

"Oh, is that you, Mr. Peyton? This is Miss Van de Veer—"

"You knew my voice, did you?"

"Thanks; but kindly refrain from such flattering remarks before your clerks—"

"Oh, you have a private office? I didn't know that—"

"What?"

"No, I hadn't thought of asking you to dinner, Sir Impudence; but since you seem to be hungry, I've several meal-tickets for the Rosemary One-Cent Lunch Counter down in Broome Street, and if you can prove yourself deserving charity—"

"Charity—"

"C-H-A-R-I-T-Y—"

"No, it doesn't spell love, Mr. Peyton. Your early education must have



been sadly neglected, and nothing betrays it so quickly as poor spelling."

"Have I called you up just to quarrel, then? Yes, and incidentally to ask if you won't come around to-night about half after ten for one of my Welsh rabbits."

"Thank you kindly, sir, you are very complimentary; but as rabbits are my specialty, having never failed me yet, humility on my part would be ostentatious."

"What did you say?"

"That you can't come? Why not?"

"Oh! You're going to the theatre, are you? I'm very sorry. Some other time, perhaps. Good-bye—"

"I beg pardon?"

"You'll come up after the theatre?"

"But I haven't asked you for eleven o'clock or later; I said half after ten, and it's not customary, I've been told, to invite one's self or to change the hour set by one's hostess."

"At what are you laughing?"

"Because I can't guess whom you hope to take to the theatre? I'm sure, Mr. Peyton, it's a matter of utmost indifference to me, though I suppose it's that awful Miss Dwyer—"

"Yes, I said awful. Of course, you know I meant awe-inspiring—'faultily faultless, icily regular' and the rest of it—"

"No, I didn't say 'splendidly null.' You said it yourself, and moreover—"

"But it's not Miss Dwyer? I'm sure I don't know who it is, then. Somebody equally uninteresting, I'd venture—"

"What? You think I'd call her more uninteresting?"

"No, Mr. Peyton, I don't care in the least to know about your old theatre, and as it may inconvenience you to come so far up-town after the play is over, I shall withdraw my invitation and—"

"What?"

"It isn't polite to withdraw an invitation without adequate reason? Certainly not. But I have a reason, Mr. Peyton."

"Pardon me? Did you ask if I am vexed at your going to the theatre? How perfectly delicious. And pray, why should I care with whom you go? I have told you repeatedly it is a matter of utmost indifference to me, and—and—"

"But you hope I will go with you? Upon my word! I suppose Miss Dwyer refused you—"

"What's that? You never asked her? And you meant to ask me all the time?"

"Well, I must say, Mr. Peyton, your assurance is prodigious. And then you said I was uglier and stupider than that—that Dwyer girl—"

"Yes you did, and—and—"

"No, don't try to persuade me. You should have asked me at the very beginning, and not made fun."

"You trapped me purposely into showing ill-temper. I can't go with anybody who shows such a lack of consideration."

"But you didn't show it."

"Of course, I don't know what you feel."

"But I can't see your eyes, Mr. Peyton."

"Oh, never mind my eyes."

"If I'd see you for minute you'd make me understand?"

"Well, perhaps you can come up for a little, but I won't—"

"The idea! Now you're going to the other extreme. You mustn't say such things."

"Of course I do."

"Come to dinner this evening at seven, and I'll tell you whether I'll go or not—"

"You want to ask me another question?"

"Perhaps you'd better wait until dinner for that, too, since it's so very important—"

"No, I shan't listen to you now, Mr. Peyton. I may this evening, though, and—come up early. In fact, you might as well take five-o'clock tea with me. I shall be all alone, and—"

"Oh, don't, Mr. Peyton, somebody'll hear you—"

"Please stop, and I'll say anything you want me to."

"No, no, no, I can't say that—I'm going to ring off—"

"Good-bye, Ned!"



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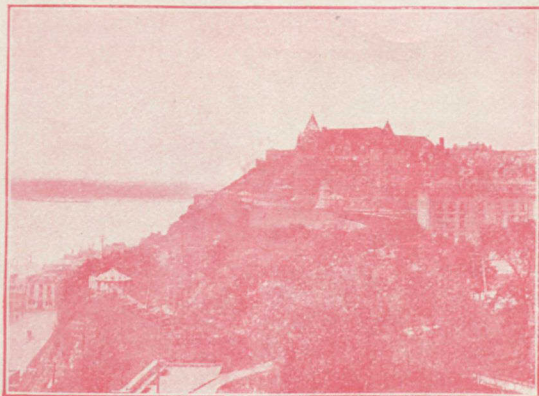
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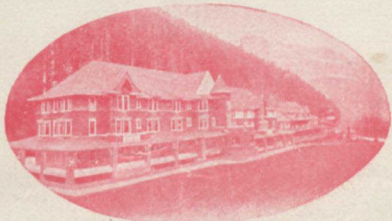
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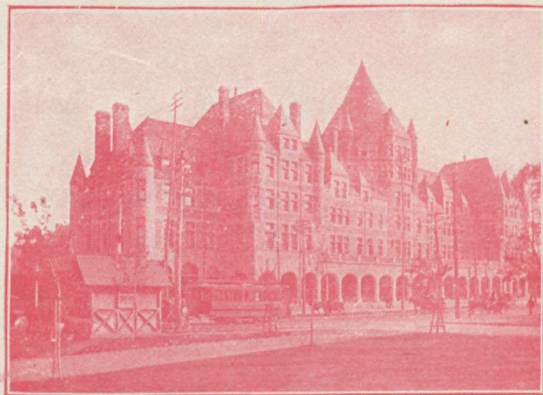
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This chair has the unusual number of five legs, designed for a corner chair. It is pretty and novel in appearance and would be a decided acquisition to any drawing-room. Made in solid birch-mahogany finished frame and a handsomely carved back panel in genuine mahogany veneer. Silks used in covering this chair are of the best quality tapestries or damasks. Price,

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A fancy corner chair of very pleasing design. Solid birch, mahogany finished frame with rich hand carving and piano polish finish, upholstered in best quality silk tapestries or damasks. We doubt if better value can be obtained at 25 per cent. more than we price it. Price,

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Here is shown a fancy arm chair with beautiful carved frame of polished birch-mahogany finish. The back panel is of genuine mahogany veneer and very handsome. Coverings of finest quality silk tapestries or damasks, in assorted colors. Very low priced for so excellent a design. Price,

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No. 3001
Parlor Chair

Reception Chair, selected birch frame with rich mahogany finish, genuine mahogany veneer on back, upholstered in fine silk damask. A very pretty design for the parlor, and one that has met with instant approval. No mistake will be made in selecting this design. Price,

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No. 3001

No. 3002
Parlor Chair

A fancy arm chair for the parlor—in a handsomely carved frame of selected birch, mahogany finish and hand polished. The best silks are used in upholstering this chair (any desired shade). This is a design that will be easily appreciated by all tastes. Price,

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