

June, 1910

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CANADIAN

HOME JOURNAL

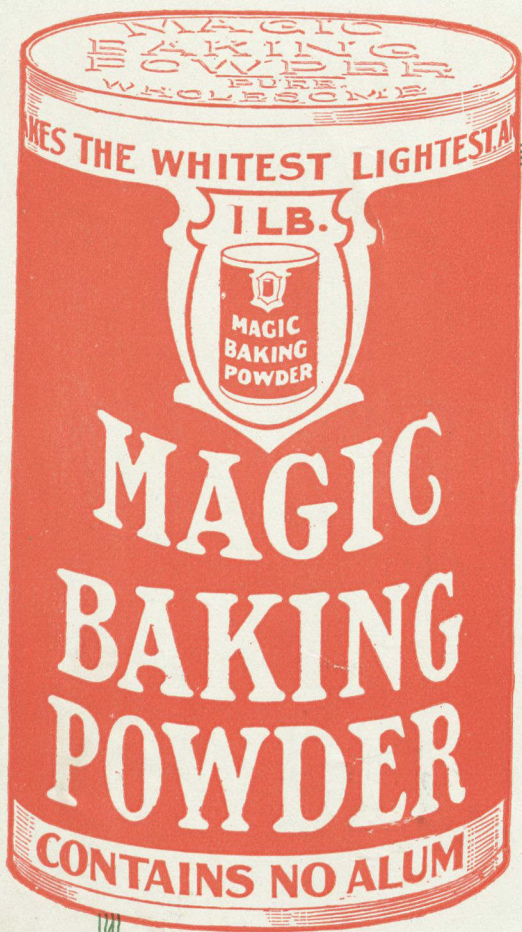
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VACATION NUMBER

Published by THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., Limited,
59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA.



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TORONTO, JUNE, 1910

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Editorial Chat

OUR NEW NAME may come as a surprise to some of our old friends. As a matter of fact, we have almost been obliged to take it, as so many of our subscribers have emphasized the fact that they like our "Canadianism." Henceforth, the publication will be known as CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, instead of THE HOME JOURNAL. We feel that the change is a wise one and will be appreciated by our readers. The attempt to give you articles and stories representative of your own country has met with your sympathy and encouragement, and we feel that the change of name will be merely in accordance with the general policy of the publication. There was a time when Canadians were extremely timid and deprecating concerning their own productions, but that period is past. "Made in Canada" has become a popular label, no less for publishing than for pianos.

OUR VACATION NUMBER should be a welcome visitor to your homes, as it contains so much information which the holiday-maker will find of value. The article on "Tips to London and Back" explains the true inwardness of the situation which is often perplexing to the tourist who is crossing the ocean for the first time. The article on the requisite equipment for the feminine traveller will also be of practical help and interest to all who are contemplating a holiday tour. Beauty spots in Canada have not been neglected, and one pictorially presented, from the Capilano Canyon of British Columbia to the summer delights of the Waegwoltic Club, Halifax.

THE FICTION FEATURES, we are glad to say, have met with the general approval of our readers. Mrs. McClung's story, "The Return Ticket," which is published in this issue, is a pathetic, yet all-too-lifelike sketch of a sad journey. Next month we hope to publish Mrs. MacKay's story, referred to in our May issue, and from Mrs. Sheard we have a charming narrative to brighten the August number.

OUR COVER DESIGNS are such, as our readers find, a bit of brightness, in keeping with the season. This month's design, which the artist, Mr. Lester J. Ambrose, calls "The Love Token," is an exceedingly dainty study of feminine charms, in the appropriate setting of an old-world garden.

THE EXTRA SIZE of our May issue has been adopted for this June number also. The advertising, as most of you will observe, makes such a change imperative, and the four extra pages are merely proof of how our advertising value is esteemed. However, the reader need not feel for one moment that the editorial interest will be sacrificed, as additional reading matter really gives you a supplement to the ordinary JOURNAL size.

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Vacation
Is Coming**

When getting together your outfit don't forget that one of your greatest necessities is *Pure, Sweet Milk and Cream*. You know how difficult it is to secure these articles in Summer camps. Take along with you a case or two of "CANADA FIRST" Evaporated Cream and Condensed Milk. These are guaranteed absolutely pure and with them in your larder you are guaranteed Fresh Milk at all times.

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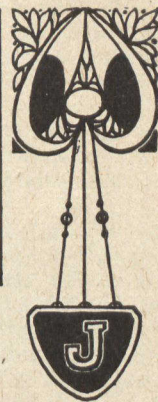
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WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

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Vacation Days

FROM about the first of May, most of us are anticipating the summer holidays, with a thrill that even Christmas hardly brings. Fortunate are those people who have a summer home awaiting them for the months of July and August and who are familiar with every aspect of the woods and rivers and lakes to which they are going. Canada is a country of hard work. Few of us are millionaires, but we have the golden opportunity to attain comfort if not competence which every new country affords.

The summer holidays mean a blissful time to the children, but the toil of much preparation for the housewife. Every year, the summer holidays become more important—perhaps, because the hurry and worry of business life have become greater, with a consequent demand for the rest and change of the vacation season. The poorest economy in the world, especially for the business man, or the woman with many household cares is the attempt to do without a holiday.

Do not make the holiday preparations too much of a burden. Live the simple life in food and raiment for, at least, two months of the year and you will be repaid in refreshed energies and renewed vigor when the month of September arrives. The summer holiday may be taken without going far from home. A change to farm-house for even a fortnight will do the city business man or woman a world of good. Even a camp in the woods will give the needed rest and change which may save a doctor's bill.

* * *

Indecent Books

THERE are some good souls who cannot resist signing a petition, and who never pause to consider what is implied in their signature. They fail to recognize that there is any responsibility in asking for the release of a criminal. It is very seldom, in a country possessing a democratic form of government, that there is either sense or reason in a petition. It is an extremely bad habit to take hold of any community.

The recent release from the Central Prison of men who had pled guilty to selling and advertising filthy books was in direct opposition to the highest interests of the State, and the editorials in the *Globe* condemning such maudlin laxity were not an adjective too strong. This is a matter which affects vitally the homes of the land and which cannot be dealt with too sharply or sternly. The ordinary thief, or the man who commits a murder in the heat of fury is clean and companionable in comparison with the unnatural scoundrel who seeks deliberately to poison the mind and imagination of youth, either by book or by picture. This is no affair for quibbling or argument. Such stuff is not literature—nor meant to be a work of literary art. It cannot be compared with the great books of the ages, in which sin is truly, not viciously, represented and in which there is no purpose or intention of arousing the evil. The women of the country should do all in their power to prevent the dissemination of such filth. Those who exert themselves in behalf of the criminals who spread the poison are allying themselves with the harm. Offenders of that class should be isolated for life—with hard labor at that.

* * *

The Girl Graduate

THE month of June does not belong to the bride alone. It is brightened also by the gowns and smiles of hundreds of girl graduates. School days are the jolliest of all, whether they may truly be called the happiest. It has been the custom to allude to

school-girl friendship as if it were a fleeting and merely sentimental affection. Yet it is one of the joys of youthful life, and the girl who has missed school-girl friends has been deprived of one of the greatest delights of existence.

The girls who have shared each other's tasks and "scrapes" for several years have known a comradeship with which nothing else in the world can compare. The friendships of those days are even more educative than the lessons themselves, for the college atmosphere means more than books. Although the Commencement Exercises may mean the separation of many friends and class-mates, the ties of those days are enduring. Often, in the later years, women who have known the trials and worries of the Larger School meet and laugh, with a touch of tears in the laughter, over the failures and triumphs of the days of algebra and botany. The girl graduate is so happy, so confident, so hopeful, that the wide world must wish her well.

* * *

Welcome the Newcomers

NEVER was the tide of immigration so high as it is in the year 1910. Ship after ship is bringing its load of newcomers to the Dominion of wide, unpeopled spaces. We have land enough and to spare, and, if we can but secure the right class of immigrants, the development of our country during the next fifty years will be such as to justify Sir Wilfrid Laurier's prophecy that Canada would hold first mortgage on the Twentieth Century.

It is most important that those who are pouring into this country from European shores should be greeted in a kind and friendly spirit on their arrival. While there is a stern necessity for keeping out the pauper class and the diseased, there is every reason why honest and willing settlers should be given every encouragement. We refuse to be the dumping-ground for the criminals or the degenerate of Old World cities; but we are more than willing to throw open our gates to those who are not afraid of work and who are willing to go far in search of an abiding-place. The Peace River District alone will support many thousands, while the Pacific Coast is a happy hunting-ground for the Unemployed. Let us help the new citizens to feel at home and to enjoy their first weeks in the Western World.

* * *

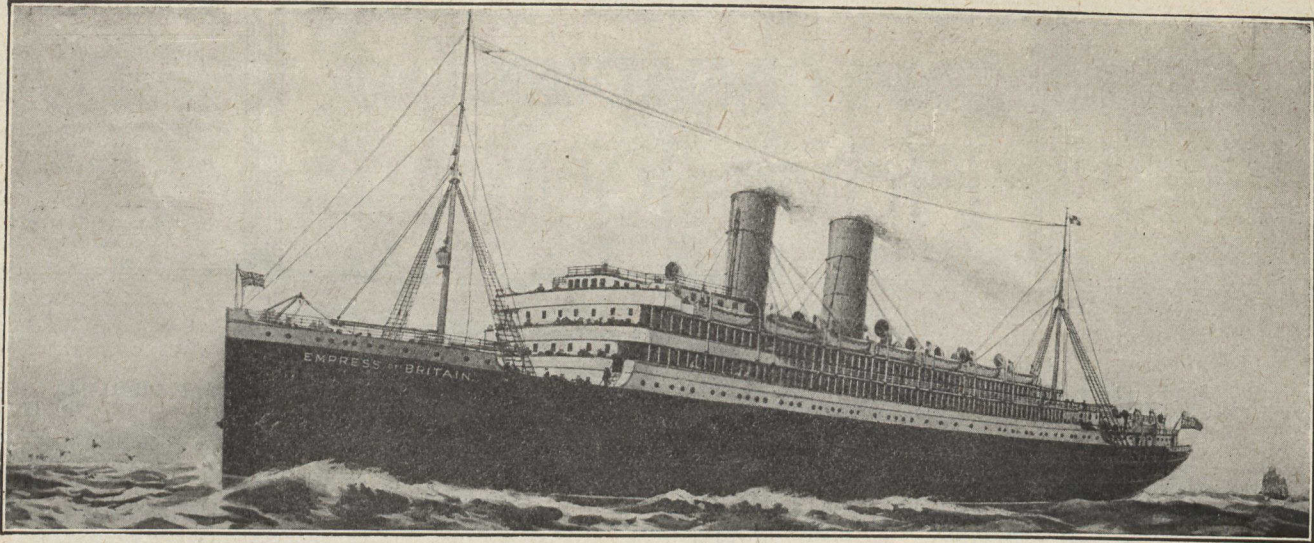
Homes for Business Girls

ONE of the recent remarkable developments in our cities is the increased interest in good boarding-houses for girls who earn their own living. Anything drearier than the average lodging-house would be difficult to imagine. The very prospect on opening the door is enough to dismay the tired girl, returning from her daily round of nerve-wracking office work. The hall is usually dreary in the extreme, faintly flavored with cabbage or onions, the carpet is threadbare, the wallpaper is hideous, while the pictures are enough to give the unfortunate lodgers dreams of nightmare proportions.

However, the future is going to change this dreary state of affairs. Business men themselves have aroused to the necessity of giving working girls bright and comfortable surroundings, where the genuine "comforts of a home" may be obtained at a reasonable figure. It is all very well to find fault with modern conditions, to declare that they are all wrong, that woman's place is the home and not the business office. We must face things as they are and provide as best we may for the modern industrial problems, while we also strive to keep the daughters on the farm.



QUEEN MARY OF ENGLAND.



THE EMPRESS OF BRITAIN

TIPS TO LONDON AND BACK

By WILLIAM PENROSE

MOST of us have a desire at some time in the future to visit "the old country." Perhaps to some it means a visit home, while to others it is a holiday outing that once taken is never forgotten. It is persons among the latter class that will be more interested in the cost and the knowing of what to do to make the trip an enjoyable one as well as getting the greatest amount of service out of money spent in tipping, etc.

The custom of tipping, or in other words, petty graft, is so general that it is not wise to travel without contributing your share. Just what constitutes a share and how much to give to the different servants is a question that the "first timer" finds hard to solve. Many desiring to visit Europe and cover a large amount of territory at a moderate cost and having no special plans nor friends to visit join a house party of fifty to one hundred persons.

Travelling by this method takes all the responsibility off one's mind of settling individual bills, but to offset this it is necessary to go where the party goes, and when they go, no matter what one's inclination is. The cost of a "house party" trip varies from \$250 to \$1000, determined only by the length of trip and the accommodation provided.

Perhaps the best way of advising just what tipping is necessary on a trip from, say Toronto to London, is to go over the route travelled. As they say in Europe, "follow the man from Cook's," and see what it will cost and learn of a few things you should do on the trip. Mind you, the figures quoted are not the least, nor the most, that is given, but only the amount to be given by a person of moderate means.

The sleeping car is where the tipping starts. The colored porter expects at least twenty-five cents as his share. Of course he blacks your shoes, brushes your clothes and makes a bluff at carrying your luggage to the platform on arrival in Montreal. Next, to a hotel for the day — as one should spend a day in Montreal sightseeing before leaving for Quebec. Cab hire to hotel is fifty cents. You need not mind tipping the cabby. The door porter or bell boy meets you at the door and takes your hand-baggage as if he owns it and waltzes you up to the register. The bell boy will be satisfied with ten cents after showing you to your room. Meals and room for the day for two persons, five to ten dollars. Of course the waiter who serves you expects something. Twenty-five cents a day for each person is about what is usual to give.

One often hears the remark that money will buy anything aboard ship, from the compass to the propeller shaft. This may be the feeling some persons have aboard ships, but it can be



SHUFFLEBOARD ON THE LINER



DINING ROOM FOR THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS

said in all truthfulness that the ships sailing from Canada to Great Britain are not as noted for graft as some other lines one could mention. There are several lines of steamships sailing from Canada that have as fine ships as any line in the world. Probably the best boats are the "Emperesses" of the C. P. R. Steamship Line. Another day in quaint old Quebec will be a source of much pleasure and novelty before going aboard.

Once aboard ship it does not take long to get located in your stateroom which is to be your home for the next week. The C. P. R. line is noted for its fine ships and splendid service. It is not necessary to dwell on the construction of the "Emperesses," only to say that owing to the modern way they are built one need not have as great fear of being seasick as when the ships of the old-fashioned construction are used.

* * *

THE persons who look after your comfort aboard ship, and who have it in their power to make life more pleasant should be tipped as follows: Table steward, ten shillings (don't forget that from the time you leave Montreal everything is reckoned by English currency). This person can pick out the choicest cuts and serve you in a manner that will make your meals much more palatable if he has a kindly feeling towards you. Next is the berth steward, the man that looks after your stateroom. Give him ten shillings. He will often earn more, especially if you are sick. Give the deck steward five shillings for placing your steamer chair, or more if you are anxious to secure some specially desired position. The deck steward usually earns the tips, as, for instance, when a passenger is sick he will serve hot broth or tea and toast, which everyone knows, that has ever been seasick, is greatly appreciated when recovering. Beside this he will also look after your steamer rug and chair, and in many ways make you more comfortable when on deck. The bath-room steward must also be remembered. Give him five shillings. If a man is travelling with his wife, the stewardess will expect at least ten shillings.

On rainy days or in the evening the library is a source of much enjoyment. The steward here is usually given five shillings. Then there is "boots" to be considered. Three shillings will satisfy this important person, who polishes the shoes you leave at your stateroom door each evening. Then there are a number of lesser personages to be considered, or special favors you desire, such as a favorite dish from the chef, or a visit to the stoke-holds or engine room, the barber, the smoking room steward, cabin boys,

and others. The size of the tip can be determined by the duties performed or the exclusiveness of the privilege obtained. It is a safe rule to add ten per cent. to your travelling and hotel bills.

Each passenger is supposed to have the same place at the table during the entire trip and the same location on the deck for the deck chair. It is also usual to have your bath at the same hour each morning. All of these matters are attended to by the steward in charge.

The tips given so far are for one person only, and as two are on the trip, just double the amounts and you will see that so far your tips have cost you five pounds six shillings, plus one dollar and a quarter spent in tips before going aboard, making a total of twenty-seven dollars and four cents in Canadian currency.

These figures are what are known by travelling men who cross frequently, as the recognized tariff for tips that should be given, if one does not wish to look small and stingy, or to throw money away uselessly. Persons wishing to impress the help with their great wealth often spoil the servants by giving tips out of proportion to the services rendered.

Travelling in England is expensive owing to short distances. The majority of persons travel second class in compartment cars or carriages as they say in England. If your ticket is through to London, a special train usually meets the steamer.

After your luggage has been examined by the customs officials, porters will place trunks, etc., on a cab for sixpence apiece. Cab hire is inexpensive but the cabby usually looks for ten per cent. of the cost of hire.

If you have never seen an English train you will be amused at the first one you see. They look not unlike the toy trains the children play with, only the doors are mostly on the sides. There is no baggage man, and you must see to having your trunks placed in the luggage van, also claim it upon arrival at destination. Give the porter sixpence for placing your trunks aboard and the same amount to the porter that removes your luggage from the van to the cab on arrival in London.

English trains do not carry conductors. Tickets are collected either just before the train leaves or the train is stopped a couple of miles from its destination for the collection of tickets. No person is allowed to pass through to a station platform without showing ticket for destination. In place of conductors or brakemen they have men known as guards accompany each train. They travel in a little cooped up compartment at the rear of the train. If you wish to have a compartment for your exclusive use, tip the guard a shilling.

In the better class London hotels, one of the first things you notice is the amount of gold braid and number of uniforms. One would almost imagine that he was entering a military institution. There are the door porters, the head hall porter, footmen, bell boys, and a host of others in uniform. The head hall porter is a man whose good will it is desirable to retain. He is a very important person around the hotel. His duty is to see that incoming and departing guests are properly looked after. He orders cabs, receives your mail, orders other porters to take luggage to your rooms, or have it removed and sent to your train. For these various services he is given about three shillings a week for each person. The porter taking trunks to rooms receives sixpence a piece, the waiter about threepence a meal for each person, the chambermaid one shilling a week for each person.

* * *

THE wages paid to servants in what might be termed public places are so small that if it were not for the tips they would not make

enough to keep them. In fact some hall porters give as much as one thousand dollars a year to the hotel management for the privilege of retaining the position.

Over in Paris the hotels have a valet and a maid for each floor (always man and wife). The maid looks after making beds and any wants of Madame, the valet helps with the cleaning and assists Monsieur. When leaving the hotel it is customary to ring for one of them to receive their tips. The valet is the one that usually appears, but don't give him the money, as there is small chance of his wife receiving any of it.



THIRD-CLASS PASSENGERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES



THE STAIRWAY ON THE "EMPRESS"

He will bow and scrape and hold out his hand for the coin, but if you insist on having him send Madame, he will respond, *Oui, oui, Monsieur,* and hurry away to find his wife. Give her the money and let them fight it out between themselves.

When you are leaving you will find a small army of help waiting in the hall to receive their share. You may never have seen some of them but they all expect something. You can't get past them without contributing to their support and gaudy uniforms. This is general all over Europe, it is no worse in England than in France

and Germany. It is part of the European atmosphere, which has been customary for years, and is now gradually becoming the custom in America.

Your return trip will be merely a repetition of the trip from Liverpool to London.

There are many who condemn tipping, but as the custom has become firmly established there are few who care to attempt any solution of what is often termed a nuisance.

The most interesting part of a return journey would be a visit to the steerage, as it was formerly known, but now known as the third class. There is more difference than in the name. One has visions of this part of the ship being occupied by humans a little better than cattle, eating soup out of a barrel, and in many ways living little better than savages. This is all wrong. Nothing like it aboard an "Empress." The third class are given two or four-berthed permanent rooms painted white, completely furnished and everything. Their food is good and as clean as that served on the better class tables but perhaps not served in quite the elaborate manner. The passengers in this class have steamer chairs, play bridge, read the latest books, have their morning bath, and pink ice cream for dinner, just the same as the more pampered class of society. The emigrants coming to Canada are of a much superior class to what they were a few years ago, and one can hardly distinguish any difference in dress between a third and a first class passenger.

Morning coats and princess gowns are quite in evidence. The third class accommodation nowadays is as good as was the first class of twenty years ago. With the great improvement in the third class one can easily picture the excellent accommodation provided for second and first class passengers.

Landing at Quebec, special trains are waiting to carry the passengers both newcomers and others to their destination. Baggage has been examined and checked, and railway tickets sold to each passenger to the destination while steaming up the river, which does away with vexatious delays. You will be glad to be in Canada again, where the air is free and you don't have to keep your hand in your pocket handing out tips to everyone that does something for you.

Travel Hints

ALL women travellers in the summer discover the need of a "beauty box" before their trip is over. One will frequently forget the kind of soap she has been using, or the cold cream will be misplaced, to be found missing when the summer's destination is reached. The hard cake of soap in the usual summer hotel often takes the skin off one's nose.

This beauty box must contain everything necessary for looks and comfort at home, and just a little more. For at home one can purchase the things that run out, but when exiled in some mountain hotel you may find it very difficult to find your needs. The wild woods are almost as secure from shops as the mythical Crusoe's Island. You may be for weeks without the needed beauty comfort, the cold cream

and the cake of good soap left behind. So before starting on your summer vacation prepare your beauty box with the utmost care and you will find it a great convenience, no matter where you go. Here are some of the things it should contain:

A comb with coarse teeth, a brush with firm bristles, cold cream, powder, rouge, black cosmetics and toilet wafers, a cake of good soap, salt, borax, and some soft, clean rags. There must be, besides all the articles needed in manicuring, an eye cup, a pumice stone, a bottle of peroxide, various sorts of hair pins and some ribbons for the "pigtail."

Pure Food Question in Fruit Jams

Consideration of a Product which is welcome in all Homes

THERE is magic in the very word, "jam," although it contains only three letters. From earliest childhood jam means sweetness and toothsome enjoyment. The height of happiness to the toddler in the nursery is to have bread and butter and jam, while even pills and castor oil become fairly palatable in a jam disguise. We remember the odors of "jam-time" with a thrill of reminiscent sweetness. How the packed richness of raspberries, strawberries or peaches seemed to permeate the kitchen and promise all manner of good things for the autumn and winter. We hovered near the stove and sniffed the steaming fruit with a joyful looking-forward to the finished product.

In the Old Country, jams, preserves and marmalades have been more popular than with us; while canned fruit has more than held its own on this side of the Atlantic. But the taste for the sweeter preparations is growing apace, and the market for preserves and jams is becoming larger each year. Canada is a country of such immense fruit resources, whether one turns to the Annapolis Basin or the Okanagan Valley, that we have no excuse for not being supplied daily with the fruits of the earth. In fact, there is not a province in the Dominion which does not possess a district known as the Eden of Canada.

With such fair prospects for the supply of jams and preserves, it is no wonder that there are factories springing up all over the country and turning out carloads by the hundred, packed with jars which are to fill the cupboards of Canada and to make glad the sweet-toothed population. The home-made stuff is sometimes proclaimed as the most satisfactory, and yet we find that the modern housekeeper is placing more and more dependence on the jars so daintily sealed and labelled which come from the modern factory.

"I don't like bought preserves or jam. You can't rely on it," is the verdict of some women who have been so unfortunate as to buy a brand of fruit which is by no means all that it is painted.

The fact is, that you *can* rely on the product of the factories but you must be particular as to the special kind of jam or preserve you purchase. Do not imagine, for one moment, that a jam which is advertised as the "cheapest" is anything but adulterated material. There is so-called strawberry jam which is only a remote relative of the true strawberry, the mixture containing seeds which certainly resemble timothy.

THE inspection of fruit jams is one of the most interesting sections of that nature in the Inland Revenue Department of the Government. In July of last year, an order was issued for the collection of ten samples of fruit jams in each of the inspectorial divisions of Canada. The inspectors were instructed to procure strawberry and raspberry jams by preference. The fifteen districts, it may be of interest to know, consist of Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Quebec, St. Hyacinthe, Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Toronto, London, Windsor, Manitoba, Calgary, Vancouver and Victoria. Of the one hundred and sixteen samples sold as jam, one hundred and eight were found to be genuine. Several samples were found to contain dextrin and were evidently made with the addition of glucose, but in small quantity. It is an open question says the report, whether or not the addition of small amounts of glucose without declaration of the fact is permissible in jams. Some manufacturers consider the use of five to ten per cent. of glucose as desirable, to prevent the separation of sugar by crystallization on long keeping. This question should be determined. The fact that many of the best makers of fruit jams do not use glucose seems to point to the needlessness of introducing even small amounts of the article into jam.

"It is true," says the Chief Analyst, "that no legal definition of jam, or explicit standard for the article as required by section twenty-six of the Adulteration of Food Act, yet exists for Canada. Nevertheless, the meaning of jam as 'a conserve of fruit, boiled in mass with sugar and water,' is so well recognized, and the term has legal meaning in so many countries, that I have no hesitation in declaring a product made with more than ten per cent. of glucose, as adulterated under the Act.

"The following definition for jam is submitted for criticism and comment; and it is hoped that a legal definition and standard for this important article will be established before another collection is made.

"Jam (marmalade) is the sound product made from clean, sound, properly matured and prepared fresh fruit and sugar (sucrose) by boiling to a pulpy or semi-solid consistence, and conforms in name to the fruit used, and in its preparation not less than forty-five pounds of fruit are used to each fifty-five pounds of sugar.

"Jam may be made with glucose instead of sugar, in whole

or in part; and with admixture of other fruits than that which gives its name to the article, so long as the fruit so added does not exceed fifty per cent. of the total weight of fruit present, and provided that the word *Compound* is printed on the label, as an integral part of the same, and in letters as large as those which name the fruit of which the jam purports to be essentially made."



THE twenty-fourth section of the Adulteration Act provides that no food shall be deemed to be adulterated when articles of food not injurious to the health are mixed together as a compound, and sold or offered for sale as such, with each package, roll, parcel or vessel containing such articles distinctly labelled as a mixture in conspicuous characters, forming an inseparable part of a general label, bearing the name and address of the manufacturer.

There are various ways of avoiding the carrying out of this section of the Act. Sometimes by the smallness of the type or the want of the proper background, the word, "compound" is quite unnoticeable. It is an amusing illustration of the cleverness with which human nature escapes from the regulations of any department when the diminutive type or obscure coloring makes the nature of the compound misleading. It is quite natural, under such circumstances, that the Chief Analyst should advise the adoption of a ruling something like that authorized for Germany. The clauses in these regulations declare, "In the labelling of Compound Jams, no word on the label must be printed in larger characters than the word 'Compound.' In case of the word 'Compound' being printed on the main label, it must be placed directly over or under the name of the jam, and parallel with this."

"Every declaration must be placed on the same side of the package on which the content of the package is printed. The declaration may be printed on the main label, or on a special label; but in the latter case this special label must be affixed directly above or below the main label. The word 'Compound' must be printed in an easily legible and dark lettering, upon a light background."

The ridiculous imitations of jam and preserves which are now on the market and which are bought by confiding and glib purchasers, will disappear from the market just as soon as feminine opinion is educated to the point of appreciating and demanding the best.

"I can't afford it," are the words which are in use almost every day by the would-be economical housekeeper. But what is most expensive is adulterated food. Government requirements are not strict enough in this regard, but we Canadians are improving in our particular demands in this matter.



THE commodity known as apple butter is one which many persons are glad to use. It is wholesome and appetizing, and makes almost as good a relish for a sandwich as the jam which children are so anxious to have for a special treat. But certain varieties of apple butter which have been offered on the market are, if not actually harmful, at least far from being the article represented. There is little apple and less nourishment in such "bargain" material. However, in that respect, there has been great improvement throughout the country, and the housekeeper who buys a poor brand of apple butter is going in the face of repeated advice. It is quite possible to obtain the pure article in such commodities, if the purchaser is bent on getting the best. Economy in quantity of food may be a wise policy, but indifference as to quality is a sure road to imperfect health and impaired digestion.

The Canadian market in fruit jams will soon be as thoroughly inspected as any in the world. The "muck-raking" which has gone on in the United States, while it has had its unpleasant features, has resulted in a more rigid inspection of all canned goods and a corresponding improvement in quality. The diet of any household is incomplete without fruit, and, although fresh fruit is always to be desired, the jam and marmalade have an honored place in the menu. For breakfast, we are emulating our English cousins in a fondness for a "wee bit" of strawberry jam or orange marmalade. "It goes so well with toast," is the general comment on these delicacies as breakfast "adjuncts," and even at supper the jam jar is frequently called into action. The use of this "sweet fare" shows every sign of increasing in this country, and a demand for the pure article in such foods should be insistent. The true "fruity" flavor should characterize the product, or it is practically inferior.



SUMMER SPORTS AT THE WAEGWOLTIC, WITH CLUB HOUSE IN BACKGROUND

THE WAEGWOLTIC CLUB

By F. W. BOWES



AS one thinks of Halifax immediately his or her thoughts turn to the Northwest Arm, that beautiful inlet of the sea, almost world-famed for the charm of its scenery and the picturesque beauty of its surroundings. This is largely owing to The Waegwoltic, a club that combines the principal and best features of aquatic, country and social associations.

The Northwest Arm resembles a great blue lake, three miles long and from a quarter to three-quarters of a mile wide. No wonder it is famous, with its fascinating landscapes and seascapes—its green tree-clad slopes on the eastern side dipping down to silvery waters which, no matter what the direction or force of the wind, are seldom disturbed beyond a mere ripple; its picturesque and precipitous western shore whose hills the mirroring surface reflects; its lovely villas peering through the trees to the sheltered expanse and looking out past promontory and lighthouse beyond to the broad Atlantic; its entrancing air of peace and restfulness.

The Arm abounds in fish all the summer long on its whole length. Sea trout, pollock, hake, whiting, haddock, cod, perch, herring, mackerel and other piscatorial trophies are to be caught with rod, fly or net, and lobsters can be speared in season.

On the western shore on a high promontory there has been commenced the erection of a lofty symbolical tower, conceived by that famous Canadian Sir Sandford Fleming, to contain a museum of natural history and art gallery, intended to commemorate the establishment of representative government at Halifax in 1758.

On the eastern shore and nearly opposite are the extensive grounds, club-house, boat-house and bathing-house of The Waegwoltic, an institution established about two years ago, which has had the most remarkable growth and success of any club in Canada or in America. This is attributable to the fact that it is open to women as well as to men and has a membership, including associate members, of about two thousand. The Indians of the dim and misty past reigned

supreme here and "Waegwoltic" was the name they gave this body of water—meaning "ending of the waters." Hence the name for the club.

Immediately adjoining the Waegwoltic is The Birchdale, the only hotel at the Arm and the development of the two institutions has been simultaneous. Your readers will want to know how it is that women and men have the same privileges at the club. If a man wishes to join the club he is vouched for by some member and his name posted for a week. If elected he at once has the right to obtain an associate member-

Jones, and is covered with glorious old trees, many of them imported from foreign climes. The membership includes many of the best business and professional men of Halifax and their families. The club is an all-the-year-round institution. In the summer there is boating, canoeing, yachting, motoring, bathing, tennis, quoits, etc., and in the winter billiards, card parties, skating, tobogganing, etc., and the members have the privilege, free of expense except for the collations, of giving at homes, balls and receptions.

The leading hotels of the city have the benefit



A GAME OF TENNIS BY THE LADIES OF THE CLUB

ship for his wife and the different members of his family. If a woman happens to be the head of a household she joins in the same way and obtains similar privileges for herself and family; or single ladies may join under a somewhat different arrangement and have full privileges for themselves, but without the right of securing associate memberships. The most surprising part is that the annual fee is but fifteen dollars.

The club property consists of about five acres of lands. It was formerly the residence of a distinguished Nova Scotian—the late honorable lieutenant-governor of the province, Alfred G.

with certain restrictions of sending tourists and other visitors from abroad to participate in the every-day privileges of the club. Last summer a careful record was kept of the number of members and visitors that went through the entrance gate during the months of July and August and the total mounted up to nearly thirty thousand persons. The clubhouse is spacious and sumptuously furnished. There are large parlors for women and men, sun parlor, writing room, smoking and reading room for men, ladies' parlor and dressing-rooms and a large dining hall with attendants.



SUMMER VISITORS AT THE WAEGWOLTIC CLUB

The Girl Who is Going Abroad

By HELEN BALL

BETTY had always been solemnly promised a trip abroad, when she should have attained to the dignity of twenty-one years. It was this promise repeated daily, which had carried her in a stoical frame of mind, through school day trials of islands, isthmuses, canals, lakes, rivers, zones, equators, and other equally impenetrable problems, through tedious hours of drawing maps which should bear any remote resemblance to the original (teachers at all times turning an unappreciative shoulder on fascinating flights of imagination and a sense of the artistic in this direction); through the days when Betty, in short frocks and pinafores, first began to understand that there were other places of some mild interest in the world outside her native town, however tiresome these places might be in unpronounceable and not-to-be-remembered-lists-of-names.

And thus it was that having this winter completed the long years of waiting, Betty in an ecstasy of joy, which kept her far from a practical consideration of the subject, began preparations for the great event of her lifetime. Her mind took flight midst distracting silks and laces, flowered hats, and graceful gowns of many hues, and there it soared until the lovely bubble burst, when the heartless edict went forth, that in a steamer trunk and a suit case, must she dispose all the worldly goods which should fare with her across the waters.

And so it was that a crestfallen Betty not long since came to me, of more mature years and experience, seeking sympathy and help in solving the problem of how to look a properly clothed person under these distressing circumstances, for, direst of all calamities, she might, so ran the order, take nought but the suit case with her on the Continent.

Having elucidated to the satisfaction of this perplexed maiden, who adopted a praiseworthy "grin-and-bear-it" attitude, how such a heartless mandate may be turned into endless blessing, if dealt with judiciously, it occurred to me that other unsophisticated demoiselles, not to mention madam, the mother, might find themselves in the same plight with no friend nearby to offer suggestions drawn from practical experience.

In the first instance, when contemplating an extended trip, it must be remembered that with a variety of circumstances under which such a trip may be taken, the requirements will be equally varied. For instance, if a girl contemplates going merely to Great Britain, where she anticipates visits to friends, there will be more demand for the pretty dressy clothes, which in a tour on the Continent would prove merely an unnecessary burden and expense, and in such an instance, individual taste and the elasticity of the parental pocket book would, to a great extent, be a guide. Still, it should always be borne in mind, that it is not to a barren land you are going, but to one teeming with pretty ready-made clothing which can be purchased at a moment's notice if some unlooked for demand be made on the wardrobe.

THE following suggestions are drawn from experience on an European tour, what we glibly term the Mediterranean trip, but would be found equally feasible for a tour merely through the British Isles. To begin with, it is necessary to plan for the ocean voyage. Essential things here are many. There is the long warm coat (and don't forget the deep pockets which will hold writing material, etc.); the cap or hat—a felt hat after the fedora shape is a favorite with many, though the latest conceit being adopted this season is the motor bonnet which defies the sea breezes and keeps rebellious locks in leash. A long motor veil is indispensable, as are neat gloves and shoes (not old and out of shape), for the days have passed when old clothes could be worn with discretion on ship board. The same applies to well hanging skirt, a warm blouse with easily adjusted collars, a dressy light blouse, and a pretty light gown (an evening gown or otherwise, depending somewhat on the ship you travel by) easy to don, for dinner or possible entertainments.

Regarding underwear and nightgowns, it is not a bad idea to wear on board garments which can be thrown away without compunction when the other side is reached, thus avoiding the necessity of packing soiled linen in your steamer trunk which will be sent to London while you go to Italy or wherever your objective point may be. Of course if you go first to London, this would not be necessary in any way. But whether old or new, the undergarments must at least be warm, and, by-the-way, a flannel petticoat is a thing not to be despised. Then there must be bedroom slippers, a bath gown or at least a dressing-jacket, the indispensable hot-water bag, and advisedly a candle and box of safety matches.

Have all your toilet articles, such as brush and comb, tooth brush, soap, face cloth, hairpins, nets, pins, safety pins, manicure requisites, etc., in a bag made for the purpose, with pockets for the various articles. Thus there will be no scurrying in nervous haste hither and thither when dressing, which at best is not a matter to dally with on board ship.

A steamer rug, of course, is an absolute necessity, as well as a cushion of some description. Quite the most comfortable of these latter are the air cushions which occupy next to no

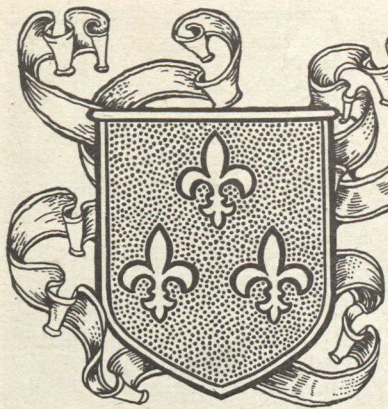
space in the trunk. Rather a clever dodge which one girl had was a bolster-shaped feather or down cushion with a long muff-cord attached, and hung backwards about her neck, so that if she stood up to get a glimpse of a passing ship, the cushion did not weakly flop into her seat, but got up with her, and when she resumed her seat, adjusted itself in exactly the right spot. Steamer chairs can always be procured on the ship, though it is a wise plan to write ahead to secure it. And while doing so, write as well to the second steward to reserve your seat at table. It all saves bother when you first go on board.

FOR a multiplicity of reasons it will be found best to take nothing but hand baggage on the Continent. The cost of sending baggage on the trains, is very high and will often amount to the price of another seat. With few exceptions there is no system of checking, and it is a constant source of worry to keep track of trunks, while the attendant feeling of hotel porters for carrying up and down is an additional source of expense. This point of having only luggage you can carry, cannot be emphasized too strongly. Now, in your stateroom on the ship you have your steamer trunk, which you will send on to London to await your coming, or leave there as the case may be, and your suit case which is to carry you through Europe, and at the end of the ocean voyage, the contents of these two must be arranged accordingly. Here, in passing, is a simple discovery worth heeding. Tie a bow of red ribbon to the handle of your suit case and to the handle of your trunk before disembarking. Then, in the melee of suit cases, so amazingly alike in appearance, as they are thrown off the vessel, it will be the matter of a moment to identify your belongings, the same applying to the trunk.

And now for the suit case and its carefully selected contents! To travel in comfort, first there will be the tailored suit, which you will wear constantly. This should be smartly tailored, of not too heavy a material—serge of light weight and durable color—the skirt gored, not pleated, the latter requiring at least occasional pressing. Grey mixtures are the most serviceable as they do not show spots or dust. (Three piece Rajah silk suits are advised by some, but experience has taught that after a heavy rainstorm they take on a dilapidated air. They might, however, be found a practical suggestion for any who contemplate spending a good deal of the time in one place during the hot weather). To wear with the suit have a tailored silk blouse the same tone as the suit, to which various collars may be attached. (For variety, an Irish lace boned collar which never requires ironing is a good idea). Another thin silk waist of plain design, a washable crepe waist, such as have lately come into favor, or a white linen blouse, a dressy waist (cream lace being about the best as it does not crush), and one evening gown, preferably one which permits of high or low neck, will complete that part of the wardrobe. For the dress, nothing is better than one of the fashionable foulards, or a black or white net or crepe de chine, as these materials are impervious to crushing. But, whatever the material, the gown should be of simple design, lacking frills and fussiness which would soon become dowdy.

FOR headwear, a hat in a neat turban effect will afford the most comfort, and the addition of a few flowers or aigrette for a special occasion would allow for all contingencies. Some carry panamas which will fold into the suit case, and which can be worn on a day's expedition and donned on the train, while the other hat is deposited in a silk bag brought for the purpose. Here, as on ship board, the chiffon veil is a necessity. Two pair of comfortable, moderately heavy shoes are essential. Have your handkerchiefs in a bag, your neckwear in a bag, your toilet articles in a bag, and whatever few medicines you must have, in a cotton flannel bag.

Carry not more than two changes of underwear, and the most practical idea is to have them either of natural silk which is cool and sheds the dust, or of the woven mesh garments. Each night it will take but a few moments to wash out the underwear and stockings you have worn that day. By morning they will be dry, but it is wisest to stow these in the suit case, and don others. The same economical methods may be employed with handkerchiefs. Of course if you do not fancy this suggestion, and must have whitewear at all costs, you will always be able to get laundry done over night. Regarding the petticoat, silk is to be preferred as it sheds the dust. The two nightgowns should be high in the neck, and of fine material which will pack into small space. A money pocket either secured about the waist or sewn into the petticoat is indispensable. Sandal rubbers should be carried in a small bag. A piece of laundry soap is essential amongst the smaller things, as well as thread, needles and scissors and darning cotton in a bag, and a fountain pen is a blessing. Add a dressing jacket, a cravenette raincoat, and an umbrella, and except for the guide books which you can best procure as you enter each country, the list is about complete.



The Blossoming of the Lilies

A Story of New France

By MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL



"ALL the other strong places have fallen. This also shall fall, like a dry leaf from the bough."

Anne listened, striving to mould his startled young face into the serenity of those proud bronze masks before him. On his shoulders lay the

honor of France; he had put on his best suit to uphold it in the council, the last he had left; three years behind the fashion now, and cruelly tight, but still, with its amethyst velvet and ruffles of Spanish lace, fit for a commandant's wearing.

"When the lilies blossom in the grass, the wild doe shall shelter within your gates. When the lilies blossom, the buck shall trample the bones of your warriors." There was no change in the speaker's face as he broke the bowl of the council-pipe against a stone, and rose to his full height, some seven feet, counting the head-dress of otter skin.

Anne rose also with an excellent laugh, and pointed to the flag above the little fort. "Those lilies bloom forever, messieurs," he said gaily aloud. And in his heart, "The good God help me keep them there a little while!"

The incurious faces did not change at his laughter. He felt like a child throwing pebbles in the face of a cliff. One by one the warriors rose, returned his salute, and moved down to their canoes. The last, he who had spoken, looked from Anne to the flag, plucked a leaf from the bushes, and let the wind take it from his fingers. It was eloquent.

Anne stood alone between the fort and the river, watching the departure with kindled eyes. Savages, savages, but—"nom d'un nom, what a grandeur, what magnificence! I would I had them in my company!"

"The saints forbid, little capitan!"

The old sergeant came close behind him and touched his shoulder. "What now, Monsieur le Commandant?" he asked sadly.

Anne drew a long breath and pointed to the fragments of the pipe. "War," he said briefly. Together they stood on the slope and watched the long canoes slip away into the hemlock shadows.

Sergeant Antoine nodded philosophically. "If they say they will come, they will come," he said. "I have known the Otter before, M'sieur Anne; he is a leader of the Five Nations, and the truce holds these Iroquois no more than a puff of smoke. O, yes, they will come. When?"

"Before the lilies blossom."

"So soon!" The sergeant's face set into grimmer lines. "So soon! Then—"

"Then my father will not have returned, Antoine. There is no hope of it."

"No, my dear. He will not be back by the time the lilies blossom."

The French boy struck his hands together in despair. "And I alone here! And scarce ten men fit for service!"

"As for that, the very dead crawl out of their graves to fight when the Iroquois come. 'Before the lilies blossom!' There are some lilies there, M'Sieur." He pointed to the faded Bourbon flag. "Must be kept in bloom at any cost."

"At any cost, Antoine." The lad drew himself up and saluted, in his face the passionate patriotism of his race.

"They are greedy flowers, those lilies of ours. It takes blood to keep 'em alive sometimes, M'sieur. Blood and the lives of brave men."

"They shall have it, Sergeant, if need be, so only that my father finds them waving."

They went into the fort together and the gates were closed behind them.

Two months before those gates had opened for the exit of the commandant, ten men, and a score of tame Hurons who were not counted as men. It was time of peace, and Monsieur le Commandant was going on an expedition to Quebec. He was going to leave his son Anne in nominal command of the fort and the honor of France in that particular wilderness, and the old sergeant in actual charge of everything.

Anne could shut his eyes and see and feel

everything now—himself kissing his father's hand, the grizzled moustaches brushing his cheeks, the kind gruff voice, "The peace of God and his saints be with you, my child"; and then the gay string of bateaux winding away down the river, with firing of salutes, and waving of flags, and the silence afterwards.

"Peace!" It had been threatened soon enough, that peace. The council had been an end of rumors and complaints and insults. Monsieur Anne, with a garrison reduced by more than half, was facing war. When the lilies bloomed, the Iroquois would come again. He sat late that night, watching the beetles and mosquitoes flying into the flame of his smoky lamp, and thinking, thinking, thinking.

"It is quite true that they will come," said Sergeant Antoine, appearing suddenly in the doorway with a cold pasty and some cakes.

Anne looked up with a start. He had been seeing many things in the flame of the lamp. His eyes questioned the old man.

The sergeant's face was grimmer than ever as he dealt out the food, the rough dishes, the napkin with the arms on the corner, and the silver-gilt cup. "Eat," he said, "eat. There are five mouths fewer to feed."

The lad stared, and rose slowly.

"Our five Hurons have disappeared, so that shows it to be quite true."

But there was nothing else in the quiet days that followed, to show the truth of their doom. They watched the windings of the beautiful river haggardly. Men watch those waters now for sport, not for life or death as Anne and his men watched. There is even no trace of the little blockhouse, nor memory to tell where it has been. It was only one little outpost of France in the long struggle for Canada.



In those days Anne put away his suit of amethyst velvet, and wore his second one of claret colored cloth, which Antoine had patched with doeskin. You see, by the tradition of his family he liked to keep his best for dying in.

Empty were the grey-green river-reaches in the dusk, gold and empty in the dawn. Nothing came, either of Iroquois to sack and slay, or of officers of France happily returning too soon. How little Monsieur Anne prayed in his soldier fashion for that hastened return!

Somewhere, down the long, long river the tired voyagers crawling slowly home; somewhere at the headwaters the war-canoes launched and sweeping down so fast, so fast. Fast as death. The lilies budding from their root-leaves in the sunny grass, and the lilies in tarnished gold upon the flag.

"Are they in bloom yet, Antoine?"

"I saw a gleam like a flame half-quenched in the dry grass, little Captain." The old man's haggard face was very tender. "It will not be long now"—and again, a day afterwards—"Is it time yet?"

"All along by the edge of the forests the lilies are opening in the grass. They look like little cups of fire, my dear."

And in the fort men looked at one another and said "The time has come."

Anne looked to his sword and his two great clumsy pistols, with his arms in silver on the butts, and wondered what his father would say when he heard of it. He ate steadily and slept quietly, for he came of a Norman house; and the fierce, shaly old veterans of the garrison smiled upon him.

At last, one quiet dawn, he woke to the pressure of Antoine's hand upon his shoulder. "It is coming," said the old man shortly. Anne nodded, hauled the amethyst velvet suit out of the cedar chest, put it on nicely, and went to the barricades.

He could hear the breathing of his own men. But over the river and the woods nothing seemed to move or call but the night-hawks. In the grass the red lilies were dark and full of dew.

Quick voices were all about him. "Jean Francois, the powder." "Here are good slugs,

Arnaud." "See, Monsieur, over near the bushes; we should have burned that cover." "Shadows, shadows; but my old eyes are good enough to see Indians." "Pig-dogs! Stand to the loopholes." And from Anne, "Who is it, think you?"

A shadow rose from the shadows outside and leaped panther-like above the slanted timbers. "The night-hawk," said a voice in good-enough French; an axe whirled up into the air and fell within. The fight was begun.

The lingering shadows of the night seemed to rise and run upon the little fort, with leaping, with cries, with laughter. "They do not laugh unless they are killing," said Antoine. And then the storm broke. It was like the breaking of a wave, of which the foam was men. That foam was swept inward, left, torn and dead, under the feet of the defenders; and in a moment was renewed from an inexhaustible sea.

Anne fired his clumsy pieces till he was burned and blinded and deafened; it was too slow and he took his sword. The noise and confusion of that fight was so great he could only tell when the blade went home by the red dripping over the hilt. Faces glared at him from the whirling darkness, hands struck at him, he was wounded with arrows, beaten to his knees. But he fought up, he fought on!

At last came silence. The wave had ebbed. Anne drew his breath heavily and gazed about him with heavy eyes. It was all utterly quiet. The broad, slow twilight of the northern dawn had broadened a little. It showed Anne a dead man crumpled at his feet, and Antoine leaning against the loophole.

"Is it over?" he said dully.

"For a little minute," said Antoine thickly. He loomed large and misty in Anne's eyes, and in this mist moved slow figures, shadows that groaned. Anne sat down and held his head; he tried to count the men that were left, and could not. But the lilies were still there.

Again the wave gathered strength, rose, and broke in death upon the little fort.

Again in that horrible eddying confusion, Anne struck and was struck, and only knew it because his blade and the ruffles of Spanish lace and the amethyst scarf dripped red together. "It is not often," thought the slow Norman boy, "that one finishes so young with such a good fight."

"Silence again, and the slow broadening of the dawn. This time, within and without the fort, nothing broke that silence. The last desperate eddy of that fight had borne Anne to the doorway of the guardhouse, and left him stranded there, at the base of the rough fir staff that carried the flag. His strength drained from a dozen hurts; with the last of it he loaded the great pistols with the arms in silver on the butts, and then lay waiting, looking up at the flag.

He waited a long time. Once a face showed through the haze that surrounded him, a dreadful face, only kept alive by hate. He aimed carefully and fired, and the face was nothing but a fluttered scalp-lock and a hawk's feather.

"One," counted Anne.

Sunlight beat upon him, and he suffered. Blessed shadow came, and another shadow that crawled towards him, a knife in the mouth. The mists cleared a little and the pistol roared like a small culverin. "Two," said Anne. "He also was a boy."

Rain came with the dusk and Anne sucked the amethyst scarf and lived again. Things came round the palisades, things that whined and flitted, but he was not afraid. He called to them, "O mes freres," for he was lonely, and they were only wolves.

With the light he loaded the pistols once more. It took him a long time. The sun was high when he had finished.

He lay at ease when the shadow came and watched blue butterflies at play above the dead. The butterflies were bright, and the lilies out in the grass were bright, but brighter still were the lilies upon the flag. They glowed like tongues of flame when the sun sank.

Anne thought that they were lilies of flame, cups of immortal fire, that flickered in the twi-



In the Western West

A Sketch of Capilano Canyon

By ETHEL CODY STODDARD



"REMEMBER that to-morrow will be Capilano day, and that everyone must please be up in good time, or be left at home," announced our hostess at the close of a particularly busy day.

Her words were sufficient to get us all out of bed right early the next morning, and so round out a party of sightseers, many of whom had seen the Capilano Canyon before but who were as eager to see it again as were the newcomers to obtain their first view.

Every inhabited place or district in the known world has its special beauty spot, and attention is usually directed to it in some manner. In Canada's far West there is a vast variety of specialties, and descriptions of many of the greater ones have been placed before the world's readers; but the country being young, there are many wonderful places that have not yet stepped prominently into the limelight of public view. One of the most delightful and at the same time most magnificent of these places is the Capilano Canyon, named after a prominent tribe of coast Indians, and situated about six miles from Vancouver, in the lower portion of the coast range mountains. The world traveller sees much wonderful scenery, but undoubtedly beholds nothing that surpasses this canyon for rare beauty.

Down among the ocean-liners busy discharging freight from all countries of the world or loading merchandise for those same countries, we found the modest ferry by which we crossed the salty depths of Burrard Inlet (which at this particular passage is two and a half miles wide but which on account of the clear, rare atmosphere looks to be one-quarter that distance) and edged alongside brisk, ambitious and fast growing little North Vancouver which digs its heels in the high-tide mark and stretches up one of the mountains that lie directly behind it.

We made a merry party as with our lungs filled with strictly fresh salted air and tipped off with undiluted sunshine, we clambered aboard one of the waiting tram cars and felt we were really off for Capilano. At the end of the car line a motor-car waited and after being comfortably seated we were almost immediately taken out of ourselves by our surroundings.

* * *

IN front and to the right were the eternal snow-capped mountains, their heavily timbered green skirts spread out in a glory that was softened by the distance. To the left was Burrard Inlet, which is the third finest harbor of the world, and whose restless waters are being ever swirled this way and that by the rushing tide as it tears in through the narrows which are situated between Stanley Park (a park of several thousand naturally wooded acres, the only one of the kind in the world) and the southernmost



SUSPENSION BRIDGE, CAPILANO CANYON.

slope of the mountains. These narrows are the deepest and narrowest stretch of navigable salt water in the world.

On the south side of the Inlet the city of Vancouver lay snug and prosperous, carrying out the well-laid plans for holding Western Canada up before other countries as something to be reckoned with in the general world scheme. The world-famous Stanley Park, its giant trees standing motionless in their own shadows, acts as a stately sentinel at the city's gateway. Out beyond it, English Bay tossed and fretted while still farther out the Gulf of Georgia gleamed blue and silver.

About the time that all this fascinating panorama had been duly admired the well-kept roadway turned sharply toward the right and led through an avenue of ferns that were higher than our heads as we drove along. Ever up and on it led till we seemed to be almost driving into the mountain's shadows, while those mighty monarchs appeared to be retreating in dignified silence.

A detour from the main road brought into view a rather famous suspension bridge. This is but a foot bridge, is three hundred feet long and hangs two hundred and fifty feet above the madly rushing Capilano River below. It was built by an enterprising Englishman who now lives in his far-away home, and through his agent collects toll from visitors for the privilege of crossing this airy structure that at this particular point joins the walls of Capilano Canyon.

While on the bridge one is verily suspended 'mid water and clouds, and on account of its frail structure a feeling is produced that is decidedly unique. As the chasm below is quite visible through the cracks in the floor, it all combines to make a thrilling experience.

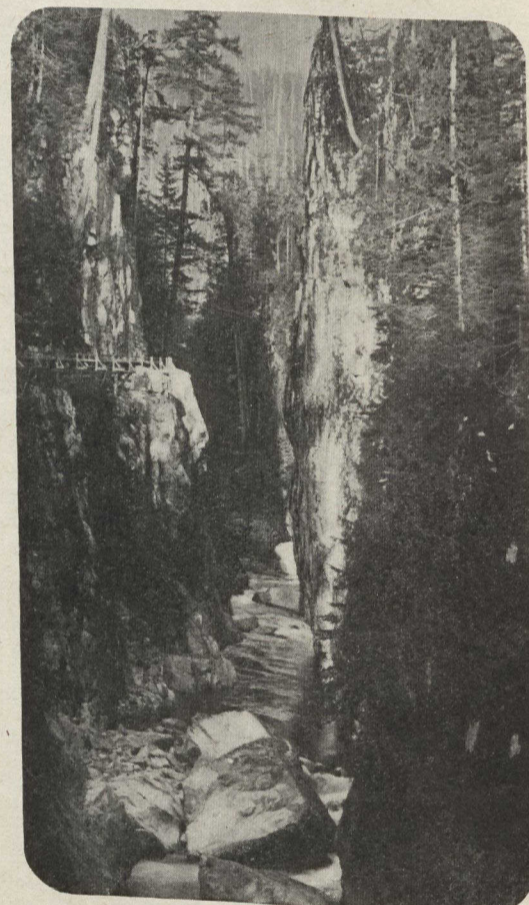
To right and left from the bridge the canyon stretches to two beautiful curves where it slips out of sight. The rock walls with exquisite colorings rise sheer, while their tree-children fairly beg a foothold from their crevices. Behind them the mountains peer over each other's shoul-

ders and smile blandly upon this beautiful nature-creation. Below, the river rushes and roars the while creating a thousand sounds which the canyon walls catch and toss on and on in mighty echoes.

When we had crossed the bridge we found a flume with swiftly running water tucked into the canyon wall. A footwalk of one, sometimes two boards placed close beside the flume invited pedestrians of steady nerves to investigate the beauties ahead. A large milling company constructed seven miles of this flume, which is V-shaped and three feet wide at the top; then realizing that nothing larger than shingle-bolts could successfully round the almost right-angles of the canyon walls, sold it to a Japanese company.

* * *

ONE may walk beside the entire length of the flume and find every foot of it interesting. The glacier-fed waters, still icy and full of frost even in August, coo softly as they nose swiftly



"THE FLUME DIGS INTO THE ROCK WALLS."

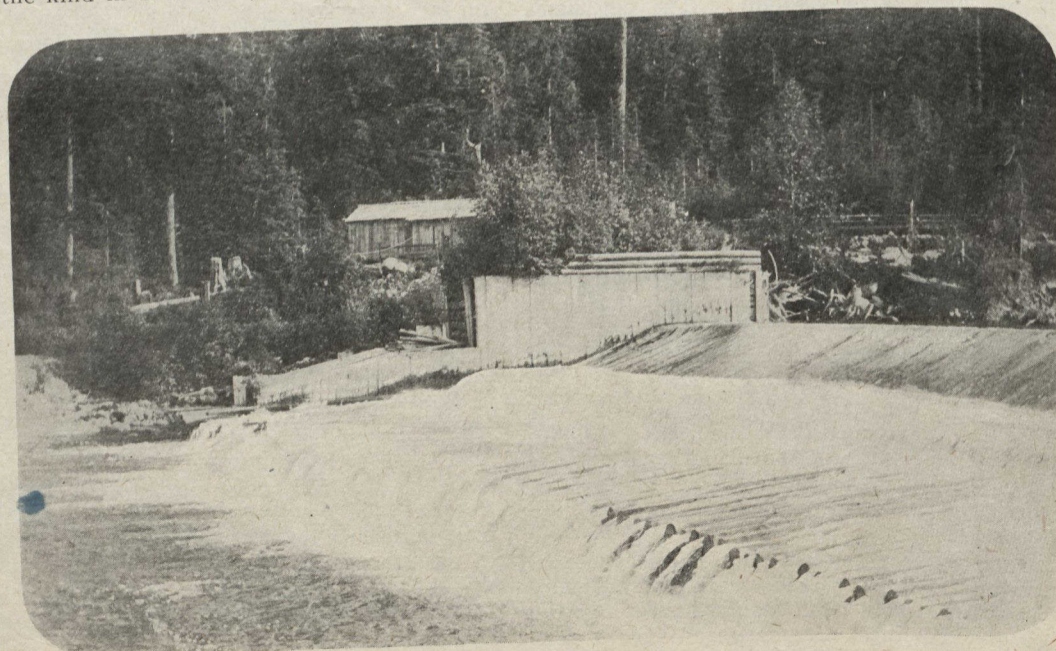
down the flume, while above them are the trees, tall, stately and softly green, their shadows dancing gaily on the waters below. Up, up thousands of feet to the left climbs the mountain, while far, far below in an almost perpendicular direction the turbulent waters of the river hurry on to the sea.

As one walks along the feet are brushed by the tree-tops, their straight trunks seeming to stretch down, down—almost too far down for comfortable thought. One feels like a fly teetering along the edge of nothing, because a false step would undoubtedly result in a broken something, while a departure into another world would be quite possible.

Straight away and around sharp corners, the flume walk led us until for a long distance it dug into the rock walls, and we gazed awesomely into the canyon which was filled with the roar of water, to hundreds of feet below. Then the glance went up to the heights above, and forward and back to where beyond the canyon walls rose white-bonneted mountains with fleecy clouds around their shoulders; then reverted below to where the river tumbled and rushed, dashed itself into a white fury, dipped into quiet eddies and occasionally went back to revisit restless whirlpools.

From this point, which is two miles above

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CAPILANO DAM—SIX MILES NORTH OF NORTH VANCOUVER.



THE RETURN TICKET

A Story of the Last Homeward Journey

By NELLIE E. McCLUNG

IN the station at Emerson, the boundary town, we were waiting for the Soo train, which comes at an early hour in the morning. It was a bitterly cold, dark winter morning; the wires overhead sang dismally in the wind, and even the cheer of the big coal fire that glowed in the rusty stove was dampened by the incessant mourning of the storm.

Along the walls, on the benches, sat the trackmen, in their sheepskin coats and fur caps with earlaps tied tightly down. They were tired and sleepy, and sat in every conceivable attitude expressive of sleepiness and fatigue. A red lantern, like an evil eye, gleamed from one dark corner; in the middle of the floor were several green lamps turned low, and over against the wall hung one barred lantern whose bright little gleam of light reminded one uncomfortably of a small live mouse in a cage, caught and doomed, but undaunted still. The telegraph instruments clicked at intervals. Two men, wrapped in overcoats, stood beside the stove and talked in low tones about the way real estate was increasing in value in Winnipeg.

The door opened and a big fellow, another snow shoveller, came in hurriedly, letting in a burst of flying snow that sizzled on the hot stove. It did not rouse the sleepers on the bench; neither did the new-comer's remark that it was a "hell of a night" bring forth any argument—we were one on that point.

The train was late, the night agent told us, when he came out to shovel in more coal—"she" was delayed by the storm.

I leaned back and tried to be comfortable. After all, I thought, it might easily be worse. I was going home after a pleasant visit. I had many agreeable things to think of and still I kept thinking to myself that it was not a cheerful night. The clock, of course, indicated that it was morning, but the deep black that looked in through the frosted windows, the heavy shadows in the room, which the flickering lanterns only served to emphasize, were all of the night, and bore no relation to the morning.

The train came at last with a roar that drowned the voice of the storm. The sleepers on the bench sprang up like one man, seized their lanterns and we all rushed out together. The long coach that I entered was filled with tired, sleepy-looking people, who had been sitting up all night. They were curled up uncomfortably, making a brave attempt to rest, all except one little old lady, who sat upright looking out into the black night. When the official came in to ask the passengers where they were going, I heard her tell him that she was a Canadian and she had been "down in the States with Annie, and now

she was bringing Annie home," and as she said this she pointed significantly ahead to the baggage car.

There was something about the old lady that appealed to me. I went over to her when the official had gone on. "No," she wasn't tired, she said; she "had been up a good many nights, and been worried some, but the night before last she had had a real good sleep."

She was quite willing to talk; the long, black night had made her glad of companionship.

"I took Annie to Rochester, down in Minnesota, to see the doctors there—the Mayos, did you ever hear of the Mayos? Well, Dr. Smale, at Rose Valley, said they were her only hope. Annie has been ailing for years and Dr. Smale has done all he could for her. Dr. Moore, our old doctor, wouldn't hear of it; he said an operation would kill her, but Annie was set on going. I heard Annie say to him that she'd rather die than live sick, and she would go to Rochester. Dave Johnston—Annie's man that is—he drinks you know—"

The old lady's voice fell and her tired old face seemed to take on deeper lines of trouble

as she sat silent with her own sad thoughts. I expressed my sorrow.

"Yes, Annie had her own troubles, poor girl," she said at last, "and she was a good girl, Annie was, and she deserved something better. She was a tender-hearted girl, and gentle and quiet, and never talked back to anyone, to Dave least of all, for she worshipped the very ground he walked on, and married him against all our wishes. She thought she could reform him!"

She said it sadly, but without bitterness.

"Was he good to her?" I asked. People draw near together in the stormy dark of a winter's morning, and the thought of Annie in her narrow box ahead robbed my question of any rudeness.

"He was good to her in his own way," Annie's mother said, trying to be quite just, "but it was a rough way. She had a fine big brick house to live in—it was a grand house, but it was a lonely house. He often went away and stayed for weeks, and her not knowin' where he was or how he would come home. He worried her always. The doctor said that was part of her trouble—she had been worried so much."

"Did he ever try to stop drinking?" I asked. I wanted to think better of him if I could.

"Yes, he did; he was sober once for nearly a year, and Annie's health was better than it had been for years, but the crowd around the hotel there in Rose Valley got after him every chance and one Christmas Day they got him goin' again. Annie never could bear to mention about him drinkin' to anyone, not even me—it would ha' been easier on her if she could ha' talked about it, but she wasn't one of the talkin' kind."

We sat in silence, listening to the pounding of the rails.

"Everybody was kind to her in Rochester," she said after awhile. "When we were sitting there waitin' our turn—you know how the sick people wait there in two long rows, waitin' to be taken in to the consultin' room, don't you? Well, when we were sittin' there Annie was sufferin' pretty bad, and we were still a long way from the top of the line. Dr. Judd was takin' them off as fast as he could, and the ambulances were drivin' off every few minutes, takin' them away to the hospital after the doctors had decided what was wrong with them. Some of them didn't need to go to the hospital at all—they're the best off, I think. We got talkin' to the people around us—they are there from all over the country, with all kinds of diseases, poor people. Well there was a man from Kansas City who had been waitin' a week but had got up now second to the end, and I noticed him lookin' at Annie. I was fannin' her and tryin' to keep her



"I knew what she was thinkin'."

Continued on page 22

Necessity of Private Schools for Girls in Canada

By M. E. EDGAR

Read before the Victoria Women's Residence Association



AS OUR country grows in population and wealth the problem of education becomes daily more important and more complicated. In former days it was not considered necessary that a girl should have an education in any way similar to that of her more fortunate brothers. They had to be fitted for the battle of life, while she was to remain guarded and cared for at home, busying herself in housewifely duties, a pleasant, graceful, and not too intellectual companion for her husband's leisure hours. For this a little reading, a little—in some cases very little—spelling, some smatterings of general knowledge, a little French or Italian sufficed. One branch of training, too much neglected in many modern homes, was indeed well carried out. The old-fashioned girl was neat, orderly, and dainty in all things pertaining to her person and the household. She kept the linen in wardrobe and chest carefully replenished. She was expected to be an adept in the art of concocting marvellous teas and cordials from herb and berry. Then she should play a few pieces on piano or harp, embroider useful and useless articles, walk elegantly, dance gracefully, enter and leave a room with ease and decorum. For these no elaborate system was thought necessary. A governess, a few masters, and perhaps a small finishing school for accomplishments and deportment fulfilled all the requirements.

Of course, in all ages there have been brilliant exceptions—scholars in Latin and Greek, learned philosophers, brilliant mathematicians. Everywhere and at all times aspiring minds find food to nourish them, and grow all the more robust, perhaps, through the effort of seeking. But the average mind rested satisfied with its surroundings.

But now conditions have changed, and we are forced to ask ourselves, "For what spheres must the modern girl be prepared, in Canada especially?" and "How best can she be fitted to undertake her new duties?"

A large number of our women live on farms and in country places. Their lives will be busy ones. How can ugliness be transformed into comfort and beauty, drudgery into fruitful and absorbing work? Much has been done already towards this, and much more may still be done in the near future. Our public schools give to all an opportunity for learning to read fluently and intelligently, to write correctly, to compute readily. All that can be done to train the girl in neat sewing and plain cooking should be encouraged. Nature study also which trains the eye to careful observation and awakens a love for that which is beautiful, will teach them to find pleasure in the common things about them. Furthermore, our agricultural and domestic science schools are doing much to introduce scientific methods into dairy work and poultry farming, and to make cooking and laundry work a pride and a pleasure rather than necessary evils.

Then we have a large class of girls who must support themselves, in part or altogether, in our larger towns, as clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, etc. Having given what time they can afford to their general education in public and high schools, they continue their special training in business colleges or technical schools. They are fortunate, indeed, if their early teaching has been such as to awaken in them a taste for good literature and an interest in some subject which will claim their thoughts when working hours are over. Women who desire to enter into professions, such as teaching, law, or medicine, have exactly the same opportunities for doing so as have men. Universities, law schools, medical schools are all open to them. That the education best fitted to develop a man's power is necessarily the best for a woman, I do not wish to assert; at least we are permitted to watch the experiment.

But the girls of whom I wish particularly to speak to-day are not those who by force of circumstances or by a spirit of independence have been driven into competition with men in the battle of life. Many of our girls look forward to a life where home and social duties only await them, when, as they would say, their education is finished. On them depends, in a great measure, the standard of culture, manners and morals which is to prevail throughout the country. Give them broad and enlightened minds, the courteous manners that spring from a quick and ready sympathy, disciplined emotions and lofty ideals, and there is hope for advance in the coming generations.

It is for these girls chiefly that our private schools exist, and it should be possible, for many reasons, to develop in them a perfect system of education. In the first place, they are very little hampered by utilitarian considerations. It is not necessary to limit instruction to that which is directly useful. An ideal education should teach us how to live, not how to gain

a livelihood. It is not the acquisition of useful facts, nor is it merely a training of the memory, it is the drawing forth, the harmonious development of all one's powers, physical, mental, and moral, and spiritual. Education in any government system that provides for the masses must be a compromise between culture and commerce. This private schools should escape.

Again, time is not so limited. It is not necessary to try to force into nine years the work of twelve. A girl of seventeen who has passed her matriculation is not educated, is not ready to leave school. In fact, the ground has barely been prepared to nourish the flower of her education. She is not ripe enough to grasp unaided the thoughts of great minds, the trend of mighty movements. She may have learnt to write correctly, but rarely has her style developed individuality and force. Why should she not remain until her mind matures and unfolds naturally, doing work specially adapted to her individual requirements?

Another reason why a private school should—I do not say does—afford perfect opportunities for educational work is that parents ought to be willing to spend on their daughter's education a sum in just proportion to what they will spend later on her dress and pleasures.



It should be possible to have a large and very competent staff, sufficient for any demand that might be made upon it. It should be possible to have a complete and modern equipment in every branch of training that might be considered desirable. It should be possible to have spacious buildings and large grounds.

I have said that an ideal education is the harmonious development of all the powers, physical, mental and moral, or spiritual. How can this aim be accomplished in a school?

Until comparatively recently very little attention has been given to physical work as an important branch of education in girls' as well as in boys' schools. And yet personal experience proves that mind and body are very closely related and dependent on one another. It is true that in some cases, by sheer force of will, men physically weak have accomplished great intellectual feats. Pope was "an ugly, crooked little thing that asks questions," and yet he had the most brilliant wit of his day. Paul was weak of flesh, but the willingness of his spirit compelled not only body, but brain, to work in the service of his Master. Yet it must be admitted that in the ordinary individual weariness of body counteracts the force of will necessary for any sustained mental effort. And weariness of body can be almost banished by careful and scientific physical training. I should like to emphasize the words "careful" and "scientific," for violent and ill-advised gymnastics may do more harm than good. Every girl should be carefully examined, and whenever necessary special corrective exercises should be given. The training should be gradual, and every muscle should be equally exercised. It is extraordinary what a change can be effected in the physique of a girl in a short time, and, with health, come good spirits and mental energy.

Games are another great factor in moral as well as in physical training. Hockey and basket-ball are peculiarly fitted to develop quickness, good temper, unselfishness, and a sense of fair play and honor.

Closely allied to physical training, from an educational point of view, are the manual crafts, such as wood-carving, weaving, and I might add carpentering, book-binding, and metal work. I do not think that the more purely intellectual work should be sacrificed unduly to these at an early age, but their recreative power is most valuable, and habits of concentration and neatness can be learned from them in some cases where mental work has been unavailing.

Although I do not hold that the acquisition of useful information and the training of the memory and the logical faculty compose the whole of education, there is no doubt that they do play a most important part in it. The memory is most active in young children, and if intelligently cultivated then will prove a valuable asset in later life. The logical faculty is notoriously weak in women, and it is our duty to strengthen that feeble quality and gradually wipe out the stain on the reputation of our sex in this respect. And now we are left face to face with the question, What knowledge is the most useful for our girls to acquire?

I have said before that their duties will be mainly social. What knowledge, then, will best fit them for these duties? We live in a practical age in a practical country. Our men are for the most part too busy to occupy themselves much with ideas. And yet great ideas are the mainspring of all national greatness. Should not our women be trained to understand and appreciate the great ideas of great men of former ages?

Continued on page 34

Agate-Hunting on Bay of Chaleur

By GERTRUDE SPAIDAL



HAVE you never known the witchery of the Bay of Chaleur? Then life still holds in store for you one supreme delight. For whether the brilliant sunlight simmers on its broad bosom, or the mists curl down from the mountains, with their all-enveloping mantle of purple and grey, Chaleur is ever the same—magic incomparable!

Commercially Canada possesses in the Bay of Chaleur perhaps the most magnificent haven on the continent. Over ninety miles long, and from fifteen to twenty miles wide, it stretches inland from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Its waters are singularly free from rock and other barriers, and thus offer safe navigation for the largest ships. And they come, into its shelter, ships from all over the world—barques, schooners, all kinds and descriptions of sailing vessels, and an occasional tramp steamer—bound for cargoes of fish and wood.

This gives to the Bay and its ports a cosmopolitan touch of the old world very surprising to the casual visitor. Especially is this true of Dalhousie—or Dalhowsie, as they say down there. In the harbor of Dalhousie one hears the soft tongue of Italy and Spain, mingled with the nasal tones of France, and the more guttural speech of Denmark and Sweden, as the sailors sing their chanteys at their work.

We were spending our holidays on the Bay of Chaleur, a mile from Dalhousie, at the historic old "Inch Arran"—a spot redolent with the mem-



A MORNING'S CATCH.

ories of the building of the Intercolonial, of Governors-General, and above all of Sir John A. Macdonald. Twenty years ago the "Inch Arran" was perhaps the most fashionable watering-place in Canada.

But with the building of the C. P. R., and the opening up of other eastern resorts, fickle fortune turned her back on the famous hostelry, and it was closed for the matter of ten or twelve years, to be opened again to the public only last year. It is an immense frame structure of between three and four hundred rooms, with endless corridors, a fifth of a mile of verandas, and quarters for an army of servants. Last summer there were, just fifteen of us tucked away into all this space, and we counted ourselves extremely lucky to have found a spot so beautiful, so comfortable, and so free from the obnoxious "Summer Boarder."

The house stands just a stone's-throw from the Bay, and always we could hear the splash, splash, of the surf upon the beach. The beach of the Bay of Chaleur is made up of minute particles of broken shells and brilliantly colored pebbles. These pebbles range from clearest white through all the shades of pink, crimson, yellow, blue, green, grey, to inky black. Of all shapes and sizes they lie in loose banks, or are pounded by the waves into an exquisite and gorgeous mosaic. They are positively fascinating, these little pebbles, and our pockets were always weighted down with them, but one day came a story that quite spoiled our enjoyment of anything so plebeian as pebbles. A farmer had come into Dalhousie with a gallon measure filled to the brim with lovely translucent agates, picked up across on the Muguasha shore of the Gaspé peninsula. It was on conquest bent that we crept from our warm beds, tip-toed down the long halls, past the closed doors of our sleeping fellow-guests, and stepped out into the chill of early dawn.

Sunrise on the Bay of Chaleur! We waited in the fragrant hush of the August morn for the most perfect day-birth in Canada. Behind us, the little town of Dalhousie nestled, surrounded by the rugged hills of the Metapedia range—dark, distant, sentinel. We stood at the entrance to Dalhousie harbor, and from the distant mountains the swift, deep Restigouche hurried along,

past the sleeping village, past the most northerly point of New Brunswick, to merge its fresh waters into the salt of the Bay at our very feet. Away to the right the white spires of Charlo gleamed across the waters. To the left the picturesque shore of Gaspé peninsula surmounted by the Grand Peak of Tracadie-Gash mountain, thrust a rugged menace out into the Bay. But in front as far as eye could travel stretched an unbroken path of silver grey—bay and ocean—to the very shores of distant Labrador.

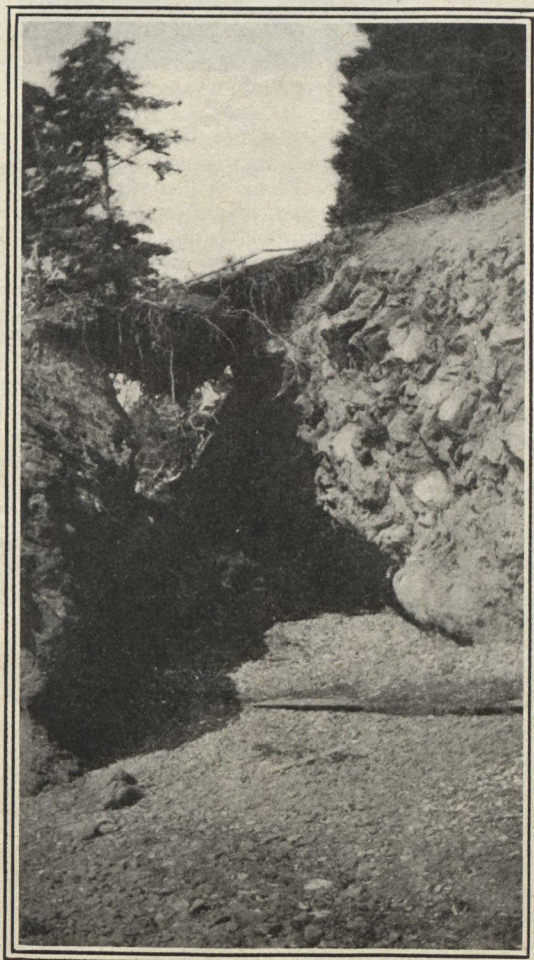
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THE air was superb, bearing the double tang of pine and salt—born of the marriage of forest and sea. It stirred the blood, swept the cob-webs from the brain, and made one feel that all the world was young again. Even the barriers of space seemed lifted, and we seemed able to look far off to where tawny gull-capped Percé forever guards the entrance to the Bay. That little barque, creeping out into the grey of the dawn, might bear none other than the brave heart and adventurous spirits of Jacques Cartier, and his gallant men. A very natural mistake theirs! Supposing themselves to be still in the Northern Atlantic, they pushed their way almost to the end of the Bay. But before they reluctantly left this land-locked, sun-kissed haven—so different from the cold, bleak ocean outside—they gave it their blessing, and its name "Bay of Heat"—Bay of Chaleur. But that was all nearly three hundred years ago, and now the first flush of morning brought us back to the present with a start.

The sun had opened one lazy eye above the horizon. With long arms of wind he brushed away from his ruddy face the mists of sleep. He sent an audacious wink to grim old Tracadie-Gash, still muffled to the chin in white cloud sheets. Peak after peak gave back a morning greeting, and soon a fairy carpet of crimson and cloth-o-gold covered all the Bay. The sky glowed and deepened in a thousand exquisite tints, and before our eyes had come again God's miracle of Dawn.

A shrill whistle sent us scrambling down the steep bank to the beach below. It was Ar'tur, our habitant boatman—a person so overpoweringly big that one would as soon think of asking Niagara Falls to wait for one! We hurried along the beach, past brown seaweed, bleached driftwood, and amethyst jellyfish, all stranded high and dry by the tide, climbed breathlessly in the dory, and were off.

Although it was now bright morning there was little life stirring on the Bay. Just above us a white-winged gull poised, dived, and re-



NATURAL BRIDGE, BAY OF CHALEUR.



LIGHTHOUSE POINT—ENTRANCE TO DALHOUSIE HARBOR.

appeared in a moment with a good sized cod in her talons, which she carried, struggling, to her hungry babies in their nest on the lonely Gaspé cliffs. "A breakfast of fish, my dears!"

Out in the deeper waters a school of porpoise seemed playing a gigantic game of leap-frog, their backs gleaming white above the green-blue of the Bay. They also had breakfasted on the fish of Chaleur, and were now homeward bound for the ocean. Between fishermen, porpoise and seagulls, the fish in the Bay of Chaleur have not—if one may be permitted—the life of a dog! And yet the supply seems practically exhaustless.

We rowed along, quietly, drinking the fine air in deep quaffs. At Lighthouse Point we passed a schooner laden with lumber for Australia—six months there and six months back. The sailors were busy with the rigging as we pulled by into the treacherous waters beyond. Here the Restigouche rushed down to meet the tide rushing up, and the sudden squalls from the Gaspé cliffs added their menacing touch to the turmoil. We sat a



COUNTRY ROAD, NEAR DALHOUSIE.

little tighter on our seats and Ar'tur bent his broad back and rippled his biceps in a reassuring pull on the oars. The distance lessened perceptibly.

"See," said Ar'tur, pointing to the rugged Gaspé shore now within our vision—"see dat leetle house up dere on de hill? Dat's my huncle's—my mudder's brudder."

* * *

HIGH above us, a little frame cabin perched on a terrifying angle of the cliff. At one side was a little clearing, but all around a flood of pines threatened to engulf it. As we gazed up, a man appeared on the edge of the clearing, leading a team of horses that drew a stone-boat loaded with hay—no wheeled vehicle could have withstood that grade! They crawled like flies across the dizzy slope. That moment the door was flung open, a woman stepped out into the light, and the shrill sound of a dinner, or rather breakfast, horn startled all the sleeping echoes.

"Dat's my aunt," informed Ar'tur. "Dey want me to leeve up dere all de tam. But not for me, dat. It's a clam, clam, clam all de tam!"

"But why—by all that's reasonable—doesn't your uncle try farming on the level shores across the bay?" we queried.

Ar'tur's eyebrows and shoulders went high. "My huncle he own fine farm on Charlo, but he marry one Muguasha girl—des Muguasha shore—and she fret, fret all de tam for de hills; so my huncle, he come here, and build un leetle cabine"—and Ar'tur finished with an eloquent gesture.

We strained our eyes up at the slender figure standing so high above us. Are you happy in your eerie home, now you have your heart's desire, strange creature of strange longings called woman?

We left the little home behind, and pulling round the bold promontory, found our treasure shore before us. In appearance it looked just like the other shores around, rough, pebbly, with the surf breaking over it in blue-green spray. But here—as ever—appearances were deceitful.

And did we find any agates? Oh, yes! A fine box full of clear sparkling beauties. But we also found that the agate does not reveal herself to the casual observer. To find an agate, down

on your two good knees you must go, and do penance on the rough shore, till your back aches, your head swims, and you feel—with Solomon—that "all is vanity." At this psychological moment, however, as you sift through your fingers positively your *last* handful of pebbles, a crystal—clear, dazzling, beautiful—fairly leaps to your vision, and all fatigue is forgotten in the joy of the quest! To be a successful agate hunter two things are necessary—a hopeful disposition and a hinge in the back! Granted these two, a fine day, and the Miguasha shore of the Gaspé peninsula, and I promise you a superb collection of Canadian agates.

At noon we ate our lunch with prodigious appetites, our tired backs propped against some driftwood, and our bruised knees stretched luxuriously on the warm sand. The place was uncanny in its solitude. We seemed as remote from all the world, as though this were a desert island, and Ar'tur our own good man Friday!

The dusk was deepening before we reluctantly closed our treasure box, and pulled away from Agate beach. Again the Bay seemed asleep except for the ever-vigilant seagull overhead. The last perfect picture of that perfect day met our eyes as we rounded Lighthouse Point homeward.

The sun had set, leaving behind him a golden glory reflected bay and sky. Across this shining path a dory drifted, the figures of its stalwart fishermen, standing, as they set their nets for the night, silhouetted sharply against the sky. What was there about the scene which stirred the imagination, and yet seemed strangely familiar? As if in answer memory whispered—

"They had toiled all night and had caught nothing . . . and the Master said 'Cast in

ties, and no one ever arrived too early or stayed too late. Then too, there was some mystery awaiting them they felt sure, for the birch-bark invitations had announced a "Pow-wow of the Tribe," and that left great scope for the imagination.

The wharf looked quite deserted as the canoes were pulled up, then suddenly from among the trees an Indian Brave came creeping stealthily holding above his head a lighted torch. He led the visitors through a winding path to the log shanty where their hostess received them in a squaw costume of brown and red lining trimmed with gaudy beads. Here the girls were each given a red blanket, and a feather for their hair, while the boys were given grey blankets and a more elaborate, though home-manufactured head-dress of feathers. This change of costume seemed to also change time and environment; one seemed truly to be living in the Redman's time and among the forests primeval.

When "the tribe" had collected in a circle about the bon-fire, the hostess announced that among Indians each must contribute some "feature stunt" to the Pow-wow. She would therefore suggest the first number and the person to her left would be the next to lead. She then gave a dramatic account of how spies had discovered Ojibways prowling near the camp and that they must be routed before daybreak. "The tribe must therefore arm themselves and proceed in Indian file through the woods." It was a spooky procession that filed through the winding paths in silence; led by the Brave with the lighted torch, peering into the darkneses at either side, sometimes hiding the light and crouching

in Canada and the States, that few had to pay the penalty of being isolated from the circle.

The refreshments were served around the fire. The first course consisted of chicken broth served in cups and imbibed through straws. It almost reminded one of the peace-pipe ceremonies—save that each had his own straw. Then a huge pot of boiled corn was brought into the circle and was partaken of from the cob, with butter and salt. Cornmeal muffins and maple syrup were followed by fruit, nuts and bon-bons.

Then, after tribal reminiscences were exchanged about the dying embers, the blanketed forms stole back to the shanty and emerged with a more civilized appearance to bid their kind hostess good-night and to express their delight at having been able to slip back, for an evening, past the milestones of the years, into the Realm of Yesterday.



In the Western West

Continued from page 12

the suspension bridge, we crossed a solid wooden bridge some fifty feet long, as the canyon has narrowed down to that width right there. The motor-car having come around by the road, met us and the drive was continued for several miles. The road led through a forest of giant Douglas fir whose tops seemed to sweep the skies with their feathery branches, and play battledore and shuttlecock with the clouds: British Columbia tooth-picks they have been called, and resemble that article in their absolutely straight growth and finely tapered tops.

After leaving the wooden bridge the canyon was left behind but the road still followed the river, which rapidly widened, and after a lengthy drive we heard a peculiar rushing sound which announced the approach to what is known as the dam. Vancouver city obtains part of its water supply from this glacier-fed river; with this achievement the dam became a necessity but rather adds to the beauty of the scene. When the salmon are running, it is a common sight to see these sporty fish endeavoring to jump each lift of the dam, and a great number of them succeed.

The widened vista at this point allows a view of many mountain peaks, all snow clad and holding in their shoulder-hollows numberless lake-gems that are frequently frozen over the year around. Silent and wonderful, their timber-line delicately defined, these nature-built sky-scrapers rose superbly on every side. The Vancouver mountaineering clubs are doing energetic work in this district, and most of the peaks which range from four thousand to ten thousand feet, have been conquered.

After dinner at the hotel which is picturesquely situated at this spot, we made the drive back to civilization. And with dusk hovering on the heels of day, the witchery of the surroundings was enhanced and followed us to the very edge of man's domain.

One does not soon forget the visit to that beautiful canyon situated in Vancouver's playground. It loses nothing of its beauty by the visits of wondering humans; it will ever be the same depth and width, and its walls being practically inaccessible are immune from devastation. Thus Capilano Canyon promises to gladden the eyes of those who visit it for countless ages to come.



Lilac Lane

By JEAN BLEWETT

You find your way inside a gate
That, creaking, sighs: "I am grown old!"
Lo, here's a world where early, late,
The robin carols to his mate
A roundelay both glad and bold.

Down through the boughs the sunlight streams,
Yet comes a patter soft of rain,
And straight each leaf bejewelled gleams—
A highway to the land of dreams
Is this old half-forgotten lane.

Where overhead the lilacs meet,
Where perfumed cluster gladly swings:
In amorous breezes that entreat,
And nothing breaks the silence sweet
But song of bird and whirr of wings.

O, lilacs in a stately row,
Full heavy is the weight you bear
Of purple splendor, low bend low
To one who loved you long ago,
Your beauty and your fragrance rare!



OUR LADY OF THE SUNSHINE.

your nets on the other side.' That was it! The sweet old story of Galilee drawn as if by the hand of a Dore against the glowing canvas of God's sky!

With its spell still upon us we crept off to bed, to dream a glorious jumble of treasure beaches, pirate ships, and the stout bark of Cartier to our rescue, in this witching Bay of Chaleur.



Round an Indian Bonfire

By MARY S. EDGAR



N early Autumn moon shimmered its pathway across a little lake in Northern Ontario, and across the brightened streak several canoes darted from out the darkness and were hidden again in the darkness. But the merry voices and gay laughter of the occupants echoed along the wooded shores and broke the dead stillness; while far ahead, on a rocky point, a bon-fire leapt brightly behind silhouettes of giant hemlocks and issued forth its warm invitation to camp hospitality.

The canoes darted on, for Camp Canuck's hostess was noted for her successful bon-fire par-

low—until at last they wound back again to the bon-fire.

The next member of the tribe proposed a continued Indian story, to which every one contributed a part of the plot. It was most successful, at times becoming weird and uncanny, sometimes romantic, or again thrilling one with horror as a masculine member drew blood-curdling word-pictures.

One suggestion must have been inspired by Mitch Manito, the bad, for a boy whose turn it was, impishly declared that the "injuns" must be tattooed with charcoal. The result was most ludicrous. The added touches of Indian art gave a more realistic appearance to the make-believe redmen.

One demure squaw of a practical turn of mind proposed that the Braves replenish the fire, which hint was soon followed, and the flames again towered high and lit up the woods with a ruddy glow. Then one of the group, who was possessed of elocutionary powers recited "Hiawatha's Wooing." Another girl, a mischievous maiden, suggested that the Braves in turn should give an exhibition of Indian dancing around the fire, combined with the war-whoop. This was exciting and most amusing for the blanketed figures looked very grotesque.

There were other games, such as saying quickly a place with an Indian name, while a questioner demanded, "Lest ye be scalped, tell where you're from—one, two, three. . . . ten." Places with Indian names are so numerous both



SUNSET AT POINT AU BARIL

Away in the Breezy North

An Ideal Spot for a Summer Holiday



THE days are coming when the "call of the North" will be so loud and insistent that human nature will be quite unable to resist its appeal. Even as we walk along the city streets there seems to come a breath of pine, a whisper from the waters that even now are dimpling in the summer sunshine. What a land of lakes we lucky Canadians possess! All the way

from Bras d'Or in Cape Breton Island to the jade-colored lakes which nestle near the Rockies, we have a wealth of inland waters of which no other land can boast.

In Quebec the lakes are often mountain tarns, darkening beneath the shadows of fir and spruce,

and exclaims: "Surely you do not call this a bay!"

The beauties of Georgian Bay have been discovered and every year a larger host of summer guests and holiday makers finds a way to the north. However, it is fortunately such a vast expanse of islands, channels and alluring inlets, that it is impossible for it to be spoiled by the greatest rush of what is vulgarly called tourist traffic. As soon as the warm weather comes, we know the signs of rush to the north—trunks, by the thousand, are piled on the vans, canoes, dinghies and row-boats are placed on baggage-cars by perspiring railway employees, who seem to be the only men to deprecate the popularity of the pine regions, and distracted parents gather children and parcels as the last call for the northern express is heard.

From Toronto, it is only a six hours' ride to one of the most delightful spots on the Bay—Point au Baril, where the summer days are all too short for the sport and fun which may be packed into them. The northern journey is a delightful trip, as one approaches the land of rocks and breezes. Barrie, on Kempenfeldt Bay, one of the prettiest towns in Ontario, smiles a welcome as one approaches; Craighurst is a picturesque bit of scenery and Bala, with its melodious waterfall brings us fairly to "the north countree." Then we pass through the magical land of the Muskoka Lakes, where the influence of Indian tradition and lore always seems to linger. Away past Lake Joseph, the most northerly of these limpid brown lakes, we come to Parry Sound, surveying the wide sketches of Georgian Bay and just a short journey beyond is Point au Baril, which has emerged from obscurity into the proud possession of a station, a post-office, three hotels and seventy-five cottages. "No better air in the world," declares the embrowned citizen, as he returns to the city after a fortnight or a month in the Georgian Bay.

To those who are familiar with the history of this great playground of Ontario, it is wonderful how swiftly it has been transformed during July and August into scores of summer hamlets or colonies, provided with all that is needed for comfort or amusement, yet surrounded by the wildest and loveliest of Nature's charms. In some of the inlets you could almost

imagine yourself an isolated adventurer, the first man who had fished in those waters, or the first white woman who had paddled up the lonely waters in search of birch bark for an "album."

Of course, to take an extended trip from Point au Baril, up the Shawanaga River, for instance, the services of an experienced guide would be necessary. On this delightful trip, you pass through a series of lakes which make each expansion a new enjoyment, as the beauties are unfolded of Five Mile, Birch, Partridge, Wallace, Trout, Le Vale and half-a-dozen other gem-like sheets of water. The portage, which takes us back to the days when we read "Indian books," is encountered on this trip, but not to such an extent or length as seriously to fatigue the amateur explorer.

Georgian Bay is a rather tumultuous sheet of water when one is out in the open; but its smaller channels and inlets are such as afford excellent rowing and paddling for even a feminine canoeist.

* * *

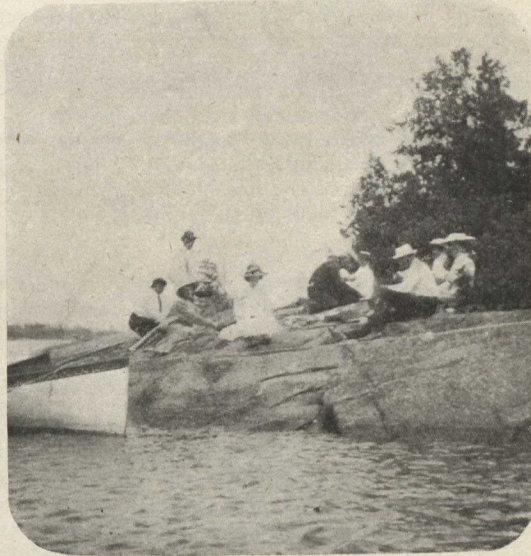
A CANOE is one of the supreme joys of life, a dinghy is something to be desired; but, after all, what is a summer holiday without fish? May it be many a year before these northern waters are "fished out." Black bass, it goes without saying, abound in these regions, while pickerel, pike, and maskinonge are to be had for the fishing. This vast range of lake waters, quite unknown to the fashionable tourist and a paradise for the angler, prove an attraction which few who have tried such regions can resist. Summer after summer sees the exodus to the north in ever-increasing numbers. One can hardly over-estimate the pleasure which the true disciple of Izaak Walton feels, as he reaches such a territory and realizes day after day the reward of patient effort in the shape of a "string" of shining beauties. Even such as have not known before the delights of such a sport catch the infection and set out in search of tackle and bait. Later on, the hunters come up from the southern towns and cities, in search of deer or bear and make a record of which Nimrod might well be proud.

In these days, even our remote playgrounds are invaded by the latest inventions, whether these be aeroplanes or motor boats. The latter



"HOLE-IN-THE-WALL"

but in Ontario, especially in the northern section, they are so thickly strewn that a morning walk in the Parry Sound district usually reveals a string of such lakelet jewels, sparkling in their setting of stone. The Georgian Bay, beyond the Muskoka Lakes, is a sheet of water which is a joy to the heart of either sportsman or artist. It is no wonder that the visitor from the older countries pauses in wonder as he sees the dark-blue expanse, stretching away beyond the hills,



CAMP DINNER AT THE POINT

have reached Georgian Bay and its many channels and may be seen coursing gaily through the dark-blue waves on any bright summer day. The gasoline launch is also known, where in past centuries only the Indian glided in his slender birch-bark canoe. So, it is hard to escape entirely from civilization, which, in the form of motor boats, railways and telegraphs, is within easy reach and hail of the summer citizens of Point au Baril.



A TYPICAL HOLIDAY SCENE



SOME SHINING TROPHIES AT THE POINT



Around the Hearth

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses prest?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the part to make it well?
My mother."

MOTHER AND BABE.

MY mother! What visions of bygone days your memory recalls! Emphasize the *my*, and it is *your* mother, a halo of light clinging to the recollections. They may have been entirely different types of women, may have moved in circles far separated, may have been educated or refined, or illiterate and uncultured, may have had no two features of similarity, no matter from what standpoint they were judged, but the tenderness of my memories, and the sweetness of your impressions, places them both on a pedestal, around which everything that is good and lovely, pure and angelic hovers, and nothing on earth can ever efface the influence that emanated from their lives, and moulded itself into our character.

The boy may go far wrong, may drink the dregs of this world's most sinful cup, may drown the thoughts and prayers of mother in the polluted cesspool of vice and wickedness; the girl may wander far from home and mother, may sink into sloughs so deep and dark, she is lost sight of; but they never get beyond the mother love. The world may cast them out, the father may in sternness denounce them forever, but the longing, loving heart of a mother reaches out and beyond all bolts and bars, down and into the deepest abyss, waiting to forgive and embrace, for, oh, the strength of her boundless love! Well has the poet immortalized it in these words: "Hast thou sounded the depths of yonder sea, And counted the sands that under it be; Hast thou measured the height of heaven above? Then might thou mete out a mother's love."

HAPPY should be that woman who is blessed with the trust of little human beings, who has the privilege of directing the infantile thoughts, who can lead and guide the little minds! I can conceive of no work more beautiful, more ennobling, than training the baby tongue to lisp its first words, the little tottering feet to walk, and the innocent and unstained little soul to "walk in wisdom's pleasant way." Empty must be that woman's heart who has never looked into the depths of baby eyes, all her own, nor felt the thrill of happy motherhood as the little creature singles her out with arms outstretched; who has never pressed closely to her breast a little shining head, nor stood gazing with admiring eyes upon the sleeping darling, with chubby little limbs, and long lashes sweeping the rosy cheeks. She, who has never known motherhood has not tasted of the deepest, tenderest joy on earth, and I have often thought that we mothers do not stop to realize all we stand for to our children, those little beings that look up to us, as we look up to God, whose happiness or woe depends upon our smile or frown.

"If my baby were only older," I have heard women exclaim. Now, don't; just try and enjoy every stage of that little life, from the tiny, helpless, red-faced stranger, all through the interesting evolution, until they are able to wait upon themselves. Every moment of their existence reveals attractions hitherto unknown; so do not be sighing, and wishing them older. We often hear the expression, "You are having your best time with them right now." To a woman who is struggling along with five or six little ones, all, perhaps, under ten years of age, that sounds discouraging. I remember when my inward ejaculation at such a speech could be interpreted thus: "Well, if *this* is my happiest time, Lord help me, later on."

I look back upon those days and, believe me, they were my happiest days, and yours, too. You washed and fed the little flock, and tucked them safely in bed, and they were pleased with whatever mother thought best, the toys, the new clothes, but that changes and a new era dawns. They grow away from the nest, have their own

ideas of what they like and dislike, they decide that they are very capable, and we know that they really need us more than ever. So, we realize that our best time, after all, is when they look to us as an all-wise authority, to whom they appeal to settle their vexed questions.

* * *

AND what diversity of character we meet in the members of a family, each requiring a different method of treatment! How necessary that we be cheerful and patient, kind yet firm withal, dealing out justice tempered with mercy, making allowance for the disposition, for who can understand the heart of a child as the mother? It takes the keenest diplomacy and tact to solve the well-springs of conduct in a family of children, to look beneath the surface and see their reasoning, to view matters from the child's standpoint. Sometimes they are not so far wrong as they seem, for the unformed character can not discriminate as to right and wrong; they need the teaching which only a faithful, earnest mother is in a position to give.

In my mind are four young sisters, the eldest of whom could not be moved once having decided she would not do a thing. Her attitude was: "I have said I won't, and I won't." The second sister could be reasoned with, the fourth could be coaxed into doing what she had declared she would not, but that third case seemed to me the oddest little girl I ever met. You could reason, debate, coax, all to no avail, but start a good brisk scolding, berate her soundly, and she was won. I am often asked if I believe in whipping. You will be puzzled if I answered both "yes" and "no." So I will relate a little story that has given me many a laugh, and expresses my sentiments fairly well.

It was in a railway depot, passengers waiting for the train. A small boy was making it lively for his mother, and interesting to the impatient travellers, by wanting everything he could think of, asking innumerable questions, pulling and hauling at his mother, kicking her shins, and slapping her face, and "got off without even a pinch." I will give the rest *ad verbatim*.

"Please, Johnnie, be good. See how they are all looking at us," she entreated.

"I don't care if they are," he shouted, making a kick at an old man whose feet he had walked over several times. And then the curtain went up on the play. With one twist and two motions he was seized, whirled over a pair of knees, and before he could squawk once the spanking machine began its work. If ever a boy of seven was neatly wound up, and the ugly taken out of him inside sixty seconds, the work was no more complete than in this case.

"Thar!" said the spanker, as he up-ended the boy, and placed him on a seat. "You'll feel better—a heap better. Hated to do it, you know, but saw that you was a-sufferin' for it. Beg your mother's pardon for interferin' in fam'ly matters, but you set right thar till the train comes in."

The boy "set," and a calm stole over the crowd. The old man turned to his neighbor and said: "He puts me in mind of my Willyum when he was a kid. Thar was times when nothin' on airth would put good natur' into him, but a good, sound spanking."

So there you have my opinion. There are some natures that seem to positively suffer for a good castigation occasionally. Nothing else can take the place of it, and if you "spare the rod you spoil the child."

* * *

BUT never for accidents, no, nor for mischief when it is not wilful, would I slap a child. They break a dish, tear their clothes, fall into the mud. Surely we all encountered those things in our childhood, and how grateful we were when we escaped punishment. A rod is cruelty in those cases; the child is sufficiently punished by the results. A dark closet, and being sent supperless to bed will never confront me when I am called to account for my stewardship. The horrors of the first on a nervous disposition, and the ruined health of the second, on a child's craving stomach for food! Put them into a light

room if their offence deserves isolation, and feed them with bread and water, but never be guilty of letting a child suffer the pangs of hunger to mete out a merited punishment, or draw upon their imagination terrors that are stamped there for life.

The tone, the look, should have a meaning. "Baby, come, mother wants you," should mean exactly that, and teach baby that he must give heed to that call. It takes patience to enforce these little things, but a few lessons impress the fact on the little mind that they *must* put things back, that they *must* come when called, and the way is paved for all future years. A path of obedience has been hewn out, and they do not expect to swerve from it, but make it a purpose in life to follow in the straight line of authority.

* * *

I THINK the greatest compliment I ever received, at least the one I most appreciate as a mother, came through a remark made by one of my children. A neighbor told me of it. She had made this observation: "Oh, but your mother may have forgotten about it." She said he looked her straight in the eye, and said: "Do you think my mother ever forgets her promises? She is not that kind of a mother; she'll do it, because she said she would."

It is often difficult to keep a promise, but with children, so much depends upon the non-fulfilment. Their trust is gone, the confidence shaken, they hesitate to believe in the future. I have heard mothers console little ones who fretted at their departure, assuring them with a good-bye kiss that if they dried their tears, and remained at home, they would bring them some candy, a promise they never thought of again until they spied the expectant little face at the window or gate. I did that once, but when the eager little ones ran to meet me, I punished myself to the extent of going back, tired as I was, to the nearest store, and purchasing the promised treat.

We cannot be too careful about keeping our word. A child misbehaves on the street, or in church. They know better, and you whisper that you will punish them when you reach home. Do you do it? Invariably you do not; good conduct has been re-established, your own annoyance has passed, and why renew the unpleasant episode? Let it go, it is surely the quietest way. Yes, it certainly is much easier to condone a fault when it is all over. But what about the child's faith in mother and her promise? More than once I astonished the members of my household by quietly taking by the hand a perfectly good-natured looking child into the privacy of mother's room, and administering what was to me a very heart-rending but necessary punishment, for a wilful disobedience that I felt it was no kindness to my child to overlook. Oh, yes, mother, if the rule works one way, it is also good in the other.

It need only be a serious talk, a reprimand, or perhaps confinement in a room for an hour, mayhap a hand held out for a couple of slaps, but if you have promised a punishment, fulfil it, and in future they will know exactly what you mean, as well as what to expect if they ignore your commands.

There is no time a mother is placed at such a disadvantage, as when she is away from home visiting or travelling. It is then the home-training counts, and the mortification that mothers endure is largely that of their own making. The faults are not so glaring seen at home, but when confronted with them before strangers, and the inability, so apparent, to make any impression upon their child outside of a downright whipping, makes them resolve that the future enforcement of obedience will be exacted to the last toll.

But that is soon forgotten, the rigid system relaxes in time, it is really too much trouble to always insist, and thus the character of the child suffers, as well as the nerves of mother. Whenever I see such mistaken indulgence—really arising from indolence in persisting—I always say to myself, "Poor woman, she is preparing a rod for her own back." Sooner or later, she understands that she has spoiled a naturally good child by the lack of a gentle firmness which should be a prominent virtue in a wise mother.

HOLIDAY HINTS

SUMMER holidays are much in the mind of the housewife from the first of May, and to that end, the summer sewing is usually well out of the way before the month of June arrives. Fortunate are the households which possess an unfailing "sewing girl," who comes to them as regularly as the violets to the woods of Spring. She is as much of an institution as the grandfather's clock and settles down at once to "make over" or lengthen the last year's gowns. Two weeks of this invaluable assistant are usually long enough to get the summer clothing in good condition, and this state of affairs means a tremendous relief when the rush of getting away for the holidays is once upon us.

In Canada, where the sultry season is so short, there is not the necessity known in more southern latitudes for a radical change in the house furnishing. The recent change from heavy carpets to rugs, in most households, has rendered it unnecessary for the house to be turned inside out, when the warm weather arrives. Happy are those citizens who have summer homes outside the town or city, to which they can repair at the first hint of warm weather and enjoy the summer days far from the dust and dreariness of the madding crowd.

* * *

IN Ontario, most towns are in easy reach of the water—whether lake or river—and it is consequently very easy to make provision for a day's outing or a week-end, when a summer home is out of the question. Do not make a burden of these summer trips and go to the trouble of elaborate preparations for what should be a joyous and careless summer outing. There are women who seem never to "relax"—busy Marthas, who make a

picnic a serious matter and are always fussing over the baskets and wondering where they will be able to

get hot water for the tea. Make the summer as real a rest-time as possible, even if you are obliged to miss some of the fruit and rely on the preserves and jams which are put up by the factories.

"I just loafed all last August," said

a woman who had learned by painful experience that too much work makes Jane a dull girl. "I had a delightful time camping in the woods, wore all my old clothes and we ate all our meals outdoors. It is the worst economy in the world to stay in the city all summer."

We have all read Samantha Allen's amusing account of the pleasure "exertion," which was a series of trials and disappointments, and we have all suffered from similar experiences. However, it is quite possible to make even a picnic a scene of enjoyment and genuine rest, if the managers of such an event set out with the determination of leading the simple life.

* * *

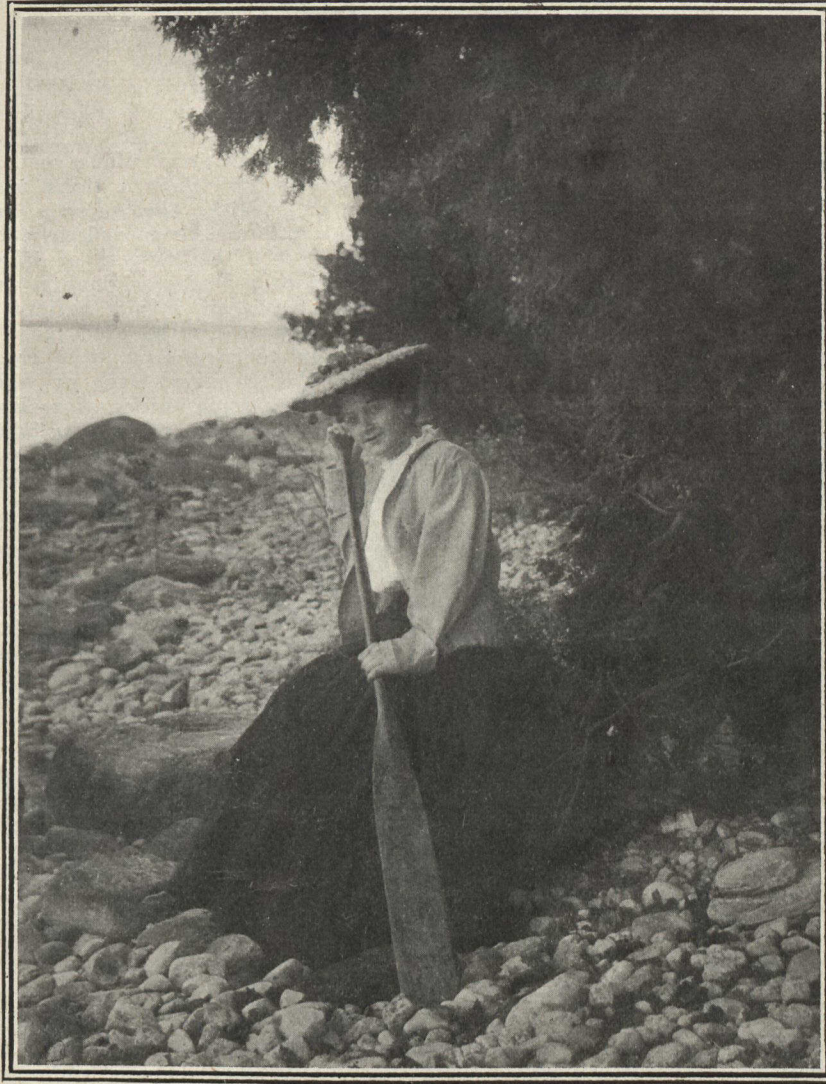
FASHIONABLE summer resorts are a farce, so far as either fun or rest is concerned, and the women who frequent them are the most foolish of their sex, given over to bridge and "glad garments." We take it for granted, that our readers are outside this class and appreciate a true holiday too thoroughly to think of spending it at a fashionable hotel. Muskoka, with its scores of picturesque and home-like "inns," Georgian Bay, with its splendid sweep of water and its wealth of islands, the St. Lawrence, with its varied scenery of loveliness in stream and landscape, are only a few of the Canadian scenes which gladden our hearts and eyes in the summertime. We have no excuse for not enjoying the months of "blue unclouded weather."

Can You Beat It?

She: "I don't see why you should not be willing to marry on three thousand dollars a year. Papa says my gowns never cost more than that."

He—"But, my dear, we must have something to eat."

She (petulantly)—"Isn't that just like a man. Always thinking of his stomach."



IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME



"IF ONLY ANNIE HAD A 'PHONE WE'D HAVE CALLED HER UP AND GOT HER TO COME OVER HERE TONIGHT. WE'D HAVE HAD SUCH A GOOD TIME, AND SHE'LL BE SO SORRY TO MISS SEEING YOU."

THE 'PHONE IS A PROMOTER OF SOCIABILITY

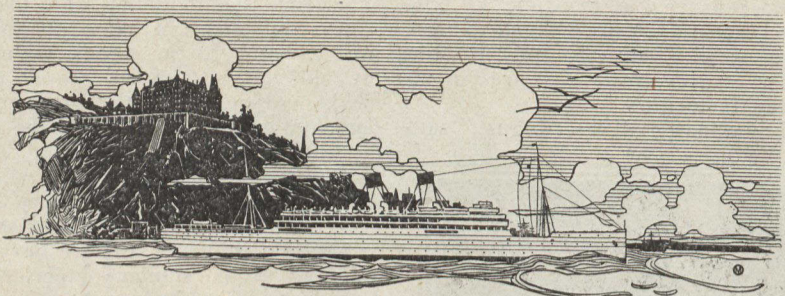
THE TELEPHONE IN THE RURAL HOME

Local telephone service in the rural districts is a live topic at the present time in many parts of Ontario. The most satisfactory method of securing and maintaining this local telephone service in its best form is through a local organization.

"Canada and the Telephone" is the title of a book which has just been published by the Canadian Independent Telephone Co. of Toronto for the purpose of illustrating the value of a telephone in the rural home. The book contains 32 illustrations, each similar to the illustration above, depicting a special way in which the telephone will prove a desirable and profitable factor in the rural home.

If you are interested in rural telephones, write us and we shall be pleased to forward you a copy of this book. We believe you will find it of much interest.

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The "Royal Edward" will inaugurate the fortnightly service of the Canadian Northern Steamships, Limited—The Royal Line—from Montreal and Quebec to Bristol, on Thursday, May 26th.

The twin ships, the "Royal Edward" and the "Royal George" are the fastest triple screw turbine boats in the Canadian service.

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The British port is Bristol (two hours nearer than Liverpool). Special trains alongside steamers, within 110 minutes of London. The steamers are driven by the newest type of turbine engines, insuring a maximum of speed and minimum of vibration. Their equipment is the finest ever seen in the St. Lawrence—large staterooms, spacious social apartments, sheltered promenade decks, artistic furnishings, perfect service, and ventilation by thermo-tank system, the fresh air being warmed or cooled as required.

The Quickest Route To Muskoka

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**Lake Simcoe, Sparrow Lake,
The Muskoka Lakes,
Parry Sound District, The Georgian Bay, The Maganetawan Country.**

For literature and general information, call at C.N.O.R. ticket offices, Union Station and Cor. King and Toronto Streets, Toronto, or write C. Price Green, Passenger Agent, Toronto, Ont.

FANCY HAT PINS

Girls generally like to have hat-pins to match each different costume, and if they follow my directions they will be able to indulge their taste at a very trifling cost.

The hat-pins which I think most effective, says the *Girl's Realm*, and at the same time cheap and easy, are those made of sealing-wax of different colors. With originality and artistic taste, an infinite variety of these hat-pins can be produced. It is needful to have a supply of cheap hat-pins with plain black or white heads, also some sticks of sealing-wax of different colors, including gold and silver. The more ordinary shades can be had in penny sticks, but the others run from five cents to ten cents according to size. A friend of mine spreads a paper over the table to catch any stray drops of sealing-wax, and she provides herself with a lighted candle and a bowl of water. She holds in her left hand one of the plain hat-pins, and in the right the stick of sealing-wax of the color she happens to require. This she places over the candle, as near as she can without actually touching the flame, as contact blackens the sealing-wax. She then applies the melting wax to the head of the plain pin, turning it round and round till the head is well covered. She moistens her fingers, and, by gently rubbing and pressing, blends and shapes the wax to any form she pleases. The moistening of the fingers is very necessary to prevent the sealing-wax from sticking and from burning the fingers. Whilst shaping and ornamenting the pin, she holds it over the flame to soften each part as she comes to it. The pins can be decorated with an endless variety of objects, such as fancy buttons, glass beads, shells and bits of coral.

Here are a few of the dainty hat-pins my friend turned out as a staid watching her: A kind of calyx in sea-green wax, shaped something like a tulip, into the top of which she pressed a grey-blue mother-of-pearl button, which reflected the green shade of the sealing-wax. At the four corners she embedded into the wax four tiny spiral shells. Another pin-head was shaped like an acorn. A third was of a rich heliotrope tint with gold veinings, and had a large white pearl button fixed on the top. A very pretty pin, suitable for Irish girls to wear on St. Patrick's Day, is made of emerald green sealing-wax, shaped like a shamrock and with a pearl to represent a dew-drop. If the pin is wanted as an emblem of luck, it is easy to turn it into a four-leaved shamrock.

Another pin is made of red wax with coral beads to represent the seeds of the wild arum-lily. Yet another is cup-shaped, of gold sealing-wax, with a green calyx and with small spiral shells fitted into indentations made in the rim.

Turquoise-colored wax is most effective, with pearls worked into it. A quaint device is to string beads on horse-hair, or very thin wire, and twine them round a cone-shaped head, burying the ends of the string in the wax. Buttons in enamel or embroidered silk are very effective when embedded in a thick layer of sealing-wax with a small border of wax around the button.

Let me now turn to quite another kind of hat-pin, of which I have just received two samples from a French girl living at Rouen. They are made of tin; one is fashioned like an owl's head with two bright yellow stones to represent the eyes. The bill, ears and feathers of the owl are all tooled into the tin in the most delicate way. The other pin has a large amethyst-colored stone riveted into the tin, which is beautifully embossed all

round the stone. Both these pins are in the fashionable "Art nouveau" style. The making of these pins, however, entails a good deal more outlay and labor than is the case with those made of sealing-wax. This is how my French friend describes the making:

You must first of all get a locksmith to rivet a wooden button-mould to a steel pin from which the head has previously been removed. You then take a piece of tin slightly larger than the mould; on this you trace a design with the special sharp tool used for this kind of tin-work, marking the space or spaces where later on you wish to introduce the large colored stones which form the chief beauty of these pins. You work at this part of the tracing with the piece of tin resting on some hard material, such as a block of wood. The embossing of the design must next be done with the tin resting on a soft pad of cloth. For the finishing touches the tin must be placed once more on a hard substance. The next proceeding is to fill in with soft wax all the hollow parts at the back of the design, that the right side may be well in relief. You next cut out the round spaces intended for the colored stones, being careful not to make them too large or the stone will not keep in place. The outer rim of the piece of tin has to be cut into little dents like the fine teeth of a saw. There remains then nothing to do but to mount the pin. You place on the wooden mould a piece of white paper of exactly the same size. This will add brilliance to the transparent stones. You then place the stone in the setting, or round hole, prepared for it. You apply glue to the teeth cut in the rim of the tin and you bend these over the edge of the button-mould. You then cut out a round piece of tin, through which you pass the steel pin, and this you fix firmly with glue to the under part of the button-mould.

To finish the pins properly you rub gently with a soft piece of linen the blackened surface of the tin, so that the parts in relief appear bright and polished like silver while the hollows alone remain black. You polish up the pin with silversmith's soap and rub with a chamois-leather.

All this gives the impression of a good deal of labor, but the result repays for all the trouble.

Another sort of pin can only be indulged in by girls who have brothers or cousins in the army or navy. The making of this pin consists in riveting to a steel pin the gilt buttons from a naval or military uniform.

The last kind of pin I shall describe to you entails next to no outlay, and it is very ingenious and pretty, but it requires patience and some dexterity. It was a young engineer who kindly showed me how to make these pins. They can be done in silk cord of various colors to match one's dress or in tan-colored leather boot-laces.

First form the boot-lace into two loops, then pass the long end of the lace under the right-hand side of the second loop, over the right-hand side of the first and so on, till the result is a sort of rose pattern.

Now continue with the same end of the lace, and carefully follow the first strand in and out, until the strands are threefold throughout the pattern, and lying flatly side by side. Be very careful not to twist the lace, and keep it always the same side uppermost. Draw in the strands till the opening left is just large enough to admit the head of the pin. Insert the pin, and continue to tighten the lace, following each strand along the whole of its course, until the pin-head is firmly enclosed therein. Then cut off both ends quite close to the pin.

Smart Embroidered Waists

THE very latest ideas for embroidered blouses are pictured here and we are sure our readers will appreciate their variety and charm, and also the fact that the designs for these are simple but effective.

The well dressed woman has her wardrobe well furnished with blouses suitable for every



No. 5395—Tailored Waist.
Stamped on Linen, \$1.50
Stamped on Lawn, 75 cents.

occasion, and many will match the costume with which they are to be worn, and she will not commit the error of wearing elaborately embroidered and lace trimmed blouses of sheer material with plain tailored suits for either travelling or morning wear.

The more dressy blouses have their own place, and fittingly complete the more elaborate cos-

embroideries. The more simple blouses have a style all their own, and have the great advantage of laundering beautifully. These blouses ought to be embroidered on linen, for the double reason that it is easier to do good embroidery on this fabric, and also because it wears better than cotton goods, and seems more worthy of good work.

No. 5395 is a very smart blouse which shows the fashionable one-sided closing effect, and has a stylish arrangement of square embroidered tabs, and graduated dots. These tabs are finished with a solid, buttonholed edge, and the remainder of the design is worked in solid, padded embroidery. A connecting note of color to the costume with which it is to be worn might be given by working the dots in color, or the embroidery may be worked in all white, and the dots and tabs afterwards outlined with the color.



No. 5375—French Embroidery.
Stamped on linen, \$1.50
Stamped on Lawn, 75 cents.

No. 5396 is another handsome blouse with a beautiful design of solid French embroidery, and it shows as well as the other two blouses illustrated on this page the one-sided closing effect. Turn over collars and cuffs embroidered to match complete this waist, which is certain to be a very popular design.

No. 5397 has an effective arrangement of braiding with the fashionable rat-tail cord which is so much used this season, and which launders perfectly. This design has as a finish, an embroidered scalloped edge, and is a very stylish blouse,



No. 5396—French Embroidery.
Stamped on Linen, \$1.50
Stamped on Lawn, 75 cents.

tumes of silk and other fine materials. The craze for elaborately trimmed waists has certainly subsided. We can well remember those of two or three summers ago, and the fact remains that these were cheapened by the shop made varieties with their showy trimmings of coarse laces and



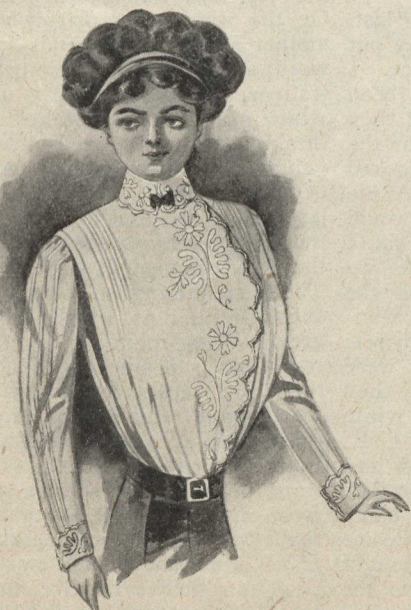
No. 5167—Neglige.
Stamped on Dimity or plain Lawn \$1.00.

also having the turn over collars and cuffs embroidered to match.

No. 5365 shows a charming collar, and a knotted four-in-hand tie embroidered to match.

The pretty little negligee shown on figure 5167 is a very cool and dainty garment, with a beautiful design embroidered with single chrysanthemums. The material used for this negligee is a white cross-barred dimity, and the making up of this after being embroidered is simplicity itself, as the pattern is cut in two pieces, back and front, and is laced on the shoulders and under the arms with ribbons drawn through eyelets. The waist line is shirred and drawn in with soft ribbons, and dainty bows complete this simple and useful little garment.

If the articles illustrated on this page cannot be obtained from your dealer, address Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Montreal, for further information.



No. 5397—Braiding Design.
Stamped on Linen, \$1.50
Stamped on Lawn, 75 cents.

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Will Stand a Bull Dog Strain

Fill your sewing basket with Belding's Spool Sewing Silk for dressmaking and all home sewing. Use cotton for basting only. Belding's Silk Sewn Seams lie flat, never pucker, never rip or tear. Sew buttons (even shoe buttons), darn socks, repair damages with Belding's Silk. You will have far less to do over, use less thread, less time and trouble. Belding's Silk is economy, cotton extravagance. This is why first-class dealers always keep

Belding's Spool Silks

Belding's Darning Silk

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Wash Color



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Put up twenty yards on a spool in black and all the leading shades.

Belding's Wash Art Silks

are unequalled for artistic embroidery.

Belding, Paul & Co.

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Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver



The Return Ticket

Continued from page 13

cheered up. Her face was a bad color from the pain she was in, and what did this man do but git up and come down to us and tell Annie she could have his place. He said he wasn't in very bad pain now, and he would take her place. He made very little of it, but it meant a lot to us, and to him too, poor fellow. Annie didn't want to do it, but he insisted. Sick folks know how to be kind to sick folks, I tell you."

The dawn began to show blue behind the frost ferns on the window and the lamps overhead looked pale and sickly in the grey light.

"Annie had her operation on Monday," she went on after a long pause. "She was lookin' every day for a letter from Dave, and when the doctor told her they would operate on her on Monday morning early, she asked him if he would mind putting it off until noon. She thought there would be a letter from Dave, for sure, on that morning's mail. The doctor was very kind to her—they understand a lot, them Mayos—and he did put it off. In the ward with Annie there was a little woman from Saskatchewan, that was a very bad case. She talked a lot to us about her man and her four children. She had a real good man by what she said. They were on a homestead near Quill Lake, and she was so sure she'd get well. The doctor was very hopeful of Annie and said she had nine chances out of ten of getting better, but this little woman's was a worse case—Dr. Will Mayo told her she had just one chance in ten—but dear me, she was a brave woman; she spoke right up quick and says she, 'That's all I want, I'll get well if I've only half a chance. I've got to; Jim and the children can't do without me.' Jim was her man. When they came to take her out into the operating room they couldn't give her ether, someway. She grabbed the doctor's hand, and says she, kind of chokin' up all at once, 'You'll do your best for Jim's sake, won't you?' and he says, says he, 'My dear woman, I'll do my best for your sake.' Busy and all as they are, they're the kindest men in the world, and just before they began to operate the nurse brought her a letter from Jim and read it to her, and she held it in her hand through it all, and when they wheeled her back into the ward after the operation, it was still in her hand, though she had fainted dead away."

"Did Annie get her letter?" I asked her. My companion did not answer at once, but I knew very well that the letter had not come. "She didn't ask for it at the last, she just looked at me before they put the gauze thing over her face. I knew what she meant. I had been down to see if it had come, and they told me all the mails were in for the day from the west. She just looked at me so pitiful, but it was like Annie not to ask. A letter from Dave would have comforted her so, but it didn't come, though I had wired him two days before, telling him when the operation would be. Annie was wonderful cheerful and calm, but I was tremblin' like a leaf when they were givin' her the ether, and when they wheeled her out all so stiff and white I just seemed to feel I'd lost my girl."

I took the old lady's hand and tried to whisper words of comfort. She returned the pressure of my hand, her eyes were tearless, and her voice did not even waver, but the thought of poor Annie going down into the valley unassured by any loving word gave free passage to my tears.

"Did Dave write or wire? I asked when I could speak.

"No, not a word; he's likely off on a spree." The old lady spoke bitterly now. "Everybody was kind to my Annie but him, and it was a word from him that would have cheered her the most. Dr. Mayo came and sat beside her just an hour before she died, and says he, 'You still have a chance, Mrs. Ferrier,' but Annie just thanked him again for his kindness and sorta shook her head. . . . The little woman from Saskatchewan didn't do well at all after the operation and Dr. Mayo was afraid she wouldn't pull through. She asked him what chance she had, and he told her straight—the Mayos always tell the truth—that she had only one chance in a hundred. She was so weak he had to bend down to hear her whisperin' 'I'll take that one chance!'"

"And did she?" I asked eagerly. "She was still living when I left. She will get better, I think. She has a very good man by what she was tellin' us, and a woman can stand a lot if she has a good man," the old lady said with the wisdom born of experience, "I've nursed around a lot and I've always noticed that!"

I have noticed it too, though I've never "nursed around."

"Dave came with us to the station the day we left home. He was sober that day and gave Annie plenty of money. Annie told him to get a return ticket for her, too. I said he'd better get just a single for her, for she might have to stay longer than a month; but she said no, she'd be back in a month all right. Dave seemed real pleased to hear her talk so cheerful. When she got her ticket she sat lookin' at it a long time. I knew what she was thinkin'. She never was a girl to talk mournful, and when the conductor tore off the goin' down part she gave me the return piece, and says she, 'You take this mother'. I knew what she was thinkin' and what the return half would be used for."

We changed cars at Newton, and I stood with the old lady and watched the trainmen unload the long box. They threw off trunks, boxes and valises almost viciously, but when they lifted up the long box their manner changed and they laid it down as tenderly as if they had known something of Annie and her troubled life.

We sent another telegram to Dave and then sat down in the waiting-room to wait for the west train. The wind drove the snow in billows over the prairie, and the early twilight of the morning was bitterly cold.

Her train came first, and again the long box was gently put aboard. On the wind-swept platform Annie's mother and I shook hands without a word, and in another minute the long train was sweeping swiftly across the white prairie. I watched it idly, thinking of Annie and her sad home-going. Just then the first pale beams of the morning sun glinted on the last coach, and touched with fine gold the long white smoke plume, which the wind carried far over the field. There is nothing so cheerful as the sunshine, and as I sat in the little grey waiting-room watching the narrow golden beam that danced over the closed wicket, I could well believe that a rest remains for Annie, and that she is sure of a welcome at her journey's end. And as the sun's warmth began to thaw the tracery of frost on the window, I began to hope that God's grace may yet find out Dave and that he too may "make good" in the years to come. As to the little woman from Quill Lake, who was willing to take the one chance, I have never had the slightest doubt.

Clark's

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What is the use of toiling and broiling in a hot kitchen, wasting time and fuel and wearing yourself out, when Clark's mammoth kitchens are doing your work? Here CLARK'S PORK & BEANS are prepared and cooked better than any home-cooking can make them, and at less cost than you could prepare them for. Begin using them and you will wonder why you bore the burden of the hot kitchen so long.

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Mr. Jos. Sieffert, of North Bruce, was permanently cured of Sciatica, after suffering and being confined to his bed from Oct. 1891 to Feb. 1892. He has had no return of the trouble—now over 18 years.

Mr. A. C. A., merchant, formerly of Toronto, was cured in a few weeks after having suffered about three months each year for over nine years. He wrote to a friend: "I thought I never could be cured having suffered so long and having tried so many doctors."

Mr. B., guard of Central Prison, has been cured after having suffered for years and has since sent his suffering friends to be cured in the same way.

Mr. L., formerly of Cottingham St., this city, was cured of inflammatory rheumatism in 1894—has had no return nor any deformities resulting.

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The Farmer and the 'Phone

By W. J. HALL, CHURCHVILLE

THE farmer of to-day is one of the most progressive citizens of this progressive country. Whenever he is thoroughly convinced that a certain tool or piece of machinery will do his work better, do more of it, or increase his income, it is not very long before he owns that tool or machine.

The first thought that comes to the farmer is: "What good is a telephone to me?" This is but a natural question. The farmer above all, is a practical man, and the value of the telephone has to many not yet been demonstrated. He cannot see the utility of it. It will not milk the cows, plough the soil, nor make the crops grow. What practical benefit, then, can a farmer derive from the telephone?

We can understand that it might be "just the thing" for the capitalist. We can see how merchants and city folk can use it, but the farmer cannot find time to fool around the house talking over a telephone. Some farmers argue that they have gotten along so far in life without a telephone, and why not the rest of their days?

This same argument, if carried out, would have hundreds of our improvements, now considered absolute necessities, off the farm, and would thus have retarded the marvellous march of progress that has made the modern farmer of Canada the model of the world. Because a man might walk from Quebec to Vancouver is no reason why it would not be cheaper and much more sensible to ride, as well as being quicker and easier.

Thousands of farmers, however, are quick to recognize the value of the telephone to the rural resident. They see the improved conditions that its adoption will bring to them and their families and the consequence is that the building of farm lines, which began some time ago, is going on at a livelier rate than ever before.

IN spite of this fact, some farmers even yet are undecided as to the wisdom of this universal improvement. They fear that it is a needless waste of hard-earned money. But the farmer who has had a telephone for a year or more, knows why so many farm lines are being built. To him the reason is plain. It is because the telephone is a money-saving, time-saving, labor-saving addition to the farmer, that pays its own way.

The farm telephone has come to be recognized as a necessity. No one questions the statement that time is money, and very few will question the statement that as a time saver, the telephone has no equal. Time is an important factor on the farm.

"The great man goes ahead of time, the prudent man goes with it; and the blockhead endeavors to go against it." The farmer with the telephone is the great man of the time; he is the prudent man.

The need of telephonic connection is far more urgent to a farmer than to the city man. Every errand means a trip to town or to the neighbors, involving a loss of time at every step. Lost time means lost money, lost opportunity.

Suppose, in the rush of the busy season, when every hour is precious, a piece of important machinery breaks down. What is the result? To get repairs means a trip to town, lost time, perhaps a wasted crop. With a telephone at hand the new part may be ordered in a moment from the local agent. Then if not in stock, it can be ordered from the head company, often reducing the delay from a day to an hour.

The product of the average farm in Ontario is about \$800, but the progressive, busy farmer, who uses the

most improved implements and machines, produces 50 to 100 per cent. more than the average. There are only about 200 good working days in the year on the farm, therefore every day counts. When a corn field is getting weedy, a day's work with the cultivator will make a difference of \$25 in the value of the crop. When a field of wheat is ripe the delay of a day may cost more. The successful farmer has to consider all these things, and he cannot afford the time to run errands, when nature is calling him to the field.

The farmer with a telephone not only saves time which he can devote to the field, but if he need a man for a few days or weeks, the telephone gives him the "inside track" in finding some one. If he has fences to build or some other job that he cannot take the time to do, a moment on the telephone will find some one in a nearby village or town who would be glad to have a job. While it is getting harder and harder to find men who will work by the year on the farm, the telephone makes it easy to get help just when you need it without the loss of time hunting for it. In a hundred other ways the telephone saves the time and helps to keep things going on the farm, thus swelling the profits for the year.

IT saves the hard-working farm horses many a drive when they need rest. When stock gets sick, you can call a veterinary and often save the most valuable animal on the farm, for usually that is the particular one that is stricken and is liable to prove a great loss. When threshers are in the neighborhood you can step to the telephone, make all needed arrangements for "change" of work, hire extra help, and other provisions, meats, etc., from town.

Perhaps the greatest service the telephone can render is in time of sickness. Medical attention can be summoned, more than half the time saved, and in many instances, a life saved. When accidents happen or fire breaks out, the telephone affords assistance that is of great value.

Before hauling your products to town, you may know just what your dealer is paying. You are in a position to buy when prices are down and to sell when prices are up.

The telephone is the connecting link between city, and town and country. It puts the farmer next door to everybody and everywhere. In a social sense alone, it is worth all it costs. News of the neighborhood flashes across the wire before it gets cold. It helps to keep the boy and the girl contented at home. They are no longer isolated from the society of other young folk and farm life is not the drudgery of no telephone times.

The advantages of a farm telephone are so numerous and valuable that one cannot measure or appreciate them at their real worth.

Cleaning Day

WHEN using a cleansing fluid rub it gently on the fabric with a clean cloth. It is not necessary to rub the material roughly in the hands.

Yellow spots on clothing are often due to acid. Try immersing them in a weak solution of ammonia and water.

A good way to bleach linen or lace is to put it in a towel of soap water and set it out in the strong sunlight. If it will be exposed thus to dust and dirt, place a piece of glass over it.

To remove grass stains from children's clothes, rub the spots thoroughly with a little fresh lard a short time before washing. Then wash as usual and the spots should come out.

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No wonder they call Christie Biscuits
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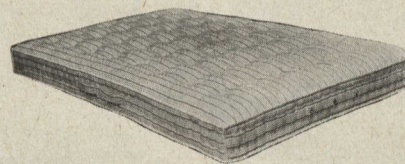
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JOURNAL FASHIONS

When 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 six days should be allowed for mailing of the patterns, as all orders are filled from the factory. Paper Patterns 10 cents each post paid.

DAINTY SUMMER GOWNS.

SUMMER gowns made of muslins are always dainty. This year the materials are exceptionally lovely. In the illustration are shown two typical ones. The gown to the left is made of embroidered batiste with trimming of embroidered bands. The blouse is a simple one, tucked to form its own yoke, and can be made as illustrated or with high neck and long sleeves. The skirt consists of a straight flounce joined to a five-gored upper portion.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of material 24, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32 or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of banding; for the skirt $10\frac{1}{2}$ yards 24, $8\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32 or $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding. The blouse pattern 6647 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6349 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

The second gown is made of bordered cotton voile and is exceedingly charming. The blouse is made of plain material to match and is trimmed with lace. The skirt is made with three straight flounces that are

joined one to the other and the blouse is a simple tucked one, closed at the back. The chemisette can be added, making it high at the neck, and the sleeves can be made long. Also if the waist is used for foulard, pongee or other silk or wool material it can be lined and the front can be trimmed with braid and lace frills, provision for such being made in the pattern.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 24, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 32 or 44 inches wide with $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of banding, 4 yards of edging; for the skirt $9\frac{3}{4}$ yards of flouncing 24 inches deep, or 7 yards of plain material 24, $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32, 4 yards 44 inches wide. The blouse pattern 6640 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure, the skirt pattern 6252 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

PRETTY SUMMER FROCKS.

THE frocks of the summer are very pretty and very attractive, yet simply made. Here are two that are charming. The one worn by the little girl is made of white linen and is trimmed with embroidery. As

illustrated it is given a dressy effect by the trimming applied below the tucks but this can be omitted if preferred and the dress can be gathered if better liked, also the neck can be made high. In fact, the model provides for both the afternoon frock and the one for morning wear, for it

PARIS IS PAISLEY MAD.

PARIS has a new craze. She has gone crazy over Paisley. Everything to wear is made in this well-known pattern, says a Paris correspondent in the New York Sun.

The old-fashioned mixture of Paisley and fringe is shown in most of the shops in many articles of clothing and other accessories women use. There are Paisley collars, ties and stockings, there are Toby frills of the same pattern and Paisley hand bags and sunshades embellished with long hanging fringe. In dress materials there are Paisley silks, cottons, foulards, chiffons and velvets, and perhaps the very latest thing is Paisley shantung.

In every variety of costume Paisley is used. The great lady drives to the Bois in a rich afternoon gown of Paisley silk, while the midinette trips out to luncheon in a skimpy Paisley cotton blouse.

It is a craze which men have not escaped. A Paisley tobacco pouch is the latest thing to give to a man,



Pattern No. 6625

Pattern No. 6634



Blouse Pattern No. 6647
Skirt Pattern No. 6349

Blouse Pattern No. 6640
Skirt Pattern No. 6252

assumes quite a different aspect when made as shown in the back view with long sleeves.

For the two-year size will be required 3 yards of material 24 or 27, 2 yards 32 or $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide with 5 yards of banding, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of embroidery for frill. The pattern 6625 is cut in sizes for girls of 1, 2 and 4 years of age.

The older girl's dress is made from one of the pretty inexpensive wash fabrics and is piped with plain color. It combines a straight plaited skirt with a simple becoming blouse and is closed at the back. If preferred, the yoke, sleeve-bands and belt can be of contrasting material, also the trimming band on the skirt when that is used, but a great many mothers like a plain skirt, and the waist only trimmed, using plain material on figured, colored material on white or white on colored. Pale blue linen or chambray with the trimming of white would be charming, rose color is liked used in the same way and white linen with either trimming of blue or pink would be dainty and attractive.

For the medium size (ten years) will be required $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 24, 5 yards 32 or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard 27 for the fold on the skirt. The pattern 6634 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

while he must wear a Paisley cravat, and even Paisley waistcoats have been seen.

* * *

THE FASHIONABLE LINEN.

LINEN is a useful, fashionable and practical material for summer gowns and the two illustrated will serve a great many uses. The young girl's dress is made of rose color with bands of heavy white lace and is worn with the new plaited collar, or chanticleer, frill. It is a very pretty, effective, yet perfectly simple model made in semi-princesse style. The skirt is four-gored and the blouse is laid in a wide plait over each shoulder. If preferred, long plain sleeves can be used in place of those illustrated and the neck can be finished with a collar. Small women will find the design a good one as well as young girls.

For the sixteen-year size will be required, $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 24 or 27, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of banding. The pattern 6644 is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The gown to the right is made of plain linen trimmed with plaid and makes an excellent one for outings and general wear. The blouse is buttoned over to the left side in Russian style and the skirt is thirteen

gored, there being a plait at each seam. It could be made with a yoke if preferred and a great many women are wearing yoke skirts this season. All materials that can be made in so simple a style are appropriate.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 24, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32 or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt $8\frac{3}{4}$ yards 24 or 32, 5 yards 44 inches wide, 2 yards 27 inches wide for trimming the entire gown. The waist pattern 6654 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6633 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inch waist measure.

* * *

ABOUT TRIMMINGS.

SCROLL designs of braid are fashionable, and heavy Russian braid is greatly used as a trimming, though we associate this, as a rule, with the heavy stuffs of autumn and winter. Black braid is used in various widths on one gown, and the designs of braiding are altogether bolder this season, in addition to which it is not so flat as before, but raised, which gives to it a rich effectiveness. Still, there is a great deal of soutache seen, and we have also braided buttons. Collars are often braided, but just as often they are faced with black satin and moire, and left quite plain or only edged with braid. Striped materials are self-trimmed by means of the arrangement of the seams, and so we see coats which are built with the lines going lengthwise over a skirt which has cross or circular lines. In light materials the same effect may be seen in tunic gowns, the tunic being striped lengthwise, and the under part of the gown and the kimono sleeves being circular. I am not sure that I care for this; it certainly seems to me to shorten the figure.

A FASHIONABLE GOWN OF TWO MATERIALS.

TWO materials in one gown are being much exploited just now and this one is exceptionally graceful and attractive. The over blouse and the upper part of the skirt are made

of silk voile showing an embroidered figure in self color and the lower portion of the skirt and the trimming are made of messaline while the yoke and the sleeves of the guimpe are of all-over lace. The skirt is a simple gored one, laid in tucks at the waist, and to produce this effect the mater-

one. It is very simple, too, and easily made. If liked a tiny little yoke and collar can be added, making it high at the neck. Both skirt and flounce are straight and consequently the dress suits washable material peculiarly well. The skirt could be made from flouncing or with the blouse of plain material trimmed to match, and flouncings of bordered material are greatly in vogue this season. The design is adapted to small women as well as for young girls.

For the sixteen-year size will be required $10\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 24 or 27, 7 yards 32, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding. The pattern 6367 is cut in sizes for girls of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

* * *

CHARMING GOWN OF WHITE BATISTE.

WHITE is always the prettiest of all things for summer wear and this gown is made of embroidered batiste, trimmed with imitation Irish lace. It is eminently attractive and dressy in effect, yet really is very simple. The skirt is made in three sections, as shown in the back view, and the lace has been joined to the lower edge of two of the wide tucks, then mitred and turned up over the tucks at each side, the turning being made at whatever point is most becoming to the wearer. In the wide tucks ribbon is inserted and the ends are tied into bows at each side. The blouse is an effective one, trimmed on indicated lines. It can be made with a yoke and collar if preferred. Any banding can be used as trimming and the same waist will be pretty with a plain skirt if a simpler effect is liked.

For the medium size will be required, for the waist $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 24 or 27, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 7 yards of banding; for the skirt 10 yards 24 or 27, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32 or $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with 7 yards of banding, 12 yards of ribbon.

The waist pattern 6657 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch



Pattern No. 6644

Waist Pattern No. 6654
Skirt Pattern No. 6633



Blouse Pattern No. 6623
Skirt Pattern No. 6539



Pattern No. 6367

ials are joined at about knee depth. The over blouse is one of the new ones made with sleeves and body portion in one and a plain guimpe is worn beneath. Any two harmonizing materials can be combined in this way and foulard with plain silk is much liked; thin materials with heavier are greatly in vogue.

For the medium size will be required, for the over blouse $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 24, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32 or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard of silk for trimming. For upper portion of the skirt will be needed $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 24, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 32 or 44 inches wide; for the lower portion of the skirt $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 21; for the plain guimpe will be needed 2 yards 32 with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of all-over lace.

The over blouse pattern 6623 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6539 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure. Any plain guimpe can be used.

* * *

GRACEFUL SUMMER FROCK.

SUMMER frocks that are made of muslins are always dainty and always attractive. This one is white with trimming of heavy lace and is just as charming as well can be. It is made in semi-princesse style with skirt and blouse joined and closed at the back and as illustrated it is trimmed at the left side and worn with a crush girdle of soft silk. The trimming and the girdle become matters of taste, however, and can be varied to suit the individual. The skirt is a simple two flounce one and the blouse is tucked to form its own yoke. The sleeves are novel and becoming and altogether the dress is an exceptionally graceful and attractive



Waist Pattern No. 6657
Skirt Pattern No. 6658

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bust measure; the skirt pattern 6658 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inch waist measure.

* * *

A GOWN OF FOULARD.

FOULARD is being utilized for gowns of a great many different sorts this season. This one is simple and adapted to general wear. It combines one of the very latest skirts that is made with a deep yoke, giving the suggestion of a short tunic, with a blouse that is closed at the left of the front. It includes novel sleeves also and the neck is finished with the frill that is so much liked just now. There are many possibilities in the design, however. Plain long sleeves can be substituted for the fancy short ones or those illustrated can be lengthened by means of deep fitted cuffs, and in place of the frill a regulation stock collar can be used

for the skirt 8 1/4 yards 24 or 27, 5 yards 44 inches wide with 5/8 yard 21 inches wide for trimming. The blouse pattern, 6441, is in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust, and the skirt, 6651, sizes 22 to 30 inches waist.

* * *

SMART SUMMER COSTUME.

YOUNG girls will wear a great many summer costumes made with modifications of the sailor blouse. This one is very pretty made with two tucks over the shoulders that mean just becoming fullness and it is combined with a plain gored skirt. White linen trimmed with rose color makes this frock, but all the heavier washable materials are appropriate and poplins and various fabrics are included in the list. Collar and trimming can be of any contrasting material or they could be made of the same either braided or embroidered. Blue or rose color braided or embroidered with white would be both pretty and fashionable. If preferred a shield can be worn with the waist, making it high at the neck but the open throat is greatly in vogue just now and it is both comfortable and healthful. The skirt is a plain five-gored one, laid in inverted plaits at the back. The sleeves are slightly full and gathered into straight cuffs. The front edges of the blouse are finished with hems and the closing can be made invisibly or with buttons and buttonholes. If liked the patch pocket can be arranged over the left side. The blouse will be found an excellent model for small women as well as for young girls and it can be utilized with the separate skirt as well as for the entire dress.

For the sixteen year size will be required, for the blouse 3 3/4 yards of material 27, 2 3/8 yards 32 or 1 7/8 yards 44 inches wide with 3/4 yard 32 for collar and cuffs; for the skirt 4 3/8 yards 27, 4 1/4 yards 32, 2 5/8 yards 44 for linen or other material without figure or nap. For the band will be needed 1 yard 32 inches wide. The blouse pattern, 6652, sizes for 14, 16 and 18 years, skirt pattern, 6570, sizes 14 and 16 years.



Blouse Pattern No. 6441
Skirt Pattern No. 6651



Blouse Pattern No. 6652
Skirt Pattern No. 6570

as finish for the neck. There is a fitted lining which serves to keep all parts of the waist perfectly in place. The skirt is cut in six gores and plaited at the front, back and sides and is joined to the yoke at the inner edge of the trimming, so that the yoke falls free for a short distance, giving the over skirt effect. It can be closed either at the left of the front or the right of the back. A great many materials are appropriate for such a gown, pongee would be charming so made, any of the fashionable spring materials of lighter weight could be utilized and also the same model will be found a good one for washable materials, for the lining of the blouse can be omitted. Foulard, however, is one of the most fashionable as well as the most serviceable materials of the spring and summer season and this gown is practical at the same time that it is essentially smart.

For the medium size will be required, for the blouse 3 5/8 yards of material 24 or 27, 2 1/8 yards 44 inches wide, 5/8 yard 18 for the sleeve puffs;

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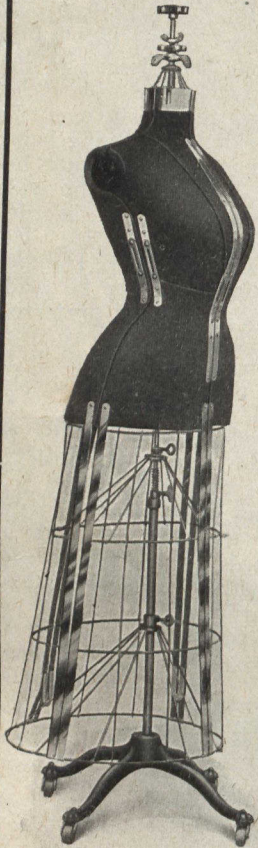
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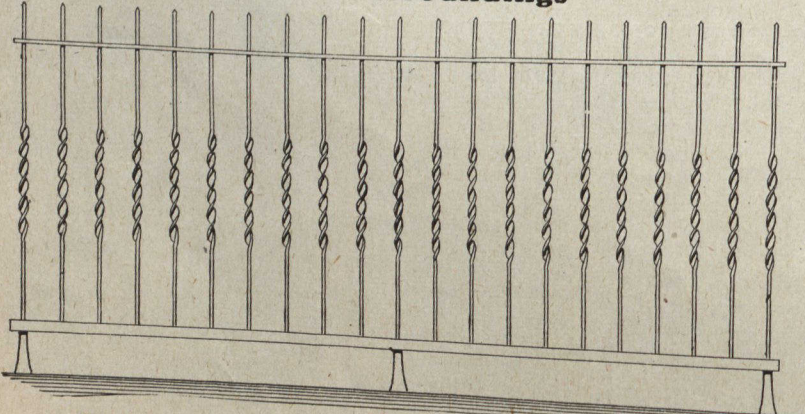
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A GIRL'S OPINION

OUR articles on the subject of allowances appear to have aroused general interest among our readers, who have contributed a variety of communications regarding this matter. We publish in this issue a letter from a girl in the country who evidently has a strong conviction on the desirability of an allowance. The letter is written with frankness and sincerity, and we are sure will strike responsive chords in the girl community.

Our columns are still open to this discussion and if any other reader, young or old, feels that she can shed light on the subject we shall be pleased to publish her views. The following is the letter from the girl who has a just grievance:

As just a young girl reader, I wonder if I might be allowed to say my little "say," and not be thought a woman's rights woman by some of those bachelors who read our pages with such unsympathetic eyes.

I think the subject of allowances for girls on the farm has become a very important one. How many farmer's daughters receive allowances? Very few. And aren't those few a great deal more contented than those that do not? How many of those "allowance" girls get such a craze for the city? Very few. Why? Because they are just as independent in small money matters as the girls in the store, office or factory.

Just listen, if you have patience, to my personal experiences in this line. I am one of those farmer's daughters who have very little money. In fact none that is called "spend-as-you-like" money. I have never been given a dollar in my life with that prospect before me. As far as clothes are concerned, my father buys them. But what he gets is good. He takes me with him when I must have a coat or hat or pair of shoes and never said I must have a certain hat if I didn't want it. Just so, our tastes agree on many things, but he does not or will not buy the smaller things or give me money to do so. With my mother it is nearly the same. Of course she has money, but she can't supply me, and I would not allow her to give it to me when she needs it. She is the dearest and most indulgent mother in the world. My father is kind too in some things, but in others he is too tyrannical. But it is the little things I want. If I am going to the city and ask him for a little money he invariably asks "what for?" If I say a collar or postcards or a ribbon, it is "Oh, pshaw! I can't give you money to buy trash all the time," whereas he has never given me a cent to buy postcards. It is not just, it is cruel; surely a girl can spend a little money economically. When my brothers go out, Dad will give them money to spend—a great deal of it on other girls. Why cannot he give a little of it to his own girl? My brothers are good to me but they haven't enough for all. How can a girl have an attractive, if inexpensive, room with a few books or some beautiful bits of music when the "man of the house" must buy them? I say she can't if that man is like the man of this house.

Do you wonder we have a craze for the city, a hankering after the freedom our city friends have? They at least have money. If they spend it foolishly they must suffer for it. But even those that suffer aren't as unhappy as the girl with no money, on the farm. But will father let me go to the city? No, indeed. His daughter work in town and board away from his eye! I guess not!

And if I were to just go, it would cause such an uproar in this home as to wring tears and many heart-aches from mothers like mine, and a great many of us are needed at home too. When we are gone to another home they may realize our worthiness or unworthiness more fully. But some have gone for the same reason that I would go for.

Oh, you fathers who have daughters crying "city, city, city for mine," just think over why they want to go, and remember how much money they have of their own. In the greater number of cases that the want of "spend-as-you-think-best" money is the cause of their wanting to go to the city to work. Of those that might go for other reasons I shall not mention. It is the deserving average farmer's daughter for whom I plead.

And after all isn't it the little things in life that count; that makes life worth living? The dainty bits in a girl's room, the living room, the girl herself? Isn't that where the real attractiveness of a home lies? Just examine a bedroom of one of those working girls and then look into a country girl's room—one of those country girl's rooms that I mentioned, and note the difference. Oh! it is there and the girl feels it, sees it, but how can she remedy it. I have a great many friends in the city who work. They are all nice lovable girls, and one attraction for me lies in the fact that they have money. "Money is the root of all evil," but I say it is the root of a great deal of good, and give me more root.

The question of "How to keep the boys on the farm" has been answered many times. I give the way to keep me on the farm.

NOTTA KID.

The Blossoming of the Lilies

Continued from page 11

light above his head. He saw nothing else.

He did not see the black boats fighting with the current in a fever of haste. He could not hear the voices that spoke from them.

"Seest thou the fort, Baptiste?" "A black ruin on the edge of night, my Captain."

"O, thou saints! Is there no life, Baptiste?"

"None, my Captain, but the life of the forest, wolves and foxes."

"Are we too late? Mercy of God, defend our France!"

"Too late, Monsieur. But—wait! See, see, my comrades! See, my Captain! The lilies! the lilies float still! The lilies are safe!"

Shouting the tired men toiled at the paddles. Anne saw nothing of their coming. He saw nothing till a known face bent between his face and the flag, till grizzled moustaches brushed his cheeks, till a quiet voice said, "My son!"

Even then the fiery lilies dazzled him. "I have kept them safe, Monsieur," he said, saluting.

He saw the men saluting as his father gathered him in his arms; he did not know they were saluting him as well as the flag.

"We are in time," said the Commandant.

And so it ended, one little fight of all the many fought by France in the New World, and fought in vain. Only in a few brave hearts the lilies still rule. But every year, about the site of the little fort, the red lilies blossom royally in the grass.

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GIRLS by the hundred, by the thousand, I can imagine them; I wish I had a picture of them, trooping down to the stations in blue suits and brown suits and grey, with their bags and suitcases swinging lightly—off for their vacation trip. Many of them are bound for Kawartha Lakes for the summer vacation of the Canadian Girls' Club.

Even so early we know there will be a goodly number, from the letters received. Some will have earned the trip entirely in addition to the commission and salary checks that have paid for those suits and bags and bathing suits and fishing rods, others who have started work later will just get the free trip, and some will have the suits and bags but will go to their own country homes.

For myself it will be hard to tear myself away from a home in the country, with gardens and big lawn with tennis and croquet, but the water is always calling me. The soft "lap, lap" of the waves on the beach is a splendid sleep producer, and a most pleasant sound to wake to in the morning. Is there any one thing that can take away the tiredness of brain and body like a morning's sail in a brisk breeze, with the lee rail just clearing the water; any event like a canoe picnic, to bring out the best in people and to promote cordial friendliness?

It may be fashionable, as some writers claim, for girls to be athletic. But certainly in this case Dame Fashion but follows the irresistible movement of the times, which brings women from the secluded bowers to all the interests of the world. Do you suppose the girl who works, whose brain is as active and efficient as the men in the office, who physically does as much as they—do you suppose that girl can sit around with folded hands when there are such outlets for her energy as tennis and golf, sailing, fishing, hunting, and canoeing?

Old Lady Fashion may bluff us into thinking she is the ruler, but in all the big things she just watches the trend of sentiment, and chooses the psychological moment to lead a new movement.

Naturally the Girls' Club has been composed principally of HOME JOURNAL readers, but we are glad to welcome all Canadian girls. A letter comes from Montreal:

"Just by chance I happened to pick up the May number in my dentist's office, so I cannot really claim to be a reader of the JOURNAL, but is there room for me in the Girls' Club, if so please tell me all about it."

And two weeks later from the same girl:

"Your extra commission refund check for my first five subscriptions came yesterday, and here are three more subscriptions. Have I really and truly earned \$3.60? I can scarcely believe it! And you say there is still a salary check to come on these. Why, I haven't worked at all, yet, just mentioned THE HOME JOURNAL to a few of my friends and acquaintances. The vacation trip is not for me because we have a place up among the Islands which I would not think of leaving for a minute in summer time. But there are heaps of things I must have, and most of all a new canoe, so from now till June I'll have not a moment to spare for any writing except orders. Why! Oh, why didn't I know about the Girls' Club

months ago? Surely every one of your girl readers must be a member."

But they are not all members. A good many are, but still there are scores whom we would like to enroll, for the field is so immense. There are hundreds of thousands of families in Canada. It has not been possible in the few years of the JOURNAL's existence to get even a bowing acquaintance with a very large part of them. That is why we are so desirous of getting introduced in the right way by members of the Girls' Club. There are such unlimited possibilities for you to earn money, to make many new acquaintances, to acquire energy and determination and poise. Let us enroll you as a member.

Is there any girl who would not enjoy having this Harrison Fisher picture in full colors as a decoration for her room? We will send this one or "The Fudge Party" or "Study Hour" as soon as we receive the first three subscriptions from any member of the Girls' Club, entirely in addition



COPYRIGHT 1908 BY CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
THE LADY OF THE LAKE

to the regular commission, the extra summer commission and the salary payments. We want it always to hang where you can see it as a reminder of your first work for the Club; always, I feel sure, to be a happy memory.

SECRETARY CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB.

Hair Ribbons

WHEN one wears the hair flat about the head it is quite the fashion to ornament it with a wide band of satin or velvet to match the gown.

Every one knows this is done for the evening, but the new thing is to do it for the day hours. One wears it under a hat. True, not much of it shows except with the large brimmed hat that flares upward and outward at the left side. It is quite an effective touch.

Grey velvet is worn with grey gowns, green velvet with green gowns, and so on. It is more fashionable to carry out the color scheme of the gown than to use a black ribbon.

This fashion is especially taken up for afternoon affairs where elaborate long gowns are worn. The ribbon is added to the hair without jewelled ornament or barette, and there is no perceptible bow.

HAPPY CHILDREN



Where there is an
EAGLE LAWN STEEL SWING

They spend so many hours in the pure outside air and sunshine, that
IT PAYS FOR ITSELF.

ABSOLUTELY SAFE.—
SWINGS EASY.—
NEVER BREAKS.—

Being elegant in design it is worth 3 of those Clumsy Wooden Swings.

CAN BE TAKEN DOWN AND STORED AWAY.

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TORONTO

Summer Term

Q Our sessions are continued through the summer months which may be most profitably spent by taking a course in this well equipped and reliable school. Write for a copy of our catalogue.

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It will save time—save carrying the heavy basket all over the yard—save the trouble of putting up poles and stretching lines every wash-day—prevent clothes getting soiled while drying. Easily set up or taken down in two minutes. When put away, leaves the lawn clear and keeps the lines clean. 150 feet of line, and every line within easy reach.

Reel Lifts Off Here

If your dealer cannot supply it, write us for information.

Cummer-Dowswell Limited, Hamilton, Ont. 59

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Look for Quality Mark

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The "Swan" is comparatively new to Canada—if any difficulty, write for nearest dealer to

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No bottles—liquids—mops—or hard work. "2 in 1" shines instantly and gives a hard, brilliant, lasting, waterproof polish. Contains no Turpentine, Acids or other injurious ingredients. ALL DEALERS, 10c.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., LIMITED, Hamilton, Ont., and Buffalo, N.Y.



From the Publishers

MRS. ARTHUR MURPHY (Emily Ferguson) was born at Cookstown, Ontario, and is the daughter of the late Isaac Ferguson and niece of the late T. R. Ferguson, M.P., who represented Simcoe for many years in the Dominion Parliament.

She was educated at Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, and was married at the age of nineteen to Rev. Arthur Murphy, an Anglican clergyman. After several years of work in different parishes in Western Ontario, Mr. Murphy went abroad accompanied by Mrs. Murphy. It was at this time that the "Janey Canuck Abroad" sketches appeared and received favorable comment for their vivacity of style, their vigorous and pungent comment, their entertaining humor; "nothing escaped her pen from German cooking to English ritualism." This was followed, on Mrs. Murphy's return to Canada, by a series on "Janey Canuck at Home," giving a description of a three-months' trip in the West.

The family now settled in Manitoba, Mr. Murphy engaging in timbering and agricultural enterprises, assisted by Mrs. Murphy, who also kept up her literary work, contributing to various magazines and continuing her duties as review editor of the *Winnipeg Telegram*.

From Manitoba they removed to Edmonton, where Mr. Murphy is interested in coal-mining but is also active in church work. Mrs. Murphy is a prominent figure in the social activities of the Alberta capital, being president of the Hospital Aid and vice-president of the Edmonton Women's Curling Club. She is fond of outdoor sports, especially of horse-back riding. She favors the unconventional western style of riding, as a matter of caution and common sense, for, as she says, "It is not pleasant, or for that matter safe, for a woman to be hooked to the side of a horse as if she were a bundle of clothes on a peg."

Mrs. Murphy, says D. G. F. in the *World*, puts force and enthusiasm into anything she undertakes and does not hesitate to make herself both heard and felt. She is a witty and entertaining talker, and is well informed upon the questions of the day. She has unbounded faith in the future of the West.

A new book from her pen, "Janey Canuck in the West," giving a series of sketches of the life and work of the pioneer of the Canadian West, is now in the course of publication and will be brought out at an early date by Cassell & Company.

* * *

THE name of William T. Allison is familiar to the readers of Canadian publications, for Mr. Allison has devoted himself to literary production with a result in appreciation which should lead him to more sustained effort. His essays and verse were the natural outgrowth of the literary temperament. The publication of "The Amber Army and Other Poems" showed the desire of the writer to express in more permanent form the fancies and reflections to which the magazine, in spite of its modern popularity, gives comparatively fleeting utterance.

The curious fascination which autumn exerts over the fancy of the Canadian poet has never been explained—but it is a noticeable circumstance. In England and in France, the springtime is the season when the poet's fancy, whether he be

young man or old, expresses itself in delicate and airy rhyme. However, when it comes to the poets of this young and hopeful land, it is remarkable how they, one and all, turn to the season of falling leaves and write odes to the departing year. "The Amber Army," the first number of this volume, describes the days when

"Red-coated, amber, grey,
The falling leaves to-day
Drop in dead drifts within the wood,
As soldiers should."

Whatever else may be considered commercial in Toronto, her university building is regarded with a pride in its architectural beauty which deepens to a passionate admiration. A host of students will respond to "A Summer's Night on the University Lawn" with memories that are a part of those four years of student dreams and aspirations.

"Infinite calm of the summer night,
Warm stars in a measureless distance of space,
Low voice of the wind in the trees
and the towers,
Silence and gloom round the stately
old place.

"Cold, in a splendor of silence, grey,
Half-hidden in ivy the dense Norman pile,
Wide home of the arts and the
wisdom of men,
Sleeps in her classic repose for the
while."

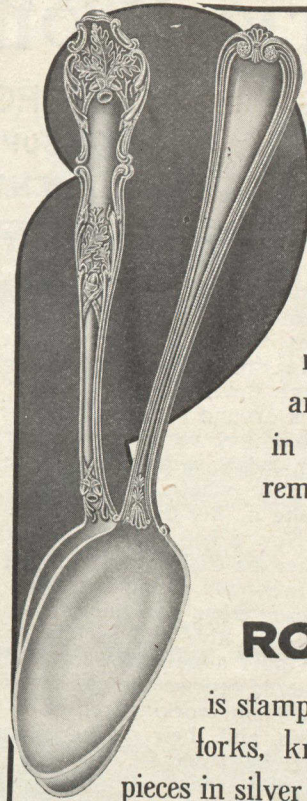
The slender volume, which Mr. Allison has sent forth as a contribution to Canadian literature, is characterized by a sympathy and a delicacy which are indicative of the true poet. Among the poems, none is more appealing to the reader than the sonnet, "The Canadian Pine."

This book of poems, daintily bound in green and white, is published by William Briggs, Toronto.

* * *

MORE than twenty years ago, a book review in Mr. Goldwin Smith's *The Week* referred to Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel and made mention that the novelist in question was a most prolific writer. Year after year, since then, showed at least one new Crawford novel, until one expected it as much as the flowers of May. His best-known novels are probably the fourfold list, beginning with "Sant Ilario." To many his finest work is not one of fiction at all, but that wonderful glimpse of the Eternal City in *Ave Roma Immortalis*. The death of Mr. Crawford has been followed by what is described as "the latest Crawford book," entitled "The Undesirable Governess."

Anything less like the ordinary Crawford novel, full of Roman politics and lightened by the smiles of alluring women, than this story of English home life it would be difficult to imagine. Lady Jane Follitt is exceedingly anxious that an unattractive woman should be secured as governess for her small girls, since Lady Jane's masculine relatives are decidedly susceptible to the charms of a pretty governess. An advertisement is answered by a young person of the desired ugliness, who proves, however, to be a pretty girl and who accomplishes as much destruction as is usually attributed to the attractive damsel. The book is a playful and domestic narrative, which may well afford an hour's amusement. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.



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Furniture for Your Summer Home

The suite shown above is built for that purpose and is a most appropriate one. The wood used is imported from the Southern States and is sometimes called "Liquid Ambar." It is a very close-grained wood, and consequently, with its fine figure it takes a most beautiful soft and smooth finish. The colors in which it is finished are the famous English Satin Walnut, the American Kyonx (which is a light natural color) and Forest-Green, and, we also finish it in White Enamel. Any of these colors (especially the latter three) are most suitable for your summer home. These goods are built just as substantially as our more expensive goods. Even the inside of drawers are finished and rubbed smooth. If you have a summer home to furnish ask your merchant to quote you prices on these goods. You will find them much lower than you may imagine—yet bear this in mind—every piece of "Better Make of Canadian Quality Furniture" is made up to our high standard, and carries our "Shop-Mark."



Toronto Furniture Co.

Toronto, Canada



Ontario Women's Institutes



GEORGE A. PUTNAM,
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Bee-Keeping

By JEAN CAMPBELL

ONE of the few outdoor occupations for women is that of bee-keeping. Woman's employment is invariably indoors, and she knows but little of the joys of outdoor physical work, as does her farmer brother, for instance. But if she tires of her indoor work, with a little study upon the habits of bees and how they make honey to the best advantage, she can earn a nice income and have the outdoor, health-giving life like her brother.

The Italian bee is very gentle. With a little use of the "smoker" before starting to work with them one will have no trouble. So the best breed for a woman to handle, or a man either, is the Italian bee. Before purchasing, find out all you can about them by reading books and magazines on bees, then buy the pure Italians from a reliable source, and don't buy too many at first. Start with one or two and increase them yourself; then after you have had practical experience it would be safer to invest in more.

Now I hope I am not writing to women who are like a girl who once said that there were two things of which she was afraid, a bee and a man, for my work would be wasted. But if you like bees—and men—as I do I shall tell you about the bees. I won't tell you anything about men, you all have at least one man to look after and as they are all more or less alike you know all about them.

I have been interested in bees since I was a little girl, when a bee expert came to the hotel at a summer resort where I was staying and invited all the guests to a neighboring farm to see him change a hive of bees into another hive. I thought it was the most wonderful thing to see that man handle that mass of stinging insects as coolly as if they were minus their stingers. With the party was a naturalist who was badly stung on the nose, as the bees were a cross half-breed variety. Although the expert didn't say anything about his stings if he got any, but the naturalist standing away off did, and he was very indignant at the poor bees, remarking that he got on much better with snakes than bees.

Bees are much alike, but, like men, some are hot-tempered. Those were the kind I had at first; I soon got rid of them, as I like to keep my temper and how could one keep one's temper working with hot-tempered bees! It was impossible; so, getting stung one day, I decided to re-queen all the hives. So, sending to a bee supply establishment I received a pure Italian queen. She was a beautiful yellow bee, and she came in a cylinder case attended by two worker bees. I put her in a hive that was full of bees and honey, first killing the common black queen that they had. I kept her in a case first, until they noticed that they had lost their queen, for had they not noticed their loss, they would have stung the stranger to death as they only observe allegiance to one queen in one hive.

As soon as they knew of the change, I let her out into the hive and soon she was laying tiny elongated white eggs in the comb prepared by the working bees, and in a few days the eggs had developed into larvae which the bees fed with honey

until they had enough, then they left them alone to develop into young bees.

In the spring when the bees first leave their hives, they take a good look around to locate their hive, then when they return in the early evening laden with pollen they know exactly where their homes are and make a "bee-line" for them.

Now a bee owner knows this. So, when he wishes at swarming time, to prevent the young bees with a young queen from swarming, i.e., to leave the old hive and seek a new home, he puts a new hive in the place of the old one, so the old bees that have been out working return to the new hive, and their queen is caught, as the queen doesn't leave the hive, and given to them, while the young queen with her young bees have the old hive. This knowledge saves the beekeeper much trouble and labor, for we all remember how, when living on the farm when we were children, before the bee-keeping became such an industry, the bees would swarm and locate on the highest branch of the highest tree, and how the men would be called by the small boy who had spied them. The men would be busy haying but they would come and

not only the officers, but the individual members. They can increase the attendance by giving personal invitations to other women. All are welcome at meetings addressed by delegates from the Department.

It has been decided not to give cooking demonstrations at the meetings this summer. We believe, however, that the addresses will be of greater interest and value than usual. Among some of the more interesting topics will be found the following: "The Sacredness of the Body," "Homemaking versus Housekeeping," "The Importance and Meaning of Woman's Work," "Teacher and Parent," "Rural Telephone System," "Responsibilities of Mothers to Daughters, and Vice Versa," "Demonstrations in Needlework," "Kitchen Conveniences," "Habits," "The Nervous System—Its Construction and Modern Abuse," "Physical Education," "The Educational Value of Plays and Games," "The Family as a Shaping Influence," "The Influence and Tendencies of Canadian Children," "Influence of Environment," "The New Woman's Ideals," "The Physiology of the Digestive System," "Some Changes in Home Life," "Mental Culture," "The Care of the

whether by original papers, extracts from Women's Institute reports or newspapers, roll call, or informal discussion. Then followed several splendid original papers on "Resourcefulness in Emergency Meals," by Mmes. Littlefield and Kennedy of Emo, "Making the Best of Things," by Miss Maguire of Shenston, and another on the same subject, read by Mrs. Woolsey of Barwick, a paper on "Pin Money for Girls," by Mrs. Chas. Gadd of Burriss, one on "Gossiping," by Mrs. Law of Barnhart, one on "The Value of Reading," by Mrs. W. H. Weir of Stratton, and one on "Hints to the Home Nurse on Emergencies," by Mrs. Wm. Earl of Emo. Each subject in turn was thrown open to the meeting for discussion, when the diffidence in expressing views noticeable at the previous convention—an initial effort—seemed to have quite disappeared.

In connection with the convention, an evening "at home" was held, the twenty-number programme for which was contributed by representatives from each branch. As in the afternoon, the attendance was large and appreciative.

It may now be confidently said that in South Rainy River, the Women's Institute movement is past the experimental stage. Practically no advertising has ever been resorted to, to gain a footing, but through "making good" every branch is now established in the confidence of the public.

* * *

Home Sanitation

A PAPER by Mrs. A. Ruppert of Preston deals informally with this subject, as follows:

People in general and housewives in particular are becoming more alive to the advantages and necessity of proper sanitation in the home.

What do we understand by sanitation? Why, the proper airing and keeping the home in a perfect condition. Let us begin with that most necessary of all rooms, the bedroom. In the first place the bedroom is intended as a sleeping-room only, therefore anything not necessary to the comfort and convenience of sleeping and making the morning and evening toilet should be eliminated. Unfortunately, most of us like to have our bedrooms look well and consequently all sorts of pictures, draperies, cushions, tidies, doilies and various kinds of bric-a-brac find their way into this room. Now these things, while, no doubt enhancing the appearance of the room, are more or less dust catchers, and as the air we breathe during sleep should be perfectly pure, it is important that we have all the breathing space possible. All vessels in use should be thoroughly scalded at least twice weekly, or a disinfectant added to the water in which they are washed, which will remove the necessity of scalding, any cloths or sponges in use thoroughly washed, boiled or hung on the line in the sun or frost, to destroy or remove any germs that may have accumulated on them from contact with the body, all bedding, pillows, etc., should be thoroughly aired by windows being kept open at least a portion of the day in winter, and day and night in summer and during the warmer months, and lastly, the floor covering.

Personally, I am very much in favor of the present fashion of covering the floor with matting or linoleum



"WHEN ALL THE WOODS ARE GREEN."

climb a high ladder and shake the cluster of bees into a pail or basket and carry them down and empty them in front of a new hive. Sometimes the bees would remain in the new hive; but more often they wouldn't as the queen bee may have escaped and of course the bees would follow her.

But all that is radically changed and with a little study of the habits of the honey-producing insects one can very easily handle them and reap a harvest of pure honey yearly.

* * *

Summer Series of Meetings

PLANS for the summer series of meetings are about completed. For the most part, only one speaker will be sent and it will be necessary, therefore, for the local officers to provide short addresses or musical selections to supplement the addresses of the delegate. Some 570 meetings will be included in the list this year, and the Department has been very fortunate in securing competent, experienced workers to address the meetings.

The success of the summer series will depend upon the co-operation of

Sick at Home," "Twentieth Century Devices for Preserving Health and Saving Labor."

* * *

Rainy River Convention

ON March 2nd South Rainy River Women's Institute, comprising Barwick, Barnhart, Burriss, Emo, Stratton and Shenston branches, held its second annual convention at Stratton, which was in every respect a complete success, a large share of the credit for which was due to the bountiful hospitality exercised by the Stratton people.

In a neat address, characterizing the year's work among the branches and making several recommendations for future attention, the District President, Mrs. Alex. Corless, opened the convention. Immediately following these remarks came an address of welcome delivered by Mrs. W. H. Weir, President of Stratton branch and District Vice-President, to which reply was made by Mrs. T. McDonald, Emo.

The programme proper opened with reports from all the branch secretaries on the subjects dealt with during the present institute year and the method of treatment in each case,

with pieces of carpet or small rugs laid down on places most walked on. These rugs, while giving an extra warmth, are easily lifted and shaken, and the other covering can be easily washed or wiped up. Or, perhaps, some prefer the bare, painted, or varnished borders with rug or carpet centre. These are much more sanitary and more easily cleaned than a carpet covering the entire floor. Of course, one objection may be offered to this method and that is, a floor thus covered is not as warm except perhaps in furnace or steam heated houses. Above all, let us not exclude the fresh air and sunlight as they are the first essentials to health and strength.

Most town and city dwellers have the convenience of bath-room, closet, etc. A great deal may be said to us to the perfect condition this, of all rooms, must be kept in. It is not enough that the window be kept partly open day and night to ensure ventilation. All waste pipes ought to be scalded frequently with a disinfectant and the water turned on and allowed to run freely in order to flush out all pipes and ensure the perfect evacuation into the sewers. All tubs, basins, etc., to be scoured after use, and all metal fittings be kept polished. There is a washable wall paper to be had which makes an ideal wall covering in that it is easily washed or wiped off. Where the floor is not tiled linoleum makes a good substitute. It is important that a good supply of wash cloths, sponges and flesh brushes, towels, etc., be kept in this room, so that no two persons be obliged to use the same articles.

Give halls and stairways plenty of sunlight and air, also parlors and



A GOOD TIME ON THE ISLAND.

sitting rooms. Have a few plants in these rooms, as they absorb the poison gases thrown off by the lungs and help to maintain a healthy atmosphere. Very little need be said as to be decoration of these rooms as it is pretty much a matter of individual choice and convenience.

As in most houses, the dining-room is really the living room, let it be on the sunny side of the house, as nothing adds so much to the comfort and enjoyment as a bright sunny outlook, and surely it is worth while when we consider the many hours to be spent in this room.

A good many of us must, of necessity, spend some hours of each day in the kitchen, and unfortunately the day of the large, light, airy kitchen is past.

Most of the kitchens of the present day are tiny box-like rooms. Of course, some claim this as an advantage, as it saves a great many steps. Be this as it may, it is much pleasanter and less exhausting to the worker to have plenty of space, light and air to work in, and especially is this true in summer.

I will quote an extract from the *Globe* of Feb. 22nd: "Out of 1,000 children born alive in Ontario cities one hundred and sixty die in the first year." Now this can not be from impure milk alone, but from improper care and living in close ill-ventilated rooms, where in most of the crowded tenement houses even the first rules of cleanliness are not observed, the food is not properly cooked and sub-

sequently taken care of, kept free from dust, germ, etc., sinks, refrigerators, cupboards are not carefully looked after and are allowed to become close and musty, scraps of food left lying about instead of being used up immediately. Decaying vegetables and fruits are allowed to remain in the cellar until perhaps housecleaning time instead of being carefully looked over, and any showing spots of decay promptly removed. Aside from the actual waste of neglect of these precautions entails, the vegetables in time throw off a disagreeable odor which penetrates the house and is inhaled by those brought in contact. This can not fail to affect the health. Any spot or pool where wash water is thrown should be far enough from the house that no smell can be detected, as is frequently the case when the sun shines on dirty or soapy water. It is quite frequently to these causes that cases of typhoid or diphtheria can be traced, although more often these diseases are traceable to impure drinking water. Then let the utmost care be taken to keep everything sweet and clean and in the words of the old song let us

"Clean the darkened windows, open wide the door
And let a little sun shine in."

* * *

From Various Branches

THE members of the Lucan Women's Institute thought to make themselves more widely known in the town and "do something."

"We are not one year old," says the Secretary. "We engaged Miss Alma James of St. Thomas, to come and prepare an operetta, "Queen of Poppyland," with local talent; Miss James to get forty per cent. of proceeds and we pay expenses. We secured among our young people seventy-three to take the various parts. It was prepared in three weeks and was a great success. We cleared \$40.96 and secured interest of people who could not be brought out any

other way than through the children. The meeting directly before and the recent one were full of new people who have promised to join for the new year."

The Women's Institute of Chilliwack, B.C., have been enabled, owing to the generosity of the municipal council and the business men of the city who have recognized the need of such rooms, to lease and furnish a women's rest and waiting room in the Westminster Trust building. The room will be open every day until 10 p.m.; light, heat and toilet conveniences are furnished, and is for the use of the women of both city and country whether members of the Institute or not.

* * *

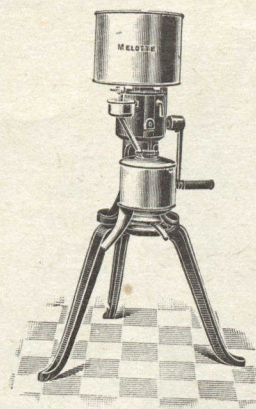
Concerning Soup

ALTHOUGH soup is regarded by many as an especially grateful dish in winter, it is so nourishing a feature of the dinner that the following paper by J. A. S. Scott, holder of a first-class diploma, West-End Training School of Cookery, Glasgow, Scotland, will be welcomed by many. It has been forwarded to us by the Nelson, B.C., Institute:—

Soup ought, if possible, to enter into our daily dietary, both from motives of economy and also for the nourishment it contains. There are a great many different kinds of soups and to-day I will make four, one of each different class. In winter

Continued on page 34

WIFE'S PROFITS—DAIRY PRODUCTS



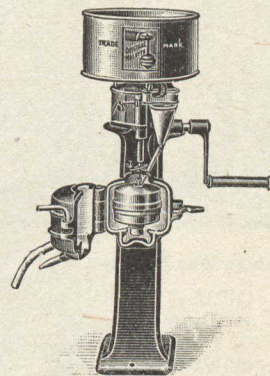
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Capacities 280-720 lbs per hour

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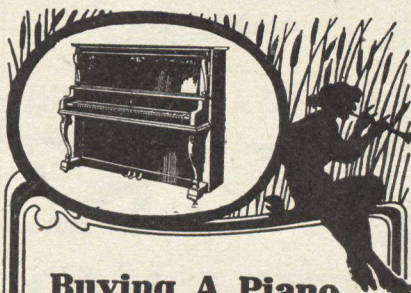
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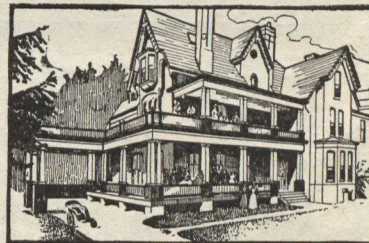
The Arts course may be taken without attendance, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session. There were 1517 students registered session 1909-10.

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Kingston, Ontario.

14

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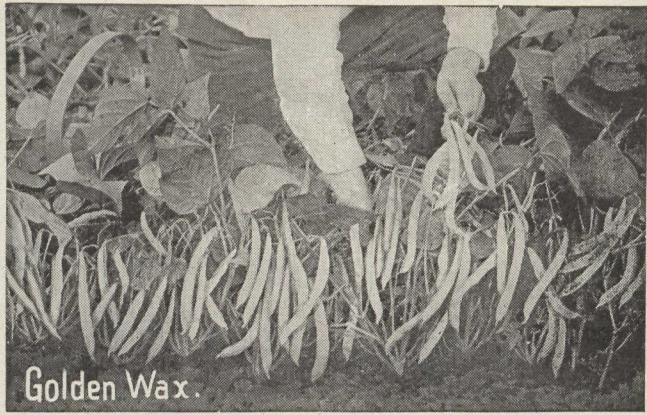
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Garden Chat

By W. P.

THE work necessary in the garden during the latter part of May and the first part of June is usually the heaviest and the most important of the whole season. There are so many things to be done that one often wonders if it will all be accomplished in time.

Those who have started gardening early in the season and made preparations for June planting will find the work comes much easier than when trying to do it all at once. For those who are busy most of the day a few hours work in the evening or morning will work wonders. There is no time like the morning for gardening. One always feels so much fresher and can work without the fatigue very often present when work is done in the evening. It is during the month of June that we get the greatest amount of sunlight and by rising a little earlier each morning there will be found plenty of light for the work and much pleasure in accomplishing something very often before the other members of the family are up.

Bulbs should be lifted and placed in a trench in some out of the way place in the garden and left to ripen. Manure should be dug into the flower beds before planting other plants where the bulbs have been growing. Gladioli bulbs can be planted in succession of two weeks apart, which will give a succession of bloom until frost.

It is not wise to plant any of the very tender annuals until the first of June. In some of the northern parts there is frost even after this date.

There is nothing that adds more to the tropical appearance of a flower garden than some good lilliums. There are the lillium auratum, rubrum and album, of which the first mentioned is the most showy and best to grow. These bulbs can be planted sufficiently deep to allow their being left in the ground permanently.

Dahlias planted in the middle of June have often been known to give better quality of blooms than those planted earlier. The reason some of the growers give for this is that the late planting does not allow the plants to produce blooms during the hot and dry month of August. The best dahlia blooms are usually those that flower just before frost.

Rose bushes should be carefully watched for insects. As quickly as they appear the bushes should be sprayed with some of the many excellent spraying mixtures that may be obtained from any seedsman.

If the sparrows are eating the tops off your sweet peas a remedy can be found in driving three stakes all along the rows at a distance of about eight feet apart. Place the centre stake about the middle of the row and just a little higher than the top of the row. Place another stake on each side of the row about three inches from the centre stake. Drive these two stakes into the ground within three inches of the top. String black thread along the top of these the whole length of the row. The sparrows will become mixed up with the thread and it will frighten them off. This method has been tried successfully for years.

Keep pansy blooms well picked. The more you pick the better the quality of bloom will be and the larger the flowers. Do not forget to water and shade the newly planted plants for two or three days after planting is done. The latter part of the month thinning and cultivating become necessary. Weeds rapidly make their appearance and must be kept constantly checked.

If you have a large bed and desire

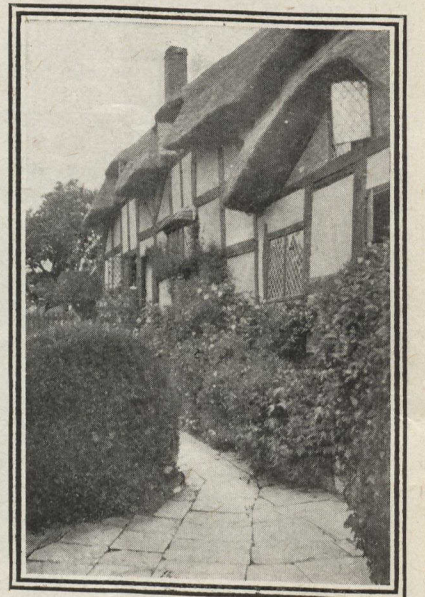
to have a tropical effect the same can be obtained by the use of castor oil plants, and using house plants such as palms, rubber plants, aspidistras, among these can be placed fuchsias, gladioli, petunias, tuberous begonias and other smaller plants to fill up.

* * *

Fruits and Vegetables

KEEP a sharp look out for insect pests. Some of them usually make their appearance during this month. Spraying is about the only efficient remedy for their extermination.

Remove the weeds from the strawberry beds and keep the surface soil well stirred. Strawberry plants should never be allowed to blossom or fruit the first season of planting. Remove the blossoms so that the strength of the plants goes toward forming strong plants. When picking berries never leave them in the sun. Strawberries are better when picked by pinching off a part of the stem, touching the berry as little as possible. Do not remove the hull until preparing for the table. Those desiring large berries must do con-



AN OLD-WORLD GARDEN.

siderable thinning as quickly as the fruit is set.

About the second week of June it is safe to plant the most tender vegetables, such as cucumbers, pumpkins, squash, melons. Much trouble is often experienced during the month of June by cut worms destroying tomato plants. Various methods have been suggested to overcome this trouble but the best remedy so far appears to be the digging of Apterite into the soil before planting. It is said that this preparation destroys all insects, worms, etc., that live in the soil.

Avoid planting immediately after a heavy rain. The best test to know whether the soil is fit for planting is to walk over it, and if the soil adheres to your boots don't plant. Another test is to take a handful of the soil and close your hand tightly upon it. If it remains a solid lump the soil is too wet for planting.

The average amateur planter makes a mistake in not firming the soil around the roots of the plants when planting. It is not sufficient to make a hole, drop the plant in and scrape the soil upon the top. This often leaves the roots suspended in a hole in the ground.

Thin out the suckers around your raspberry bushes, leaving only three or four of the strongest growths for fruit next season. If you want to multiply your gooseberry bushes, just bend down some of the branches to the ground and pin them there, covering them over with soil. New

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bushes will start where the branches are covered with soil. One half dozen new plants are quite easily obtained from the old plant in this manner.

* * *

Canadian Wild Flowers for Transplanting

MISS M. E. Blacklock adds in comment on the "Canadian Wild-Flowers for Transplanting," an article which we have already published:

The larger yellow lady's slipper (*C. pubescens*) and the smaller yellow lady's slipper (*C. pariflorum*) do fairly well in the garden—for, as I have said, a few years. They are both beautiful flowers and like a moist soil of peat and leaf-mould. The ram's head lady's slipper (*C. arietinum*) is the quaintest but least beautiful of the family. The pouch of the flower running down into a point underneath reminds me more of a goat's beard than a ram's head; the colors are very like those of a jack-in-the-pulpit. I have no knowledge of its adaptability for gardens, never having had the good luck to find one myself, though I once had the loan of one for a day or two to sketch. Some of the Rein orchis family (*habenaria*) are easily grown. The purple fringed orchis (*H. psycodes*) and the ragged fringed orchis (*H. lacera*) are both beautiful. I grew them for several years in partial shade, in ordinary garden soil of a sandy nature. The showy orchis (*O. spectabilis*), a lovely mauve and white flower with two large thick shiny leaves, would doubtless thrive in the garden in leaf-mould, in a shady nook, but I have not tried it.

So many lovely things I have passed over without a word—the dainty twin-flower (*Linnaea borealis*), the spicy fragrance of whose tiny bells leads you to its home; the pyrolas with their dark rosette of leaves and waxy, white and pink flowers, the latter highly perfumed; the pipsissewa or princess pine (*Chimaphila umbellata*) and *C. maculata*, the spotted wintergreen (the leaves of which are variegated with white, but *not* in spots; the creeping snowberry (*Chiogenes serpyllifolia*) with its tea berry flavor, glistening white berries and long creeping branches thickly set with tiny thyme-like leaves, it helps the mosses to clothe the old fallen trees in the sphagnum swamps—but these are not for the ordinary gardener to experiment with; a master-hand might succeed with them, with great care and the proper environment.

One little plea, in conclusion, for the wild flowers. When you go to the woods and fields, please do not root up everything you see; only take one or two roots of each variety—just what you can really care for. There are some things, like the lupins, wild asters, ox-eye daisies, golden rod, wild roses, etc., that are so deeply rooted, or such immense seed producers, that they can scarcely be exterminated, so gather all of these that you want; but there are other precious things which are becoming extinct through the thoughtless greed of their so-called lovers. The trailing arbutus, the fringed gentian and countless other treasures have been so freely gathered and so ruthlessly uprooted that soon their favorite haunts will know them no more. I am sorry to say that botanists are no better than other people in this respect, though they ought to set the example.

Nowadays, when everyone is taking up nature study as a hobby (and a most delightful one it is), one cannot help wondering when all these people have each secured a specimen of each flower to study, whether there will be any left to propagate the species.

A few more varieties of flowers have been given than the twenty-four originally mentioned, but it is almost impossible to limit oneself when writing about the wild flowers.



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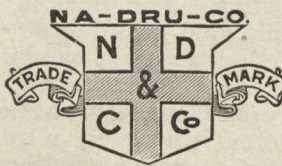
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Private Schools for Girls in Canada

Continued from page 14

Should they not learn from the national problems of the past to understand the great national questions of to-day? The critical study of the characters in a play of Shakespeare, a novel of George Eliot, will help to form standards for human conduct and understanding sympathy for many types of humanity. Poetry, music and art will make them love beauty of sound, form and color. If in the home men provide for the wants of the body, women should do their share in providing food and refreshment for the soul. I do not wish to minimize the importance of the housewifely and motherly duties of a woman, but education should teach them to value and use the time so frequently wasted in trivial and unrefreshing pursuits. I feel, then, that after certain essentials of general knowledge have been acquired, after memory and logic have been trained, after, I may here add, the rudiments of at least one foreign language have been thoroughly mastered, then a broad literary and artistic education should be given in our private schools. And this should have as its primary object the formation of character.

Marcus Aurelius, "the noblest of pagan emperors," is usually considered to have been a well-educated man, and he thanks his various preceptors not for the knowledge they have given him, but for the practical moral lessons they have instilled, both by example and precept. Only in so far as their teaching was exemplified in their lives did it make a lasting impression upon him. He says:

"It was Rusticus that first made me desire to live rightly, and come to a better state. And of the same master I learned to read an author carefully."

"Apollonius taught me: To maintain an equality of temper, even in acute pains, and loss of children, or tedious sickness. His practice was an excellent instance, that a man may be forcible and yet unbend his humor as occasion requires. As for his learning, and the peculiar happiness of his manner in teaching, he was so far from being proud of himself upon this score that one might easily perceive he thought it one of the least things which belonged to him."

"Alexander, the Platonist, advised me, that without necessity I should never say to any one, nor write in a letter, that I am not at leisure, nor make business an excuse to decline frequently the offices of humanity to those we dwell with."

"I learned from Maximus to command myself, and not to be too much drawn towards anything; to turn off business smoothly as it arises, without drudging and complaint. Whatever he did, all men believed him, that as he spoke, so he thought, and whatever he did, that he did with a good intent."

"The philosopher Sextus recommended good-humor to me, and showed me the pattern of a household governed in a fatherly manner. He also bade me make nature and reason my rule to live by. I saw him bearing with the ignorant and undiscerning, complaisant and obliging to all people, so that his conversation was more charming than flattery; and yet, at the same time, he was held in the highest reverence by others."

How many instructors of youth at the present time earn such tributes of praise from their pupils?

It has been said that "education is essentially a moulding and development of the emotional or moral nature; while the intellect is chiefly useful as a rudder," and this statement contains much truth. A purely intellectual product is apt to be cold, arrogant, selfish, a modern Mephistopheles. The emotional nature, on the other hand, without reason is like a rudderless ship. It may course swiftly and well over a smooth and open

sea, but when rocks loom ahead, it will dash itself upon them a shattered wreck. The character we would wish to build upon is one in which the heart, guided by the intellect, has been nourished on all that is beautiful, clothed with reverence, truth and honor, and inspired to action by the lofty ideal of service to mankind.

Concerning Soup

Continued from page 31

one can have a stock pot simmering on the stove in which is put the water used to boil vegetables, bones from cooked meat, pieces of meat, etc., but in summer this is not so easy as things might be a little stale or sour.

For kidney soup take one ox kidney, one carrot, two tablespoonfuls flour, one turnip, salt and pepper, one onion, three quarts stock, one dessert spoon dripping or lard. Cut up and soak the ox kidney. Put on some bones with the carrot, turnip, onion and boil with about three and a half quarts water for three hours then strain. Put the lard or dripping in a pot and let it get hot, then fry the pieces of kidney. When brown add the stock and simmer two hours. Mix the flour smoothly with some cold water, then add to the soup. Stir till it boils, season and serve.

For artichoke soup, take one pound artichokes, two potatoes, one tablespoon butter, two quarts of second stock or water, two small tablespoons flour, one onion, one quart milk.

Pare all the vegetables and cut up small. Put in a saucepan the stock or water, add the vegetables and simmer gently for one hour. Put one large tablespoon butter in a pan, add the flour and mix together over the fire till the flour absorbs the butter. Then pour in all the milk and stir till it boils. Then add to the soup, season and serve.

For vegetable soup, take two potatoes, two onions, one-half a cabbage, one carrot, one parsnip, one cup rice, one turnip, one tablespoon dripping, four quarts water. Prepare all the vegetables, cut them up finely. Put them all into a pot, add the cold water and dripping and boil two hours. Then add the rice and boil half an hour more. Season and serve. Water that vegetables have been boiled in may be used instead of cold water.

There is an excellent way of using up food which would be thrown out. I have on a plate about two table-spoons macaroni and cheese, some cold fried potatoes, three tablespoons boiled cabbage, some boiled beans.

A good stock can be made for this soup by putting one dessertspoon of flour into the frying pan with bacon fat from breakfast. Brown the flour well, then add about two tea cups of water and stir till it boils. This will give you quite a good rich gravy brown. This is the foundation of your soup. Cut up all the things you have left in neat pieces and put them with the brown gravy in a pot and add three quarts or so, of water.

The amount of water required will depend on what you have left. Add some rice to thicken. Boil for at least one hour.

Now let me try and make it plain why soup should be used. Well, food is divided into different classes called Proximate Principles.

The chief proximate principles are:—

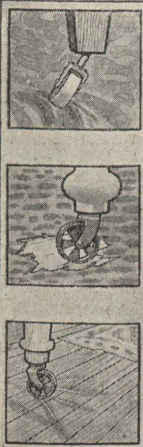
1. Proteid—found in milk, eggs, meat, fish, etc.
 2. Fats—all kinds of fat, butter, cream, etc.
 3. Carbohydrates — in starches, sugars, etc.
 4. Salts—in vegetables and fruits.
 5. Water—in water and in all food.
- All of these are needed in a heal-

Continued on page 41

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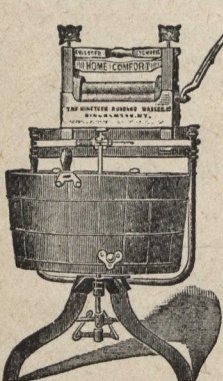
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SERIES OF SUMMER MEETINGS, 1910

Afternoon sessions will for the most part be held at 2 o'clock and evening sessions at 8 o'clock; the officers of the Institutes concerned, however, have the privilege of choosing the exact hour and making local announcements accordingly. "Aft." indicates an afternoon session only, "Eve" an evening session only. At other places it is expected that an afternoon session will be held, and possibly an evening session. The location of meeting will be given in each local announcement.

Division 1.—Miss G. Carter, Guelph, May 27 to June 16. Dr. Edna Guest, Toronto, June 13 to June 30.

MONCK—
Smithville May 27
Silverdale aft. " 30
Fenwick aft. " 31
Pelham eve. " 31
Wellandport June 1
Winger, Disciple Church " 2
Canboro, Church " 3

SOUTH BRANT—
Falkland aft. " 4
Burford " 6
Cathcart " 7
Hatchley " 8
Scotland aft. " 9
Mohawk " 10
Ohsweken " 11

NORTH BRANT—
Onondaga " 13
Tranquility eve. " 14
Paris aft. " 15
Glen Morris aft. " 16

NORTH WENTWORTH—
Millgrove aft. " 17
Kirkwall " 18
Freelton aft. " 20
Waterdown aft. " 21

HALTON—
Kilbride eve. " 22
Burlington, Library aft. " 23
Palermo eve. " 24
Trafalgar aft. " 25
Georgetown eve. " 27
Norval aft. " 28
Acton, Town Hall aft. " 29
Ballinafad, Town Hall aft. " 30

Division 2.—Mrs. J. Joy, Toronto, May 26 to June 16. Miss L. Reynolds, Toronto, May 26 to June 16. Miss A. M. Hotson, Parkhill, June 17 to June 30.

WELLAND—
Humberstone May 26
Ridgeway aft. " 27
Bowen Road aft. " 28
Willoughby aft. " 30
Crowland aft. " 31
Quaker Road aft. June 1
Welland eve. " 1
Allanburg aft. " 2
Queenstown aft. " 3
Jordan aft. " 4
Beamsville aft. " 6

SOUTH WENTWORTH—
Winona aft. June 7
Stoney Creek " 8
Hannon aft. " 9
Binbrook aft. " 10
Blackheath aft. " 11
Glanford aft. " 13
Carluke aft. " 14
Ancaster aft. " 15
Jerseyville aft. " 16

HALDIMAND—
Caledonia aft. " 17
Hagersville aft. " 18
Springvale eve. " 18
Gill, Church aft. " 20
Decewsville eve. " 20
Clanbrassil " 21
Cayuga, Court House " 22
York, Town Hall " 23
Canfield, Church aft. " 24
South Cayuga aft. " 25
Rainham Centre aft. " 27
Selkirk aft. " 28
Sandusk aft. " 29
Jarvis aft. " 30

Division 3.—Dr. Margaret McAlpine, Toronto, May 26 to June 23. Miss E. J. Guest, Parkhill, June 21 to July 7. Dr. Annie Backus, June 6 to June 13.

NORTH OXFORD—
Princeton aft. May 26
Drumbo, Town Hall " 27
Plattsville aft. " 28
Cassel aft. " 30
Bright eve. " 30
Braemar, Gospel Hall aft. " 31
Embros aft. June 1
Harrington " 2
Kintore aft. " 3
Thamesford aft. " 4

EAST ELGIN—
Mapleton aft. " 6
Lyon's Hall aft. " 7
Springfield " 8
Aylmer, Town Hall " 9
Bayham " 10

Stop, Madam! Do not throw out that old piece of furniture.

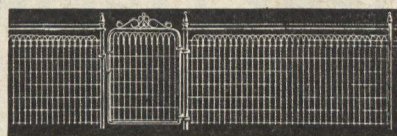
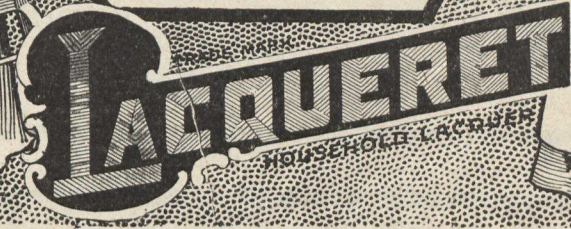
It's marred and the worse of wear, true, but some of your fondest recollections are associated with it. "Lacqueret," the specially prepared Lacquer, will restore its original beauty, concealing the mars and blemishes of wear and tear and making it as good as new. The next best thing to a new suite for any room in the house is a coat of "Lacqueret"—the wonderful furniture renewer.



Our free booklet, "Dainty Decorator," tells the story of "Lacqueret"—the home beautifier. A post-card brings it. Interesting and informing. Write for it to-day.

Leading Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret."

International Varnish Co.
Limited 2362
TORONTO—WINNIPEG



THIS IS CYCLONE STYLE "L"

This fence may be had enamelled in either green or white. The laterals are two No. 12 wires interwoven. The uprights are made from No. 9 Galvanized Wire. This makes an ornamental and durable fence which is in great demand.

Equally serviceable for iron or wooden posts.

THE CYCLONE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED., 1170 DUNDAS STREET, TORONTO

Why "Upton" should be on every Jar of Jam or Marmalade you buy.



Always ask for Upton's Pure Jam and Orange Marmalade. They're pure and wholesome—healthy food for young and old alike—very different from ordinary jam.

In Bulletin No. 194 issued by the Canadian Government, the Chief Analyst declares

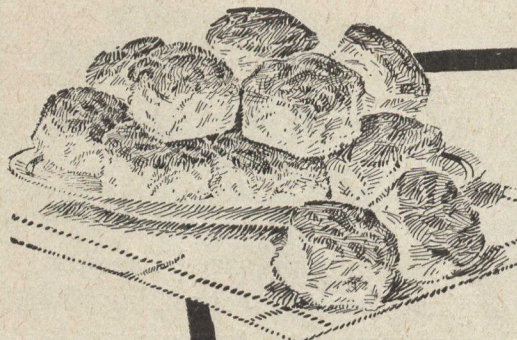
UPTON'S PURE JAMS AND ORANGE MARMALADE

absolutely pure. In addition we guarantee that these preserves are put up in season from clean, sound, fresh fruit and granulated sugar—the finest preserves on the market.

Upton's Pure Jams and Orange marmalade are put up in 1 pound glass jars and 5 pound sanitary gold-lined tin pails.

Order from your grocer to-day—one trial will convince.





Baking Results

The minute you take the light, crispy, golden brown crusty Pure Gold Biscuits out of the oven you will discover why you used

Pure Gold

(Trade Mark Registered)
Baking Powder

When you break open a biscuit and see its white, light interior—when you taste its flaky deliciousness you will conclude that this pure, Cream of Tarter Baking Powder best repays baking skill.

Our Book of Recipes Sent Free

Let us send you our valuable little book "The Secret of Delicious Desserts." It tells you how to make any number of dainty desserts and delicious salads in a very little time and almost no trouble at all. And the delightfully good part of it all, remember, is that the speed with which these results are obtained only serves to enhance the enjoyable flavor of the result.

2 P

Samples on Request

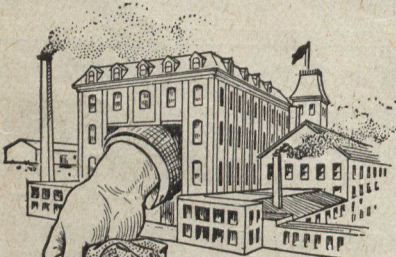
Send us 10c in stamps to pay packing and postage and let us send you generous samples of our Vanilla and Lemon Extracts and a small can of Baking Powder. Mention your own and your dealer's name and address



PURE GOLD MFG. CO.
Limited
Toronto

MADE IN CANADA

Copenhagen	aft. June 11
Luton, Church	" 13
WEST ELGIN—	
Iona, Baptist Church	aft. " 14
Dutton	aft. " 15
Rodney	aft. " 16
WEST MIDDLESEX—	
Appin	aft. " 17
Napier, Town Hall	aft. " 18
Strathroy	aft. " 20
EAST MIDDLESEX—	
Hyde Park	aft. " 21
NORTH NORFOLK—	
Guysboro	aft. " 22
Courtland	aft. " 23
Delhi	aft. " 24
Simcoe	aft. " 25
Windham Centre	" 27
SOUTH OXFORD—	
Folden's Hall	aft. " 28
Curries	aft. " 29
Burgessville	aft. " 30
Norwich	aft. July 2
Springford	aft. " 4
Mount Elgin	" 6
Tillsonburg	aft. " 7
Division 4.—Mrs. T. Shaw, Hespeler, May 26 to June 4; June 13 to July 7. Miss L. Rose, Guelph, June 6 to June 11.	
NORTH MIDDLESEX—	
Lucan, Carlisle	eve. May 26
Mooresville	" 27
Ailsa Craig	aft. " 28
West McGillivray	eve. " 30
Greenway	" 31
Sylvan	aft. June 1
Parkhill	" 2
Beechwood	aft. " 3
Coldstream	aft. " 4
Lobo, Masonic Hall	aft. " 6
EAST KENT—	
Thamesville	aft. " 7
Botany	" 8
Croton	aft. " 9
Wabash	aft. " 10
Kent Bridge	aft. " 11
WEST KENT—	
Eberts	" 13
Irwin	" 14
Valetta	" 15
Quinn, Union Hall	" 16
Tilbury	" 17
NORTH ESSEX—	
Comber, Town Hall	aft. " 18
South Woodslee	" 20
Maidstone	" 21
Maidstone Cross	" 22
Oldcastle	" 23
SOUTH ESSEX—	
Essex, Town Hall	aft. " 24
Amherstburg	aft. " 25
Harrow	aft. " 27
Kingsville	aft. " 28
Cottam	aft. " 29
Leamington	" 30
WEST KENT—	
Wheatley	aft. July 2
Port Alma	aft. " 4
Cedar Springs	" 5
EAST KENT—	
Morpeth	" 6
Highgate	" 7
Division 5.—Mrs. J. E. Brethour, Burford, May 26 to June 7. Miss E. E. Smillie, Toronto, May 26 to June 15. Miss V. Powell, Whitby, June 8 to June 25. Mrs. F. C. Hart, Galt, June 16 to June 25. Dr. Margaret McAlpine, Toronto, June 27 to July 12.	
EAST WELLINGTON—	
Arthur	aft. May 26
Damascus	" 27
Kenilworth	aft. " 28
Mount Forest	aft. " 30
Conn, Orange Hall	aft. " 31
Cedarville	aft. June 1
Monticello	aft. " 2
Colbeck	eve. " 2
Grand Valley	" 3
CENTRE WELLINGTON—	
Bethany	aft. " 6
Metz, Orange Hall	aft. " 4
Cumnock	aft. " 7
Belwood	aft. " 8
Orton	aft. " 9
Hillsburg	aft. " 10
Marsville	aft. " 11
Erin, Town Hall	aft. " 13
Coningsby	aft. " 14
Ospringle	aft. " 15
EAST LAMBTON—	
Watford	aft. " 16
Arkona, Town Hall	aft. " 17
Thedford	aft. " 18
Forest	aft. " 20
Warwick	aft. " 21
Aberarder	aft. " 22
Camlachie	aft. " 23
Wyoming	aft. " 24
WEST LAMBTON—	
Petrola	eve. " 24
Oil Springs	aft. " 25
Brigden	aft. " 27
Osborne	aft. " 28
Colinville	" 29
Courtwright	" 30



Buy Hosiery Made by the Largest Mills on a 2-for-1 Guarantee

We guarantee the following lines of Pen-Angle Hosiery to fit you perfectly, not to shrink or stretch and the dyes to be absolutely fast. We guarantee them to wear longer than any other cashmere or cotton hosiery sold at the same prices. If, after wearing Pen-Angle Guaranteed Hosiery any length of time, you should ever find a pair that fails to fulfill this guarantee in any particular, return the same to us and we will replace them with TWO new pairs free of charge.

That 2 for 1 guarantee—the most liberal given anywhere—is backed up by the largest hosiery mills in Canada. You can depend upon the guarantee being fulfilled to the last letter.

Buying hosiery on this plan you make doubly sure of satisfaction, for if the hosiery does not fulfill the guarantee the makers have to pay a double penalty.

But after you've worn a pair of Pen-Angle Hosiery you'll understand why we give this 2 for 1 guarantee, for you will have discovered your ideal hosiery—form-knitted, seamless, longest-wearing.

The reason for Pen-Angle superiority is due to the exceptional quality of the cashmere and cotton yarns we use. And because we knit them on Penmans' exclusive machines. We have the sole rights to use these machines in Canada.

Seamless Hosiery

These machines form-knit the hosiery to fit the form of the leg, ankle and foot perfectly, without a single seam anywhere to irritate the feet or rip apart.

They reinforce the feet, heels and toes—the places that get the hardest usage—without you ever being aware of any extra thickness.

Don't be content another day with hosiery which has those horrid seams up the leg and across the foot—with hosiery

less serviceable—but get Pen-Angle 2 for 1 guaranteed hosiery

For Ladies

No. 1760.—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns. 2-ply leg. 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving them strength where strength is needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1020.—Same quality as 1760, but heavier weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1150.—Very fine Cashmere hose. Medium weight. 2-ply leg. 4-ply foot, heel and toe. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, cardinal. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1720.—Fine quality Cotton hose. Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

No. 1175.—Mercerized. Same colors as 1720. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

For Men

No. 2404.—Medium weight Cashmere half-hose. Made of 2-ply Botany yarn with our special "Everlast" heels and toes, which add to its wearing qualities, while the hosiery still remains soft and comfortable. Black, light and dark

tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500.—"Black Knight." Winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splicing in heels and toes. Soft, comfortable, and a wonder to resist wear. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 1090.—Cashmere half-hose. Same quality as 500, but lighter weight. Black only. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

No. 330.—"Everlast" Cotton Socks. Medium weight. Made from four-ply long staple combed Egyptian cotton yarn, with six-ply heels and toes. Soft in finish and very comfortable to the feet. A winner. Black, light and dark tan. Put up in boxes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$2.00.

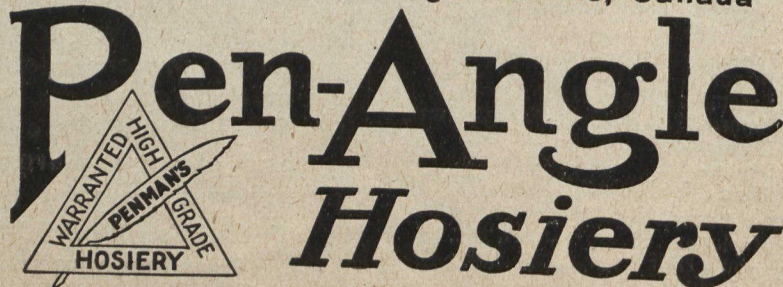
Instructions

If your dealer cannot supply you, state number, size and color of hosiery desired, and enclose price, and we will fill your order post-paid. If not sure of size of hosiery, send size of shoe worn. Remember, we will fill no order for less than one box and only one size in a box.

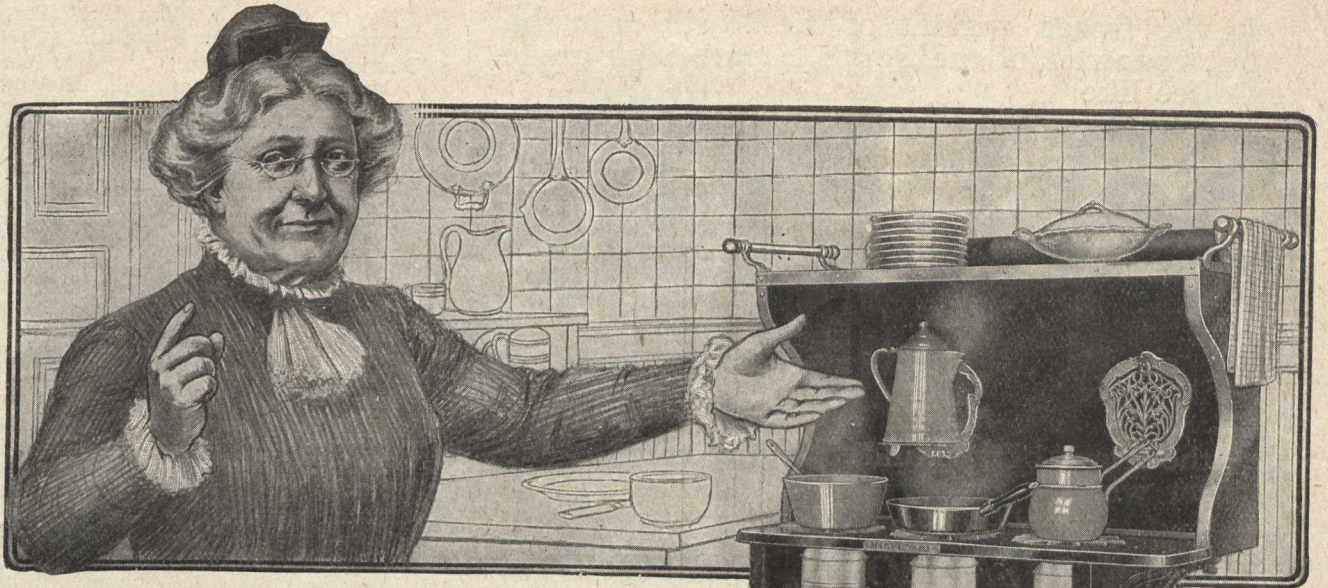
Catalog Free

If you want something different than the styles and shades listed, send for handsome free catalog which shows an extensive line in colors.

Penmans, Limited, Dept. 39 Paris, Canada



Wilkesport aft.	July 2
Becher "	4
Rutherford eve.	5
Oakdale "	6
EAST LAMBTON—		
Shetland aft.	7
Cairo aft.	8
Aughrim aft.	9
Alvinston aft.	11
Inwood aft.	12
Division 6.—Mrs. M. L. Ashley, Londesboro, May 26 to July 6. Miss J. Van-Duyn, Macdonald College, Quebec, June 24 to June 28.		
NORTH YORK—		
Schomberg May	25
Nobleton eve.	26
Laskay "	27
King aft.	28
Vandorf aft.	30
Newmarket aft.	31
Queensville aft.	June 1
Keswick "	2
Mount Albert aft.	3
PEEL—		
Tullamore aft.	4
Bolton aft.	6
Mono Road "	7
Mono Mills eve.	8
Alton, Science Hall "	9
Belfountain "	10
Cheltenham aft.	11
Brampton aft.	13
Malton aft.	14
SOUTH WELLINGTON—		
Everton aft.	15
Rockwood aft.	16
Arkell aft.	17
Puslinch aft.	18
NORTH WATERLOO—		
Conestogo aft.	20
St. Jacob's aft.	21
Floradale aft.	22
Hawkesville aft.	23
Linwood "	24
Wellesley aft.	25
SOUTH WATERLOO—		
Preston aft.	27
Hespeler aft.	28
Galt, I.O.F. Hall aft.	29
Branchton aft.	30
Cedar Creek aft.	July 2
Central Dumfries aft.	4
Ayr, Foresters' Hall aft.	5
New Dundee aft.	6
Division 7.—Miss Laura Rose, Guelph, May 28 to June 1. Mrs. W. Breckon, Waterdown, May 28 to June 14. Miss L. Duncan, 5 Ridout St., Toronto, June 2 to June 18. Miss E. E. Smillie, Toronto, June 16 to July 13.		
SOUTH PERTH—		
Staffa aft.	May 28
Mitchell "	30
Sebringville aft.	31
Tavistock aft.	June 1
NORTH PERTH—		
Hampstead "	2
Millbank "	3
Milverton "	4
Listowel aft.	6
WEST WELLINGTON—		
Palmerston aft.	June 7
Rothsay aft.	8
SOUTH BRUCE—		
Mildmay "	9
Walkerton aft.	10
CENTRE BRUCE—		
Paisley aft.	11
Williscroft "	13
Chesley "	14
WEST BRUCE—		
Port Elgin "	15
Arkwright aft.	16
Tara "	17
Allenford "	18
SOUTH BRUCE—		
Teeswater aft.	20
Lucknow "	21
CENTRE BRUCE—		
Kincardine aft.	22
Bervie aft.	23
Ripley aft.	24
WEST HURON—		
Kintail "	25
St. Helen's "	27
Wingham "	28
EAST HURON—		
Fordwich "	29
Bluevale "	30
Molesworth aft.	July 2
Gorrie, Town Hall "	4
Jamestown "	5
Brussels "	6
Walton "	7
Ethel, Township Hall "	8
WEST HURON—		
Londesboro "	9
Holmesville aft.	11
Goderich aft.	12
St. Augustine "	13
Division 8.—Miss B. Duncan, Toronto, May 27 to July 5.		
CENTRE GREY—		
Hopeville May	27
Dundalk aft.	28
Badjeros "	30



Cook Comfortably

You no longer need wear yourself out with the weakening heat of an intensely hot kitchen. You can cook in comfort.

Here is a stove that gives **no outside heat**. All its heat is concentrated at the burners. An intense blue flame (hotter than either white or red) is thrown upwards, but not around. Consequently all the heat is utilized in cooking and none in outside heating.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove entirely removes the discomfort of cooking. Apply a match and immediately the stove is ready. Instantly an intense heat is projected upwards against the pot, pan, kettle or boiler, and yet there is **no surrounding heat—no smell—no smoke**. Why? Because

New Perfection WICK BLUE FLAME Oil Cook-stove

is the result of endless scientific experiments. It is scientifically and practically perfect. The operation of the wick is automatically controlled, so that no matter how much you try you cannot use too much. Only the right amount of wick can be used, so that you get the maximum heat and yet **there is no smoke**. The burner is simple and all parts of it can be reached. One wipe with a cloth cleans it—consequently **there is no smell**.

The whole secret lies in the perfection of the draught. Once this was solved the stove was perfect. You will find the New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove a wonderful comfort for year-round use, and especially in summer. It uses heat nowhere except in cooking—its heat operates upward to pan, pot or kettle, but **not beyond** or around. Useless for heating a room.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove takes up little space. It has a Cabinet Top, with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot, and every other convenience a woman appreciates. It has small drop-shelves ready to relieve a busy woman's hands of the coffee pot or saucepan. Then there are the nicked towel racks.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive and invites cleanliness.

Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Cautionary Note.—Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the

THE QUEEN CITY OIL COMPANY, LIMITED
OR **THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY, LIMITED**

Maxwell May	31	Williamsford June	13	Annan June	24
Flesherton June	1	UNION—			Brookholm aft.	25
Priceville "	2	Harriston "	14	Kilsyth "	27
Eugenia "	3	Teviotdale aft.	15	Desboro aft.	28
Vandeleur aft.	4	Clifford "	16	SOUTH GREY—		
Kimberley "	6	Drew aft.	17	Elmwood aft.	29
Heathcote "	7	NORTH BRUCE—			Ayton aft.	30
Clarksburg "	8	Warton eve.	18	Holstein aft.	July 2
NORTH GREY—			Lion's Head aft.	20	Robb aft.	3
Meaford aft.	9	Hepworth aft.	21	Dremore aft.	4
CENTRE GREY—			NORTH GREY—			Durham aft.	5
Rocklyn "	10	Clavering "	22	Division 9.—Miss B. Gilholm, Bright,		
Walter's Falls aft.	11	Kemble aft.	23			


In the frozen regions of the North or in the hot countries of the South, a pure high grade Coffee like

Seal Brand Coffee

is the friend of mankind, bringing comfort and cheer wherever used.

Sold in 1 and 2 lb. Cans only. 115

CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL.



150 Favorite Old-Time Songs

With Words and Music Complete for

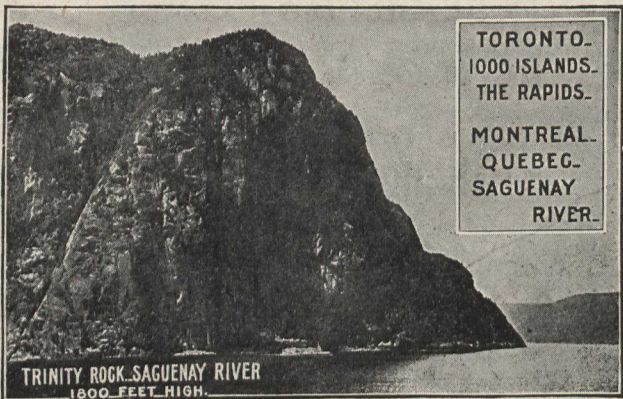
15 CENTS

This is a splendid collection of old-time songs and ballads—songs that touch the heart and recall the tenderest memories, many of them having been popular favorites for forty or fifty years and just as dearly loved today as when they were written. Each song is published in this book with both words and music complete and we question if there has ever been issued a book containing so large a collection of sterling favorites at so low a price. We will send this book postpaid to any address on receipt of 15 cents.

The Wholesale Book Co. Dept. H, WINNIPEG CANADA

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try the "St. Lawrence River Trip" through the 1000 Islands and "Shooting the Rapids."



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A Real Summer Temperature

YOU know the perfect comfort of a summer day with the thermometer at 65°. Why does 65° in the house in winter feel chilly? Why does 75°, while warm enough, feel stuffy and oppressive?

Because the average furnace, in warming the air, dries out the natural moisture and fails to replace it. Instead of the 70% average humidity of the outside air, your furnace heated air probably contains less than 30% of moisture.

The sudden changes from this hot, dry air to the cold, outdoor air is the commonest cause of the colds, sore throats and lung troubles so common in winter.

The Remedy is the

"CIRCLE WATERPAN"

OF THE

"GOOD CHEER" FURNACE

This pan encircles the firepot, and holds several times as much water as the makeshift pan in the average furnace. The result is an evaporation sufficient to keep the air in every room in the house at practically the same humidity as the fresh outside air, so that 68° feels perfectly comfortable, like a summer day. Plants and people thrive in such an atmosphere.

The "Good Cheer" Circle Waterpan Furnace saves doctors' bills as well as coal bills.

For full particulars of this splendid furnace write

The James Stewart Mfg., Co., Limited
WOODSTOCK, Ont. - WINNIPEG, Man. 2

<p>May 26 to July 9. Mrs. L. M. Parsons, Forest, June 8 to June 15.</p> <p>DUFFERIN—</p> <p>Orangeville May 26 Blount 27 Camilla aft. " 28 Whittington eve. " 30 Laurel " 31 Bowling Green aft. June 1 Shelburne " 2 Keldon " 3 Corbetton aft. " 4 Horning's Mills " 6 Honeywood " 7</p> <p>WEST SIMCOE—</p> <p>Avening " 8 Everett aft. " 9 Duntroon aft. " 10 Singhampton aft. " 11 Creemore " 13 Batteau " 14 Sunnidale " 15</p> <p>CENTRE SIMCOE—</p> <p>New Flos " 16 Edenvale, Hall " 17 Minesing aft. " 18 Dalston aft. " 20 Hillsdale aft. " 21 Phepston aft. " 22 Elliott's Corners " 23 Elmvale aft. " 24 Wyebridge aft. " 25 Randolph aft. " 27</p> <p>EAST SIMCOE—</p> <p>Coldwater aft. " 28 Warminster aft. " 29 Orillia aft. " 30 Hawkestone aft. July 2 Shanty Bay aft. " 4</p> <p>SOUTH SIMCOE—</p> <p>Stroud " 5 Ivy, Orange Hall " 6 Churchill " 7 Bradford aft. " 8 Newton Robinson aft. " 9</p> <p>Division 10.—Miss S. Campbell, Brampton, May 27 to July 7. Miss R. A. Walsh, Orono, June 6 to June 18. Miss J. Van Duyn, Macdonald College, Quebec, June 22 and 23.</p> <p>WEST YORK—</p> <p>Islington aft. May 27 Lambton Mills eve. " 27 Mimico aft. " 28 Thistleton aft. " 31 Woodbridge aft. June 1 Nashville " 2 Maple aft. " 3 Eli, Foresters' Hall aft. " 4</p> <p>WEST VICTORIA—</p> <p>Lorneville " 6 Woodville aft. " 7 Islay eve. " 7 Linden Valley aft. " 8 Lindsay eve. " 9 Oakwood aft. " 10 Valentia aft. " 11 Little Britain aft. " 13 Sonya " 14</p> <p>NORTH ONTARIO—</p> <p>Gamebridge " 15 Zephyr " 16 Goodwood aft. " 17 Altona aft. " 18</p> <p>SOUTH ONTARIO—</p> <p>Claremont " 20 Whitevale " 21 Pickering aft. " 22 Whitby aft. " 23 Columbus aft. " 24</p> <p>EAST VICTORIA—</p> <p>Cameron aft. June 27 Burnt River " 28 Pleasant Valley aft. " 29 Fenelon Falls aft. " 30 Bobcaygeon aft. July 2 Dunsford aft. " 4 Omeme " 5</p> <p>WEST PETERBORO—</p> <p>Lakefield " 6</p> <p>EAST PETERBORO—</p> <p>Warsaw " 7</p> <p>Division 11.—Miss A. Hotson, Parkhill, May 26 to June 13. Mrs. Muldrew, Macdonald College, Quebec, June 18 to July 2. Mrs. V. Loree, Hamilton, June 22 to July 2.</p> <p>PRINCE EDWARD—</p> <p>Rednersville May 26 Mountain View aft. " 27 Gilbert's Mills aft. " 28 Bloomfield aft. " 30 Wellington " 31 West Lake aft. June 1 Cherry Valley aft. " 2 Milford aft. " 3 Picton aft. " 4</p> <p>EAST YORK—</p> <p>Thornhill " 6 Highland Creek aft. " 7 Scarboro Junction " 8 Box Grove " 9 Markham aft. " 10 Stouffville aft. " 11 Agincourt aft. " 13</p> <p>SOUTH MUSKOKA—</p> <p>Reay eve. " 18 Germania eve. " 20</p>	<p>Muskoka Falls June 21 Bracebridge aft. " 22 Baysville aft. " 23 Bardsville " 24 Brackenrig aft. " 25 Port Carling eve. " 27</p> <p>CENTRE MUSKOKA—</p> <p>Ufford " 28 Parkersville " 29 Utterson eve. " 30 Allansville aft. July 2</p> <p>Division 12.—Miss H. McMurchie, Har-riston, May 27 to July 9.</p> <p>EAST DURHAM—</p> <p>Manve's Station May 27 Millbrook aft. " 28 Springville " 30 Mount Pleasant " 31 Bailieboro aft. June 1 Garden Hill " 2 Charlecote aft. " 3</p> <p>WEST DURHAM—</p> <p>Kendall aft. " 4 Newtonville aft. " 6 Orono " 7 Hampton aft. " 8 Solina aft. " 9 Bowmanville aft. " 10</p> <p>WEST NORTHUMBERLAND—</p> <p>Elmvale aft. " 11 Cobourg eve. " 13 Grafton aft. " 14 Penella " 15 Roseneath eve. " 16</p> <p>EAST NORTHUMBERLAND—</p> <p>Warkworth aft. " 17 Codrington eve. " 18 Wooler aft. " 20 Smithfield aft. " 21 Hilton aft. " 22 Dundonald aft. " 23 Castleton aft. " 24</p> <p>WEST HASTINGS—</p> <p>River Valley aft. June 25 Wallbridge aft. " 27</p> <p>NORTH HASTINGS—</p> <p>Bayside aft. " 28 Wellman's Corners " 29 Springbrook " 30 Eldorado aft. July 2 Queensboro " 4 Madoc " 5</p> <p>EAST HASTINGS—</p> <p>Roslin " 6 Foxboro " 7 Quinte " 8 Melrose " 9</p> <p>Division 13.—Miss G. Gray, Toronto, May 26 to July 8. Miss J. Van Duyn, Macdonald College, Quebec, June 20 and 21.</p> <p>LENNOX—</p> <p>Adolphustown May 26 Conway aft. " 27</p> <p>AMHERST ISLAND—</p> <p>Stella aft. " 28</p> <p>FRONTENAC—</p> <p>Westbrooke aft. " 30 Latimer aft. " 31</p> <p>SOUTH LEEDS—</p> <p>Lansdowne aft. June 1 Seeley's Bay aft. " 2 Delta aft. " 3 Newboro " 4</p> <p>NORTH LEEDS AND GRENVILLE—</p> <p>Easton's Corners " 6 Merrickville " 7</p> <p>SOUTH LANARK—</p> <p>Perth aft. " 8 Maberly " 9</p> <p>NORTH LANARK—</p> <p>Lanark " 10</p> <p>SOUTH LANARK—</p> <p>Carleton Place aft. " 11</p> <p>NORTH LANARK—</p> <p>Almonte " 13</p> <p>NORTH RENFREW—</p> <p>Bromley eve. " 14 Queen's Line " 15 Forester's Falls " 16 Stafford aft. " 17 Alice aft. " 18</p> <p>CARLETON—</p> <p>Galetta aft. " 20 Stittsville eve. " 21 Manotick " 22 City View " 23</p> <p>GLENGARRY—</p> <p>Maxville aft. " 24 Martintown aft. " 25</p> <p>STORMONT—</p> <p>Finch " 27</p> <p>DUNDAS—</p> <p>Chesterville eve. " 28 Morewood aft. " 29 Winchester Springs eve. " 30 Briston aft. July 2 Inkerman " 4 Dundela " 5 Iroquois " 6</p> <p>SOUTH GRENVILLE—</p> <p>Brouseville " 7 Maynard aft. " 8</p> <p>Division 14.—Anson Groh, Preston, May 30 to July 8. Mrs. M. L. Woelard,</p>
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THE DRESSING TABLE

If you wish to be beautiful, says a writer in the Montreal Standard, drink camomile tea and if you wish to be fashionable drink camomile tea. The advice is easy to follow, for the tea, in spite of the fact that it makes for beauty and fashion, is very inexpensive. The fashion is only just arriving on this side, but the women who are growing beautiful on their herb beverage say that all French women drink camomile tea in preference to anything else.

A New York woman who is pretty enough not to need complexion improvers was taking luncheon at the home of a friend the other day when she made a discovery. After-luncheon coffee was served to her in the usual tiny after-dinner coffee cup, but the other women at the table were drinking from generous, big, fat, round cups which looked as if they held half a pint each.

Would they ruin their nerves and their complexions by taking black coffee in such quantities? she meditated. No, it couldn't be possible, she made up her mind, and not all of them would do it anyway, and besides the complexions of the three were perfect. She had remarked to her hostess on her arrival that she had developed a skin of roses and lilies since she had seen her.

"What are you all drinking?" she asked finally. There was a multi-millionaire banker's daughter, a woman of affairs and a literary woman present.

"Camomile tea," they all answered like a chorus, and everyone laughed.

"Is that what has given you that

beautiful complexion?" asked the inquisitive visitor of her hostess.

"Yes," answered the one of roses and lilies, "there is nothing like it for the blood and consequently for the complexion. We all drink it three times a day, and nothing else. It simply makes you over. The French women drink it, and that is what keeps them so fresh and young."

Camomile tea is an old-fashioned remedy of the days of the grandmothers, when it was taken for colds or as a spring tonic. The Germans also use it in large quantities, though more as a remedy for minor ills than as a beauty drink. It has taken the French women to discover its uses in that direction.

It is the German camomile flower that is used for making the tea. There are two kinds, the German and the Roman. The German is a little daisy-like flower, with a yellow centre, and the Roman like a small double daisy, without a centre. It is to be found at the druggists, and two ounces will cost five cents, while an ounce will make a pint of strong tea. The druggist will tell fearful inquirers that camomile is, as the beauty seekers say, a good tonic for the blood, that it may be taken in any amount without harm and with really good effects.

The tea is made as other tea is. The boiling water is poured on the little flowers, they are allowed to steep for a time, and then the liquor is strained into the cup for drinking. It has rather a peculiar flavor, not altogether agreeable, but not distinctly unpleasant.

Forest, May 30 to July 8. Mrs. V.	Poplar	June 10
Loree, Hamilton, June 3 to June 6	Silver Water	" 11
NORTH MUSKOKA—		
Aspdin	May 30	
Ashworth	" 31	
Ravenscliffe	June 1	
Huntsville	" 2	
Brunel	" 3	
Birkendale	" 4	
Hillside	" 6	
EAST PARRY SOUND—		
Emsdale	" 7	
Doe Lake	" 8	
Midlothian	" 9	
Magnetawan	" 10	
Burk's Falls	" 11	
Sundridge	" 13	
South River	" 14	
Powassan	" 15	
Trout Creek	" 16	
Granite Hill	" 17	
Golden Valley	" 18	
Arnstein	" 20	
Loring	" 21	
Resteule	aft. " 22	
EAST NIPISSING—		
Burrett's Settlement	" 23	
Calvin	" 24	
Mattawa	" 25	
TEMISCAMINGUE—		
Hillview	June 27	
Milberta	" 28	
Uno Park	" 29	
Hanbury	" 30	
Charlton	July 2	
Heaslip's	" 4	
Tomstown	" 5	
Hilliardtown	" 6	
Clover Valley	" 7	
Thornloe	" 8	
Division 15.—G. H. Farmer, Steelton, May 26 to June 4. Henry Grose, Lefroy, June 6 to July 8. Miss Bella Millar, Guelph, May 25 to July 8.		
EAST MANITOULIN—		
Little Current (W.I. only)	May 25	
Sheguindah	" 26	
Green Bay	" 27	
Budges	aft. " 28	
Manitowaning	eve. " 28	
Hilly Grove	" 30	
Tehkummah	" 31	
Sandfield	aft. and eve. June 1	
South Baymouth (W.I. only)	" 1	
Silver Bay	" 2	
EASTMAN—		
Big Lake (W.I. only)	aft. " 2	
EAST MANITOULIN—		
Mindemoya	" 3	
Carnarvon	" 4	
WEST MANITOULIN—		
Grimesthorpe	" 6	
Billings	" 7	
Gordon's	" 8	
Barrie Island	" 9	
	St. JOSEPH ISLAND—	
	Marksville	" 14
	Kaskawan	" 15
	Stone	" 16
	Kentvale	" 17
	Richard's Landing	" 18
	CENTRE ALGOMA—	
	Tarentorus	" 20
	Goulais Bay	" 21
	East Korah	" 22
	West Korah	" 23
	South Prince	" 24
	Base Line	" 25
	EAST ALGOMA—	
	Thessalon	" 27
	Alma Heights	" 28
	Livingstone's Creek	" 29
	Sowerby	" 30
	Iron Bridge	July 2
	Wallford	" 4
	STURGEON FALLS—	
	Warren	" 5
	WEST NIPISSING—	
	Four Mile Lake	" 6
	Widdifield	" 7
	Woodlands	" 8
	Division 16.—Henry Grose, Lefroy, May 30 to June 3. Mr. Geo. H. Farmer, Steelton, June 9 to July 8. Mrs. F. W. Watts, Clinton, May 30 to July 8.	
	ALGOMA NORTH SHORE—	
	Desbarats	May 30
	McLennan	" 31
	Lidstone, School	aft. June 1
	Bar River	eve. " 1
	Sylvan Valley	" 2
	Echo Bay	" 3
	THUNDER BAY—	
	Paipoonge	" 9
	Nolalu	" 10
	Hymers	" 11
	South Gillies	" 13
	O'Connor	" 14
	Conmee	" 15
	Murillo	" 16
	Ouimet	" 17
	Dorion	" 18
	WABIGOON—	
	Dryden	" 20
	Barclay	" 21
	Cairnbrogie	" 22
	Oxdrift	" 23
	Mannitaki	" 24
	Eagle River	" 25
	RAINY RIVER—	
	Stratton	" 28
	Klondyke	" 29
	Barwick	" 30
	Shenston	July 2
	Emo	" 4
	Barnhart	" 5
	Devlin	" 6
	Burriss	" 7
	Isherwood (F. I. only)	" 8

They Protect and Beautify

During the summer months the complexion should be carefully treated and protected from the ill effects of exposure to wind and sun. Don't let your skin take on that russet leather look that takes weeks and months to clear, but use



Princess Cinderella Cream and Princess Face Powder

to cleanse, protect, beautify and keep the skin comfortable. Don't buy before you try. Send 10 cents for samples of each and booklet "H". Price of each 50 cents postpaid.

Toilet Powders and Lotions for the hands, feet, armpits, etc and to prevent chafing and such discomforts.

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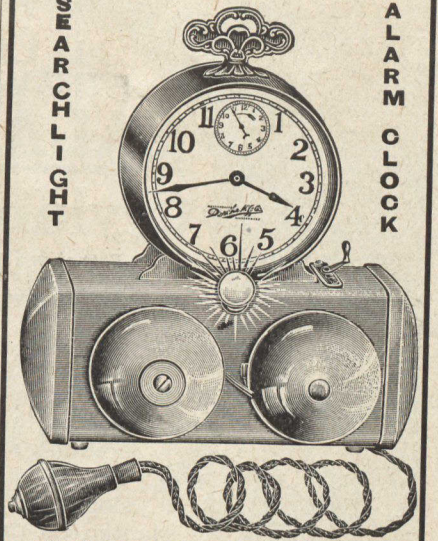
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Pure Wool Underwear absorbs moisture quickly and throws it off at once, remaining clean, wholesome and comfortable.

Linen and cotton absorb quickly but retain the impurities secreted from the body or from the atmosphere.

Every one knows how linen or cotton clings to the body when wet, and how long one shivers until it dries, and every one knows just as well how quickly pure wool becomes dry and comfortable after being wet.

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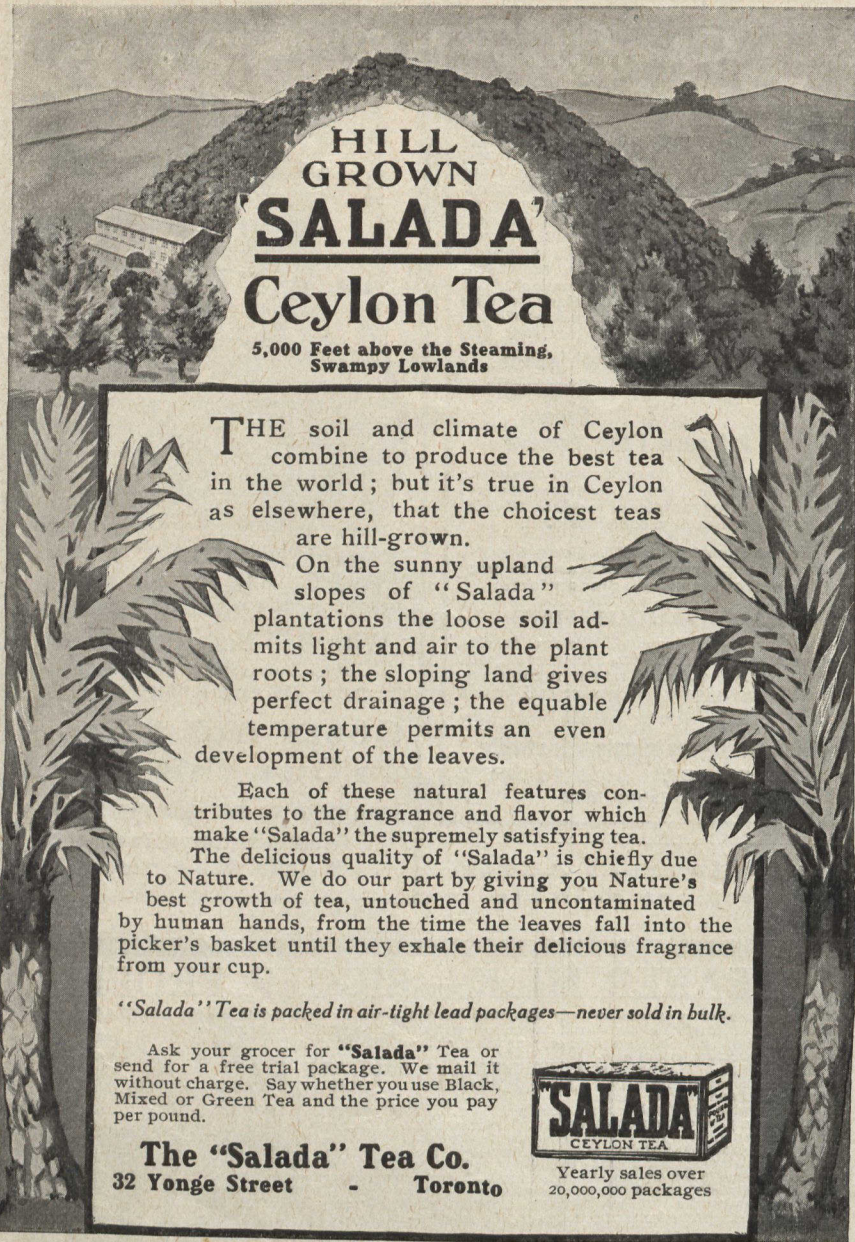


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Each of these natural features contributes to the fragrance and flavor which make "Salada" the supremely satisfying tea. The delicious quality of "Salada" is chiefly due to Nature. We do our part by giving you Nature's best growth of tea, untouched and uncontaminated by human hands, from the time the leaves fall into the picker's basket until they exhale their delicious fragrance from your cup.

"Salada" Tea is packed in air-tight lead packages—never sold in bulk.

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SALADA
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Yearly sales over 20,000,000 packages



Kitchen Wrinkles

TO take ink spots out of a mahogany table, apply spirits of salt with a piece of rag until the stain disappears.

For a headache take the juice of a lemon in a glass of water with a pinch of soda in it. Drink while foaming. This is excellent for bilious people.

Tired feet should be well bathed in warm water to which a little sea salt has been added. Dry thoroughly and rub with a little lemon juice. It is wonderful how this treatment eases them.

If night-lights are burnt in the nursery and you run short of them, try this alternative. Take a wax candle, cover the top, which has been burnt level, with a thin layer of salt, and leave only the blackened end of the wick exposed. Light the candle and it will give a faint but steady light all night.

In paring apples for cooking there is usually a great deal of waste, but this may be prevented if some hot water is poured over them before paring, letting them stand for one minute and they can then be pared quite thinly and easily without injuring the flavor of the fruit.

Floor-cloth should never be washed with water if you wish it to wear well. Instead wash it with skim milk, rub dry, and then polish with beeswax and turpentine. Treated in this way once or twice a week, and on other days well rubbed with a dry duster after sweeping, it will look well to the last.

Boots or shoes that have been wet through and become hard in the drying may be softened by the application of a little paraffin. The oil should be applied by means of a soft cloth and be well rubbed into the leather. Paraffin also acts as a preservative of the leather, and so causes the boots or shoes to wear longer.

Get Ahead of Insomnia

BEFORE going to bed the body should be brought into that state which gives the surest chance of dropping speedily asleep. There must be the right kind of breathing, deep, slow and full rhythmical breaths.

The spine should be laterally straight, the muscles relaxed.

Do not go to bed in a room where the gas has been burning for hours without opening the windows as wide as possible and arranging it so that there is a circulation of fresh air all night.

The temperature of the bed should be agreeable.

The position of the bed is also important.

It is easier to get an unimpeded breath when the head is on the level with the backbone, and it is much more healthful to sleep without a pillow. With the head low the strain on the muscles is relaxed.

High pillows push the shoulders forward and prevent the chest from being properly expanded. The more nearly horizontal the body is the less effort is the heart obliged to make to send the blood to the points farthest from it, and during sleep is the only resting time for this hard worked organ, as then it beats more slowly.

Most physicians recommend sleeping on the right side, and there are those who emphatically assert that the

correct position is to lie on the left side, with the arms thrown behind if one wishes perfect rest, a fine figure and good health.

The springs and mattress should be firm enough to support all parts of the body when it is in a horizontal position.

When the bed is too soft or the springs sag, the middle part of the body sinks into the yielding bed and is at an angle, where it should be straight so as to give perfect freedom to the internal organs. A soft bed is enervating; it embraces the body and makes the tissues flabby, which, together with the covering, interferes with circulation and prevents the body throwing off its impurities.

If one wishes to sleep the perfect sleep, wishes to develop energy, he must learn to sleep on a hard bed with light covering. If one wishes to preserve a good figure and enjoy a healthful sleep it is necessary to fight shy of all luxurious beds.

The bed should be placed in a room so that there is as much air in circulation as possible without necessitating a draught. It should be high from the floor and pushed away from the walls on all sides.

The bed should be thoroughly dry and wet clothes should never be hung in a sleeping-room.

Open your window night and day, rain or shine, and remember that fresh air is one of the best remedies for restlessness that can possibly be secured. The victims of sleeplessness should be careful what they eat and drink for the evening meal. Neither should they go to bed immediately after studying hard, as the brain is in a state of excitement that will prevent sleep.

* * *

Helpful Hints

Mix pastry several hours before it is to be rolled out, and much labor is saved and a better result obtained.

Thin brown bread and butter sandwiches are the most appetizing accompaniments for fish salad of any sort.

It is said that ink stains on white goods and also on the hands may be removed by rubbing them with a ripe tomato.

Whole cloves scattered plentifully among clothing in dresser drawers will keep away moths as effectually as camphor.

Iron rust stains should be washed in oxalic acid melted in hot water. Rinse with pure water and a touch of ammonia.

Fat is a preventive of neuralgia, and people who suffer in this way, but dislike fat meat, should eat liberally of thin, well-buttered bread.

A dozen grains of rice in a salt-cellar will absorb dampness and keep the salt in powder. It also breaks the lumps that there may be in salt.

Eggs strengthen the consumptive, invigorate the feeble, and render the most susceptible all but proof against jaundice in its most malignant phase.

To polish amber, rub it with whitening moistened with water, and lastly with a little olive oil laid on, and well polished off with a piece of flannel.

When soot falls on the carpet, cover it quickly with salt and then sweep it up. In this way you may remove it without doing the least damage to your carpet.



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Mend the broken one. You can do it with Caementium. It is a mineral paste—not a fish glue.

When set, Caementium withstands water and all changes in temperature.

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CULINARY CONCEITS

C. G. BARRIS

More Pineapple Dishes

PINEAPPLE FRUITADE.— Pare the thin yellow rind of six lemons and three oranges and pour over them one cupful of boiling water and let stand covered in an earthen or granite bowl till cold. Strain into a large bowl and add the juice of twelve lemons and three oranges. Add light brown sugar to taste, a pint of tea made of half an ounce of Oolong and a few sprigs of fresh mint brewed with the tea. Pour on enough water to dilute sufficiently, allowing for a bottle or even two of seltzer water which is to be put in just before serving. Add also a can of grated pineapple, some very thin slices of cumquats and some Maraschino cherries. Serve ice cold.

PINEAPPLE SALAD.—One can of shredded pineapple, one-fourth pound of salted almonds chopped, one-fourth pound of shelled filberts chopped. Let stand for an hour or more in a dressing made of oil, orange juice, lemon juice, and a dash of tarragon vinegar. Arrange on lettuce leaves and garnish with thin slices of cumquats and Maraschino cherries. Arrange mayonnaise at one side or around the salad but not on it. The mayonnaise may be colored light green or made with a very yellow yolk.

PINEAPPLE DELIGHT.—Take sliced canned pineapple and cut into eighths. Pare sweet, juicy oranges and remove each segment free from the membrane and seeds. Sprinkle lemon juice over the pineapple. Arrange the orange sections and pineapple slices nicely, sprinkling with powdered sugar or a mixture of powdered and grated maple sugar. Over this put a layer of grated cocoanut. The fresh is best, but the dried can be steamed a few minutes and made quite tender. Any sort of fine canned fruit can be used instead of the oranges or with them. Peaches or pears are especially good.

PINEAPPLE SLICES.—Use the canned sliced pineapple. On each dish place a slice. Cover with a mound of whipped cream piled high in the centre. Over this sprinkle finely chopped preserved ginger and cherries. A few pistachio nuts, chopped very fine and sprinkled over the cream and about the edges of the fruit would add a pretty color note.

* * *

Excellent Recipes

AN INEXPENSIVE CAKE.— Here is a recipe for a nice, simple, and inexpensive cake, the quantities for which can, of course, be easily doubled, or increased proportionately to any extent: Beat a quarter of a pound each of butter and castor sugar with the hand until they are quite white and creamy; then add the grated rind of a quarter of a lemon, and two eggs, together with five ounces of fine flour, which has been warmed and sifted; lastly, add half a teaspoonful of baking powder and a quarter of a pound of mixed fruit, the raisins cut up in small pieces. Bake in a moderate oven for about an hour and a half, in a buttered tin dusted with flour and castor sugar mixed in equal quantities.

WALNUT BREAD.—Four cups of flour, four teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon of salt, one cup sugar, one and a half cups of milk, two eggs, quarter pound of chopped walnuts. Mix dry ingredients together, then mix eggs, milk and sugar, stir in

slowly. Put in buttered pan, stand twenty minutes in warm place. Bake about forty minutes in moderate oven.

SWEET APPLE PICKLE.—Put one teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice in a cheese-cloth bag and boil this in a syrup made of one quart of vinegar and three pounds of sugar. Have ready four pounds of apples, pared, cored and halved. Place these carefully in the syrup, simmer till tender and then put the apples in heated sterilized jars. Cook down the syrup till thick, then pour over the fruit in the jars and seal. The jars must be full to overflowing, and care must be used that no air bubbles remain in the jar.

APPLE SAUCE CAKE.—One and one-half cups of apple sauce, with one teaspoon of soda stirred in, one cup of brown sugar, one-third cup of shortening, one cup of raisins, two cups of flour, one teaspoon of cinnamon and one of cloves. Bake in a square tin in a moderate oven.

CUP CAKES.—Two cups of sugar, one scant cup of shortening, two eggs, one cup milk, one-half teaspoon soda and one large teaspoon of cream of tartar, three and a half cups of flour, last stir in one cup of chopped raisins or English walnuts. Bake in well greased gem tins.

WHITE FRUIT.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, three cups flour, one teaspoon salt, eight eggs, whites, three level teaspoons baking powder, one half glass white wine, one-quarter pound citron, one-half pound almonds, three-quarters cup desiccated cocoanut, one cup light sultana raisins. This makes two brick loaves.

Concerning Soup

Continued from page 34

thy dietary, but as two-thirds of the whole body is water and as it enters into all our tissues, bones and muscles so that an average man will require 70 to 80 ounces daily, it will be seen that some part of our diet should be in a liquid form. Now let us see which of these foodstuffs are contained in our soups.

KIDNEY SOUP.

Proteid in the kidney.
Water.
Little fat.
A fraction of carbohydrates.
No salts or only a fraction.

ARTICHOKE SOUP.

Carbohydrates—in potatoes, artichokes and flour.
Fat—in the butter used.
Water.
Small per centage of proteid in milk.
Salts in all the vegetables.

VEGETABLE SOUP.

Rich in salts from all the vegetables.
Carbohydrates—in rice and some vegetables.
No proteid.
Fat—small quantity.
Water.

SCRAP SOUP.

Proteid—in form of macaroni, cheese and beans.
Fat—in dripping and cheese.
Salts—in vegetables.
Carbohydrates—in rice and potatoes.

So therefore this last soup contains more of the proximate principles at a minimum cost than the other soups, and comes nearer being a perfect food. Please think this over and do not, because of a little extra trouble, allow to waste valuable material.

TO THE WOMEN OF CANADA



The Secret of Good Pies

PIE CRUST, more than any other delicacy of the oven, ought to be tempting and appealing to the taste.

You do not eat pie as a nerve tonic or to strengthen your appetite. You eat it for *pleasure* mostly.

You want it, of course, to taste good, at the same time you want the crust to be light, flaky, wholesome. Now, pie crust properly made from

Royal Household Flour

is *always* good food, the absolute uniformity of this best of all flours eliminates failure entirely. You get the same delightful results every time and your pies are more healthful and nourishing than if made from ordinary flour.

The reason is that "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" having a larger percentage of high quality gluten, assimilates more readily,

is more satisfying than ordinary flour, comes out of the oven flakier, more tender and more digestible.

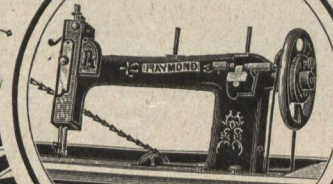
Be sure to try "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" when next you make pies. It is the finest flour in the world not only for Pastry but for Bread and *all* family baking.

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GIVE IT A TRIAL.



BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY



EGGING THEM ON.

A LITTLE girl who had a live bantam presented to her was disappointed at the smallness of the first egg laid by the bird. Her ideal egg was that of the ostrich, a specimen of which was on the table in the drawing-room. One day the ostrich's egg was missing from its accustomed place. It was subsequently found near the spot where the bantam nested, and on it was stuck a piece of paper with the words: "Something like this, please. Keep on trying."

* * *

AN UNKIND MAN.

THINGS hadn't turned out too well with their love affair. The fatal word had just been spoken, and he was rejected. The rejected suitor stood respectfully before her, listening to her elaborate explanations of her decision. Below the smooth waters of Oriental Bay rested in awe-some wonder.

"I trust I have made myself sufficiently plain," she said.

"Well, I would scarcely go so far," he answered, as his courage gradually returned. "It's but fair to give nature the credit for that," he added as he retired in good order.

* * *

FOR LUCK.

Boarding Mistress—"Is there anything wrong with that egg, Mr. Fourper? I see you are according it a very critical examination."

Mr. Fourper—"Oh, not anything wrong with the egg, Mrs. Skimpem. I was just looking for the wishbone, that's all."

* * *

HAPPY "JEAMES."

JEAMES knocks a cup off the mantel, shivering it into a thousand fragments. His mistress, hearing the noise, rushes in and stands for a moment stupefied by the result of her servant's awkwardness. "Oh," she cries, with tears in her eyes, "my beautiful old Sevres!"

"Oh," exclaims Jeames in a joyous tone, a seraphic smile spreading all over his face, "I was so frightened at first, ma'am; I thought it was something new, ma'am!"

* * *

NAMING THE BOY.

"WHAT you want to do for that kid," said the old bachelor, who had backed off suspiciously from the new baby, "is to call him something that can't be nicknamed. The way to do that is to give him J. for a middle initial. I have made a study of proper names and their nicknames, and I have figured out that there isn't one chance in a million of the boy whose middle name begins with J ever being nicknamed. Positive immunity is guaranteed by William J. Just cast your eye over the William J's you have heard of and see if one of them is ever called Bill by any except the hopelessly jocular, and even they don't dare say it to William J's face."

* * *

A CAREFUL BUYER.

SHE was an independent sort of a girl, recently in possession of a fortune, and concluded a horse was a necessity in her new establishment, so she sent for a dealer and had a

talk with him. What she didn't know about horses would fill a livery stable and she tried to make the dealer believe she was a judge, and told him to bring her something to look at. The dealer came, and she went out to pass judgment. She walked all around the animal, critically, as professionals do.

"Is he well trained?" she inquired, with the air of a jockey.

"Certainly, miss," replied the dealer. "She is well gaited and fine in harness."

"Um-um," said the girl; "is she all right in the botts?"

"Yes, miss," gasped the dealer; "but you see, I've only got shoes on her forefeet."

He said that because, really, he didn't know what else to say.

"I notice that you couldn't really have them on her five feet, could you?" she gurgled.

"I mean, miss," stammered the dealer, "that she is shod only on the forefeet."

"I understand," she said, seriously, "but that can be cured without any difficulty, can't it?"

"Very easily, indeed, miss," assented the dealer with a great sense of relief.

"She seems to be all right in the fore shoulders, but her hind shoulders don't appear to be quite right," suggested the girl.

"There is nothing the matter with her there," asserted the dealer. "She is perfectly sound."

"There is no danger of her withers being spavined, is there?" she inquired carefully. "I've seen horses like that and they always make me nervous."

"No danger in the world, miss," the dealer assured her.

"How old is she?" inquired the girl.

By this time the dealer knew his man and was confident.

"Being a lady, miss," he smiled, "I'd rather not tell her age."

"How considerate of you," she said earnestly. "I'll take her."

* * *

HERE AND THERE.

A MAN was waiting patiently for a street car the other day at a transfer station, says the Boston Record, when a woman, highly excited, rushed up to him and cried, "Are you the man here?"

"I don't understand," he said.

"Are you the man here?" she repeated.

"No, madam," he said, concealing a smile. "The man here is that man over there."

* * *

A PROFITABLE GAME.

A CERTAIN woman had a barrel of russet apples placed in the attic because they were not quite ripe enough to eat and she warned her three boys, whose ages range from 5 to 11 years, not to touch them.

Then, one rainy day, when she sought the attic to get something from a trunk, she came full upon her sons, surrounded by apple cores. At her approach two of the boys drew closer together; but the third, a little distance off, who lay on his stomach contentedly munching an apple, apparently paid no attention to his mother's entrance.

"Jack! Henry! Willie!" she exclaimed reproachfully. "Whatever are you doing? And those apples!

Didn't I tell you not to touch them?"

"Yes, mamma," replied Jack, the eldest, "but we're not really eating them; we're acting the Garden of Eden. Willie and I are Adam and Eve. Henry, over there, is the serpent, trying to lead us to our downfall by showing us how good the apples are."

"But," began the mother as sternly as she was able, "you two must have been eating apples; Henry hasn't done it all. I see as many as ten cores around you."

"Oh, yes," returned Willie, the youngest, "we've all been taking turns being the serpent."

* * *

ESKITOLOGY.

A little igloo now and then Is relished by the Eskimen, A little whale oil, well frapped, Is relished by the Eskimaid.

A little gumdrop, this is truth, Is relished by the Eskitooth.

A little blubber, raw or b'iled, Is relished by the Eskichild.

The all of which shows just how hard The grind is for the Eskibard.

But poets might detect a gap, 'Tween truth and Peary's Eskimap.

And think that Peary, in straits dire, Rejoiced to find an Eskiliar.

A little pemmican to chew Is welcomed by the Eskima.

We could keep this up all fall But fear 'twould make the Eskibawl.

'Tis said two gumdrops and a knife Will buy a man an Eskiwife.

* * *

PROMPT ACTION FOLLOWED.

A MEMBER of the peace committee saw two youths fighting. He pushed through the crowd and appealed to the combatants to desist. "My good young fellows, settle your disputes by arbitration. Each of you choose half a dozen friends to arbitrate."

"Hurrah!" yelled the crowd. "Do as the gentleman says."

Having seen the twelve arbitrators selected to the satisfaction of both sides, the man of peace went on his way rejoicing.

Half an hour later he returned that way and found the whole street in an uproar.

"Good gracious! What is the matter, now?" asked the peacemaker.

"Shure, sor," said a bystander, "the arbitrators are at work."

* * *

A POSITIVE NEGATIVE.

THE pastor and his wife had called upon a member of the congregation, a widow with a small but exceedingly lively boy, and were on their way home. "Well," said the preacher, "she seems to be a very intelligent woman, anyhow."

"Yes."

"And very positive in expressing her opinions."

"On the contrary," said his wife, "she struck me as being strongly negative."

"Negative, how?"

"Everything she said to her little boy began with a 'Don't, Johnny.'"

* * *

NOT A SUFFRAGIST, YET.

DURING the Presidential campaign the question of woman suffrage was much discussed among women pro and con, and at an afternoon tea the conversation turned that way between the women guests.

"Are you a woman suffragist?" asked the one who was most interested.

"Indeed, I am not," replied the other most emphatically.

"Oh, that's too bad, but just supposing you were, whom would you support in the present campaign?"

"The same man I've always supported, of course," was the apt reply—"my husband."

* * *

A PRACTICAL TEST.

SOME visitors who were being shown over a pauper lunatic asylum inquired of the guide what method was used to discover when the inmates were sufficiently recovered to leave.

"Well," replied he, "you see it's this way. We have a big trough of water, and we turns on the tap. We lave it running and tells 'em to bail out the water with pails until they have emptied the trough."

"How does that prove it?" asked one of the visitors.

"Well," said the guide, "them that ain't idiots turns off the tap."

* * *

HIS PREPARATIONS.

SMITH walked up the street the other evening with a box of chocolates under one arm and a big package of meat under the other.

"Hello, Smith," said Brown, "gone in for housekeeping? I didn't know you were married."

"I'm not yet."

"What are you doing with those chocolates and meat, then?"

"Going to see my girl."

"Do you have to furnish the family with meat already?"

"Oh, no; the sweets are for the girl and the meat is for the dog. I have to square both."

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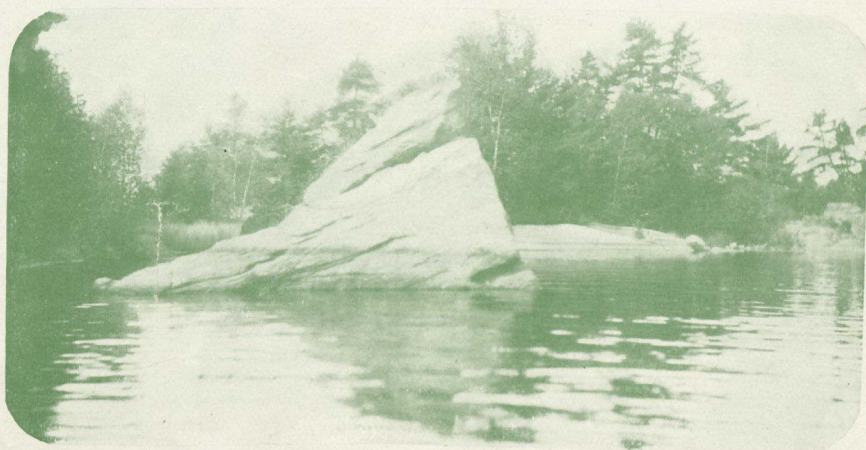
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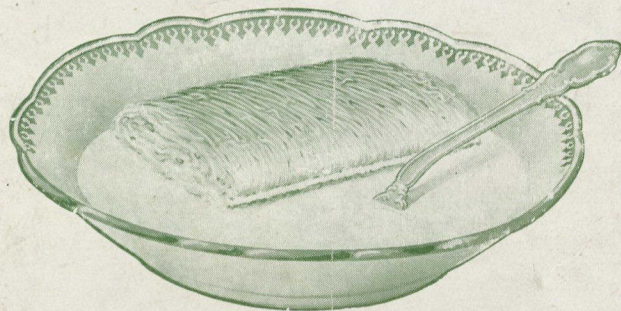
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