

PER. X FOL. 2005.11

Photo

Canadian Home Journal



SUMMER
FICTION
NUMBER

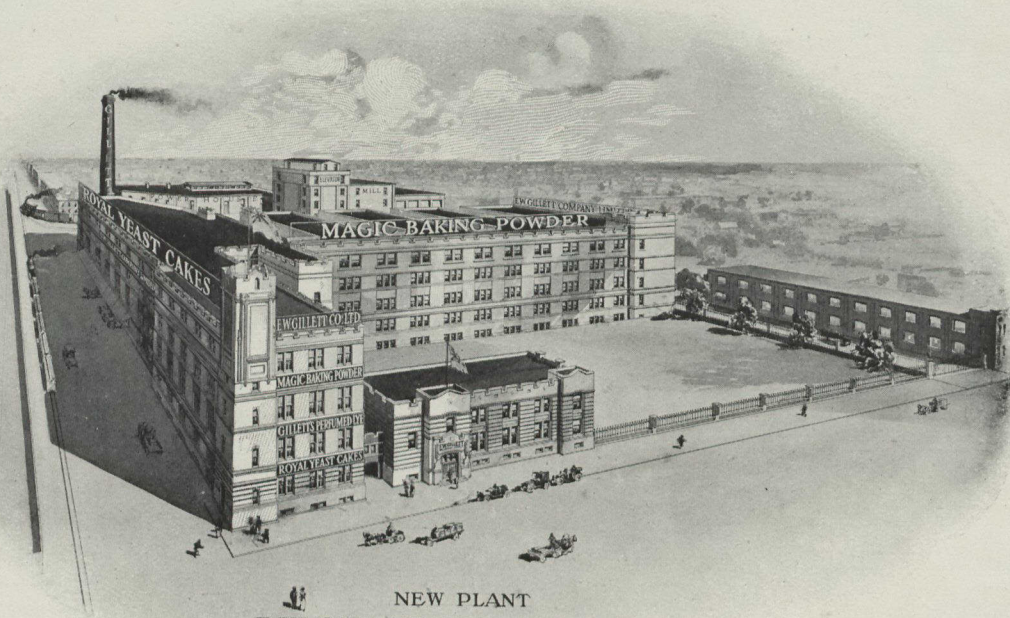
AUGUST
1912

Published by THE CANADIAN WOMEN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., Limited
26-28 ADELAIDE STREET WEST, TORONTO, CANADA

PRICE
10 CENTS



THE OLD PLANT



NEW PLANT
E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

THE NEW PLANT

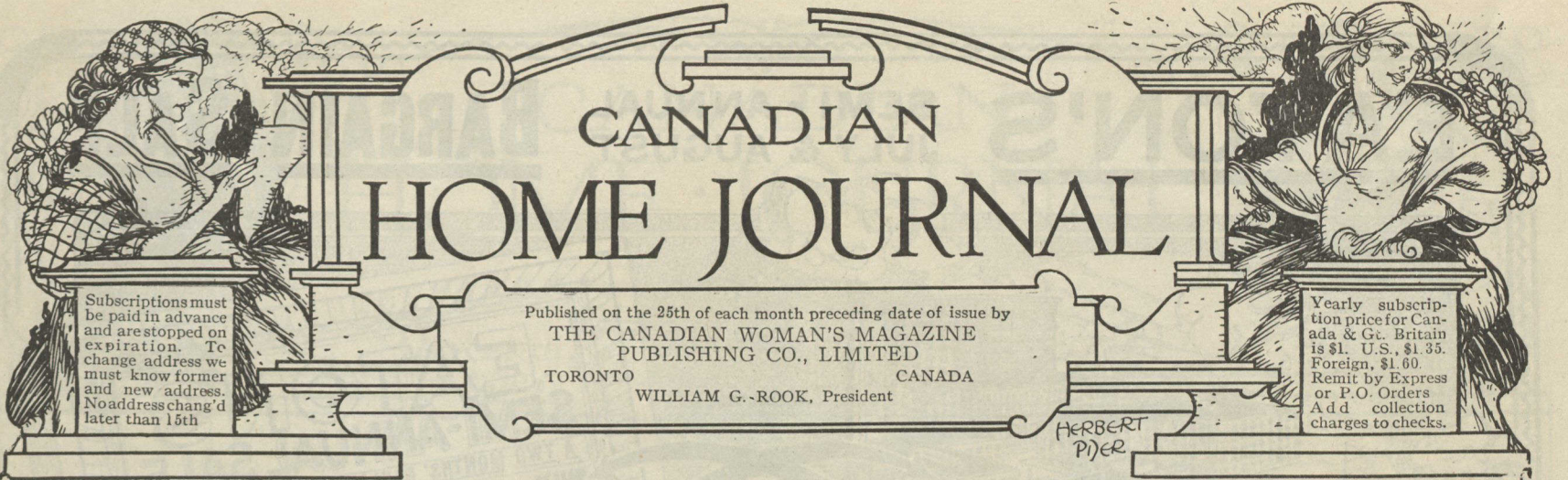


SHERATON INLAID FURNITURE

Herewith we illustrate a complete Sheraton Dining Room Suite in Mahogany inlaid. The splendid feature of this period is the extremely graceful and dainty appearance accomplished by the straight, tapered legs and broad inlaid lines, which was the most prominent feature of Thomas Sheraton's creations. Then we finish all our Sheraton goods in the light Sheraton brown color, which gives you practically a correct reproduction, yet embodying all modern requirements.

TORONTO FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED
TORONTO "Makers of the Better Make of Canadian Quality Furniture" CANADA





CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Published on the 25th of each month preceding date of issue by
 THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE
 PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED
 TORONTO CANADA
 WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

Subscriptions must be paid in advance and are stopped on expiration. To change address we must know former and new address. No address change later than 15th

Yearly subscription price for Canada & Gt. Britain is \$1. U.S. \$1.35. Foreign, \$1.60. Remit by Express or P.O. Orders. Add collection charges to checks.

HERBERT DYER

EDITORIAL CHAT

During the hot days of August no one cares to do anything more than to lie around and read, and it is because we know our readers will be spending considerable time in reading that we have prepared for them in our August Fiction Number, one of the lightest, most tasty and entertaining of menus for their reading.

Some time ago we announced that whenever it was possible we would give the Canadian authors the preference when accepting stories for publication. Last issue our short stories were all written by Canadian authors, and again, our Fiction Number has three more stories, and two splendid articles, all from the pens of some of our very best Canadian writers. Last issue we introduced Pearl Harris Foley as the author of the "Butterfly." We have been fortunate in securing another one of Miss Foley's best stories entitled, "Exchanging Sweethearts." It is not often that we hear of this being done, but Miss Foley has described such an instance, and the result is rather surprising.

The "Butterfly Etude," by Jean Graham, is a story of a more serious nature. It describes how closely a man and woman can come to starting divorce proceedings just because they do not understand each other. A little girl quite unconsciously was instrumental in bringing about a better understanding, and the making of a happy home. It is one of those kind of stories that after one has read it one feels the better for it. We know you will like it.

It is only on rare occasions that we are able to obtain short stories written with a dialect that is not only easy to read, but at the same time is an entertaining story. We have been fortunate in securing from Bessie Dietweiler one of her best stories, "James Jamieson's Leap Year Proposal." We do not have to tell you that it is a Scotch story, or it will not be necessary for us to take an apology to you after you have read it. It is really one of the most entertaining and interesting stories we have published for some time. There is just enough Scotch in it to make it enjoyable.

Kate Miles has taken "A Trip Through the Lakes to Jimsag," one of the prettiest spots in New Brunswick. The charming manner in which Miss Miles has written of the trip makes it extremely entertaining and quite timely to publish in our August Fiction Number.

Perhaps you do not know what a "Dietitian" is. However, if you will read of how "Margaret Became a Dietitian," as described by Charlotte M. Storey, you will understand just what it is,

and it will give you an insight into the business a Canadian girl has established that few of us had any conception was in existence.

Our two serial stories, "The Third Man" and "The Red Seal," have taken a deep hold on our readers. They are immensely pleasing, and have proven so entertaining that our readers can scarcely wait for the next issue. It is not yet too late to start either of the stories, as the synopsis given at the beginning of the stories in this issue will tell you in a few words just what has happened in the other chapters that have been published in previous numbers.

What do you think of our covers? Do you not think that the young lady's picture on the cover of this number is really a good example of a typical Canadian girl? We are receiving congratulations from all parts on the splendid covers we are using, and we are pleased to know that our readers appreciate them.

As usual, you will find our other departments full of valuable information and timely suggestions, and will not only make you feel better for the reading of them, but will be of great assistance to you in your household duties throughout the summer.

If you are anxious to keep posted on the most recent books of fiction published, you should read our "Publishers' Page." Jean Graham is considered one of the best reviewers in Canada, and reviews published on that page will give one a comprehensive idea of the contents of the most recent books, and will save them much valuable time in making their summer purchases of reading matter.

The summer time is the season when many women do their fancy work, and our pages on summer embroidery and the use of cretonnes will afford many of our readers valuable suggestions for this line of work.

We are already making preparations for our Special Fall Fashion Number. We are obtaining information from the world's fashion centres on the latest styles, and we expect to be able to tell you in the September Number just what you will have to wear during the fall and winter months to be in keeping with the latest modes of dress. From present indications,

we are safe in saying that the September Number will eclipse in every department any issue we have ever published. The cover has been drawn by Norman Price, one of our best known Canadian artists. It shows a rather nice appearing young lady walking through the autumn woods accompanied by a magnificent deerhound.

August CONTENTS 1912

FICTION

THE BUTTERFLY ETUDE	- - -	6
EXCHANGING SWEETHEARTS	- - -	8
THE RED SEAL	- - -	9
THE THIRD MAN	- - -	11
JAMES JAMIESON'S LEAP YEAR PRO- POSAL	- - -	13

SPECIAL FEATURES

THROUGH THE LAKES TO JIMSAG	-	7
HOW MARGARET BECAME A DIETI- TIAN	- - -	14

FASHION DEPARTMENT

SMART MIDSUMMER STYLES	- - -	20
FROCKS FOR COMING SCHOOL DAYS	- - -	21
SIMPLE GOWNS FOR LINEN AND SILK	- - -	22
OUTING COAT	- - -	23
BELTED DRESS	- - -	24
SOME NEW EMBROIDERY DESIGNS	- - -	25
FADS AND FANCIES	- - -	26
SUMMER EMBROIDERIES	- - -	27

MATTERS OF MENU

AUGUST LUNCHEONS	- - -	17
CULINARY CONCEITS	- - -	41

FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

CRETONNE FOR SUMMER FURNISH- INGS	- - -	16
HOUSEHOLD DECORATION	- - -	18
HOUSEHOLD HINTS	- - -	40

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

AROUND THE HEARTH	- - -	15
WOMEN'S INSTITUTES	- - -	28
DRESSING TABLE	- - -	34
FROM THE PUBLISHERS	- - -	37
JOURNAL'S JUNIORS	- - -	42

SUBSCRIBERS' ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE

Readers of the "Canadian Home Journal" are fully protected when buying from any of our advertisers. We know that every advertiser in this issue is reliable, and that our readers will be dealt with fairly and honorably. Should any of our readers have an unsatisfactory dealing with any of our advertisers we will undertake to have a satisfactory adjustment made or the money refunded. This absolute guarantee is good only when our readers tell advertisers when dealing with them that their advertisement was seen in the "Canadian Home Journal."

EATON'S

SEMI-ANNUAL
JULY & AUGUST

BARGAIN SALE



MONEY-SAVING OPPORTUNITIES FROM CANADA'S GREATEST MAIL ORDER HOUSE

SEE TO IT THAT YOU GET THIS CATALOGUE OF BIG VALUES

LET US HAVE YOUR NAME and address on a post card and we will mail you a copy of this book of bargains. You'll welcome its coming because within its pages are better buying chances than you've ever known—and besides the assortment is most varied. There's something of interest for all the family. Natty Summer wear for the women folk in the most pleasing and becoming styles—Men's and Boys' wearables—well tailored clothing and other garments—and what a host of home needs! It would almost seem as if we had gathered together a little of everything—just enough for one's needs and present requirements. So now that we have given you a foretaste of what's in store for you and with the assurance that this Catalogue can, and will, save you money, why not share in all this saving—and don't delay either, because the time is short.

JUST TWO MONTHS TO BUY AT LOW PRICES

WRITE US TO-DAY FOR A CATALOGUE

AN EATON PURCHASE MEANS SATISFACTION OR YOUR MONEY BACK

ALREADY orders are pouring in—and pouring out—quick service is our motto. We aim at sending out orders the same day as received. It's just like shopping in town. With you the wonderfully interesting choosing this Sale Catalogue affords, and we, at this end, fully keyed up for quick action—ready at a moment's notice to fill out your commands, and hasten your purchase with all necessary precaution and despatch. To those who have not this Catalogue at hand, we say again, "Why miss all this?" At least try out your own judgment on this Catalogue of great values. Send to-day for **YOUR** copy. **DON'T DELAY.**

REMEMBER that should you for any reason feel dissatisfied with your purchase, **WE WILL GLADLY REFUND YOUR MONEY AND PAY TRANSPORTATION CHARGES BOTH WAYS.** We feel sure, however, that your purchase will open up to your entire satisfaction. Be it a ten-cent article or a one hundred dollar purchase—the guarantee goes just the same—no exceptions—no rulings or equivocations. The **EATON** guarantee says, **MONEY BACK IF WE FAIL TO PLEASE.** That's your protection against any possible failure on our part to serve you well. Send us a trial order during this Sale, and see for yourself how we make dollars earn more than usual for you.

EATONS SEND ALL HEAVY GOODS OF \$25.00 AND OVER ARE

FREIGHT PREPAID, AND ALL ORDERS ALSO SENT FREE DELIVERY

GET EATON'S PRICES ON BINDER TWINE BEFORE BUYING

THE T. EATON CO LIMITED TORONTO - CANADA

DO NOT FAIL TO GIVE YOUR CORRECT NAME AND ADDRESS — AND WRITE PLAINLY —

FREE—A Picture Full of Heart Interest—FREE

On page thirty-nine of this issue we make a liberal offer for a few minutes of your time. In this day and generation the nearer the publisher can get to the subscriber, in understanding his or her needs, even as those of one family, the better able is he—the publisher—to satisfy the needs of his subscriber both in reading matter and in variety of advertising carried.

CANADIAN HOME · JOURNAL

10 CENTS
A COPY

AUGUST, 1912

Vol. IX

No. 4

\$1.00
PER YEAR

H. PIZER

An Imperial Order

THE place filled by the Imperial Order of the Daughters of the Empire is one of patriotic and social prominence. Canadian women are not so closely in touch with political questions as their English cousins are, but their concern in what vitally affects the future of the Dominion is decidedly sincere and profound. The Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, was formed more than ten years ago, during the Boer War, and in the early years of its existence, the efforts of the members were directed towards memorials associated with the Canadians who gave their lives for the Empire in South Africa.

Since then, however, the Order has turned its attention chiefly to domestic affairs, while not forgetting the duty of emphasizing our imperial association, especially as regards the education of school children as loyal young Britons. While central authority is necessarily held by the Head Executive, there is much latitude allowed the various chapters, in the matter of assisting local enterprise or philanthropy. The Daughters of the Empire, in Hamilton, Ottawa and Winnipeg, for instance, have been most enthusiastic in working against tuberculosis, which has been making such inroads as to earn the name of White Plague. Most of us will admit that measures which will preserve the health of our citizens are the most sensible and praiseworthy type of patriotism.

The Order has grown with a rapidity which is astonishing, even in our new country of rapid development. There are twenty thousand in the membership, with several chapters in the United States, and the West Indies. At the recent annual meeting, held in Toronto, Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, who has for several years been regent of the Royal Grenadiers' chapter, was elected President by acclamation. There is every prospect for increasing usefulness for this thriving organization, and its early promise has already been more than fulfilled.

Concerning Co-Education

THE optimistic utterances of twenty years ago about co-education in our high schools and universities do not seem to have been justified, if recent criticism is any criterion. In the United States, the dissatisfaction at Wesleyan University has become so acute that the women students have been "abolished" and have departed from that institution with some display of indignation.

We have expressed the opinion already that the co-educational academy or university is not the ideal system of education. Of course, the difficulty in the past has lain in the superficial and comparatively worthless course of studies undertaken in the girls' schools or colleges. That criticism can not be made with justice to-day, for the modern girls' college is practically and thoroughly equipped. It is recognized to-day that it is well for every girl, no matter what may be her father's wealth or position, to receive such a training in some department of modern activity as to qualify her for earning her own living. The turn of fortune's wheel has shown so frequently how pitiful is the case of the "distressed gentle-

woman" who has no practical equipment for any useful work, that even the fashionable schools take the requirements of to-day into account.

What we need in Canada is a good university for women—similar to Smith or Wellesley in the United States. But we must wait until several ships come in, before we may regard such an institution as "almost planned." Some day a Canadian Carnegie will endow it and we shall see the best educational work in Canada when we have this university for women—and domestic science will have an honored place on the curriculum.

Culinary Accomplishments

A CANADIAN business man said the other day: "I wonder that some enterprising novelist or playwright does not write a book or a tragedy about the domestic unhappiness caused by woman's failure as a cook. When a home is "unhappy," sentimental reasons, such as uncongeniality or lack of understanding are always put forward. Many times, I believe, the unfortunate state of affairs is due to the

fact that the wife does not know how to prepare a decent meal. Men are not brutes if they are properly fed."

Now, while this criticism reduces married happiness to a most practical basis, there is a great deal of wise observation and judgment in it. Indigestion is a promoter of family disputes, and it is almost impossible to be either amiable or polite if dyspepsia is creating havoc in the system. Sometimes the wife may prepare such rich and tempting dishes that the husband eats, not wisely but too much, and is consequently an irritable and disagreeable companion, whose occasional absence from home fills a long-felt want. But it cannot be denied that good cooking is a most excellent thing in woman and possesses a charm greater than any other for the masculine fancy. A man may forget a woman's bright eyes or sunny hair; but if she knows how to appeal to his palate he will remember her with increasing tenderness. He may not long to see her smile or hear her voice, but he will become tearfully reminiscent at the thought of her tea biscuit or her pumpkin pies. A course in the

diet kitchen is really a most valuable insurance for domestic happiness, and the retaining of that uncertain quantity, a husband's affections.

The Summer Days

DO not be so busy in the summer time as to miss its beauty. Some women are so industrious during July and August that they remember the summer with a weary sigh and the reflection: "It was so painfully hot and I had so much to do." If there is any time of the year when the simple life is a duty, it is in these days when the mercury is mounting in a merciless fashion.

A busy housewife may here remark: "It's all very well to say that: the work must be done." However, it is just as well to consider how much of the work is foolish and unnecessary—such as could easily be dispensed with.



MRS. A. E. GOODERHAM, PRESIDENT DAUGHTERS OF EMPIRE FOR CANADA

THE BUTTERFLY ETUDE

How a Small Girl Prevented an Elopement

By JEAN GRAHAM

IT seemed such a very long time since I had been able to see things. Even in the weeks when I had lain with cold cloths on my forehead, when purple and green lights had danced all over the wall and creatures with hard cold wings had brushed against my cheek I had been conscious, somewhere in the back of my head, that I was not really seeing them at all, that some night they would go away and I should awake in the morning to look again at the high walnut bureau and the portrait of my grandfather, the Reverend Winslow Conway. There he was now looking quite cheerful with sunbeams dancing about his lips. Aunt Hester is so proud of the Conway mouth and says it shows character. Everything seemed the same as it had, two weeks ago, when I was taken with such a bad pain in my head and when the walls of my room suddenly fell in and made it so dark.

But there was a big bouquet of sweet peas in a beautiful tall vase, such as I had not seen before, and there were some pinks—the spicy kind—in a glass bowl which was certainly new. Then I languidly noticed a pink scarf lying on the foot of the bed. I was too weak to reach it but I just lay there and stared hard at it, for I could not imagine how anything like that came to be in Aunt Hester's house. It was all chiffon, yards and yards of it, with lace and ribbon and tiny silk roses. I thought I must be sick again and winked hard, but there it was when I opened my eyes. The door was open and a breeze made a crinkly rustle in the muslin curtains, when suddenly there came the sound of music from the parlor—such light, dainty notes that they seemed part of the breeze and the sweet peas and the sunshine. Aunt Hester has never been very much in favor of my taking music lessons, for she says musical people are nearly all queer in their ways and wrong in their habits. So, I have only taken a year from Miss Morris and am to learn the variations of "Robin Adair" next winter. But the music was quite different from anything else I had heard in Norton and even the piano did not sound the same as it did when I played scales and exercises.

I must have fallen asleep, for, when I opened my eyes again, it was late in the afternoon and some one in a white dress was sitting beside me.

"Now you mustn't talk, honey," said a voice that seemed to have all the hard sounds strained out of it and only the sweetness left. Aunt Hester says that for a girl of fifteen I have an unhealthy imagination. "You must take this first," said the voice again; and I raised my head and drank some stuff that was so disagreeable that it made me feel stronger. "What a funny face you make!" said the voice with a ripple in it. "Now you may ask a few questions."

"Have I been sick? My head feels all fuzzy."

"You have had a fever and frightened us right badly. But you're going to be well in a few weeks and we'll go out in an automobile. Have you ever been in one, honey?"

Of course, I am quite grown-up although I am not to have long skirts for three years yet. But in spite of my being so old, I really thought of Cinderella and the fairy godmother who turned the pumpkin into a coach. "Who are you?" I said feebly.

"The only cousin you have in the world—Perrine Ockley."

"Oh!" I said weakly, and began to think of all that Aunt Hester had said about this cousin, who was so very different from the Conways and who was rich and worldly and not a person to have a "good influence" as Aunt Hester would say. You see, there had always been Conways in Norton. Carrie Jackson once said that Aunt Hester seemed to think that Shem and Japhet had been married to Conways; but Aunt Hester only made her mouth into a straight line when I told her and said that Carrie had inherited a rude flippant manner from her mother. Aunt Hester had never married and I think she considered it grander to be Miss Conway than to be the wife of an emperor. There had been two brothers: Winslow, Perrine's father, was the eldest of the family, and Edward, my father, was the youngest. Of course, it was very sad to think that there were only three Conways left—all women. Perrine had changed her name, too, which made it all the sadder. I had never seen her, because Aunt Hester had not been friends with Perrine's mother, who came from New Orleans and belonged to the Church of Rome. Aunt Hester said it had always been a mystery to her that a Conway should have been attracted to that sort of person. But, although I didn't dare to say so, I thought it was ever so romantic of him and was glad that I had an aunt with a French name and a cousin who had been educated in a French convent. Perrine's mother died in Rome and was buried there, which seemed even more romantic. Think of being buried in Rome near the Caesars, and all those old families! Then Perrine was married to Mr. Ockley, who is, as I have said, rich and worldly, and she came back to live in America. But I had never seen her and here she was, smoothing my forehead and calling me pet names, which was something that Aunt Hester would not approve of.

"I was awake before. What was that piece you played? It was just like the summertime."

"Was it like this?" Then she hummed softly. I nodded as hard as I could.

"It's a study by Chopin. It's called 'The Butterfly Etude.'"

"I'm glad it's called that. It sounded just like butterflies—white ones."

"You fanciful little Puritan! Do you know that we're going to be chums? And I'm not going to call you Rebecca. It's too harsh."

"I've always hated it," I said vigorously—for a person who has had a fever. Then I was frightened, for Aunt Hester might have been in the hall and Rebecca was my grandmother's name.

"Don't be afraid, honey," said the voice with a velvet laugh in it, "she won't be home until seven o'clock. I think it's foreign missions."

"I don't like them either," I said, with a wonderful increase of courage. "I can't bear those maps of the world, with the Christians marked in red and the heathens in black."

"I'm afraid you haven't the Conway mouth. Aunt Hester says I haven't a single Conway feature. But you're feverish, and I must go away."

"Will you play it again?" I asked.

"The Butterfly Etude." Of course, you funny child. Now, be good." Her lips just touched my cheek softly, like a flower—ever so different from Aunt Hester's peck. Then she went downstairs and played that lovely butterfly thing again until I saw the sweet peas dancing to it. The music changed to the softest, mournfullest notes that were like the pines in October, and then there were solemn chords that I knew were hymns and prayers. How could Aunt Hester think that Cousin Perrine had been brought up almost as bad as the heathen. She was just making the piano



"Who are you?" I said feebly.

talk the holiest things I had ever heard and I was so glad that the fever had gone away and left me in the world again, for I knew the angels couldn't play lovelier music. Then it all went away and I felt so happy because I was too weak to see or to hear or to do anything but just drift away in a lazy boat until it was morning and time for some more medicine.

The days went on until it was a whole week since I had met Cousin Perrine and heard that butterfly music for the first time. Aunt Hester had been quite nice to me at first, and said that I had been shown "great mercy" in being allowed to get well—but she didn't approve of the books Perrine read to me, and told me not to gush when I asked her if she didn't think Perrine's eyes perfectly lovely. But the foreign missions had to be looked after every week, and one afternoon when she put on her bonnet and took up a bundle of yellow leaflets I was wicked enough to be glad, for I knew that Perrine would play to me most of the afternoon.

"I'm going to take you downstairs, honey," she said, as soon as Aunt Hester had shut the gate. She put a lovely kimono on me—it was white silk with yellow chrysanthemums on it and the prettiest lace on the sleeves—and then she almost carried me down to the parlor. I don't know what Perrine had done to the room but it looked all softened, with bowls of flowers and chairs out of their old proper place.

"I'm so glad the poppies are out," I said, for I could see them from the east window. "I wish you'd sing about 'The Garden of Sleep,' the way you did, the

other night. It was a strange song about cliffs and the sea and waiting for some one where the poppies are born." Perrine sang it and then was quiet for a long time. I felt so worried when she turned her head and I saw that her eyes were wet.

"Cousin Perrine, I'm awfully sorry. Could I help you?"

"Help me! You dear old-fashioned child! Betty, dear, I'm very miserable." She came over and knelt down beside me with her face close to mine on the pillow. I just stroked her cheek and then said:

"I know I'm not very old yet. But I've been so lonesome sometimes that I can tell how it hurts. Then I love you, Perrine—better than anyone else." It was harder than you would think to tell her the last, because half of me is a Conway and the Conways keep their feelings to themselves.

"You're a dear child. Perhaps you'd understand, after all. It—it's about Violet." Then I knew what the music meant and the lonesome look that sometimes came into my cousin's eyes. Aunt Hester said that Perrine had lost an "infant daughter" last winter, but that her nature "seemed too light to be disciplined by suffering." Aunt Hester told me that Perrine even refused to talk about the subject.

"She must have been very sweet, Perrine." I didn't know what else to say. But Perrine was crying with such great heavy sobs that I was almost frightened and could only keep my thin little arms around her shoulders. But, at last, she was better, and then she said:

"It's the first time I've broken down like this, my dear." Then she told of what a lovely little baby Violet had been, and how healthy she was until she took that dreadful diphtheria. "I felt this summer as if I must be with some one who belongs to me, and I thought of Aunt Hester, who was my father's only sister, and whom I hadn't seen since I was a little bit of a girl. So I wrote to her, asking if I might come, and had such a cold reply that I hesitated about my visit. But it seemed as if I must be away from the house that Violet had filled with sunshine. You had been unconscious for several hours when I got here and I begged to nurse you, because you seemed desolate—like me."

"But, Perrine, there is your —your husband." There was a long silence, then she said, just as if she couldn't help it:

"That's the worst of it all, little cousin. He doesn't care. I don't believe he even cared when she died. He is a good man and honorable, but he is just as cold and hard as if he were a Conway." There was a queer little choking laugh and then Perrine sprang to her feet.

"Forget all about it, dear. It was selfish to tell a poor little invalid my troubles. Now I'll play your Butterfly Etude. Sometimes, I think I'm just like that—a breath of summer wind."

"I won't forget," I said solemnly. I think you were good to tell me about the dear little baby."

"You're a true friend, Bettikins. I think my Violet would have had cool grey eyes like yours."

That night I heard Aunt Hester speaking in her most distant tones to Perrine, who seemed to be laughing softly as she looked out of the hall window.

"My dear Aunt Hester," said Perrine, as if she were explaining something to a little child, "the world has moved during the last twenty years. I assure, you there is nothing extraordinary about my going for a spin with Mr. Hargrave."

"This is the fourth time this week that Mr. Hargrave has called to take you out for 'a spin,' as you call a drive in that vulgar, ill-smelling machine. Where is he staying?"

"At Linden Beach, about fifteen miles away." "One of those new hotels, where the idle rich congregate during the summer, to spend the time in drunkenness and gambling!" When she is really angry, Aunt Hester always reminds me of one of the prophets.

"Why won't you come with us?" said Perrine. "In one of those abominable inventions with a man who is divorced from his wife!" shrieked my Aunt.

"She was really a very trying person; she wouldn't understand that dear Jack needed amusement." Then Perrine laughed in a really wicked way, and I fancied I could hear Aunt Hester gasp as my cousin ran downstairs.

Aunt Hester came into my room and poured out my medicine with a hand that shook. "To think that I should hear my brother Winslow's child refer lightly to the marriage tie and speak of another woman's husband as 'dear Jack!' Her husband ought to know of this."

"Oh, don't tell him, Aunt Hester," I cried. "Perrine just likes to drive fast."

"Hush!" said my aunt, sternly. "It's nothing for a child like you to talk about."

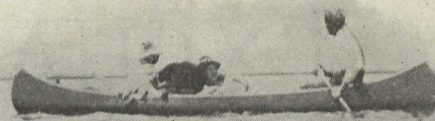
Long after Perrine had come back I lay awake and worried about her and the husband who did not care for anything but shares and stocks, and who did not feel very sorry when the baby died. Someway, I thought Perrine must be mistaken, for I had seen a photograph of her husband Arthur Ockley, and he had a firm mouth but such nice, kind eyes. It must have

(Continued on page 42)

Through the Lakes to "Jimsag"

A New Brunswick Canoe Trip

By KATE MILES



GRAND LAKE

WE had had various varieties of camping trips. We had sojourned in a camp in the deep woods, on the banks of a stream, reached only with canoes and provided only with such supplies as could be so transported. We had lived in camps, equipped with all the essentials for a life of luxury and ease, and attainable by any sort of water craft or highway vehicle. We had camped for days in tents comfortably established for a permanent stop and provided with a rustic table, seats, and such things which could be manufactured on the spot. But now we were to have an entirely new experience—we were going on a canoe trip which would mean a new camping spot each night, and we must adapt ourselves and our outfit to such conditions. When there is no special reason why one should not take this or that additional article of comfort or pleasure, it is wonderful how the dunnage will accumulate, but when there is every reason why only the bare necessities must be included, it is equally marvellous into what a small portion of the canoes supplies and bedding can be stowed.

We were six—five to start, and one to join us on our way, and we had only two canoes, one a large model chestnut canvas, the other a long low skiff which would glide through the water as easily and rapidly as the lighter looking canoe. Our destination was Gagetown, about 37 miles down the St. John River. We meant to arrive at Gagetown, but not by paddling straight down the main river, no indeed, we were going through "the lakes," where we would travel two miles for every one we gained, and where we could easily spend much more time than we could command.

The Glorious First fell on Saturday. Around that day our trip was planned. We thought we should not leave on Friday lest ill luck attend us, so we planned to go on Thursday, and for Monday morning's boat to bring us home. Accordingly, Wednesday evening found us packed and ready for an early start on the morrow. Thursday morning found us gazing disconsolately on rain coming down in a deluge and a sky which was the same changeless leaden grey from the horizon to mid-heaven. All day we waited, and all day it rained. Only at sunset was there a cessation of the downpour and a faint suggestion of pink sky for a moment ere the sun went down behind a bank of gray. The prospects were not good and the morrow would be Friday, but we displayed our hopeful intentions by sending off our boxes to the appointed meeting place and arranging by telephone to be there as early as possible ourselves in the morning.

Friday morning the sun rose bright and early in company with us, but contrary to our feelings, old Sol retired behind a cloud with no sign of coming back. It was a most unfavorable weather omen, but we were resigned to go. At nine o'clock we were ready to set forth, canoes loaded with perfect adjustment, and although deep in the water, trimmed to the very best advantage.

We were on the Portobello, that commonly considered insignificant little stream which is always so very useful in aiding hunters and canoeists to reach the big waters below. I had never seen the stream at this season, and it was a pleasure to note the old landmarks and to point out our favorite spots to the new members of the party. When we passed the mouth of the Mill Stream we were tempted, it was so lovely up there and we had enjoyed ourselves so thoroughly on its banks. But the Man and Brother Man kept their crafts headed down stream, we were going through the lakes, and having lost a day we must push on if we would be at Upper Jimsag, as we had promised to meet the Business Girl who could not join us before Saturday.

"The Fish House is the usual stopping place for dinner," explained the Man, "I dare say, though, we'll find some other spot that you'll like better, for it can't be particularly fragrant along Fish House beach now."

A strip of land thickly wooded appealed to us, but it was too early to stop.

"That's Oak Point, where the Indians always camp," we were informed. "I asked old Molly Sacohi once why they stopped there and she said, 'Injuns always have camped there, and Injuns always will camp

there.' Molly's husband died there when she was here alone with him, took an overdose of morphine pills for his weak heart, I guess. Poor old Molly, she felt very badly, but wasn't long behind him."

We came into an open country at last where the stream wound back and forth countless times through grass and rushes and lily pads, and where the sun, which had all at once come out with midsummer vigor, had us at its mercy.

"Who said it looked like rain?" murmured the Man satirically, changing his cap for a felt hat. "There's a moose," he observed calmly as he settled to work again, and pointed off to our right, across an expanse of rushes and pads. As would-be sports, the new member and I maintained our equilibrium and didn't upset the canoe in our excitement nor squeal to the Brother Man to get his camera quite loud enough to disturb the huge head and shoulders which were all we could see of the animal. Before we could get near enough for a picture, quietly and slowly, the ungainly creature turned and walked



SUNDAY REST AND QUIET

to the shore, then disappeared amongst the trees.

"I saw five when I was out here 24th of May," the Man informed us. "It's such a splendid feeding ground for them. They stay here until the frost comes. There are some baby ducks. Want some?"

The only gun in the party was a little repeating pistol, so I need not have felt any uneasiness on account of the ducks, nevertheless, I exclaimed indignantly, "I won't cook them," and the new member said calmly, "Of course we want them."

"Well, I guess it will take someone quicker than any of us to catch them. There's the Fish House off in the distance, but we have to strike a mighty crooked course before we get to it."

We discovered a splendid elm standing by itself on an elevated piece of ground to our right. That looked good to us all, so we landed, and each one



WASHROOM AT THE GAGETOWN CAMP

being presented with some article needed for the preparation of lunch as he or she left the canoes, we were soon enjoying soup, bread, cucumbers, tea and cakes, not to mention the comfortable shade and the opportunity of stretching our cramped limbs.

"We'll camp on French Island to-night," announced the Man, emptying the contents of the boiling kettle on the fire, "and as a shower might come up, I'd rather push on and get things in shape and then rest."

Brother Man had found an armchair between two exposed roots of our friendly old elm, and a magazine and pipe were very soothing just at that particular moment. "You don't know the meaning of the word rest," he grumbled as slowly and sorrowfully he ejected himself from his nook.

We looked back regretfully at the shade when we were once more out in the open winding stream, but half an hour's paddle brought us to the Fish House, which distracted our attention from the heat.

"I prefer our lunching place to this," called the Chaperon from the other canoe.

"A good many hundred dollars have been made out of that old place," the Man explained to us. "In high water the boats can leave the gasperaux on the upper floor where they are salted and left until ready to be shipped. Then they are emptied from the barrels down that sluice into scows and towed to St. John. There they are packed in kegs or small barrels and shipped to the West Indies, where they are ladled out and sold by the quart. They don't resemble fish any more than they do soup then."

We were getting into French Lake, and soon the expanse of water became much greater and islands appeared.

"That is French Island," said the Man, pointing to a densely wooded spot which appeared to us large enough to be the mainland.

French Island! The name had thrilled us so many times, standing as it did for the early days of our country, for French forts and Indian invasions, and for buried treasure. I had pictured it as a small sandy and grassy bit of land which one could cover carefully in part of a day. The idea of minutely searching over this stretch of forest and glade made me laugh at my own ignorance.

"It is generally believed that treasure has been found on the island," affirmed the Man, "and probably there is more of it still there, for the church silver was no doubt all buried on it, but to find it without a chart or key of some sort would be impossible. I spent most of a day once finding an old well in the centre of the island, and while looking for flint arrow heads on the beach another day, I found, instead of arrowheads, quantities of hairpins dropped by lady campers and treasure seekers. Don't run away with the idea that you'll pick up anything of value here, for I've seen forty tents stretched in a row on the lower end of the island. We'll go down there, I guess, and camp."

We got some idea of the size of the island while paddling down the lake. Open spaces at intervals and apple trees in these seemingly cultivated plots, gave clear evidence that the island had been inhabited. We passed the spot where the fort had stood, at a point commanding a view of Indian Island (so named from its inhabitants), and situated at the narrowest part of the lake so any flotilla which had come up from the big waters could be stopped and any crafts which were on the upper part of the lake, the Portobello, or Little River, which branched from French Lake almost opposite the point where the Portobello flowed into it, could be penned in. Then there was another fish house, and after that the foundation of an old house, and then a rocky beach fringed with bushes and sloping up above it a clear grassy plot set round on two sides with evergreens, and on the third open to the breeze which had sprung fresh and pure from the lake.

"Oh, there, there," we chorused, "let's camp on that lovely hill."

It was an ideal camping spot, and we longed to stay indefinitely. Even the mosquitoes which became somewhat troublesome after daybreak could not mar the charm which this spot had for us. We cooked our two meals on the beach and ate them there, sitting in convenient proximity

(Continued on page 39)

EXCHANGING SWEETHEARTS

What Happened When Patsy Tried to Make Norma Jealous

By PEARL C. FOLEY

"HELLO, Patsy! Don't you know it is five o'clock and that you are wasting the coolest and best part of the day in a hammock. You are almost as much a surprise as the news in my pocket."

"Oh, Tony, it's not finished, is it?" cried the girl excitedly, leaping from the hammock.

"Say, Pat, I'd like you to remember that the world isn't composed entirely of yachts. No, I learned this morning that the boat has to have two more coats of paint, as well as a hundred and one other things done to her. This is something entirely unexpected," and he held up a slip of yellow paper from which she read:

"Will be at Uncle's to-night to spend fortnight, Ray Princeton."

"Three cheers for Ray!" cried Patsy, clapping her hands gleefully. "Now for the fun, but oh dear," and her face lost some of its animation, "if only Norma would be reasonable and act nicely with him."

"He may have another girl by now," replied her companion carelessly.

"Tony, you are terribly skeptical. It would really serve you right to be disappointed in love."

"No fear of that," said Tony fondly and with a meaning glance.

"It's wise not to be too sure," said the girl coldly, turning to pluck a berry from the loaded bush tempting-ly within reach.

The boy took her by the hand and drawing her towards him looked searchingly into the brown eyes raised to his. Seeing the light of mischief there his own softened and they both laughed together, at which the threatening cloud sped away.

"It's an hour and a half before dinner, Patsy, so let's go for a ramble."

"All right," agreed the girl readily, and the two wended their way towards the lake at the foot of the garden.

The hot summer day was gently giving place to cooler evening and life seemed very beautiful to the boy and girl as they walked hand in hand through the old-fashioned garden down the grassy slope to the golden tinted water.

"Let's sit here and watch the sun go down," said Patsy, seating herself on a drifted log.

"Now Tony, you are to listen quietly to a little plan that has just formulated in my mind, regarding Ray and Norma. I am sure Norma likes him, but she is too self centred to know it, and there is no doubt about Ray's feelings for Norma, she is such a dear."

"Well, out with your plan, leave the raving to the last," said Tony, who was trying his skill at skipping stones on the water.

"Don't be so rude—I want to ask you a question, Tony—now answer it sensibly. Don't you think it our duty to be self-sacrificing when it helps to make two people happy?"

"Yes," hesitatingly, "but what are you driving at anyway? You have had so many of these conscience whims lately. I am in hourly terror that you will be wanting to sacrifice me next."

"That's just it. How well you read my mind. I want you to let me make love to Ray—or at least give him the opportunity of making it to me."

"What!" shouted Tony. "I thought I was past being startled by you. Is this some joke or are you trying to make me madly jealous?"

"No, I want to make Norma jealous. Now, don't frustrate my plans, because I need all the help you can give me. They say jealousy often creates love and if there is a spark of love (which I am sure there is in this case), it might fan it into a blaze."

"Oh, I see," said the boy drily, "so you want me to sit around watching another have all my good times."

"No, you are to look after Norma—of course," she added quickly, "you will not need to see her nearly so often as you do me—once in two weeks I think, will be quite sufficient."

"Not if I know it—I shall see her just as often as you do Ray. You see, dear," he explained, "the trust should not be all on one side."

"No, I suppose not," said Patsy doubtfully—"but," her face brightening, "don't you think it a splendid idea? It seems a perfect shame for two lives to be wasted for want of a little awakening."

"How about Ray, is he to be taken into our confidence?"

"Gracious no," looking at him scornfully, "why, that would spoil everything. We are not really positive that he cares for her."

"A nice chance you are giving him to cut me out."

The girl continued unheedingly, "A great deal will depend on you. You must ask Ray to be your substitute, pleading some business excuse each time. You'll do it, won't you Tony?"

Patsy's persuasive powers finally won Tony's glum assent, but he added, "Remember, Pat, I don't altogether like the idea."

"Never mind, old boy, you're a brick," and Patsy gave his arm a friendly pat.

As Tony looked into the clear brown eyes

some misgiving assailed him and he said abruptly.

"Do you know, Patsy, you are altogether too sisterly, and when I come to think of it, you have never let me kiss you once."

Patsy jumped to her feet, a mischievous smile playing around her lips. "How absent minded on your part, Tony; but I believe mother and father have returned, as I just heard the toot of the car. Good-bye till after supper," and before the boy could overtake her she had disappeared up the slope.

CHAPTER II.

"I WONDER if my plan is going to fail after all!"

It was two weeks later and Patsy was in the hammock again, a rather troubled expression on her face as she soliloquized. Norma so far had not evinced a bit of jealousy, but on the contrary, seemed to be enjoying Tony's society to the full. Supposing after all she did not care for Ray—and the strange part of it was he did not seem to mind her indifference in the least, but sought her, Patsy's, company now every chance he got. This last thought brought a rosy glow to her cheeks. "I am glad I told Tony I couldn't marry him, and it was such a relief that he took it so reasonably. Naturally he would avoid her for awhile, but time was a wonderful doctor and a few months would work the cure."

At that moment a merry whistle sounded near by and Patsy started to her feet guiltily, but immediately reseated herself in the hammock and was unconcernedly nibbling a chocolate and trying to read a book upside down when a tall fair youth came into view.

"I thought I would find you here," he said, throwing himself on a bench opposite the hammock. You see I have become pretty well versed in your daily habits."

"You learnt the lesson quickly, didn't you," said Patsy. "Have a chocolate, they are delicious. I must compliment you on your judgment of sweet goods."

"I think my last choice permits me to merit your compliment," and the tone made Patsy rather uneasy. "Do you know Patsy, it generally takes me two years to know a girl, but somehow it has been different with you. Do you believe in affinities?" he asked abruptly.

"Why—er—really, I haven't thought about it—but don't you think we had better move, the sun is getting around here and it is becoming unbearably hot," and indeed her flushed cheeks were sufficient proof.

"I'll soon fix that," and Ray, for he it was, promptly raised the white parasol he spied and seated himself in the hammock to shelter his fair companion.

"I don't like to be personal, Patsy," he began in some embarrassment, but I have been wondering lately what came between you and Tony. I understood you were engaged."

"Tony and I have decided to remain very great friends."

"But you are a greater friend of mine, aren't you?" and he raised her blushing face until—and she permitted it.

Five minutes later after a certain explanation had been made, for Patsy was too conscientious to let the shadow of deceit enter this wonderful chapter of her life, they both decided it would be better for Patsy herself to break the news to Tony.

So absorbed were they in their new-found happiness

they did not hear the rustling of branches behind them, but if they had turned they would have seen two pairs of eyes peering at them from the shrubbery.

"By George! if she isn't letting him kiss her, and she never let me have one."

"Did you speak, Tony?" inquired his companion. "The deceit of some people," he murmured unheedingly. "She might have told me about it," then recollecting that his words might sound rather strange to the girl beside him he explained, "You see, Norma, we are just like brother and sister."

"Yes, that's what Patsy told me, she said you had always seemed a brother to her."

"The little wretch!" he said beneath his breath.

"Why, Tony, you look positively angry. I do believe you are jealous."

"Jealous, I should say not," replied the boy loftily. "Only you could make me that—and when I come to think of it, Norma, I guess it would be better for me to break the news of our engagement to Patsy myself, you see"—

"Just as you say, Tony," she interrupted, "only the quicker we tiptoe out of here the better, for we are almost eavesdropping."

Stencils and the Japanese

TO most minds stenciling means dabbing color through holes in a piece of paper or metal backed up by a piece of cloth, the result being a household decoration, says Herbert S. Stone. The patterns or stencils are usually bought by the dozen or more in a dollar box, and not even the most enthusiastic woman who had stenciled everything in her home would think of treasuring one of these pierced patterns as a work of art. With a good Japanese stencil, however, it would be different. That is a work of art, though the Japs themselves, regarding it merely as a tool—a means to an end—could not understand those first Europeans who raved over its marvelous beauty of design and skillful cutting out, and who wished to buy it as a picture. Stencil-makers were as astonished at being asked to sell their patterns as an etcher would be if asked to sell his copper plates to some one who intended hanging them on the wall instead of obtaining prints from them. But now the Japs have grown all too sophisticated, and make stencils for European trade that would be rejected by their own cloth manufacturers for poor design and careless cutting. They come over with shipments of cheap fans and lacquer trays, and a connoisseur knows at once that they are new, unused, and of feeble design. To tell the non-connoisseur how to pick out a good stencil is no easy matter; we can only point out that everything shown him by a dealer is not necessarily good. Besides beauty and rhythm of the pattern, there must be a precision and delicacy of execution which only the best modern Japanese stencil makers are capable of; therefore, get an old and worn stencil if possible.

The way these beautiful perforated pictures are made astonishes us, so clumsy by comparison are our own fingers. Some fourteen sheets of thin paper made waterproof by dipping in a varnish made from the persimmon, are laid above each other in a frame fitted to their edges. On top is the drawing. Through all these sheets at once, and pushing his little blade from him so that the cut will have a clean edge, the Jap ploughs with un-failing accuracy. The cutting out finished, half the sheets are brushed over with sticky rice paste, and then, with wonderful rapidity, human hairs or extremely fine silk strands are laid across in a network from edge to edge. One of the dry sheets is pressed against this to imprison the filaments, and so exact is the cutting out and placing together of the edges that even a microscope cannot detect that two pieces of paper went to the making of the stencil. Sometimes the widely separated parts of a pattern, instead of being joined in this manner by hairs, are joined by hair-thin strips of paper cut along with the pattern. In either case the lines are too fine to form any obstructions to the brush full of color, and the space appears on the stenciled cloth as a broad, flat tone. One can see that it is not the stenciling of crepe, silk, paper, etc., which requires magic fingers, but the making of the perforated pattern. The process was discovered by a dyer of Kioto in the late seventeenth century, and is still regarded merely as a saving of labor and trained ability. But we are glad to buy these labor-saving tricks, put a sheet of white or tinted paper behind to show up the design, and then frame them and hang them up as specimens of high artistic handicraft.



"He raised her blushing face until—and she permitted it."



The RED SEAL

By Maurice Gerard

"I understand you to say, sir, that you come from Somersetshire? It is a county of which his Most Gracious Majesty has heard over-much of late. Pray, may I ask in what part of that disloyal shire Sir Francis Harbin's seat is placed?"

Reginald resented the form in which the query was conveyed, and he replied, with obvious annoyance in his voice: "My father lives at Wintern Manor, not far from Watchet, near the shore of the Bristol Channel."

"Bring me my pocket-book, varlet," the judiciary roared to a man-servant on a hack with heavy bags on either side of the saddle. The man rode up and produced a black pocket-book with a heavy clasp. "Quodlibet," as he chose to style himself, ran his eye over several pages, while all sat their horses in silence. "Ah!" he cried. "God has given me the blessing of an excellent memory." He turned on Colonel Haggis and the others: "Don't forget that, my masters; Quodlibet never forgets a face he has once seen. Go away; I want to talk to this gentleman. If I meet you again I shall know you, and you will know me, I promise you. I'll give you cause to remember me, and little enough time to do it in. Go! go!" he vociferated, using every malediction which came to his tongue, until the ex-Roundhead had taken himself out of earshot. "Now that I have settled them I have further to ask you a few questions, Master Lieutenant. You say you live, or your father does, near Watchet. Is there not a certain lawyer in your district named Startin—Matthew Startin?"

Reginald really knew little of the people of the district in which the Manor was situated, but the lawyer was too notorious to be unfamiliar to anyone, and fresh in his memory was Katherine Allardyce's communication.

"Yes, sir; I hardly know him by sight, but have heard of him."

"So have I heard of him," chuckled the judiciary, with a harsh laugh. "And I want to hear more—I want to hear more. It strikes me that I shall stretch his neck before I have done with him, but I'll have him flogged first, s'help me. A flogging is excellent medicine for a traitor lawyer; then the hemp afterwards. Look you here, sir. I shall go to this Wintern of yours, and make my headquarters there while I look into the affairs of this precious district, where they do not know a good King when they have one. Write me a line on your tablet, and I will present it to your father by way of introduction. I can command in the King's name what I require, but with a gentleman who has bled for his late Majesty I prefer to ask hospitality at his hands. This for your private ear." He bent towards Reginald. "You can mention my name, sir, in confidence to your respected father. Say that my Lord Jeffreys comes to him on private inquisition from his Majesty."

To Reginald the name then meant little or nothing. Little he thought as he and Colbert rode away, after he had scribbled a few lines and handed them to the judiciary, that the name would come to mean more than any other in all England, ere a couple of months or so had passed, and that he was sending to the Manor a viper that was to bite the hand held out to it.

CHAPTER III.

THE "THREE CROWNS."

THE heavy coach rolled ominously.

"Lud!" cried a clear, feminine voice. "What is going to happen?"

The query was instantly answered. Amid a volley of expletives from a throaty male bass, and a frightened scream from a thin treble, a wheel flew into the ditch, and the big vehicle sank down on one side.

Reginald Harbin, attended by Colbert, had just ridden up. Reginald was off his saddle in an instant, and, leaving his man, who had also dismounted, to hold both their horses, ran to the leaders' heads. The almost slim appearance of the lieutenant hardly suggested the great strength which went with it. In a minute or two, partly by sheer force, partly by that knowledge of horsecraft which comes of love for the animals, Harbin had managed to quiet the leaders, and with the assistance of the servants to bring the whole team into sufficient subjection, so that the occupants of the coach might be extricated from their unpleasant if not now perilous predicament.

His plumed hat in hand, Harbin first assisted the lady to alight. The task was performed with some difficulty as the door had jammed in the fall, and had to be practically torn from its hinges. It was nine o'clock of the night, and the sun just at the setting. Shot athwart the somewhat dreary common land of Epsom, the departing rays lighted up the figure of the girl, who, though dressed in the height of fashion becoming to a more mature age, was evidently still in her teens. She blushed as Reginald assisted her with his hand. A male heart, even when completely filled with the memory of one object, cannot fail to be sensible of beauty in another. This girl was very beautiful, although her type was not that of an English maid. She had sparkling black eyes, surmounted by arched

brows, a small nose slightly and piquantly tipped, rounded Cupid bows for lips, and a complexion like very fine wax.

"I hope, sir, you are not a gentleman of the road to add to our present misfortunes," she inquired. Her English was excellent, but nevertheless suggested that it was an acquired language. The slight accent did not detract from the charm of the speaker, but rather heightened it.

"I am a lieutenant of the King's army, and the son of a country gentleman of Somerset," Reginald replied.

The suggestion that a well-dressed and courteous gentleman might as likely as not be a highwayman was by no means an improbable one in the days of the later Stuarts. Neither was it the ill compliment which it savors to modern ideas. For some of the best blood of the land supplied the material from which the "gentlemen of the road," as they were euphemistically termed, were fashioned.

"I apologise, sir, for the insinuation; my papa, whom I see endeavoring to follow me from the coach, has had his pistols ready at every turn of the road, and even to my imperfect knowledge Epsom Downs have a sound of ill omen. Do you not think, sir, you might render the same assistance to my father that you have accorded to me? Although not of an impatient nature, he may think our conversation unduly prolonged under the circumstances."

The young lady spoke with just a little suspicion of sarcasm in her voice. It was Reginald's turn to blush now. For having assisted her to alight, he had forgotten to release her hand, being bewildered by the beauty in the sun-setting, and perhaps taken aback by her inquiry as to whether he were a highwayman. Without more ado than an apology under his breath, the lieutenant ran to the assistance of the young lady's father, whose movement was impeded by a pistol which he held in his right hand, and by the sword scabbard which, jerking out, had got wedged in the broken hinge of the coach door.

"If you have come to rob us you will have to settle with me first, sir," the gentleman bellowed in French.

Reginald replied in the same tongue, although his mastery of it was imperfect. He reassured the owner of the coach as to his honorable intentions, and then helped to extricate him from the debris. The two footmen, who had been flung into the ditch from the dicky behind, now came up. They had sustained nothing worse than a fright and a severe shaking.

The gentleman now spoke in English, of which he was a very fair master. "This confounded accident will prevent us pursuing our journey to London tonight. It is most unfortunate, as his Majesty has commanded me, and I was to appear before him as speedily as possible. Let me introduce myself, sir. I am Count Lewis Duras, nephew of Field-Marshal Turenne, styled in England, by the signal favor of his Majesty, Earl of Feversham." The stranger spoke in pompous tones. Reginald, casting a glance at the lady, thought that a half smile lurked about the beautiful mouth.

He bowed, and made his own introduction to the sire, as he had before done to the daughter.

"I am Lieutenant Reginald Harbin, late of the King's Horse in his dependency of Tangier, son of Colonel Sir Francis Harbin, of Wintern Manor, in the County of Somerset."

"I am glad to hear, sir, that you have been so well employed, and come of so good a stock. It is possible that this meeting may be to your advantage if you are seeking further service, or a rise in the honorable profession of arms which you have selected for yourself."

"It is with that purpose that I am on my way to London," Reginald replied. "I hope to enlist the support of my Lord Churchill, my commanding officer in Tangier."

"Accompany our party to London, young sir, and I think I can promise you a support quite as likely to be efficacious as that of my Lord Churchill or anyone else short of the blood royal."

Reginald was not too enamoured of this pompous gentleman, who, he thought, promised over much on so short an acquaintance. Again he looked at the lady, and her eyes seconded the invitation.

"We shall be glad of your escort, sir, and, as my father says, he has influence with his Majesty."

The girl had suggested a double motive. The young man, with his stout servant, who had already rendered assistance at a critical moment, might be of further service while they traversed a district which had an unpleasant reputation for lawlessness. Lieutenant Harbin, reflecting that it would probably only delay his arrival in the Metropolis by a few hours, assented although he expected nothing from the patronage offered, in which after events proved that he was mistaken.

"I am honored," he said, "by your lordship's invitation, and shall do myself the pleasure of accepting it."

Earl Feversham put away his pistol, and in exchange brought out from his vest pocket a gold snuff-box bearing the Royal arms. "A present from his gracious Majesty," he said, tapping the box, and after in vain

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Katherine Allardyce refuses to think of her cousin, Reginald Barton, Lieutenant of the King's Dragoons, in any other light than that of a brother. She, however, promises to remember him when leaving for London to enlist in a regiment fighting to establish King James II. on the throne of England. While on the way to London he meets with a party of horsemen at the entrance of a forge where pikes are being made. In the midst of an argument with Colonel Haggis, a pompous person with a troop of dragoons rides up and questions Reginald as to his business and intentions for the future.

"I CAN answer so far for this gentleman, my lord," he said, bowing to the judiciary. "I have known him for some years. He is Lieutenant Harbin, late of the King's forces in the dependency of Tangier, son of Colonel Sir Francis Harbin, of Wintern Manor, who distinguished himself under his Majesty's late lamented father." The officer said a few words to the gentleman in the laced coat, of which the only words the lieutenant caught were "Colonel Churchill." Here was another amusing coincidence with his previous inquisition. Churchill had established for himself a position which rendered him of the very greatest importance to both parties. Neither quite trusted him, so both coquetted for his favors. Had either his powers been inferior or his probity greater, by an irony of fact, his importance would have been less.

The judiciary, armed with this information, public and private, spoke in a very different tone, less hectoring and more conciliatory.

"You have only to assure me of your errand, Lieutenant Harbin, to permit me to wish you a pleasant journey."

"I was on my way to offer myself to the King's service, after a brief visit I have been paying to my father at Wintern."

"That is a worthy errand, sir, which will, I am sure, meet with success. Then you know nothing of these men?" indicating Colonel Haggis and his following, who were within earshot.

"I have never seen any one of them before," Lieutenant Harbin replied in clear tones, which were audible to all who were of Haggis's company.

"That will suffice as to you, sir." The judiciary turned on the ex-Roundhead. "You are a horse of a very different color; you look to me very much like one of those accursed scurries—faugh! your very appearance savors of the usurper Oliver a league off."

"You do not deny it, sirrah?"

"I neither deny nor affirm, my lord; the past is gone by, and the King's amnesty covers all."

Lieutenant Harbin cast an amused glance over the malcontents of the colonel's party; not one of them now displayed the parti-colored ribbons which were so much in evidence half an hour before. These men might be misguided, but they had their modicum of caution. Was this the same material out of which Cromwell had weaved his "Invincibles"? Again the lieutenant doubted.

"Well, we shall have our eye on you," the judiciary remarked, with an ominous snap of the jaw, which somehow unpleasantly suggested a wild beast. "And if you are caught red-handed short will be your shrift, and long the rope destined for your necks, my masters."

The lieutenant had shaken hands with Colonel Kirke, commanding the King's troopers. He had known him, as the latter had said, at Tangier, and although the colonel was not to his liking, he respected him as a good and bold soldier. Reginald was about to ride away with his servant when the judiciary addressed a question which, apparently insignificant, proved to be one of those hinges on which great doors turn, out of which was to come great disquiet and anxiety.

offering a portion of its contents to his new acquaintance, he proceeded to take a copious supply himself, winding up by brushing off some superfluous powder from his embroidered coat with a laced and scented handkerchief.

"Let me present you to my daughter, the Lady Aline."

Reginald bowed profoundly, and the young lady made a curtsey which would have graced a court.

"We cannot stay here all night, papa," Lady Aline suggested. "Neither can we proceed until the coach is mended. I think we had best return to that poor inn at which we changed horses, and which seems the only place of entertainment for some miles."

"I passed it a quarter of an hour ago," Reginald remarked. "It did not look to me a suitable place for persons of quality."

"The cooking is better than the outside of the house suggests to be likely, and the wine, if it has not paid duty, at any rate is of the best quality; I have had none better at Bordeaux itself."

As the Earl spoke this encomium Reginald noticed for the first time that the good gentleman had clearly been dining not long previously, and had obviously not spared the bottle during the progress of the meal. This fact made him the less inclined to leave the Lady Aline, whose youth and beauty appealed to his sympathy and judgment; if not to his heart, protected only by her father and the servants.

Lord Feversham gave some directions to the postillions to the effect that they should ride off and find a local smith or carpenter capable of patching up the coach, at any rate until it could be effectually repaired in London. Reginald left this man Colbert to help. He himself walked back towards the "Three Crowns" with Lady Aline and the Earl. The latter was glad of the support of the younger man's arm, for the combined effect of the wine he had consumed and the subsequent shaking had rendered his gait anything but steady.

Although it was early in the month of June, the night was coming in cold. The Lady Aline shivered more than once. At length Reginald ventured to offer the use of his horseman's cape, which the girl graciously accepted, shooting him a glance of gratitude as he placed it on her shoulders.

"I thank you, sir," she said, "and trust that you may not go cold that I may go warm."

"Do not fear that, pray," he replied. "A soldier is used to sleeping in the open air in all climates; and, indeed, what you have taken from me was quite unnecessary when walking."

"I think, sir," she said, "we shall become very good friends." Again she shot him a glance; to escape from its effects he had to remember Katherine Allardyce and the white rose, which, though now shivered, he still carried under his surcoat.

"You honor me, and at the same time offer me a reward which is beyond my deserts," he deprecated modestly.

Lord Feversham did not seem to be taking much notice of their converse, but was strutting along upon the uneven road in such an uncertain fashion that it taxed Lieutenant Harbin's resources to keep him on his feet.

"My father is somewhat tired," Lady Aline apologized. "We have had rather a fatiguing day."

Reginald merely bowed, not knowing what other answer he could make.

At length they reached the "Three Crowns," which had a signboard with an ominous crack in it, not, however, perceptible at that time of night, as the light had waned. The landlord came down the steps of the inn, almost as if he were expecting them. A certain suspicion came into Reginald's mind, accustomed to living in a foreign country where treachery ever lurked, and the man who was not on the alert was like to live but a short time.

"Your lordship and my lady have been pleased to return," Host Dicey suggested, bowing obsequiously.

He was a tall, gaunt man, with high cheek bones and a slight cast in one eye. As he spoke his glance rested inquiringly on the lieutenant's well-knit, muscular frame. His expression hardly conveyed the satisfaction which a landlord might be expected to assume on welcoming an additional guest. Reginald's eye, already rendered suspicious, did not fail to note Dicey's lowering look.

"No; I am not pleased to return, Master Landlord," Lord Feversham bellowed. "The coach has broken down, and my lady and I were like to have been killed. So we are compelled to bed here instead of being half-way to London by this time. Get me a posset, man, and be quick about it. See that the beds are well aired, or it will be the worse for you." Lord Feversham interlarded these remarks with some extraneous expressions regarding the landlord, his own remarks, and the coach, which need not be set down here.

"I, too, shall want sleeping accommodation," Reginald put in, "for myself and my servant."

Host Dicey was profuse in his regrets. "Really, sir, you have only to look at this house to see that it will be stretched to its furthest extent to provide for his lordship, my lady, and their company. It is quite impossible, begging your humble pardon, sir; only two miles further, on the other side of the Downs, is the 'Black Swan,' a very comfortable house, where they have ample accommodation, and travelers speak warmly of the cooking. My own poor tavern"—Dicey waved his hand deprecatingly—"does not pretend to be a house of the first importance."

"Nevertheless, I am not going to-night. My Lord Feversham has asked me to bear him company."

The landlord was about to make further protest, but Reginald stopped him with an emphatic gesture.

"The matter is settled; my man and I are old soldiers, and if you cannot find a sleeping place for us we can do it for ourselves without disturbing either you or your good wife."

Mrs. Dicey had come into the passage by the side of the landlord. Lord Feversham stumbled into the sanded parlor, where he had supped an hour earlier. Lady Aline looked at Reginald before she followed her father. If he interpreted the glance aright, it said: "Mind you carry your point; I want you to stay." It did not require this silent message to determine the lieutenant, for his mind was made up already, and the very opposition of Host Dicey only strengthened both his suspicion and his resolution.

Mrs. Dicey was whispering some suggestion to her husband, to which apparently he assented with some reluctance.

"My wife says she could put a couple of mattresses and some blankets in a barn we have for storing grain; it is not very air-tight, and but poor accommodation to offer to a gentleman of your honor's standing, but it is the best we can provide, seeing that the house is so small."

"I will look at it," Reginald replied curtly. "And if it does not serve, my man and I can sleep on these same mattresses in the kitchen."

"Beggings your pardon, sir," said Mrs. Dicey; "but that is quite impossible, for we have three men who are to sleep there already, and his lordship and my lady, with my lord's gentleman and my lady's madam, have the principal bedrooms, and the other servants will be in the attics."

"These men seem to have arranged their place of sleeping with much expedition, and to have conveyed it with remarkable celerity which I fail to understand, seeing that five minutes ago neither you nor they knew that the occasion would arise."

"My wife heard the cries, and, guessing what had happened, arranged at once with the men if need be; that was why she did not come forward at the first."

"I compliment madam on the facility of her intelligence," Reginald remarked with a bow. His ironical tone was not lost upon the landlord and his wife, but no reply came ready to hand, so there was a sullen silence for a minute or two. It was broken by the door of the parlor being opened and Lord Feversham roaring for the posset he had ordered. Reginald walked into the room. Lord Feversham, after calling out, had once more subsided on to a seat by the wall, half bench, half settee. He was nearly asleep, and seemed barely conscious of the younger man's entry.

The parlor was only lighted by one oil lamp in the middle of the room, over the round oak table, and by branched candelabra of metal at either end of the mantelpiece. Over the latter was an oblong gilded mirror before which Lady Aline was standing. She had her back to the door and the room, and seemed to be lost in meditation. Wearing the low dress of the period, having cast off both her own outer wrap and the cape the lieutenant had placed on her shoulders, the young girl showed the stately and beautiful column of her white neck, from which the hair was caught up and fastened with a diamond spray on the top of her head. The gleam of this diamond ornament, in the clearer light cast by the candles at that side of the apartment, caught Reginald's eye at once. Then he saw that round her neck she wore a necklace of similar stones, which must also be of very great value. The lieutenant could not help stopping for a minute to take in the view of the lovely face in the mirror, but his thoughts were more immediately concerned with the precious stones Lady Aline was wearing, with a young girl's lack of sensibility to danger.

Reginald moved forward, and as his step sounded on the floor Lady Aline turned. Her eyes had lost their dreamy look of abstract contemplation, and were now full of her usual vivacity.

"I hope you have settled your affair satisfactorily; I am afraid that joining yourself to our party is like to give you some inconvenience—to-night, at any rate."

"Inconvenience is a thing of which I think nothing; I am only too thankful for this meeting, and that your father gave me the invitation. To tell the truth, Lady Aline, I think you may ere long need a man with a clear head and a capable arm."

"I am not afraid now," she said, "since I am under shelter of a roof, albeit if not of the best, or indeed, suited to our quality, but I must confess that on that dreary common"—she gave an effective little shudder—"I was more than a little frightened, which fact so affected my poor judgment that I even took an officer of the King for a highwayman." She laughed merrily, but Reginald was quite grave.

"I do not think your safety is any the more assured here than it was in the coach or on the Downs; the landlords on this road out of London have not the best of reputations as regards the treatment of hapless travelers, and I have been informed that since these unhappy dissensions have separated the leaders of the State, and paralysed the executive, things have gone rapidly from bad to worse. Your father, and even you yourself, my lady, cannot be unaware of these circumstances. I wonder his lordship permits and you yourself take the risk of wearing those jewels, which must be of great price, in your hair and on your neck."

Lady Aline rested her hand affectionately on the necklace of diamonds she was wearing. "Lud!" she cried. "I should not like to have this stolen from me; I love it with all my heart. It belonged to my mother. She gave it to me on her death-bed, placing it on my neck with her own weak hands." Lady Aline's eyes suffused with tears. "I have worn it ever since by day, and it always rests in a narrow box under my pillow at night."

Reginald shook his head gravely, but his eyes were full of sympathy with the pathos of the young girl's tone when she spoke of her mother. He glanced at Lord Feversham as he half sat, half reclined on the

settee. Certainly he did not seem an efficient guardian for his motherless daughter.

At this moment Host Dicey entered with his lordship's posset, and after handing it to Lord Feversham he came forward to see if the lieutenant intended to give any orders. As the landlord asked the question, "Will your honor be pleased to take anything?" Reginald noticed that he cast a greedy eye on the jewels about which the lieutenant and Lady Aline had but just been speaking.

The lieutenant curtly declined any refreshment. He had supped at another wayside inn an hour earlier.

Lady Aline intimated that she would like her woman summoned, as she intended going to her sleeping apartment. The maid had arrived with Lord Feversham's man a few minutes after the Earl and his companions had reached the "Three Crowns." Just as Lady Aline spoke there was the sound of horse's feet, which doubtless indicated that the other servants had come back. Lord Feversham roused himself at the sound, and got up from the settee. He wished to go out and ascertain what had been done about the coach, but the strong egg-and-wine posset had finished what the dinner partaken of earlier had begun, and movement without assistance had become an impossibility.

"Can I go out and inquire for you, my lord?" Reginald inquired.

"I thank you, sir; you will be doing a service. I've had a tiring day, sir—a very tiring day, and will betake myself to bed. Tell those varlets that the coach must be ready without fail by nine o'clock of the morning, to-morrow, or it will be the worse for some of them."

"I will do your bidding, my lord."

The Earl tottered out of the parlor. Lady Aline and Reginald were left alone in it. The latter went forward to the girl's side, eager to take advantage of the chance of speaking while they were by themselves.

"I should like to have an opportunity of seeing how your apartments are situated in the house, without seeming to do so," the lieutenant said.

Lady Aline raised her eyebrows inquiringly. "You still have your suspicions, sir?"

"They have strengthened considerably rather than the reverse. I am certain that rascal landlord has an eye upon your jewels, and I feel sure the coach accident was arranged in some way before your equipage left the inn yard."

"What do you propose to do?" Lady Aline inquired. She was taking it all quite coolly. The lieutenant admired her calm courage very much.

"I hardly know yet, but at any rate I should like to find out which is your room, and whether there is any fastening on your door, and, if so, what."

"I have a pistol with two barrels in my possession, and I have learnt to use it at a shooting gallery in Paris."

Reginald smiled. "It may be of service at a pinch, but a human target is a very different affair from a metal disc."

"I do not think my hand would fail me," Lady Aline replied. "I have thought of a way by which you can see the arrangements of my father's and my sleeping apartments. It is very simple," she suggested with a laugh. "You will offer me your arm to take me upstairs. In France the civility is common enough. In England—" She stopped, with a captivating little embarrassment.

"In England we are more or less uncivilized," Reginald assented, filling in the blanks. They both laughed. Decidedly the ice of first acquaintance in their case had thawed very rapidly.

Host Dicey in a minute or two ushered in the French maid, a vivacious girl only a year or two older than her young mistress. She took up Lady Aline's wrap and at the same time took stock of Reginald, whom she had seen on the Downs, but now viewed with more interest. She saw that the lieutenant and Lady Aline had advanced in intimacy since that first meeting, an hour or two before. With the quick appreciation of her sex and nationality, she decided that the two young people were eminently suited to one another.

"This gentleman will kindly give me his arm upstairs," Lady Aline said to the landlord, who stood obsequiously holding the door open. For a moment Dicey seemed inclined to offer some objection, but, thinking better of it, held his tongue. Nevertheless his annoyance clearly appeared on his face as he ushered them into the hall, and lighted two candles, one for the mistress, which Reginald carried, the other for the maid, Antoinette.

The "Three Crowns" was built more for the accommodation of passing travelers who came for bite and sup, to change horses and make their way further on, than as a resting place for the night. The lower rooms were spacious and fairly lofty, but the staircase from the ground to the first floor was narrow and crooked. The bedrooms were small and ill-furnished, while the only way to the attics was by means of a ladder. A solitary oil lamp, with dirty glass case and blackened chimney, was the only illumination of the staircase and upper landing. With the aid of the flickering candles it showed the miserable accommodation offered.

"This is not a fitting place for you, Lady Aline," Reginald said as he threw open the second door on the right, which had been indicated by the host as the sleeping room of the girl and her maid. The latter had a mattress placed for her in one corner. A worm-eaten four-post bedstead in the centre of the apartment was intended for Lady Aline. The Earl evidently occupied the next room, as his snores already woke the echoes, while Adolphe's footsteps could be heard creaking on the bare boards, as he bustled up and down, putting his master's things in something like order.

The chamber assigned to Lady Aline had only one door and one window. The latter had a heavy frozy curtain drawn in front of it. Reginald at once stepped across the room, after asking Lady Aline's permission to do so, and examined it. He had placed the candle

(Continued on page 35)

THE THIRD MAN

By Silas K. Hocking



SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

Geoffrey Lincoln and Bart Gordon, seniors at Oxford, toss a coin to decide which shall propose first to Eve Marsden, hoping to prevent her accepting David Wiggs, a rich upstart. The lot falls on Geoff, who is accepted, much to his surprise. He admires, but does not love Eve. Geoff had taken Eve to the station after her visit to his people, when he meets David Wiggs. Bart Gordon, having promised Geoffrey Lincoln to look after Eve during his absence, calls on her and finds he cares more for Eve than he should. Eve goes motoring with David Wiggs, who purposely takes the wrong turn and puts his motor out of order. Bart finds out late in the evening where Eve has gone and starts out on his wheel to find her.

"SO I suggested to Miss Marsden that she should sit still and I would go in search of a farmhouse and try to borrow a horse and trap to take us home. I don't know how far I went, but it must have been a good many miles; but there wasn't a house to be seen anywhere.

"When I got back the car was empty. She had evidently gone in search also, in the other direction. So I followed, hoping I should overtake her. I got back into the main road, but without getting a glimpse of her. I thought she must have found some one to bring her home."

"But didn't you call to her?"

"I shouted till I was hoarse, but the wind was roaring so in the hedges and trees that I don't expect she heard me."

The old man looked at David for a moment or two without speaking.

"I don't understand why Eve ran away from you," he said at length. "How could she hope to find her way alone? Besides, the darkness terrifies her."

"I don't think she ran away from me," David said mildly. "You see, we had got into a nasty hole, and she was anxious to do her part towards finding a way out."

"But what could she do? She had very thin shoes, if I remember aright. Why, the child will be dead of terror by this time." And he started out of his chair, went to the door again, and peered out into the darkness.

David followed him, and stood by his side. "I don't think she will come to any harm," he said consolingly. "She did not seem a bit terrified when I left her in the car."

"But that's hours ago."

"She may have reached some cottage or farmhouse, and if so, why, she may stay all night."

"No, no. She won't do that, not if she has to walk on bare feet. She'll know how distressed I shall be. You did not meet Bart Gordon, of course?"

"No. Why should I meet him?"

"He's gone off to look for you—at least, for Eve. He stayed here with me for the best part of an hour, and then bolted home for his bicycle."

David's lips curled scornfully. "He might as well look for a needle in a haystack on such a night as this," he said.

"No doubt; but he's prepared to do his best."

They stood for several minutes at the open door, then turned back again into the house.

"I don't want to blame you unfairly," the old man said, after a long silence, "but—but—if evil befalls my child—"

Meanwhile, Bart Gordon had been pushing his way farther and farther into the country, stopping every now and then to make inquiries. David's car had been seen by several people, but he could get no tidings of its return from anyone he met. After a couple of hours of steady pedalling, he pulled up at the junction of two roads, and got off his machine. It was intensely dark, and there was not a glimmer of light to be seen over all the country-side.

He had some knowledge of the neighborhood. Some distance away to the left was a large wood. He remembered bicycling past it in the early summer, and was struck then by its remoteness from any human habitation.

All the way from Oxford a suspicion had been steadily growing in his mind, until now it amounted almost to a conviction. If David could make Geoff doubtful, or jealous, or suspicious, he would do it, and do it at any cost. He would not hesitate to compromise Eve in carrying out his scheme; indeed, to do that would seem to his dull brain the surest way of gaining his end.

This afternoon his opportunity had come. To pretend that his car had broken down would be the easiest thing in the world, and he would seek the most remote and lonely place he knew for the accident.

Bart mounted his bike again and rode on slowly. He had left the main road behind him, and the road in front of him was rutty and badly kept; it ran between

high banks of earth, as though it had been cut through a low hill. The light from his acetylene lamp pierced only a few feet of the black wall in front of him. Suddenly he sprang from his bicycle with an exclamation; his lamp had revealed a crouching figure by the roadside. He stood still for a moment and turned the lamp full on, and the same instant his heart gave a great bound.

"Eve!" he cried.

She rose slowly to her feet and shaded her eyes with her hand.

"Who are you?" she asked, "and what do you want?"

"I am Bart Gordon," he answered; "surely you know me?"

"Bart Gordon?" and she stumbled towards him with outstretched hands.

"Oh, you will save me, won't you?" she cried. "Something has happened—I can't quite recollect what. I seem to have got lost. Where am I?"

"You will be all right again directly, I hope," I he said soothingly. "Don't worry about anything, wonder if you could sit on my bicycle, while I wheel it?"

She shook her head as if not quite comprehending.

"Try," he said cheerfully. "Let me lift you. Let your feet hang down on that side—they will be quite out of the way of the pedal. Now put your arm around my neck; you don't mind, do you? There!" And they began to move slowly away.

For awhile neither of them spoke. She leaned heavily toward him, and he had some little difficulty in keeping his machine in an upright position.

"Are you taking me home, Bart?"

His heart thrilled in a moment. It was almost the first time she had called him by his Christian name.

"Yes; at least, I am doing my best."

"You came out on purpose to look for me?"

"Yes."

"I am beginning to understand now. I had a nasty tumble, and rolled down and down; and then—I don't remember anything after that."

"But before you had the tumble?" he questioned. He wanted to know the worst, and yet he almost dreaded to hear it.

"You have never liked David Wiggs. You were right. He ought not to be trusted. Oh, I believe he took the wrong turn on purpose. He meant to get lost—"

"Yes? Go on," he said, after a long pause.

"He professed to be very sorry when the car stopped, but he wasn't sorry a bit; I could hear it in the tones of his voice. He did not want to go in search

of help, but I insisted; and directly he was gone I crept out of the car and ran. Then I climbed over a gate into a wood. Oh, I was never thankful for the darkness before."

"And have you any idea where he is?"

"Perhaps he is running still," and she laughed a little hysterically.

"Running?"

"While I hid in the wood I heard him running down the road as fast as he could. I expect he thought he would overtake me."

"The scoundrel!" Bart muttered under his breath.

"I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he isn't talking to father by this time," she went on, after an interval of silence. "He'll be anxious to tell his story first. He isn't wise, but he has a good deal of cunning."

Bart did not reply: Her nearness to him; the pressure of her hand upon his shoulder; a long strand of her hair which the wind fluttered in his face; her low, gentle voice, which spoke so close to his ear—all seemed to conspire to break down his resolution. She had plighted her troth to his friend, and he must stand aside and see her pass into his keeping.

Conversation ceased for a long space. How could he talk when the tones of his voice might betray him, when his nerves were thrilling in an ecstasy of mingled joy and regret, when his heart was beating in his throat? He wanted to stop and press her to his heart; wanted to pour out his overburdened soul in a torrent of passionate words; wanted to confess his disloyalty to his friend in his devotion to her. Yet Eve, holding tightly to his strong shoulders, knew nothing of this. He plodded along silently and steadily, apparently without emotion.

So they trudged on in silence through the darkness and the boisterous, baffling wind for a mile or more, and then came upon a cottage by the roadside.

Bart knocked at the door at once, which was opened almost instantly. He gave a little start when Eve came into the zone of light; there was blood upon her face and hands, mud was on her dress, her hat was crushed and battered out of all shape, one side of her coat was torn almost into strips.

"Goodness gracious! What is the matter?" the woman of the cottage asked, holding up both hands.

"Please don't be frightened," Eve laughed. "I'm really not so bad as I look. I got a nasty tumble—that is about all."

After a few minutes Bart left the two women together, and mounted his bicycle and rode off to Woodstock to get a conveyance. He was back again in a remarkably short space of time, considering the distance. Eve was looking a little more like herself but it was quite evident that she was suffering very severely from shock. Bart had almost to carry her to the cab, though she revived again wonderfully before they reached Oxford.

David Wiggs and the professor were standing at the open door when they drove up to the gate.

Eve clutched Bart's arm tightly. "You must tell him to go away."

"But how can I tell him?" he questioned.

"You must—you must!" she said excitedly, and she shook from head to foot.

"Had I not better—" he began; but before he could finish the sentence the professor was tugging at the cab door.

CHAPTER XII

BACK AGAIN

"IS IT really you, Eve?" the professor questioned brokenly, and the tears started in his eyes and ran down his cheeks.

"Yes, Daddy, it is I," and in another moment her arms were about his neck.

Then David rushed forward, and began to protest how sorry he was.

Eve raised her eyes for a moment and looked at him; then she spoke to her father quite loudly, "Send that man away, Daddy, and tell him never to come here again."

"You surely don't mean that, Miss Marsden?" David began. "I protest, on my word of honor—"

"Won't you tell him to go, Father?" Eve interrupted. "He must never insult us with his presence again."

"If I were you, Wiggs, I'd clear out of Oxford for good," Bart said sternly.

"Clear out, indeed! I should like to know what for?" he answered defiantly.

"You know well enough what for," Bart replied savagely. "Now, take my tip and go."

"I'll see you in perdition first," he sneered. "David Wiggs, leave us for to-night," the professor interposed. "You and I will have a word later."

"But really, Dr. Marsden—" he began. "No more words to-night, please. My daughter desires you to go—that should be enough."

For a moment he hesitated; then, muttering something under his breath he turned on his heel and walked away.

Eve walked slowly into the house, supported on one side by Bart and on the other by her father.

The morning but one following, Geoff Lincoln found two letters by the side of his plate when he came down to breakfast. The first was from Eve, the second from Bart. He read Eve's first, and his face flamed crimson as his eyes ran down the pages.

Eve told him the whole story of her adventure in her simple, straightforward way.

"The black-hearted villain!" he muttered to himself. "I'll wring his neck when I meet him."

Bart's letter was much briefer and in some respects more reticent. He made light of the part he had played, but he left no doubts as to his opinion of David.

Geoff did no work that day. He caught the earliest train to Oxford, and by noon was at Rose Villa. He was eager to see Eve, eager to talk to her face to face.

She had just got downstairs when he arrived, and was huddled up in a corner of the big couch in the drawing-room. There were dark rims under her eyes, which accentuated the pallor of her face, and when she reached her hands to him they shook in spite of herself.

He knelt on the floor by her side, and kissed her; then drew up a chair close to her couch, and took her hand in his. He felt in a protective mood. She belonged to him, and he was proud of his charge. Her beauty still appealed to him; her gentleness and grace helped to smother some of the doubts that had worried him for weeks past. He was never likely to meet with anyone who would appeal to him as Eve did.

"I am glad you have come, Geoff," she said, looking up at him with swimming eyes; "it is better than writing."

"I could not rest until I had seen you," he answered.

"You blame me, of course?" she questioned, a soft blush stealing over her pale face.

"No, dear, I do not," he replied promptly. "I blame your father."

"Father is very much upset. He hates being deceived in people, and there is no denying that he thought very highly of—"

"Don't mention his name, dear. Let us hope that we shall never look upon his ugly face again."

"You may meet him, for I believe he is still in Oxford."

"If I do meet him," he said savagely, "he will not very soon forget it."

They talked until lunch time, and then the professor bustled in, looking rather confused and ill at ease.

"It's all my fault," he said, before Geoff had time to speak; "all my fault. However, Eve is nearly all right again. She had a nasty tumble, and, I fancy, slight concussion. But—oh well, she is looking quite herself again to-day."

After lunch Geoff went off to look up Bart. He jumped up in surprise when Geoff's head appeared round the door.

"I am delighted to see you," he said, his honest face beaming, "awfully delighted."

"I came up, of course, on Eve's account—"

"That Wiggs is a villain, Geoff."

"Yes, I know it."

"I nearly wrung his neck the other night."

"I wish you had. If ever by any chance I meet him, he will not soon forget it."

"The mischief is, you can't punish him without making a talk."

Geoff looked thoughtful for a moment, then he said, "I'm awfully obliged to you, old man. It was an inspiration on your part, or a providence."

"Perhaps the latter. Theology is a frightfully interesting subject."

"You'll be a clergyman yet," Geoff laughed.

"I don't know. I'm beginning to like teaching. Besides, the Thirty-Nine Articles rather boggle me; they include too much and exclude too much. How goes the law?"

"About as usual. At present I am in the running for a private secretaryship—There happens to be living somewhere in one of the home counties a Mr. Kingsland, who is a wealthy shipowner—I believe, also, a Member of Parliament. I understand that he is an able man, not extraordinarily well educated, and is also politically ambitious. Well, he wants a private secretary."

"My name has been mentioned to him by some kind friend, and I understand he has done me the honor of looking up my record at the 'Varsity. The salary he is willing to pay is liberal, to say the least of it."

"Now I must get back to Rose Villa."

"You are returning to town to-night?"

"By the 9.40 train."

"Well, good luck to you."

"And to you."

So they parted. It was growing dusk when Geoff crossed the park. His thoughts were chiefly with his friend whom he had just left.

"Good old Bart," Geoff said to himself as he made his way along under the bare trees; "he deserves to succeed."

Suddenly, at a bend in the road, he came to face face with David Wiggs, and in a moment he felt transformed, his blood seemed to leap like fire in his veins; his hands clasped involuntarily; his eyes blazed with excitement.

David started, and would have passed without a word, but Geoff stepped in front of him. He felt an almost overpowering impulse to take him by the throat and crush the life out of him.

Geoff controlled his voice with difficulty. "I would like just a word with you, David Wiggs," he said, and his lips grew white with passion.

"Then please be quick about it, for I have an engagement, and am already late." He spoke in a tone of lofty indifference and unconcern.

"Your engagement can possibly stand over to some future occasion," Geoff answered, with a slight sneer; "my business with you is urgent."

"Indeed!"

"I came to-day in consequence of a letter I received this morning from Miss Marsden."

"How interesting."

"You think so? Possibly, before I have done with you, you will find it less interesting than you imagine."

"Is that all you have to say to me? For, if so, I will wish you good night."

"By no means. I have only begun. I have much to say and much to do."

"Really?"

The sneering tone made Geoff wince, but he controlled himself by a great effort.

"I have no desire," he said, with forced calmness, "to bandy words with a man of your type, but I intend to wipe out your insult to Miss Marsden."

David took another step back involuntarily. He was not deficient in physical strength, but he strongly objected at the moment to an encounter with a man who was half-mad with passion.

"If you are afraid of your coat being damaged,



"At that moment he was conscious of a new sensation or a new emotion."

I will give you time to take it off," Geoff went on, after a pause, "but if you imagine you are going to escape, you are mistaken."

CHAPTER XIII

AT CLOSE QUARTERS

DAVID looked round him for some way of escape. He saw that Lincoln was in a towering rage, and he did not like the look of anger that blazed in his eyes. He would have taken to his heels, but was afraid of looking ridiculous; to be laughed at as a coward would be the worst of all punishments.

"Look here," he said sulkily, "what do you want with me?"

"I want to thrash you, and, what is more, I intend to do it."

"Have you forgotten where we are, and that we are both supposed to be gentlemen?"

"No one ever hurled that accusation at you, David Wiggs. No one ever will. You are a cad and a villain, and you know it."

"You had better be careful what you say," David answered, with a defiant flourish of his cane.

"Careful?" And like a flash of lightning he dealt David a stinging blow on the face with the palm of his hand.

David staggered under the impact, and then struck at Geoff with his cane. In a moment, however, the latter had wrenched it out of his hand, and had struck him another blow across the face.

David sprang forward, almost blind with pain and rage, and tried to get in a blow below the belt,

but Geoff was too wary for him, and cut him across the shoulders with the cane.

"Give me back my cane!" David howled. "This is a coward's trick of yours."

"You were the first to use it," Geoff flung back at him; "now you shall get the benefit of it," and he brought it down on David's shoulders a second time.

"I don't call this fair fighting," the latter almost screamed.

"I did not intend it to be," was the reply. "I am simply thrashing a coward for his villainy," and down came the cane again.

David sprang forward and got his arms round Geoff's waist, and tried to throw him. But this only gave Geoff a better opportunity for the use of the cane. The blows fell as thick as rain. He loosed his grip at length, and staggered back; but Geoff was in no mood to let him escape.

Following him with a spring like a panther, he drove his left fist straight in David's face, which brought him suddenly to the ground.

"This is to teach you," he said, "that you can't kidnap and insult ladies with impunity."

"I did neither—believe me," David howled.

"You did both, you hound, and you know it," Geoff hissed. "You never intended to return to tea. You went on until it was dark of deliberate purpose; you took the wrong turn intentionally, got lost intentionally, and chose the loneliest place in the whole county to break down in. Oh, you villain! You meant— Yes, you know what you meant, and I know."

And down came the cane again on the writhing body.

Exhausted at length, Geoff flung the cane from him; then, giving the prostrate body a kick, he said, "You had better get up now and go home to your mother, and get her to bathe your bruises."

"I'll have the law on you for this," David moaned.

"You are welcome to do so," Geoff answered. "I shall be glad to appear before any judge or jury in the country."

David lay still a moment or two longer, then struggled slowly and painfully to his feet.

With a bitter scowl upon his face, he limped away. Geoff watched him till he had disappeared in the shrouding mist, then turned, and made his way toward Rose Villa.

Eve was waiting for him in the drawing-room, ready to pour out tea.

"Why, Geoff!" she exclaimed, "what is the matter with you?"

"Is anything the matter?" he questioned, with a wry smile.

"Well, look at yourself in the mirror. Have you had a fall?"

"I do look a bit tumbled, don't I?" he laughed, glancing at himself in the glass.

"Tumbled? Why, you look as if— But what is the matter with your hand?"

"I evidently need washing," he said with grim humor. "I'll be back again in a few moments."

He looked quite respectable again when he returned to the drawing-room.

"Now, will I do, little girl?" he questioned, smiling broadly, and he leaned over her chair and kissed her.

She glanced at the back of his hand, which had come into contact with David's front teeth; then she looked up into his face, which also showed a few traces of his recent encounter.

"You must have your tea first," she said, with a winning smile; "then you must tell me all about it."

"Where is your father?" he questioned.

"He had an early tea, and is gone out. We expected you back long since."

"I have been detained. I did not intend remaining away from you so long."

"I forgive you. How is your friend?"

"Very well, and not a bit changed. Some people would have had swelled head, but Gordon is as diffident as ever. He'll never have a very big opinion of himself."

"I believe we are commanded not to think of ourselves more highly than we ought to think, are we not?"

"Bart needs no exhortation of that kind," Geoff laughed. "He'd be all the better if he had a little more conceit."

"I'm not so sure," she answered, with an elusive smile; "he seems to me so refreshingly genuine and sincere."

For awhile silence fell between them, while Geoff slaked his thirst and demolished a plate of bread and butter.

"Now, dear, tell me about your adventures this afternoon," Eve said at length. "I feel sure they have been exciting."

Geoff laid down his cup and laughed. "You jump to conclusions too hastily," he answered, with a humorous twinkle of the eye.

"Oh no, the evidence is overwhelming. Women are not so blind or so illogical as you profess to believe. Have you seen David Wiggs?"

He sat up straight and laughed again. "Why do you ask that question?" he said.

"And why do you answer my question by asking another?"

"Well, little girl, I have met David Wiggs. Does that satisfy you?"

"No, Geoff. I want to know all about it. You are hot-tempered, I know. Did you quarrel—I mean, did you come to blows?"

"I spoke to him. He wanted to pass me, but I would not let him. It was something of a relief to me to tell him what I thought of him. Then I struck him—"

"First?"

(Continued on page 32)

JAMES JAMIESON'S LEAP-YEAR PROPOSAL

A Scotchman's Method of Popping the Question

By BESSIE DETWEILER

JAMES JAMIESON was Scotch from the top of his sandy hair to the soles of his neat little boots. But he could not be more completely Scotch than was Jeannie MacPherson. Even her sprinkling of freckles was a proof of her fine Scotch complexion which freckled easily because so very delicate.

Jamie had been in love with Jeannie for the last ten years, but had never declared his passion, although he knew, and so did she, and indeed the whole countryside, that he hesitated only because of his overwhelming shyness. They both worked for the same farmer, and saw a great deal of each other. James knew very well that Jean was almost as shy as he, but long ago he had imbibed the idea that she should be the first to speak, and from this firm conviction he had never swerved.

Other lads sought the hand of the bright-eyed Jeannie, with her thick reddish curls, but she was so rude and even cutting to them that they fled in dismay. One bolder young hopeful had spent an entire evening with her, and had left with her "Good-night" as the last two of the five words she had spoken to him the entire evening. That chilly "Good-night" had been the last of his drop of cold water on the flame for him.

Her mistress had gently reproved her for her rudeness, but had received the curt retort:

"Oh, ma'am, I canna abide him! He's sic a tawpie!" And with a toss of her ruddy locks, Jean had renewed her scrubbing with great energy.

James had welcomed leap-year twice with high hopes. Surely she would make use of her opportunity. If she did not—but that was out of the question. She knew how shy he was. But twice he had learned that all things do *not* come to him who waits, if he merely waits and does not help himself. The third leap-year, however, convinced him of a realization of his dreams. She was now twenty-four and would not let another year waft her into spinsterdom. Surely not! The weeks sped on and he grew uneasy. So, after much pondering on his pillow, he resolved that he would try to lead the conversation to the point desired. Accordingly he laid his plans.

One bright Sabbath just before dinner, Jean, whose day it was to get dinner while her mistress was examining her neighbors' hats in her pew, was busily paring potatoes in the kitchen. Jamie was poised high and dry on the edge of the wash-sink opposite, his feet dangling therefrom like two pendulums.

"Jeannie," said he.

Jeannie looked up.

"Potatoes is an awfu' price, is they no?" he went on desperately under the confusing fire of her radiant eyes.

"Aye," was her response, adding—"but ye shouldna' talk about sic matters on the Sabbath."

"Na," agreed Jamie bashfully, "but I was thinkin' they were, so I said it."

Jeannie's laugh brought him to his senses with a start. She was retorting:

"If ye maun think it ye might as well speak it, it's a' the same, ye'r a sinner, Jamie--ye'r a sair sinner!"

"No, Jeannie," he cried, "I dinna speak out all I think, ye canna say wi' truth, lassie, that I maun speak out all I think, eh?"

She suddenly was very serious and responded gravely:

"Ye shouldna think what ye durna speak. If ye'r ashamed to speak it ye shouldna think it."

James was driven into a corner. He was nonplussed. At last he shot forth thus:

"But if ye'r ower shy!—There's things"—he hurried on breathlessly—"there's things a mon thinks on that if he spoke them ilka time he thought on them he'd speak naething else in the world!"

His tone was so unusual that Jeannie, who had resumed her potato paring, now looked up again with a startled look in her eyes. He was very red, and pretended to be studying his feet with tremendous concentration. It was little wonder, for one foot had taken a rotary motion, while the other attempted to continue the pendulum swing. To keep up these two movements simultaneously certainly did require close application of mind. Jeannie had a keen eye, but a still keener sense of humor.

"Ye look like a craw on the fence," said she, shaking with mirth.

He swallowed this dose admirably in his hot pursuit of "the point." Eagerly he added:

"Aye, I'm a craw an ye'r the field o' corn."

She only regarded him with increasing merriment. Then she burst out:

"Hoots, mon, if ye kened the kind o' craw I mean, ye'd no' mind the corn!"

"What kind? enquired the unsuspecting Jamie.

"A scarecrow," said she cheerfully.

No rifle shot could have brought down a "craw" from a fence more instantaneously than this shot made the human crow drop from his perch. Even his ears burned this time, but he retorted with great pretence of severity,

"Ye needna say anything about desecrating the Sabbath! Jeannie, sic frivolity on the Sabbath is shameful. Elder Tammas wad hae ye afore the session if he heard ye!"

The mock penitence on Jeannie's face was too funny for his sobriety.

Just then she got up to put the kettle on and his opportunity was past.

But to one who is on the lookout for opportunities as concernedly as Jamie, another opportunity is not long in presenting itself.

One night Jeannie was milking the cows which were all in the large cowshed, not tied fast as Jeannie had told James not to trouble tying them; they stood, she said, very well, thanks to her training. They did, indeed, stand well, as James remarked to himself, hanging the upper half of himself over the lower half of a stable door. Jeannie was unconscious of her observer and milked away in her vigorous manner that was a part of her.

One cow, however, being younger than the rest, and consequently not long under her training, was seized with a roving disposition, and persisted in making a pilgrimage every other minute with the irate Jeannie in its wake. The fifth pilgrimage, effected just as Jeannie had settled herself, brought the traveler directly before Jamie. But Jeannie was not in a seeing mood, and she sat down determinedly for the sixth time. She patted the cow a few times and talked to it in alluring tones, which went to Jamie's heart of hearts, and made him wish wildly to be a cow—almost—if he might but hear such tones addressed to him.

The cow stood unmoved, apparently, but just as Jeannie set to business with a will, the gypsy longing came upon this interesting creature, and with a toss of its head, it walked off with the briskness and dash of a business man flourishing himself down his front steps. Jeannie sprang up in exasperation.

"Ye limmer of a beast!" she cried hotly, "I'll go wi' ye wherever ye go—if ye want me or no!"



"Aye! Aye!" he shrieked, seizing her hands in a terrific clasp.

"Now or never," muttered Jamie, and cleared the door at a bound.

"Aye! Aye!" he shrieked, seizing her hands in a terrific clasp while the pail and the milk had a race for the straw-covered floor.

Jeannie gasped and turned pale. Astonishment and horror made her mute. Then a terrible thing happened.

He could think of nothing else to say!

Wild ideas of all kinds shot through his brain like so many comets through a clouded sky, but try as he might, he could not hold them fast. Suddenly the vision of the potato paring flashed across his brain and in desperation he gasped:

"Are they no an awfu' price?"

"What?" cried Jeannie with eyes that told him he was insane.

"Engagement rings!" he retorted dizzily.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, dropping her head so that the curls hid her rosy face, "but a plain gold band wad do me, Jamie."

An hour after they stood side by side before the mistress of the house and told her the news. They were going to be married. They would go and set up housekeeping for themselves. They looked like two children who had been caught stealing jam.

"I thought," laughed Mrs. Hogins, "that you would be too shy to propose, James."

James burst into a triumphant smile that relieved the redness of his blushing face.

"I didna, ma'am," said he.

"Jamie!" almost shrieked Jeannie, her eyes ablaze.

"This is leap-year, ma'am," said he, "and Jeannie did it for me."

The very freckles—a half dozen of them over her little nose—rose darkly from the pallor of her face and accused him. She was speechless.

"Aye," he persisted sheepishly, "ye did, Jeannie, ye said 'I'll go wi' ye wherever ye go—if ye want me or no!'"

Then the blaze died out of her eyes, and a maze of sparkles took its place.

"Umphm!" said she, nodding demurely, "but I said too, 'Ye limmer of a beast!' an' if ye'r willin' to be a beast I'll no fash myself."

James' face fell. Suddenly another bright idea struck him, and he cried with rare intensity:

"Jeannie, will ye hae me?"

"Aye," said she.

Shy James Jamieson not only proposed, but proposed before a third person. But sometimes when he tries to tease Jeannie about her leap-year proposal, she retorts:

"Ye'r a limmer of a beast then, Jamie," and then he reminds her reproachfully of his final brave deed, whereupon there is a suspicious lack of words on both sides.

CURES FOR JEWELS

ARE your jewels fading away? Then they are "sick," you should see that they are properly looked after, says a writer in *Answers*.

All jewels, as a matter of fact, are liable to become "ill," and a proper jewel nurse or doctor should be called in to attend the patient. What this "illness" really is has not yet been definitely settled. Certain people, however, have a mysterious power which enables them to "cure" pearls that have lost their brilliance.

One of the most remarkable pearl "curers" is Senorita Valencia, a Spanish dancing girl. She discovered her mysterious power quite by accident. One day she bought some pearls very cheaply owing to their dullness. She wore them for a few weeks, and they gradually regained their original beauty.

So successful has she been in this work that she is now more famous as a curer of sick pearls than as a dancer. She has been commissioned by the Tsar to go to St. Petersburg in order to "cure" the famous pearl necklace which belonged to the Empress Catherine.

Only a short time ago the authorities of the Louvre, the famous art gallery in Paris, were searching everywhere for a reliable nurse for their famous pearl necklace, consisting of one hundred and fifty of the finest pearls in existence. This necklace is valued at £50,000, but that value is going down rapidly, as the pearls are losing all their lustre, and becoming dull and colorless.

Another dodge for curing sick pearls besides wearing them, is to place them in the sea again. But it must be the open sea itself. They are generally placed in a perforated casket, and left at the bottom of the ocean for months—sometimes years—before the cure is completed.

Sometimes pearls are actually operated upon! The pearl is, first of all, placed in a number of different baths, in order to soften the outer skin. Then this discolored, dull skin is carefully removed by the pearl doctor. The greatest care has to be exercised in the process, but more often than not the operation is a success.

Rubies, like pearls, often lose their brilliancy, and the "doctor" has to be called in. The precious stone is first thoroughly cleaned, and then carefully dyed. Then in a day or two the ruby is given another dose of dye. The "patient" is afterwards thoroughly massaged, and under this vigorous treatment it slowly recovers its normal health, and becomes as brilliant as ever.

Diamonds suffer as much from disease as any other precious stones. One of the worst, and, alas! one of the commonest, "sicknesses" a diamond gets is an attack of yellow tint. A stone free from the fatal yellow tint is far and away more valuable than one with it.

First, the diamond is given an ink bath. When taken out of its black bath it is allowed to dry partly, and is then carefully wiped with a soft cloth. Wiping the stone while the ink is still damp ensures a very slight coating of ink remaining. A diamond that has had an ink bath loses its yellow tint, and acquires a slightly blue one instead. Blue-tinted diamonds are worth more than yellow ones. The ink bath, if cleverly done, will deceive even experts.

Sometimes a poor diamond is treated with a bright violet dye, which, again, does away with the objectionable yellow tint. Of course, both these methods only make the diamond look better for a short time. Sooner or later the ink "skin" or dye is rubbed or washed off, and the stone goes back to its original state.

HOW MARGARET BECAME A DIETITIAN

Showing How a Woman Created a Vocation

By CHARLOTTE M. STOREY

ON his couch in a well appointed hospital a convalescing patient lay staring moodily at the ceiling and grumbling audibly. "Plenty of fresh air and nourishing food, and you'll be able to travel in a week's time, Old Chap," were the words of the doctor as he vanished down the corridor after paying his morning call.

It was the "nourishing food" over which he chafed. During a long siege of illness he had grown to loathe hospital fare, which was neither better nor worse than in any other hospital, but it lacked variety. He was hundreds of miles from home, and besides those who tended him, he knew no one in town, so there was little chance of anyone bringing him any of those delicacies, which only the sick can appreciate to the full extent, even though he was abundantly able and willing to pay for them. So the Convalescing Patient stared moodily at the ceiling and grumbled audibly.

* * *

Mrs. Go-Abroad had her trunks packed preparatory to an extended trip, during which time her house would be closed. She looked regretfully at her empty jam jars and wished she knew of someone on whom she could depend to fill them with fruit as it ripened, because she and her family reveled in jams and preserves. But she knew of no one, so the empty jam jars remained empty.

* * *

Doomed to a diet and domiciled in a boarding-house—albeit a high-class one—was the fate of a Dyspeptic, of all creatures the most miserable. The chef catered to epicurean tastes, and cared naught for dietitians, so Madam the Dyspeptic nibbled stale bread and sipped "cambric" tea, grumbling the while because they were neither diet kitchens nor dietitians to minister to such as she.

* * *

At the window of her home, a girl, skilled in that most delectable of all domestic arts, culinary, stood strumming discontentedly on the sill, wishing that she could do something—wishing that she could earn money. Neither office nor store appealed to her. A nurse—aye, that was the thing, but then she was debarred from that profession. Duty, sternest of all masters, kept her under the parental roof. So she strummed discontentedly on the sill and wished that she could do something—wished that she could earn money.

* * *

Mere snapshots to be sure. But it was in caring for the needs of such as the Convalescing Patient, Mrs. Go-Abroad and Madam the Dyspeptic, that one girl who wished to earn money, like she who strummed on the window sill, found a vocation.

She was a Canadian girl who went down to New York to engage in settlement work. While there she became intensely interested in diet work as it is carried on in diet kitchens, and home bureaus, the latter being institutions where one may buy or sell home-made edibles, plain or fancy needlework, or even procure domestic help. Part of each day she had free from her settlement work, and she told me that she found these kitchens and bureaus so interesting that she simply could not resist them, and most of her off-duty hours were spent among them. It occurred to her that she might make a better use of her time than simply gratifying an aimless inclination. She decided to take a course in diet work, and for two years, all her spare time was spent in study and experimental work. It must have required no little sacrifice and steadfastness of purpose to spend all one's play time for two years at work. But it developed that she was cherishing a pet scheme, which later, she put into operation with a great deal of success.

In New York and other cities of the United States, there are institutions where anyone wishing to do so, may take a dietitian's course of study. The meaning of the word dietitian is obvious—it is, one who acquires a practical knowledge of food values, methods of cooking food for patients suffering with different diseases, and the effect of certain foods on certain maladies. Unfortunately in Canada, we have no course of instruction that exactly corresponds with this, although dietitians may, and do, graduate from both the Toronto University and the McDonald Institute at Guelph. Until last year, the Toronto University had on its curriculum a two years' Normal course, from which a student might graduate a full-fledged dietitian, but this has been withdrawn and another, somewhat different, substituted. From the new course, I was informed by one of the Faculty, an occasional student (meaning a student who takes only special classes) with a fair knowledge of chemistry, may cull the subjects she desires, and gain a working knowledge such as the girl I am telling you of had in a year (the term is eight months), at a cost of \$50 for tuition fees, laboratory use and books, but without a certificate. Of course, this would mean hard work and making the most of every minute.

Having finished her course, the Dietitian, for so we shall call her for convenience, and because the title is hers by right, returned to her home city, where for a time she lived in a boarding-house, and as she said, had very few opportunities to make diet dishes of any kind,

The time was not yet ripe for putting her pet scheme into operation, so she waited—I don't dare say how patiently or impatiently. The first summer after her return from New York she and her brother took a cottage at a nearby summer resort which was quite convenient to a fruit market. This enabled her to put into practice part of her plan. Her friends knew how capable she was, and those who were going away for the summer or did not care to be bothered with it themselves, gladly left to her the filling of their jam jars.

"As soon as the orders were completed, I packed them up and delivered them as I had no storage facilities," she said, when telling me about her work. "I wish you could have seen that little kitchen some days when my work was done. Pyramids of jam jars and sealers, glistening amber and ruby, reaching half-way from the table to the ceiling. Oh, it was a sight! But it was a very warm summer and many a night my enthusiasm waned with being over-weary, but when morning came, it was as buoyant as ever. I got sixty cents a quart for preserved and canned fruit, and twenty-five cents a glass for jelly and jam, and realized quite a tidy sum from my summer's work, besides having a delightful outing. Many a hard day's work over a hot stove, ended by a plunge in the lake and a "hop" at the club-house in the evening."

The next summer she did practically the same thing, and then came the real thing—the much-dreamed of diet kitchen for "better or worse." At first it was a case of partnership, and then sole ownership, when she was assisted by a friend whose ambitions were in tune with her own. The scene of their first operations was in the basement of an apartment house, which soon became inadequate for their requirements. The kitchen was small, not bigger than a minute, as she explained, and one thing they found absolutely necessary, was plenty of kitchen space.

They worked along together doing up fruit, making bread and cake for those who wanted them, preparing diet dishes for patients in and out of the hospitals; cooking a fowl now and then, making birthday, wedding and Christmas cakes, and, in fact, doing everything that came in their way in the line of cooking, either general or diet. Then the friend had to withdraw, to their mutual regret, and once more the Dietitian had to resume entire responsibility of management and to struggle with the help problem, for she was a sensible person who knew that "all work and no play" was sure to make "Jack a dull boy." She planned to have a good time at her work, hence capable help was necessary.

"Of course," she said, "I had to be ready to drop into the breach whenever one occurred. I just had to be ready to take any dilemma by the horns, for orders had to be taken care of at any cost, and the kitchen was becoming widely known and business increasing accordingly, especially the diet work, to which I gave personal attention, doing all of it myself."

After a while the hospitals engaged dietitians of their own, but even then, many of their patients patronized the diet kitchen, and besides this, there were hosts of people on special diets who had to be looked after. She prepared all sorts of diets for all sorts of people, besides catering to afternoon teas, stag parties and similar functions.

"You would be amused," she said reflectively, "at the things sick people ask for. Boiled onions, for instance, cooked in some special way; giblet soup—and I must find a chicken, even though they be as scarce as fairies and worth their weight in gold. Whatever is ordered must be supplied at any cost if at all possible, for the appetite of a sick or convalescing person is capricious and not to be trifled with."

"How do I know how to make the things they ask for?" Why, I don't always. But when in doubt, I quiz and get all the information I can, then tack it on to my own knowledge of dietetics and go ahead. By a reasonable amount of deduction I usually come pretty near the right thing. This is where my training in diet work is invaluable. "You know," she said smiling, "my motto is: 'Not what we have, but what you want.'"

Three or four times this enterprising young woman has had to move in order to accommodate her growing business, and now she is domiciled in the "comfiest" looking old-fashioned brick house, centrally located, with plenty of kitchen and cellar room as well as packing and storage facilities. And it is here she looks after an ever increasing patronage.

All liquid foods are put up in glass jars. Broths are delivered in their full strength so that they reach the patient in the form of jelly and can be diluted if too strong. One of the most important parts of the enterprise is in the care of utensils and selection of material. Everything must be perfectly clean and sanitary, and all material must be of the freshest and best. Nothing must be overdone in the cooking, nor yet, underdone, and everything must be flavored just right, or the patron is naturally dissatisfied and transfers his or her patronage.

The shopping problem, the Dietitian says she finds a difficult one. A clever shopper would be a boon to her, but never having found the ideal, she manages very nicely by patronizing only the best grocers and butchers, who know if they do not send the right

goods that they will be returned directly. The Dietitian brooks no "culls."

Another problem which she has had to puzzle over is that of delivery. In this connection the Dietitian tells of an amusing incident. Two gentlemen who were living in the same street rejoiced in the same pair of names, only the surname of one was the Christian name of the other and vice versa. Mr. Thompson Jennings lived at No. 32, and Mr. Jennings Thompson lived at No. 70. Mrs. Thompson Jennings was away from home and her spouse decided to give a stag party in her absence. Having heard good reports of the diet kitchen, he ordered a pair of roast chickens to be delivered at eight o'clock sharp. At precisely seven forty-five, the chickens, piping hot and done to a turn, were despatched in haste to No. 32 by Tommy, the messenger boy. At eight minutes past eight an irate host telephoned to know where the roast chickens were. The Dietitian, despite mental visions of Tommy and the chickens in a bicycle mix-up or other accident, assured him that they were on the way and would be delivered immediately. Ting-a-ling, called the telephone. "Halloo! This ain't the right place. She ——" Tommy's small voice ceased. The connection was broken. There was nothing to do but wait for Tommy to ring again.

Ting-a-ling. "Is that the kitchen? This ain't the right address. She ——" How exasperating! The connection was broken again and the distracted Dietitian hung up the receiver once more, only to take it down immediately to reassure the irate host that the chickens would surely arrive in a few moments.

Ting-a-ling. "If that's you, Tommy, tell me, quick, where you are before Central cuts us off again."

"At No. 70," came the reply, "and the missus says she ain't ordered no roast chickens."

Alas! Tommy had gone to Mr. Jennings Thompson's instead of Mr. Thompson Jennings! The Dietitian now employs the regular messenger service although it costs more, for she has found the small boy an uncertain factor.

A large stove with a double oven is hardly adequate for all the cooking that has to be done and sometimes the work becomes congested, but a separate kitchen for the diet work is contemplated, and when this is accomplished, matters will be greatly facilitated.

Now, no one who has any practical knowledge of cookery or the conduct of even a private kitchen, will imagine for a moment, that all this has been accomplished without a lot of hard work, and an abundant supply of shrewd business sense, to say nothing of patience and tact—nor, without accurate book-keeping to show just how well the enterprise is succeeding, where its weak and strong points are, and an indomitable spirit, which prompts one to take for a working motto, a verse like that which I found pinned up on the wall of the Dietitian's packing room:

"Hang on! Cling on! No matter what they say
Push on! Sing on! Things will come your way.
Sitting down and whining never helps a bit,
Best way to get there's by keeping up your grit!"

It may be of interest to quote extracts from the menu provided by our Dietitian. The menu is not an elaborate one, but on it will be found suggestions that will tempt the appetite of any person short of a dead man:

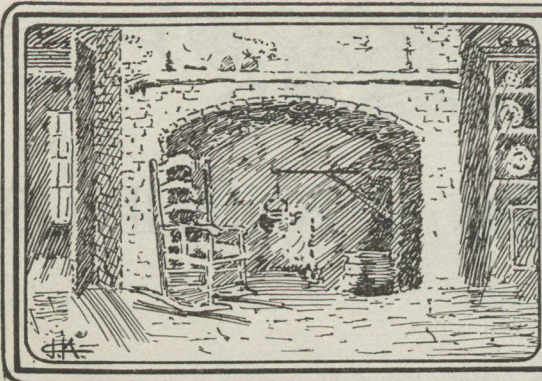
Delicacies for the sick put up in glass jars. The very best materials only are used.

Hospitals, institutions, convalescent homes or private houses supplied in any desired quantities at short notice.

Roast Duck, Chicken and Game in Season.

Complete list and prices on application.

BROTHS			
	Pint	Half Pint	
Bouillon	\$.50		\$.30
Beef Tea50		.30
Beef Juice	1.00		.60
Oyster Juice50		.30
CUSTARDS			
	Quart	Pint	
Boiled	\$.50		\$.30
Baked60		.35
Tapioca50		.30
Irish Moss40		.25
CREAM OF SOUPS			
Barley	\$.30		\$.20
Celery40		.25
Mushroom60		.40
Pea40		.25
Sweetbreads			
Calf's Foot35		.25
Chicken75		.45
Clam40		.25
Mutton35		.25
JELLIES			
	Pint	Glass	
Beef	\$.75		\$.40
Calf's Foot75		.40
Calf's Foot (with wine)80		.45
Chicken75		.40
LAYER CAKES			
Large Layer	\$.70		
Small Layer60		
"Comet" Layer35		
Cream, Almond, Caramel, Chocolate, Chocolate and Lemon, Cocomnut, Date, Fig, Lemon, Mocha, Marshmallow, Maple Cream, Orange.			



AROUND THE HEARTH

Written for the Canadian Home Journal

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

We wonder what, and where, and when,
And who, and how, and why,
And if there ever was a time,
A people, nation, world, or clime,
Which did not voice this world-wide cry,
"I wonder."

"I WONDER"

THIS expression most of us use every day, and many times a day—I wonder. We wonder all sorts of things, temporal and spiritual, interesting to us and otherwise. What will happen, when will he come, where will she go, who can it be, how do they feel about it, and why do people do such things. How will the crops turn out, how shall we live on so much income, what will people think, what would we do under the circumstances, will we pass our exam. From old and young we hear this same "I wonder." Our minds are ever open to wonderment, our lips always ready to express it. We wonder if it will rain, if the sun will shine, how the elections will come off, and we keep on wondering.

We look into the eyes of a baby and wonder what it is thinking about. We wonder if it can think at all. All along the line of a child's growth and education we wonder what is best, wonder what will be the future in store for our children. Old people wonder how young folks can act so foolishly, and plunge into all sorts of gayeties, and keep on going, forgetting "the young heart hot and restless," while their own is "subdued and slow." The young wonder what old people are dreaming about that they miss so much fun, not understanding that in quiet and meditation is their chief joy and solace.

I often wonder why we make mountains of small trifles. They disappear so suddenly, and what seems a veritable avalanche of calamities one day, may in the face of a real difficulty, sink into insignificance the next. The work is behind, the sewing and mending is piled up, there is a mountain in the way. Then some member of the family is stricken with sudden illness, and where are those troubles that seemed of so much importance? How small they appear, of how little account when weighed in the balance against the greater trial!

The different views of people on the same subject cause us to wonder why there is such diversity of opinion. Take the life beyond the grave for example. It is said that more than two thousand books have been written on the subject. People eagerly buy and read such writings, and usually are open to convictions that agree with what they are pleased to consider agreeable. Most of us have vague indefinite ideas as to the future life, which is enshrouded in darkness and mystery, and we wonder why it has not been made plain to our minds instead of the doubt and uncertainty that exists.

HOW, I often wonder at things that other people do, just as I suppose they wonder at my motives.

I never could understand why little children are banished from the house, and kept from the knowledge of a death in the home. There are different reasons given for this, the two principal ones being that the child heart should not be burdened with such a grief, as the remembrance may leave a deep impression of sorrow upon the young mind; and the other that it is best to let the memory be a living one, of the person as last seen in life. Two very similar cases come to my mind. The young mother's life in each went out suddenly, leaving a baby brother to the only other child in the home, a little girl of three and over. They could not understand the anxious faces, nor why they could not kiss the dear mothers who held them so lovingly to their hearts every morning of their lives. One little girl was carried in her father's arms, and shown her dear mamma, so quiet and still, cannot speak again, God has taken her away to Himself. Her little heart, bursting with grief, her sorrow overflowing in baby tears she mingled with her poor father's, and silently followed his footsteps, his arms around her at the funeral, and his hand tightly holding hers at the grave side. She had seen her mother in the casket, had seen it lowered with its bed of flowers, and understood she would never see her again. She asked so many questions, that by degrees she was led to understand that the body only was in the grave, and the soul had gone back to God. She mourned her loss with the others, cried herself to sleep, but,

The tear down childhood's cheek that flows
Is like the dew-drop on the rose,
When next the gentle breeze goes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.

The other little girl was kept away until all was over, and my heart always aches as I recall the bitterness of her home-coming. "Where is my mother? I want my mother," and each morning "She will be home now." The dry sobs, the broken little heart as she fought her baby battle of loneliness and distrust was pitiful. They told her the angels had taken her away, and left baby brother. With wild, passionate speech, she said she didn't like the little brother, she wanted her mother back, it was real mean to take her away,

she could not understand, and the hearts were wrung that listened to that wail for her mother.

She was such a wise little darling, she could have grasped the meaning, had she been permitted to see dear mamma so ill, then dead, and followed it on through all the bitter mazes. As time rolled on she would have only a faint memory, and she would know her mother had not deserted her. It is mistaken kindness to conceal the truth, and trust they will forget. Better far to fill the memory, and keep it fresh with thoughts of the angel mother guarding her little one; teach the baby mind to remember the precious past, for is that not what most mothers would wish, that they be not forgotten? And do not those little sorrows, encountered one by one, prepare the way for the heavier griefs that cross the pathway in later years?

I WONDER why hazing is tolerated in colleges, and if there is no oversight in those institutions strict enough to prevent it, and why it cannot be abolished. It is a relic of barbarism, a form of cruelty that should be met with "Greek meets Greek" punishment, and offenders given a dose of their own inhuman treatment. Many a young man has been deprived of reason, or his life has been sacrificed through the instrumentality of students whose love of gratifying to the full the cruel propensities of their nature to torment has been given free rein. Wherein lies the joke? To forcibly hold a young man under a cold water tap until his teeth chatter, and he is thoroughly chilled through on a cold winter night, or drive him into the country, and leave him stranded, partially clothed, miles away, is something the civilization of to-day should find revolting. It seems to me that were I in authority where such misdemeanors were committed, I would have appointed night watchmen who would patrol the corridors continuously, until the leaders of such perpetrations were discovered, and dismissed in disgrace, a full account of their conduct being published broadcast through all the institutions of learning. A few examples would have a salutary effect.

Then there is the disgraceful street rows indulged in by this same class of young men. Every few months we read accounts of the "hoodlumism" of students who disturb meetings, obstruct street traffic, and destroy property, saying nothing of making the night hideous with their yelling and shouting. Arrests are made, and investigations ordered, but the punishment is not sufficient to prevent a repetition the first opportunity. I wonder where the fun comes in, and I wonder why boys who have been brought up in homes of culture can so far forget themselves as to lend assistance in such questionable sport, and I do wonder why laws are not stringent enough to correct the evil at the outset, to stop the crazy frolics before the mischief is serious. If it required every policeman in the city to enforce order, the experiment is worth while if future good behavior could thus be ensured, and innocent persons protected.

IT has always been a cause for wonderment why people talented and proficient in music need to be urged, begged, coaxed, almost forced to respond to a call for an instrumental or vocal selection. All manner of excuses are made—they do not play without their notes, they simply can't play, their voice is out of order, a bad cold, anything does for a plea. A whole roomful of people, probably half of them equal to furnishing entertainment for the non-musical, and for those who have not been privileged to improve their talents, yet no one will take the initiative, and break the ice, so to speak, which once broken, others would follow.

I remember once a crowd of fellow travelers in a small village hotel parlor with a long evening before them trying to amuse themselves. Of course, no one could play, and finally a woman took her seat at the piano, and played some simple old melody she had learned in her "teens," joking over the mistakes she made, and the informality of it all placed every one at their ease.

Next day on board the steamer a passenger said to me: "That is the clever woman of this party. She saved the situation. No one else in the company would have done as she did." Her knowledge was limited, but she willingly made use of what she had, and soon the gifted pianists were thrilling the listeners with selections from the great masters.

A quiet simplicity in obeying the request of a hostess, or the behest of a parent, or teacher, is much more to be admired than the unwilling attitude assumed by many who require to be teased and entreated before they will consent to sing or play for people, who are not there to criticize, but to be pleased and entertained in an informal way, and content to approve of very modest effort. Not only in music is this noticed, but in other accomplishments as well. I am certain if either the gift of playing an instrument, or of singing were mine, I would not hesitate to comply with a request to execute to the best of my ability, and I wonder why others seem so shy and backward, so reluctant, and so—so stubborn.

HERE'S another wonder. Why do not mothers

teach their boys to be helpful around the house? Time and again I have visited and boarded in homes where the boys sat around with perfectly idle hands, and a pale, weary mother prepared a meal, going from pantry to kitchen, down cellar, in and out of the dining room, and not a step was saved her by the stalwart sons and their father. Bless you, that wasn't their work! Haven't they carried in wood and water, haven't they been to the barn, or mowed the lawn, fixed the furnace, and carried out the ashes? True, they have, but that is no reason why one cannot watch the toast, and another go down cellar for the butter, and lend a helping hand when there are so many things to watch all at once, the porridge, ham and eggs, skimming the milk, and slicing the bread. It always amuses me how interested they are in the proceedings, they watch every move and turn, and yet if one of them faced the problem of getting breakfast, he would regard it as an appalling task. Every boy should be taught to arrange on a tray a dainty breakfast for mother when she has one of her bad headaches from over-work or anxiety.

I have wondered at girls, too, who are afraid to be seen doing anything in the province of man's labor, shrinking from helping father or brother because it is not their work. Away with such foolishness! The very dearest, brightest girl I ever knew would don her brother's coat and carry in the wood for him if he were late getting home; she would mow the great wide lawn, and often from the breakfast table would call, "Don't wait to shovel the snow, Dad, catch your car. I need some fresh air."

"You should not be out there sweeping the steps," a woman remonstrated, "so many are passing to their office, you don't have to do that."

"I know it; but I like to do it, and say, if folks don't want to notice me when I'm sweeping, all right, I don't want their notice." She was right. If they were ashamed of her saving her hard-worked father some labor, their recognition was not worth having.

Now, I do not believe in imposing on a boy, and making of him what other boys dub a "sissy," but he need not grow up in complete ignorance of household duties, because circumstances may sometime place him where a knowledge of how to prepare a meal for himself will be a necessity. He cannot better gain that experience than by assisting mother or sister where no maid is kept, and many a boy in a pinch has turned his information thus gained into a practical channel, obtaining a position where such qualifications were required, often accompanying an exploring expedition in the capacity of cook, receiving both pleasure and profit from the trip.

Many a delicate wife has blessed the mother who taught her boy to lend a hand in times of illness and stress, and—well, we will not discuss the "many a woman" who plays on her husband's ability along those lines, and imposes on good nature to the extent of neglecting her home, knowing he will come to the rescue. A man's knowledge should not receive such a test, it should be held as a possession in reserve, and one highly valued by a conscientious wife. Of course, women do not prize such a gift in man, when he uses it to depreciate her work, or interferes too much in her household affairs.

What to Serve at Children's Parties

PERHAPS the success of a children's party depends more on the refreshments than on the entertainment.

The dishes should be of the simplest description, and in the most attractive form. Let plentiful plates of thin bread and butter, with a dusting of pink sugar, be served. And when cakes take a place in the menu they should be mostly of the sponge variety.

Various candied fruits cut in small pieces may be mixed with the cake and a good boiled custard poured over. Decorate with more pieces of candied fruit. One or two of the whites of the eggs may be left out when making the custard and whipped up stiffly with or without cream. They should be laid over the custard and a little pink sugar sifted over all.

Ice cream, in whatever form it is served, will always please the childish appetite, but let the flavoring be vanilla or fruit juices or the fruit itself when in season.

Fresh fruit when served should be prepared before being placed on the table. The oranges should be peeled, with pith removed, and the fruit divided into sections. The pips can be taken out with the point of a knife.

Grapes should always be skinned and seeds carefully removed.

Very little in the way of meat is needed, and such meat dishes as are served should take the form of meat molds—that is, chicken, veal or even beef pounded and moulded with meat jelly or a good white sauce stiffened with a small quantity of allspice. Small molds may be made in various pretty shapes.



CRETONNE FOR SUMMER FURNISHINGS

New Uses for Cretonne

PLENTY of sunshine and plenty of cretonne, says somebody, will make the humblest summer cottage luxurious; and indeed, the possibilities of cretonne in comparison with its trifling cost, are really wonderful. The tired guest from town will delight in a cretonne-hung and furnished room, fresh and cool and simple, and sweet with flowers and mountain or sea air coming in at opened windows, infinitely more than the most impressively furnished boudoir expensively decorated with gilt-legged, brocade-covered furniture.

Several suggestions are given for useful and attractive cretonne belongings, for the summer guest room; and of course, the artistic hostess sees to it that everything in the cretonne-decorated guest room matches the general color scheme of the room. The catch-all bag is intended for laundry or waste paper and may be made from a yard and a quarter of cretonne, doubled and gathered along the upper edges, over oval embroidery hoops of wool. Slash away at the lower corners of the bag as shown in the picture to give it a symmetrical shape and sew the slashed edges and part of the sides together on the wrong side of the bag. Leave the sides open part way down, bind with ribbon and tie together with ribbon bows. The wooden hoops should be wound with ribbon before the bag is shirred on.

A novel match holder may be made of a child's slate covered with cretonne. Spread library paste thickly over slate and frame on one side and lay cretonne over, pressing the fabric in, at the inner edge of the frame. Paste a stripe of crepe paper across the back to cover the edges of the cretonne. The match cup is made of cretonne-covered cardboard, finished with gilt gimpe, and is also pasted on. A bit of sandpaper, pasted under gilt gimpe, finishes the slate.

The cretonne pin-cushion has a trimming of white lawn, set in between hem and centre of cretonne with beading, and the color of the silk cushion shows through the thin lawn. Ribbon bows match the dominant color in the cretonne.

Every guest room should be provided with a simple sewing basket of some sort for the convenience of the guest who cannot be expected to carry sewing implements in a week-end suit case. The cretonne sewing box offers a new suggestion along this line. The top and bottom of a two-pound candy box may be cut away from the sides and all parts covered neatly with cretonne. The inner sides of both covers are provided with straps under which may be tucked scissors, needle book, tape-measure, darning, thimble, etc., and the spools stand in a row along the bottom of the box, the sides opening on tape hinges as shown in the illustration. A handle of cretonne over cable cord, attached to brass rings, is a convenient means of carrying the sewing box about.

The collapsible cretonne scrap basket is made of four sections of heavy cardboard covered with cretonne, crepe paper being pasted over the inner side of each section. The ribbons are run through holes punched with an eyelet-puncher, or stiletto, and there should be three ribbon ties at each corner.

Very useful, also, is the cretonne covered hat rest, of wood, which will hold a handsome hat clear of the closet shelf, without injury to the brim-curve or facing.

Ribbon Flowers for the Table

THE ribbon flower craft has made tremendous strides within the last twelvemonth and some of these fabric-fashioned flowers are not only almost as natural in appearance as real blossoms, but—as one admiring woman put it, “ever so much handsomer than just garden flowers.” Instead of being used only as trimmings for costumes and lamp shades, ribbon flowers are now promoted to the hon-



A CENTREPIECE OF RIBBON FLOWERS

orable position of table decorations, and roses, tulips, lilies and orchids made of ribbon have decorated some of the spring luncheon and wedding breakfast tables of high degree.

An illustration shows a typical centerpiece of ribbon roses, mounted artistically among dried ferns in one of the stained wicker baskets that are now so fashionable for interior decoration. The roses shade from pale pink to a deep American Beauty shade, and sway on their ribbon-wound wire stems in a most graceful and natural manner.

The most satisfactory plants for table decorations, all things considered, are a few species and varieties of ferns of which the small and dainty pteris are the most useful. A plant for this purpose should be small and low-growing, of a good color and capable of living without sunshine and with little attention. Some plants, as the maidenhair fern, refuse to live more than a few weeks in a dry atmosphere. Others because of the color of their foliage or strong odor of their flowers, are not adapted for this purpose.

THE 1847 GIRL

A New Pattern Old Colony

Our new pattern, Old Colony, is the highest achievement attained in silver plated ware. Expressing in silver the true spirit of Colonial times, it has the grace and daintiness of the period its name suggests, combined with experienced workmanship. The pierced handle and the beautiful decorative work deserve special attention. This handsome design, so delicate in its execution and so appropriate in name, appeals not only to those who love Colonial effects, but to all who admire beautiful silver. It is ideal for Colonial and Old English dining rooms. For quality, style, finish and wear there is no silver-ware equal to

1847 ROGERS BROS.

“Silver Plate that Wears”

Spoons, forks, knives, serving pieces, etc., so stamped, are the most durable to be had. Our process of finishing closes the pores of the silver so that it is worked into a firm, hard surface that will stand years of the severest kind of wear. Guaranteed by the largest makers. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for beautifully illustrated catalogue “CH.”

Meriden Britannia Co.
 Hamilton, Canada
 Meriden, Conn.
 New York
 Chicago



SUMMER FURNISHINGS IN CRETONNE



AUGUST LUNCHEONS

PREPARED BY
MARY H. NORTHEND

THE modern hostess, quick to take advantage of any device that might lend novelty to her entertaining, has come to realize that the porch presents splendid opportunities for entertaining, and as a result porch functions of all sorts have come into vogue.

The porch requires but little embellishment to convert it into a fitting background for the table setting. The keynote of its adornment should be simplicity. Its outlook is generally sufficiently attractive to render elaborate decorations inappropriate, and, in consequence, no attempt at display should be made. A few crocks, or jardinières, filled with ferns and blossoms will be all that is needed to give the porch a decorative and dainty finish, or, if a rustic design is followed in the table adornment—a theme much in favor at the present time—hanging rustic baskets, filled with ferns or quaint rustic bowls, filled with flowers, will add a distinctive touch.

For an August luncheon no more appropriate table adornment could be employed than the scarlet poppy, the month's own flower. This pretty blossom readily adapts itself to any number of attractive schemes, and its vivid coloring adds a note of brilliancy, sure to prove effective in a table decoration that boasts a setting of Nature's green. It is especially charming when combined with pine, a greenery, by the way, which is gradually coming into general favor. Spring-heri asparagus fern is another green that shows the poppy off to advantage, its long tendrils studded with short green spikes, allowing of its arrangement in several effective ways. Massed with its own foliage the poppy is likewise artistic, and it is in this manner that it is generally used for the main table decoration.

One pretty arrangement of which the poppy is the feature, shows as a central theme a mound of moss, studded with blossoms and foliage, the flowers arranged to simulate a bed of growing plants. If sufficient moss is not available, substitute in its stead a low birch bark box, oblong in shape, fill it with moist sand to about one-half its depth, and arrange the flowers to afford the same effect. Bank the base of the receptacle with pine, or small ferns. Either of these devices is artistic, and, if the latter is used, it is a pretty idea to have small birch bark baskets, each containing a tiny growing fern, for the favors.

A large rustic jardinière affords a charming receptacle in which to group poppies artistically, and if placed on a mat of ferns, it is sure to prove a dainty central decoration. Tiny jardinières, lined with paraffin paper, and filled with candies, will serve as pretty favors with such a scheme, and for place cards, nothing will be found more appropriate than tiny poppy buttonnieres arranged in slender crystal holders, the cards attached to the holder bases with narrow crimson ribbons.

As regards the menu suitable for an August luncheon, any number of simple and attractive dishes suggest themselves as appropriate. For the first course cantaloupe can be used. This is especially delicious served in the half shell on a bed of crushed ice.

Fish in some form should follow the melon course. This may well be Devilled Crabs. Pick the meat from the required number of boiled hard crabs and season with salt, pepper, butter, cream and a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Pack the mixture in shells, cover with bread crumbs and dots of butter and bake until delicately browned.

It is a pretty idea to serve the relishes—olives and radishes—in the rustic idea is carried out in the table decoration—in tiny rustic baskets lined with paraffin paper.

Next in order comes the meat course. Beefsteak Cutlets with Tomato Sauce will be found appetizing, and they are very easily prepared. Rule: Chop lean, raw beefsteak very fine, season with salt, pepper and onion juice, and press lightly into cutlet shape. Dip into beaten egg and bread crumbs, fry in deep fat for four or five minutes, and serve with tomato sauce. Garnish with sprigs of parsley.

One delicious vegetable dish that affords a diversion from the commonly used potato balls is Onions au Beurre. This is prepared as follows: Boil young onions in salted water until tender, but not out of shape, drain and saute in hot butter until delicately browned. Garnish with parsley and serve at once with melted butter to which a seasoning of pepper and minced

parsley has been added.

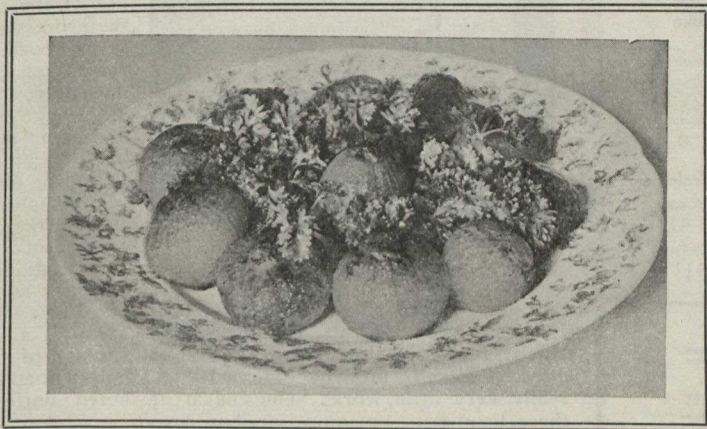
For the salad course, the following concoction will be found delicious: Boil the required number of eggs for twenty minutes remove the shells and cut in halves lengthwise. Remove the yolks and mince fine, adding an equal quantity of cooked asparagus cut in small pieces Season to taste with salt and pepper, moisten well with mayonnaise, and heap the mixture in the whites of the eggs. Garnish each with a slice of stuffed olive, arrange on a platter with cold cooked asparagus tips and serve with mayonnaise.

Mock Eggs served with small fancy cakes will afford an appetizing and novel sweet course. To make this simple dessert, whip half a pint of cream, adding sugar to taste and a few drops of vanilla. Drop in spoonfuls on shallow saucers, carefully place half a preserved peach in the centre of each and the result will closely resemble a well poached egg. Serve very cold with a sauce made by boiling the peach syrup until thick and adding half a cup of broken nut meats.

JELLIED TONGUE.—Smoked tongue is delicious served in an aspic jelly border. Put the tongue in a mold or dish and tie a string around so the two ends will nearly meet; try to have the string hidden by putting it near the bottom as possible. Soak one box of gelatine in a cupful of cold water for an hour. Put into a saucepan one quart of consommé or good soup stock, or if in a hurry use a couple of teaspoonfuls of beef extract to a quart of water; add a couple of slices of onion, a stalk of celery, a couple of bay leaves, a little spice and some salt and pepper. Simmer gently for ten or fifteen minutes, then add the soaked gelatine. Stir until dissolved, strain and pour this around the tongue and let it harden, then garnish the dish with cucumbers as in the illustration.

COFFEE FRAPPE.—You will find this delicious as a change from iced tea. To one quart of strong, clear coffee add one large cupful of cream and one of fresh milk and sugar to taste; partially freeze and serve in glasses with a large spoonful of whipped cream topping each.

NUT BREAD.—2 cupfuls of flour, 2 cupfuls of graham flour, one egg, one teaspoonful of salt, one cupful of English walnuts, one and a half cupfuls of milk, four teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one cupful of molasses or sugar. The two flours having been sifted into a basin, add the salt, nuts, baking powder, the egg well beaten, the molasses and milk. Mix well and turn into a buttered tin. Allow to rise for twenty minutes. Bake slowly for one hour.



ONIONS AU BEURRE



BEEFSTEAK CUTLETS WITH TOMATO SAUCE



DEVILLED CRABS

DRINK! DRINK! DRINK!

During the hot weather most of us feel we could "drink the well dry." In fact it is quite necessary to drink more during the hot weather.

Care must be taken in selecting the beverage with which to quench your thirst. Some have dangerous chemicals or dyes in their mixtures, others are intoxicating, and in many instances even the drinking water is impure.

Raspberry Vinegar

is not dangerous, intoxicating or impure. It will quench your thirst and will not leave your mouth dry and hot.

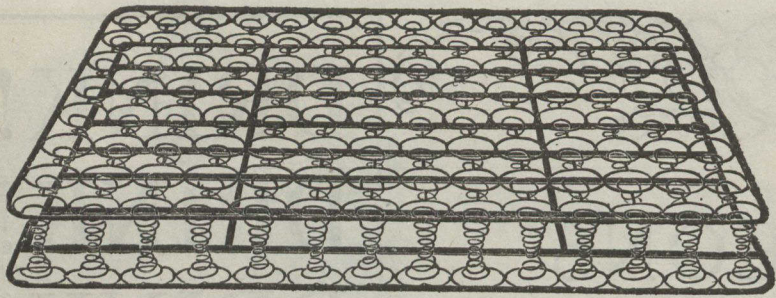
E. D. SMITH'S Raspberry Vinegar is made of the juice of fresh pressed raspberries with just enough vinegar to remove the flat or insipid taste it would otherwise have.

Try a bottle and if you don't think it is the best drink you have ever tasted we will refund your money.

Remember the name and style of the bottle.



E. D. SMITH
WINONA, ONT.



THE spring you find too hard or too soft "just suits" someone else. So we make spiral springs of varying degrees of buoyancy to provide an "IDEAL" spring for everybody.

To make sure that you get the right one for you we authorize every dealer to let you "try any IDEAL Spiral Spring for thirty nights", to be exchanged, if desired, until you get the one that exactly meets your idea of perfect comfort.

Once enjoy the grateful buoyancy and complete relaxation of sleeping on an "IDEAL" spiral spring and you'll never want to sleep on the stiff, part-yielding, sagging woven-wire spring again. Each of the many coils yields independently, according to the weight placed on it, giving the extreme of restful comfort. No sagging toward the centre.

The IDEAL No. 1, illustrated above, is the original and famous double-coil spiral spring. It conforms perfectly to every curve of the body, and affords the acme of luxurious ease. Made plain or upholstered—guaranteed for a lifetime.

The IDEAL No. 2 is a single coil spring, wonderfully comfortable. Not quite so buoyant as the IDEAL No. 1, and for that very reason proves "just right" for many who do not like "springs that are too soft".

THE IDEAL BEDDING CO. LIMITED
21 Jefferson Ave., TORONTO

This trade mark identifies and guarantees springs and beds of "IDEAL" make.



Ask your dealer to show you these and other IDEAL Springs. Write for Free Booklet S11

WANT MONEY?

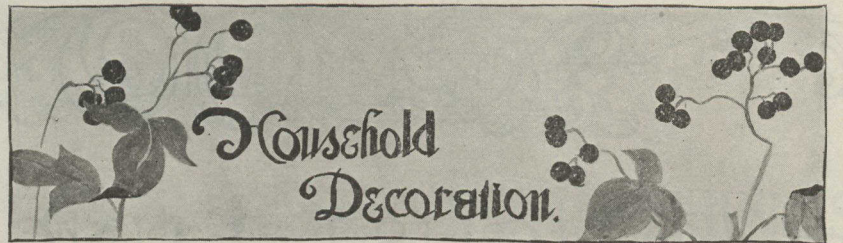
To women or men who can work in spare time or full time we make the greatest summer offer.

To you it means a great opportunity to earn money easily.

To your neighbors it means the chance to secure free, through you, a splendid prize.

One lady with this plan earned \$55 in 10 days.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL



By JESSIE E. RORKE

Simple Embroidered Curtains

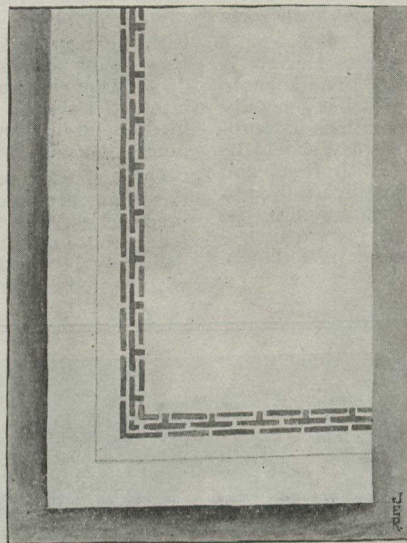
IN these lazy August days when all important work is laid aside, one is often glad to have some simple piece of needle-work on hand, that will keep the fingers busy while one's attention may wander at will. Embroidered cur-

colors. Some of the historic borders are admirably suited to the straight simple lines of the curtains. The familiar Greek key design might be worked in cross-stitch, while either the Greek or Gothic borders shown might be stenciled with an embroidered outline.

INTERIOR WOODWORK

The increasing scarcity of mahogany, walnut and oak have made the use of cheaper woods in the interior finish of our houses almost a necessity. Birch, which for a time was used chiefly to imitate mahogany and frequently passed under that name, begins to lay claim to a beauty of its own and is frankly used with very pleasing results. The bird's eye maple was sometimes used for this purpose, but now maple of all kinds is pressed into service and hazelwood, cypress, cherry, ash, beech, basswood and pine all have found a place in the interior finish of our homes. With the use of these cheaper woods, stains and the process of finishing have been greatly improved, and even the amateur will sometimes obtain very attractive and durable results by their use, but a slight knowledge of the character of the woods and their tendency to alter with age helps greatly in deciding just how they should be treated.

In maple as in many of the other forest trees, there is a tendency with certain individual trees to produce wavy and irregular fibres. In some cases this tendency appears more strongly in certain parts of the tree and the wood is sawn in a particular way to take advantage of this as in crotch mahogany; but in maple, when found, it is distributed uniformly throughout the tree.

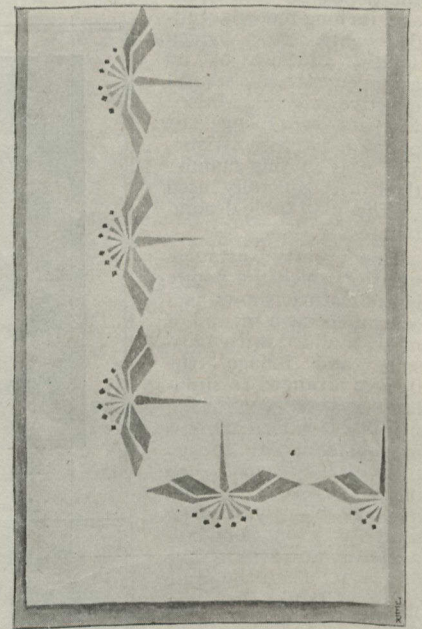


Design No. 1.

tains may sound like an appalling task for such idle moments, but the simple stitches are so quickly done that most effective results may be obtained with really very little work. The charm of these hand-done curtains is not in proportion to the amount of work that is put on them, but depends rather on the opportunity to have design and color in complete harmony with the other furnishings of the room, helping to give to it an individuality that is difficult to attain with factory productions.

The simple little designs shown in the first and second illustrations are worked in cross-stitch—the first with a dull blue floss on curtains of ecru scrim, the second in green and gold against a tan ground. The effect will be prettier if the dots are worked in solid satin stitch. The deep hemstitched hem gives weight to the curtains.

An attractive development of the next design is made by stenciling the motif in two shades of brown on an ivory ground, and then outlining the whole with a heavy floss of a deeper shade. The same method should be used for the portiere design in the following illustration also. Here the stencil forms a band across the curtain with the leaves and berries in the same color as the curtain in relief against it. A heavily embroidered outline separates the berries and the different parts of the leaves. It would be very effective in two shades of grey-green with a gold outline. With slight alteration the design might be reversed and stenciled in its pretty natural colors, with autumn tinted leaves and dark blue-grey berries. In figure 5 the ampelopsis again supplies the motif, but this time adapted for cross-stitch embroidery. It will be pretty either with soft green leaves or in the autumn

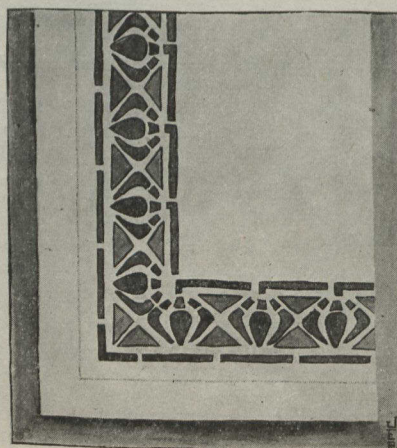


Design No. 2.

This is what is known as bird's eye maple, and is much prettier than the more common graining of the tree. It is susceptible to very high polish, but is not so satisfactory when a dull finish is desired. The soft grey and green stains will give better results than brown or mahogany shades.

Beech was used for house trim and furniture in the time of the early Stuarts, but did not prove as durable as the oak and walnut of the same period. It has little to recommend it now as it does not stand well unless thoroughly seasoned. Birch and basswood, too, shrink and check unless well seasoned. Birch is a hardwood with a strong, fine texture, and decidedly pretty figure; some of the finer pieces are quite as beautiful as mahogany. It may be stained any of the mahogany shades and will take either a semi-gloss or dull natural finish. Both red and white birch are used and give different effects under the same stain. Basswood is a soft firm wood that has little character in its graining, and will take any of the darker stains readily.

Ash is a wood that is rapidly making a place for itself, both for interior work and in the manufacture of furniture. It



Design No. 3.

CANADA'S BEST; THE RAYMOND SEWING MACHINE

PUT UP IN FINISHED GOLDEN OAK. Send for prices to the Manufacturers: **THE RAYMOND MFG. CO. GUELPH, LIMITED, ONT.**

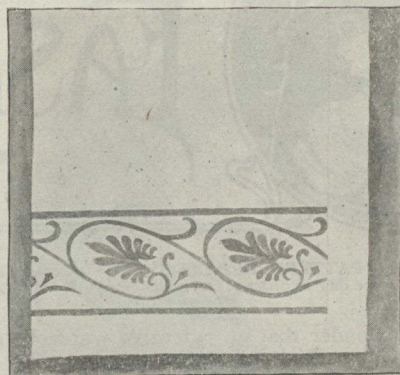
EVERY MACHINE GUARANTEED

PLAIN OR FANCY WORK. SEWS PERFECTLY FROM THE LIGHTEST TO THE HEAVIEST GOODS. **GIVE IT A TRIAL.**

has too pronounced characteristics of its own to be treated with mahogany stain, but under different conditions will give very artistic results. Only the experienced, however, should attempt treatment that requires differing colors in the stain and filler, and the amateur will do well to be content with the soft weathered appearance that is obtained by using some of the dark oak stains. Chestnut and cypress, too, lend themselves beautifully to these weathered effects, while hazelwood will take any of the grey or green stains and with a rich brown greatly resembles Circassian walnut. This wood is not very common, but in some localities it is quite inexpensive.

The use of a filler will depend on the grain of the wood, the open-grained woods requiring a filler, while those with a close grain do well without. The effect of time, too, on the color of the wood should be taken into consideration when selecting a stain. Some woods, such as rosewood, for instance, grow lighter with age, while others, such as cypress and birch, grow darker. Rather lighter shades should be used on the woods that darken, and the darker ones on those that fade. Of the varying finishes a high polish is the least in

in forms suitable for flats and small rooms, reproduced from old patterns by practical modern firms. Brass and steel bedsteads, very ornamental, and each requiring one morning a week of undivided attention from an unwilling



Design No. 6.

maid, are only popular now in wealthy houses where a large staff is kept. Wood and canework have taken their place, or even white enamelled iron.

Cretonne used to be dear and nasty, now it is cheap and nice. For fifteen cents a yard one can get delightful little all-over patterns, old-world and dainty, and quite practicable. A white ground closely patterned with tiny black dots, and adorned with a wandering design of jasmine, or rosebuds, or pinks, or sweet William, or all together, looks far prettier than a dark ground material, and stays clean just as long.

A white bedroom always looks charming and inviting, and if all the paint is enamel, to use an Irishism, and the walls of washable distemper or washable English paint, there is no reason why it should get dingy. White enamel furniture is equally practicable, and a white wicker armchair with cretonne-covered cushions, will be found as comfortable and pretty as many an expensive guinea lounge, though a white bergere, with white canework will be even better. The walls can be of white moire paper varnished, if plain distemper is not liked.

A white carpet is certainly a little rash, though a washable cord square is inexpensive and useful. Curtains of white cotton crepon, which do not need ironing, are very pretty, and can be pat-



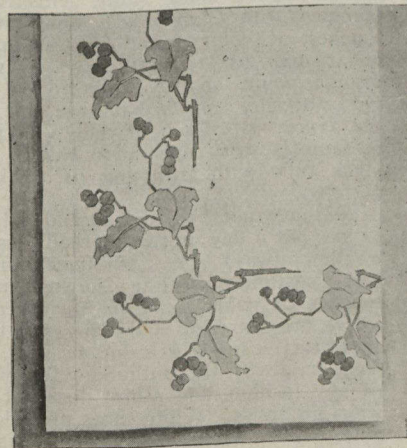
Design No. 4.

favor, a semi-gloss or dull natural finish being usually preferred. Some of the woods give an entirely different and much richer appearance with a semi-gloss finish instead of the old familiar varnish polish. Even old woods may be successfully treated with stains, but it entails much hard work and demands a knowledge of methods and results that make it wiser to leave it in the hands of an expert.

About the Bedroom

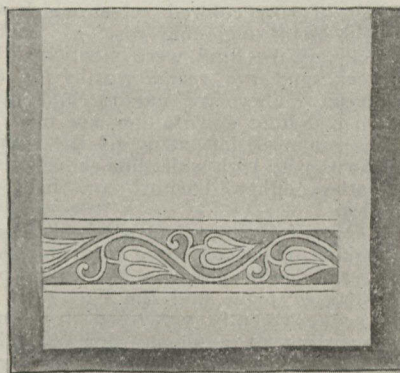
IN every tolerable house or flat which is too small to have many sitting-rooms, we find the bedrooms fitted up as pleasant sitting-rooms, full of books and pictures, and having at least one comfortable chair. We no longer consider it shameful indulgence if we occasionally have a meal or a fire in our own room, and this has naturally led to different ideas as to the furnishing and decoration of the bedrooms in a house.

We have, to begin with, got away from that horror, "the best bedroom." Of course, there is a best bedroom in every house, in the sense that one is larger and more pleasant than the rest; but the stuffy ceremoniousness which once characterized it is gone, let us



Design No. 5.

hope, forever. Our sense of the decorative leads us to adopt the four-poster, if we can afford an old one, but the conglomeration of dark and heavy curtains has given place to little valances of patterned cretonne or chintz. Four-poster beds of the Jacobean type are to be had



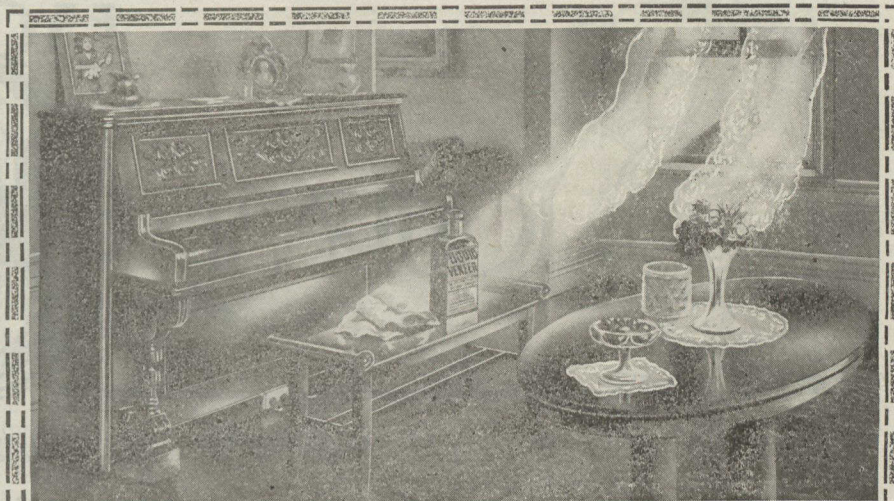
Design No. 7.

terned with similar old-world designs. The stuff is sold for frocks and dressing gowns, and blouses, by any upholsterer.

So much for the white bedroom, which is almost universally liked, and is sometimes considered only possible to millionaires.

Women with a taste for embroidery or other fine needlework, supply the bedrooms of their houses with plenty of detachable cushion covers mounted on colored silk, very small quilts for the sofa, embroidered throw-overs for chairs on which clothes are laid at night, and so forth, not forgetting the soiled linen bag.

As for the guest chamber, all the rules of comfort used in the house, and perhaps more, apply to this room in the house of a good hostess. A writing table, a bookshelf, and even a work table, will be considered necessary by the really hospitable woman; also a gas fire, and perhaps a little gas jet arranged for heating tongs. Here again the embroideress is to the fore with linen covers to throw over trunks and portmanteaux. In a really comfortable guest chamber there stands by the side of the bed a table with an electric torch (unless a light is accessible), a book-rest holding one or two volumes, a night watch with a light, or else one of those which reflect the time on the ceiling, and a lower shelf on which at night biscuits and a glass of milk are placed.



Easy Summer Dusting

When windows are open and dust settling on floors and furniture, you can greatly lessen summer housework, keeping everything spic and span, by using Liquid Veneer on a bit of cheese cloth.

When You Dust With LIQUID VENEER



It not only carries off all the dust on the duster, but removes all marks, stains, scratches, blemishes, "fog" and at the same time brings out the natural grain and lustre of the wood, beautifying finishes of gilt, metal, enamel and lacquer. It destroys germs and acts as a perfect disinfectant.

Trial Bottle Free

From a kitchen chair to a grand piano—from a hardwood floor to a chandelier—that's the wide range of LIQUID VENEER. Send the coupon to-day for free trial bottle.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY
240-H Liquid Veneer Building,
Buffalo, N. Y.

CHEER UP COUPON
BUFFALO SPECIALTY CO.
240-H Liquid Veneer Bldg., BUFFALO, N. Y.
Please send me, free and without further obligation on my part, sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER

Accept no substitute, insist on the yellow package with the black tilted letters—

HOME OIL, our new product, is splendid for lawn mowers.

LIQUID VENEER

Name.....
Street & No.,.....
City & State.....

To have and to Keep Your Floors Beautiful and New Use



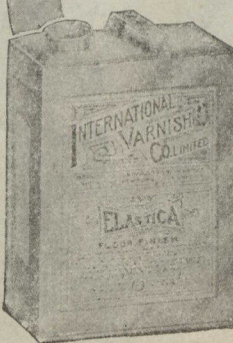
ELASTICA FLOOR FINISH

Look for this Trade-mark on a Yellow Label. All others are imitations.

Elastica is easily applied and dries hard over night; in the morning you'll have a beautiful, lustrous floor which is mar-proof, waterproof and boy-proof.

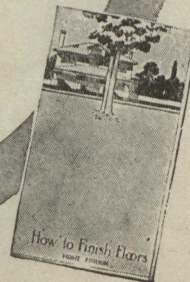
Remember the name—ELASTICA. There is only one Elastica, and that is made by the International Varnish Co.

Send for descriptive booklet. Ask your dealer.



INTERNATIONAL VARNISH CO. LIMITED

TORONTO - WINNIPEG
Canadian Factory of Standard Varnish Works
New York, Chicago, London, Berlin, Brussels, Melbourne
Largest in the world and first to establish definite standards of quality. L15



Every Advertiser in this issue is Guaranteed by the Publishers.

HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

When two numbers are given with one costume, two patterns are required at 12 cents each. Send cash to PATTERN DEPARTMENT, CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 26-28 ADELAIDE ST. W., Toronto, Can. Order always by number, stating size wanted. Patterns are mailed from our Toronto office the same day as order is received. PAPER PATTERNS TWELVE CENTS EACH POSTPAID.

Styles as Seen in London, Paris and New York

BY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS OF THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

THE present is a season of silk. While we will wear lingerie gowns without number, no wardrobe is really complete without its silk costumes. Again, silk coats will be worn throughout the season over lingerie gowns and over contrasting silks, and the ever-useful shirt waist made of tub silk is smart in the extreme. The silks are delightfully light of weight. They really are not oppressively warm and the use of chemisettes and under-sleeves makes it easy to render them fresh at a touch. It is told of a certain woman of distinction and resource, that she made an extended automobile tour through Europe, presenting herself always in correct dinner costume at the appointed hour and with an interesting

variety of gowns, while her luggage consisted of only a suit case of generous size. "Soft silks are responsible," she says, "for you can pack any number in a scarcely appreciable space and they always shake out to be fresh and unrumpled." In these days, when week-end parties are so many, the suggestion is sure to be interesting, and the radium silks, the foulards, the crepes de chine, and the soft tub crepes stand ready to lend their assistance. Underwear is reduced to the minimum under present fashions, and even the little worn is made of the thinnest, softest materials. India silk and crepe de chine being favorites. The slips that are all-essential beneath thin, dainty gowns, also are made of thin silk, so that it seems little

wonder that an extensive wardrobe can be packed into a small space.

Some of the handsomest of the silk gowns prepared for really warm weather are gray combined with white, and the combination is always a delightfully cool one in effect. Light weight charmeuse is a favorite material for the gowns of ceremonious use. A really fascinating costume is of that material in light weight, gray with white. The skirt is of the draped sort that suggests the pannier idea and allows of two materials. The upper part is gray, the under part is white, but there is no trimming. The bodice is an effectively draped one over a kimono guimpe that shows elbow sleeves of cream shadow lace, but yoke and under-sleeves of white chiffon, and a final touch of distinction is given by the collar with the big square back and the belt that is adjusted over the high waist line, for both of these are of white charmeuse richly embroidered with gray. A great deal of Chantilly lace is being worn. Heirlooms have been taken from their wrappings and put to practical use, and the women who have not luck enough to possess such are searching the shops for new lace suggestive thereof. An exceedingly interesting costume, noted at a June wedding, was of a gray and white chiffon combined with black Chantilly lace. Both blouse and skirt were draped and the black lace flouncing was rather too intricately introduced to admit of description, but the color suggestion was worthy of notice. The joining was made at the high waist line that is so much liked for elaborate costumes, and over it was arranged a narrow little belt of rose colored velvet which was held by a single big rose of chiffon. Belts of the kind were mentioned last week, and are really worthy of emphasis. They are narrow and plain. On elaborate gowns, they are made of the material, but many of the simpler gowns with high waist line show belts of leather, either buckled or held by clasps.

One of the novel uses of silk is the making of coatees to be worn not alone over lingerie gowns, but also over skirts of pique and the like. On the Avenue recently was seen a costume consisting of a simple skirt of white pique with lines of black forming a check, and over this skirt was worn a simple plain coat of black taffeta made in a modified Directoire style. There was a high waist line and there were big pocket laps, and the long sleeves were finished with big flaring cuffs. The blouse beneath was of embroidered batiste and a tiny little black bow finished the collar. The hat was one of the very new ones, small, yet not exaggeratedly so, but what might be called a modified walking shape. The crown and outer portion of the brim were of black Tagal straw, and the facing of the brim was white. The trimming consisted of a band of white taffeta finished with a double pump bow at the front, from which rose a white vulture plume. A beautiful note of color was found in an American Beauty rose pinned to the coat. The skirt was one of the very latest with overlapped edges and at the left of the front, there was left a little opening to give freedom for walking, yet did not mean any disagreeable slashed effect. The parasol matched the coat. Altogether the costume was chic in the extreme. Silk over lingerie materials makes an innovation both interesting and attractive. Very lovely costumes are being made which show over-blouses and tunics of soft silks over foundations of cotton crepes, marquisettes and the like. A distinctive one is made with a blouse, including long, close-fitting sleeves and a moderately narrow skirt of the crepe richly embroidered and showing a wide band border at the lower edge of the skirt. The tunic is novel and gives a little suggestion of the pannier idea, for it is

short at the front and back and forms deep points at the sides. The over-blouse is made with very short kimono sleeves, and the two are joined by a narrow, shaped girdle richly embroidered. The neck, the sleeves and the tunic are all edged with narrow velvet ribbon and whenever it is possible, there are tassels to give weight. The silk is of the shot sort, combining old rose and old gold, and gold threads are combined with silk for the embroidery; but the three most notable features of the costume are the long, close-fitting under-sleeves that terminate with muslin frills that are finished at both edges and shirred at the centre, one part turned back over the sleeves while the other is turned over the hands; the other features are in the kimono sleeves and in the flat belt at the high waist line. Curiously enough, one hears a great deal of talk to the effect that the kimono sleeve is passed, yet the newest French models, the handsomest gowns, the costumes turned out by the best dressmakers, are all showing them.

Plaited skirts are coming. Straight, narrow ones remain essentially smart but nevertheless, plaits are being introduced in various ways, and with the coming of another season, we will wear plaited as well as plain skirts, while many important costumes are already giving evidence of the fact. The thin materials, accordion-plaited, are being used for dancing gowns, are for various similar occasions, and flat plaits closely pressed have already made their appearance. A notable example is found in a skirt of silk voile and a Directoire coat of charmeuse. The skirt is quite untrimmed and is laid in plaits of a little over an inch in width. To be sure, they fall in long, straight lines. The material is filmy and even in the plaits, gives little evidence of bulk, while it is worn over a sheath-fitting foundation, but nevertheless, the evidence of the innovation is there. Some of the new skirts show occasional plaits introduced here and there, and one-side effects are conspicuous in new models, but plaits, when they exist, are of full length and genuine, so that the women who are looking for relief from narrow lines may take heart. There is talk of tailored models of various sorts coming later. Just now we are seeing a great many afternoon toilettes, such as the one already mentioned, or with under-skirts finely plaited by machine, and with panniers or drapery worn over them. A handsome costume, which serves to illustrate the effect, is made with a skirt of beige colored radium silk laid in plaits, or scarcely more than one-half inch in width, but flat, not of the accordion sort, while the tunic and blouse are of black tulle effectively trimmed with Cluny lace and with touches of color found in the fancy collar and girdle that are of real orange color, slightly embroidered in gold threads. Black hats are one of the fancies of the hour and with this costume is worn one made entirely of black tulle with trimming of a black aigrette.

We have not had any extended heat as yet, but a day or two of really warm weather always brings out typical summer costumes. White gowns with touches of color found in their accessories, are charming, and many such that are attractive in the extreme, are seen, but there are always the unthinking followers of any fashion, and a hint does not always go amiss. White shoes are allowable, with white costumes. Bright-colored shoes upon the street are an absurdity, and well dressed women do not wear them, no matter what the color of the gown or suit. Gray with gray costumes is charming. Tan color and brown harmonize with all things, but black, and for the occasions of greater dress, patent leather with black silk hose, can be relied upon as always in good taste. If the girls who are



Blouse Pattern No. 7438A
Skirt Pattern No. 7498

Blouse Pattern No. 7506
Skirt Pattern No. 7483

foolish enough to take up every fad and push it to an extreme, would realize how white shoes intensify the apparent size of the feet, how they exaggerate every defect, they would be less eager to wear them in season and out. Only

is made over a lining and the trimming portions are separate and applied over it; consequently, these can be omitted if a plainer blouse is wanted. The neck can be made square or high. The sleeves can be finished with frills or cut a little

yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide, for the blouse, and $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, for the skirt.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7506, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure; of the skirt, No. 7483, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches, waist measure.

back. The neck edge can be finished with a round or standing collar. The sleeves can be made short and loose, or long and gathered into bands. This dress is made of embroidered pique, and is worn with a patent leather belt, but belts of the material are equally fashionable.

For the 8-year size, the dress will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, 3 yards 36 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of fancy material 18 and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain material 27 inches wide for the trimming.

The pattern of the dress, No. 7495, is cut in sizes for girls from 6 to 12 years of age.

Frocks for Coming School Days

WHILE there are still many weeks of happy playtime ahead, school is looming up in the near future, and the mothers are sure to be preparing for the opening. These dresses are pretty and attractive, and at the same time simple. They involve very little labor and they can be made from the heavier linens and cottons, and from wool materials with equal propriety.

The Russian dress is made with waist and skirt portions in one, including only shoulder and under-arm seams, but there are separate sleeves sewed to the armholes, and these sleeves can be made in three-quarter length with bards or in full length with cuffs. A belt holds the dress in place at the waist line, and is slipped under straps at the under-arm seams. The neck can be made square or high. In the illustration, blue linen is embroidered with white.

For the 10-year size, the dress will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 3 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7513, is cut in sizes for girls from 8 to 12 years of age.

The second frock also is made with blouse and skirt in one, but is laid in full length box plaits, and the closing is made beneath the plait at the centre

Models for Mother and Daughter

AUGUST is extremely apt to mean a holiday taken in one direction or another, and both mother and daughter will need pretty new costumes.

The girl's dress illustrated is adapted to linen, pique and various materials of the kind, but, in this case, combines plain white linen with the same material eyelet embroidered. The blouse with its cutaway peplum and fancy collar is very attractive and is apt to be becoming to girlish figures, and the five-gored skirt is cutaway and lapped in the envelope style that is exceedingly smart just now; but treatment and trimming make a vast difference in any pattern and the same dress can be made as shown in the small front view by omitting the peplum, making the sleeves longer and cutting the front gore of the skirt straight. As shown on the figure, it is a dressy little frock; with-



Dress Pattern No. 7513

Dress Pattern No. 7495

when they harmonize so perfectly with the skirt as to be inconspicuous are they really desirable, and, in view of the fact that each of us sees the other, it would hardly seem necessary to emphasize the truth, yet apparently the lessons that might so be learned are completely overlooked. White, to be pretty, must be dainty and immaculate. Conditions that must inevitably mean soil, bring the demand for something sturdier and more enduring. Brown suede pumps with brown stockings are fashionable, and exceedingly handsome and durable, and harmonize with costumes of almost every color.

Gowns for the Late Summer

LATE summer is not always the season in which we look for new designs in the world of fashion, but there is a growing activity in this direction as in many others, and almost every month of the year has come to mean some novelty. These gowns show interesting features and will be found satisfactory for the coming season as well as for the present one.

The pannier skirt is one of the prettiest of that kind, and unquestionably will be much worn. The foundation is circular, with a panel back that can be made either in walking length or with a train, and the panniers are arranged over it. The blouse is a very attractive one with a daintily shirred upper portion that is peculiarly well adapted to thin materials. The gown is made of radium silk over a foundation of satin, and with a shirred blouse of chiffon, but it can be utilized for materials of many different sorts. Flowered and brocaded silks will be exceedingly fashionable throughout the autumn, and they are well adapted to such use, but there are also plain fabrics of two weaves or colors that can be combined successfully. The girdle can be arranged at either the high or the natural waist line. The blouse

longer and gathered into plain bands.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 2 yards 44 inches wide with 1 yard 27 inches wide for the trimming portions; the foundation skirt $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 27 or 36, or $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44 inches wide; the panniers 4 yards 27 inches wide.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7438A, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 inches bust measure, of the skirt, 7498, in sizes from 22, 24 and 26 inches waist measure.

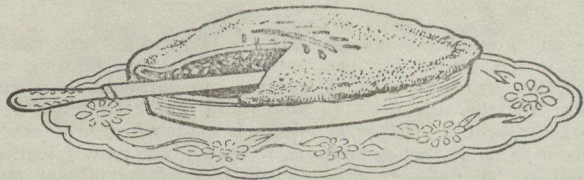
The second gown makes a very charming model for voile, marquisette and the like, as well as for the fashionable silks. As shown, it is made of plain marquisette combined with border, and is very dainty and very attractive, but the design is one of the available sort that can be treated in a number of ways. When the peplum is made square, as in this case, it has a straight lower edge, consequently, it is adapted to flouncing and bordered material but it can be cut away, as in the back view, and finished with scallops, or in any manner preferred. It can be made with or without a lining and the neck can be finished round or square with a stock collar. The skirt is made in four gores. The front gore can be made plain or with tucks and the side gores are lapped on to it to give a panel effect. It can be finished at either the high or the natural waist line. For between seasons and the coming autumn, the blouse made as shown in the small view, and the skirt with the tucked front gore, would be charming from taffeta or charmeuse or any similar material.

For the medium size, the blouse as shown in the front view will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of bordered material 12 inches wide, with 1 yard of plain material 44 inches wide, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide. The skirt will require 4 yards 27 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36, or 44 inches wide, with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of bordered material 44 inches wide. To make as shown in the small views, will require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, 2 yards 36, or 1 $\frac{5}{8}$



Dress Pattern No. 7517

Blouse Pattern No. 7472A
Skirt Pattern No. 7477



Make your pastry with PURITY FLOUR It will be delicious

WE tell you frankly that it will likely cost you slightly more to make pastry with PURITY FLOUR than with an ordinary flour. But thousands of home-cooks, who have tried both, willingly pay the difference.

Because of its *extra* strength and *extra* quality more shortening must be added to PURITY FLOUR than to blended or soft wheat flours, when making pastry.

PURITY FLOUR gets its *extra* strength and *extra* quality from the *high-grade* portions of the hard wheat berries. There is no low-grade hard wheat flour, nor soft wheat flour, mixed with PURITY. It is all *high-grade*.



Naturally, such a high-class flour will cost you slightly more. It costs more to make. It is worth more money.

But think of the added delicacy of flavor, the extra deliciousness of the pies and the cakes! Surely it is worth paying a little more for greater enjoyment.

And the pleasure of using such a high-class, reliable flour for all manner of cooking and baking purposes cannot be counted in mere dollars and cents. And remember that PURITY FLOUR makes

"More bread and better bread"

It takes more water because it's a strong, thirsty flour. It goes farther in the baking. Get a pencil and add

PURITY FLOUR

to your grocery list right now.

101

Take A Scoopful Of Each— Side By Side

Take "St. Lawrence" Granulated in one scoop—and any other sugar in the other.

Look at "St. Lawrence" Sugar—its perfect crystals—its pure, white sparkle—its even grain. Test it point by point, and you will see that



Absolutely Best *St. Lawrence* **Absolutely Pure** Sugar

is one of the choicest sugars ever refined—with a standard of purity that few sugars can boast. Try it in your home.

Analysis shows, "St. Lawrence Granulated" to be "99.99/100 to 100% Pure Cane Sugar with no impurities whatever"

"Most every dealer sells St. Lawrence Sugar."

ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERIES LIMITED, - MONTREAL.

65A



Simple Gowns for Linen and Silk

out the trimming, it becomes simple and adapted to school. In the back view, there is a suggestion for scallops that is worthy of notice.

For the 12-year size, the dress will require 3 3/8 yards of plain linen 36 inches wide with 1 1/2 yards of embroidered linen 36 inches wide, to make as shown on the figures. To make of one material, the dress will require 6 yards of material 27, 4 1/4 yards 36 or 3 1/4 yards 44 inches wide, with 3/4 yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette.

The pattern, No. 7517, is cut in sizes for girls from 10 to 14 years of age.

The young mother's gown is an exceedingly attractive one, combining one

plain one with overlapping points. The finish can be made at either the high or the natural waist line.

For the medium size, the blouse will require 3 1/4 yards of material 27, 2 1/8 yards 36 or 1 3/4 yards 44 inches wide with 3/4 yard 27 inches wide for the collar and cuffs, and 5/8 yard of lace 6 inches wide for the jabot. The skirt will require 5 yards 27, 36 or 44 inches wide if the material has figure or nap, 4 1/2 yards 27, 4 1/2 yards 36 or 3 1/2 yards 44 if there is no up nor down, and 1 yard of additional material of any width for the plaited portions. The width of the plain skirt is 2 1/8 yards.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7472A,



Blouse Pattern No. 7509
Skirt Pattern No. 7346

Blouse Pattern No. 7514
Skirt Pattern No. 7515

of the latest forms of the envelope skirt with a plain blouse that is finished with a Robespierre collar, and this collar is very new and of real importance. It makes one of the very latest features of fashion, and it can be utilized in this way, attached to the blouse, or made separately. The closing is made at the front beneath the frill. The sleeves are in one piece each of the "set-in" sort. They can be made long and closed with buttons, and buttonholes at the wrists, or they can be cut off in elbow length. The skirt is made in four pieces, and those at the front and back are overlapped in true envelope style. The plaited portions are separate and can be used or omitted as liked. Without them, the skirt is a

is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt, No. 7477, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

Simple Gowns for Linen and Silk

WHETHER one is planning for a vacation to be taken in the late summer or looking forward to the coming season with its many needs, simple gowns are likely to be needed.

The middy costume illustrated is a very new one, and quite certain to appeal especially to the college and school girls. In this case, it is combined with a six-gored skirt and the entire costume is made of white linen trimmed



Outing Coat

with blue, but blouses of the kind are worn over odd skirts quite as well as for the entire costume, and as it can be worn with or without the shield, and made with short or long sleeves, it is adapted to all seasons. The Norfolk effect obtained by the box plaits worn

striped satin made just in this way. Black and white is exceedingly smart, but various other colors are to be found; in fact, the blazer in college stripes is the favorite one. There are only shoulder and under-arm seams, the pockets are of the patch sort and the fronts are faced, while the collar is joined to the neck edge. The sleeves are made with upper and under portions but are without fullness.

For the medium size will be required $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards, 36, or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7408, is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38 and 40-inch bust measure.



Coat Pattern No. 7408

over the skirt is exceedingly smart, but if for any reason, it is not found becoming, the blouse can be cut off and finished with a hem and elastic to blouse slightly at the waist line. The skirt is made in six gores, and there is an inverted plait at each side.

For the 16-year size, the blouse will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 27, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27 for the collar and cuffs, and 5 yards of braid; the skirt, $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide for linen or other material without up and down. If figured material is used, 7 yards 27 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide.

The patterns of the blouse, No. 7509, and of the skirt, 7346, are both cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years.

The foulard gown is a very pretty one, made with the shaped and overlapped front edges that are both new and smart. The blouse is a simple one, made with the one-piece sleeves sewed to the armholes and with a separate chemisette that is closed at the back, while the blouse is closed at the front. The sleeves can be made in elbow length with prettily shaped cuffs, or extended to the wrists and finished in any manner preferred. The skirt is in five gores. The back gore forms a box plait and the front edges are overlapped. The finish can be made at either the high or the natural waist line. If the shaped edges of the blouse and skirt are not liked, they can be cut straight and finished with hems or with trimming.

For the medium size, the blouse will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27, 2 yards 36 or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27 for the collar and cuffs, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 18 for the chemisette; the skirt, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide; bands for both skirt and blouse, 1 yard 21 inches wide. The skirt at the lower edge measures 2 yards.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7514, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust measure; of the skirt, No. 7515, in sizes from 22 to 34 inches waist measure.

Outing Coat

THERE is no coat or jacket that fills a more needed place during the warm weather season than this one. It is exceedingly smart, it is easy to slip on and off, it requires no lining and it can be made from a variety of materials. Striped cloths and flannels are favorites, but one of the novelties is

Boy's Blouse

BOYS find blouses such as this one among the most satisfactory of warm weather garments. They can be worn with any preferred trousers and they are loose and comfortable, allowing perfect freedom of movement. The turned over collar and soft rolled-over cuffs are fashionable and are unquestionably smart in effect, but the round collar is apt to be more comfortable and is equally correct, while the straight single cuffs can be used in place of the double ones. This blouse is made of linen but boys wear blouses made from madras and percale and all materials of the kind, while for very hard play, thin, light weight, washable flannels often are excellent. There are only front and back portions, but the back can be made plain or with the applied yoke as liked. The patch pocket is arranged over the left front. The sleeves are the regulation sort with openings and overlaps.

For the 8-year size, the blouse will require $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of material 27, 2 yards 36 or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern, No. 7485, is cut in sizes for boys from 4 to 12 years of age.

The New Neck Frill

EVERY woman who can wear frills, this season, is wearing frills—and some who ought never effect frilly effects are foolish enough to follow the fashion with rather painful results. Only the slender neck, rising gracefully from sloping shoulders, looks well in a frill, and even then the pleated fabric should be basted down care-

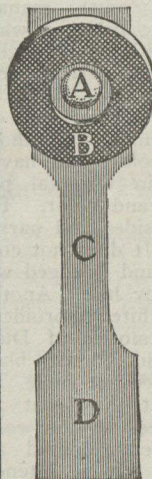


Blouse Pattern No. 7485

fully half an inch from the inner edge to ensure perfectly flat shoulder lines. Square-shouldered women, and women with chunky necks, will wisely avoid the trying frill and stick to the turned-down collar. Such collars are made of lingerie material, this season, not of lace; and in consequence wonderful bargains in Irish and cluny lace collars are to be picked up by the canny woman who knows that these old favorites, temporarily deposed by too much cheap imitation, will surely return to favor. The lace collar, moreover, could be laundered in one's room and pinned out on the bed to dry, whereas the dainty affair of embroidered batiste and

No More Paring on 50,000,000 Corns

Some time ago a chemist discovered how to completely end a corn.



He made a wax—the B & B wax—which forms the heart of a Blue-jay plaster.

This little plaster has since then removed fifty million corns.

It is applied in a jiffy, and the corn

pain ends at once. Then the B & B wax gently loosens the corn. In 48 hours the whole corn comes out, root and all.

No soreness, no discomfort. You feel nothing at all.

People who pare corns get just a few days' relief. To get it they run the constant risk of infection.

The millions who use Blue-jay never suffer or wait. They get rid of the corn in two days.

Get Blue-jay and prove it, as they did.

A in the picture is the soft B & B wax. It loosens the corn.
B protects the corn, stopping the pain at once.
C wraps around the toe. It is narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive to fasten the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

Sold by Druggists—15c and 25c per package

Sample Mailed Free. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters (154)

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, Makers of B & B Handy Package Absorbent Cotton, etc.

Jaeger Knitted Coats For Ladies



Neither rain nor sunshine affects Jaeger Golf Coats.

They keep their shape—their color and their style.

They are made in a great variety of colorings in correct lengths and styles with or without roll collar.

See them.

Dr. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM Co. LIMITED

32 King Street W., Toronto, Ont.
316 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal
364 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

And from JAEGER Agents throughout the Dominion.

MAXWELL'S

PURITAN MOTOR WASHER

is in daily use in thousands of homes that have running water in the house.

The strength and simplicity of the motor—and the fact that it washes cleanly and quickly on very low pressure—has made it famous. The tub and mechanism are the same as in the old standby "CHAMPION" High Speed—and that means, the best there is.

If you have electric lights, you will find the MAXWELL ELECTRIC WASHER AND WRINGER just splendid. It washes clothes by electricity and washes them quickly and clean. Simply attach to ordinary electric lamp socket. The only electric washer manufactured in Canada.

If your dealer does not handle all styles and sizes in Maxwell Electric, Water Motor and Hand Washers, write us for catalogue.

DAVID MAXWELL & Sons, St. Marys, Ont.



DOMINION EXPRESS Money Orders

and Foreign Cheques are payable all over the World.

They may be sent in payment of produce, tax, gas and electric light bills, interest on notes and mortgages, insurance premiums, subscriptions to newspapers and magazines, and in fact in payment of all kinds of accounts, whether in or out of town.

We give you a receipt and if the remittance goes astray in the mails, we refund your money or issue a new order free of charge.

TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES ISSUED. MONEY SENT BY TELEGRAPH AND CABLE.

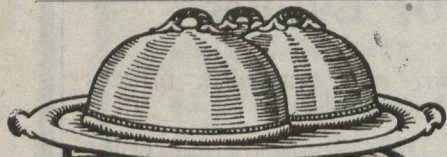
When purchasing Goods by mail, ALWAYS remit by

DOMINION EXPRESS CO. MONEY ORDERS

RATES FOR MONEY ORDERS:

5 CENTS AND UNDER	8 CENTS
OVER 5. TO 10	10 "
10. TO 20	15 "
20. TO 50	20 "
50. TO 100	25 "

AGENCIES THROUGHOUT CANADA.



H.P.

The foundation of a good dinner

A few drops of H.P. Sauce itself will teach you more about its excellence than an ocean of description; try it with hot meat, cold meat, or even bread and cheese.

H.P. SAUCE

A secret combination of richest oriental fruits and spices with pure malt vinegar.

Made in England—but sold here.

Larter's
"COMMON SENSE"
KILLS
BUGS
ROACHES
RATS
MICE
and other vermin

25 cents at all Druggists or we will mail post free on receipt of price
COMMON SENSE MFG. CO., TORONTO



Belted Dress

lace may be freshened only with the aid of clear starch and a flatiron. But the lingerie styles have the day now, and summer vacationers must manage somehow, with electric flatirons which may be attached to the hotel chandelier, or by the friendly aid of small portable alcohol stoves.

Among the newest collars seen, one is of handkerchief linen buttonholed around the edge in color, and having embroidered motifs in Oriental patterns, done in white and color. This collar is wide at the sides and narrow from back to front. It does not come together at the front and is edged with a narrow frill of cluny lace. Another pretty collar is of white embroidered linen with applique motifs of Dutch blue mousseline embroidered with black. At the edge is a pleated net ruffle. The collar opens widely at the front and has square front edges. A low collar is of white batiste embroidered and scalloped with white. It is intended for wear with summer morning frocks of linen or dimiti, and has tabs underneath which turn back and pin in place under the edge of the bodice. The sides of the collar are very wide and reach to the edge of the shoulder, but the measurement at front and back is narrow; and the collar does not come together at the front, but is worn with a bow of velvet ribbon. All of these collars have cuffs to match, for the cuffs are as much a feature as the collar with this summer's frock.

Belted Dress

NO dress is more fashionable nor better liked than the one that is made in semi-princess styles. This model includes the overlapped edges that are so new and so attractive and is adapted to an infinite variety of materials. In the illustration white linen is trimmed with rose color, but taffeta



Dress Pattern No. 7385

would be charming so made. There are many cotton fabrics that are quite appropriate for the design and it also can be utilized for serge, mohair and the like. White serge with trimming of taffeta would be exceedingly smart. The dress consists of blouse and skirt. The blouse is made with front and back portions, and with one-piece sleeves that are sewed to the armholes. The skirt is made in three pieces. The two are

joined by means of a belt and are closed at the left of the front. The cuffs can be used to finish the sleeves or they can be omitted and any preferred trimming used in their stead.

For the 16-year size will be required 5 7/8 yards of material 27, 4 yards 36, 3 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 3/4 yard 27 for the trimming.

The pattern, No. 7385, is cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

The Newest Skirt

THE very latest thing for skirts has the width at the back, made up of three small box plaits which fit into the side of the panel. This gives the necessary width, but does not detract from the tube shape required for all modish costumes. When one stands the plaits close. It is only as the wearer steps or moves the feet that the back is transformed, and then this is so little changed that the effect is scarcely interfered with. The front of a skirt made with the box plaits may be any style one may select.

Concerning Bags

BAGS continue to absorb much of the fashionable world's attention. The shopping and automobile hand bags of leather are arranged for the orderly stowing away of all these, and more belongings, in ship-shape manner. Inner pockets and cases will accommodate any number of belongings, and there is even a special hand bag for the traveler with an envelope attachment on one side which contains sewing implements, all neatly and compactly stowed in leather pockets.

The gold mesh purses become more luxurious every season. These bags never seem to lose their vogue, though the silver mesh bag is not now as fashionable as it was a season ago. The new gold mesh bags have jewel-studded frames, and sometimes the mesh shows a weaving of gold with platinum in chevron striped effect. Such bags when found in exclusive jewelers' shops are often priced as high as six and seven hundred dollars.

There has been a fancy this spring for the old-fashioned ring purse, in use thirty or forty years ago. The new ring purses are exaggerated in size, and the sliding rings are as large as bracelets. These bags, trimmed with fringe and made of bright colored taffeta, add a very charming touch of color to the summer costume.

Panniers and Flounces

A CHARMING summer novelty is the gown of embroidered taffeta. The taffeta is embroidered in English and eyelet stitches, just as in a batiste dress. A light chiffon overdrapey makes a pointed tunic, the sash belt is of Sevres blue velvet and fine lace is prettily used in jabot fashion on the front of the waist; on the wrist it follows up the sleeve seam, a season's fancy. Taffeta has caught the popular fancy very slowly, as it is a material difficult to handle and must be used on the new style lines. Still it is worn by New York women of fashion in the smart hotels, tea rooms and even on Fifth Avenue. The models are mostly made up in pannier effects, but not too extreme. Some, really artistic, are worn in the latest plays, and it is perhaps in this latter way that an undecided woman can best judge how far from impossible this pretty fashion is, and how attractive a change in the fashion is to those who know the value of novelties in clothe.

But for conservative women, who like to wait till a fashion is at its height, the models with the flounces and drapey seem a more natural transition toward the styles of to-morrow. Of these the tunic draperies are preferred, for they lend themselves nicely to the foulards, soft silks and satins which the shops show off so attractively.

CLEANING

—AND—

DYEING

—AT—

REDUCED RATES

Write for Price List and Advice

—TO—

SINCLAIR DYE WORKS

656 College St., Toronto

Phone College 621

Cure that Bunion

No need to suffer bunion torture another day. DR. SCHOLL'S BUNION RIGHT removes the cause of your bunion or enlarged toe joint by permanently straightening the crooked toe.

Gives INSTANT RELIEF and a FINAL CURE of all bunion pain. Shields, plasters or shoe stretchers never cure. Dr. Scholl's Bunion Right is comfortable, sanitary, convenient. Guaranteed or money back. 50 cents each or \$1.00 per pair at drug and shoe stores, or direct from The W. Scholl Mfg. Co., 472 King St. W., Toronto. Illustrated Booklet Free

IF YOU CARRY A

"SWAN"

FOUNT-PEN

you are always ready to "jot it down." The "Swan" has no intricate or delicate parts—consequently it never gets out of order, and is always ready to write without adjusting or coaxing. Good for a lifetime. Sold by Stationers. \$2.50 upwards.

CATALOGUE FREE
MABIE, TODD & CO.
124 York St., Toronto
London New York Chicago



You cannot afford brain-befoggling headaches.

Na-Dru-Co Headache Wafers

stop them in quick time and clear your head. They do not contain either phenacetin, acetanilid, morphine, opium or any other dangerous drug. 25c. a box at your Druggist's.



National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited,
128

Don't Throw It Away
Does Your Granite or Hot Water Bag Leak?
USE MENDETS
They mend all leaks in all utensils—tin, brass, copper, graniteware, hot water bags, etc. No solder, cement or rivet. Anyone can use them; fit any surface, two million in use. Send for sample pkg., 10c. COMPLETE PACKAGE ASSORTED SIZES, 25c., POSTPAID. Agents wanted. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. Collingwood, Ont.


REMINGTON BUSINESS COLLEGE

269 College Street, Toronto
Thorough courses in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting and all kindred subjects. Graduates successfully placed. Catalogue free. Fall term opens Sept. 4.

Change of Address

Agents, advertisers and subscribers will notice that our address is now

26-28 Adelaide St. West
TORONTO, ONT.



Abbey's Effer-Vescent Salt
A clean stomach and a clear head are the guarantees of **Abbey's Salt**
25c and 60c bottle.
Sold everywhere.

Neave's Food
FOR INFANTS
Is The RIGHT Food For YOUR Baby




The strongest argument for your using NEAVE'S FOOD for your baby, is that 80 years experience has proved its value for the youngest and most delicate infant. NEAVE'S FOOD contains all the essentials for flesh and blood forming, in an exceptional degree — assists teething — relieves constipation — and makes baby thrive. Sold in 1 lb. airtight tins by all Druggists in Canada. Free to Mothers—Write today for free tin of Neave's Food and book "Hints About Baby", to the Canadian Agent — EDWIN UTLEY, 14 Front Street East, - TORONTO. (Mention this paper.) Mfrs. J. R. NEAVE & CO., England.

THE COAST LINE TO MACKINAC



DETROIT CLEVELAND BUFFALO NIAGARA FALLS
TOLEDO PT. HURON GODERICH ALPENA ST. IGNACE

THE CHARMS OF SUMMER SEAS
Spend your vacation on the Great Lakes, the most economical and enjoyable outing in America. Where You Can Go
Daily service is operated between Detroit and Cleveland, Detroit and Buffalo; four trips weekly between Toledo, Detroit, Mackinac and and way ports; daily service between Toledo, Cleveland and Put-in-Bay. A Cleveland to Mackinac special steamer will be operated two trips weekly from June 15th to September 10th, stopping only at Detroit every trip and Goderich, Ont., every other trip. Special Day Trips Between Detroit and Cleveland During July and August.—Railroad Tickets Available on Steamers.—Send 2 cent stamp for Illustrated Pamphlet and Great Lakes Map. Address: L. C. Lewis, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich. Philip H. McMillan, President A. A. Schantz, General Manager Detroit and Cleveland Nav. Co.



Webb's Chocolates
for people who want the best

THE Harry Webb Co., Limited
TORONTO, CAN.

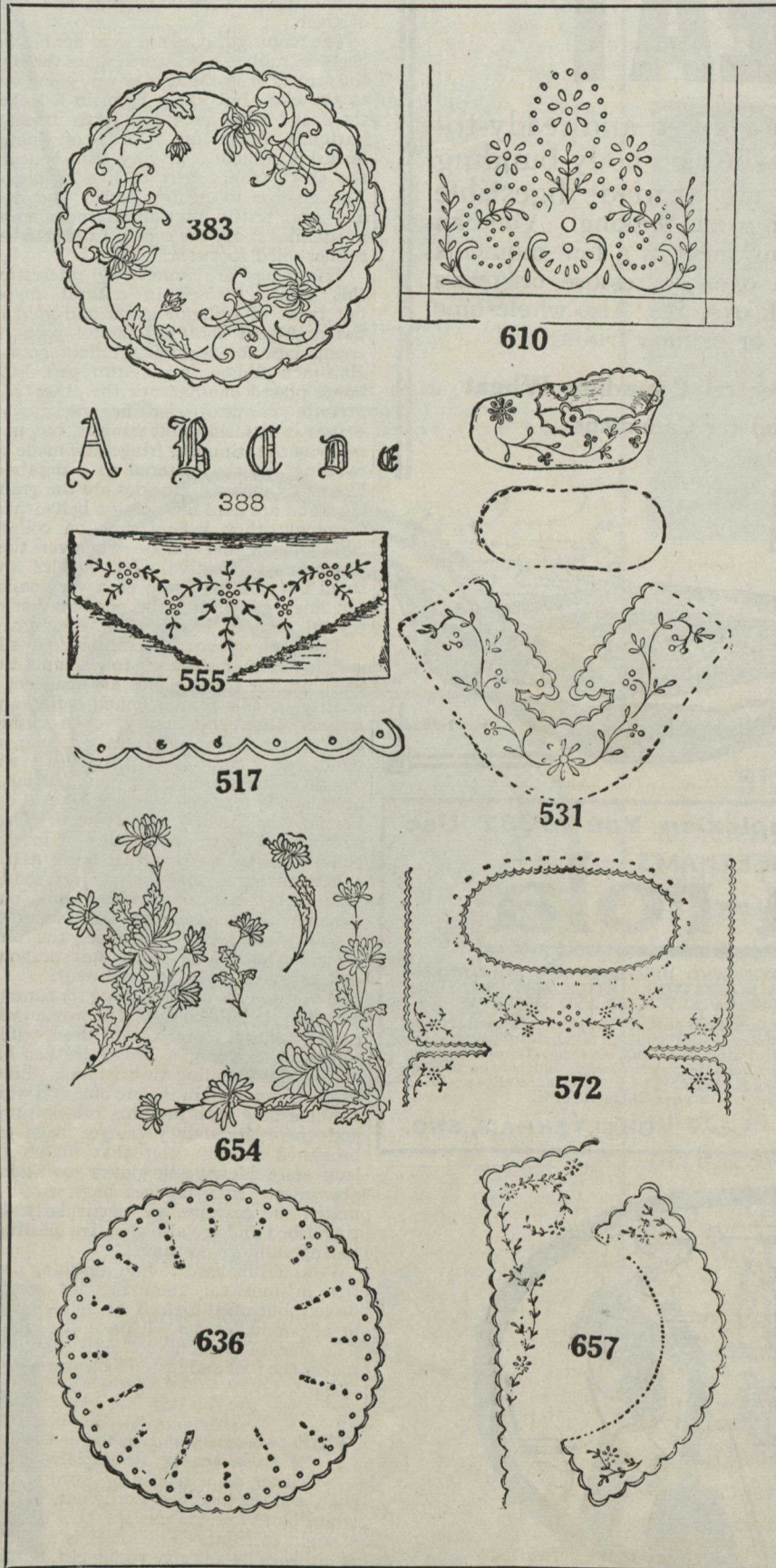


NEW EMBROIDERY DESIGNS

- No. 383—Chrysanthemum design for a centre-piece, twenty-two inches square.
- No. 610—A design for an embroidered table or dresser scarf. Two ends fourteen inches wide are given.
- No. 388—Designs for stamping initial letters in Old English. Forty-eight transfers of any one letter are included in each pattern, six three inches, six two and a half inches, twelve two inches, twelve one and a half inches, and twelve one inch in height.
- No. 531—Design for embroidering an infant's shoe. Transfer for two shoes are given.
- No. 555—Design for embroidering a
- No. 657—Design for embroidering a boy's Russian blouse.
- No. 517—Design for a scalloped edge with dots.

Embroidery Patterns Used by Hot Iron Process is Very Simple

Directions—Lay the material to be stamped on a padded ironing board or table. Place the pattern over it with the printed side down and press over the entire surface of the paper with a



handkerchief case in envelope shape ten inches in length.
No. 654—Designs for embroidering sprays of chrysanthemums. Two sprays of each size are given.
No. 572—Design for embroidering a low neck night gown, with short sleeves.
No. 636—Design for an embroidered centre cloth twenty-two inches in diameter.
hot iron, when a perfect outline will result. Take care to place the pattern carefully before applying the iron. The heat will cause the pattern to adhere slightly to the material and consequently there is no danger of slipping during the process of pressing. The ink is not indelible, however, and should a mistake be made it can be readily washed out with naphtha soap and water.



Would you Pay \$3.00 for Ten or Fifteen Years' Convenience and Comfort?

That is What Bissell's "Cyco" Ball Bearing Sweeper Offers You

Over 10,000,000 BISSELL Sweepers in use throughout the world—a strong testimonial in itself as to the merit of our goods. Once you install a BISSELL Sweeper in your home you will regret the many years of wasted energy, discomfort and loss of time suffered through the use of the corn broom.

BISSELL'S "Cyco" BALL BEARING Carpet Sweeper

runs so easily a child can operate it, and practically everything about it is automatic. The brush adjusts itself to all grades of carpets and rugs, hence needs no attention beyond emptying the pans. The pans are opened with slight pressure, and close automatically. The "BISSELL" takes up miscellaneous litter that no other cleaning device can gather, without the slightest injury to carpets or rugs, and gives the greatest all round sweeping efficiency at the lowest possible cost.

For sale by all the best trade.
Price \$3.00 to \$4.75.
Write for free booklet.
BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.,
Dept. 3
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Canadian Factory, Niagara Falls, Ont. (17)



Benger's Food, prepared with fresh new milk forms a dainty and delicious cream, rich in all the necessary food elements.

If half Benger's Food so prepared, is mixed with half freshly made tea or coffee, cocoa or chocolate, its highly nourishing and digestive advantages are added with great success to the refreshing qualities of the beverage.

BENGER'S FOOD

also mixes agreeably with stimulants when these may be medically recommended.

"Benger's Food and how to use it, for Infants, Invalids and the Aged" — a handsome 48 page booklet, post free from
BENGER'S FOOD, LTD.,
Otter Works, Manchester, England.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere. 1888C

200% Profit in Gliding Casters—Just out

We want agents capable of earning \$30 a week or more. Men and women to take large exclusive territory and handle own sub-agents. Homes buy 6 to 40 sets; hotels, etc., 50 to 500. Anyone can attach. Noiseless. Saves carpets, furniture, and won't scratch the floor. Exceptional opportunity for live agents. Send 10 cents for samples and terms.

DYAS MFG. CO.,
Suite 111, Mail Building, TORONTO

Don't Roast the Cook—

She may not like it and you won't like her after she is cooked. A Winter morning generally means a cold kitchen, a slow breakfast, children late to school. Kitchen worries and cooking problems vanish from the home where

SHREDDED WHEAT

is known. It is ready-cooked and ready-to-serve. It contains all the rich body-building material in the whole wheat made digestible by steam-cooking, shredding and baking. You can prepare a warm, nourishing meal in a few moments by heating the biscuit in oven to restore crispness and then pouring hot milk over it. Also wholesome and delicious with stewed or canned fruits.

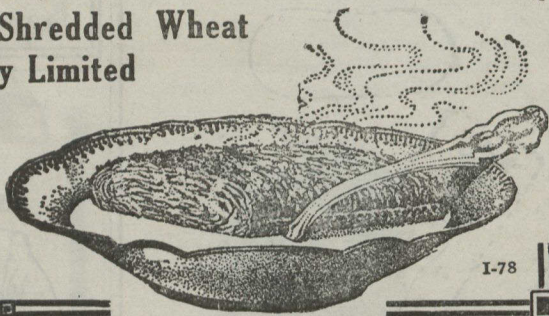
Made of Choicest Selected Canadian Wheat
A Canadian Food for Canadians

Made by

The Canadian Shredded Wheat
Company Limited

Niagara Falls,
Ont.

Toronto Office:
49 Wellington St.
East



I-78

If You Value Your Complexion You MUST Use



BEETHAM'S
La-rola

ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL ROUGHNESS, REDNESS, TAN, IRRITATION, ETC., AND RENDERS THE SKIN DELICATELY SOFT AND VELVETY

It is the most perfect Emollient Milk for the skin ever produced and for the Toilet and Nursery is invaluable. It is delightfully refreshing and soothing, if applied after Motoring, Cycling, Tennis, Golfing, Boating, etc. It is neither sticky nor greasy, and can be used at any time during the day. Men will find it wonderfully soothing if applied after shaving. Ask your Chemist for it.

M. BEETHAM & SON

CHELLENHAM, ENG.



GROCERS are firm friends of Windsor Table Salt. They like to sell it, because it is pure and clean and good.

Ask any grocer for his best salt, and he will give you Windsor Salt every time.

Not because it costs more—it does not—but because the grocers know that Windsor Table Salt pleases their customers.

WINDSOR TABLE SALT

FADS AND FANCIES

BEGONIA red is the shade of shades in Paris now. Begonia is a rich color between flame and crimson, and has none of the crudity of scarlet or even cardinal. It is, in fact, one of the elusive colors of the season, produced by blending two or three tints with a softening admixture of grey, and is generally becoming to women with fair skins. One sees gay begonia parasols, ostrich plumes, neckbows and even stockings—for colored silk stockings are quite the fad with low cut buttoned oxfords of satin or black kid.

Not every woman who wears the new featherweight buttons knows that they are made of compressed sour milk. These buttons are wonderfully light, and have the appearance of polished old ivory. They are immensely fashionable in Paris, and many of the handsomest gowns are trimmed with rows and rows of them.

The tennis girl does not wear her heavy, heel-less rubber-soled tennis shoes through the streets or in the trolley car, going out to the club, but keeps them in a locker there and trips back and forth in neat, buttoned boots or oxfords of snowy buckskin which look very trim beneath the short tennis skirt of line or pique. The change to lighter heeled boots, is also more restful after an afternoon spent in running about the court in the heel-less rubber-soled footwear.

Trimmings are immensely interesting this season. Roses in natural shape but made of brilliant green and gold or tan and gold shot taffeta are used on cream lace for trimming taffeta gowns. Half-inch ribbon, made into pert little bows, placed one beneath the other, is a favorite garniture for lingerie frocks. Fringe is as fashionable as ever, but now many of the trimming fringes are made by raveling out the material to a depth of five or six inches. Buckles are the grand chic, and are used not only on belts where seemingly they belong, but on collars, cuffs, revers and skirts—wherever they prove most effective. Jet buckles and small buttons were seen on a very smart tan linen gown, and the combination of crystal and jet is especially effective.

The long gloves of embroidered silk give a touch of elegance to a simple tub costume, for these gloves are made of a quality of silk that is much softer and heavier than the slimsy, open-meshed silk of the cheaper gloves. A pair of handsome embroidered gloves will last an entire season if the hand portion is occasionally renewed—something that can be done at small extra expense. Grey silk gloves with embroideries in self color seem to be in special favor as the season advances, and the pale tan shades with self-toned embroidery are particularly attractive with silk costumes. White gloves are, of course, the only choice with a pure white suit or gown accompanied by white footwear.

Washbags are now the thing for summer use, with the tub frock, and no woman who pays attention to important dress trifles thinks of carrying a heavy leather bag with a linen or lingerie costume. Linen bags embroidered in Peking blue and white are charming with morning tub costumes and there are dainty pongee bags embroidered in self color that match the long embroidered silk gloves so fashionable now. Irish crochet bags, dyed to match the costume are particularly distinguished and are also effective additions to any summer costume.

It would be hard to find anything prettier in footwear than the little high-heeled buttoned oxford of black satin; or of patent leather with a dull calf top. The line of buttons set near the front makes the foot and instep look slender and elegant.

THE two smartest touches in the way of dress, are the Robespierre collar, either on a blouse or worn with a coat, and the modified Derby hat, with its white band and its upright bow or wing straight in front. The latter is a jaunty affair worn by a pretty young girl, but one sees women who are very cruel to themselves when they affect this novelty. The Robespierre collar is becoming, and with its fluffy jabot is very feminine and dainty. It is a turn-down collar with pointed ends and is worn with a double jabot, as the one-sided frill is quite as dead as Queen Anne, so far as the fashionables are concerned.

Buttons are in high favor and are used almost as much for trimmings as for actual use. Paris dressmakers are making lavish use of cut crystal buttons of clear, hand-cut Bohemian glass. They

are used in bell shapes and in flat saucer shapes from half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter. These buttons are in good style on suits and tailored dresses of white serge, broadcloth and satin, and on taffeta suits and dresses. Colored crystal buttons are also to be had of amethyst, sapphire, and topaz color and are used to match costumes of those shades.

Ivory ball buttons, plain and elaborately carved, are again the mode, and also small imitation amber buttons and white or colored china buttons. A touch of white on a black button or of black on a white is sometimes seen, and while the effect is bizarre, it is certainly smart. Novelties in galaith, horn, bone and enamel led wood, matching in color the general effect of the materials of suit or frock, are also worn. And combinations of white, tortoise shell and yellow galaith are popular. These are in large round shapes and in squares with rounded corners and disk centres of contrasting materials.

For midsummer wear with tub frocks there are fetching hats made of shirred cross-barred lawn with trimming of embroidery. A hat of this sort seen recently was worn with a frock of white lawn cross-barred with blue, and white buttoned boots, a white and blue parasol, and white silk gloves with embroidered blue bracelets on the wrist made the simple little frock very smart. The wide brimmed hat was made of the cross-barred blue and white lawn, shirred over cords and mounted over a wire frame. Part of the brim was of eyelet embroidery, the shirred blue material forming the edge. The simple hat owed its smartness to an arrangement of bluets and wheat posed at the front of the crown and rising some distance above it.

Lovely flowered stuffs are being shown in the shops for evening wear, and it looks as though another era of figured and flowered summer fabrics was imminent. Women who love the dainty flowered lawns and organdies will be glad of this and will hasten to avail themselves of the old-fashioned sprigged and flowered materials after several seasons of plain colored summer frocks.

Along with the craze for black velvet sashes and other garnishings of the frock comes a fancy for black velvet threadings in lingerie. Some of the filmy French nightgowns have narrow black velvet run through the eyelets at the top and the big choux or rosettes of the ribbon as trimming. Though the effect is certainly chic, it is rather too striking and bizarre to be pleasing, for pale pink and pale blue are the lingerie colors, and one naturally associates them with the dainty fineness of lace and lingerie fabric.

Scarves are being supplanted by the gay little silk coats ready for wear with lingerie frocks. These coats are cut on simple lines, but the trimming of crystal and pearl buttons, and yards of the extravagantly fashionable bouillonne make them very elaborate. A coat of this sort, made of saffron taffeta, was shown with an ecru embroidered voile frock at an opening this week. The embroidered border, in square eyelet pattern, was mounted over a hem of the saffron silk, and the skirt was short enough to reveal buttoned boots of white buck. A leg-horn hat heaped with saffron ostrich tips, completed the costume.

New evening wraps have slits instead of sleeves, and the slits like the edges of the wrap, are finished with bands of corded bouillonne. A wrap of this sort, built of shot taffeta in green and black, was unlined and appeared to be perfectly straight in cut, but it was looped up at the sides and front, and draped across toward the left, where the fastening was effected with a huge black cord ornament. At the back the wrap looped under in pannier suggestion.

A bracelet on her glove is the very newest notion—and the bracelet is not made of metal but is an embroidered affair wrought with silk on the wrist of the long silk gloves. One may have one's bracelet a plain band of embroidery, or a garland of tiny flowers embroidered in the natural colors.

Butterfly bows of maline are again seen below the chin of the modishly dressed woman. These bows are always becoming, and some women never give them up entirely, always reserving a fresh maline bow for some occasion when special daintiness of neck dressing is desirable. Navy blue maline bows seem to have the favor just now, and to women with blue eyes these deep blue bows below the chin are wordrously becoming.

SUMMER EMBROIDERIES

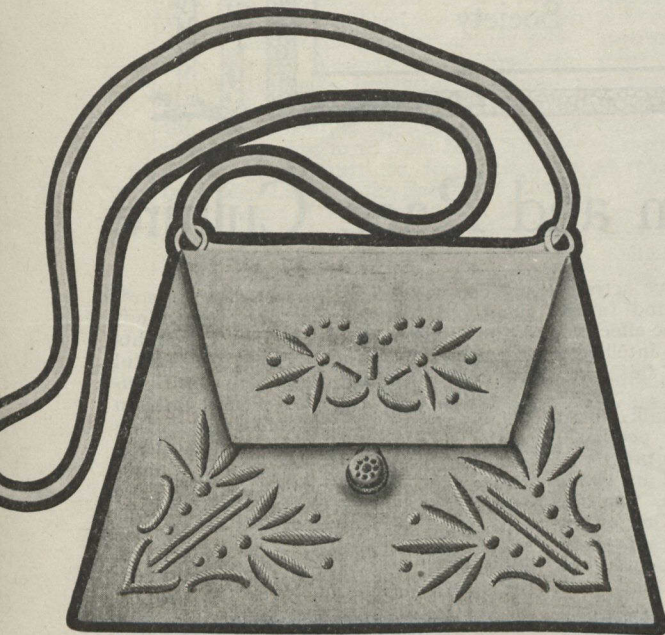
LINEN bags are not only very effective for summer use but are also practical as they can be kept fresh and clean by being laundered, and one of the newest ideas is to have these finished with a large embroidered button and a loop of cord matching the handles. It will thus be seen that there is no metal to rust or cause trouble, as the stiffener under the rings

by extra touches of black, and dull red beads are sewn in around this centre circle. It is not possible to give a correct idea of this beautiful centrepiece by a mere illustration, but we hope our readers will be able to form an idea, and if further information is required regarding the method of working, etc., we shall be pleased to furnish this on receipt of a stamped envelope.

A cushion and a scarf matching the elderberry may be supplied, and it would be difficult to select a more beautiful set than this, as the embroidery is fascinating and easy of execution.

One of the most fashionable ideas of the season is the peplum blouse illustrated by No. 8541 design. This has been embroidered on linen and shows a combination of punched and solid embroidery. The punched embroidery has been fully described before on these pages and it still continues fashionable. This waist is stamped on sufficient material for the set-in sleeves which are now so generally used, and if desired, a skirt may be supplied with a narrow foot decoration matching the waist. Embroidered dresses are extremely fashionable this summer, and another idea is to embroider a waist and have a skirt plainly made up from the same material.

Another idea is the slip-over peplum, which is worn over any waist. The illustration of this dainty garment is given below. It is sleeveless and form a



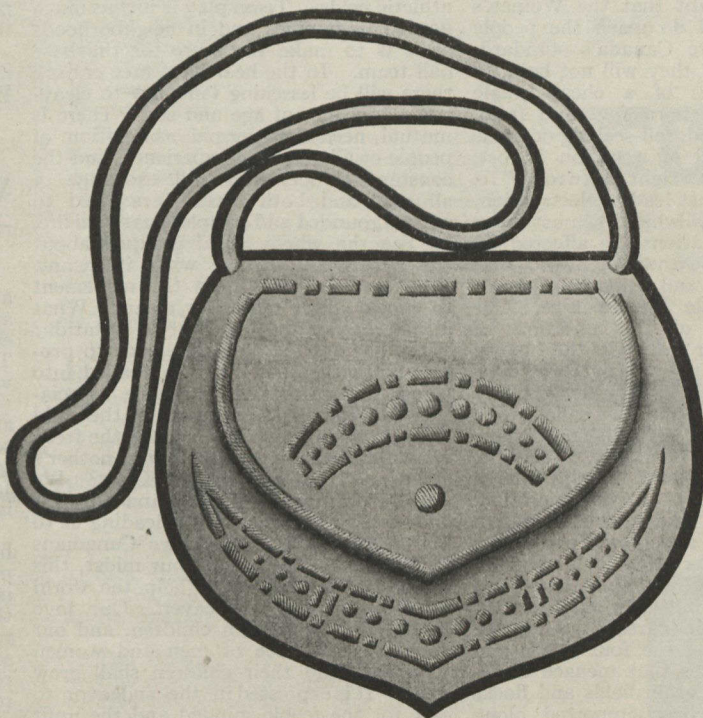
No. 248—Bag, 50 cents.

is easily slipped out, and this is a point every woman will appreciate, as when these summer bags first appeared in the market they were made up with metal frames and were proven to be rather useless when soiled.

These dainty bags are in keeping with light summer dresses and the first bag illustrated, No. 248, is not made up but is stamped showing the cutting out diagram, so that after the bag is embroidered it only requires sewing the edges together on the wrong side so that the stitches will not show, then turn the bag over on the right side, stitch across the top to hold the stiffener which is slipped into place and attach the rings and cord. This bag is stamped on heavy white linen and the supplies for the embroidered button, cord, stiffener and rings together with the Lustered Cotton to embroider are enclosed with the bag. The embroidery is of the solid padded variety, and we are sure many of our readers will be interested and will add one of these dainty bags to their summer possessions.

The second bag illustrated, No. 265, is a similar idea though different in shape, and is stamped on heavy tan linen to be embroidered with colored silks. The method of making up is the same as for the white linen bag, and colored silks are included instead of the white embroidery cotton used on the white bag; other supplies are as described above.

The interest shown the Wood Bead Embroidery described in our June issue, decided us to show another beautiful centrepiece tinted with an effective arrangement of Elderberries with their beautiful foliage. These are embroidered in shades of dull greens, reddish browns, etc., and the groups of berries are composed of wood beads for which may be supplied artistic shades of blues both dull and bright. The inner circle is couched with an effective combination of green rope silk and Japanese gold thread, brought out



No. 265—Bag, 50 cents.

dainty finish to be worn over any gown. The number of this garment is 8540, and either of these waists may be, if preferred, stamped on voile instead of linen.

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

For further information regarding any of the articles described in these columns, address Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, Department L, Montreal, P.Q.



No. 8541—Waist on Linen, \$1.35
Waist on Voile, 90c.



No. 8540—Slip-over Peplum on Linen, 75c.
Slip-over Peplum on Crepe Voile, 60c.

**IF YOU
WILL SEND US**

— 35 CENTS —

we will send you

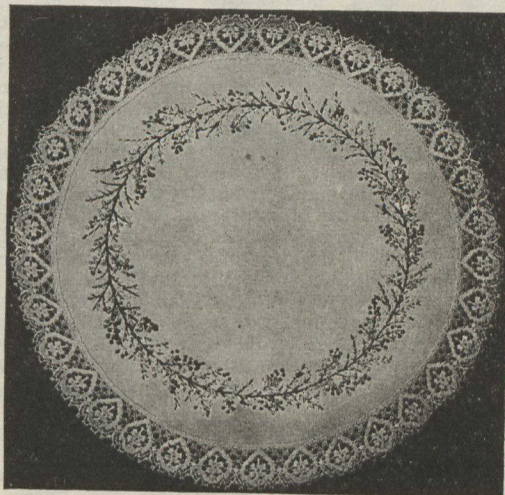
**8 SKEINS OF
EMBROIDERY SILK**

which is sufficient to finish a

15 INCH CENTRE PIECE

which is stamped for

**“THE NEW HEATHER
EMBROIDERY”**



This is the very latest embroidery which will be fashionable for 1912.

We will

SUPPLY FREE

sufficient lace to edge this Centre Piece, and the diagram enclosed will furnish full instructions for this beautiful embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send at once as this generous offer is made for a short period only.

Our Art Embroidery Silks are the best on the market.

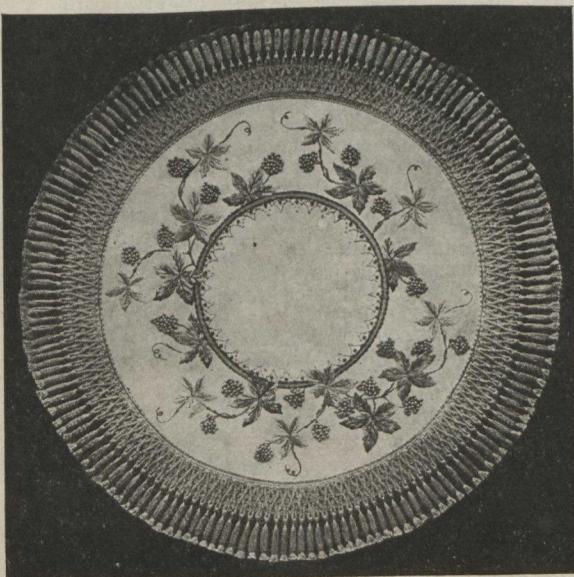
Send 10 cents for a copy of Belding's Needle and Hook Book which contains all the latest suggestions for Art Embroidery. :: ::

Address

**BELDING, PAUL,
CORTICELLI
LIMITED**

Dept. L

MONTREAL, P.Q.



No. 2251—27-inch Centrepiece, 55 cents.
No. 7170—Scarf to match, \$1.50.
No. 8186—Cushion, 60 cents.



Canadian Women's Institutes

Homemakers'
Club

GEORGE A. PUTNAM
Superintendent for Ontario
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO

Home Economics
Society

Social Service and Its Relation to Patriotism and Race Culture

WE give below some extracts from an address given by Miss Stover at the recent conference of Institute lecturers. Miss Stover has assisted in philanthropic and rescue work in some of the large cities of the United States. Miss Stover is a Canadian.

"The children of Ontario pioneer settlers were bred where patriotism was expressed in deeds, not words. The heroism of the daily round, the healthy, hopeful industry, the neighborliness and sincerity and simplicity of that life in the Canadian woods gave to this country a period of the best kind of social service and race culture. Eugenics and eugenics were unknown words, and little was said about heredity and environment in the province known as Upper Canada. Those sturdy hewers of wood and drawers of water were laying the foundations of the nation toward which the eyes of all the world and the republic across the line turn to-day with prophetic problems, and know little about conference discussions, but they practised neighborliness. Possibly much that we regard as wisdom they might have counted foolishness, but let us hope that we, in our time and under changed conditions, may learn how to carry forward the work of nation building which in this province was so splendidly, so wholesomely and so sensibly begun."

"It is not given to us to spin and weave in our own homes the garments for the family, and we send our children to schools to be taught domestic science. We would not, if we could, restore to their old service the household loom, or the spinning wheel; and we are glad that there is a MacDonald Institute at Guelph. But we would like to know how to keep the home and family life here sweet and clean and healthily industrious under the changed and changing conditions. We should like to send from the farm houses and from all the homes of Canada, to the work that awaits them, young men and young women who shall prove that the Canadian race is the best product of the good land we have inherited from our pioneer forefathers. We live in an age when organizations, like this Women's Institute, are evidence that the whole people feel the responsibility and privileges of social service and race culture. It takes fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles, grandparents and all the rest of the relatives to bring up a child in the way he should go. And there is always a chance to blame somebody outside the family when the child goes wrong. Not only may the teacher or the minister be held responsible, but the employer comes in for his share of censure or credit, and directly or indirectly everybody in the neighborhood has a hand in bringing up every child that is born there."

"This organization and the subjects considered at these conferences are evidences of our belief that the wealth of the Dominion is her sons and daughters. The greatness of the Canada to be depends not upon the flocks and herds which we do well to breed intelligently, nor upon the fields of grain or orchards which we need to cultivate wisely, but it does depend upon the kind of men and women who will constitute this nation when the days of opportunity shall determine its destiny. Side by side along the great lakes and westward to the Pacific Ocean, under two distinct flags, new English speaking races are forming; but not yet is the distinct character of either one established. Into these melting pots, people of all lands and characteristics of all nations are being poured, and we dare to hope that there will come forth two nations which shall furnish proof that the trend of civilization is Godward. While it is true that inherited traits are persistent and tendencies are transmitted from generation to generation, it is also true that sons and daughters of other nations brought up in America will be products of transplantation; and nowhere

in the world have there been such experimental stations in race culture as these two countries provide. Sons of men may be "chips of the old block," but they are never merely wooden. There can be little question that the character shaping conditions of the place where they fall will do much to determine whether the chips will be stumbling blocks or steps. There is not time for many words about heredity in this discussion. To people whose cattle and horses and orchards and granaries furnish abundant and convincing proof of the transmission of family characteristics and the persistence of tendencies, there is little need for reminders touching these things. But we do well to remember the close relationship which high ideals of parenthood and patriotism bear to each other, and to realize that race culture is promoted by clear understanding of both, and by comprehension of their interdependence. It is a splendid conception of patriotism that sees nations so linked together that one cannot fail without dragging all the others down, nor rise without lifting the whole world.

There is no doubt that the Women's Institutes can and do reach the people who are to declare Canada's standard. We may trust that they will not hold up the tinsel banners of a cheap jingle patriotism that is born foul and fatal, teaching a benighted, self-seeking doctrine by which the soul of a nation is lost. "My country first, right or wrong," is the slogan that must lead to destruction. But "My country which I must keep true because all nations are affected by its justice," can be the watchword that will lift the heads and square the shoulders of the whole human race. Our time is one when all the conditions of life teach, as never before in the history of the world, that no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself. To-day all the ends of the earth are called upon to supply our tables, to furnish our houses and to clothe our children. Just the conditions of our material life play a large part in the education of this generation. If Paris milliners shape the Canadian girl's taste in hats and New York tailors decide the cut of her skirts, it is none the less certain that China and Japan and Turkey and India influence our students' thinking and their careers. Since we know that many of the foul weeds and destructive parasites that menace Canadian orchards and grain fields and flocks and herds, have been imported along with good things which have been brought here to increase the wealth of this country, shall we not be alive to the subtler influences of world communication and commerce? Are not the social problems of the old world just as certainly our problems even now?"

"The Canadian government has declared that I must help to protect my neighbor's flocks and crops. Through the Women's Institute, it indirectly calls upon me to do my part to help to protect my neighbor's children.

"It has been my privilege during the last four years to have some small part in work for the protection of womanhood. We have heard much recently about the international movement to suppress and prevent what is known as White Slave traffic. We realize, however, that national and international organization and enactment will be futile unless they express genuine intelligent citizens' concern and service for the conservation and culture of the human race. Although both may be safeguarded, neither law making nor prosecution of offenders can touch those roots of the social evil which run still deeper than greed. Only when the hearts of the people are pure can the nation stand free upon the plane of its potential or realized achievement. We need to bear in mind that the sexes stand or fall together; that white slavery is race bondage, and that it means the degradation of the whole people. So our most effective social service must call

men and women to co-operative activity and it must work for this and future generations. Their work, to be effective, must be done with sane, intelligent vision and insight and with faith and hope.

"When I am asked to talk about teaching children and young people, I always want to prove that the process of education is not the training of one group of people by another group, but the interchange between them. One of my girls says civilization and race progress just means people getting acquainted well enough to do things together that ought to be done. She is pretty nearly right. If people generally were well enough acquainted to establish real mutual understanding, more than half the ills of the world would disappear.

"We do well to remember that social service is not a matter of organizations and constitutions and conferences and great philanthropies, nor of legislation or educational institutions, although all these are a part of it. There may be some of the finest line of social service and race culture in the playgrounds and athletic fields. Team play is just as much needed in families and in neighborhoods as it is to make the score for the base ball team. In the healthiest race culture there will be lessening tendency to cleavage along lines of age and sex. There is mutual need for normal association of people of all stages of experience, and the constant co-operation and exchange of all ages and both sexes is required to make a rounded and complete national life.

"See the whole world grouped about the babies and realize what it means. What in our times does the movement to check infant mortality mean? What is inherent in the child labor agitation? What has started the movement to protect motherhood? What has called into being the parent and teacher associations? What is the meaning of the child welfare exhibits? What inspires the fresh air philanthropies and the little mother's clubs and the tuberculosis battle? We are learning to live with and for our children. The little child is leading us to knowledge. And because we Canadians have little children set in our midst, this nation has its chance to help the world to the kingdom of heaven. Our love extends to the unborn children, and our dream to the race of men and women that they and their children shall grow to be. It is expressed in the endeavor to care for the feeble minded and the unfit so that there shall not be needless suffering and tragedy. It prompts us to look out for the conditions which weaken the race. Chief among these, robbing children of their birth right and men and women of the blessing of the love of little children is the tangle of wrong ideas about parenthood and the racial instincts. These wrong ideas are so prevalent that few escape them entirely. They have set up a double standard of morals for men and women, which is responsible for so much that is evil. Somehow it has come about that there has been mixed with the instinctive reticence of our finest feeling certain distorted traditions about human reproduction. This has led to a misleading kind of silence and avoidance of reference to birth or to sex as a factor in the perpetuation of the human race. During the past few years, however, there has been, perhaps, too much agitation and press discussion of the need for instruction in what has been termed 'sex hygiene.' The question is no longer, 'Shall such instruction be given?' but 'how shall it be given?' The consensus of opinion of the most reliable educators is that it is seldom, if ever, safe to trust the printed page unsupplemented by personal teaching, as a means of instructing young people on these matters. The subject matter should not be massed and isolated, but taught in its natural relation to other subjects, with the dignity and fine reserve that its place and importance merit.

"The wise teacher answers these questions, but takes care to leave the minds of the children satisfied and their thoughts directed into some channel of helpful expression leading away from self-consciousness. Upon the older children she impresses (with no obnoxious pointing of the moral) views of historic incidents and characters tending to inspire admiration for the people and nations that have passed on to succeeding generations something of certain value. She will avoid the sensational and sentimental and will not do preaching, but will make the drama of life and the romance of history impress its lessons.

"It has been proved conclusively that well qualified instructors can perform much needed social service along these educational lines, but nothing could be more disastrous than to have it attempted by unqualified teachers. The facts to be told and the points to be impressed are, after all, so simple and beautiful that there seems endless ways of presenting them and all sorts of opportunities to relate this instruction quite naturally to other subjects. But the need for careful preparation and personal fitness for the work cannot be too strongly emphasized."

Note.—Miss Stover's paper will appear in full in the next annual report of Women's Institutes.

What Some Institutes Are Doing

THE Violet Gill branch in Dufferin, organized in June of 1911, with a membership of six, secured eighteen additional members during the year, and at the summer meeting in June, 1912, added ten more new members to the list. This Institute is working for the Orangeville hospital.

The Institutes in North Hastings are anxious to have medical inspection in the schools and will interest themselves toward that end during the present Institute year. Other Institutes are interested in similar work.

The district annual meeting should hold as important a place as the regular monthly meetings of the Institutes, and it is gratifying to note from recent reports that more of the individual Institutes are realizing this. At the Haldimand annual, seventeen of the eighteen branches were represented. This experience should be repeated in every district.

The district of South Essex reports an increase of 318 members in 1911-12 over the membership of 1910-11. This is stimulating. Many of the other districts also report a splendid advance along the same line.

The Dundalk Institute in Centre Grey is represented by several of its members upon the Public Library Board of that town. This is suggestive to other Institutes.

The Belleville Institute has opened its playground again this year, and it is just possible that a second one may be added. The success of the playground last year gives the Institute every encouragement to do this. The playground is open from June 15th to September 15th. Opportunity will be given to a certain number of young women to take training under the experienced supervision of the playground.

Everywhere such work is commending itself to the public interest, and nothing better could be undertaken by the Institutes. It is a phase of Social Service which is of importance.

The Morrisburg Institute is seeking to develop a patriotic spirit among the boys and girls of that town. Prizes have been given to the public school children for the best essays on "Why I am proud I am a Canadian."

The Iroquois branch has a Look-Out committee for new members composed of half a dozen members taken alphabetically each month. The membership has been brought up to fifty-five.

NOTES FROM BRITISH COLUMBIA

IT will be a great pleasure to the Institute of British Columbia to be connected by the link of this admirable *Journal* with the Women's Institutes of Ontario. We are greatly obliged to the *Canadian Home Journal* for allowing us this privilege. In the West we owe a great deal to the Women's Institutes of Ontario; for kindly suggestions and literature from the Department of Agriculture, for lists of books and so forth from Miss Watson, of Macdonald Institute, for information from Miss Laird, of the Faculty of Household Science of Toronto, and for the loan of Miss Rose in early organization; and for many other kindnesses. As some slight recognition, we have adopted for our official badge and motto, those of Ontario, so that in British Columbia, we have:

Motto: For Home and Country.
 Badge: Ontario pin with our own initials and in our colors.
 Colors: Green and White and Gold.

We now number 23 branch Institutes with a total membership of 800. Lecturers and Demonstrators are sent out twice a year from the Department of Agriculture. An annual grant of 50 cents a member is paid. Financial assistance has also been given in special ways by the Government.

An Advisory Board of Women has also been appointed by the Minister of Agriculture to confer with the Department on matters relating to women in Agriculture and to Women's Institutes in particular. The Minister of Agriculture and the Deputy Minister thus deserve greatest credit for their early recognition of the fact that in matters relating to women, the woman's experience and her point of view is essential.

On some other occasion we should be glad to tell of the work of this Board, but at present let us just say that the Board recommended the adoption of THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL as our official organ and we hope that great benefit will result to the Institutes of British Columbia from this choice.

May we also hope that the Institutes of Ontario will welcome us into this sisterhood, and that in the future when we are better equipped there will be mutual profit from our intercourse in this column of this sheltering journal.

MADGE ROBERTSON WATT.
 Secretary, Advisory Board,
 Women's Institute of British Columbia.

Prince Edward Institute

IN one of the days gone by a wise man said, "Life should be full of earnest work," and he added to that thought, "He who seeks to pluck the stars will lose the jewels at his feet."

This sentiment has been expressed in the work of the Institutes in the Prince Edward district. They, with many other Institutes, have a splendid grasp of the work. They are busy branches and so the work is interesting. They have developed a "neighborly" spirit and just now are interested in helping to raise funds for a hospital at Picton. In this they are co-operating with the Daughters of the Empire.

The largest membership in any one branch is seventy-seven and the smallest is thirty-three. In all, ninety-seven meetings were held during the past year, with a splendid attendance.

An interesting contest will be held by Gilbert's Mill branch in August. Material for a quilt has been purchased—blue and white. At the August meeting each woman will be given thirty minutes to cut out and sew her blocks. The blocks will be given to the first member of the branch who gets married. The bride-to-be will supply the backing and the cotton batting for the quilt and the women of the Institute will quilt it for her.

Demonstration Lecture Course

THE Institute branch of the Department of Agriculture has had placed at its disposal a considerable sum of money to be used in assisting the Institutes in securing lecturers to give instruction to groups of Institutes covering the following lines:—

LECTURE LIST ON FOODSTUFFS AND COOKING.

Each Institute concerned may select fifteen lectures from the following list. If any Institute wishes to enlarge any one subject into two lectures in order to

cover the ground more thoroughly, it may be so arranged.

The sequence of the lectures should be left to the lecturer to arrange. She will, however, defer to the wishes of the Institutes as far as the proper development of the whole series will permit.

The lecturer will place especial emphasis in all lectures upon the food value of the foodstuffs used, and upon the comparison of money value of the different foodstuffs, as related to food value.

REGULAR LIST.

- Fruit—Typical methods of cooking; combinations; different ways of serving fresh fruit.
- Vegetables—Fresh, starchy and dried.
- Milk—Soups, puddings and combinations, with especial relation to infant, children and invalid diet.
- Cereals and Cheese—Various methods of cooking; their high food value compared with other more expensive foods.
- Eggs—Correct methods of cooking; variations on methods; storage.
- Tender Meats—Roasting and broiling; the correct cuts; food value compared with other meat cuts and other foods.
- Tough Meat—Braised dishes, stews and soups.
- Substitutes for Meat—Nuts, beans, fish.
- Baking-powder Breads.
- Yeast Bread and Fancy Breads.
- Cake and Little Cakes.
- Puddings and Desserts.
- Salads—Preparation of the ingredients, dressings, etc.
- Poultry—Drawing, trussing, roasting; fricassee, etc.
- Invalid Cookery—Liquid diet, semi-solid, etc.

OPTIONAL LIST.

- Vegetables, fresh, starchy and dried.
- Made-over Dishes.
- Gelatin Dishes.
- Hot weather Foods.
- Breakfast Dishes.
- Fireless Cookery.
- Frozen Dishes.

The Department prefers to have the Institutes choose the Demonstration lectures indicated in the "regular list." If, however, there is a strong preference for one or more of the topics given in the "optional list" in place of some of the "regular" subjects, they may be substituted.

HOME NURSING LECTURE LIST.

Some Institutes may prefer lectures of Home Nursing not indicated in the following list, or one or two lectures on Sanitation or Maternity Nursing. If so, arrangements can be made with the lecturer in charge to substitute the line of work preferred in place of one or two of the lectures indicated.

LIST OF LECTURES.

1. Sick Room—Sanitation, ventilation, care, etc.
2. Bed-making for various forms of sickness.
3. The Bath.
4. Hot and Cold Applications.
5. The Administration of Food and Medicine.
6. Emergencies.
7. Bandaging.
8. Disinfectants, their use and abuse.

SEWING COURSE.

This will consist of seven or eight lessons on the making of shirt-waists and plain sewing.

The Institutes will not be required to furnish supplies for either of the above courses. The charge for each will be the same as for the longer course in Domestic Science.

The Department of Agriculture will undertake to provide a limited amount of portable equipment, and to pay for the services of the lecturer as well as for her board, lodging and transportation. The Institutes will be expected to:—

1. Provide for any necessary local printing and advertising.
2. Provide a room or hall suitable for the lectures, equipped with the necessary chairs, tables and cookstove; also to see that the hall used is properly cleaned and lighted.
3. Provide all materials for demonstration work.
4. Provide an assistant who will become responsible for the opening of the room, do the necessary local marketing, and clear up the demonstration tables, dishes, etc. (It is usually possible to find some girl willing to pay for her attendance on the course in this way.)

A

OUND OF GOOD COFFEE IS NOT

only more economical than the ordinary cheap grades, but is an added pleasure to every meal.

Seal Brand

is the best that can be produced.

PACKED IN ONE AND TWO POUND CANS ONLY

CHASE & SANBORN

MONTREAL



"Remember my face—you'll see me again."



First aid to the cook

The handy packet of **Edwards' desiccated**

Soup is something the cook is always wanting, always ready when she needs it.

It solves the problem of good soup on busy days because it takes so little time to prepare. It helps her to make a tasty meal out of things that get "left over." It strengthens her own soups and suggests many a meal when she's wondering what to give.


Buy a packet of Edwards' Soup to-day.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP

5c. per packet.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick nourishing soup, prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland from specially selected beef and from the finest vegetables that Irish soil can produce.




Head Office . TORONTO

The average deposit of the Canadian people is \$122.00 per person.

Saving money can be made a habit. A portion of your weekly or monthly wage deposited regularly in a savings account will soon bring you up to the average, and you will be surprised how rapidly \$2.00 deposited weekly will amount to enough to make a substantial payment on a home.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS
 \$7,030,000

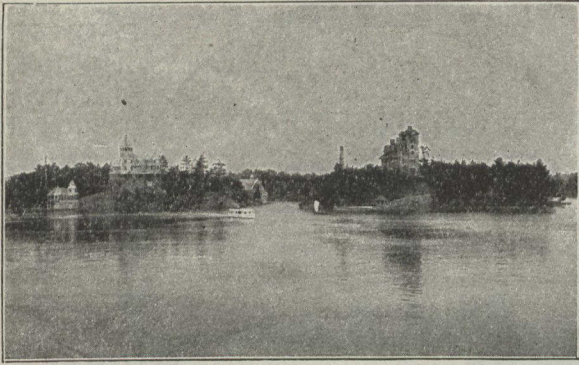
TOTAL ASSETS
 \$53,000,000



The Traders Bank of Canada

INCORPORATED 1885

113 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA



See Canada
 this summer
 by making the
**St. Lawrence
 River Trip**
 1000 Islands
 Rapids St.
 Lawrence
 Old Quebec
 and the
 wonderful
 Saguenay River

VIA THE
Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co.

Delightful Summer Hotels: Manoir Richelieu, Murray Bay, P.Q.,
 Hotel Tadousac, Tadousac, P.Q.

Rates, folders, etc., from railway and steamship agents or for illustrated booklet
 "Niagara to the Sea," send six cents postage to

THOS. HENRY
 Traffic Manager, Montreal

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE
 A.G.P.A., Toronto

5. Guarantee the sale of twenty-five (25) course tickets at \$1.00 per ticket.
6. Appoint some person who will be required to keep an exact record of the attendance, in addition to those holding course tickets, at each session and report the same to the teacher within two weeks after the close of the course.
7. Pay the \$25.00 charged for the course, and one-half of the receipts above \$25.00, whether payments be on account of course tickets or single admissions, to the teacher and secure a receipt from her for the same.
8. The Institute concerned is at liberty to sell course tickets in addition to the twenty-five required and also to admit members and others to single lectures at ten cents per person.

Those members of the Institute or other interested persons who are desirous of having instruction in one of the lines indicated above, to be given in their localities should make their wishes known to the local secretary, who, in turn, will notify the district secretary for the riding as soon as a class of twenty-five has been secured.

The Department has been fortunate in

securing the services of most competent instructors for this special work.

Those desiring further particulars regarding the work should apply to Geo. A. Putnam, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

Interesting Meetings

ONE of the vexed questions which confronts the new Institute—and sometimes the older Institute—is how to ensure interesting monthly meetings, such meetings as will themselves invite the visitors to become members.

We give a copy herewith of a paper prepared by Mrs. Hillier of Lucasville upon this subject. It will, no doubt, be helpful to those Institutes which are looking for the suggestions contained therein.

HOW TO MAKE MEETINGS INTERESTING

Our hand book says: "The objects of Women's Institutes shall be the dissemination of knowledge relative to domestic economy, including household architecture, with special attention to home sanitation; a better understanding of the economic and hygienic value of foods, clothing and fuel, and a more scientific care and training of children with a view to raising the general standard of the health and morals of our people; or the carrying on of any line of work, which has for its object the uplifting of the home, or the betterment of conditions surrounding rural life, it being recognized that women of other classes and conditions have opportunities for social intercourse and educational advantages, which are difficult to obtain outside of towns and cities."

So let us recognize that all institutes in general, and our own in particular, depend on the loyalty of their individual members.

"The country shall be what the home is." "The homes of a country are its strongest forts." "The woman is the heart of the home," therefore, she should grasp every opportunity of making herself efficient for this important position; and we believe that the Women's Institute affords the best and easiest means to do this within our reach. Hence, it falls on us to make our meetings so interesting and helpful, that it will create the desire in all in the neighborhood to attend and profit thereby; not only that they wish to attend, but that they will not stay away.

But how to make these meetings simple, entertaining and interesting. These are all contained in the one word interesting. If the subjects and discussions are simple and easily understood, they are interesting. If the meetings are entertaining, they are also interesting.

First of all, we need earnest enthusiastic members. Enthusiasm is as infectious as measles. The practical nature of the work enables everyone to take an intelligent part, and so much depends on each one doing her part. This necessitates having the meetings well advertised, and any of the local papers are glad to get an announcement as a news item, also to have regular meetings and to open and close them on time.

It is well to arrange programmes a meeting or two ahead, and in arranging them to ascertain the capabilities and accomplishments of the different members, and have a variety by introducing an instrumental selection, a song, or a recitation.

By visiting other branches of the Institutes, new ideas are obtained; or, the comparison (though unconscious), may swell us with pride in our own branch, and pride, mark you, is no mean incentive. Encourage young girls to attend. The girls of to-day are the women of to-morrow. All girls are supposed to be home-makers, therefore, they would learn by the experience of their elders and the older ones will keep younger by associating with girls.

All women and girls are interested in sewing and fancy work. Here is an excellent opportunity of exchanging ideas, helping one another, and consciously or unconsciously creating a liking for such work, in others hitherto uninterested, and so laying the foundation for one of the best accomplishments of womanhood, i.e., needlework.

The same with books. All members receive some splendid literature from the Department, dealing with the different subjects that home-makers should know about. We may not have the time to take up the study of any particular author, but, if the desire for good reading is created, the necessary books will be forthcoming in the home. If the Institute did nothing else than create this longing for good reading, it would have rendered the world an il-

50 SWITZERLANDS IN ONE

THE
**CANADIAN
 ROCKY MOUNTAIN
 NATIONAL PARK**
 THE LARGEST PARK IN THE WORLD. 5,732 MILES IN EXTENT.
 Pre-eminent Natural Grandeur. Splendid Hotel Accommodation
 Luxurious Train Service.
 A Paradise for Mountaineers, Naturalists, Geologists and Mineralogists

Most delightful place in the world for a vacation. Write for copy of "Challenge of the Mountains."

REACHED BY THE
Canadian Pacific Railway

C. E. E. USHER
 Passenger Traffic Agent
 Montreal



People who eat Kellogg's

People in all walks of life eat Kellogg's daily.

The doctor, because he has a scientific knowledge of its great food value.

The millionaire, because money cannot buy a more delicious breakfast cereal.

The athlete, because it is a 90 per cent energy food.

Most people eat Kellogg's because of its delectable flavor—altogether unlike that of any other cereal food. 10 cents buys a big package.

**10c.
 Per.Pkg**

Kellogg's
**TOASTED
 CORN
 FLAKES**

The Sweetheart of the Corn



Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.

limitable good. A number of magazines may be secured at special rates, and we would take advantage of this.

Have high ideals. We may not reach them, but we are the better of the effort. Let each one endeavor to give and receive something of real value at each meeting, and, of course, the more members we have, the more ideas will be given, and more will receive benefit. By using a pencil and paper we may jot down anything that will be of particular benefit to ourselves, and also to write any idea that comes to our mind, then when the opportunity occurs it may be expressed to all present. Where every one takes part, the meetings are most enjoyable. By having essays prepared, one at least will have the facts well imbedded in her mind. I notice in one of the books, that McDonald Institute will send pamphlets to help on essays, except in the summer time, when there is no one there to attend to them.

We can also learn a great deal by having lecturers give addresses and also by sending delegates to conventions, who will come home red-hot with enthusiasm to spread among the members of her branch.

The Institute teaches us to do our best in life. It is no small thing that we are given the opportunity of meeting to discuss the highest ideals of home life, knowing that the home is the social unit. Good housekeeping does not mean home-making, but home-making includes good housekeeping. Perfection in any profession requires study and practice, and a perfect system of housekeeping must be a gradual development. Therefore, it is but fair to others that we should give them the benefit of our experience and fair to us that they should help us with theirs. There is always a best way of doing everything. What a good chance we have at these meetings of obtaining the best recipes for canning fruit, making pickles, bread, new fashioned and old-fashioned cake, etc. Here we also hear of many labor-saving devices which, perhaps on account of their very simplicity we had never thought of.

There is also the social side to be considered. We are all social beings. We do not go to a social or a husking-bee because we like to eat ice-cream or husk corn, but because we can there en-

joy a few hours' intercourse among our neighbors. Here we have the same opportunity with the additional advantage of interchanging hints and ideas on household matters, domestic economy, and the moral welfare of the home. Indeed, we are proud to belong to this organization whose object is the betterment of the home life and whose motto is,

"For Home and Country."

The Benefit From Meetings

MRS. D. WALKER, of Lorneville, gave an interesting paper on the benefits to be derived from the Institute meetings, from which we may quote the following:

The first Women's Institute was organized at Stoney Creek in 1897, and was intended to afford the same benefits to the farmer's wife as her husband received at the Farmers' Institute, which had been established some twelve years before this. In many sections the women had attended the evening sessions of the Farmers' Institute, and had received more or less benefit from the addresses and discussions on dairying, poultry raising, fruit growing, and other branches of farm work in which they took some part; but there was no provision made for giving them instruction along the lines of their special work as mothers and home-makers. For this purpose the Women's Institute was established.

The movement has met with general approval, and has progressed so rapidly that its membership was reported at the last annual convention at 16,000, with 600 branches. The fact that this convention was held in the city of Toronto in Convocation Hall, and was recognized by the University authorities as a great educative influence, it is a distinct triumph for the movement, which began in so humble a fashion, and has now reached provincial proportions. And the fact also that such distinguished men as the president of the University, the medical health officer for Toronto, and others, could spare their valuable time to give addresses there, ought to make us feel proud that we belong to such a worthy cause and are contributing in our small way to make it a success.

Now a word as to its objects: Our handbook says, "The objects of Women's Institutes shall be the dissemination of knowledge relating to domestic economy, including household architecture, with special attention to home sanitation; a better understanding of the economic and hygienic value of foods, clothing and fuel, and a more scientific care and training of children, with a view to raising the general standard of health and morals of our people; or the carrying on of any line of work which has for its objects the uplifting of the home or the betterment of conditions surrounding community life; mutual improvement by an interchange of views, by essays, lectures or other means found practical upon all subjects pertaining to the welfare of our homes and families."

Truly a most worthy object, as our motto expresses it, "For home and country." Home is woman's sphere, and if she would rule in it wisely and well, she must avail herself of all the knowledge at her command along these lines. In these days of keen competition in every line of business, a farmer needs to be up to date, and if he would be successful, his wife must be an efficient helpmeet for him, and should take advantage of all the means afforded her of learning to do her work in the easiest and most scientific way. She will thus have more time for recreation, and will be a more agreeable and pleasant companion than if she were all worn out with useless drudgery.

A lady who had never attended an Institute meeting, said to me some time ago, "Do you think the Institute is any good? Do you learn anything there? They are all good housekeepers who attend, anyway." Now, I thought this was the best compliment I had ever heard paid to the Institute, and also to those who attend. We are sure of meeting the very best women there. A bright, energetic woman who can get through with her work, and find time to go out, will often accomplish more than one who stays at home all the time, and plods through her work in a discouraged way, thinking she has no time for anything else. It is good for us to have an interest outside of our homes, it saves from monotony and keeps us from getting too self-centred. Those who we would think need the

meetings most, are the hardest to get to attend, namely, the girls and young housekeepers. The latter may be kept home by having small children to care for, but by paying their fee and becoming members, they will receive more than its value in excellent literature from the department, which can be read at home. But there is more benefit derived from hearing a subject discussed in meeting, as we get a variety of opinions, and they are more firmly impressed upon our minds. The older members have learned much by experience, and can help the younger, while in turn the girls make the meetings more cheerful by their presence, and can help in the entertaining by readings or music.

We should start our meetings on time. Set an hour that is convenient for all, and begin at that time. After the meeting is over, if there is time, we can have a little friendly conversation with one another.

I noticed in the reports read at the convention in Lindsay, a good many branches have the roll call. After a paper has been read and is open for discussion, instead of all the members talking at once to their nearest neighbor, each one rises as her name is called, and says what she has to say. In this way all can hear it, and get the benefit of it. There is another advantage also; we gain confidence in ourselves, and in time are able to get up and speak, without being afraid of the sound of our own voices.

Some ladies think they have no time to prepare a paper. We are only called upon about once a year, and should be ready when our turn comes to help in some way. We all have different talents: some would rather give a talk on some subject than write a paper. In whatever way we help, it is a benefit to ourselves, perhaps more than those who listen to us, for we have to spend some time in studying and reading upon the subject.

In getting up a paper, we can think over it as we go about our work, have paper and pencil handy, and make a note of the thoughts as they come to us, then we can put them into shape when we sit down to write our paper afterwards. The benefits we enjoy by meeting together are so numerous that I have not had time to dwell on all.



Try this Thirsty Flour

A very thirsty flour. Absorbs a lot of water. Because it contains so much gluten.

Manitoba wheat is wonderfully rich in sturdy gluten.

And, think of it, FIVE ROSES is milled exclusively from the very cream of the Manitoba wheat berries.

So FIVE ROSES must be awfully thirsty, don't you see.

In your mixing bowl it greedily absorbs more water.

So you get more loaves than usual without using more flour. You use less.

Your flour lasts longer, doesn't it?

Less trips to your dealer.

That's how FIVE ROSES saves money.

Actually saves YOU money.

Use this economical flour.

Five Roses Flour

Not Bleached



Not Blended

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING COMPANY, LIMITED, MONTREAL



THE THIRD MAN

(Continued from page 12)

"Yes. The fellow has a lot of bluster, but he's a coward at heart. I gave him a fair chance, but—oh well, he'll not forget our meeting for the next fortnight."

Eve lowered her eyes and was silent for several moments.

"You're not sorry, are you?" Geoff questioned at length.

"No, dear. How can I be sorry? I'm only human. If I were a man— But there!" and she smiled a little sadly. "Such men ought to be punished, Geoff."

Geoff left by the 9.40 train, feeling on the whole, well satisfied with his visit, and not the least part of his satisfaction arose from the fact that he had given David Wiggs a sound thrashing. Again and again a grim smile lighted up his face as he recalled the encounter. Even the sore places on his own anatomy were a pleasant reminder. He would gladly have suffered a great deal more for the mere joy of punishing such a cad as he deserved.

While Geoff journeyed back to London, generally at peace with himself and the world, David Wiggs sulked in his room at the Randolph Hotel and anointed his bruises with boracic ointment. To show himself in the lounge or in the smoke-room would be to betray his humiliation. After turning the matter over in his slow brain for the best part of an hour, he came to the conclusion—very reluctantly—that he had better lie low.

To get at Geoff through the law would be to reveal the whole story, and that would mean a greater humiliation than he was now suffering. He was obsessed mainly by one idea, and that was to get even with Geoff Lincoln. He had now a double score to wipe out.

Before any of the other guests in the hotel were stirring David had taken his departure. He was anxious not to be recognised by anyone he knew. His face still bore traces of his recent interview with Geoff Lincoln. So he turned

his face once more toward London, and by nightfall he was comfortably housed in the Victoria Hotel.

There could be no peace for him, no chance of regaining his self-respect, until Geoff Lincoln had been paid back in full and overflowing measure.

It was easy to discover where Geoff lived, and not at all difficult to follow his movements, but the chance of striking back with safety to himself seemed a long time coming.

And yet it did come—for do not all things come to those who wait? It came, too, in a way that he little expected, and David made full use of his opportunity.

CHAPTER XIV

A FRESH START

A WEEK after Geoff's return from Oxford he met Mr. Robert Kingsland, M.P., by appointment at his club in Pall Mall, and had lunch with him. He was a little overawed at first. He appeared to be the only young man in the place. Even the waiters were elderly. Mr. Kingsland struck him as being one of the handsomest men he had ever met. He was about sixty years of age, tall, broad, and erect as a soldier.

The meal threatened at the beginning to be a silent one. Geoff never felt less inclined to talk. This handsome, soldierly man, with his keen, bluey grey eyes,

seemed to be mentally weighing him up all the time.

After a while he got Geoff to talk about his life at Oxford.

Geoff spoke with tenderness and affection of his college, and by degrees with enthusiasm. He remembered only the pleasant side—the sports, the river, the bump supper, the rags, the bonfires, the union debates, the visits to each other's rooms, the friendships. How memories came trooping back as he talked!

Before lunch ended all shyness and reserve had vanished, and Geoff began to appear at his best. He was a good talker when interested; besides he had convictions, and was not afraid of expressing them.

In the smoke-room, over coffee and cigarettes, they came to business. He did not want a shorthand clerk or a typewriter. He wanted an assistant—a secretary who would do for him what he had not time to do himself. To attend to his correspondence would be the least part of his duties.

"Just as present I am worried over a report I have promised the Board of Trade on the shipping industry. I know my subject. I have my facts, but to present the case in decent literary form is—well, not exactly in my line. You understand?"

Geoff inclined his head again. "Then, a Member of Parliament, if he is to be of any value at all, must be fully abreast of the questions of the hour—Education, Licensing, the Land Laws, Tariff Reform, etc. Then he should know something about foreign and colonial policy. Well, these are big subjects—most of them intricate and involving a considerable knowledge of detail. I know where I stand on most of these questions, but to hunt up the facts, search out references and all that, requires a good deal of time, and I'm a busy man. Now you understand, perhaps, what I am looking for, what I require?"

"You require a man to give up his whole time?" Geoff interposed.

"Well, not necessarily. I understand your position. You are reading for the bar. You have still some law examinations to pass."

"That is so, and I could not take any post that would absorb all my time. If I could do what you require and have sufficient time to work up my law, I'd be pleased beyond anything."

"Suppose you tried it for a few months. Parliament will not meet till February; by that time you will have got into the swing of things."

Geoff's face brightened. "If such an arrangement is agreeable to you, I'll be delighted," he said.

"You'll not object to live in the country, I expect. Rankwood is thirty miles from London. Your week-ends you would have at home if you very much wished."

"It would be rather a relief to get out of London just now," Geoff laughed. "The fogs are not exactly exhilarating."

"And when could you begin?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"Let me see, to-morrow is Friday. Suppose you begin on Monday?"

"That will give me time to get my belongings together. Thank you very much," and Geoff returned to St. John's Wood feeling greatly elated.

The short day was rapidly fading when he reached Branden Station on Monday afternoon. A two-horse brougham was waiting for him with coachman and footman in livery.

A three-mile drive through country lanes brought them to the entrance of an extensive park. A long carriage-drive ended in a wide sweep before what seemed in the dim light a huge mansion.

Geoff alighted from the carriage feeling rather nervous and ill at ease. A man servant in livery opened the door and showed him into a large and richly furnished hall, which was warmed and brightened by a fire of logs in an open chimney. Above his head hung a large chandelier suspended from the roof. Opposite him was a wide staircase which divided into two and ended in a gallery which swept round three sides of the hall.

Geoff had had no experience of country houses and was anything but an authority on furniture and domestic architecture, but he could not help feeling, nevertheless, that there was something very harmonious about the arrangement of this particular hall. The coloring, too, was rich and subdued, and, best of all, a delightful air of comfort pervaded the place.

He was looking at a landscape by Leader when a step behind him caused him to turn his head, and he found himself face to face with his employer.

"Good afternoon. I am glad to see you have arrived safely," and, with a smile, Mr. Kingsland extended his hand.

A moment later Mrs. Kingsland appeared on the scene, and Geoff was introduced to her. She was considerably younger than her husband, rather tall, with a figure that was distinctly youthful, and an expression that indicated good nature and freedom from worry.

Cross section of radiator showing fused joints.

HECLA FURNACE

No Gas No Dust

FUSED JOINTS CANNOT LEAK

Comfortable heating is possible only with a Furnace that cannot leak gas and dust. At every joint where a leak might otherwise occur, the Hecla is sealed tight. We do not trust to bolts and cement. The wear due to constant expansion and contraction would grind out the cement and leave a series of leaks for the escape of gas or dust. To make a joint that will be as tight after years of service as it is when new, we fuse the steel sides and cast-iron frames of our radiators by a patent process. This welds the iron and steel into one piece.

Homes heated by Hecla Furnaces 20 years old are getting as pure air from the registers as when the Furnace was new.

And this Furnace saves one ton of coal in seven. Isn't it worth looking into?

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK.
If you want a more comfortable home, it will interest you.

All fumes from fire go through this passage. Every joint is fused making it gas and dust proof

Burns wood as well as coal.

HECLA No. 119
FUSED JOINTS STEEL RIBBED FIRE POT PATENT NO. 113236
CLARE BROS. & CO. LIMITED
PRESTON ONT. WINNIPEG MAN.

CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED,
Dept. J, Preston, Ont.

Following close upon Mrs. Kingsland came a servant bringing tea. Geoff could not help noticing the polished silver, the dainty cups and saucers, and the richly-wrought table-cloth flung diagonally across the small square table.

"We are quite alone to-day," Mrs. Kingsland remarked en passant. "All the children are out."

"How many have you?" Geoff questioned.

"Four. Three girls and a boy."

"Jack is at school," Mr. Kingsland explained. "We expect him home in about three weeks for the Christmas holidays."

"And Mildred is visiting some friends in town," Mrs. Kingsland chimed in. "She ought to return this week, but whether she will or no is doubtful."

"Is she the oldest?" Geoff questioned.

"Oh, yes, by several years. Mildred will be twenty-one next birthday."

"Twenty-one!" Geoff questioned a little incredulously.

Mrs. Kingsland laughed pleasantly. "Do you think it quite outrageous that I should have a daughter that age?"

"Well, certainly——" Geoff began, then stopped suddenly. Mr. Kingsland, with his sixty years sitting lightly on him, was just opposite.

"Oh, you needn't mind my husband," she laughed as if divining his thoughts. "He was foolish enough, when he did marry, to choose a young wife."

"Wise enough, you mean," Geoff laughed.

"It was of little use thinking of marriage until I was able to keep a wife," Mr. Kingsland interposed. "Early marriages in many instances are a great mistake."

"I suppose they turn out very well sometimes," Geoff said, feeling a little guilty and helping himself to another piece of bread and butter.

"Of course they do," Mrs. Kingsland said with emphasis. "Money isn't everything."

"No, it isn't everything," Mr. Kingsland answered with a slow smile. "Yet people must live, and to marry poverty must be a very uncomfortable thing."

"My dear, the great thing is that people love each other." And she looked at him knowingly.

"Granted," he answered; "but you know the old saying about poverty coming in at the door."

"I don't think I believe it, nevertheless. It must be a poor kind of love that won't stand a little hardship and struggle."

"Perhaps you are right," he answered with an affectionate glance at her, and then the conversation drifted away to other topics.

When Geoff retired to bed that night he congratulated himself that he had dropped into exceedingly comfortable quarters.

He fell asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow, and when he woke again it was to the sound of some one drawing the blinds. By his side was a dainty tea tray and two or three slices of very thin bread and butter.

"Oh, come," he chuckled to himself as soon as the servant had left the room; "this is too luxurious, they are treating me as a guest rather than as an employee. I am not quite sure that I like it."

When he got downstairs Mr. Kingsland was half-way through his breakfast.

"I hope I am not very late," Geoff said in a tone of alarm.

"Oh, no, not at all. I'm generally a rather early bird. Help yourself, I hope you will find something you like."

A few minutes later Mrs. Kingsland came into the room looking even fresher and younger than on the previous evening. Grace and Molly, aged respectively twelve and ten, were the last to arrive.

After breakfast he and Mr. Kingsland retired to the library, where they spent the entire morning in answering letters and in making a rough sketch of the report to the Board of Trade.

After lunch he spent an hour in making a tour of the grounds.

From three to half-past four, when tea was announced, he did some reading on his own account, after which he enlarged his acquaintance with Grace and Molly.

Before dinner he answered a few more letters, and after dinner he played a couple of games of billiards with his employer.

It was not an eventful day by any means. It might even be described as dull. Yet, for him, it was the beginning of a new era, and he little guessed to what it was destined to lead.

When he got to his own room he found himself wondering what the absent daughter was like. It was no concern of his, of course. Matrimonially, his own fate was already sealed, but the unknown is always a matter of interest and curiosity.

Was she fair like Molly, or dark like Grace; massive like her father, or slender like her mother? Or was she a type to herself and unlike any other member of the family?

He fell asleep at length and dreamed that she had a face like a witch and hair like the Gorgon sisters.

(To be continued.)

Dainty Aprons

GIRLS who have been taking domestic economy courses at fashionable boarding schools declare that to get along without a variety of dainty aprons is an impossibility, especially if the embryo housekeeper wishes to preserve the fronts of her frocks from spots.

One girl who sews almost as well as she cooks, is making several aprons of plain lawn cut into half ovals, scalloped all round with a color and embroidered with washable floss in outline or shadow stitch. By this means she expects to have luncheon pinafores to

accord with every house frock—white embroidered with pale blue; pink, mauve or yellow and dark blue; green and brown relieved with white.

Charming little aprons of half oval, half round, diamond or oblong shape are to be made of finest nainsook, scalloped all round and hand-embroidered with white in imitation of the work done in the Madeira Islands, says the *New York Herald*.

All of the ruffle bordered aprons are fascinating, particularly the round ones which have bowknot and leaf designs embroidered on the lower curve and girdle belts which fit trimly, have embroidered fronts and tie in a little bowknot at the back. The same model is pretty when the hand-embroidery and ruffle are omitted and the hemstitched edge is finished with an inch wide frill of Valenciennes or Cluny lace.

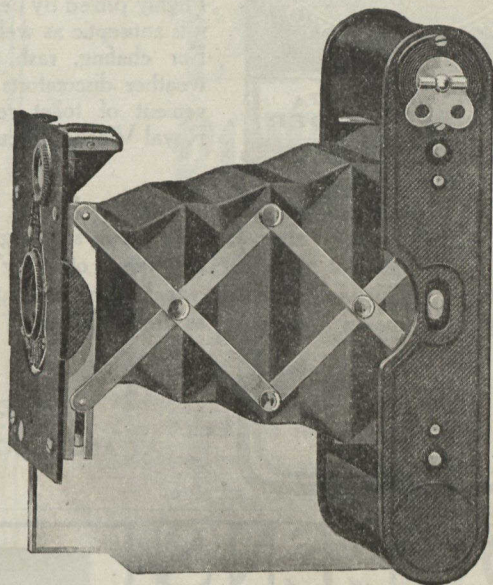
Bretelle aprons nearly always become a slender, girlish figure, but they are

more difficult to make than pinafores, because the centre panel with its square little bib should be carefully curved to fit in to the figure at the waist line and on it should be attached the narrower side panels, which are shaped above the waist into straps crossing the shoulders and then across the top of the back, where they are joined, so that the apron may be adjusted by drawing the bretelle portion over the head and then securing it about the waist with pink, blue or white satin ribbon sashes.

Nearly all of the bretelle aprons have cunning little hip pockets headed with fine muslin embroidery or lace edging to match the bordering of the pinafore, bib and shoulders, and if a girl wishes to make this sort of luncheon apron exceptionally elaborate she may have the bretelles entirely of all-over lace and let them run into narrow panels from the waist to the lower edge.

*As small as your note book
and tells the story better.*

The Vest Pocket KODAK



A miniature Kodak, so capable that it will convince the experienced amateur, so simple that it will appeal to the novice. So flat and smooth and small that it will go readily into a vest pocket, yes, and dainty enough for milady's hand bag.

And the Vest Pocket Kodak is efficient. It is small, almost tiny, but the carefully selected meniscus achromatic lens insures good work; the Kodak Ball Bearing Shutter with iris diaphragm stops and Auto-time Scale give it a scope and range not found except in the highest grade cameras. Loads in daylight with Kodak film cartridges for eight exposures. Having a fixed focus it is always ready for quick work. Has reversible brilliant finder. Made of metal with lustrous black finish. Right in every detail of design and construction. Pictures, 1 5/8 x 2 1/2 inches. Price \$7.00.

An important feature is that the quality of the work is so fine, the definition of the lens so perfect that enlargements may be easily made to any reasonable size, and at small cost—to post card size (3 1/4 x 5 1/2) for instance, at 15 cents.



Actual
Size

CANADIAN KODAK CO., Limited
TORONTO, CANADA

MR. HOUSE OWNER, DO YOU KNOW ?

PEASE HEATING SYSTEMS

THAT A PEASE SYSTEM of Heating, can be easily installed in your old house, and will make it comfortable in the coldest weather with the smallest possible amount of fuel.

THAT PEASE SYSTEMS of heating—Hot Water, Steam Combination or Warm Air, are the most healthful, economical systems known.

Instal a PEASE SYSTEM and be happy, healthy and wise.

Our books "The Question of Heating," or "Boiler Information" sent free on request.
"ASK THE MAN WHO HAS ONE."
PEASE FOUNDRY COMPANY,
LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

WARM AIR
HOT WATER
STEAM
COMBINATION

SAVE FROM ONE-THIRD TO ONE-HALF THE COAL



Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder

The largest 25c. tin of the finest grade Talcum Powder contains about double the quantity of powder in usual size packages.

It's a Great Big Bargain

Highly prized by persons of refinement because it is antiseptic as well as absorbent and cooling. For chafing, rash, prickly heat and all hot weather discomforts it is by far the most convenient of toilet requisites. Insist on getting Royal Vinolia Talcum.

EVERY mother should insist on having Royal Vinolia Talcum for her baby's delicate skin. It is soothing and bland beyond words. Does not enter the tiny pores of baby's skin to clog and irritate them. The same qualities which bring delight and satisfaction to older persons makes the baby as fresh and cool and fragrant as a flower.

Price 25 cents

AT ALL DRUGGISTS AND STORES

118

QUEEN'S

ARTS, EDUCATION, THEOLOGY, MEDICINE, SCIENCE, including ENGINEERING Arts Summer Session July 3 to Aug. 17

The Arts course may be taken by correspondence, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session. Short Course for Teachers and general students July 20th to 31st. For calendars write the Registrar G. V. CHOWN Kingston, Ont.

UNIVERSITY

KINGSTON . . . ONTARIO

BISHOP BETHUNE COLLEGE

OSHAWA ONTARIO

Visitor: The Lord Bishop of Toronto.

A Residential School for Girls.
Young Children also received.

Preparation for the University. Art Department, including drawing, painting, wood carving and art needlework. Conservatory of Music examinations held annually in the College. Fine, healthful situation. Tennis, basketball, skating, snowshoeing and other outdoor games.

For terms and particulars apply to the Sister-in-Charge, or to the Sisters of St. John the Divine, Major Street, Toronto.

COLLEGE RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 12.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE

For BOYS and YOUNG MEN

Equipped in every way for training boys and young men to enter Commercial or Professional life. 1,000 ft. above sea level, 30 acres of ground, campus, splendid Gymnasium, indoor running track, swimming pool.

Courses — Matriculation, Business, Scientific. Manual Training Department, the first established in Canada.

University trained staff of teachers and excellent physical director. Mental, moral and physical growth developed.

Write for 54th Annual Calendar
A. T. MacNeill, B.A. - Principal
Woodstock, Ont.



To Beautify the Neck

ONLY those women who suddenly discover that their throats are not beautiful in evening dress and endeavor to make them so realize that it is easier to keep a throat beautiful than to remedy the ravages of time, neglect, and even absolute ill treatment of what should be one of the most attractive parts of a woman's body.

Unconsciously every one pays the tribute of admiration to a neck which is lovely in tint and texture, and swan-like in its grace, and which forms a flawless connection between the curves of the face and swelling lines of the shoulders, emphasizing the beauty of both by its own contrast of line and charm of movement and proportion.

Such a throat is easy enough to obtain in youth and keep into old age, but it requires a little time and attention in earlier life and a great deal later on if early care has been denied.

Quite apart from considerations of health, tight neck-bands and collars should be avoided from babyhood. But they very seldom are, so that many a girl of twenty possesses a neck devoid of even the almost inevitable beauty of youth. While tight collars are ruinous to the contour and usually to the poise of the neck, high ones destroy the texture and color of the skin and accomplish this all the more rapidly if the collar is tight as well as high. The muscles of the neck become shrunken, and the skin flabby and dark, often splotched, in color.

One recognizes the fact that high collars are necessary in certain gowns, but it is possible to make most of these of lace, so that air may circulate freely about the throat, and it is always possible to construct a collar that is perfectly loose but which fits so well as not to seem so.

Even the color of a collar is of considerable importance, for nothing but white should ever come in contact with the skin of the throat; it perspires freely and absorbs the dyes of colored stuffs to a remarkable extent. White silk is, therefore, commonly used as a lining for some collars, and chiffon, thin China silk, and net for others.

The ideal neck is most readily obtained and retained by those who wear collarless gowns, or if a covering for the neck is essential, use transparent materials of white or lined with that color. If a woman would have a pretty throat it is imperative that she should give careful attention to her collars and neck-bands of all sorts, and this includes underwear. Through this a ribbon is often drawn at the base of the throat of child or adult, where it exerts a pressure that is not only bad for the contour of the throat, but for the circulation as well.

Another important essential in the care of the neck is to keep it thoroughly clean. In this connection a man who is probably the greatest beauty specialist in this country declares that "hot water has ruined more skins than has anything else"—this with reference to steaming processes and hot compresses.

In order to cleanse the skin, scrub the neck with hot water and the best imported bar castile soap obtainable. After the hot scrub bathe the throat with cold water. Some women even use ice water and ice packs for ten minutes. The cold treatment tones, tightens, and imparts brilliancy to a skin that is relaxed from the hot scrub.

This process over (and oatmeal, cornmeal, and almond meal are frequently used in the bath to soften, whiten, and cleanse the cuticle), the average woman would fancy that her throat was clean, but it isn't. A good cold cream is the next essential and no one should ever buy a cold cream upon the recommendation of a demonstrator or clerk in a shop.

Some women need a cold cream that is without grease and others require the oils. After determining which sort is best adapted to her purposes a woman should then rub it plentifully on her throat, beginning at the chin and working down with a very light rotary mo-

tion of the finger tips, or she may pat and pinch in the cream. Little wads of absorbent cotton may be used to gently but thoroughly wipe off the cream. The amount of dirt disclosed upon each little wad is astonishing.

After the throat is clean it requires another treatment if muscles or skin sag; this consists of a bandage of cheese-cloth applied after an astringent bath of alcohol or lavender cologne. The bandage is tied at the top of the head and absorbs the astringent lotion. If worn at night a skin food must be patted into the neck first and allowed to absorb, but when the astringent bath, with or without the bandage, occurs in the morning the skin food comes last and is used to plump out the neck. A fat throat does not require feeding unless it sags, when the skin must be fed to keep it firm and more astringent lotions employed.

No matter how lovely a texture a neglected skin may acquire through careful treatment persisted in for some time and never wholly abandoned, exercises are necessary to develop and preserve the contour, and to prevent a tendency to or remove a double chin.

When this type of chin appears its owner may usually rid herself of it by stretching her chin as far forward as possible a number of times each day and by massaging downward from the tip of the chin in a firm rotary motion that will disperse the fatty tissue.

Whether a neck be fat or thin, however, there are certain exercises which tend to make and keep it round, well developed, strong and graceful. One of the most valuable and simple of these is to bend the head forward slowly and as deliberately lift it erect ten times. Bend it backward and erect it the same number of times and repeat the movement, first to the right and then to the left, ten times on each side.

An exercise that especially imparts grace with the rounding out and strengthening process is to swing the head in a circle as many times as this can be done without causing dizziness.

Somewhat more difficult, but of even greater value in the development of a perfectly formed and graceful throat, is that exercise which requires one to lie flat upon the floor and raise and lower the head ten times. If one becomes fatigued before the tenth movement the exercise should cease. Do not overdo it. If the chest is thin, skin food should be gently rubbed in, the hollows pinched to fill them out.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

V. S.—How can I keep down an increasing stoutness?

The chief trouble with women who gradually and surely increase in weight is that they are apt to have a large appetite. Therefore, do not eat as much as you want. Never eat between meals. One of the best rules is to omit a meal now and then. Slowly drink a glass of water, instead of always eating when hungry. Being hungry often is a habit.

Chew all food until it becomes of about the consistency of cream. If the food is thus masticated hunger will be satisfied by a small amount.

Take an hour of some form of physical exercise each day.

The major portion of all sugar, starches and fats should be eliminated from the diet.

B. M.—I am greatly troubled with hangnails and would be glad if you could tell me how to avoid them.

The more correct term for these tiny skin fringes is agnails. The skin at the base of the nail in its tendency to creep up over the "half-moon" becomes easily torn. Through these little wounds the entrance of microbes results in infections that are the cause of considerable discomfort. To avoid the trouble this skin edge should be gently pressed back with a blunt orange-wood stick at least twice a week. In cleaning the nails the stick, soap, warm water and a nailbrush are the only essentials.

Flora—I have been using a sharp steel point for cleaning my nails, but find it unsatisfactory. Will you please tell me how I can remove stains from under the nails?

An orangewood stick is a most convenient implement for cleaning the nails. A tiny wad of cotton rolled about the point and moistened in diluted peroxide of hydrogen will remove stains. Sharp steel implements scratch and injure nails.



"KITTY GORDON"

One of the most beautiful women in the world, uses but one face cream for the preserving and beautifying of her complexion.

"Kitty Gordon Face Cream"

which was made especially for her, by the famous Beauty Specialist, Dr. L. Partin.

It is a perfect toilet cream, produces a velvety softness and is unequalled as a beautifier, when applied to the face. It keeps the complexion clear and is particularly recommended where the skin is delicate or sensitive.

PRICE \$1.00 PER JAR

Mail orders will be filled upon receipt of amount, or sample will be sent on request, postpaid.

SOLE AGENTS

The Dorenwend Co.
of Toronto, Limited

103-105 Yonge St., Toronto

Canadian Home Journal Patterns

at twelve cents each are the best value to be had and are the simplest to work from.



THE RED SEAL

(Continued from page 10)

so that it would not cast a shadow, and he made his investigation in such a way that the curtain hid him from the view of anyone outside. He could tell from the general design of the "Three Crowns" that the windows on this side must look out on the stable yard. The lieutenant passed his hand along the casement. He could see nothing, as it was now quite dark outside, but his sense of touch gave him the information he desired. In the centre panel of the window, which was filled with diamond-shaped panes of glass, was a square which could be opened and shut either from outside or in. Except the handle, there was no fastening. This square was large enough to allow a full-grown person to pass in or out.

The lieutenant had made his examination with the utmost rapidity, as he did not wish to remain in Lady Aline's apartment long enough to raise the suspicions of Host Dicey and his precious wife. He crossed to the door, and in passing, Lady Aline whispered: "That window can be opened from the outside, and it cannot be secured from within. May I advise you to rest on the bed fully dressed? If, as I expect, the door can be locked on the inside, the window will be the point of attack. You may rely upon me to watch it."

Lady Aline nodded, and at the same time placed a small box in his hand. "My diamonds," she said. "They are safe with you; I have never trusted them to anyone before." Taking the jewels from her head had caused Lady Aline's beautiful black hair to fall in a cascade upon her shoulders.

"They will take my life before they get these," Reginald said as he took the box, and it was the recollection of Katherine Allardyce which prevented him pressing his lips on the fingers his own hand touched, as the casket of diamonds passed from Lady Aline to himself.

As Reginald expected, the strong door had a lock with a key on the inside. He was quite clear now in his own mind as to what to expect.

"I must say good-night. Please remember that I shall be near you, and do not be afraid. Do not show yourself at the window, but if you and your maid can secure the handle in some way, at any rate for long enough to place you on your guard, it will be all the better. In any case, do not unlock or go through the door after you have secured it behind me. There is almost certain to be someone on the watch on that side as well."

Lady Aline replied in the same undertone: "You may trust me to do all you tell me; I am not in the least afraid. I shall have a pistol ready to help to defend myself."

Reginald cast an inquiring glance at Lady Aline, and with a gesture indicated the maid, who had been engaged in unpacking her mistress's things from a valise, with somewhat ostentatious disregard of what was going on. No doubt her French wit had gone slightly astray, and had led her to imagine that two young persons of the opposite sex could not possibly be engaged in saying good-night without some passages of the eyes, if nothing further, which it were better a discreet maid should not see.

Lady Aline smiled as she regarded Antoinette's back. "She is a brave girl, and will help me, if need be, with her voice if nothing else. I should be sorry for the man's eyes whom Antoinette saw approaching me with bad intent."

"At any rate, do not allow her to open the door. She would naturally make in that direction for assistance."

"She would not do that, I think, unless I told her; but in any case rest assured, for I will pocket the key."

Reginald nodded, bowed his adieus, and in a second was out of the room. He was only just in time, for on the landing was Madame Dicey, coming ostensibly to ask if the lady had all she required.

CHAPTER IV.

A VISITOR TO WINTER MANOR

"KATHERINE, what has come over you lately?"

Sir Francis took both his ward's hands into his, and looked with kindly, inquiring eyes into her tell-tale face.

The girl blushed to the roots of her hair. That is the worst of complexions which have a habit of registering every

phase of the deeper emotions which stir the soul.

"Nothing!" she protested. "What do you mean, uncle? I do not understand." "Perhaps you have not remarked the symptoms. I suppose it does happen sometimes that a sufferer from some obscure disease is the last person to discover the existence, still more the cause, of the malady."

Katherine laughed. "Disease! Malady! You talk in enigmas, dear uncle. I should think there were few people further removed from such things than I am. I rowed for a couple of hours in a rough sea, with the tide running against me, only yesterday, without being tired, and I feel as fresh as a June rosebud this morning."

"You look like one, too," exclaimed the kindly old gentleman, looking at the girl with admiration. "Nevertheless, I hold to my opinion. So I will tell you the symptoms. Imprimis, restlessness. What you have said about rowing yesterday in the Shark only strengthens my case. You chose to row against the tide, you selected the hour on purpose. No one knows every mood of the channel better than you do. Why did you do that? Restlessness, Katherine, child—just restlessness. You wanted to tire your poor body out in revenge for the fact that it was the outer casket, the envelope of a perturbed spirit."

Katherine Allardyce interrupted him.

"Well, sir, who could help being disturbed? There the hay ripens, and no one attempts to cut it. The children are crying for bread, and the mother has nothing to feed them with. Where are the men? Drilling, when they should be working; or idling round the inns to hear the last news that some chance pedlar brings from the coast. The women are as bad as the men. They encourage them, and starve at home to help the cause. 'Tis the bonny Prince who will have his own cre long that is dinned in my ears every cottage I enter. Not a net is cast, though the herrings swarm in plenty, and the bass line the waters of the coast. Not a husbandman clasps the heft of his reaping hook or the handle of his scythe but to have it sharpened for quite other purposes than those for which it was made."

The girl had paled and flushed again as her eloquence mastered her. Sir Francis was not greatly moved, however, doubtless because he knew the whole story as well or better than she did.

"The second symptom," the colonel went on, just as if she had not interrupted him at all, "is forgetfulness."

"I know what you mean, uncle. I mislaid the big bunch of keys yesterday, and nothing could be got from the still-room for a couple of hours while we hunted high and low, Janet and I. I suppose she told you."

"She told me nothing, so you have yourself turned witness for the prosecution. I had to remind you three nights running that the time for my mulled wine had gone by nearly half an hour. Then Ponto—?"

"Yes, I forgot his dinner. Poor old Ponto!" She patted the big mastiff's head as she spoke. The colonel and Katherine were walking down the broad drive towards the lodge gates on the Exmoor side of the park. Ponto, the oldest and most considered of all the animal dependents of the Manor, accompanied them in their walk. It was his only exercise. At other times he lay in the sunshine on the terrace, or on dark, cold days he stretched his frame out before the vast open fireplace of the entrance hall.

"One day only?" inquired Sir Francis, in a gentle, insinuating tone, which ought to have warned Katherine, if she had not been so ingrossed by these unexpected accusations, of irony lurking behind.

"Oh, yes; only yesterday, and then I am sure I should have remembered it in a very few minutes."

"The day before," Sir Francis went on in the same even tone, "Ponto waited longer, and at last he lifted up his voice and gave one long, melancholy howl. I could not find the mistress who had fed him without fail, and quite punctually for how many years? So I went and fed him myself."

Katherine leant over the dog and looked into his eyes. Then she kissed him on his broad, dun-colored brow, while she held an ear in either hand. "Forgive me, Ponto!" she whispered into those same



NA-DRU-CO ROYAL ROSE TALCUM POWDER

NA-DRU-CO Royal Rose Talcum is as comforting to Baby's tender skin as it is to Mother's wind-chafed cheek or Father's chin smarting after a shave. Its remarkable fineness—its pronounced healing, antiseptic qualities—and its captivating odor of fresh-cut roses—have won for Na-Dru-Co Royal Rose Talcum the favored place on the dressing tables and in the nurseries of the most discriminating people.

25c. a tin, at your Druggist's— or write for free sample to the

NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, - MONTREAL.

191

The Secret of Success

Is to grasp every opportunity that is presented. We offer young people an opportunity to obtain a thorough business education that will increase their earning ability many fold.

Write for Our Catalogue to



Y.M.C.A. BUILDING -- TORONTO

Shaw's Schools

TORONTO, CANADA

will give you a training in Business by attendance or by mail. Free Catalogue explains. Write for it to-day. W. H. SHAW, President, 395 Yonge St. Toronto.

Spare Time Earnings \$400.00 A YEAR

15 Subscriptions secured each week will pay you more than any (except the best) stenographers receive.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

MURESCO

Only One Coat Required. Easy to apply.

Muresco can be applied by anyone, to any kind of surface. It will not rub off or peel, shows no laps, spots or brush marks, and is the only material producing that flat, subdued, velvety effect, so much admired.

It is made in a large variety of handsome tints and colors, also white. Ready for use when mixed with hot water. It can be re-coated any number of times and removed easily by washing when desired, thus insuring walls being kept in perfect condition. Beware of wall finishes containing lime or plaster that cannot be removed by washing when desired; they are neither practical nor sanitary, and will eventually peel off, leaving the walls in ruined condition.

Muresco is in use by the best decorators in the country, and sold by leading paint dealers everywhere.

Send for sample cards, descriptive matter and prices.

BENJAMIN MOORE & CO.
Limited
Sole Mfgs., Toronto, Canada
New York Chicago Carteret Cleveland

Kellogg's

**TOASTED
CORN
FLAKES**

Twenty generous platefuls for ten cents! You'd pay more, once you taste these sweethearts of the corn.

64

SHORTHAND BY MAIL

You can learn it at home and get ready for a good situation. Many have done so and now earn good salaries. Write now for particulars. W. H. SHAW, President S.C.S. 391 Yonge Street, Toronto.

The Girls Who Earn Spending Money

"Why do I work? Because I want my own money," said a girl of well-to-do parents. She earns \$25 a month working in her spare time.

She is one of hundreds of girls and married women in different towns of Canada who want more spending money or to help their families.

Ideal Work

The fine quality and low price of the Journal and its strong appeal to Canadian loyalty make the work most desirable, and the salary and commissions are excellent.

A Trial

Do you want to make your spare time profitable? Write for full information and supplies and give the work a short trial. Show the Journal to a few friends, tell them of its quality and Canadianism.

We feel sure you will be so delighted with the work that you will give all possible spare time to it.

Canadian Home Journal



ears. "I did not know I had been so dreadfully remiss. It is all the fault of James, Duke of Monmouth. Bark at him, Ponto, and order him right off the place if he ever sets foot in the park of Wintern."

"The poor Duke!" remarked Sir Francis sympathetically. "How much he has to answer for! Not only the neglected fields and the uncaught herrings, the hungry children and their distraught mothers, but my wine, the stillroom keys, and Ponto's dinner, if he comes this way, for if his Grace accomplishes so much at a distance, what will he not succeed in doing when he comes close to?"

"Well, it is his fault—all his fault," Katherine protested, lifting her head defiantly, as she detected the ring of kindly irony in the Colonel's voice.

"The disease seems suddenly to have come to a head, yet the cause seems to have been going on. If my observation serves, for some little time."

They had passed through the great gates of scrolled ironwork, and were making for the fir woods which edged the nearest spur of the moor on that side. High overhead a lark carolled in the warm ether. Some rooks wended their way from the coast line of the Severn, where they had been hunting with the gulls, towards the giants elms which sheltered the Manor from the north-eastern gales. In the distance a heron was pursuing his long, tireless flight, flapping his frail-like wings with measured beat. It seemed hard to believe that sedition and strife, the ominous mutter of civil war, lurked beneath that rest and peace of nature.

"I suppose it has come home to me more the last few days," Katherine suggested, but again with heightened color.

"Let me see—is it two days? Oh, yes; I remember," Sir Francis interrupted himself. "It is two days and a half since my son Reginald rode out to seek his fortune. I have thought of that young man more times and oft than I care to own, and perchance—eh, Katherine?—the old man was not the only one at Wintern to do so."

"I should think we all have! It would ill become us, sir, if we did not think of your son and wish him the best of luck."

"Of course—exactly! Young men have always been favored with the kindly wishes of maidens—for the sake of their fathers. It was doubtless as my representative that you gave him one of your loved white roses!"

"How did you know that, uncle?" Katherine stammered. She sincerely wished that voices were always under the absolute control of their owners. Her own had been growing rebellious during the last few moments, showing more emotion than she wished to exhibit to the colonel's only too ready perception.

"I, too, wished to see the last of my son, and as Reginald rode forth I saw that he received a token of—what was it a token of, Katherine? Tell me!" His tone had changed from one expressive of a gentle irony to the deep note of an interest as keen as it was possible for any to feel who was not the principal in the affair.

The girl did not reply. She had turned her head away. The colonel could only see the shapely line of her head and shoulders, and one coral ear half hidden by the auburn tresses under which it lurked.

"Katherine, you know that I love you as a daughter, and that anything you tell me is a confidence I would not breathe to a living soul. Cannot you tell me anything—anything I should like to hear?"

But she still answered not a word. They were walking now amidst the firs with the tall boles of the trees on either side of the moss-grown pathway. Here the silence was profound. It was as if they were threading the aisles of some great cathedral of nature. Not a rabbit scuttled across the open, not a bird moved in the thicket. There is no loneliness and no silence like the loneliness and silence of the great fir woods of the moor.

A look of deep disappointment passed across the fine face of the gallant old man. The stump of his left arm twitched in its sleeve, as it was wont to do when Sir Francis was enduring some moment of supreme mental emotion.

The two came out of the wood, through which they had been gradually ascending, to the open upland beyond. They stopped half way up the incline, and, turning as by a sort of mutual impulse, surveyed the scene before them. The Manor house itself lay embosomed in trees in the foreground. Ivy covered it in most parts, giving the place an appearance of even greater age than it could legitimately claim. Beyond were the silver waters of Severn Sea. Peace, the gift of summer, lay on the varied landscape. Each felt it, and in the after-time realised how great is the force of contrast. They had insensibly reached the parting of the ways. From that day forward nothing could ever be quite the same.

Katherine now turned from the land-

scape and looked into the troubled eyes of her companion.

"Do not hurry me, sir," she cried, "or think me cold if I answer not directly as you wish. Indeed, I would do anything in the world to please you, but this thing is my very life, and I must know my own heart before I say words which can never be recalled or taken back."

"I thank you, dear, since you leave me hope. Nay, I would not urge you, and if that impetuous boy tries to hurry you I will use a father's influence to keep him back. I confess that it is the dearest project of my life that our houses should be united, as they have been before, and that you should marry my son; but there is one thing dearer to me still—and that is your happiness, my child."

Tears stood in her eyes. "Indeed I do not know myself," she said. "I want to be sure of my own heart before I give it away. Reginald understands, I think, that I do not say him nay—only wait."

"He is a lucky boy—the luckiest in England, if he plucks our white rose."

"You rate me much too highly, uncle I have heard you say that gold is worth little until it has been through the refining. I have not been through the fire during my sheltered life, so who can tell whether I am worth anything or nothing?"

A hind of the famous red deer stock of Exmore came to the edge of the upland above them, and looked down upon the pair with startled gaze, then it bounded away. Almost immediately afterwards they heard the tramp of horses quite close, as the sound of their approach had been deadened by the turf. The colonel had been standing a little in front, and so was the first to catch sight of the troop of riders who were approaching. As he did so, a glance of apprehension appeared in his face.

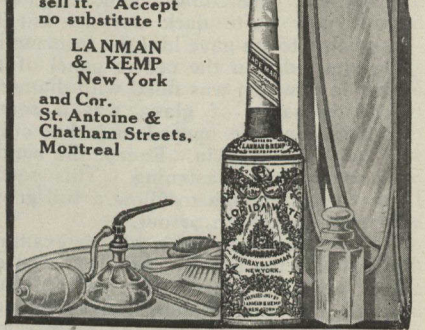
(To be continued.)

MURRAY AND LANMAN'S Florida Water

holds a privileged place upon every woman's dressing table. Its use is a constant and enduring delight. Refreshing beyond compare when used in the bath, it should never be lacking in the home.

Leading Druggists sell it. Accept no substitute!

LANMAN & KEMP
New York
and Cor.
St. Antoine &
Chatham Streets,
Montreal



BANKING COURSE BY MAIL

New and complete. Highly endorsed by leading banks. Every young man in a bank and every one who thinks of entering a bank, should take this course. Write Shaw Correspondence School, 393 Yonge St., Toronto.

Every Well- Dressed Woman

SHOULD
WRITE FOR



The New "ECONOMIST" Style Book

It will be found intensely interesting to those who wish to dress well at moderate cost and entirely different from the ordinary catalogue. It contains over two hundred illustrations of the latest authoritative fashions in

SUITS	WAISTS
COATS	LINGERIE DRESSES
DRESSES	CHILDREN'S WEAR
FURS	SWEATER COATS
MILLINERY	BELTS, BAGS, ETC.

REMEMBER:—We pay charges to any part of Canada—and guarantee that your purchase will be satisfactory in every particular, or your money will be refunded in full.

Mailed Free—on request

Economist Cloak & Suit Co.

Canada's Outer Garment House

TORONTO

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

STORIES in which more things happen in less time than it would take most of us to go down town, are the rule in the writings of Mr. Louis Joseph Vance. If you liked "The Brass Bowl," you will be sure to like "The Bandbox," which rejoices in a mauve cover, with the very box which worked all the mischief, pictured thereon. An unknown young lady sends a bandbox to an American-bound steamer in charge of Mr. Staff, whose bewilderment is natural and whose curiosity remains ungratified during many chapters. The ocean voyage develops the usual number of complications and the story moves with a rapidity which is amazing. A pearl collar disappears and we are morally certain that the bold, bad bandbox has something to do with it. However, it is unfair to tell too much about the plot in an exciting Vance novel, and we agree with the little man who says: "We don't got any use for inquests at the wind-up of this giddy dime novel." The Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto.

A ROMANCE by Payne Erskine, "The Mountain Girl," carries us off to the mountains of North Carolina, where lives a beautiful maiden who bears the ill-omened name of Cas-

of these two curious characters is a young person of tempestuous nature who has an infinite capacity for falling in love, and who is married in a wistaria-embowered pergola before the end of the story. The author has literary gifts which lead one to regret that she should waste her time on women who have a disdain for both modesty and virtue, and men who are quite worthy of such women. Bell and Cockburn, Toronto.

IT is hardly to be disputed that this is woman's century. She has a vast number and variety of books written on her character, culture and calling. "Wage-Earning Women," by Annie Marion MacLean, Ph.D., is an interesting and comprehensive study of an important subject, and the reader learns much about the industrial efforts of women and the reward which accrues to the workers. New England factories, New York shops, New Jersey mills, Chicago shops and factories, Oregon hop fields, and the coal districts of Pennsylvania have been the scenes of investigation. The book has decided informational value. The writer's name is hardly in keeping with the dignity of her style and subject, "Annie," is rather incongruous in association with "Ph.D."



AGNES C. LAUT CANOEING ON A NORTHERN LAKE

sandra. She is marvellously refined in manner and bearing, for her primitive surroundings, but all her innate superiority is explained by the fact that her father was a Welshman of the name of Merlin, whose ancestors were of noble birth. To her lonely home comes a young Englishman, also an aristocrat, who finds health and strength in the mountains, and who finally succeeds in winning Cassandra and defeating a low-born lover of decidedly murderous tendencies. The story of the Englishman's return to his boyhood home and of Cassandra's grief and fortitude is told with graphic effect, and the tender-hearted reader is relieved at the final reunion. It is somewhat difficult to realize that the hero is an Englishman, but the narrative is well sustained and the mountain environment is picturesquely described. McClelland and Goodchild, Toronto.

ARTISTIC life is accused of a lack of those domestic virtues which make ultimately for national well-being. One is inclined to believe in the charge, after reading "The Unknown Woman," by Anne Warwick. This novel deals with the tangled love affairs of half a dozen New Yorkers, who are afflicted with the artistic temperament. The heroine is a marvellous person with copper-colored hair and a habit of posing. Her husband is a sculptor with no principles worth mentioning, whose dissolute life is apparently accepted calmly by the wonderful wife. The daughter

What would be thought of a masculine author who appeared in print as Johnnie Smith, LL.D., or Willie Jones, Ph.D.? The Macmillan Company, Toronto.

A SLENDER book of poems, "Lyrics From the Westland," by Margaret A. Cawthorpe, is appropriately named, as "The Wheat Fields of the West," the first poem, is fairly indicative of the scene and spirit of the writer's efforts. There is genuine poetry in the lines of "Slumber Song" and "I Dwell in a Land of Summer." While there is nothing of great imaginative merit in the volume, the writer shows a sensitiveness to lyric grace which may produce more thrilling songs. William Briggs, Toronto.

A STORY of a new town in New Ontario does not sound especially exhilarating; but, thanks to a sense of humor, the author, Valance Patriarche, makes "Rory of Willow Beach," a chronicle of village life of rather unusual flavor. Rory McTavish is an almost worthless but wholly amusing character, whose practical jokes furnish diversion for the dwellers at Willow Beach. The atmosphere of such a locality is faithfully reproduced, and the writer has evidently used her powers of observation to good purpose. The doctor with a lisp is one of the best citizens of Willow Beach. Cassell and Company, Toronto.

Reading for the Hammock

The Most Popular Books

"Crossed Swords"
By Mrs. Clement Alloway
Cloth, \$1.25

"The Amishman"
By Clyde Smith
Cloth, \$1.25

"Maid of the Whispering Hills"
By Vingie E. Roe
A stirring romance of the Canadian West.
Cloth, \$1.25

"Her Weight in Gold"
By George Barr McCutcheon
Author of "Graustark"
Cloth, \$1.00

"Fire in Stubble"
By Baroness Orczy
Author of
"The Scarlet Pimpernel"
Cloth, \$1.25

"Lalarge's Lovers"
By G. A. Birmingham
Cloth, \$1.25

"The Matador of the Five Towns"
By Arnold Bennett
Cloth \$1.25

"Tante"
By Anne Douglas Sedgwick
Cloth, \$1.25

"Chantemerle"
By D. K. Broster
Cloth, \$1.25

"A Hoosier Chronicle"
By Meredith Nicholson
Cloth, \$1.50

"The Drunkard"
By Guy Thorne
Cloth, \$1.25

"The Adventures of Dr. Whitty"
By G. A. Birmingham
Cloth, \$1.25

At all Booksellers, or from

William Briggs
PUBLISHER

29-37 Richmond Street West - Toronto, Canada

Physicians and Nurses

Endorse

BOVRIL

It is unequalled for its nutritive value and for the great aid it gives in the digestion and assimilation of food. BOVRIL is used for invalids in more than 2,000 hospitals.

This Bon-Ton Summer Dress while inexpensive is very elegant and really good.



Made of fine soft sheer lawn of very good quality with Swiss embroidery and Baby lace inserts both in waist and skirt, the dress is in the latest style. If we had any outside profits to pay we could not offer it delivered to your Post Office or R. R. Station at \$5.25 but being manufacturers all middlemen's profits are saved and you Madam can buy this dress at a price many a retailer would be glad to get it for. Send bust size and front length of skirt and money order for price and your order will be filled at once. Shopping at the Bon-Ton is the most comfortable and most economical way. Saves time, fatigue and money. Turn up your Bon-Ton Spring and Summer catalogue or get a new one if the old one is mislaid and order what you need to complete your summer outfit. Join the ranks of satisfied Bon-Ton customers, there are thousands of them. Remember every article sold has our unqualified guarantee of money back if not absolutely satisfied—NOW Madam is good time to attend to this.

THE BON-TON CO., 439 St. Joseph St., Quebec, P.Q.



THROUGH LAKES TO JIMSAG

(Continued from page 7)

to the frying pan, coffee pot, and box of supplies. While preparing our evening meal we saw a boat push out from the mainland opposite and come directly towards us. We were afraid of being ejected from our haven but the smile which greeted us even before the boat was near the shore, dispelled any doubt that this was anything but a friendly visit.

"How do," said our visitor heartily, "I just come over to visit you, I allus do come to see the folks that camp over here, and there's lots of them from now on to October." Making himself comfortable, and getting out his pipe our new friend proceeded to entertain us, which he did right royally, until our dinner was cooked, eaten, and the dishes washed. One man in the neighborhood he told of with awe in his voice. "He's an independent man, Joe Ramsay is, has a hired man to put in his crop and don't need to do a mite of work himself if he ain't inclined. Yes, sir, that man's independent, got out and sold three hundred dollars worth of lumber last winter." I hope we were properly impressed with this tale of marvellous wealth!

"How long will ice cream keep?" was one query we tried to answer to our visitor's satisfaction, and learned that ice cream for a "sociable" in the "hall" on the following evening had been ordered from Fredericton, and would come by boat. To one not acquainted with a modern freezer, it was a puzzling matter to understand how the frozen dainty would be kept in fit state for the great event. Our advice as to repacking, covering well, and placing in a cool, dark spot was listened to with profound respect and interest. By the time our voluble acquaintance rose regretfully to leave we were all sorry we would not be near enough to share that ice cream and the other pleasures of the sociable

pay much attention to the somewhat flat, uninteresting country along the Thoroughfare, and Indian Lake, which was some place, we were not quite sure where. Only when we passed a long sandy spur and found ourselves on that truly wonderful inland body of water, Grand Lake, did we rouse ourselves again. We were at the extreme end of the lake, and almost as far as the eye could reach that blue water sparkled and rolled—for Grank Lake is seldom at peace. It is a fit resort for a motor boat or yacht, we could simply gaze and imagine its extent while we cut directly across to the mouth of the Jemseg, hidden until one is almost in it.

The Jemseg is only a small river, narrow and short. Someone well acquainted with that part of the country on being asked what was the most distinguishing feature of the place, aptly replied, "It's always known as Jimsag."

We were not in sympathy with the "Jimsagers" when we saw their neat houses standing bare and unshaded on their sloping, prosperous farms, and saw along the banks of the stream stumps and dead remains of magnificent maple trees. Nature had done so much for them, yet they maltreated her in this shameful fashion. We went ashore and prepared our lunch hurriedly and disgustedly. We had determined not to camp here at all, but to meet the boat at Upper Jemseg and push on to Gagetown, across the river. It meant a long hot paddle, but once settled in Gagetown we would not have to move until Monday morning.

When we reached Upper Jemseg it was a gay place. The first arrivals in the St. John Power Club's Dominion Day races had just come up, while high in the mud beside the wharf the beautiful flagship of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club was grounded. The native Jimsagers were down to meet the May Queen, and everywhere there was confusion, and bustle, and heat. We got our passenger and escaped, going over exactly the same course which the Business Girl had travelled to join us, but we had no desire to linger. At five o'clock, after nine hours of steady paddling on a day which we afterwards found was a record-breaker for heat all over the east, we landed on a delightfully shaded spot on Gagetown Creek, with a tiny stream making our camping place but an angle, which caught every breath of air possible. When the tents were up and we had freshened ourselves and had prepared a comfortable meal of beefsteak and German fried potatoes, we were different persons.

Sunday was a hot day, but we were convinced that we had the coolest situation in the province and were able to enjoy our day very much. We preferred a less civilized spot for camping, but found it convenient to be near at hand when we had to catch the Hampstead at Gagetown wharf at six a.m. Monday. The fire actually felt good to us at five o'clock when we ate our breakfast, and we knew that at the same hour in the afternoon we would be sweltering.

It was a new experience, this camping in weather which made the butter oil, and our noses beacon lights, yet what experience in camp life, new or old, is not thoroughly enjoyable to one who loves the sport and is prepared to take it all in all good faith?

Her Fear

BRIDGET—"O'i'll 'ave to lave, mum. O'i can't sthand that noodle what calls on Miss Harriet."
The Mistress—"The idea! He doesn't call to see you!"
Bridget—"That's just it, mum; but O'im afraid the neighbors'll think he do."

White Swan Yeast Cakes

Families who once use White Swan Yeast Cakes for bread-baking will never use any other brand. It makes light, wholesome, and delicious bread. Sold by your grocer in packages of 6 cakes at 5c. Send for free sample, White Swan Spices & Cereals, Limited, Toronto, Ont.



"There is Beauty in Every Jar."

TAKE Milkweed Cream on your summer outings. It gives the skin softness, whitens it and increases its resisting power, making the face less susceptible to ravages of sun and wind

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Apply Milkweed Cream gently—without rubbing—twice a day. It gives your skin power to resist flabbiness, and the lines of time. It protects against rough winds, redness, freckles and sunburn. Price, 50 cents, and \$1.00.

Preserves Good Complexions—Improves Bad Complexions

A PERSONAL TEST: Let us prove to you the value of Ingram's Toilet Specialties. Write us the name and address of your druggist, and we will send you FREE, through him, a box of assorted samples of our toilet essentials. Or, enclose ten cents, and we will mail the samples direct to you. Address—

Frederick F. Ingram Company
1 Ouellette Ave., Windsor, Ont.



ASHAMED TO BE SEEN

Many young women, and men too, tell us how frightfully sensitive they feel because of the unhealthy appearance of their faces. For over twenty years we have been successfully treating similar conditions of

PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, RASHES AND BLOTCHES

at our offices or by mail throughout Canada and other countries. Write or call for full particulars and booklet "H" and sample toilet cream. Consultation invited.

For that masculine disfigurement SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

there is absolutely and positively no permanent treatment but Electrolysis. Our method is safe, sure, and practically painless. Satisfaction assured in each case. Come for treatment during the summer if you live out of town.

Hiscott Institute
61 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO

The Full Flavor of the Fresh Berry

BRIGGERS PURE STRAWBERRY JAM

Is Now on Sale at your Grocers

Try a pail of this delicious preserve and enjoy the natural flavor of the luscious strawberry.

There are no artificial colorings or preservatives in BRIGGERS JAMS—just choice, selected fruit and best quality granulated sugar.

All Good Grocers have Briggers Products -- Season 1912 Pack.

Let Us Send You This Beautiful Picture Free



"PILOTING HER HOME"

"Piloting Her Home," shown in the small reproduction above, is one of the grandest pictures ever painted, and is possibly the masterpiece of the artist, William Holt Yates Titcombe.

The picture shows a family of Cornish Methodists praying and singing at the bedside of the aged mother who is about to pass to the greater glories beyond.

The expression of happiness on the old lady's face, and the devout attitude of the family faithfully reproduce a scene never to be forgotten.

Mr. Titcombe has won medals at the Paris Salon and the World's Fair at Chicago, and his favorite picture, "Piloting Her Home," was shown at the 1911 Canadian National Exhibition, where it was so greatly admired that it was purchased by the city of Toronto, and now adorns the walls of the Art Gallery in the City Hall.

The size of the picture is 10 by 14—it is reproduced by the multicolor process in full colors and is in many ways equal to the original.

It is worthy of a beautiful frame and a place in your best room. There are enough for all and a copy will be

SENT POSTPAID TO EVERY READER OF CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

who is willing to spend a few minutes of their time in filling in answers to the questions asked in the coupon on this page.

The reason we desire this information is very simple. Our advertising department is frequently asked for information regarding the class of readers subscribing for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

It is with the desire to furnish this information that we ask for the co-operation of our readers to enable our giving more intelligent service to both our readers and advertisers.

Some of the questions may seem a little personal, but they are asked in good faith, and your replies will not be used in any way to embarrass you.

In these days of high cost of living the buying of supplies for the home is one of the most important things of life.

We devote our days to labor to enable our obtaining money to buy the necessities of life, and unless we buy intelligently we waste part of our labor.

The CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is trying to help its readers to get the most and best for their money, and to that end we refuse the use of our advertising columns to those firms whose goods we feel will not give the utmost satisfaction to our readers.

Our readers are rapidly discovering that it pays them to read the advertising pages of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, as it is of great assistance to them in making economic and satisfactory purchases.

This is Not a Contest—There Are No Chances to Take—Everyone Gets a Picture

There are no exceptions or rules to comply with. All you are asked to do to get a picture is to answer the questions as fairly as you can and send the coupon to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL.

Answers must be received by September 1st.

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
26-28 Adelaide Street West -- -- Toronto, Ont.

COUPON

Please answer all questions and mail to CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, 26-28 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ont.

- 1.—How many persons read your copy of this magazine?
.....
- 2.—Do the men of your home read this magazine?.....
.....
- 3.—What becomes of your magazine?.....
- 4.—Do you read any other weekly or monthly publications, if so, which ones?.....
.....
- 5.—What is the value of the property you occupy?
.....
- 6.—Do you own or rent your home?.....
- 7.—How many rooms are in your home?.....
- 8.—Do you use steam, hot water, hot air, or stoves to heat your homes?.....
- 9.—How do you light your home?.....
- 10.—Do you cook with coal, gas, wood, or oil?.....
- 11.—What make of kitchen cabinet do you use?
.....
- 12.—Have you free mail delivery?.....
- 13.—Do you use a vacuum cleaner?.....
- 14.—Do you raise chickens?.....
- 15.—What make of incubator have you?.....
.....
- 16.—What brand of paints do you use?
.....
- 17.—What brand of toilet and laundry soap do you use?
.....
- 18.—What make of piano do you use?
.....
- 19.—What make of organ do you use?.....
.....
- 20.—What make of talking machine have you?.....
.....
- 21.—What make of tooth powder or paste do you use?
.....
- 22.—What make of dyes do you use?.....
.....
- 23.—How many live in your home?.....
- 24.—Have you or will you soon have electric current in your home?.....
- 25.—What make of washing machine do you use?.....
.....
- 26.—Do you buy advertised articles?.....
- 27.—If so, why?.....
- 28.—Do you buy flower or vegetable seeds?.....
- 29.—From whom do you buy?.....
- 30.—What make of corsets do you buy?.....
- 31.—Have you a rain coat?.....
- 32.—What make of shoes do you wear?.....
- 33.—What catsup do you use?.....
- 34.—What tea do you use?.....
- 35.—What baking powder do you use?.....
- 36.—What flour do you use?.....
- 37.—What breakfast food do you use?.....
- 38.—What make of silverware do you use?.....
- 39.—What make of automobile do you use?.....
.....
- 40.—Do the advertised articles you buy give satisfaction?

Name.....

Post Office.....

County.....



Buy I H C Wagons for True Economy

YOU cannot farm without a wagon any more than you can keep house without a stove. It is something you need every day. You work it harder than anything else on the farm, and when the old one wears out you have to get a new one at once.

Figure out how many bushels of corn, wheat, or oats, or how many bales of cotton it takes to keep you in wagons, and then see how much you save when you buy a wagon that lasts longer than the average.

It is an easy thing to do, even though all wagons which are painted alike look alike. The difference in wagons is underneath the paint. It is the material and workmanship, as well as the paint of I H C wagons

Petrolia

Chatham

which make them the best wagon investment for any farmer.

We tell you plainly what material goes into every part of our wagons, and we want every purchaser to convince himself before buying, that when I H C wagons are advertised as having birch hubs, maple axles, and long leaf yellow pine box bottoms, these are the materials actually used.

Such care is taken in the construction of the I H C wagons, and in the culling of the materials which go into them, that when a wagon reaches a farmer's barn, that farmer has one of the best wearing, easiest running farm wagons that skilled labor can make or that money can buy. There is no need to speculate in buying a wagon. Wear and tear and length of service are the points to go by. I H C wagons are made for nation-wide uses, with special features adapted to local conditions. Wherever sold they are right, and ready for use in that locality. The I H C wagon agent in your town sells the wagon best suited to your neighborhood. Ask him to go over the wagons with you. Ask him for I H C wagon literature, or write the nearest branch house.

EASTERN CANADIAN BRANCHES

International Harvester Company of America

(Incorporated)

At Hamilton, Ont.
Ottawa, Ont.

London, Ont.
St. John, N. B.

Montreal, P. Q.
Quebec, P. Q.

I H C Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizer, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U S A



Dollars Do Double Duty

in the hands of those thrifty, capable women who know and use

MAYPOLE SOAP

THE CLEAN, EASY HOME DYE

They keep their homes, their children and themselves looking fresh and attractive at a very moderate cost, because MAYPOLE SOAP makes old things look like new, and often doubles their length of service.

MAYPOLE SOAP gives rich, even, lustrous colors, fadeless in sun or rain. Dyes cotton, wool, silk or mixtures. Does not stain hands or kettles. 24 colors—will give any shade. Colors 10c.—black 15c.—at your dealers or postpaid with free booklet "How to Dye," from

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO., MONTREAL



CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS



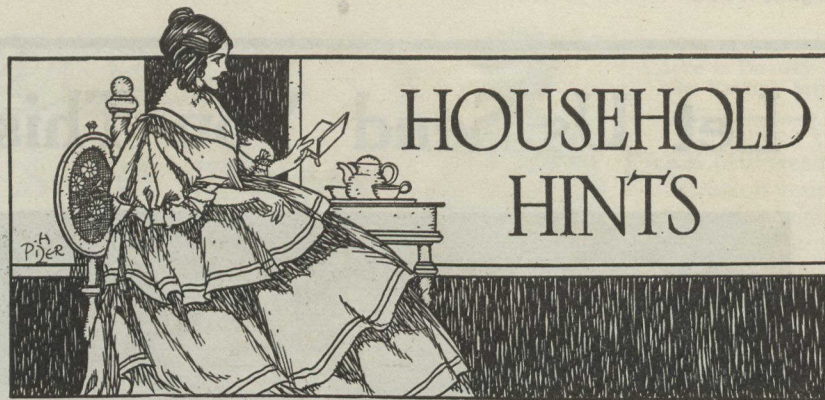
CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS are prepared in a modern well-equipped factory, where the utmost cleanliness is rigidly enforced and handling is reduced to a minimum.

CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS are made from the finest Beans purchaseable. The sauces contain nothing but the very best ingredients and all are cooked in a manner which preserves **The Full Flavour and Nutriment.**

The careful housewife knows and always appreciates **THE BEST.**

INSIST ON CLARK'S

W. Clark, - Montreal



For the Summer Camp

ROUGH bare floors are rather cheerless even in camp, particularly on cold damp days, and yet one does not want to be bothered with a single extra thing to be kept in order, packed up and put away when the season is over and the cottage or camp is closed. Japanese jute rugs are about as cheap as anything on the market, and their color and pattern do not show soil; but their chief virtue is that they are moth-proof, so they may be left on the floors just as they are or thrown into a corner without fear of damage. They are quite thick, and the jute has a silky texture, though it is rather coarse. The rugs come in all sizes, and in light and dark colorings of the Japanese designs.

How to Serve Salads

AN attractive and convenient way to serve a salad to a large family is to arrange it on a large platter. Make a border of lettuce or celery leaves and set a small low bowl or dish in the centre. Put crisp lettuce leaves round the bowl, nearly hiding it; then arrange the mixed vegetables or the potato or fish salad in a mound on each side. Sometimes two kinds of vegetable salad are made, especially if there is but little of any one kind of cold vegetable on hand; the ends of the platter will then present a contrast of color. Pour mayonnaise, boiled or plain oil dressing into the bowl. Each person can help himself to what he likes, and also the amount of dressing his taste prefers.

Following the fashion of individual service, many housekeepers have all salads prepared tastefully in the kitchen on small plates; but if served on a large dish, a larger or smaller portion can be taken, which at the family table is worth considering.

Still another, and time-honored, way is to mix the dressing and salad at the table; to many an added zest is given by this method. Salad is economical, appetizing, the easiest sort of dish to prepare, and gives opportunity for the maker to show invention and taste.

A Novel Traveling-Case

AFTER hemstitching all around a 10-inch square of very heavy white linen, I made a pocket 10 by 3 1-3 inches by turning one side of the linen one third over and sewing up the two ends neatly. The remaining piece of linen folded over the pocket when the case was finished. This large pocket I made into six little pockets by feather-stitching with embroidery cotton. Four of the pockets were filled with sample-sized tubes of tooth-paste, facial or cold cream, talcum powder, and a little cake of soap. Into the fifth pocket I tucked a book of violet powder-leaves, and the sixth held a roll of soap-leaves.

These samples may be obtained from the manufacturers of toilet articles at a minimum price, and each one contains a sufficient amount for quite a long trip.

A piece of half-inch wash ribbon, securely fastened, tied up the case, which could be poked and squeezed into a remarkably small place without harming any of the contents.

"No Alum"

THE ingredients of Magic Baking Powder are plainly printed on each package. The makers of the numerous alum baking powders never do this, but they have been known to print the words "No Alum" on their labels. This is no guarantee—it is fraud. See that all ingredients are stated.

To Dry-Clean a Dress

FOR dry cleaning an embroidered dress you will find boracic talcum a valuable aid. If you cannot get it conveniently, make a substitute that may serve you as well by powdering starch

and sifting it four times, with one ounce of borax to a pound of starch. Rub the cleanser well into the material with a clean complexion brush. When you have treated one side in this manner, turn the article and repeat the process on the other side. Cover with the powder when you have finished brushing it, throw a cloth over it to keep out the dust, and leave it for two days. Then shake the article. Press on the wrong side with a hot iron. First cover the dress with a damp cloth.

Thin Sandwiches

BBREAD for sandwiches was cut at home recently in very thin slices, without having a single piece in holes or broken. The loaf was cut as it lay flat on the board, down through the top, from end to end, lengthwise. Then, taking one of the half sections, I held it firmly in the left hand, the crust touching the table and the soft part up. Holding the side-crusts between the thumb and first fingers, they were necessarily pressed towards each other. The outside crust of the half-loaf thus braced the soft interior, so that when sliced across quickly with a sharp knife, each half-slice came out perfectly.

To Keep White Shoes Clean

RUB them with powdered pumice and a bit of absorbent cotton after each time they are worn. If this is done the actual whitening with a preparation will be needed less frequently, and you may always appear with immaculate shoes.

Walls of a Small Home

IN planning a scheme of decoration for the small or medium-sized country house, it is especially desirable to have the walls the same light color throughout; such as silvery or a softer grey, or a very light brownish wood color. This gives the house a spacious look, not obtained by making the walls different colors, though they may be very harmonious. These cool, soft tints are delightful backgrounds for any scheme of color, and for pictures, furniture and rugs, never detracting from the artistic value of them, and giving a dignified, restful appearance to the whole house.

A little farm house, which is quite enchanting, has all the walls of a very pale, woody, greyish brown, with creamy white woodwork, setting off to great advantage all the quaint chintzes and old furniture, and modest brown jars, filled with tall flowers from the old-fashioned garden. This method of wall decoration permits changing at any time the other colors in the room; forming always an attractive, restful background to the brightest or softest colors, and therefore is never monotonous.

Home Helps

Often a machine needle which has a turned or blunted point may be made as good as ever by rubbing it back and forth a few times on a whetstone.

A mixture of olive oil and ink in equal parts is excellent for removing the rusty appearance from suede shoes or slippers.

If a cane or willow chair or table has dried out and become tightened, wet it with salt and water and dry it in the sun.

If a little fringe is wanted for trimming a gown, it may often be found in the upholstery department. Indeed, ordinary shade fringe is most adaptable for trimming. The resourceful woman dyes it whatever color she wishes and so has dress trimming at slight expense.

If two iron holders are fastened to a tape long enough to slip about the neck and hang to convenient length at either side, there will be no excuse for using the apron or dress or burning the fingers in opening the oven door or handling hot pots and pans.



CULINARY CONCEITS

RED RASPBERRY CHARLOTTE

Make a boiled custard with one quart of milk, the yolks of four eggs, one cupful of sugar and a little vanilla extract. Line a deep dish with slices of stale cake, preferably sponge cake. Lay ripe berries on this, sweeten to taste, add another layer of berries and sugar. When the custard is cold pour over the whole. Beat the whites of eggs stiff with one tablespoonful of sugar, spread on top and decorate with fine berries.

CHEESE SALAD

Arrange some crisp lettuce leaves in a circle on a flat plate with the stems toward the centre. On all the top leaves place a small pot of cottage cheese and several slices of hard-boiled egg. Pour over this a French dressing made of three teaspoonfuls of olive oil, one scant teaspoonful of salt, a little paprika and two scant tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Mix well.

CHERRY SALAD

Drain a small bottle of maraschino cherries. Fill the cavities of the cherries with blanched almonds. Arrange these on tiny nests of cold boiled rice and place on a bed of shredded lettuce. Serve with a dressing made from the cherry juice, some powdered sugar and a little lemon or orange juice.

CURRENT TEA CAKES

Cream one-fourth of a cupful of butter and add gradually while beating constantly, one-third of a cupful of sugar; then add one egg well beaten. Mix and sift two and one-third cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Add to first mixture alternately with one cupful of milk; then stir in two-thirds of a cupful of fresh currants mixed with one-third of a cupful of flour. Bake in buttered individual tins in a moderate oven.

BERRY TAPIOCA

This can be made with either raspberries or strawberries. Cook four tablespoonfuls of instantaneous tapioca in two cupfuls of water with one cupful of sugar and one teaspoonful of butter, until clear. Wash gently (if needed) one pint of either berry; cut each large berry in half, sprinkle over with sugar; let them marinate in their juice one-half hour. When the tapioca is ready stir this puree through the tapioca without cooking. When cold set to chill in the ice chest. It becomes a lovely pink color and is delicious served with whipped cream.

PINE-APPLE TRIFLE

Pick a ripe pineapple into small bits with a silver fork, add enough sugar to make it quite sweet and let it stand until the sugar is well melted. Mix with it as much dry sponge cake, crumbled fine, as it will moisten. Bake half an hour and cover with a meringue.

HAM TIMBALES

Cold boiled ham is very well liked when thinly sliced, and all remnants which do not slice to look attractive may be utilized to the best possible advantage in a variety of ways. Ham timbales call for remnants. Finely chop cold boiled ham; there should be two cupfuls. Put in a mortar and pound, adding one teaspoonful of mixed custard and a few grains of cayenne. Add one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine dissolved in one-half cupful of hot water; then add one-half cupful of heavy cream beaten until stiff. Turn into timbale molds first dipped in cold water and chill. Remove from molds to a serving dish and garnish top of each with a spring of parsley.

PEAS IN POTATO CASES

Boil two pounds of peeled potatoes; drain and beat until smooth and light. Season with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg, and add one tablespoonful of butter and the yolks of two eggs. Beat until these ingredients are well blended and smooth. When cool roll out, using a little flour, to the thickness of about one inch and a half. Cut into rounds the size of a tumbler, and with a smaller cutter remove a piece from the top of each as though making patties. Brush over with beaten egg, roll in fine breadcrumbs, and fry to a light brown color in hot fat. Fill the cases with cooked peas seasoned and tossed in butter, and place the piece removed from the centre on top of the peas to form a lid.

SOUTH-DOWN CROQUETTES

Cook one-half tablespoonful of finely chopped onion, in two tablespoonfuls of butter, five minutes, stirring constantly. Add one-fourth cupful of flour and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of stock. Bring to the boiling point and add one cupful of cold roast lamb, cut in small cubes, and two-thirds cupful of small, cold boiled potato cubes. Simmer until meat and potato have absorbed sauce. Add one teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley and season with salt and pepper. Spread on a shallow plate to cool. Shape in the form of croquettes, dip in crumbs, egg, and crumbs; fry in deep fat and drain. Serve with tomato sauce.

RICE LOAF

Line a slightly buttered bread-pan or quart brick mold with warm steamed rice, having walls from three-fourths to one inch thick. Fill the centre with cold, boiled salmon, flaked and moistened with egg sauce. Cover with rice, set in a pan of hot water, cover with buttered paper and bake one hour. Turn on a hot platter, pour around egg sauce and garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg, stuffed hard-boiled eggs and parsley, as shown in the illustration.

CARROT PUDDING

Plum pudding to-day, with the high cost of cream, eggs and butter, is a luxury. Few, perhaps, know that a plum pudding may be made without any of these ingredients. Carrots will supply seeming deficiencies. The carrots should be scraped and boiled in salted water until tender. Then drain them and press through a colander. Take a quart of the mashed carrots and add to them half a pound of chopped suet, half a cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of sifted flour, three-quarters of a pound each of currants and raisins, and half a pound of chopped citron. Flour the fruit before adding it to the other ingredients. For seasoning use a teaspoonful each of salt and cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of cloves and a grated nutmeg. Stir all together thoroughly and then put the mixture into a buttered pan or mold with a tight-fitting top. Steam for three and a half hours and serve with sauce.

Good Cheer

WARM AIR FURNACES



EVEN WITH THIS BIG 6 GALLON WATERPAN WE DO NOT PROMISE HIGHER THAN 55% HUMIDITY THE ORDINARY WATERPAN AFFORDS FROM 18 TO 25% NORMAL HUMIDITY OUT DOORS IS ABOUT 70%

SEE THE POINT?

OUR FURNACE LITERATURE IS BOTH INTERESTING AND INSTRUCTIVE — MAILED ON REQUEST

The James Stewart Manufacturing Company Limited, WOODSTOCK, ONT. WINNIPEG, MAN.

No 3

ART DEPT. CANADIAN MAGAZINE

A Close Skimmer and Built to Last

THERE are two features that make a separator a good investment: close skimming and durability. Easy cleaning and easy turning are important, but not as important as the power to get all the butter fat and keep on doing it for many years.

I H C Cream Separators will make good under the most severe skimming test. If you will compare their construction with that of any other separator you will see why. Extra strong shafts and spindles, spiral cut gears, phosphor bronze bushings, thorough protection against dirt or grit getting into the working parts, and perfect oiling facilities, are the features that make these separators good for long service.

I H C Cream Separators Dairymaid and Bluebell

are close skimmers and built to last, and at the same time are easy to clean and turn. The reasons are these:

The interior of the bowl is entirely free from intricate forms of construction. Every part has a plain, smooth surface, to which dirt and milk do not adhere.

The dirt arrester chamber removes the undissolved impurities from the milk before separation begins.

Accurate designing and fitting of all moving parts, spiral cut gears, convenient crank, and thorough lubrication, make these separators easy to turn.

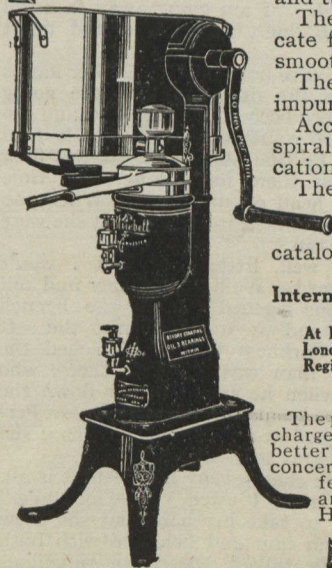
There are many other features worth your consideration. Ask the I H C agent handling these machines or write the nearest branch house for catalogue.

Canadian Branch Houses International Harvester Company of America (Incorporated)

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, North Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Weyburn, Winnipeg, Yorkton

I H C Service Bureau

The purpose of this Bureau is to furnish, free of charge to all, the best information obtainable on better farming. If you have any worthy questions concerning soils, crops, land drainage, irrigation, fertilizers, etc., make your inquiries specific and send them to I H C Service Bureau, Harvester Building, Chicago, U S A



Economist Cloak & Suit Co. have a very special announcement in this issue, on page 36. It will be to your advantage to turn back and read it.

THE BUTTERFLY ETUDE

(Continued from page 6)

been long after midnight that I heard a strange sound across the hall, and when I jumped up and stole to Perrine's door I knew that she was crying again. But I didn't like to go in, for she was whispering all to herself about "Arthur" and "Violet," and not one word about that horrid Mr. Hargrave. I knew he was horrid because I had heard him laugh and it sounded sneering and cruel, not like Perrine's laugh, which was as if it were part of the butterfly music.

I was in such trouble for it seemed dreadful to have Perrine and her husband drift apart like Lord Montclair and Hildegard in "A Mad Mistake," which Carrie Jackson lent me last summer, but which is not a standard novel at all. At last, a Great Idea came to me and I fairly shivered at its audacity—for there is no other word to describe it. It would be such a lovely deed to bring these sundered hearts together. Besides, it is blessed to be a peacemaker. But the Conways never interfere and it is hard to tell the difference between a busybody and a peacemaker. It all depends on how the interference turns out.

I closed the door, lighted the lamp and then opened the rosewood writing-desk that had been my mother's. I had some pretty heliotrope note-paper that Perrine had given me the day before, and that, Aunt Hester said, "was hardly in good taste." It smelled of the garden for I had sprinkled it with dried rose-leaves and lemon verbenas. I wrote on an envelope: "Mr. Arthur Ockley" and his city address and then there came a solemn pause. It is difficult to write to anyone who is a perfect stranger; but when he is also the husband of the woman whom you admire above everyone else on earth, the situation is really very embarrassing. But I remembered Perrine's tears and the sadness of her voice when she sang "The Garden of Sleep," and I began with boldness.

My dear Mr. Ockley:

I am taking a great liberty in writing to you, but I am your wife's cousin, Rebecca Conway, and she has just nursed me through a fever. Yesterday, she told me her troubles, how she had lost her dear little girl and was afraid that you did not care. I felt so sorry for her and I just know that you really do care and that perhaps you merely don't understand each other, like the hero and the heroine in books. But I wish you would come down here and tell her how much you think of her, because she has cried twice to-day, and I don't think it is good for her health. No more at present.

Very truly yours,
REBECCA CONWAY.

P.S.—Perrine didn't say a word against you except that you did not care. She thinks that you are good and honorable.
—R.C.

I felt rather proud of the letter when it was written, for although there were no thrilling expressions, I thought I told him the truth in a simple and convincing way. I heard the milkman when he came quite early, and I threw the letter out of the window. He seemed surprised when I called to him to post it, but said that he would be sure to remember. Then I became so excited that I had to stay in bed all morning and Aunt Hester said that she couldn't imagine why I was so feverish and she hoped I was not going to be like my mother's family who had no stamina. I had to take tablets and beef tea but I just felt as if I had a secret understanding with Fate or whatever it is that makes married people live happy ever after.

In the afternoon, to my great surprise, Aunt Hester allowed me to go out in the red automobile with Perrine, and her wicked admirer. I disliked Mr. Hargrave more than ever when I met him face to face, for he has such cold close-set eyes. I knew that he was angry because Perrine had asked me to come, and when he looked at her I thought of snakes and birds, for he seemed to be just waiting—waiting like the villain in the stories that Emily used to read to me when Aunt Hester was at prayer meeting. Emily was our trustworthy servant, and is now the wife of the butcher. We did not go very fast because I was not strong yet and after an hour, Mr. Hargrave turned back, saying in a purring way; "I'm afraid the little girl is tired." Perrine did not come in for a long while after I had been home, and her eyes sparkled like brown diamonds while her cheeks were flushed as if I had given her the fever. But she worried me

more than when she cried, and Aunt Hester's face looked as if it were cut out of stone as she sat at the head of the table and poured tea.

"I wish to speak to you in my room, Perrine," she said, after Perrine had crumbled bread and cake into a heap on her plate. There was a long talk and I was awakened from sleep by their coming into the hall.

I heard Perrine say: "You need not worry; it shall not happen again."

"No other member of the family has been so forgetful of what is becoming."

Then Perrine came into my room and bent over me, thinking I was not awake. She kissed me softly many times and said: "Dear little sister! It's the very last time."

"You're not going away!" I cried.

"I must go, dear. There seems no choice. Now, you are to go to sleep again." There was an icy tone in her voice as if nothing could ever change in her mind again. So, I let her go, but I knew that I was to have another "white night." Perrine says that is what the French call it when your eyes just grow wider and wider as the hours go by and you fairly ache with wideawakeness.

But, just as I was counting sheep for the hundredth time, I heard just the faintest sound, as if some one were going down stairs. I put on the pretty kimono and my blue slippers that Emily worked for me and went to the landing. There was a ghostly, grey figure crossing the hall below and I knew it was Perrine in her travelling cloak. I was more afraid than if it had been burglars and yet I hardly knew what I feared. As she had her hand on the old-fashioned brass knob, I reached her and said her name very softly. She turned and seemed about to scream. Then she whispered almost angrily: "It is absurd for you to be up at this hour, child. Go back to bed."

"Where are you going, Perrine?" I whispered back. Her hand trembled and I said again, "Please don't go away like this, Perrine."

"I must," she said again, and tried to shake off my hand. But I clung all the closer, for I felt that she was in worse trouble than ever and I remembered the nice kind eyes in Arthur's photograph.

"Come into the parlor," I said, "or Aunt Hester may hear us." We went into the dark room, smelling of roses, and carnations, and I held firmly to Perrine even when we were seated on the slippery old sofa which I had always hated. "I'm sure that hateful man has something to do with it," I said, spitefully. "Tell me, Perrine. Do you really like a man who looks as if nothing were worth while?"

"He—oh, how can I explain to a child like you? He needs me, dear, and no one else does. At least, I can make him happy."

"Is he waiting for you out there?" "Yes," answered Perrine, as simply as if I were ninety years old and she were a little child. "I am going away from all those who don't understand and don't care."

"No, you're not," and I held her hands tighter in the darkness; "you're going to stay here because we love you and because she'd want you to—that little dead baby." Perrine slid down to the floor and knelt there for a long, long time with her head on my knees. When she looked up, at last, it seemed as if she were all tired out.

"Very well, little one. But I won't be a coward. We'll go together and tell him." She opened one of the French windows and we went out into the soft summer darkness until we reached the gate. A man was standing there, who started when he saw us. Far down the road there seemed to be a carriage. Perrine laughed in a worn-out way, as if she would just as soon cry.

"I have changed my mind—that is all. But, at least, I owed you—Good-bye." He tried to take her hand but she drew away from him and held me with both arms. He talked the most ridiculous things, about how lonely he was and how he was willing to make the Supreme Sacrifice, and he even quoted lines of poetry that might have sounded as fascinating as "The Mad Mistake" if I had not been getting so sleepy. But when he saw that Perrine was really a Conway, after all, and was going to stay with her own people, that awful man showed what he really was, and used language that Aunt Hester would simply have fainted to hear. I wouldn't have believed that a man, who was so very particular about his appearance, and has such an expensive automobile, could have been so rude and

vulgar. In fact, he simply swore, again and again, and we went back into the garden and into the dark little parlor without saying one word to each other. Perrine almost carried me upstairs into her own room where Arthur Ockley's photograph looked solid and comforting.

"Now, honey, just get into bed and forget that we've had this nightmare." But before I went to sleep, I felt her arms around me and her cheek against mine.

"You're not angry with me, then?" "Angry! you blessed little Betty, you've shown me just how a cad can act."

"Isn't 'cad' slang?" I asked drowsily. "It's the only word to describe that creature. What a dreadful time his poor wife must have had!" It was beginning to rain and we could hear the heavy drops on the roof.

"I hope he'll get soaking wet," was the last word I said, before I fell into a sleep that lasted for ten long hours.

The next afternoon I was sitting in the garden when a tall man opened the gate and closed it with a quick, firm touch that seemed to show that he always knew just what he wanted. When he came up to the long chair in which I was lying, I saw that he must be Perrine's husband, and I began to shake all over, for I had almost forgotten that foolish letter of mine. He lifted his hat and said in such a nice, gentle voice: "Are you Miss Rebecca Conway?"

"Ye—es," I said; I knew that I must be blushing. "But your wife calls me Betty."

"Then you know who I am. Where is Perrine?"

"She is on the veranda. I hope you won't be vexed."

But he was gone, with such long strides that I don't believe he heard me. He stepped on the mignonette bed and crushed one of Aunt Hester's finest begonias before he came to the steps. I didn't turn my head, at all, though I was just dying to know whether he would talk like Rudolf Rassendyll or Lord Montclair. I don't see why being grown-up makes people so silly. How Perrine could have endured to go out in an automobile with a man like that Hargrave person, when she had a husband like Arthur Ockley at home, is something I cannot understand.

After more than an hour, I should think, Perrine came down from the veranda and fairly danced across the grass to my

chair. "Betty, you darling piece of absurdity!" she cried, "To think of your caring so much about your foolish cousin's affairs that you wrote that letter!" Her husband stood behind her and his eyes smiled in just the kindest way. She took me in her arms and kissed me so gratefully, that I wanted to cry. Then her husband—he told me to call him Cousin Arthur—acted in such a chivalrous way. He just raised both my hands to his lips as if I were the Princess Flavia, instead of being just a shabby little school-girl.

"You have helped us to a great deal of happiness, Cousin Betty."

"It was a very interfering thing to do," I stammered. "But I think people ought to explain their feelings towards each other, don't you?"

"I quite agree with you," he answered in the politest manner. "That is just what we have been doing and we intend to spend the rest of our lives in such explanation. Now, Perrine is going to prepare Aunt Hester for my visit, and I am going to become acquainted with you." He talked to me for ever so long about books and music and said I must come to the city and hear the opera. He told me that he was very fond of "Alice in Wonderland," and remembered all the delicious poetry. I should not have believed that a successful business man could know so many interesting books and be so well informed on really important subjects. He was just the kind of husband that I should have liked Perrine to have and he seemed greatly pleased when I told him so.

I don't know how Perrine had managed it, but, when we went in to tea, we found Aunt Hester actually with her arms around the daughter of "that person from New Orleans." If I had not known it to be impossible, I'd have said that Aunt Hester had been crying. She seemed to like Cousin Arthur at once and said he had a look of the Conways about the forehead. It was the nicest meal we had ever known in the old dining-room, although I had to lie on the sofa and was not allowed to have any of the citron preserves. Then after tea we sat on the veranda while Perrine played for us—dreamy old tunes that belonged to the August twilight. Last of all she played my Butterfly piece, but it was different in some way, and seemed to have more meaning.

With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Answers to Last Month's Puzzles

THE diagram shows how to solve last week's puzzle of the man in the moon. With two dotted lines the other two men in the moon are made to appear.

Did you solve the problem of the three farmers and their twenty-four

circle formation is LEVEL. Try it out yourself.

The answer to the egg mystery is, the man keeps ducks and eats the duck eggs.

Curious Wedding Rings

AMONG the curiosities in wedding rings it is on record that in the early days in this country rings were made of rushes. Perhaps the most curious material used for rings required in an emergency is the case of one being hurriedly made by cutting it out of the finger of a glove and another cut out of a visiting card. The Quakers and Swiss Protestants do not use rings at their marriage ceremonies. The Irish people have a strong objection to any but gold rings. In St. Kilda wedding rings are made of worsted. The women of the Upper Bayanzi, on the Congo, wear their wedding rings round their necks. These rings are made of thick brass rods, which are made into great rings and strongly welded together. The more wealthy the husband the heavier the ring; in some cases they weigh as much as thirty pounds.

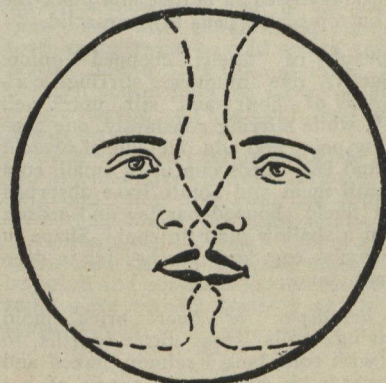
A Comfortable Preacher

ONE Sunday, as a certain Scottish minister was returning homewards he was accosted by an old woman, who said:

"Oh, sir, well do I like the day when you preach."

The minister was aware that he was not popular, so he said: "My good woman, why do you like when I preach?"

"Oh, sir, I always get a good seat then," the dame replied.



THE THREE FACES IN THE MOON

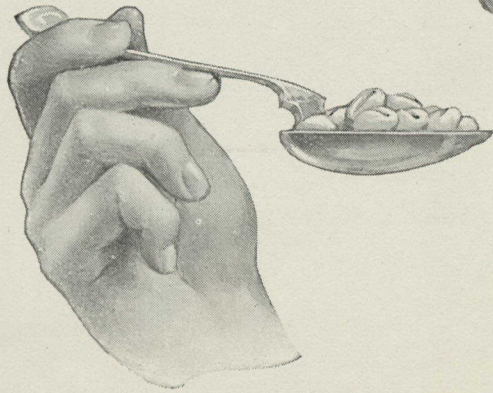
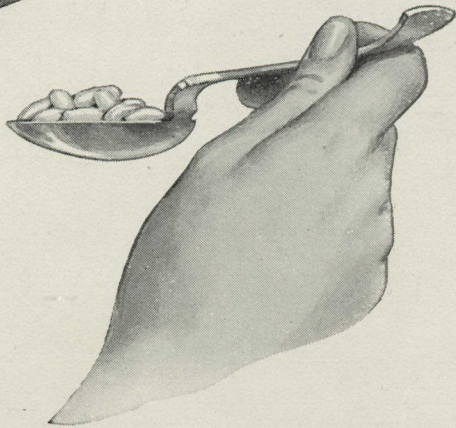
quarts of maple syrup? This is the way to divide the syrup into three portions of eight quarts each: Fill the eleven and the five-quart buckets and pour the remaining eight quarts into the thirteen-quart bucket. Empty the eleven and the five-quart buckets into the twenty-four quart kettle. Transfer the eight quarts from the thirteen-quart to the eleven-quart bucket. Fill the thirteen from the twenty-four. Fill the five from the thirteen. Empty the five into the twenty-four. Now each of the three larger vessels contains eight quarts of maple syrup.

The word used in the twenty-five

Eat Them Just for Joy

Forget that Puffed Grains are an expert's invention—the last word of science in ease of digestion.

Eat them as nuts are eaten—just for the joy of eating—for their airy crispness, for their fascinating taste.



The Joyous Facts About Foods Shot From Guns

Ten Thousand Cells Formed by Steam Explosion

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are simply steam-exploded grains.

The moisture within them is turned to steam, in a terrific heat, then exploded.

Every food granule is thus blasted to pieces, and a myriad cells are formed.

Each cell is surrounded by thin, toasted walls, which melt at the touch of moisture.

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread.

Curious Creations

Each grain is a puffed, airy wafer, like no other food

you know. Each is a magnified kernel, shaped as it grew, for the coats of the grain are unbroken.

They are whole-grained foods made wholly digestible. No element is lacking.

One would never dream that such dainty morsels could be made from unground grain.

Like Toasted Nuts

The grains in the guns are subjected to a heat of 550 degrees for an hour. That's how we create the steam pressure. Because of that heat, the exploded grains taste much like toasted nuts.

They are used like nuts in candy making—in frosting cake—in garnishing ice cream.

Served in any way you like them, the grains suggest nut meats, made porous and crisp and digestible. There lies their main enchantment.

Puffed Wheat, 10c.

Puffed Rice, 15c.

Except in Extreme West

How Folks Enjoy a Million Dishes Daily

Folks serve them for breakfast with sugar and cream, or mixed with any fruit.

For supper, serve like crackers in a bowl of milk.

Serve in soup at dinner. Or scatter them over a dish of ice cream.

Use them in candy making. See directions on each package. Let children eat them like peanuts when at play.

Serve at any hour—between meals or at bed time—for digestion is extremely easy.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole makers—Peterborough

On Baking Day
Utensils Quickly Cleaned
and Cleared away with

Old
Dutch
Cleanser

