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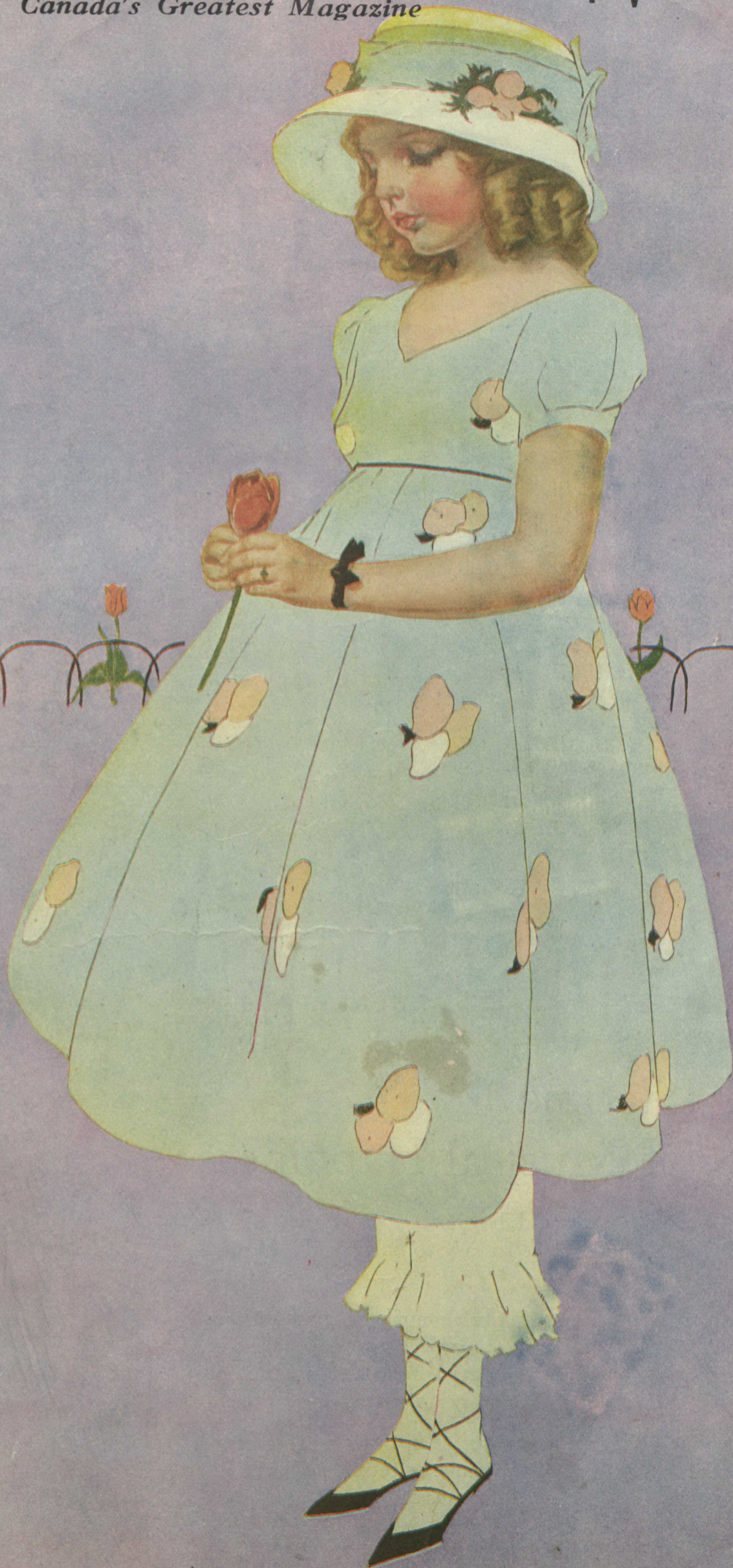
VOLUME XII.

TORONTO, MAY, 1920

NUMBER 5

# EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Canada's Greatest Magazine



WILL GREFF

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1920  
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COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, TORONTO



MARY M. MURPHY, Editor-in-Chief.

KATHERINE M. CALDWELL, Associate Editor.

## She Was the One Woman in the World for Him



*'You're afraid to kiss me goodbye, Carey,' she challenged.*

AND he could not ask her to marry him. Long and valiantly he battled between love and duty—between right and wrong as he saw it.

He knew she was the one woman, the only woman in the world for him, but he knew he must not ask her to marry him—he must meet a bleak and barren future without her.

Steeled by the white heat of his sacrifice, he faces a last tragic farewell.

And then grim Fate—fate that guides the pulsing plans of lovers—silently threaded the loom of life with rich and sombre colours intermingled, moved the shuttle and wove the strange answer of a woman's heart.

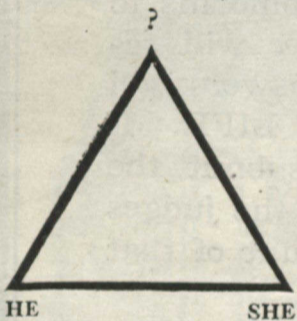
For a woman's heart is a strange thing, and be a man right or be he wrong, a woman is guided by the dictates of her heart.

And the heart of Connie refused the splendid sacrifice of the man she loved.

How it all came about and how it ended is something you will surely want to know. Read this remarkable story of supreme struggle, sacrifice and final gain.

"The Shuttle of Destiny," by Leslie Gordon Barnard, appears complete in the June issue. It is a story of an absorbing situation and sustained interest.

### Was Plato Right or Wrong?



WAS Plato right or wrong? Is it possible for a married woman to have a male friend besides her husband? Can a husband have, with safety, a woman friend besides his wife?

Some say Plato started the argument when he put into the heads of both sexes the idea of Platonic friendship. Others say it simply can't be done—that the only place Platonic friendship is possible is in the pages of a book.

And the war started the ball merrily rolling again. Tales of the lads in the trenches, tales of the lassies at home, bring back Banquo's ghost to the feast. For many a brave and bonny soldier returned to find a friend—a Platonic friend—at the family board, and many a wife found a Platonic missive forgotten in pockets of friend husband.

And with accumulated evidence aplenty, the Jury of Public Opinion must sit in judgment upon the case of "The Eternal Triangle."

As a member of the jury, the case of "The Eternal Triangle" will be presented to you in the June issue

Do you believe it possible and right for a married woman to have a male friend other than her husband, or a married man to have a woman friend other than his wife?

"The Eternal Triangle," by W. R. Titterton, presents a problem reborn of the war—a problem of deep significance. It cannot fail to interest you.

### What Was the Mystery of the Convent in the Forest?

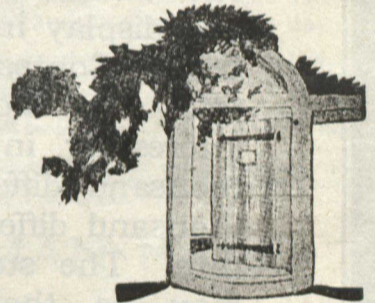
A DARKSOME night, an unhorsed cavalier seeking shelter from the storm, a grey stone convent in the forest and a woman's lilting laugh from out the shadows.

Was it a venturesome sister straying abroad in the dark o' night that thus intrigued a bold cavalier with her mocking whisper?

Was it a court favourite hiding incognito from an unwelcome amour—shutting her beauty within the protecting walls of the old ivied convent?

Or was it a mad fancy born of the stirrup cup that left a faintly perfumed slipper within the grasp of the pursuing cavalier?

It must have been a mad dream—for the convent vanished, the mocking laugh was gone—only the dainty little slipper remained with its alluring magnetism.



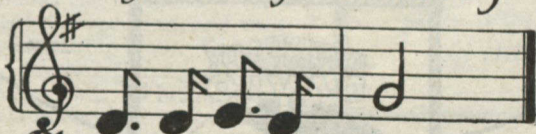
What was the mystery of the convent in the forest? To whom did the tantalizing laugh and tiny slipper belong? Can a cavalier court a lovely lady whose only clue is a lilting laugh and little slipper?

With the dash and the piquancy of a Dumas—Eleanor M. Ingram draws aside the curtain of mystery and reveals "The Duke, the Slipper and Dolores" appearing complete in the June issue. The hero has only a slipper as a guide to solve the mystery. How did he do it?

If Your Subscription Has Expired, or Is About to Expire—



May a body ask a body

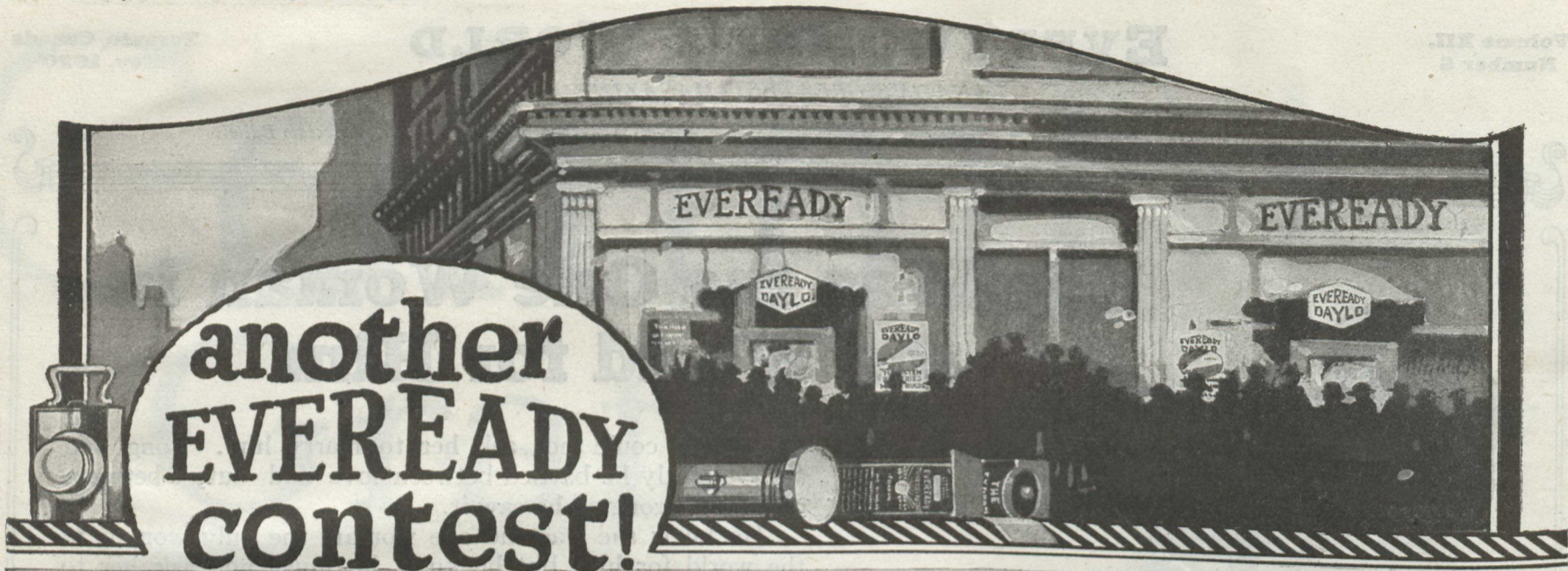


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## \$3,000.00 First Prize for a Thought

103 other prizes from \$1,000 to \$10.00

**A**NOTHER Eveready contest! Another chance to win a big cash prize! Another incentive for active-minded men, women, boys and girls—for everybody with imagination.

On June 1, Daylo dealers throughout the United States and Canada will display in their windows the new Daylo Contest Picture. It has no title. The story it tells is a great big interesting, intensely human one. A thousand different people will see a thousand different stories in the picture. The story the picture tells you may be the most interesting—the prize winner—the story that may be worth \$3000.00 to you.

If your answer doesn't win first it may win the second prize—\$1000.00—or one of the 102 other prizes, none less than \$10.00.

Go to the store of a Daylo dealer. Study the picture in the window and write, on a contest blank which the dealer will give you, what you think the letter says. Use 12 words or less. For the best answer that conforms to the contest rules, the winner will receive \$3000.00 in cash. Answers will be judged by the editors of LIFE. If two or more contestants submit the identical answer selected by the judges for any prize, the full amount of that prize will be paid to each.

Anyone may enter. There is no cost or obligation of any kind. Submit as many answers as you wish. But do not delay. Get an early look at the picture.

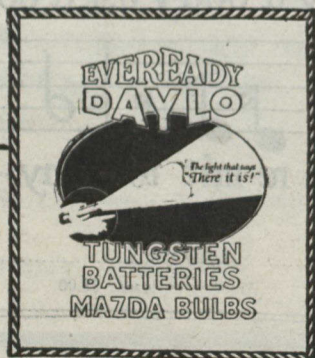
Then send in your answers. Contest closes midnight, August 1st.

TO DEALERS: There is still an opportunity to secure display and contest material for this record-breaking event. Write to the following address:

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### List of Prizes

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4 Prizes of 250.00 each.....	1000.00
5 Prizes of 200.00 each.....	1000.00
10 Prizes of 100.00 each.....	1000.00
10 Prizes of 50.00 each.....	500.00
20 Prizes of 25.00 each.....	500.00
50 Prizes of 10.00 each.....	500.00
104 Prizes .....	Total \$10,000.00



### This Sign

on the window identifies Daylo dealers throughout the country who have contest blanks for you and the new Daylo Contest Picture on display.

If you need new batteries for your flashlight, dealers displaying this sign can furnish you with the best—the long-lived Tungsten Battery.

## Poland Honours Her Hero Musician

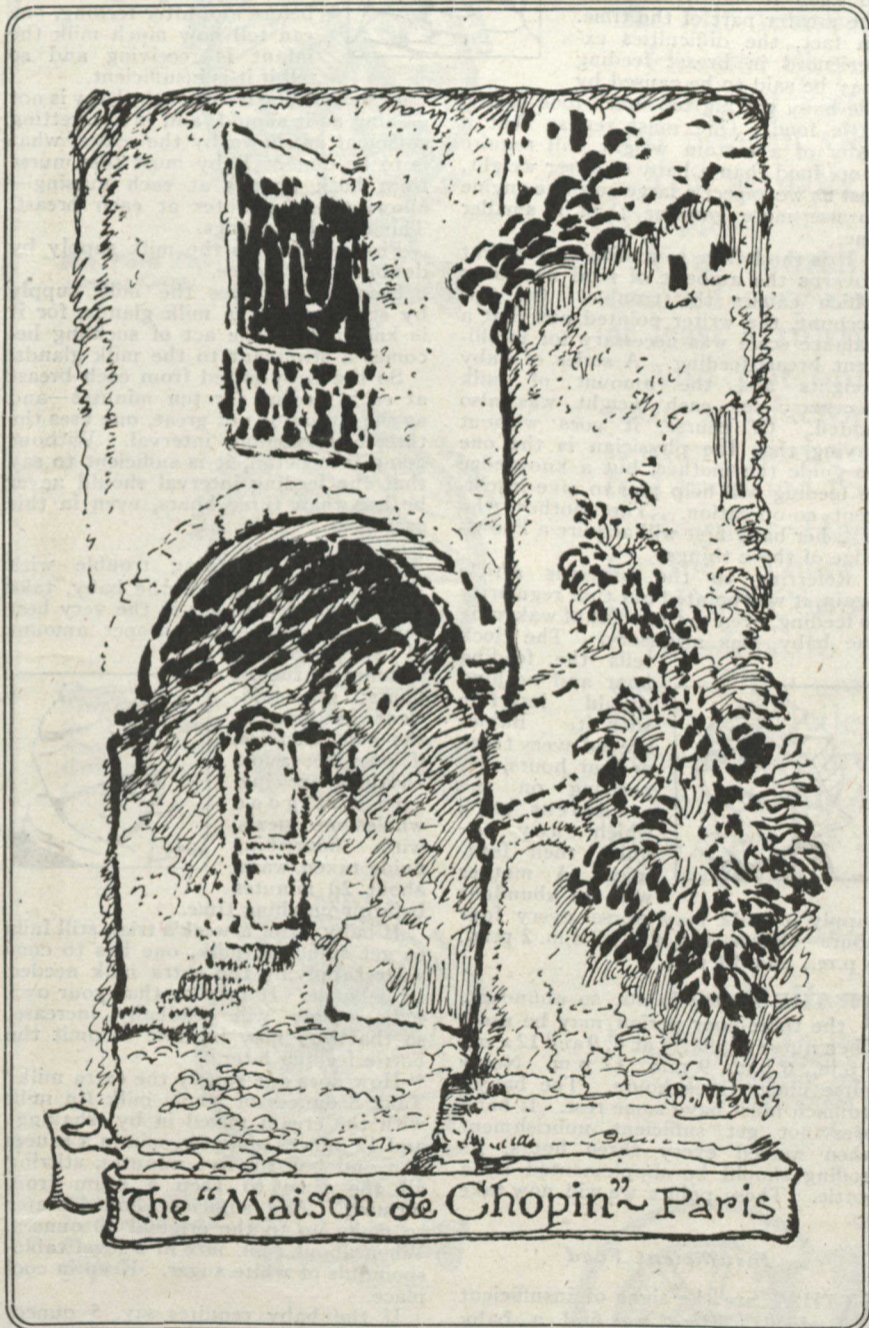
"Plaque" Placed on House in Paris where Frédéric François Chopin Produced His Most Noteworthy Compositions

**P**ADEREWSKI is not the only great musician of Poland who will live in the hearts of his countrymen as a great politician as well as a great artist. With the placing of a plaque on the house in Paris where Chopin lived from 1842 to 1849, Chopin's memory has been commemorated as a great patriot. The ceremony was conducted under the supervision of Count Maurice Zamoyski, the Polish Minister to Paris. It was in this house, on which the plaque has been placed, that Chopin lived the feverish, productive years of his life. The house is situated in the Rue Taitbout, just off the busy boulevards of to-day. But in Chopin's time the boulevard was just a mere broad, tree-lined thoroughfare.

It was here that Chopin and George

was just as much in evidence in the accoutrements of the army of to-day as it did honour to his fellow patriot.

**C**HOPIN, himself, was always much beloved by the French people as well as by his compatriots. He was born near Warsaw and began his musical training at the age of nine under Ziwny, a pupil of Sebastian Bach. Prince Radziwill sent him to Warsaw College, where his genius began to assert itself. Later on he became a pupil at the Warsaw Conservatory, and there thoroughly mastered the science of music. His fellow students introduced him into the highest society, and he soon developed the romantic spirit of the Polish race. He embraced the imaginative melancholy of the peasant as well as the grace and culture of the



The "Maison de Chopin" Paris

Sand gathered the talented Polish exiles and those compatriots who left the native land to take advantage of the opportunities which Paris offered them. George Sand was just as enthusiastic as Chopin in welcoming and bringing together all the artists and men of letters of Poland who lived in Paris.

Chopin's heart would have beat loudly had he been present in person on the day of the commemoration of his services to Poland. Before the narrow portals of the house, where he made his headquarters for more than seven years, was drawn up a squad of Polish soldiers, in the uniform which the soldiers of the new regime wear. But the white eagle, which formed the insignia of the army in Chopin's day,

Polish aristocrat, and his character shines out through all his compositions. He went and settled in Paris and lived and worked among the elite, and it was here he met with George Sand, and that extraordinary friendship arose. Chopin, early in life, developed consumption, which must have made all labour very arduous. He is buried in Pere Lachaise beside Cherebini and Bellini. His compositions stand alone owing to the peculiar nature of his genius; they are extremely beautiful and full of poetic imagery. He mostly employed dance forms round which to weave his melodies. With regard to his technique on the piano, he was among the finest executants, and he introduced the free use of the thumb on the black keys which revolutionized all piano playing.

"Ye Olde Firme"—Established 1850—70 Years  
The name is your guarantee



### All Three Delighted!

Talking "o'er the teacups," as Wendell Holmes would say. Womanlike, however, differing on some points, but all of one opinion on the wisdom of choosing a

## Heintzman & Co. Art Piano

for the boy of the family who is destined to become a distinguished musician.

Teachers of high standing warmly endorse the Heintzman & Co., piano as the outstanding piano of the day.

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- "Your piano is distinguished for its mellow, rich, even quality, and the touch is delightfully flexible and finely adjusted." *W. O. FORSYTH, Director Canadian Academy of Music.*
- "I am delighted with the beautiful, powerful and brilliant tone of the Grand pianos purchased from you." *H. M. FLETCHER, Conductor Schubert Choir of Toronto and Teacher of Vocal Music.*

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Make sure they are properly equipped or their pleasure will be spoiled. Get MILLER'S Official Uniforms and equipment. If your dealer cannot supply you we will do so direct.

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Child Specialists

## Problems in Breast Feeding

### In Maternal Feeding the Difficulties Usually Arise From the Baby Getting Too Much or Too Little

IN OUR last article we began the subject of breast feeding, pointing out that breast milk was the milk intended for the baby; that it was the best food for baby from several stand-points, and that most mothers, if they had the proper care during the pre-natal period, should be able to nurse their offspring. Experience has proven that the mother's ignorance of the technique of breast feeding is the cause of the greater part of their difficulties along this line. Emphasis was laid on the point that the baby required just so much breast milk to make it grow properly and to keep it happy, sleeping the greater part of the time. In fact, the difficulties experienced in breast feeding may be said to be caused by the baby getting too much food or too little food. One must realize that a baby of a certain weight will require more food than a baby of lesser weight, just as we expect a large gasoline engine to use more gasoline than a smaller one.

It is the failure to realize that weight governs the amount of food necessary which causes the trouble. On this account, the writer pointed out that a balance scale was necessary for intelligent breast-feeding. A series of baby weights and the amount of milk necessary for each weight was also added. Of course, it goes without saying that the physician is the one to guide the mother, but a knowledge of feeding will help you to give intelligent co-operation. The mother who puts her baby first will acquire a knowledge of those things.

Referring to the previous article again, it was pointed out that regularity in feeding, even to the point of wakening the baby, was necessary. The clock



tells the feeding hour and nothing should interfere with it. Babies are fed every three or four hours, depending on the readiness with which they acquire their feedings. A mother with an abundant supply of milk may nurse every four hours—that is, at 6 a.m., 9 a.m., 2 p.m., 6 p.m., and 10 p.m.

IF THE supply is not so abundant, the three-hour period may be used. Then nurse regularly at 6, 9 and 12 a.m., 3 p.m., 6 p.m., 9 p.m., 12 p.m. Never nurse under three hours. The baby's stomach must have some rest. If baby does not get sufficient nourishment when nursed every three hours, its feeding should be supplemented by a bottle. These points we will now take up.

#### Insufficient Food

WHAT are the signs of insufficient food? Here we find a baby which starts to nurse ravenously—and continues to do so for a few minutes. Then perhaps it begins to stop and may even go to sleep while at the breast. But long before its proper feeding time, it is awake crying for its food. These babies usually feel cold, for they do not get sufficient food to keep them warm. The baby's bowel movement is small but well-digested. There may be several during the day. Then the most noticeable thing to the mother is that the baby is not gaining in weight. How much should baby grow? Usually the baby grows faster during the first few months of its life than towards the end of the first year. That is to say, the baby usually gains 1 1/4 pounds a month during the first months—gradually



reducing to one pound a month later on. Or one may say that the baby doubles its weight in the first six months and triples its weight by the end of the year. For example, a baby 8 pounds at birth, should be 16 pounds at six months and 24 pounds at twelve months. So that one can always work out in a minute with paper and pencil how much the baby should weigh. Now comes in the advantage also of the scale. By referring to the list given in the previous article, one may see how much the baby should receive for a certain weight (notice we say weight, not age). By weighing the baby before and after feeding, one can tell how much milk the infant is receiving and so tell if it is insufficient.

If, by working out that the baby is not gaining as it should, and is not getting sufficient as shown by the scales, what is to be done? Baby must then nurse from both breasts at each nursing—allowing ten minutes at each breast. This does two things.

First—Increases the milk supply by doubling the source.

Second—Increases the milk supply by stimulating the milk glands, for it is known that the act of suckling becomes a stimulant to the milk glands.

So the baby is fed from each breast at each feeding for ten minutes—and as the supply is not great, one uses the three-hour feeding interval. Without going into detail, it is sufficient to say that the feeding interval should never be less than three hours, even in this case.

IF YOU are having trouble with insufficient food for the baby, take care of yourself to get in the very best condition. Have the proper amount of sleep—getting 9 hours in the 24 hours; get sufficient outdoor, in the sun, exercise, if possible; avoid anything exciting, and eat good wholesome meals, with nourishing fluids taken warm about 20 minutes before nourishing time.

If baby, after a week's trial, still fails to get sufficient milk, one has to consider supplying the extra milk needed by a bottle. It may be that your own milk supply will gradually increase, so that you may be able to omit the bottle feeding later.

How does one supply the extra milk? Take 8 ounces of whole milk (in milk with the cream mixed in by shaking) and 12 ounces of water, mix in a saucepan and boil for five minutes, stirring all the time to keep a scum from forming. Add sufficient boiled water to make up to the original 20 ounces. When about cool, mix in 2 level tablespoonfuls of white sugar. Keep in cool place.

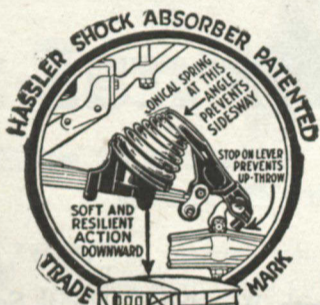
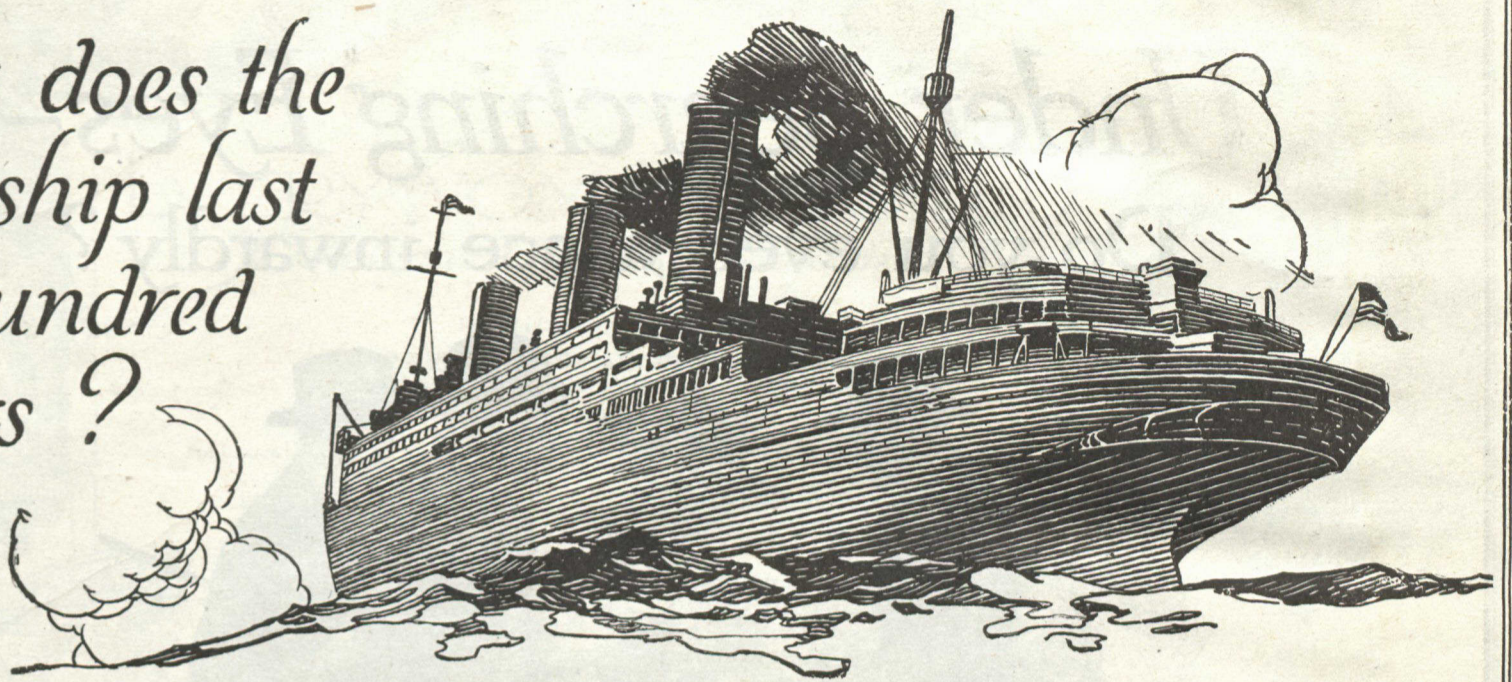
If the baby requires say, 5 ounces breast milk and obtains say, 3 ounces from you by nursing 7 or 8 minutes from each breast, then give 2 ounces of the formula in a bottle (bottle, nipple, etc., all sterilized by boiling). If the baby requires 7 ounces and obtains 4 ounces of breast milk—then supply the 3 lacking by the formula.

Always nurse before giving the bottle, using both breasts. Keep on nursing even if baby only gets a small amount from you for the breast milk is of great value to him. If compelled finally to use an artificial feeding—follow along the lines which will be given later.

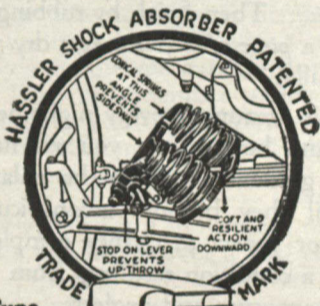
#### Too Much Food

COMMONLY known as dyspepsia. In these cases, the baby grows (Continued on page 53)

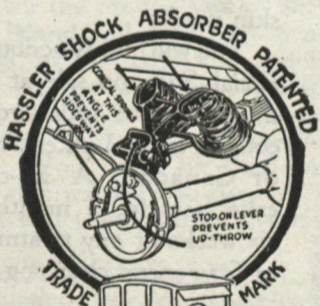
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# Under Searching Eyes— Do you ever wince inwardly?



**A**N unexpected meeting—a battery of eyes focused upon your face—Can you meet it with composure? Is your skin flawless? Clear, lovely in coloring?

Or is there some blemish that stands out mercilessly in your own consciousness? Some fault in your complexion that you *know* observant eyes must take notice of?

There is nothing that so destroys a man's or woman's poise and self-confidence as the consciousness of a complexion at fault. Even a little blemish in some conspicuous place makes you miserably embarrassed. You want to shrink into the back-ground. You lose your confidence, your gaiety. Your very personality is dimmed just when you are most anxious to appear at your best.

Yet this suffering is entirely needless. You need never be miserable and tongued from such self-consciousness. Almost anyone, by simple, regular hygienic care of the skin, can free her complexion of the defects that so commonly mar an otherwise lovely face.

Blackheads are such a disfigurement. Enlarged nose pores, a skin that *will* get shiny—These things *can* be corrected.

Take care of the new skin that is forming every day as old skin dies. Give it every night the right treatment for your particular trouble, and *within a week or ten days* you will notice a marked improvement.

Take one of the most common skin troubles. Perhaps your skin is constantly being marred by unsightly little blemishes. No doubt you attribute them to something wrong in your blood—but authorities on the skin now agree that in the great majority of cases, these blemishes are caused by bacteria and parasites that

are carried into the pores *from outside*, through dust and fine particles in the air.

### How to remove skin blemishes

By using the Woodbury method of cleansing your skin, you can free it from such blemishes.



Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse your face very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment regularly and the blemishes will gradually disappear.

### The famous treatment for conspicuous nose pores

Do you know what it is that causes conspicuous nose pores?

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose, especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere, and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, lose their power to contract properly; they clog up and become enlarged.

Try using this special treatment for conspicuous nose pores, and supplement it with the steady, general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water,

lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose with a *piece of ice*. Always dry your skin carefully.

Use this treatment every night before retiring, and before long you will notice how this gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they become inconspicuous. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect.

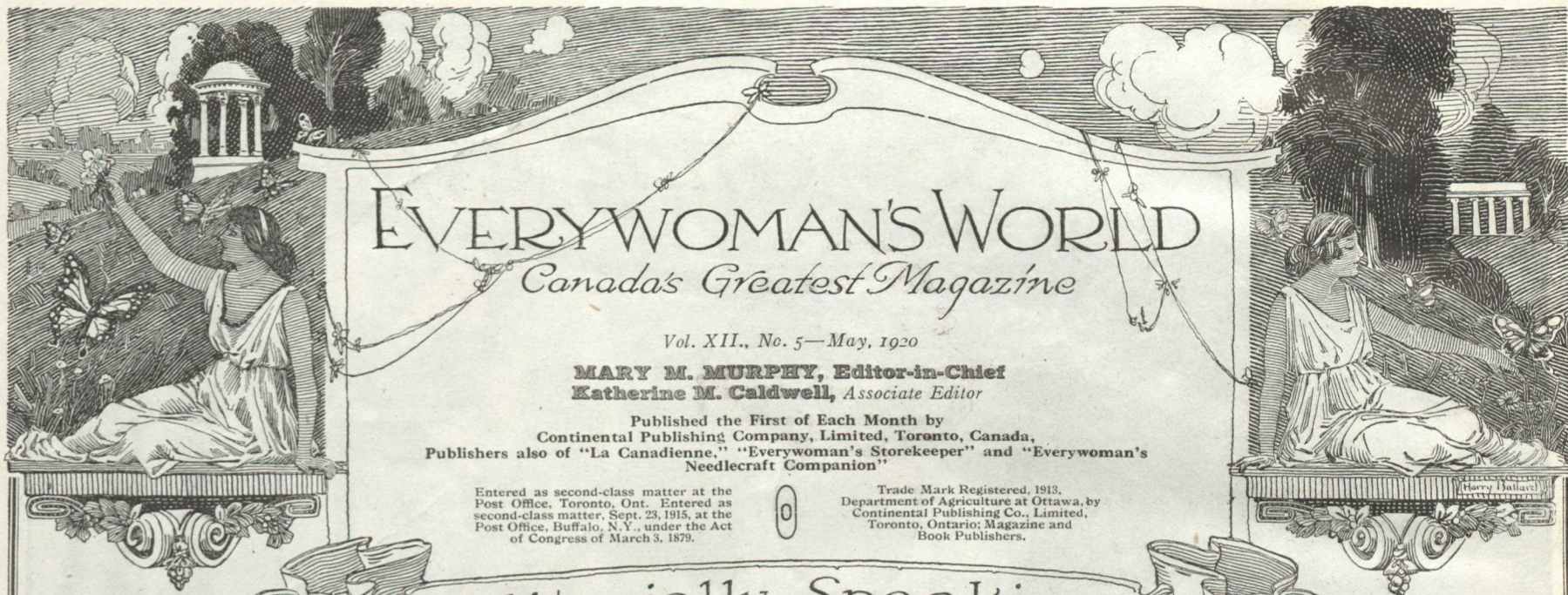
Special treatments for all the commoner skin troubles are given in the booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today—begin tonight, the treatment your skin needs.

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

### Would you like to have a trial size cake?

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 7505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.





# EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Canada's Greatest Magazine

Vol. XII., No. 5—May, 1920

MARY M. MURPHY, Editor-in-Chief  
Katherine M. Caldwell, Associate Editor

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## Editorially Speaking

### It Isn't Fair to You---Now Is It?

Here is a Matter That Affects YOU and YOUR Home---It Touches, Personally, Every Woman in Canada. What are You Going to Do About It?

WHEN you married John and moved to your new little home in one of New Brunswick's fairest but smallest towns, you felt you were being cut off from the rest of the world you had known—didn't you? But it was there that John's work lay, so you were satisfied to play your part. After all, there were compensations! You would have more time to read, for instance. True, the town didn't possess a library, but there were the magazines.

Then you thought of your sister in Alberta. She didn't live in even a town! How often had she told you that she had forgotten long ago to mark time! Life on a lonely ranch had but one panacea—the weekly mail. Remember how she would plead: "Write me often, send me magazines—they're the only friends I have!" And when you had her name put on the subscription lists of some of Canada's best, she had thanked you thus: "I wonder if the folks who publish magazines realize the help they are? Why only last week, when Baby seemed to be developing—goodness knows what—and I knew Doctor Wayne (who is fifteen miles away at any time) had gone to Westington—thirty miles farther, I turned to the Mother's Monthly Service Club in one magazine in the hope of finding some advice that might help, and did find precisely Baby's symptoms explained and was able to catch the trouble in the nick of time."

Do you remember telling me all this one day in my office only a year ago, before you left for New Brunswick? I am reminding you of this now, because there are thousands like you and like your sister—thousands here in Canada, whose only joy, recreation, education, whose very health, sometimes, depend upon Canada's national publications. These magazines are necessities—not luxuries.

AND now there is a movement on foot to deprive you of them. There is an idea afloat to destroy the very thing that this Dominion of ours has taken over a half century to build up—unity—the purpose of Confederation. We have tried to live down the contention that "East is East and West is West and Never the twain shall meet." The magazines of Canada have blended the national spirit—encouraged a common cause.

But now, there comes to us this rumour of the postal zone law—as it is called. Technically it may mean a number of things. It is, however, simply this:—Increased postal rate to be imposed upon magazines distributed beyond 300 miles of place of publication—a rate so heavy as to increase magazine postal expenses 800 per cent. Magazines published in Toronto, for example, could not, under the proposed measure, be mailed east of Montreal, or west of Sault Ste. Marie without the extra charge. Do you know what will result? It is almost beyond us to conjecture; possible cutting down of the contents of the magazines, possible deterioration in value of the fiction, helpful articles, special departments. You will be the loser—you and all the other "you's" in New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island and even so near as Quebec; and all the "Sisters" in Alberta, in Manitoba, in Saskatchewan and British Columbia.

But all the while, the country is flooded by American magazines, anti-British propaganda and the rest. And you don't want these—do you? I'm sure you are sufficiently a true-blooded Canadian to want first, Canadian publications. You must be tired of imported patriotism? Yet, there is being planned this measure to deprive you of the magazines that are spreading the gospel of real Canadianism. It isn't fair to you—now is it?

WE can't tell you more here, but the Member of Parliament for your constituency—the man you elected to sit in the House of Commons at Ottawa to represent you, knows all about it. If you have any regard for your principles of Canadian Citizenship, let us ask him for you. Fill in the coupon below and send it to us to-day. To-morrow he may have agreed with the measure, ignorant of your objections. Clip this whole page—do not detach the coupon. It is a small thing—the mailing of a coupon, but it will mean that your voice will be heard at Ottawa with the protests from hundreds of thousands of others—and, who knows, but that yours may be the vote that counts!

Fill in this Coupon and clip the whole page, mailing it to  
The Protest Editor, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD,  
259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

To..... Date.....

M.P. for..... (Name of Constituency) (Province)

Dear Sir: I desire to endorse strongly the sentiments expressed above, and put myself on record as being against the zone system of postage for magazines in Canada and as one of the electors of this constituency, call upon you to use your influence to prevent any such measure being enforced.

Name .....

Address .....

Husband's Signature..... (In Ink)

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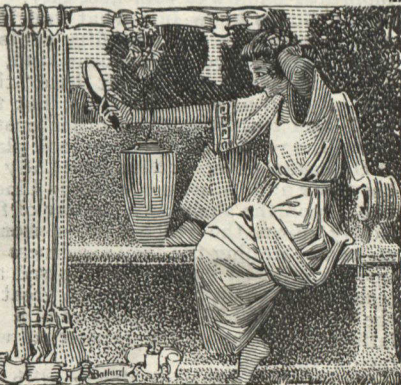
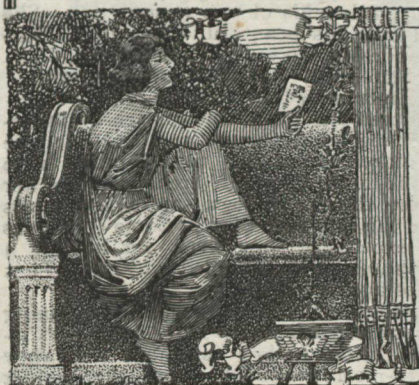
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# The Little Lady of the Books

## The Story of a Shop-Girl--The "Different" Kind

By FANNY HEASLIP LEA

ILLUSTRATED BY T. V. MCCARTHY

**T**HE LITTLE Lady of the Books—I give you Sanderson's first name for her—had a dual personality. Now if you drop her story at this point, fearing a page from the Society of Psychological Research, you will have made a mistake none greater, for the Little Lady of the Books was only a shop-girl in Daskam's book-store, and the Society, etc., knew her not; moreover, she was no higher than the heart of a tall man; her beautiful, untidy brown hair was too heavy for her small head; and her pink cheeks and wide, gray eyes effectually disowned research of any sort, marking her, so to speak, with the brand of dreams and blissful ignorance. She stood behind a counter where the latest thing in stationery exploited itself brazenly—plaids, or lined envelopes, or ragged edges, as the case might be—and behind her rose shelf after shelf of Gray's Linen Royal and somebody else's Louisine in all the shades that fashionable woman will set a pen to.

The magazines lay just across the aisle and perhaps a counter further on the books began, which bounds the Little Lady of them with sufficient accuracy.

The dual personality is less easily placed. It was strangely interwoven of dreams and reality and had its roots in the not-so-far-away-youth of the Little Lady when she had wept to know herself the mother of a dead lady-doll, and officiated with priestly solemnity at its funeral. Outward and visible signs it had none, if you except a certain looking-past-you of her eyes and a trifling inattention always prettily apologized for at once.

Say you were an old lady and writing paper with a mourning band was your necessity. The Little Lady of the Books knew just what you wanted, she quite agreed with you that the fifty cents a pound lasted as well as the seventy-five-cent kind, and she counted out your change with a soft little "thank you" that was as good as an extra dime; but the minute your back was turned and no other customer presented himself, a remarkable change took place. To the eye of the casual observer the Little Lady merely arranged her stock and thrust a box of the Linen Royal further back upon the shelf; as a matter of fact, she stepped slowly down the reaches of a wonderful, polished stairway, trailing the lacy sweetness of a white gown upon a crimson carpet and crossed a wide hall to a tremendous open fireplace with great logs flaming in the heart of it and the shadows of a November dusk falling softly upon the tapestried walls and in the far-off corners.

The Little Lady sank slowly, with graceful disposal of chiffon and lace, into a great armchair of some

black, carved wood and stretched out her hand to a bowl of crimson roses that stood on a little table of teakwood beside her. But before she could draw a single rose from its fellows, there was a step on the polished floor of the hall—a ringing, masculine step, pointed, perhaps, with the clink of a spur; from the opened door a little gust of chill air swept her cheek, and a blithe whistle came out of the shadows. The Little Lady sat very still and waited. The step came nearer and the whistle was of a most mocking sweetness—there was a wonderful, breathless pause, and then some one leaned over the back of the great carved chair, and Some One said gaily,

"Moping by the fire? I had a splendid ride!"

"I've been lazy," said the Little Lady, "I rode this morning."

"I wanted you this evening." Some One leaned nearer over the chair, and there was a live, glowing touch on the Little Lady's velvet cheek.

That was why you, who lingered looking for "Dalton's Bazaar" among the magazines, saw her flush so unaccountably. How she knew the feel of that touch, I don't know, but she waited for it as knight for accolade, and wore it with a royal pride.

"Ah!" she murmured, and leaned her head against Some One's arm (she knew a thousand pretty ways of loving, in that firelit hall), "you always want me. Last night, at the ball"—It was usually at this point, or sometimes like it, that a stout man with spectacles arrived, demanding comic postcards, something new and catchy. That was in Daskam's book-store, but the firelit hall gave way before a touch, and the Little Lady of the Books emerged into the daylight, her look a trifle hazy but her smile incredibly patient.

Sometimes it was from a midnight ride in a great French touring car that the Little Lady of the Books came back to sell blotting paper and a fountain pen to an impatient school teacher. Sometimes she and Some One were interrupted on the deck of a yacht, with a passionate, dead-white moon staring across the bows; sometimes it was her afternoon tea that was intruded upon by unreasonable customers, but most often, the twilight hour in the big hall, the gust of wind through the opened door and the clink of a spur. For Some One himself—I have not named him since his name changed often—Cecil once—once Jack—and once, but only once, Steve. That was in the day of a certain matinee idol, and his favoured character. Equally, Some One's facial characteristics were fickle. He wore a moustache and imperial

at one time, like the Grand Duke Michael, but the Little Lady approved a square and cleanly chin, so he shaved them—or they disappeared, I don't rightly know which. His eyes were generally brown, but about the time Sanderson took to buying his magazines at Daskam's they became blue, which brings us to the question of Sanderson himself, with pause only for the remark that, whatever his features, Some One was always both accurate and immaculate in the matter of tailoring. Sanderson was not, being only a poor devil of a newspaper man, but he had blue eyes of a winning boyishness and an infinite experience which atoned somewhat for his reckless haberdashery.

**H**IS first meeting with the Little Lady of the Books was like lightning in a cloudsheath. "I want a copy of the 'Criterion,'" said Sanderson, when Destiny had led him to Daskam's magazine counter.

"It isn't in yet," said the Little Lady.

Sanderson looked up to remonstrate and remarked that the Little Lady blushed deeply. She had just discovered that it was Some One he looked like.

"Oh!" said Sanderson, and rattled the loose change in his pocket (a quarter, two nickels and a bunch of keys) as an excuse for watching the blush fade.

"Not in yet?"

"No," said the Little Lady. "Is there anything else you wish?" If there was, he should have it.

"I think not," said Sanderson. "No, not to-day."

He had not once looked away from that wonderful wild-rose sunset on her face.

"The 'Criterion' should be in to-morrow," said the Little Lady. In fancy she was rapidly blueing Some One's eyes and giving his chin a squarer set. She even hesitated over his beautiful, wide, gray, four-in-hand, for Sanderson wore a soft, black bow.

"Then I'll come back," said Sanderson eagerly.

"All right," murmured the Little Lady.

She sold a fifteen-cent magazine for ten cents immediately following his departure and had to make up the extra nickel out of her own concave little pocket-book, but in the fragrant, firelit gloom of her wide hall, before the fire of logs, she looked across the hearth into the new blue eyes of Some One, eyes of an infinite experience they were, yet holding a winning boyishness and dimpled deeply. That nickel was a hostage to fortune.

You might not guess that from so small a beginning—from Sanderson's gentlemanly request for a "Criterion" and the Little Lady's assurance that they would be in to-morrow—could spring the perfect flower, but it did. It was (Continued on page 50)



# Two Women and Tony

By HENRY P. HOLT

Illustrated by CYRIL P. BRADY

**T**HERE was a refined air about every detail of Mrs. Trevelyan, from the way she held her head to the way she chose her shoes. She was small and ridiculously young to be the mother of such a robust, muscular specimen of humanity as Tony.

"Isn't it awful," she was saying in a voice that was suggestive of tears.

Tony's father looked at the offending picture post card and nodded, but there had been a time in his young days when the photograph of a pretty actress would certainly not have stirred him to anger, so he refrained from comment. All the same, the situation was awkward for Tony was very young. The sting was in the message written at the side of the picture—a picture in which clothes were the least conspicuous feature.

"We are playing for one night at your town. Train arrives at 11.30 on Saturday morning. Meet me, and we'll have a giddy time.—MIRIAM."

In bold type there was printed at the foot: "Miriam Fortescue as 'Mme. Fluffy,' in 'The Parisienne.'"

"Now I come to think of it," commented Mrs. Trevelyan, "Tony has always been first to take in the letters every morning lately. This, I suppose is the explanation."

"Evidently," responded her husband, puckering his brows. "The person presumably arrives this morning."

Mrs. Trevelyan felt the premonitory symptoms of a shudder coming on, but she braced herself against any tendency toward displaying emotion. Neither shuddering nor tears would avert her son's impending doom. This was an occasion for thinking and acting quickly. What could she do? It was an impossible position. In a couple of hours Tony would be at the station, perhaps—nay, probably, kissing the be-powdered, be-rugged play-actress, an actress, too, who had posed before a photographer in such a costume.

"I'll go down and see the train in if you like," suggested Mr. Trevelyan. "He would be sure to see me and keep out of the way."

"That would be merely a temporary measure," replied his wife. "I am puzzling my brain to find a cure for the boy."

Suddenly a startled expression flashed over her face as though an idea had come to her, but one upon which she hesitated to act.

"Suppose I go to the station?" she said slowly.

"What difference would that make?"

"My dear husband, I have it exactly," Mrs. Trevelyan declared. "I have to inform you that Miss Fluffy—no, I mean Miss Miriam Fortescue, will join us at luncheon to-day."

Mr. Trevelyan was fairly self-possessed, but he winced perceptibly.

"Do you think it exactly wise?" he asked.

"It will be unpleasant for everybody concerned, but on mature consideration I certainly think it will be wise. Tony probably hasn't got her properly focussed. He associated her only with limelight and laughter. He will see her to-day in a different setting, the setting of his own home and I fancy there will be an awakening. Please telephone to his office and ask Mr. Harley to do you a personal favour by seeing that Tony is kept indoors and busy until midday. That gives me a clear field. Now," she added lightly, "I will array myself for the occasion."

The problem of arraying herself suitably, however, presented difficulties. The task before her was to enmesh Miss Fortescue and to do that she guessed a glaring display would be most effective. Mrs. Trevelyan's idea of a glaring display was in reality nothing of the kind and she presented a charming appearance when the train arrived. She was a little shaky, but nobody would have guessed it.

**T**HE THEATRICAL "crowd" had had a long journey and they bore the appearance of it. Some went straight out of the station to "digs" engaged by the advance manager. One figure drew apart—the figure of a girl, who was looking about as though expecting someone. Mrs. Trevelyan instantly identified her.

Feeling as guilty as a thief, the mother went towards the actress. Something felt tight at her throat, but she did not waver.

"Miss Fortescue?" she asked, as sweetly as possible.

"That is my name," replied the girl, "but I don't remember you. You're—you're not the landlady?"

"I am Mrs. Trevelyan. You have met my son, I believe," the mother said, struggling to appear natural.

"Tony? Yes, I have met him," agreed the girl cautiously, stiffening.

She hated a scene, but something about Mrs. Trevelyan's personality told her that there would at least be no scratching. Instinct warned her to pause and let the other make the next move.

"My husband and I thought we should like to give him a pleasant surprise," said Mrs. Trevelyan. "Tony is unable to get away from the office this morning—and we felt sure you—in fact, both of you—would be disappointed, so I came down to ask you to join us at lunch. Perhaps, if you are not leaving here to-day, you could stay with us overnight?"

Mrs. Trevelyan felt conscious of the fact that doubt, suspicion, and wonder were chasing one another through the girl's mind. It was a relief to see there was nothing ostensibly coarse about her. She was, indeed, pretty in a theatrical way and doubtless could make herself attractive enough when it suited her purpose. At the moment, however, she was very much on her guard, and reminded Mrs. Trevelyan of some wild animal scenting danger.

"Did he tell you I was coming?" Miriam asked, so suddenly that the youth's mother was almost surprised into showing her hand.

"Dear me, no!" said Mrs. Trevelyan, with an unnatural little laugh. "We meant to surprise him. You see—"

(Continued on page 67)



"I'm stopping overnight, too," the girl added, throwing off her hat as though she owned the place. "Dinky little show you've got," she commented, addressing Mr. Trevelyan and looking round admiringly.

# THE BLACK GRIPPE

By EDGAR WALLACE



**D**R. HEREFORD BEVAN was looking thoughtfully at a small Cape rabbit; the rabbit took not the slightest notice of Dr. Hereford Bevan. It crouched on a narrow bench, nibbling at a mess of crushed mealies and seemed perfectly content with its lot, in spite of the fact that the bench was situated in the experimental laboratory of the Jackson Institute of Tropical Medicines.

In the young principal's hand was a long porcelain rod with which from time to time he menaced the unconscious feeder, without, however, producing so much as a single shiver of apprehension. With his long ears pricked, his sensitive nostrils quivering—he was used to the man-smell of Hereford Bevan by now—and his big black eyes staring unwinkingly ahead, there was little in the appearance of the rabbit to suggest abnormal condition.

For the third time in a quarter of an hour Bevan raised the rod as though to strike the animal across the nose, and for the third time lowered the rod again. Then with a sigh he lifted the little beast by the ears and carried him, struggling and squirming, to a small hutch, put him in very gently and closed the wire-netted door.

He stood staring at the tiny inmate and fetched a long sigh. Then he left the laboratory and walked down to the staff study.

Stuart Gold, his assistant, sat at a big desk, pipe in mouth, checking some calculations. He looked up as Bevan came in.

"Well," he said, "what has Bunny done?"

"Bunny is feeding like a pig," said Bevan, irritably.

"No change?"

Bevan shook his head and looked at his watch.

"What time—" he began.

"The boat train was in ten minutes ago," said Stuart Gold. "I have been on the 'phone to Waterloo. He may be here at any minute now."

Bevan walked up and down the apartment, his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, his chin on his breast.

Presently he walked to the window and looked out at the busy street. Motor-buses were rumbling past in an endless procession. The sidewalks were crowded with pedestrians, for this was the busiest thoroughfare in the West End of London and it was the hour of the day when the offices were absorbing their slaves.

As he looked, a taxi drew up opposite the door and a man sprang out with all the agility of youth, though the iron-grey whiskers about his chin and the seamed red face placed him amongst the sixties.

"It is he!" cried Hereford Bevan, and dashed from the room to welcome the visitor, taking the port-manteau from his hand.

"It is awfully good of you to come, professor," he said, shaking the traveller warmly by the hand. "Ever since I telegraphed I have been scared sick for fear I brought you on a fool's errand."

"Nonsense," said the elder man, sharply; "I was coming to Europe anyway, and I merely advanced my date of sailing. I'd sooner come by the *Mauretania* than the slow packet by which I had booked. How are you? You are looking bright."

Hereford Bevan led the newcomer to the study and introduced him to Gold.

Professor Van der Bergh was one of those elderly men who never grow old. His blue eye was as clear as it has been on his twentieth birthday, his sensitive mouth was as ready to smile as ever it had been in the flower of his youth. A professor of pathology, a great anatomist and one of the foremost bacteriologists in the United States, Bevan's doubts and apprehensions were perhaps justified, though he was relieved in mind to discover that he had merely accelerated the great man's departure from New York, and was not wholly responsible for a trip which might end in disappointment.

"Now," said Van der Bergh, spreading his coat-tails and drawing his chair to the little fire, "just give me a second to light my pipe and tell me all your troubles."

He puffed away for a few seconds, blew out the match carefully and threw it into the grate, then

before Bevan could speak he said:

"I presume that the epidemic of January has scared you?"

Hereford Bevan nodded.

"Well," said the professor, reflectively, "I don't wonder. The 1918 epidemic was bad enough. I am not calling it influenza, because I think very few of us are satisfied to affix that wild label to a devastating disease which appeared in the most mysterious fashion, took its toll, and disappeared as rapidly and mysteriously."

He scratched his head, staring out of the window.

"I haven't heard any theory about that epidemic which has wholly satisfied me," he said. "People talk glibly of 'carriers,' of 'infection,' but who infected the wild tribes in the centre of Africa on the very day that whole communities of Eskimos were laid low in parts of the Arctic regions which were absolutely isolated from the rest of the world?"

Bevan shook his head.

"That is the mystery that I have never solved," he said, "and never hope to."

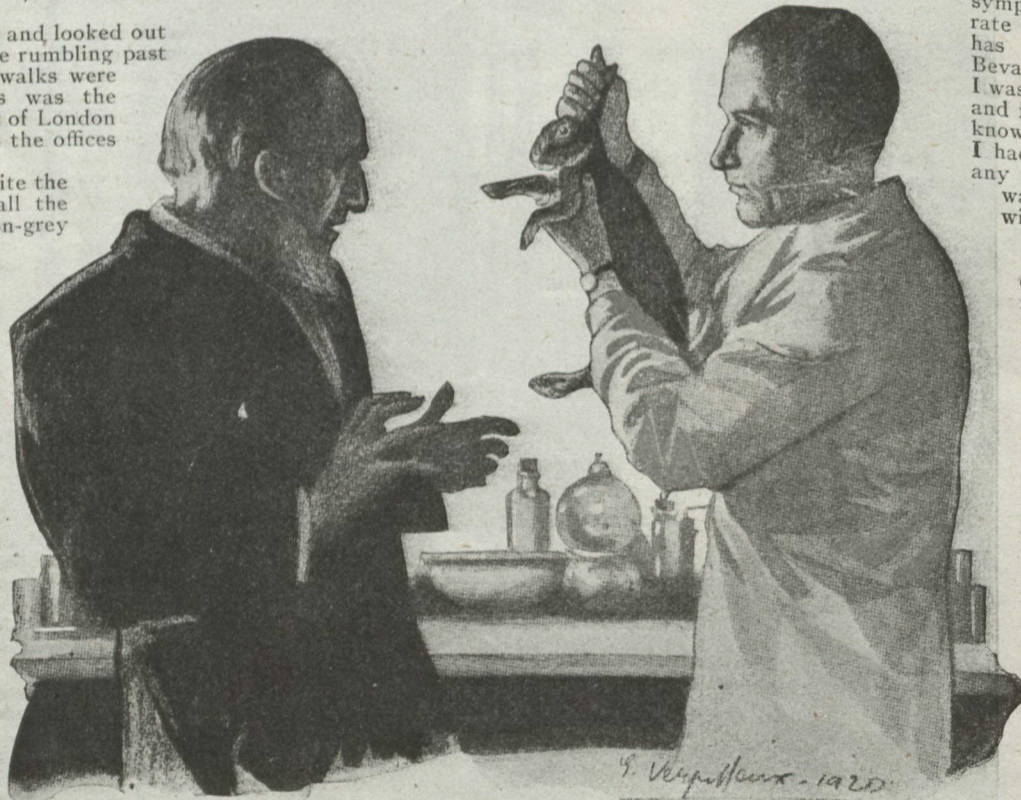
"I wouldn't say that," said the professor, shaking his head. "I am always hoping to get on the track of first causes, however baffling they may be. Anyway, I am not satisfied to describe that outbreak as influenza and it really does not matter what label we give it for the moment. You may as truly call it the 'Plague' or the 'Scourge.' Now let's get down to the epidemic of this year. I should like to compare notes with you because I have always found that the reports of this Institute are above suspicion. I suppose it has been suggested to you," he went on, "that the investigation of this particular disease is outside the province of tropical medicines?"

Stuart Gold laughed.

"We are reminded of that every day," he said dryly.

"Now just tell me what happened in January of this year," said the professor.

Dr. Bevan seated himself at the table, pulled open



"Do you notice anything," he asked.  
"Good heavens!" said Van der Bergh; "he's blind!"

a drawer and took out a black-covered exercise book.

"I'll tell you briefly," he said, "and without attempting to produce statistics. On the 18th of January, as near three o'clock in the afternoon as makes no difference, the second manifestation of this disease attacked this country, and, so far as can be ascertained, the whole of the Continent."

The professor nodded.

"What were the symptoms?" he asked.

"People began to cry—that is to say, their eyes filled with water and they felt extremely uncomfortable for about a quarter of an hour. So far as I can

discover the crying period did not last much more than a quarter of an hour in some cases a much shorter time."

Again the professor nodded.

"That is what happened in New York," he said, "and this symptom was followed about six hours later by a slight rise of temperature, shivering, and a desire for sleep."

"Just the same sort of thing happened here," said Bevan, "and in the morning everybody was as well as they had been the previous morning, and the fact that it has occurred might have been overlooked but for the observation made in various hospitals. Gold and I were both stricken at the same time. We both took blood and succeeded in isolating the germs."

The professor jumped up.

"Then you are the only people who have it," he said, "nobody else in the world seems to have taken that precaution."

Stuart Gold lifted a big, bell-shaped glass cover from a microscope, took from a locked case a thin microscopic slide and inserted it in the holder. He adjusted the lens, switched on a shaded light behind the instrument, and beckoned the professor forward.

"Here it is, sir," he said.

Professor Van der Bergh glued his eye to the instrument and looked for a long time.

"Perfect," he said. "I have never seen this fellow before. It looks rather like a trypanosome."

"That's what I told Bevan," said Stuart Gold.

The professor was still looking.

"It is like and it is unlike," he said. "Of course, it is absurd to suggest that you've all had an attack of sleeping sickness, which you undoubtedly would have had if this had been a trypanosome, but surely this bug is a new one to me!"

He walked back to his chair, puffing thoughtfully at his pipe.

"What did you do?"

"I made a culture," said Bevan, "and infected six South African rabbits. In an hour they developed the first symptoms. Their eyes watered for the prescribed time, their temperature rose six hours later, and in the morning they were all well."

"Why South African rabbits?" asked Van der

Bergh, curiously.

"Because they develop secondary symptoms of any disease at twice the rate of a human being—at least that has been my experience," explained Bevan. "I found it by accident whilst I was in Grahamstown, in South Africa, and it has been a very useful piece of knowledge to me. When I wired to you I had no idea there were going to be any further developments. I merely wanted to make you acquainted with the bug—"

The professor looked up sharply. "Have there been further developments?" he asked, and Bevan nodded.

"Five days ago," he said, speaking slowly, "the second symptoms appeared. I will show you."

**H**E LED the way back to the laboratory, went to the little hutch and lifted the twisting, struggling rabbit to the bench under a blaze of electric light. The professor felt the animal gingerly.

"He has no temperature," he said, "and looks perfectly normal. What is the matter with him?"

Bevan lifted the little beast and held his head toward the light.

"Do you notice anything?" he asked.

"Good heavens!" said Van der Bergh, "he's blind!"

Bevan nodded.

"He's been blind for five days," he said.

"But—" Van der Bergh stared at him. "Do you mean—"

Bevan nodded.

"I mean that when the secondary symptoms come, and it should come in a fortnight from to-day—"

He stopped.

He had replaced the animal upon the bench and had put out his hand to stroke his ears when suddenly the rabbit groped back from him. Again he reached out his hand and again the animal made a frantic attempt to escape.

"He sees now," said the professor.

"Wait," said Bevan.

He took down a board to which a paper was pinned, looked at his watch and jotted a note.

"Thank God for that," he said; "the blindness

(Continued on page 61)

# A Spring Song

By MARGARET  
HILDA WISE

Illustrated by ELSIE DEAN



WITH the first whiff of Spring she drove into town in her gay little blue car and purchased a gardening set.

There were plenty of garden tools in the cellar and the shed and even in remote corners of the garage, but they were great, ugly, clumsy things such as only professional gardeners use, and she, of course, did not pretend to be anything but the most amateurish of amateurs—oh dear, no! Perhaps if she had not spied this particular entrancing set in the window of a hardware shop, marked down and greatly reduced, she might have used some of the many tools at home and been content.

She drew her car up at the curb and alighted to admire the set for a moment through the window. Then she went inside and examined it. It consisted of two kinds of rake, a hoe, a spade, a pair of shears and a tall, slender-spouted watering pot which sounds ordinary and uninteresting, but when you consider that all the handles and the watering-pot were painted a delicate apple green with little decorative bunches of fruit of conventional design, it is not perhaps surprising that she bought it then and there and stowed it away in the little blue car while she drove around on some errands. She felt that it was almost too delicate for a hardware store; it was as if she had rescued it from an ignominious end.

So much for the gardening set—that is, until she passed him just leaving the office and starting home, and stopped to offer to drive him in the gay blue car. He was none other than Rupert. Never mind what his last name was, it really doesn't matter! He accepted, of course, and looked as pleased as he sounded. He had quite a nice face, with laugh-lines beginning to show around the mouth and the dark grey eyes, and a nose that nobody would have scorned.

There was only room for two in her car, so the gardening set had to be disturbed, and her little extravagance came to light.

"So-ho," said he, examining carefully the apple-green handles and the gay bunches and clusters of fruit. "I see the Lady Alice has been indulging in useless and expensive things to add to her beauty when she gardens."

He said it with mock-seriousness and glanced up in time to see the tilt of an offended chin, barely visible because of the brim of her new spring hat which came down coquettishly in front and on his side. Provoking, the way some hats are made!

"Really," she said, pouting and concentrating on her steering, "really, I almost wish I hadn't picked you up."

He knew better than to believe this and smiled quietly over the watering-pot which sat saucily on his lap. She had driven him home "umpteenth" times before and he did not anticipate any suspension of her hospitality just because he had laughed at the apple-green gardening set. They were very good friends and it is the privilege of good friends to be frank.

"It doesn't seem to me," he went on, "that tools of that colour could be of the least use. Now could they?"

"Mere man!" said she with a gay laugh. "His point of view. No, of course not, they're meant more for beauty than use. If I were growing an acre of vegetables it might be different—turnips and carrots and onions and potatoes—ugh! I'd have to have ugly tools in that case—to match, don't you see?"

He did not, but laughed joyously nevertheless. They swung into the avenue slowly, for neither was in any hurry, and the tops of the great trees on either hand, even yet bare and with no suggestion of green, were turned to a flaming gold from the sunset glory.

She thought he was looking ahead as she was. He was not. That was how she caught him in the act of looking at her with, well, a new expression in his eyes, when she glanced up to say—

"If you intended to grow pretty bright flowers, and wear a straw gardening hat shaped like a big poke-bonnet, with silly bunches of fruit on it, wouldn't you want to have gay little tools like these?"

"Oh, I—I suppose so," he said absently, with his mind exclusively on the person who would be under the poke-bonnet.

And then she changed the subject.

HE GRUDGINGLY yielded his seat to the absurd little watering-pot when they came to his house, which was lower on the avenue than hers. It took him a very long time to get out of the softly purring blue car and a still longer time to reach his final "good-bye." Then she was gone with a wave of her hand and a cherry smile; gone, with the silly apple-green gardening set clinking and jolting about beside her.

In a very few weeks it was May, warm and fragrant with green growing things, and every now and then, through the long, sunny days, the sun would slide shyly behind a cloud barely big enough to hide it, and an absurd little shower would come tumbling down to earth no more than might be contained in

*WHEN he sat beside her in her little blue car he knew she was just the wife he needed. And because he wanted her so much he found himself "a mute, inglorious Milton" when it came to actually asking her. And then—well, who'd ever imagine an apple green gardening set and a terrible thunder shower would have any influence with a man who wanted a wife, but then you never can tell—you'd better read "The Spring Song" and see for yourself!*

the apple-green watering-pot. And the young green things drank thirstily and when the sun slid out from the other side of the cloud they grew some more.

One evening as the sun was setting, it showered upon Rupert and Alice and the apple-green gardening set—suddenly and unceremoniously. He had come over after his evening meal many times before, to watch her work in her garden in the short, sweet space before dark, but never before had it rained in that particular time.

He pulled up his coat-collar and held his ground. She ran to the great wide verandah and sat watching him.

In the meantime it rained quite hard for several minutes.

"Oh, you're a fine gardener, you are!" he called, highly amused. "Running for cover, just as though you were caught out in a shower in your best clothes with no umbrella."

"Don't care," she retorted, making a face at him which he could hardly have seen at that distance. "I don't garden in the rain, if you do! There's plenty of time when it isn't raining. Besides, it would spoil my hat."

He continued to stand under a twisted old apple tree and the rain filtered down upon him through the young green leaves. He leaned his great length against the trunk and whistled thoughtfully for a moment. Then—

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
"How does your garden grow?"

he chanted slowly.

"Very nicely, thank you, sir," she said, jumping up and curtsying mock-seriously. "In spite of the gardening set, which I suppose is why I am contrary, is it?"

"Oh, hang the gardening set!"

He reached the verandah in several long strides and stood before her, looking down at her with that old-new expression in his eyes.

"I'm sorry I teased you," he said, trying to see under the brim of the big poke-bonnet hat with the foolish little clusters of fruit upon it. She was looking down at her softly-tapping foot and smiling a little.

"Oh, I don't mind—really," she said. "I suppose I am a joke sometimes."

He took a hasty step nearer.

"You are not," he interrupted vehemently. "I love to watch you in your garden. You seem so—

so dainty—and—and delicate, like the flowers. I can't express it exactly—the way I feel. Maybe you will understand some day."

He stopped suddenly and looked away, into the west where the light was fast fading. She was still smiling a little wistful sort of smile; and she passed him slowly, pulling on again her gardening gloves, which smelt of rich, soft earth.

"Heigho!" she sighed. "It's stopped raining, Rupert, I do believe I can work for a few minutes longer. Want to help?"

"No thanks, I'll stay here, if you don't mind," which is just what she knew he would say, and she laughed and said,

"It's a case of,  
When Eve delved  
And Adam—"

"Ran," suggested Rupert, and chuckled at his own wit. "You don't run exactly," she said. "You just carefully avoid anything to do with growing flowers, that's all."

"Oh, I'm too clumsy and heavy-handed, Alice. I wouldn't have success with anything short of a pumpkin or a squash that had a good hard shell."

"Rupert, don't be ridiculous!" came amusedly from among the deepening shadows under the apple trees.

He pulled out his favourite pipe, lighted it, and sat puffing meditatively in the dusk, watching a not very big figure, scarcely visible, move about among the flower-beds. It had been a very warm day, but, after the manner of Spring evenings, a chilly breeze sprang up after sundown, and he shivered involuntarily.

"It's too cold for you," he called, "even with your heavy sweater on, and it's going to rain again, so you'd better come in."

She came, not because he had summoned her, but because it was too dark to see any more.

"Do you know," she said, after she had put away the apple-green gardening set for the night, "I don't believe you like rain any better than I do, so there!"

Which was true, but he did not immediately admit it.

THE NEXT morning brought a sullen, lowering sky, and a high wind which blew the rain in leaden sheets against the window panes. And Rupert, on his way to the office, battled with the elements in no angelic frame of mind. Alice, looking out upon her garden, saw it drinking greedily, though later in the day muddy puddles appeared in hollows in the flower beds, and the paths began to resemble little running rivers. Night came, and the wind rose and howled in the trees and around the house even louder. Alice, curled up in a big soft chair by a cheery, open fire, listened to the water pouring from the corner of the eave-troughs in splashing torrents, and wondered what Rupert was doing, and whether he would brave the storm before the evening was out and come over as he had almost every evening for weeks.

He did not come. He telephoned, and said he was sorry he could not come over to see her, but—

Yes, she knew he couldn't possibly come out in such a storm, but perhaps it would clear to-morrow. And they talked of other things for the best part of an hour, while the wire swung and sang in the gale between them.

To-morrow came and it still rained, and the garden had a bedraggled look when the wind was through with it. There was no break in the low, heavy clouds and the rain fell in straight lines from heaven to earth with discouraging persistence. Alice spent the day sitting by an upstairs window, working listlessly and not too fast upon a pile of mending, which she hated. She wondered if it would ever stop raining and if anything would be left of her precious garden, and if Rupert would come over this evening, and many other things.

Once more he telephoned, early in the dripping night, and he was still so sorry—

She was a little less sympathetic and understanding this time and they only talked for twenty minutes.

The third day dawned upon a swimming world, and the Avenue, the whole of its sloping way into town, was a rushing, muddy river and the wheels of the passing motor cars sprayed water on either hand as they went by. Nevertheless, the gay little blue car took its mistress down in the morning during a temporary lull in the downpour. The streets glistened and the overhead wires dripped and the brightly lighted shops offered a great contrast to the dull grey outside. By lunch time the heavens had opened once more and the face of the land was poured upon—a steady, unrelenting rain like a leaden veil.

Through the third evening Alice sat with a book, which she scarcely read, while outside the water from the overflowing eaves splashed noisily into great puddles and pools below and the rain kept up its insistent, droning

(Continued on page 66)



# Spring and Love Are Synonymous

## Is Your Heart Atune?

WHEN the lady behind the counter in your favourite restaurant clamps a bunch of violets to her bosom with the cameo brooch that belonged to dear old grandma, hums something about peaches down in Georgia and absentmindedly gives you the change out of one dollar instead of two, Spring has come. Her soul is soaring after its mate; she is atune with the time of the singing of birds.

She is right, and if you disagree with her either you are wrong, or else the one girl in your world, after telling you off severely, has sent you away forever, or till to-morrow evening. Make friends with her again at once, for Springtide, like any other tide, waits for no man.

If you will let me, may I call a witness for my defence. He says:

"Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring  
The winter Garment of Repentance fling;  
The Bird of Time hath but a little way  
To flutter, and the Bird is on the Wing."

His meaning is plain. Happy are they whose winter has been so fortunate that repentance is indicated, but whether

or no, if we take these words to heart, spring is obviously the season in which to love.

How can anyone help it when the whole earth wakes to new life and that glorious, breathless, young spirit is borne on the very air? The man or woman too old to love in Springtime is too old to live. He or she is a blot on a fair picture, an unprofitable servant, a skeleton at the feast. If the Great War has done nothing else, I do honestly believe it has blotted out the type of mind which thinks, or used to think, that love is wicked. If you love you are no one's enemy, you wish some particular person all the nicest things in the world, and to wish people well is not wrong.

I may be mistaken—as people say when they know they aren't—but to me the sight of a man and a woman who love one another is the most beautiful thing in the world. They are so utterly happy. For them it is enough simply to be in one another's company. This happiness may not last; each may endow the other with all sorts of imaginary charms; they may live in a fool's paradise, but it is better to be happy for a little while than not at all. Spring doesn't last very long, but to

be happy all through the Spring is more happiness than some achieve in a lifetime.

When the little maid who sweeps your verandah is fixing up an assignation with the little boy who brings your paper; when the business girl you see in the train has a dreamy look in her eyes and a smile playing round her mouth; when you notice hard-faced middle-aged men stop to buy flowers in the street, you know that spring is here and the world for the time being is a better place. You know that even the dreariest human being is turning a disillusioned glance to the sky because it is the season of daffodils and dallying.

Surely when the winter is past and the rain is over and gone, it is essentially a time for love! You may be in love with a girl or a man, in love with your work, in love with life, or simply in love with love, but to fit in with the season you must love something.

Better, if your luck is out, look up from the window of a fourth-floor back attic at a Spring sunset and go wandering in the spirit down a path of gold that your own feet may not tread for the moment, than lose all the magic of spring. In spring we have fairy visions, and dreaming is the preliminary to all great works.

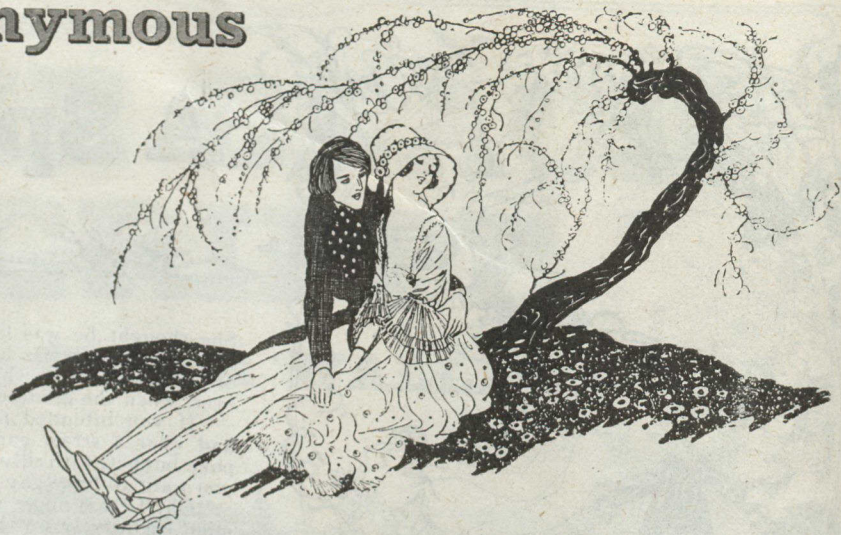
The fact is that in this one season the very poorest is rich, because all the most beautiful things in life are common

property. You do not need to be rich in order to love, or be surrounded by tender and moving sights.

IF you don't go about with your eyes shut you will notice many other signs of Spring. You will see a little working girl give money she can't afford to some old, hard-up man or woman selling bootlaces in the street; your eye will light on women apparently no less thoughtless than the rest of us putting fresh flowers on a wayside war shrine; practically every girl in existence either gets new clothes or renovates old ones, and this, my dear old friend, is not altogether vanity. It merely exemplifies the influence of spring, being an outward and visible sign of an invisible joy.

So, as we are all in the same predicament, don't be ashamed to give way a little, like the rest of us. Try to love something or someone—other than yourself—because it all helps and is never wasted. Even if you only smile at a girl in a shop window, in the right spirit, or stop and pat a dog in the street, or give up your seat in a train to a disabled soldier, it's better than nothing.

And the good fairies, who really do exist in spring-time, will make a note and remember you, and guide your feet from wandering motorbuses you didn't notice, and soften the hard heart of that son of Belial you work for till he puts more money in your pay envelope.

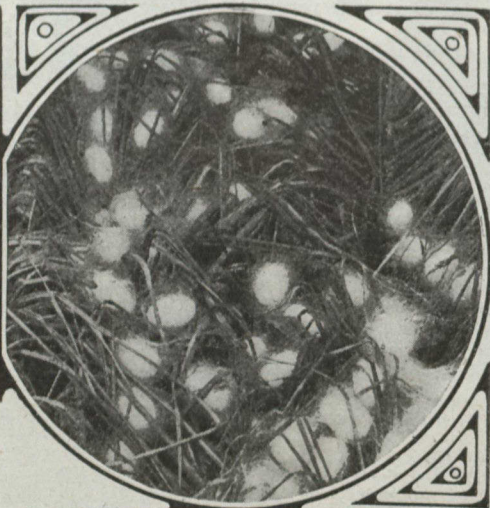


# The Story of Your Silk Dress

It Begins As A Worm and Often Ends On A "Butterfly"

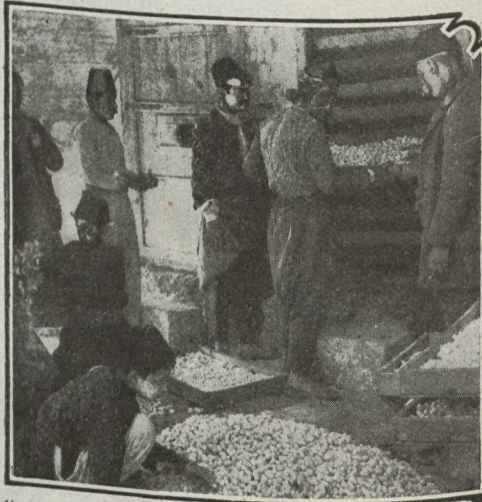


SOME four weeks ago these yellowish larva were hatched from the silk worm moth-eggs. At that time they were so tiny that one hundred of them weighed only one grain. Each of these worms has changed its skin four times. When the skin is about to be sloughed off, it bursts at the fore-part, and the worm merely shoves it off backwards by a process of continual wriggling. These worms have nearly finished the larva stage and are about to enter upon the pupa condition.



COCOONS in the making. These worms will presently climb up into a mulberry branch, and in three or four days spin themselves into a hard silk-fibre prison house. This picture shows the cocoon only partially completed clinging to bundles of fibre.

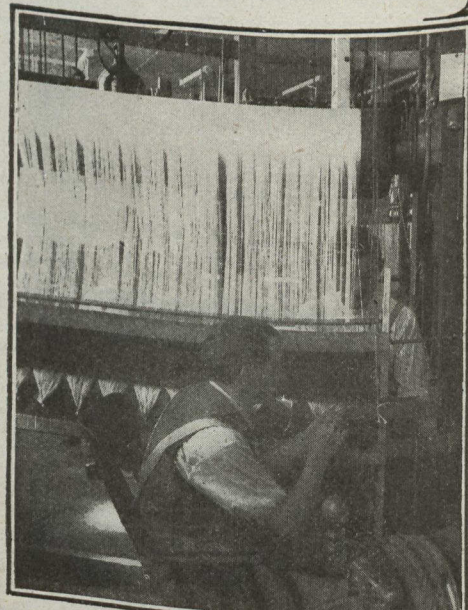
WHEN the industrious little caterpillar has finished spinning he is killed by sending clouds of hot steam through the cocoon. This shows a silk establishment in Antioch, Syria, where the natives are busy placing trays of cocoons the stones until they are almost red hot. When the houses are filled a fire is built on which generates clouds of scalding steam.



AFTER drying and sorting, the cocoons are ready for the preliminary process of raw silk production, the boiling operation. They soften in the rising steam and the outer husk comes off. The thread ends are collected and passed through to the boxed-in turning-frames.



EXAMINING and weighing raw silk ready for export. The great silk ropes hanging all over the packing room are now a bright yellow—the natural silk colour. Most of them will be dyed before being spun into cloth. Broken ends are secured and each soft mass of silk thread is lightly twisted to prevent tangling, doubled, and twisted again into the short firm shining coils we see on the weighing machine and in the boxes. After weighing and packing in boxes for export they are ready for sale.

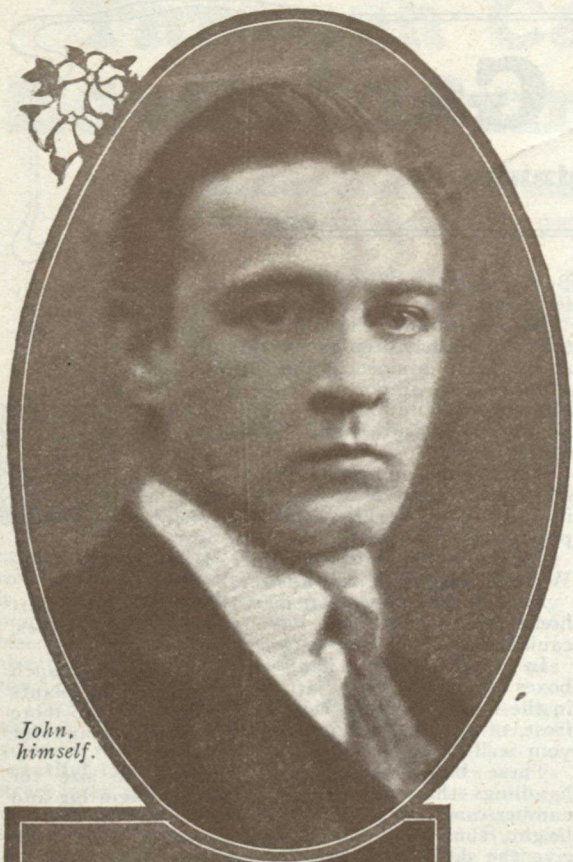


EVERY fine silk warp thread must be led through the eyelets in the sets process called "entering" or "drawing-in." The threads must pass through the warp. When the harness is in the proper order to form the desired "shed" through the steel "reed" and attached to the cloth beam we see at the right. Then the loom will be ready to perform its function.

# The Inimitable John Barrymore

In Robert Louis Stevenson's Immortal "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

The great stage artist has surpassed himself as a master of the screen in this play just released.



John, himself.



As Mr. Hyde.



A Study in Expression.

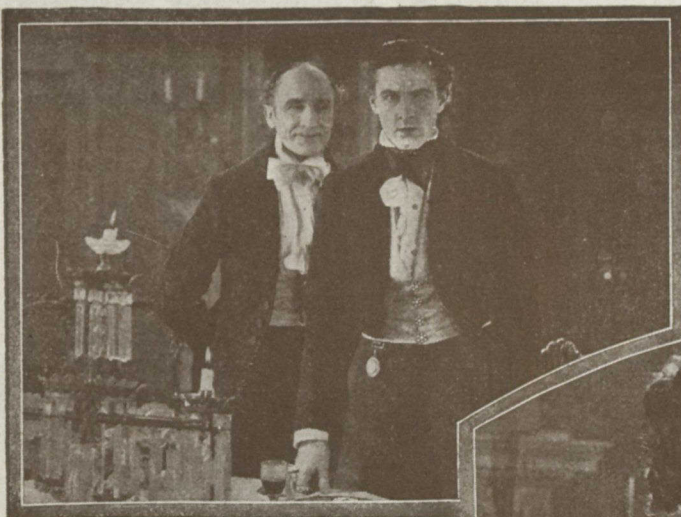
THIS play was filmed under the eyes of Lloyd Osbourne, stepson of Robert Louis Stevenson



John Barrymore as Dr. Jekyll.

MR. BARRYMORE'S acting shows a psychological merging of personalities both thrilling and convincing.

JOHN BARRYMORE was born to the royal ermine of theatrical life, yet, unlike his sister Ethel, he attained success only after travelling a winding path, climbing from obscurity as painstakingly as many an artist of less renown. But having "arrived" he never fails to take his public by storm. The motion-picture industry is indeed fulfilling reason for existing in giving to the millions living far from the centre of stage attractions a glimpse, on the screen, of so great an artist, particularly when starring in so famous a play.



A GROUP of "stills" from the movie world's latest release, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—the screen adaptation of Robert Louis Stevenson's famous book of the same name. In the centre of the page and at the lower right Mr. Barrymore is represented as Mr. Hyde, the super-criminal, while immediately above and to the left, he is shown in the role of Dr. Jekyll. The story is too well-known to require outlining. It is sufficient to recall to the mind the remarkable dual life lived by Stevenson's character. He

was Dr. Jekyll, the professional man of good repute by day and Mr. Hyde, a drifter of the underworld, by night. As the former, John Barrymore is unsurpassed. His powerful reserve and his refinement of manner show to unparalleled advantage in this role. As Mr. Hyde, he is given an opportunity to display his peculiar talents. His very hideousness is beautifully portrayed. This play taxed Richard Mansfield to the limit on the legitimate stage. Mr. Barrymore plays it with that ease that is so much a part of him.



# The Amateur's First Garden

The Things it is Useful to Know Before Beginning It

By MINERVA BEATTIE

**B**UT WHAT to do first? Easy to say, "I want a garden." Easy, too, to make a little trench in the earth and drop seeds into it at stated intervals.

But—what little trench—in what earth—and at what intervals? It is these very practical details that daunt many an amateur. We can all see ourselves thinning out a too-luxuriant growth, tying up the too-heavy fruit on our tomato plants to supporting stakes, and so forth. But most of us are helplessly nonplussed as to the soil we should have and the soil we have; the starting of seeds when we have no green-house, the selection of seeds which it will pay us to grow; the supplying of proper nourishment to the seedlings and growing plants, the prevention of their destruction by the many garden plagues, and so on.

It's with these A.B.C.'s we will deal here. First of all—location. Now, few of us are in a position to say: "Go to, I shall make me a garden in a sunny spot, sheltered from winds, on high, well-drained ground, where the soil is a warm sandy loam—plenty rich enough to feed the plants, yet not so heavy as to hold the moisture and keep out the heat."

Ideal, of course—but how often is it available? Most amateurs, about to start a little vegetable garden, have only a back-yard, or some small available plot, to choose from. It will be necessary to sum up the advantages and disadvantages, to know whether it will be worth while to attempt a garden. The soil you can probably enrich and make suitable, but the first consideration is sunlight. How many hours will the sun shine directly on the plot each day, unimpeded by fences, shade trees or buildings? For a general kitchen garden, you should be able to count on at least five hours' sunshine.

If you cannot count on that much, say only on two or three hours, it will be best not to attempt anything beyond green-leaf crops, such as lettuce, spinach (or Swiss chard, which gives a maximum result from a minimum space), and a little plot each of parsley, chives, and mint, those first-aids to cooking that are so invaluable. Indeed, where no garden at all is possible, any woman will enjoy a

window box or a few pots with a tuft of each of the indispensable herbs growing fresh at her hand.

**S**OIL next. Since the little kitchen garden is usually expected to produce an appreciable amount from a small space, the problem narrows down to one of "intensive gardening." The best plan, if one is reasonably sure of success, is to have in mind the ideal soil for the purpose, and then get as near to it as possible. Since it is from the soil our plants must draw their nourishment, we must try to give them the "balanced rations" that they, as well as humans, require.

An open, loose-textured soil is naturally easier for the rootlets to penetrate and feed from than a soil that is too dense and heavy. The moisture

Bone meal, too, is valuable. Any of these necessary fertilizers may be bought from the local seedsman. Before adding the fertilizer, however, be sure that the soil has been thoroughly dug up, turned over and "fined" almost to the sifting point. This is tremendously important because earth that is full of even small lumps and clods, will give the tender young roots and shoots unnecessary obstacles to overcome.

Think out your garden first. No sane man ever started to build a house without first planning it in great detail. The same sort of forethought will pay when making a garden.

What vegetables do you want? How much of each? What arrangement will answer best? And at this point, you may think!—oh for a hot-house, so that I could have some early tomatoes, cauliflower and lettuce started!

In that case, use a flat seed box or as many such boxes as you like and start your tender young plants in the house. When there is a certainty of no more frost, of warm, growing weather, you can plant out your well-grown seedlings.

These boxes should be a convenient size for handling—there is no object in having them big and cumbersome, as they must find place on the sills of bright, sunny windows. Three or four inches will give the desired depth. Put an inch-deep layer of gravel or cinders in the bottom for drainage, then fill nearly to the brim with rich or well fertilized soil, trenched finely, then pressed down firmly. Make little and crosswise of the surface, about two inches apart, and sow your seed in these quite thickly about ten to the inch.

Keep the soil moist, but not "leaky," and for extra speed, cover each box with a piece of glass. when the plants reach the height of an inch or two, they should be thinned, leaving from one to two inches between each, so that they will have nourishment enough and room enough, to flourish. The wee plants which are thinned out may be replanted a couple of inches apart in other boxes, if you want to keep plenty of them.

Another good point about these handy boxes is that they may be set out of doors for a few hours during the warm part of each day, and the tender young plants gradually acclimatized, so that when they are finally planted (Continued on page 58)



in the ground takes into solution much of the nutrient demanded by the plant life, which makes the feeding process an easy one.

Well rotted vegetable matter, which is rich in the nitrogen so stimulating to growth, should be generously added to the average soil, or rich manure.



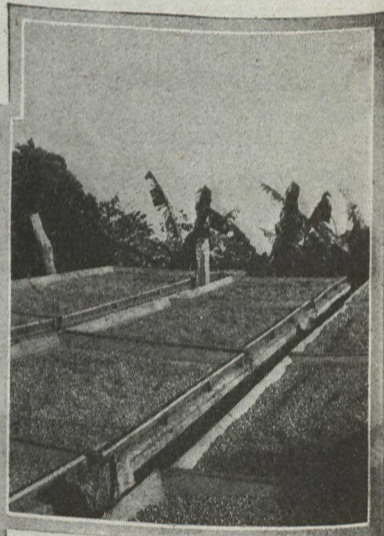
NEARLY all coffee imported into this country is grown in Central and South America. This picture shows coffee fresh from the trees being carried to the sun-drying floors in sluces. It is washed as it passes through the canals. The fruit of the tree is not unlike a cherry, but in the centre of pulp are two seeds—the coffee bean of commerce.

## The History of the Morning Coffee

It has Travelled a long way and gone through many Processes before it reaches our Percolators.



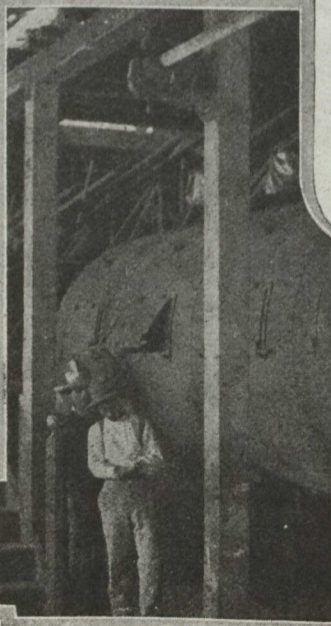
THE great concrete drying floors of the finca (farm) of El Pacayal, the biggest coffee farm in Guatamala, where there are more than 7,000 acres planted with coffee trees and 4,000 workers employed during the picking and drying season. The men are busily spreading out the coffee to dry in the tropic sun. In the centre of the drying floors is a conveyor, which carries the sun-dried coffee to the steam-drying house seen in the background.



ON small plantations coffee is usually dried in big wooden trays and the contents turned over once or twice a day until thoroughly dried. One large plantation, alone, sends huge quantities of coffee all over North America.



STONES, sticks and foreign matter of all kinds must be separated from the coffee grains before they are dried. In the photograph above are shown the picturesque natives of Port Au Prince, Haiti, engaged in the task of cleaning the coffee and preparing it for the drying machine.



THIS is a coffee-drying cylinder, such as is used on a big coffee plantation. After the beans have had sufficient sun and have been sorted, they are finished in this machine. They are then placed in huge bags and shipped to the various coffee centres throughout the American Continent.



STACKING coffee in a big warehouse. After it reaches its destination, it is roasted. The grocer tests it before you buy it. Scientists say that every adult takes some kind of stimulant, and coffee is most widely used. When all traffic in intoxicants is stopped, millions of people will drink more of it. The consumption will increase greatly through lunch room trade. Hundreds of thousands of people will go into lunch rooms to eat pastry and drink strong coffee instead of going to saloons for drinks.

# Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

Third Instalment of the Finest Canadian Travelogue Ever Produced

By DOUGLAS NEWTON

Special Correspondent of the London "Daily Chronicle" with the Royal Party  
Photographs courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway

**T**ORONTO is a city of many names. You can call it "The Boston of Canada," because of its aspiration to literature, the theatre and the arts. You can call it "The Second City of Canada," because the fact is incontestable. You can call it "The Queen City," because others do too, though like the writer, you are unable to find the reason why you should. You can say of it, as the Westerners do, "Oh, Toronto!" with very much the same accent that the British dramatist reserves for the censor of plays. But though it already had its host of names, Toronto, to us, was the City of Crowds.

Toronto has interests and beauties. It has its big, natural High Park. It has its charming residential quarters in Rosedale and on The Hill. It has its beautiful lagoon on the lakeside. It has its Yonge street forty miles straight. It has the tallest building in the Empire and some of the largest stores in the Empire. It is busy and bright and brisk. But we found we could not see it for crowds. Or rather, at first, we could not see it for crowds. Later, a good Samaritan took us for a pell-mell tour in a motor car and we had a chauffeur's eye view of it. Even

On the early morning of Monday, August 25th, in that weather that was already being called "Prince of Wales" weather, the Prince stepped "ashore" at the Government House siding outside Toronto. There was a skirmishing line of the waiting city flung out to this distant station—including some go-ahead flappers with autograph books to sign. It was, however, one of those occasions when the Prince was considered to be wrapped in a robe of invisibility until he had been to Government House, and started from there to drive inland to the city and its receptions.

A quick automobile rush—and, by the way, it will be noticed that the Continent of Hustle always uses the long word for the short, "automobile" for "car," "elevator" for "lift," and so on—to the Government House placed the Prince on a legal footing and he was ready to enter the City.

Government House is remarkable for the fact that it grew a garden in a single night. It is a comely building of rough-dressed stone, standing in the

Britain's heir shakes hands with Indian Chief at Banff.



commercial streets, the sidewalks could no longer contain the mass. They are broad and efficient streets, striking through the town arrow-straight, and giving to the eye superb vistas. But broad though they were they could not accommodate



School children strew flowers before Prince of Wales at Victoria, B. C.

then we saw much of it over the massed soft hats of Canada.

We had become inured to crowds. We had seen big, bustling, eager, hearty, good-humoured throngs from St. John's to Quebec. But even that hardening had not proofed us against the mass and enthusiastic violence of the crowd that Toronto turned out to greet the Prince, and continued to turn out to meet him during the days he was there.

park-like surroundings of the Rosedale suburb, but in the absence of princes it's forecourt is merely a desert of gray, stone granules. When His Royal Highness arrived it was a garden of an almost brilliant abundance. There were green lawns, great beds packed wantonly with the brightest flowers, while trees, palms and flowering shrubs crowded the square in luxuriance. A marvel of a garden. A realist policeman, after his first gasp, bent down to examine the green of the lawn, and rose with a Kippis expression on his face, and with the single word "Fake" on his lips.

The vivid lawn was green coconut matting, the beds were cunning arrangements of flowers in pots and from pots the trees and shrubs flourished. It was a garden artificial and even more marvellous than we had thought.

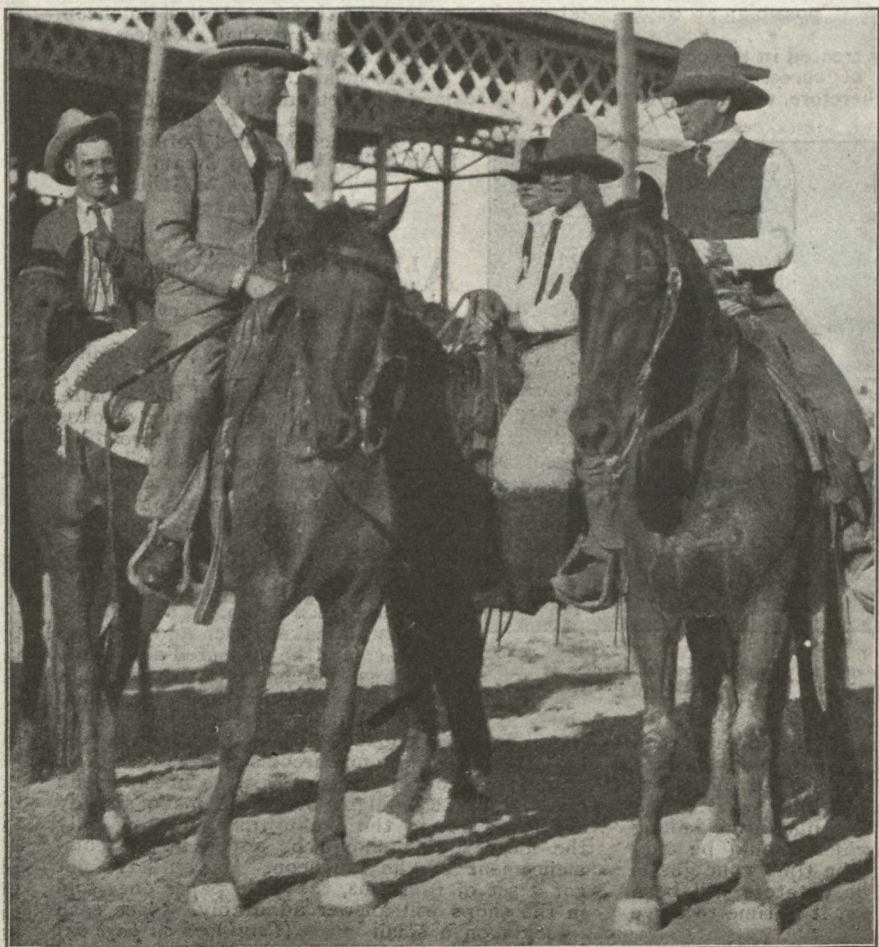
The Prince rode through Rosedale to the town. The crowd began outside Government House gates. It was a polite and brightly dressed crowd, for it was drawn from the delightful houses that made islands in the uninterrupted lawns that, with the graceful trees, formed the borders of the winding roads through which we went. Rosedale was once a forest on the shores of the old Ontario lake; the lake has receded three miles and more, but the builders of the city have dealt kindly with the forest, and have touched it as little as they could, so that the old trees blend with the modern lawns to give the new homes an air of infinite charm.

As the Prince drove deeper into the City, the crowds thickened, so that, when he arrived in the virile, purposeful



Prince chats with members of Caledonia Pipe Band at review of troops, Edmonton, Alta.

sightseeing Toronto, and the crowd encroached upon the driveway. Much to the disgust of many little boys, who, with their race's contempt for death by automobile, were (Continued on page 54)



Prince on broncho among cowboys at stampede arranged in his honour, Saskatoon, Sask.



Prince presents medal to mother of dead hero at ceremony on steps of Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B. C.

EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT  
 Food and Housekeeping Efficiency  
 Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

# The Interesting Italian Way

Dishes That Give a Touch of Difference to Our Cookery

**T**HE PERSISTENT use of sauces in Italian cooking is the outgrowth of a persistent scarcity and costliness of meat and of all highly concentrated food stuffs. Out of this condition, Italy, so much poorer than the younger countries of the world, has evolved a system of seasoning which is delicious, and which substitutes art for nature.

American cooks have not learned, as yet, but the time is coming when they may have to do so, if it is not already here. The sauce is the wonder of many an "a la" this or that, but were the secret known, it would be found to be merely our common old friends, beef, or lamb, or kidney stew, masquerading under an assumed gentility. The American housewife, tired of the menus which she finds in her cook book, will find pleasure in tickling the appetites of her family, if only occasionally, by planning an Italian dinner.

**T**HE *antiposto* of Italian dinners is really the *hors d'oeuvres* of the French, save that it is used before the soup, and not after it. The Italians, too, are apt to arrange all the *antiposto* on a large platter, leaving the selection to each individual, whereas the French arrange the *hors d'oeuvre* on each individual plate.

### Cabbage Soup

**B**OIL a large lamb or veal bone until the marrow comes out, then put in the pot two onions, a small cabbage and a pint of dried lima beans which have been soaking all day. Just before serving, add two handfuls of the small pastes in

the shape of stars, fish, etc., which you will find in all Italian shops. All the vegetables for this soup should be cut into long, thin strips, and the soup itself should be thick with them.

### Spaghetti Milanese

**B**OIL spaghetti fifteen minutes in a large pot, taking care that the water is boiling hard, and that you do not break the strands. Meanwhile, open a can of tomato paste and one of

of bacon, drain it, and serve it, heaped up around the chops. The Italians never chop the spinach, as the French do, and never serve hard boiled eggs with it. The French, on the other hand, boil it, chop it fine, press it into the appearance of a mould and garnish it with hard boiled eggs.

### Romaine

**T**HIS is sometimes called "cos lettuce," and has long, narrow leaves. It is especially good in the winter. The leaves should be broken in two, as they are usually too long to lie on a salad plate. In dressing all salads, use the combination of olive oil, vinegar or lemon juice, salt and pepper. Chives, shallots, green peppers, paprika, garlic, parsley—are sometimes added, to give variety. The materials for salads must be thoroughly dry. Shake and wipe each separate leaf so that it will "take" the oil. Both French and Italian people are very particular about this. Dress the salad at the table, as it should never stand for a second after being prepared. Use a wooden fork and spoon, as any other material affects the flavour.

In making custard for this menu, remember that the trick of having it firm is to heat the milk almost to the boiling point before beating it into the eggs. It will then be creamy and will not water. The sauce is made by breaking up half a cake of sweet chocolate, adding a little water, and letting it cook until it dissolves. It is poured over the custard when it is hot and the custard cold.

All European dinners end with black coffee, which is invariably made in the percolator.  
 (Continued on page 59)

## One of These Italian Dinners Will Make a Change

ANTIPOSTO Tuna Fish Celery	ANTIPOSTO Tomatoes Salami	ANTIPOSTO Sicilian Sausage Shallots
SOUP Cabbage	SOUP Vegetable, with Cheese	SOUP Dried Lima Bean
ENTREE Spaghetti Milanese	ENTREE Resotto and Clams	ENTREE Chicken Livers
SALAD Fried Pork Chops Breaded with Spinach	ROAST Roast Chicken, Chestnut Stuffing	ROAST Cold Roast Chicken
ROAST Romaine	Fried Cauliflower	Sharp Sauce
DESSERT Custard with Chocolate Sauce	SALAD Chicory	Cappelletti, Tomato Sauce
	DESSERT Raisins and Candied Fruit	SALAD Romaine
		DESSERT Fruit

vegetable paste, mix them with an equal amount of water and put on to heat, with two cupfuls of salami, chopped into very fine pieces. Drain the spaghetti through a colander, arrange it in a deep platter, pour the sauce over it and add half a cupful of grated parmesan cheese.

### Fried Pork Chops with Spinach

**S**ELECT small, lean pork chops for this dish. Drop them in a beaten egg, dip them in very dry, fine bread crumbs and fry them in a pan of deep hot fat. Boil the spinach with a small bit

# Buffet Service Solves The Problem

The Attractive and Convenient Way to Serve a Maidless Luncheon or Supper!

**T**HERE are so many occasions in the spring when a luncheon seems the one desirable form of entertainment—the only difficulty that deters many an eager hostess being that of service. A formal luncheon may easily become a formidable luncheon, if one has not trained servants who will carry it through without a hitch.

It is to the eager would-be hostess who has no servants or perhaps one maid on whom she would scarcely care to place the responsibility of cooking and serving the dainty meal, that the idea of the buffet lunch or supper appeals. And if she is equipped with a chafing dish, she may plan a jolly little party that will be all the more certain of success by reason of the absence of formality and the pleasant interest that will centre about the simple cooking operations. Besides—and no successful hostess ever overlooked this very material reason for the success of her entertainments—food that is carefully planned and prepared beforehand and then cooked and promptly served all in one motion, as it were, will undoubtedly taste delicious.

If buffet service is to be your plan, try to arrange everything on the sideboard or serving table, placing each article so that it will be most readily accessible when needed. Think out each move ahead, and have every requirement just at your hand.

The first essential is the menu. There are plenty of delicious chafing dish recipes to be had. But just a word of warning—don't have too many things that require to be cooked, or there will be an awkward delay between courses. Just one or two dishes from the chafing dish will create the atmosphere desired and supply sufficient hot food for this season of the year. Never have two successive courses that need the chafing

dish, if the second one will require more than a few minutes to cook. And for real success, eliminate your kitchen entirely, if possible; at best, use it very little.

Creamed dishes are easily treated in the chafing dish way and are certain of success if rightly handled. Let us decide, therefore, on a creamed

Working backward and forward from this dish, we may build such a menu as the following (always having in mind that for a ladies' luncheon, daintiness is more important than richness, new dishes preferable to many dishes):

- Crab-meat Cocktail
- Creamed Chicken and Sweetbread with Peas or Mushrooms
- Browned Mashed Potatoes
- Fruit Salad, Whipped Cream Dressing
- Individual Ices or Jellies
- Small Cakes
- Coffee



With things arranged in the order they will be required, buffet service is smooth and simple.

main dish—say chicken and sweet-bread. We will augment it by a dish of potatoes, mashed and browned in the oven. These can be boiled, mashed with a little cream, salt, pepper and butter, beaten until foamy and put into a baking dish. Place in the oven (which should be only moderately hot), just about the time your guests should begin to arrive. The potatoes will be a tempting brown on top, when it is time to serve them.

**A**LMOST all of these dishes can be prepared beforehand and there are no intricacies in the service of any of them.

The cocktails will be ready, chilled and in small glasses, each glass and a small fork being placed on a plate. The diced white meat of boiled chicken and sweet-breads which have been soaked in salt and water, parboiled and cut in small pieces, will be ready on a plate. Equal quantities of butter and flour will be blended thoroughly together in the chafing dish and cooking will be commenced at once so as to have the dish ready immediately the cocktails have been eaten. The milk (or cream will make a rich and delicious sauce) should be measured and ready to add as soon as the butter and flour have cooked a few minutes. Add slowly, stirring all the time. When the sauce has cooked sufficiently, turn in the diced meat, and the mushrooms or peas (or both). If only one course precedes this, as in the menu given, the sauce might better be made already and kept hot in the chafing dish, needing only the meat, which should be added at the commencement of the luncheon. If you have not a set of ramekins, the little paper ones sold in the shops will answer admirably. Place each ramekin on a small

(Continued on page 64)



## Dishes From Left Overs

By S. E. BLAU

### Meat and Tomato Pie

THIS dish presents an excellent way of using up small quantities of either cold beef or cold mutton. If fresh tomatoes are used, peel and slice them; if canned, drain off the liquid. Place a layer of tomato in a baking dish, then a layer of sliced meat and over the two dredge flour, pepper and salt; repeat until the dish is nearly full, then put in an extra layer of tomato and cover the whole with a layer of pastry or bread or cracker crumbs. When the quantity of meat is small, it may be "helped out" by boiled potatoes or other suitable vegetables. A few oysters or mushrooms improve the flavour, especially when beef is used. The pie will need to be baked for half an hour to an hour, according to its size and the heat of the oven.

### Rissole of Cooked Fish

FREE any cold cooked fish from skin and bone; pound it smooth or pick it into shreds with a silver fork. Mix it with an equal amount of grated bread; season with salt and pepper, a sprig of chopped parsley, very little nutmeg and a little minced onion. Mix it with sufficient beaten egg to bind it, form into small flat cakes. Fry (deep fry preferably), in hot fat. Brown some flour in a little of the fat, stir in a little water or fish stock, add seasoning and when it boils a little lemon juice. Pour the sauce around the rissoles.

### Brown Bread Ice Cream

THREE pints cream,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups dried brown bread crumbs, cup sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Soak the crumbs in one quart cream, let stand fifteen minutes, rub through a sieve, add sugar, salt and remaining cream and freeze.

### Scalloped Ham

MAKE a thin, well seasoned white sauce and add to it cold boiled ham cut into small cubes. Pour into scallop dishes or into a small baking dish, covered with buttered crumbs and brown delicately in the oven. Garnish with rings of hard boiled white of eggs and sprigs of blanched celery.

### Bread Dumplings

COVER a small bowl of fine bread crumbs, pour enough boiling water to moisten, and let them stand a few minutes. Chop an onion fine, and cook it in a frying-pan in which you have put a tablespoon of butter and a little parsley. Fry the onion to a light brown, and mix it with the bread, then add two well beaten eggs, a pinch of salt and enough flour to enable you to form the mixture into small balls. Drop them into your hot stock from meat or fowl and let them cook fifteen minutes.

### Moulded Ham

TAKE the odds and ends of a boiled ham, removing the bits that are too dark or hard, and keeping a proportion of one-fourth fat and three-fourths lean; chop it so fine as almost to reduce it to a paste; for each pint make the following dressing: 1 level tablespoonful sugar, 1 teaspoon ground mustard, 1 salt-spoon of cayenne, 1 teacup of good vinegar. Stir this into the chopped ham, pack into small moulds; when serving them, turn out on a platter and garnish with parsley.

### Quenelles of Cold Poultry or Game

TAKE the meat of any cold game or poultry and pick it free from skin and gristle; pound in a mortar with a little fat bacon. Season with herbs and grated nutmeg, add a little gravy to moisten, make in little oblong cakes, dip in beaten eggs, roll in brown crumbs and fry in boiling fat. Arrange in pyramid form on a dish and garnish with fresh parsley.

### Boston Brown Hash

CHOP the remains of any cold meat very fine. Grease a deep pudding-pan. Put a layer of cold boiled mashed potatoes in the bottom of the dish, then a layer of the meat seasoned with salt and pepper, and cover with a layer of stale bread crumbs; moisten with a teacupful of gravy or soup stock, or canned tomatoes, then spread over another layer of potatoes, with a few bits of butter. Dip a spoon in sweet milk and smooth over the top. Bake in a moderate oven for half an hour and serve hot.

### Bread Pudding

POUR boiling water over a pint of bread crumbs, add one tablespoon butter, and two eggs; beat it thoroughly, then add  $\frac{1}{8}$  cup sugar and a pint of fresh berries or drained canned fruit, in which case distribute in layers over the bread mixture. Bake or steam the pudding three-quarters of an hour.

### Vinaigrette of Cold Boiled Beef

THIS is an economical dish and one that catches the interest of a bored appetite. It may be made from shank beef that has been used for soup, if it has not been allowed to cook all its substance away. Cut the beef in small, dice-shaped pieces and put it in a deep bowl with four or five fresh green onions or one chopped dried onion and a little parsley, chopped fine. Season with an ordinary French dressing and let the dish stand half an hour before using. This soaking in the dressing gives delicious flavour and piquancy to boiled meat.

### Piquant Potato Salad

CHOP rather fine enough cold-boiled potatoes to make two large cupfuls. Chop fine the whites of four hard-boiled eggs, and add to the potatoes with a cupful of blanched and broken walnuts or hickory nuts and the smallest sized bottle of stuffed olives, cut in bits. Season to taste with salt, pepper and onion juice, obtained by rubbing the onion over a grater. Melt half a cupful of butter and stir well into the mixture. Arrange on a platter and grate over the top the four egg yolks, putting around the edge a narrow green border of chopped parsley. This is a dainty luncheon or supper dish.

### Lentil Patties

MASH some cold-boiled potatoes, mix in enough fine flour so that it may be rolled out like pastry and line some well-greased patty pans with it. Add to one cup of lentils and egg yolk, a tablespoon or two of grated cheese and a pinch each of mustard and cayenne. Fill each patty case with the mixture, cover with the potato, brush over with beaten white of egg, top with a sprinkling of crumbs and bake a golden brown in a hot oven. A celery or cheese sauce will be delicious served with these patties.

### A Cold Steak Economy

WHEN there is any left over rare steak, you can make a tasty little dish by cutting it up as you would for cutlets, and after rolling well in beaten eggs and crumbs, fry in deep fat. Garnish with lemon and parsley.

### Potted Cheese

WHEN small pieces of cheese are left and are liable to dry out, grate them very fine and mix with salad dressing to a paste. Pack into small cheese jars if you have them or into china cups, cover and keep in a cool place. This is a home made variety of club cheese and has an excellent flavour. A dash of Worcestershire sauce may be used if desired, with little cream instead of salad dressing.



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**EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT**  
 Food and Housekeeping Efficiency  
 Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

# THE SUCCESS OF THE SALAD

## Lies Often in the Dressing

**S**ALADS are such an important part of our daily menus during the spring and summer months that we may well give special attention to the greatest factor in their success or failure—the salad dressing. It is a mistake to have one dressing for all salads—one loses such an excellent opportunity for providing variety in a simple manner. The several main types of salad dressing should be thoroughly mastered and then one can adapt and change them or introduce an occasional more elaborate dressing when a special effect is desired. All materials for salads and dressings should be very cold.

### French Dressing

**D**ISSOLVE  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt in 1 teaspoon ice-water; add  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon paprika or a little ordinary pepper and 6 tablespoons olive oil. Beat together and add very gradually 2 tablespoons vinegar. French dressing should not be made until it is required, many people preferring to make it right at the table. It is liked generally for green salads, tart fruit salads, vegetable salads, etc.

### Plain Mayonnaise Dressing

**C**HILL the required ingredients—3 egg yolks, 1 cup olive oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt, a little cayenne.

Beat the egg yolks gently, using preferably a wooden fork or spoon. Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt, beat and begin to add the oil, drop by drop, beating constantly. When half the oil has been used, add the vinegar slowly and then the rest of the oil, once more drop by drop; as you beat the mixture it should thicken and when all the oil has been added it will be quite stiff. Add the rest of the salt and a little cayenne pepper.

It is patience, even more than art, that is neces-

sary to the making of successful mayonnaise dressing. The oil must be beaten in slowly or the mixture will break or curdle.

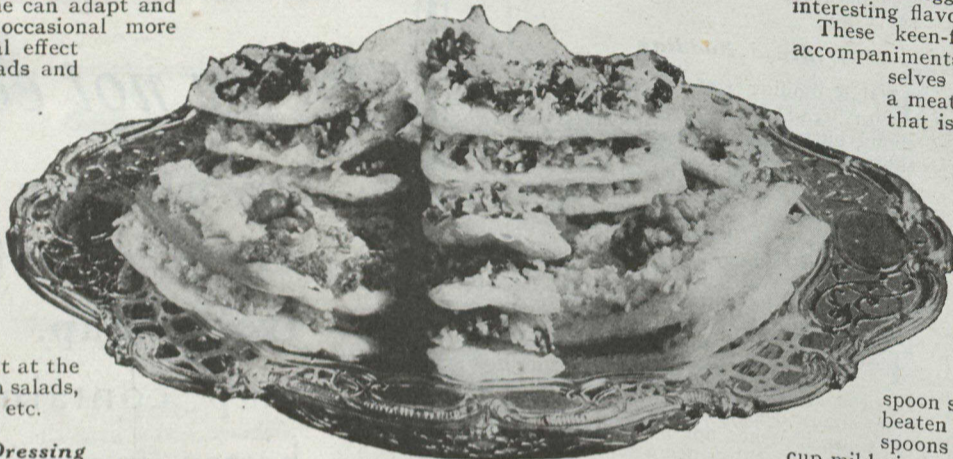
### To Vary Mayonnaise

**W**HIPPED cream added to the mayonnaise, cup for cup, will make a really wonderful dressing for the fruit salad that is to end a dinner

a little of the mayonnaise. Another fish dressing is made in the same way, but instead of the anchovy paste, use four small sardines, skinned, boned and rubbed smooth with some of the dressing.

Chopped gherkin makes a tasty addition to mayonnaise and may be combined with chopped olives, parsley, green or red peppers, chili sauce, hard boiled egg, etc. French capers also add an interesting flavour.

These keen-flavoured dressings are excellent accompaniments to foods that are not in themselves highly flavoured—for instance, on a meat or fish salad, or on a green salad that is to accompany cold meats or fish.



Vegetable salad and good dressing spread on crisp crackers

or lend distinction to a luncheon. A crisp, green salad, too, is quite a different thing with a whipped cream mayonnaise.

Again, try stirring into the mayonnaise that is to complete a piquant salad, about 3 tablespoons good chili sauce, 1 Spanish sweet red pepper and a tablespoonful of green pepper, both chopped very fine.

For an anchovy mayonnaise, add to the plain dressing the chili sauce and peppers just mentioned and a teaspoonful of anchovy paste, rubbed into

### Boiled Cream Dressing without Oil

**A** PARTICULARLY delicious dressing, much like a mayonnaise in texture, but without the oil to which so many people take objection, is made as follows:

Put 1 tablespoon flour,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon salt, into a double boiler. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs, three tablespoons melted butter,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup mild vinegar, stir all together, set the pan into the outer pan of the double boiler and cook, stirring constantly until it coats the spoon like custard. The same additions may be made to this dressing as to mayonnaise.

### Emergency Salad Dressing

**M**IX together in a bowl 3 teaspoons sugar,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon mustard, a little salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Stir over these well-mixed dry ingredients 4 tablespoons malt vinegar and drop by drop, evaporated milk, until the dressing is as thick as mayonnaise. If oil is liked, add a little, beating it in also drop by drop.

# Just One Year Married: Traditions of the First Anniversary

**A**S THE three hundred and sixty-fifth day—or, if one were married in the year preceding a leap-day, the three hundred and sixty-sixth day—of married life approaches, every young couple begins to think of the fitting celebration for the very great occasion. Just how should the anniversary of quite the most important day of the year be recognized?

Traditions have long since sprung up round the outstanding milestones on the matrimonial way. The first of these says that One Year Married must be hailed with paper—much paper. And no bride who saw carefully that, nearly a year ago on her wedding day, she wore "something old and something new; something borrowed and something blue"—no bride of all that large order of traditional brides, will overlook the special nature of her anniversaries.

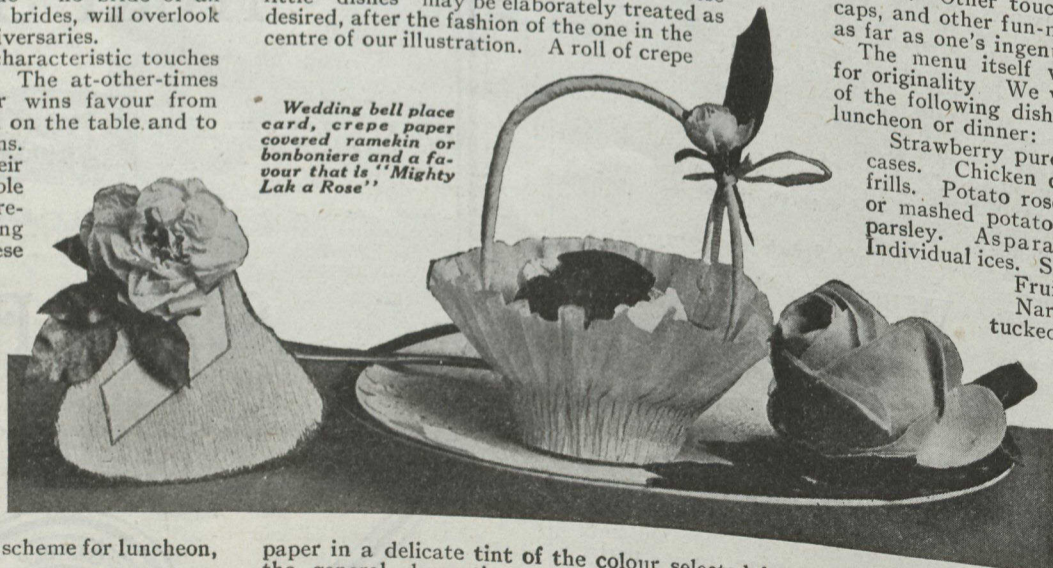
It is not difficult to give characteristic touches to the paper wedding day. The at-other-times much despised paper flower wins favour from the real blossom for use both on the table and to add its gay touch to the rooms. Fine table linens are left in their careful seclusion and paper table cloths, doilies and napkins replace them. This sort of thing comes in such variety these days that there need be no difficulty in selecting an appropriate pattern. The two most obvious motifs will be the bridal pattern, with its conventional suggestions of wedding bells, orange blossoms, etc., and the cupid-and-heart combination that is so largely used at the valentine season. Or again, we may choose a flower—the rose, for instance—as the keynote of our scheme for luncheon, dinner or reception table.

It is possible to carry out the paper idea in still greater detail, if the occasion is quite informal by using the papier-maché plates that are made in the same designs as the crepe paper table cloths and napkins and we have also the little fluted

**W**E HAVE received many letters asking: "What are the succeeding wedding anniversaries and can you give us some ideas for the menu, the table decorations, etc., at such and such a celebration?" Feeling that the subject is of interest in almost every home that EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD enters, we have planned a series of little articles touching upon the anniversaries that are usually celebrated, from that most important first one to the wonders of the golden and diamond wedding days.

paper drinking cup that has become such a friend to the general public. There are, too, the little paper ramekins in which to serve any suitably iced, meringues, custards, trifles, etc. These little "dishes" may be elaborately treated as desired, after the fashion of the one in the centre of our illustration. A roll of crepe

Wedding bell place card, crepe paper covered ramekin or bonbonniere and a favour that is "Mighty Lak a Rose"



paper in a delicate tint of the colour selected for the general decorative scheme, will make any number of dainty coverings for these cases.

Cut strips across the crinkle of the crepe paper, allowing about half an inch more than the depth of the paper case; flute one edge carefully by drawing it through between thumb and finger

to give a frilled top. This can be tacked to the case with cotton thread, or tied in place with a narrow ribbon. For slated almonds, bon-bons, etc., a handle made of twisted wire covered with the paper will add a worth-while touch.

For place cards, a wedding bell is cut from silver paper, a layer being pasted on either side of a bell-shaped piece of light cardboard. A tiny white card such as those used for Christmas gifts, pasted on one side, will carry the name.

The "favour" possibilities are legion—the one we have illustrated is a realistic paper rose; concealed within its petals is a delicate cream bonbon. Other touches such as crackers, paper caps, and other fun-making trifles, may be added as far as one's ingenuity and inclination suggest. The menu itself will give considerable scope for originality. We would suggest an adaptation of the following dishes to the requirements of a luncheon or dinner:

Strawberry puree. Creamed fish, in paper cases. Chicken cutlets, trimmed with paper frills. Potato rosettes, made with pastry tube or mashed potato in cone shape, topped with parsley. Asparagus tips. Summer salad. Individual ices. Small cakes rolled in cocoanut. Fruit punch.

Narrow pointed dinner rolls are tucked into a tube of white note paper tied with narrow white satin ribbon. Red crepe paper cones, crushed in a little at the apex, are slipped over the bouillon cups and tucked in at the bottom to look like strawberries. If some real strawberry leaves can be obtained, place them under each cup to support the giant strawberries.

The cutlet frills are made from white paper cut in inch-wide strips and folded lengthwise—the intervals of about one-sixteenth of an inch, about the cutlet stem. The refreshments at a reception will of course, be simpler.



# EVERYWOMAN'S HOUSEHOLD DEPARTMENT

Food and Housekeeping Efficiency  
Edited by Katherine M. Caldwell B.A.

## The Family Laundry Up-to-Date

There is a Best Way, a Quickest Way and a Least Laborious Way of Handling It

(Continued from last month)

**C**OLOURED clothing needs extra care. Each colour is washed separately, in case the dye runs. The work should be done quickly, the garment hung up in the shade, wrong side out, to dry at once, otherwise it will probably run and streak. Long-drawn-out wetness, strong alkalis, or acids or a bleaching agent, whether sunshine or chemical, will all be harmful. Don't soak, therefore, unless necessary. Use a pure, mild soap. If a softening agent must be used, let it be borax. Rub starch in well and wipe off any excess, to avoid white spots and streaks.

Colours that are apt to fade may often be "set" by soaking overnight in one of what we call the "mordant" solutions. Test a small piece of cloth first and see which solution acts on it best. After the soaking, dry thoroughly before washing. Another good plan to prevent fading, even when the colour seems reasonably fast, is to rinse the garment in a diluted salt solution just before hanging to dry.

### Mordant Solutions

To one gallon of water add  
½ cup mild vinegar, effective for blues.

2 cups of salt, effective for pink, black or brown.

1 Tablespoon sugar of lead (poison), effective for lavender.

Woolen materials also require sensible and considerate treatment. Again, they should be handled quickly. These rules should be kept firmly in mind.

Water should be pleasantly lukewarm, never hot.

Even temperature throughout the washing is absolutely essential.

A sudden change will cause immediate shrinkage.

Pure mild soap should be used and it should be melted, as in directions for soap solution.

If water is hard, use a tablespoonful of borax or ammonia to each gallon of water.

Rub as little as possible. Squeeze the garment, plunge it up and down in

the water and work it gently with the hands, else the fibres will mat and harden. A second clean suds of same temperature is often advisable and several rinsing waters should be used. Be sure no particle of soap remains. Put through a loosely set wringer and hang wrong side out in a warm place, never near a fire, where sudden direct heat will cause shrinkage.

If woollens are pressed, don't use too hot an iron.

Blankets should be given the same treatment. Squeeze the water from the lower hanging edge occasionally during drying period.

Silk should be given similar washing, wrung between towels and ironed on the wrong side while damp. To avoid stiffening it, iron silk under a cloth.

### Removing Stubborn Stains

**W**HERE fabrics are stained so that ordinary washing, or the less trying sponging, will not remedy the matter, special treatment is necessary.

Boiling water is successful for certain stains, others require chemicals.

Javelle water (for white goods only), potassium permanganate in solution (for white and some coloured goods), oxalic acid (poison), ammonia water, hydrogen peroxide, French chalk, should be kept on hand. They must be used quickly to prevent damage to fibres. Stretch the stained portion tightly over a bowl and apply chemicals from a medicine dropper or the point of a skewer or small stick.

Javelle water is made as follows:

1 pound washing soda.  
1 quart boiling water.  
½ pound chloride of lime.  
2 quarts cold water.

Put soda into a granite pan, add boiling water, stir until dissolved, and cool.

Dissolve chloride of lime in cold water allow to settle, then pour off clear liquid into the soda solution, let settle, pour off clear liquid, bottle and keep in a dry place.

Mix a quantity for use with an equal quantity or more of water, and don't soak garments in it more than

half an hour. Rinse in several waters and lastly in diluted ammonia water.

Potassium permanganate is prepared for use by dissolving 1 teaspoonful of the crystals in a pint of water. Apply with medicine dropper or small rod, allow to remain five minutes. If a brown or pink stain is left, it may be removed by applying hydrogen peroxide.

Oxalic acid should be given the careful oversight a dangerous poison requires. Prepare by dissolving in a pint of lukewarm water, all the crystals it will melt. Bottle, cork tightly, and put in a safe place for use as needed.

The commonest stains are usually treated as follows:

Fruits and Berries (Fresh).—Pour boiling water from a height on stain.

Rub a little, between times, and bleach in the sun.

If the stain will not yield to boiling water, moisten with lemon juice and expose to sun. A stain which turns blue or gray should be moistened with oxalic acid or lemon juice.

Potassium permanganate or Javelle water may be used.

Fruits and Berries (Cooked).—Easier to remove. Boiling water and soap will suffice, except for red or purple stains, which are treated like fresh fruit stains.

Grass or Flower Stains.—Hot water and soap, plenty of rubbing. Grain or wood alcohol, where rubbing may injure.

Grease.—Scrape off. If stain remains try warm water or soap. Naphtha or kerosene will be efficient solvents of grease.

Absorbent substances such as fullers' earth, French chalk, powdered magnesia, for fine materials. Cornmeal or salt for coarse things such as carpets. Heap on the stain, brush off occasionally and renew. Blotting or absorbent paper on one side, a warm iron on the other; heat will melt the grease which will run into the paper.

Chloroform, ether, gasolene or naphtha are solvents for grease, the first is best and not inflammable. Place a clean absorbent pad underneath and sponge from outside in to centre, to

prevent a ring. A good plan is to surround stain with a ring of French chalk first.

Egg.—Cold water, followed by hot water and soap, or by a grease solvent.

Cocoa, Chocolate.—Soap and hot water, a sprinkling of borax, wet with cold water and rinsed in boiling water. Lukewarm water for delicate fabrics.

Coffee.—The cream calls for grease solvent. Soap and water or potassium permanganate may be used.

Dye or Run Colours.—Cold or warm water, sunlight. Javelle water, potassium permanganate or hydrogen peroxide, with a little ammonia in it, may be tried, the last for silk and wool.

Blood.—Cold water. Soak and rub and when light brown wash with hot water and soap as usual. Ammonia—1 ounce to 1 gallon water—will loosen old stains. Hydrogen peroxide, sponged on, will often remove stubborn blood stains.

Raw starch and water in thick paste applied to flannel, blankets, etc., and brushed off when dry. Repeat if necessary.

Ink.—There are preparations for removing ink stains. Much depends on the kind of ink. Printing ink will yield to plenty of rubbing with soap and water, when fresh. Lard, rubbed well into stain and washed out with soap and water, is good.

Writing Ink.—Try absorbent, first working over stain with something blunt.

Milk.—Soak stain for a day or two, changing milk when it shows colour. Oxalic acid. Soak for a few minutes, rinse in clear water, then ammonia water. Potassium permanganate, Javelle water, or lemon juice, may work.

Iron Rust.—Dilute hydrochloric acid. Oxalic acid, lemon juice.

Meat juice.—Treat like blood.

Medicines.—Soap and water, hydrochloride, oxalic acid, alcohol or Javelle water.

Mildew.—Soap and water and bleaching. Sour milk, lemon juice, Javelle water, potassium permanganate.

Paint.—Turpentine. If old and set, turpentine and ammonia. Grease solvents will often help.

## Time to Put Away the Warm Things

### How to Avoid Moths and Other Summer Menaces

**T**HE family has, long before this, put aside its warm winter clothing. From father's overcoat to the children's little "woolies" everything must be put away until the return of cold weather. Just how useful articles that are now very usable will be when they are again needed, depends, of course, upon just how they are put away now.

Some fortunate housewives possess those delightful cedar boxes, or have a cedar-lined storage cupboard. No matter how great the lure of "pure wool" is, no moth will willingly venture into them. The trick here lies in the thorough cleaning and brushing that must precede the putting them away, so that there will be no eggs in the folds of material, nor even any dust to work its way deeper and deeper into the fabric and make those almost ineradicable grey lines and markings.

This brushing and cleaning is perhaps the most important move in the whole storing away of winter fabrics; unless it is thoroughly done, all the further trouble one goes to, in parcelling and tying in moth-proof and dust-proof packages, will be worse than wasted. There is an ironic quality we are slow to appreciate in the experience of stripping away the carefully glued wrappings that protected Willie's best reefer from all outside influences, to find that we had given a marvellously cosy home, and unlimited nourishment of their favourite kind, to a rising young generation of moths

hatched from eggs that had been hidden in a little deposit of dust under each cuff, or beneath the lapels of the collar.

A stiff whisk then, of good quality; a firm clothes brush; soap-suds, where advisable, and cleaning materials for any necessary sponging over and removing of stains.

Apart from all other considerations, these are much easier to remove now than after a five or six months' longer hold on the fabrics.

The far-sighted housekeeper will send to the storeroom all the cardboard boxes in which new clothes are delivered, those sent home by the cleaner, any hat boxes not in use and even the small fry, such as show-boxes. They are invaluable for the spring put away-time.

The complete supplies needed include: Cardboard boxes, assorted sizes.

Wrapping paper, newspapers.

Strong string.

A pot of paste with a small brush.

Moth-balls or a preparation such as camphor and cedar.

A crayon or soft pencil for marking.

The method is simple.

Cut plenty of strips of wrapping paper about four inches wide, to seal the boxes.

**S**ORT the well cleaned articles, putting together those that will probably be required about the same time. The children's woollen garments; the grown ups warm underwear; fall suits and coats; winter suits and coats; knitted caps, mittens, scarfs and sweaters; overcoats and leggings, and so on. Thought-

ful grouping at this stage of the business will mean, later, the opening of just those packages that are required.

Select a box that will hold one group. Line it with newspaper and fold in the garments one by one, sprinkling with the anti-moth preparation or putting in the moth balls. When the box is full, fold the papers round and put on the lid.

Apply paste to a length of the paper stripping that is cut, and gum firmly over the crack between lid and box. Don't leave a single crevice that is not firmly sealed.

Tie with strong cord, so that there will be no strain on the pasted strips. They are not in place to hold the box closed, but to keep out all dust, moths, etc.

With a crayon or big soft pencil, write clearly on the lid just what the box contains. Do this with each box as you go along, or confusion may easily arise.

If there is a scarcity of boxes, make parcels, not too large or bulky, using strong wrapping paper and cord, and sealing all the edges with the pasted paper. Mark as you do the boxes.

**H**ATS that have next-season possibilities want special care. If either the shape or trimming is useless, don't give invaluable space in your boxes. Rip off the trimming and discard it or freshen it up as much as possible if it is to be saved. Put flowers, etc., into paper bags, labelling each one. Fold the mouth over several times and pin closed.

Brush shapes well, clean any spots, if necessary. Remember moths will love ostrich trimming, and any sort of felt,

velours, and so forth. So seal up your band boxes in the same way and write a sufficiently full description of the contents on the lid to recall each one after a lengthy period of forgetting.

Winter blankets, after being carefully washed and well aired, should be folded away with camphor balls. It will pay to examine them occasionally.

Eiderdown quilts and good comforters had best be sent to the cleaner's if they are soiled. The best way to put them away is to sew them up in an old sheet.

Heavy drapes need thorough beating and brushing. Examine the floor end for any stains from floor wax and dust, etc. A vacuum cleaner is invaluable in their case.

Furs, if they are valuable, should really be sent to the furriers to be kept in cold storage through the warm season. If you keep them at home, it will pay to examine them frequently and give them an occasional good shaking and airing in the bright sunlight before packing away again and sealing up well.

And just as a last word—be sure there is no crack or crevice in any of the cupboards where a moth or an egg may be lurking. Have every clothes press very thoroughly cleaned and scrubbed—for even amongst the garments that hang there in the summer, there are many that the moths will enjoy—our pretty knitted sweaters, light weight woollen suits or coats.

It is only prevention that pays, where the pests that prey on our garments are concerned. There is no real cure for a moth-hole

# Aunt Polly Does the Shops

## For Her Sub-Deb Niece, Marie-Anne

By *Helen Cruikshank*



AME OLD DEARS:—

If there's one thing nicer than another about Spring, it's the fashions that are always a part of it, for slim, svelte youth.

(Of course this is a very poor way to begin a sociable letter, but I know you are most interested in the subject that's uppermost in my mind now—fashions.)

I remember hearing a delightful fairy story when I was a very wee thing about a wonderful "Doll Queen," who lived in a very beautiful palace with grounds all around and trees in the

midst of her garden where-on "grew" the most fairylike frocks and bonnets and other sartorial accessories for dolls. All one

needed to do was to "pick" a bonnet or frock as the demand arose for them.

Spring has always seemed like that to me since—a large, motherly tree, with generous branches, laden with new buds and a gay "young thing" supported on the most liberal bough watching each bud as it's fluffy petals unfolded, knowing each one was hers for the choosing. As for the liberal "picking" these days, well, of course, that's the fairy part of it—one may still "pick" but one must pay.

May is logically the first month wherein the weather is sufficiently dependable to merit confidence enough to display the fluffy-ruffleness or bouffancy of one's new spring frock.

Youth from sixteen years up (for hasn't every woman youth in her heart and her desires when it comes to fashion?) is indisputably the one who will do it most gracefully this spring.

In these exclusive little shops where the needs and whims of young "things" are catered to exclusively, and where one feels called upon either to be accompanied by Dame Fashion personally or bearing a letter of recommendation from her before entering the dollar-paved portals, I found our old, trusty friend tricotine in a capricious mood.

ACCORDION pleating was, and still is, her *affaire de coeur* of the moment. To the curt

brevity of the Eton waist are these pleated tricotine skirts affianced, and a Roman striped girdle joins them in perfect colourful harmony.

I am enclosing a sketch of this frock, for it's the very one that I selected to send my little niece, Marie-Anne, who is still at boarding school. She is one of those ducky ingenues with curling bobbed hair and limbs that have far outgrown her years. You see the abruptness of the Eton waist and the splashiness of the sash bow will offset the straight-up-and-down-ness of the skirt and tend to cut off her youthful angularities (and there is such a word.)

There was another navy blue tricotine model with Eton blouse effect and hip loops that looked just like the top of a closed umbrella. It was trimmed in black braid and a very gay girdle peeked out below the end of the Eton blouse.



It had short sleeves, too, in it's favour, but it must have been the newness and girlish effect of the accordion pleats that made me capitulate before the other.

If Marie-Anne were a less roguish and more demure Sixteen, there was a dark brown crepe de Chine I'd liked to have bought her to wear to those innumerable little giggly afternoon tea parties that one is usually affected with at that care-free age. Four large tucks edged with tiny tailored loops of grosgrain ribbon comprised the skirt. A soft surplice blouse with short kimono sleeves was the beginning and end of the bodice.

As soft as pussy willows, and just the colour of them was the embroidery on a youthful looking black charmeuse dress—another temptation. Observation and a certain amount of inquiry gained for me the information that the embroidery was an achievement of one of those magic embroidery needles that are on the market for a dollar or less now. Many women who have suddenly blossomed forth in these elaborately embellished gowns, owe their success to their new and supposedly, labour and time-saving device. I have never tried one, but those who have are obviously pleased with the effect.

BUT BECAUSE Anne is Marie-Anne, and her hair is coppery gold and her eyes blue, I decided on this joy of a frock (upper left hand corner) all ruffles and fine pleats of robin's egg blue georgette crepe. Lest it blow away in the sheer joy of being Spring and destined for a girl of sixteen, a girdle and bow of wide, lady-fair satin ribbon of a queer shade of rose on one side and mauve on the other was tied about it as if to anchor it or at least lend it substantially. It was the kind of frock that you'd expect an artist

Were she less roguish and more demure, this dark brown crepe de chine with tailored tabs would have been my choice.

As soft as pussy-willow and just the colour of them is the embroidery on this youthful looking black charmeuse dress.

The newness and girlishness of the accordion pleated skirt made me capitulate. It is one of the capricious things tricotine is doing this Spring.

Another navy blue tricotine with Eton blouse effect and hip loops that stood out just like the top of a closed umbrella.

to suggest a sub-deb who was about to sit for her portrait to wear, or at least some poet to put in a poem entitled "Youth."

Anne will attend her first "hop" this spring. Oh, yes, some young swain from an adjoining, or at least neighbouring school for young Beaux Brummels, has asked her with much trepidation, but no hesitation, I believe, to go.

Womanlike, her first thought was a suitable gown, and her second thought her Aunt Polly, whom she knew would be tickled silly to select it for her (such child-like faith—it keeps me young, I think). It didn't take me long; I knew before I started out what I wanted, so of course I found it waiting for me.

I shall expect Marie-Anneto be very demure in it!—

on her best behaviour, of course, because it is one of those restful frocks that rustles and swishes ever so slightly as one glides, and makes one feel very important, especially if one is sixteen and at their first big dance. Turquoise blue, with just enough green in it to make it interesting and not commonplace, is the colour. The fabric, taffeta—extra heavy in quality—almost a cord in it. A twist of silver and orchid-toned ribbon encircles the almost unindented waistline, and capriciously, without rhyme, but for just the reason that it is sensible to to most anything on a sub-deb's frock, a wreath of orchid and silver-veiled rose buds is fastened on the front of the scalloped tunic.

With Spring in the air and a perfectly adorable niece in one's heart and on one's mind to shop for, what more could I ask?

I hope you'll like these frocks for Anne and will be such perfect old dears as to write and tell me so.

It's so easy to say "I love you," when it's May! It rather signs itself.

Yours,

AUNT POLLY.



Because her hair is coppery gold and her eyes blue I decided on this joy of a frock of robin's-egg blue Georgette crepe.



Anne will attend her first "hop" this Spring and I shall expect her to be very demure, on her best behaviour, in this ducky frock of turquoise blue taffeta.



# Where Spring and Summer Meet

These Sports and Other Motor Coats  
Will Bridge the Gap



T 109

T 110

T 111

T 112

T 113

**T109**—To meet the many requirements of motoring and general wear, beige colour duvetyn is becomingly used for this smart coat. The long shawl collar is cut in two sections and tucked at the joining, giving a slightly draped effect. Groups of tucks trim the back of the coat and the unusual way the lower section of the coat joins the upper is extremely smart. The sleeves are finished with turnback cuffs.

**T110**—This slenderly fitting coat looks best in grey blue homespun. The becoming shawl collar falls in soft folds at the back of the neck. The lower section of the coat is slightly gathered at the front and joined to the long-waisted upper section. Large patch pockets are an attractive trimming. The back panel of the coat is cut wider at each side below the waist line, forming a loose fold.

Complete instructions for ordering "Le Costume Royal" patterns for any of the above designs will be found on page 44.

**T111**—Fashioned on lines suitable for town as well as sports wear is this coat of soft grey cloth. The long shawl collar falls in becoming lines at the back of the neck. The unusual cut of the pockets is an attractive feature. The sleeves, which are set in at the front, are made with seams ending at the shoulders giving the kimono effect in the back. The back is loose.

**T112**—For general wear this coat of golden duvetyn brown is particularly smart. Whether the collar is closely buttoned up or laid back in revers, it looks equally well. The narrow belt passes beneath side sections which extend above the waist line. The same effect is carried out at the back. The set-in sleeves are trimmed with narrow bands of the material and ball buttons.

**T113**—The ever popular beige and brown plaid velours is used for this attractive coat. The long shawl collar is slightly gathered at the centre back, making a soft roll. Inverted plaits, finished with embroidered arrows, give the much desired fulness at the back. A narrow belt of the material ties at the front. Slashed pockets are effectively used. The long set in sleeves are finished with turned-back cuffs.



# Summer Loveliness as Reflected in the New Designs



6064

**6064**—Figured organdie is combined with embroidered white organdie for this frock. The two-tiered tunic is open at the front, showing a short embroidered panel. The sash of plain organdie ties in a huge bow in back.

**6065**—For this smart frock tan tricotine is used. Inserts at each side of the gathered front section of the skirt give a tunic effect. The bodice is long-waisted and closes at the side back.

**6066**—Satin and silk duvetyn in midnight blue are effectively combined for this frock. The narrow belt vasses through slashes and ties at the front. The overskirt is open at the front, showing a gathered underskirt of satin.

**6067**—Blue and white flowered foulard is used for this attractive frock. The vestee is of fine white batiste. The slightly draped skirt is caught up at one side forming a cascade. Belt of grosgrain ribbon tying at one side.

**6068**—For this frock, blue taffeta is used. A narrow belt passes under the side sections of the bodice which are cut longer than the front. The tunic is trimmed with a band of wool embroidery at each side.

**6069**—Lavender and white gingham is used for this simple frock. Narrow bands and triangular pieces of plain lavender form an effective trimming. The frock buttons on the shoulders and the belt fastens at each side.

Complete instructions for ordering "Le Costume Royal" Patterns for any of the above designs will be found on page 44.



6065

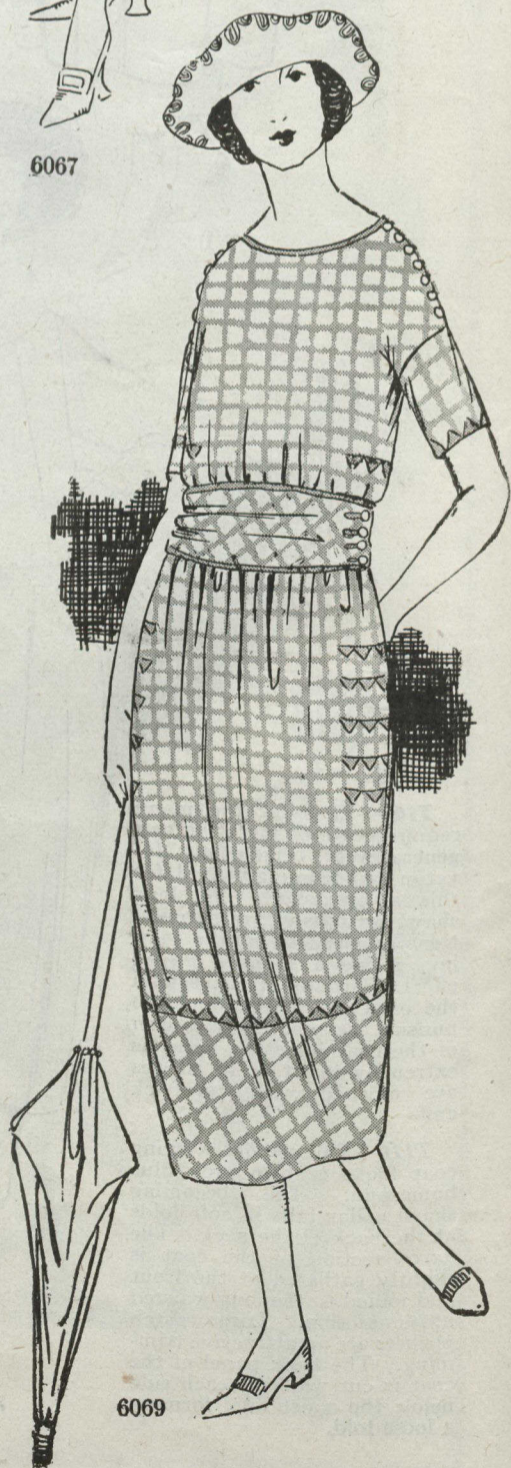
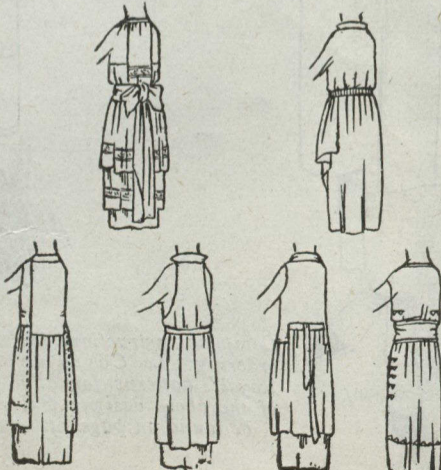
6066



6067



6068



6069

# Modish Models for Misses



6058



6059

6060



6061



6062



6063

**6058**—Wool embroidery in henna colour and dull silver trims this kimono cut chemise frock of blue gabardine. Bands of the material at each side of the skirt are looped up and lined with henna silk. Back closing.

**6059**—Beige colour sports silk is used for this simple frock. The belt is cut in one with the side sections of the waist and fastens at each side of the front. Wool embroidery in jade is effectively used.

**6060**—Tan tricotine is used for this smart frock. A group of cartridge plaits trims each side of the tunic which is cut open at the front showing an accordion plaited underskirt. Three-quarter length set-in sleeves.

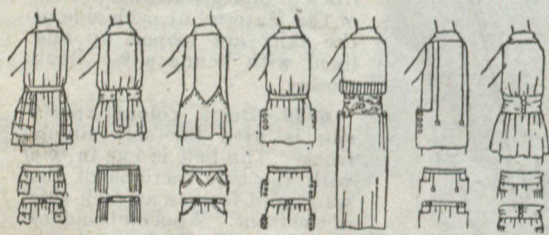
**6061**—An attractive combination of blue and white calico and blue linen is used for this frock. The narrow belt passes under bands of the linen which are cut in one with the tunic. Underskirt of the calico. Covered buttons.

**6062**—Blue taffeta, with a ruching of white Georgette, is used for this frock. Inserts of fine tucking trim the waist and front section of the skirt. Outstanding sections of the tunic form cascades at the sides. Looped-up bands in front.

**6063**—For this simple frock, blue and white gingham is used. The skirt is cut with a long upper section, standing out at the sides, giving a tunic effect. White linen is used for the vestee. Short, set-in sleeves, bound with white.

Complete instructions for ordering "Le Costume Royal" Patterns for any of the above designs will be found on page 44.





**6048**—Circular bands of the material trim the three-quarter length sleeves and the side sections of the peplum of this tan gabardine suit. The coat is held in with a narrow tie-belt. Gathered skirt with circular bands at each side.

**6049**—Midnight blue tricotine is the material of this suit, which has the sash end at the left side cut in one with the front panel of the coat. Set-in sleeves left open at the wrists. The skirt has a machine-plaited panel at each side.

**6050**—The lower part of the coat of this covert cloth suit is cut slightly circular. It is joined to the upper part in points. Applied cuffs trim the set-in sleeves. Gathered skirt with pointed inset yoke.

**6051**—Homespun in grey blue is the material of this suit which has a coat cut on the lines of a sweater. The belt goes under the collar which is cut wider at the bottom. The skirt has an outstanding section at each side.

**6052**—Cartridge plaits form the trimming for this blue gabardine Eton suit. The upper part of the skirt is made of tan cloth embroidered and braided in blue. The three-quarter length set-in sleeves have turnback cuffs.

**6053**—Beaver coloured tricotine is the material of this suit, which has a straight unbelted coat with outstanding pockets. Embroidered rectangles finish the seams. Gathered skirt, with the lower part cut over the hips to form pockets.

**6054**—Silk faille in midnight blue is used for this suit. The wide-draped girde is in one with the front part of the coat. The front section of the peplum is folded back to form a cascade at each side. Gathered skirt, slashed at each side.



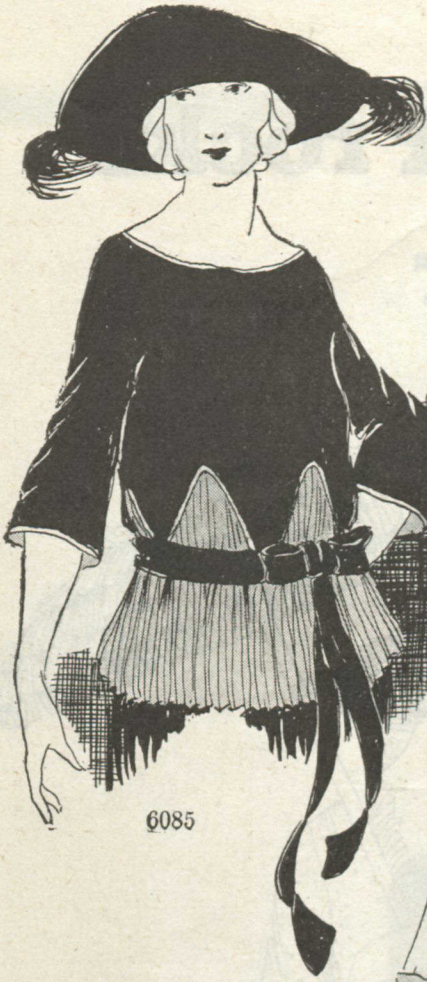
Complete instructions for ordering "Le Costume Royal" Patterns for any of the above designs will be found on page 44.

6052

6053

6054

# Milady Can Wear Nothing Newer Than The Overblouse



6085



6089



6086



6090



6087



6091

**6085**—Dark blue satin is combined with plaited crepe voile in this blouse. The sheer material extends above the girdle, forming points in the bodice. The rounded neckline and the elbow-length sleeves are finished with folds of the voile.

**6086**—Georgette crepe in white is combined with the same material in old blue for this blouse. The roll collar has a band of the blue at the edge. Short kimono sleeves with applied folds of blue.

**6087**—Hand hemstitching in squares and pin tucks trim this blouse of white handkerchief linen. The sleeves are gathered into tucked cuffs which are finished with narrower turnback cuffs.

**6088**—Heavy knitted silk in blue is combined with the same material in tan for this overblouse. The blouse is put on over the head and is held with a sash of the tan.



6088



6092

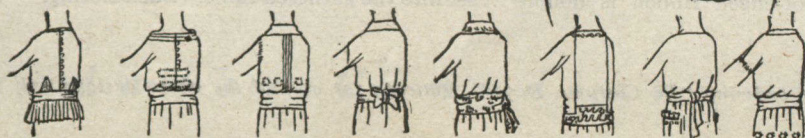
**6089**—Steel beads trim this overblouse of grey blue crepe de Chine. The sash, which is entirely covered with beads, is wider at the front where it is joined to the front panel. Blanket stitching in silver is used at the edges of the panel.

**6090**—Wool embroidery in terra cotta and green trims this long-waisted bodice of black wool jersey. The short kimono sleeves are slashed at the back. Side-back closing.

**6091**—Narrow frills of white organdie form an attractive trimming for this overblouse of white crepe de Chine. The peplum is slashed over each hip. The sash of the material is tied in back.

**6092**—Tiny squares of white faille are used in appliqué on this blouse of blue Georgette crepe. The sleeves are joined with ladder stitching. Narrow roll collar in one with the looped bands in front.

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# Fashion Decrees Fluffy Frocks For Summer Wear



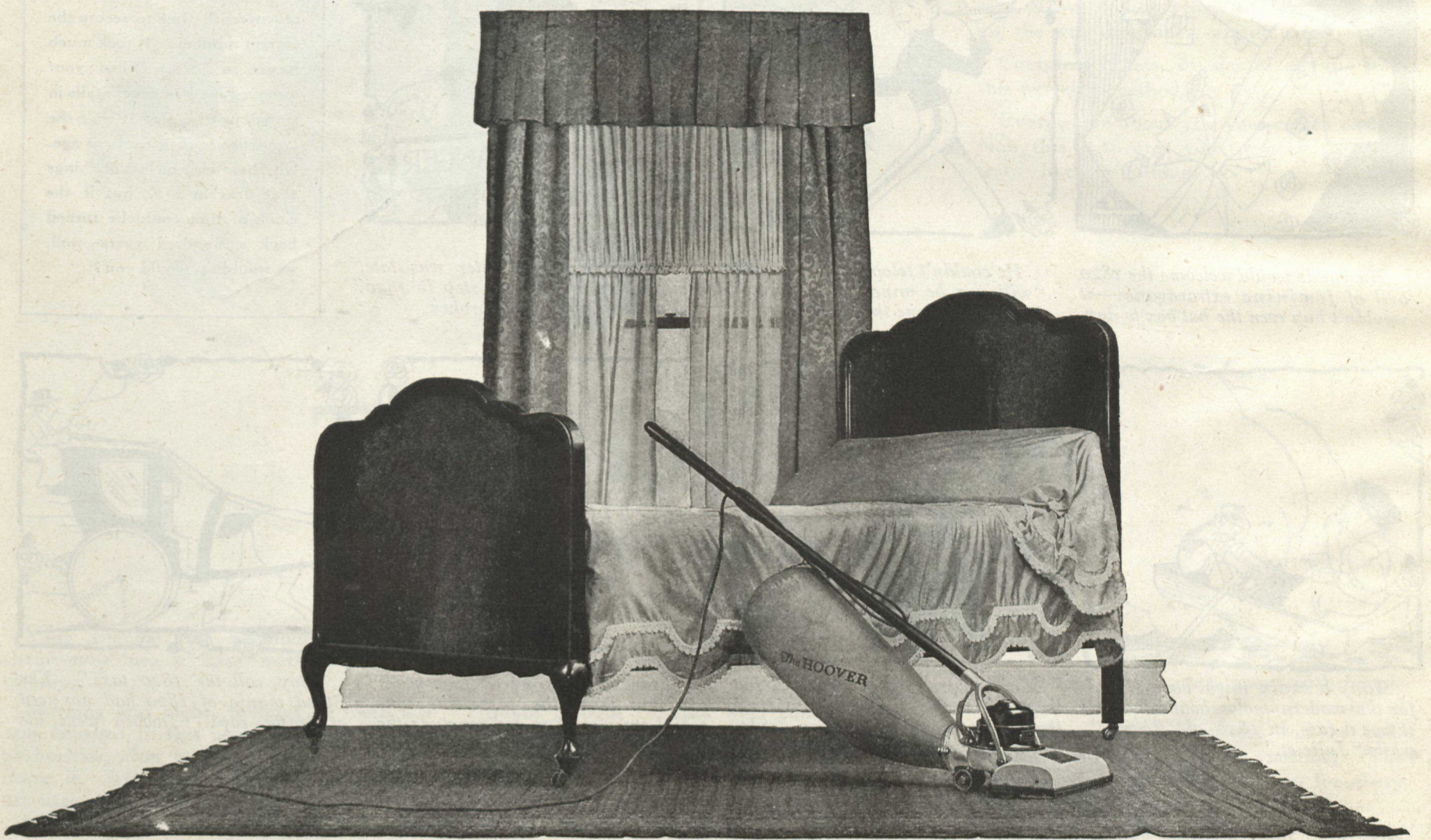
**6042**—Crisp white organdie is the material of this frock. Pin tucks in groups trim the front and back panels of both skirt and waist. The short kimono sleeves are finished with tucked cuffs which are wider at the back. The front panel of the waist is gathered beneath the narrow bias fold which finishes the neckline. The side sections of the tunic consist of four bouffant ruffles, tucked at the edges. The girdele of purple picot-edged ribbon is double at the front.

**6043**—Very fine voile in ecru is attractively combined with filet lace in a wide mesh for this frock. The front section of the waist is cut in one with the knee-length tunic. The side sections are long, extending below the loosely tied girdele of picot-edged ribbon in jade. They are joined with ladder-stitching in heavy linen thread. A wide band of the lace extends around the bodice just below the square neckline and wider bands are set into the gathered tunic. Back closing.

**6044**—Dotted Swiss in pale blue and white is effectively trimmed with plaited frills of white organdie for this frock. The girdele is cut in one with the long-waisted bodice and is finished in back with a huge bow of self-material. A frill finishes the square neckline, the edges being tacked together forming a chemisette. Three frills give a tiered effect to the skirt. Over each hip double frills are attached from waistline to hem, the edges just touching.

Complete instructions for ordering "Le Costume Royal" Patterns for any of the above designs will be found on page 44.

The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—flutters it upon a cushion of air, gently "beats" out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



Moths are unable to indulge their expensive appetites in the depths of the rug that is frequently beaten by The Hoover. Those which burrow deeply to feast or to deposit their eggs are speedily removed, together with all destructive, embedded grit. Besides beating, The Hoover swiftly sweeps up all stubborn litter, rights crushed nap, renews colorings and suction cleans. Only The Hoover performs these essentials. And it is the largest selling electric cleaner in the world.

# The HOOVER

ELECTRIC SUCTION SWEEPER

Write for booklet, "How to Judge an Electric Cleaner," and name of nearest dealer

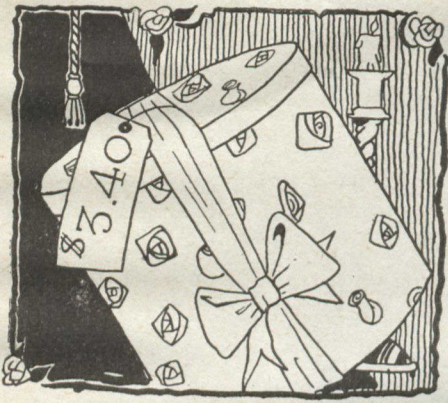
THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED  
The oldest makers of electric cleaners  
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

It *BEATS*...  
as it Sweeps  
as it Cleans

Made in Canada—by Canadians—for Canadians

# Things You Couldn't Do in 1820

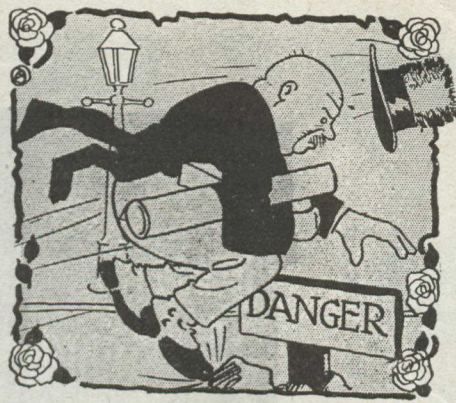
By MARION HERTHA CLARKE



Husbands would welcome the 1820 bill of feminine extravagance—it wouldn't buy even the hat box to-day.



He couldn't telephone or telegraph "will you be mine?" in 1820. It just wasn't done that way then.

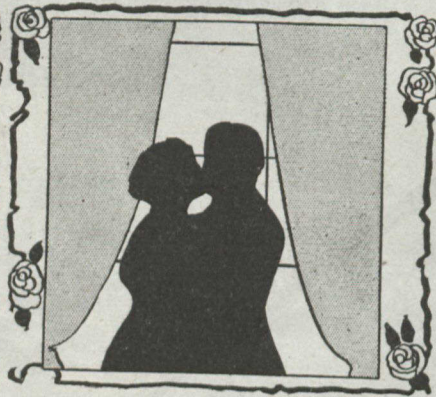


When the lamplighter was late, one had to watch one's step in 1820. We trust nothing was broken.

DON'T "grouse" when "Central" fails for the seventeenth time to secure the correct number. It took much longer in 1820. When your famous Five Passenger stalls in traffic, just be glad it isn't the two-wheeler of a century ago. Oh, there may be lots of things that drag in 1920, but if the clock of time could be turned back a hundred years—well, we wouldn't, would you?



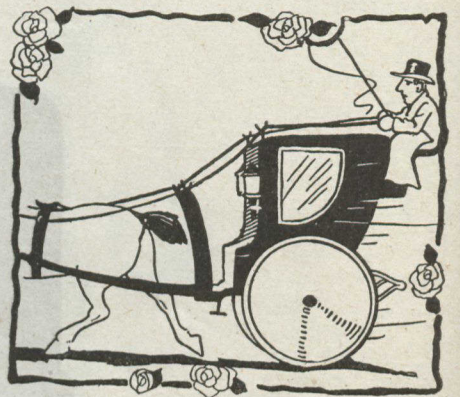
Many a swain might have sighed for the modern motor boat—instead it was a case, in 1820, of "Ro-meo" while "Julie-et."



Movies were unknown in 1820 but the occasional silhouette "stills," though considered scandalous, doubtless drew a capacity audience.



Razors were discovered 4000 years ago, but from the prevailing tonsorial style of 1820 we conclude the razor was either tin or not in vogue.



"Boy, call the 1820 taxi." The Speed mania of 1820 had no need of traffic cops. Dobbin went his "ain" gait.

## Millinery May Be "High" Now ---But Consider These!



COPIED from a head-dress worn at the time of Richard III. of England.



WORN at the time of Richard III. by a maid of honour.



AN elaborate Hollandaise head-dress of the 14th Century.



IN Paris, France, in the 12th Century, the above head-dress was in vogue.



IN the 16th Century Flanders claimed this head-dress for its own.



THE ladies of Touraine appeared in this head-dress in the 11th Century.

NONE of them can eclipse the style of millinery adhered to in Genoa in the 13th Century.



NO Spanish lady in 1450 was in style without a hat like this!



**7,000 people write daily**

For a 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent. At the rate of two million yearly. They are learning the way to cleaner, whiter, safer teeth.

Countless others, by dental advice, start this new-day method.

Everywhere about you you see the results. Now this is to urge you to make the same test. It costs nothing.

# Teeth Like Pearls

## Find out how people get them

*All statements approved by high dental authorities*

Your friends and neighbors—many of them—now use a new method of teeth cleaning.

Morning and night, millions of teeth are now brushed in this new-day way. Dental authorities, after long and careful tests, endorse it. And leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

Wherever you go you see glistening teeth, due to this new protection. You know they are safer, cleaner than dull, film-coated teeth.

Now we urge you to see the results on your own teeth. And we offer a 10-day Tube.

**We now combat the film**

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It is ever-present, ever-forming. You can feel it with your tongue.

It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth, enters crevices and stays. And modern science traces most tooth troubles to it.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other troubles, local and internal.

**Film has been neglected**

Dentists long have known these facts, but no way to combat them. The ordinary tooth paste could not dissolve film, so the tooth brush left much of it intact.

Careful people went twice yearly for a dental cleaning. The film and tartar were then removed by instruments and pumice.

But in the meantime, month after month, it might do a ceaseless damage

Thus the tooth brush proved itself inadequate. Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Very few escaped them—even the most careful. And dull, cloudy teeth were common.

**Science found the way**

Now dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to daily fight this film. The method has been proved by convincing clinical and laboratory tests. Its efficiency is now beyond question.

Able authorities commend this ideal tooth paste, complying in all ways with modern dental requirements. That tooth paste is called Pepsodent.

Countless dentists are helping to bring it into daily use. And, to quickly prove it to the millions, a 10-day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

**Based on active pepsin**

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless, activating method. Years of tests have proved this. Now active pepsin can be every day applied.

Pepsodent also combines two other new principles in teeth cleaning, now urged by the highest authorities. So this one paste embodies three most important methods.

**Results appear quickly**

Pepsodent needs no argument with people who once try it. The results are quick and apparent. This ten-day test will be convincing, and it costs you nothing. The book we send will tell the reason for every effect you see.

Millions are now learning what Pepsodent can do. The use is fast spreading the world over. For your sake and your family's sake this test should be made in your home. It should be made at once. Cut out the coupon now, so you won't forget to mail it



**'Twill be a revelation**

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

You will quickly see that Pepsodent brings a new era in teeth cleaning.

**Pepsodent** CANADA  
REG. IN

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, complying with all modern dental requirements. Now advised for daily use by leading dentists everywhere. Every druggist supplies the large tubes.

**10-Day Tube Free**

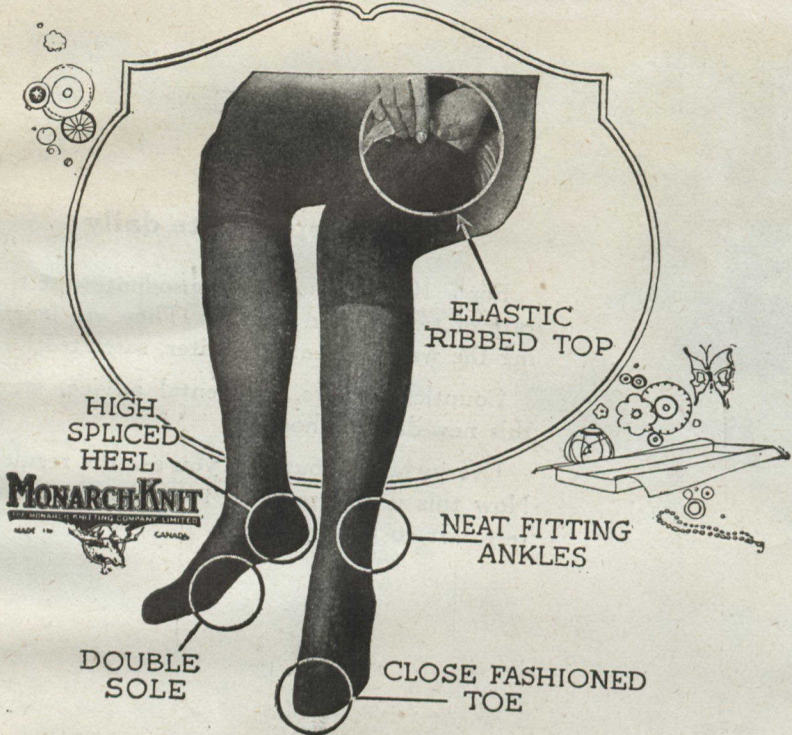
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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY





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THE smooth trim fit so much admired in Monarch-Knit Hosiery is due partly to the absence of seams and partly to the special shaping process followed in knitting the ankles and feet. The special elastic ribbed top makes the stocking fit closely, comfortably, smoothly, without binding. To

good looks we add the assurance of long wear by double-splicing heels and toes and by a rigid system of inspection that keeps the quality uniformly high. You will find at your dealer's a complete display. All the latest shades for men and women, in fine silk and mercerized cotton.

THE MONARCH KNITTING CO., LIMITED  
Dunnville, Ontario, Canada

Also manufacturers of Monarch-Knit Sweater Coats for Men, Women and Children, and Monarch Hand Knitting Yarns

## Every Blemish Removed in Ten Days

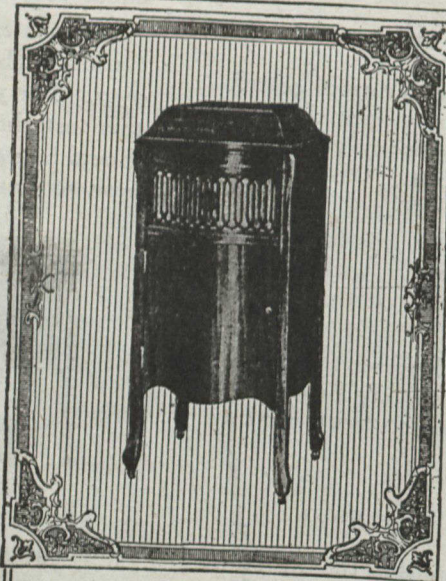
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How FREE  
YOUR COMPLEXION MAKES OR MARS  
YOUR APPEARANCE



Pearl La Sage, former actress who offers women her remarkable complexion treatment

This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians for years. You have never in all your life used anything like it. Makes muddy complexion, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright," whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In 10 days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. All methods known are cast aside. Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatment is very pleasant to use. A few minutes every day does it. Let me tell you about this really astounding treatment free. You take no risk—send no money—just your name and address on coupon below and I will give you full particulars by next mail—Free.

**FREE COUPON**  
PEARL LA SAGE, "Dept. 277"  
59 St. Peter St., MONTREAL, P.Q., Can.  
Please tell me how to clear my complexion in ten days; also send me Pearl La Sage Beauty Book, all FREE.  
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Street .....  
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## Through The Eye of a Needle

THE BIBLICAL metaphor concerning the eye of a needle has another application, according to Mlle. Susanne Boitard, a French journalist now touring this continent. She affirms that the Canadian woman needs a closer acquaintance with the eye of a needle in order to pass through into the kingdom of the smartly dressed. It is because French women, almost without exception, know the art of wielding a needle, and thereby giving their attire touches of individuality and occasional "first aid" when seams give way, that they are able to dress so

but few of them are 'artistic with a needle,' in the French sense. "The French shop girl may have but a single blouse, but she understands how to launder, iron and care for it herself to keep it always looking fresh and lovely. Here, blouses are sent to the public laundries and they come back clean but with all their freshness mangled out of them. "In Paris, there is a tiny store in nearly every block, where one may purchase needles, buttons, yarns, tape and all the minor things of the wardrobe—the things which one works with.



Mademoiselle Susanne Boitard, a French journalist now touring this continent.

well on such a small amount, compared to our expenditures, Mlle. Boitard says. "The French woman is so well-dressed because she understands the art of being her own maid," declares Mlle. Boitard. "She knows the value of personal adornment, and what is more, she is trained in the little devices which save money in caring for a wardrobe. Over here I find that women are more helpless. Some of them are 'handy with a needle,' as it is called,

But in this country one has to go to a distant department store for these things, and then walk for miles and miles through crowded aisles, looking for the 'notion counter.' The very remoteness of the notion counter shows the slight importance which it has in the estimation of the average woman. If things tear or become frayed, she discards them, or sends them away to be fixed. The French woman does this personal service for herself."

### NOVEL IDEAS ABOUT RUGS

IF RUGS are faded they can be made to look like new by the following treatment. Take a cupful of smoking tobacco—any pipe tobacco will do—put it in a pan and steep it as you steep coffee. Drain this liquor off and add three tablespoonfuls of household ammonia to it. This can be used for any kind of dark rug, brown and red, red and blue, etc. Dip a heavy cloth in the solution, scrub the rug well with this, dipping the cloth again and again and wringing it out before using. The result will be a clean looking rug with colours as bright and clear as when it was new.

For a carpet in which the predominating colour is blue, get three gills of ox-gall from the drug store. Dissolve this in a pail of warm water and go over the carpet several times and then wring the cloth out in clean water and remove all the suds. A great freshening and brightening will result.

For a light, tan coloured Brussels rug, use potato water, made by scraping a half dozen potatoes, pouring water

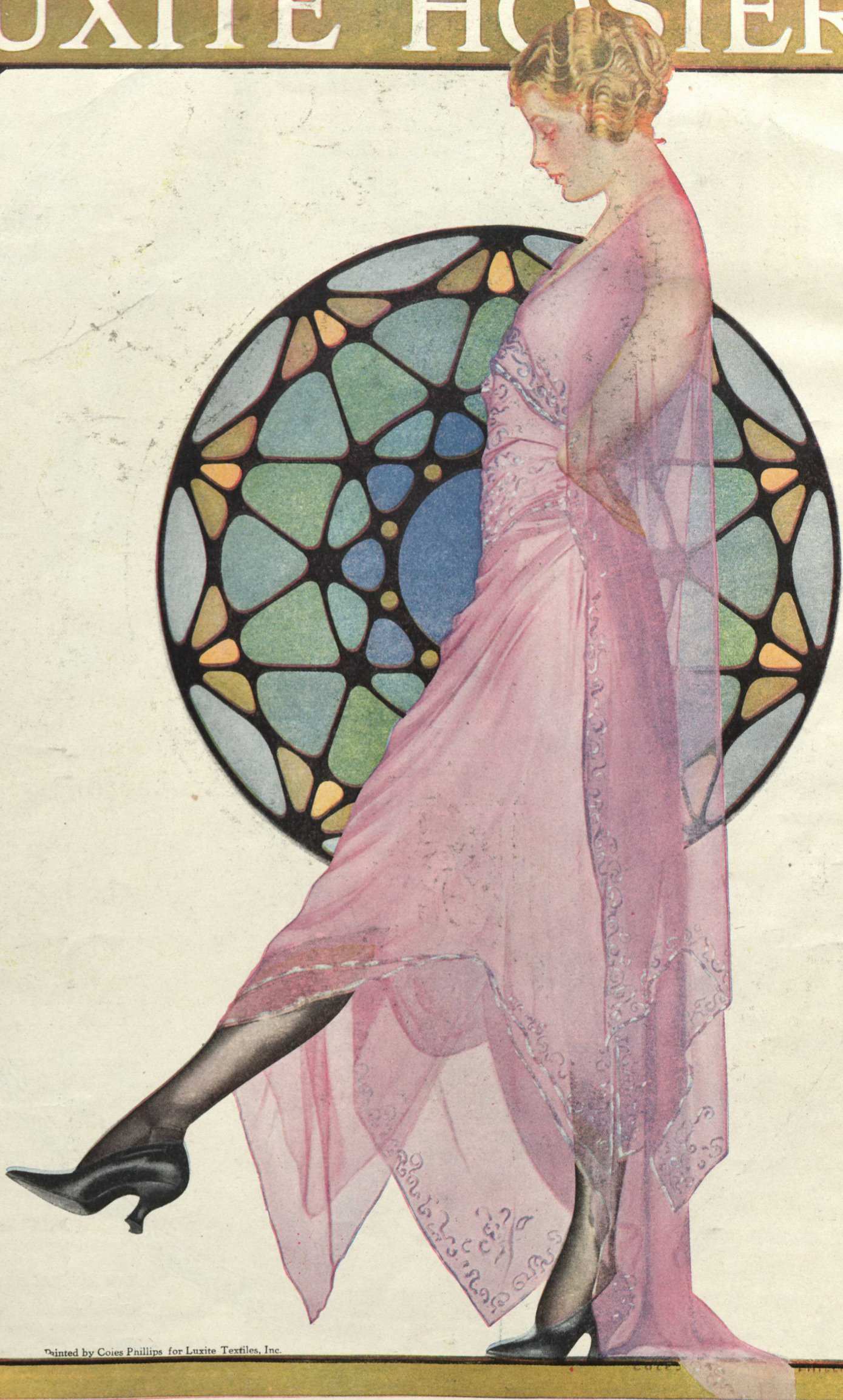
over them and straining off the liquid. This will stiffen the Brussels rug as well as clean it.

In winter nothing cleans and brightens carpets better than to sweep them with clean snow. For dark carpets damp tea leaves can be used, scattering them about the room and sweeping up immediately. And since dust-down is now an expensive luxury, make it at home. Take a bag of sawdust and dampen it slightly with kerosene oil, stir thoroughly and leave it in an air tight receptacle—an old tin wash boiler is excellent—for two or three hours. It is then ready for use in sweeping.

For matting use two quarts of water and one cupful of vinegar and the colours will come out almost as clear as when new.

Dust cloths can be made in the same wash boiler as the dust down. Add a few drops of kerosene oil to each cloth and put on the cover, leaving them for a half day or longer. The oil will then have permeated the entire cloth, and it is ready for use.

# LUXITE HOSIERY



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*Luxite*  
Hosiery

EYES besides yours are sure to admire your hosiery if it be this fairy-fine Luxite. Woven of the finest Japanese silk thread, and fitting every curve perfectly, Luxite is the silk hosiery supreme for both appearance and wear. Made for men, too, to emphasize "well groomed."

LUXITE TEXTILES OF CANADA, LIMITED  
LONDON, ONTARIO



Posed by  
Helene Chadwick,  
Motion Picture  
Star

### "Perfumed with the Costly New Odor of 26 Flowers"

COULD you ever make up such a wondrous bouquet as this—a rose picked in Southern France, a spray of orange blossoms gathered by the Mediterranean, pale spikes of lavender from an English garden, a branch of jasmine from the Riviera, yellow ylang-ylang blossoms from Pacific Isles, blades of spicy vetiver from India—and so on—till you had twenty-six of the loveliest fragrances in the whole world?

If you could gather such a nosegay, then—and then only—could you reproduce the dewy sweetness of Jonteel.

It is this fresh, sweet fragrance which makes Talc Jonteel a favorite with discriminating women—women who know the charm of a soft, fragrant skin.

Gently rub Talc Jonteel into the flesh of your arms and neck, and feel the delightful, refreshing sensation it brings.

Sold only in the 8000 Rexall Stores, throughout Canada, the United States, and Great Britain

#### THE JONTEEL BEAUTY REQUISITES

- Odor Jonteel, for the toilet, \$2.00
- Odor Jonteel Concentrate, \$5.00
- Talc Jonteel, snowy, fragrant, 35c
- Face Powder Jonteel, flesh, white and brunette, 60c
- Face Powder Compacts, flesh, white, brunette, "outdoor," 50c
- Combination Cream Jonteel, to make soft, beautiful complexions, 60c
- Cold Cream Jonteel, 60c
- Soap Jonteel, 40c
- Rouge Jonteel, light, medium, dark, 50c
- Lip Stick Jonteel, 35c
- Eyebrow Pencil Jonteel, 35c
- Manicure Set Jonteel, \$2.25

Jonteel and Rexall preparations are made in Canada.

# The Home Dressmaking Class

Conducted by OLIVE C. CALDWELL



**I**N OUR last lesson we discussed cutting and making a skirt. This month we shall take up the making of a waist, or the separate blouse, so indispensable with a suit.

Again we will start with the selection of a style. In general, this will be governed by the type of person who is to wear it. A long-waisted woman will avoid up-and-down effects that add to the seeming length of line from shoulder to waist. She will choose a plain style, or one that will emphasize the round-about so carefully avoided by the short-waisted or stout woman. The length of the arm is important in this relationship; a long, thin arm should never be encased in a plain, tight sleeve; a cuff, a round frill, or a soft, loose "angel" type of sleeve will break the long line. A short or over-plump arm will be helped by a straight sleeve, and by such ruses as a deep point down over the hand, a long line of buttons to the elbow, etc.

The shape of the face ever should be considered. The woman whose face is broad and round will choose a narrow collar and a "V" shaped opening—never the broad neck treatments or square or round opening so helpful to long, narrow features.

With these points in mind you select your pattern. The size is designated by the bust measurement—the patterns only coming in the even sizes, 34, 36, etc., up to 42 and 44 inches bust measure.

Your own measurements having been carefully taken, apply them to the paper pattern, and make any alterations necessary before attempting to cut the goods. It is the knowledge of how to do this properly that will give you perfect control in any blouse making operation.

## Applying the Measurements—The Waist Line

**F**IRST, identify the waist line upon the pattern; this line is usually marked with perforations. Using a yard stick for a guide, draw a pencil line straight across the pattern, marking the waist line plainly. Do this on both the front and the back half of the pattern. (See the line marked "Waist Line" in Diagram 1).

Then starting at the centre front, one-half inch below the straight line just drawn, draw a line on the front half of the pattern like the dotted line in Diagram 1.

Starting at the centre back, one-half inch above the straight line, draw a line on the back half of the pattern like the dotted line in Diagram 1.

This dotted line gives one-inch raise from the centre front to the centre back and is the proper angle for the average figure. It is the line to be used hereafter as the waist line.

All length measurements for the waist must be measured from this waist line up. It is very important that the individual length measurements be applied to the pattern from the waist line up. If, when measuring the pattern, from the waist line at the centre front up to the base of the neck, the individual measures more than the pattern, it is very necessary that the length be added above the waist line. Especially is this so if the garment extends below the waist line. If the needed length from the waist line

to the neck is not added above the waist line, the garment will draw up in the front or pull down in the back. This is also true of the back. Measure from the waist line at the centre back up to the neck of the pattern; any addition to the length of the pattern must be added above the waist line.

## The Shoulder Alteration

**W**HEN the front length of the pattern has been made to conform to your front length measurement, then measure the shoulder of the pattern. Apply your shoulder measurement, taken from the base of the neck to the tip of the shoulder, to the shoulder of the pattern. Increase or decrease the shoulder of the pattern, as shown by the dotted lines in Diagram 2. "X" for the increase and "O" for the decrease of the shoulder width. Do this on both the front and back half of the pattern.

## Armhole Alteration

**Y**OU ARE now ready to alter the armhole. If you have had to decrease the front or back length of your pattern by folding a tuck, you have no doubt changed both the size and the shape of the armseye of the pattern.

Measure the armseye with your tape measure. If the armseye is too small trim it out to the proper size, preserving the original shape. Be careful about trimming it out too much at this time. When the garment is tried on and the armseye seems too tight it is very easy to trim it out then.

If the armseye is found to be too large fill it out by fastening a piece of paper to the pattern and decreasing the size of the armseye as shown by the dotted lines marked "B" in Diagram 2. If there

Different figures require different alterations, but whichever one is needed to make a pattern fit, it is made in the manner set forth.

Diagram No. 4 shows all the alterations and may be followed when making any single alteration.

## Altering the Width at the Wrist

**V**ERY often all the width given in the pattern above the elbow is required, but from the elbow to the wrist a little less width is desired. For this alteration follow the lines marked "D" in Diagram 5. Any style of cuff may be worn with the Bishop sleeve. Subtract from the length measurements the number of inches desired for the cuff before cutting the sleeve as the sleeve would have to be cut just that much shorter.

## The Dress Sleeve with a Dart to the Elbow

**T**HIS is a very comfortable sleeve for a dress and especially good for a short thick arm.

## The Width Alteration

**F**IRST, measure around the top of the sleeve pattern to determine how many inches it is larger than the armseye of the garment. If it measures more than from 2 to 2½ inches larger than the armseye, it must be reduced.

This sleeve pattern may also be cut too high at the top. If this is so, pencil a line like the dotted

line marked "C" in Diagram 6, and measure along this line for the width at the top of the sleeve. This sleeve pattern is increased or decreased in width by folding a plait or setting in a piece where the dotted line marked "X" is shown in Diagram 6, or as shown by the dotted lines marked "F" and "G," "F" for decrease and "G" for increase. The width at the elbow may also be measured and this alteration extended at the elbow. If the elbow is all right let the alteration taper to nothing at the elbow. If the width at the elbow is altered the alteration must extend to the wrist, taking off or adding an equal amount on both the upper and under sleeve and preserving the original proportions.

## The Length Alteration

**W**HEN the width has been altered the sleeve pattern must be measured for the length. Fold the pattern and apply the measurement taken from the shoulder to the elbow to the pattern, measuring along the dotted line marked "X" in Diagram 7. Increase or decrease the length of the pattern to make it conform to your measurement by folding a tuck or setting in a piece of paper between the shoulder and the elbow where the dotted line is shown in Diagram 7.

In the same manner apply the "elbow to wrist" measurement, and make the alteration where the dotted line is shown between the elbow and the wrist. The "Inside Length" measurement could be applied to the pattern, and the pattern altered to correspond to this measurement. It will readily be seen that the dart should (Continued on page 49)

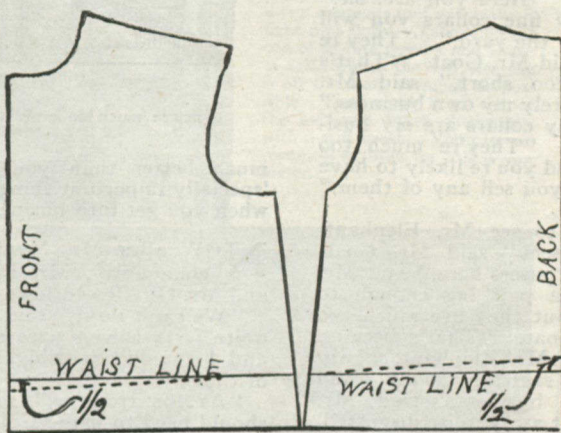


Diagram 1.

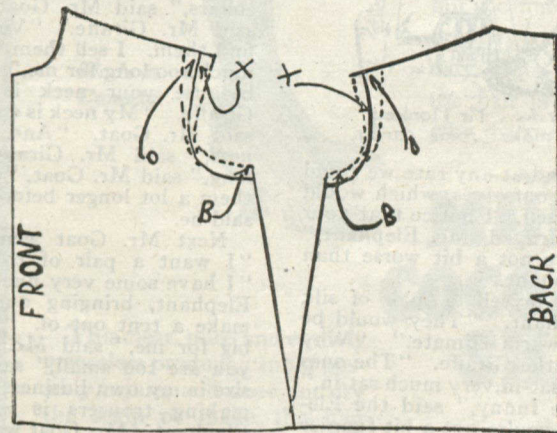
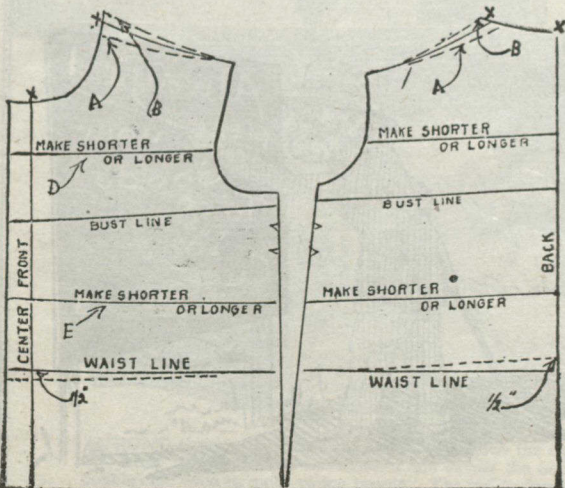


Diagram 2.



has been no length alterations made in the pattern the armseye may be too large and the alteration shown by the dotted lines marked "B" will be necessary.

This may change the under-arm length again. If this is so, and upon measuring, the length of the pattern under the arm from the waist line to the armseye is found to be too long, shorten it by folding a tuck in the pattern which will not interfere with the back or front length measurements.

## The Neck Alteration

**I**F THE alteration for the increase of the front or back length of the pattern has been made, the size of the neck has doubtless been altered. If the length of the pattern was found to need no alteration, the neck may still require some changing.

Measure the neck of the pattern. The number of inches between points X and X on the front half of the pattern (See Diagram 3) and the number of inches between X and X on the back half of the pattern (See Diagram 3) added together, should be half your neck measurement.

Apply the individual neck measurement to the pattern. If, for example, the pattern is found to measure one-half inch more than one-half of your neck measurement, decrease it by taking one-fourth of an inch off the front and one-fourth of an inch off the back of the pattern as shown by "A" in Diagram 3. Likewise if the pattern is too small at the neck increase it the required amount as shown by the dotted line marked "B" in Diagram 3.

Having measured and applied the individual measurements to the pattern, pin it together with the seams on the outside and try it on. Sometimes when the pattern has appeared to be all right, it may, when tried on, require some alteration. If the pattern is too long between the bust line and the neck lay a tuck in the pattern, or if it is too short split it and set in a piece. (See "D" Diagram 3). Make the alteration in the same manner between the bust and waist lines. (See "E," Diagram 3).

It is rarely, if indeed it ever happens, that a pattern needs all the foregoing alterations. Sometimes one alteration suffices; again, two may be needed.

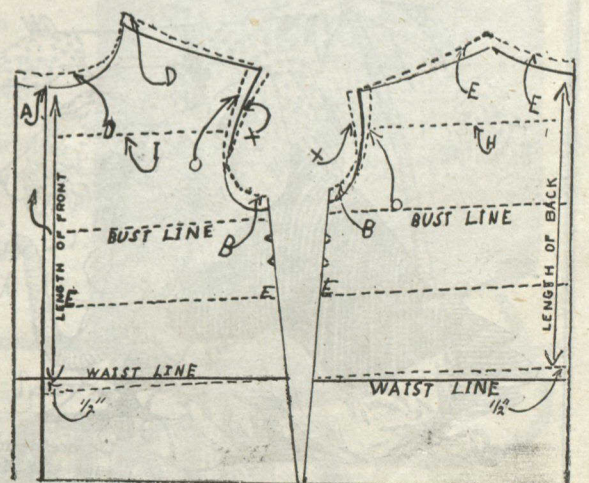
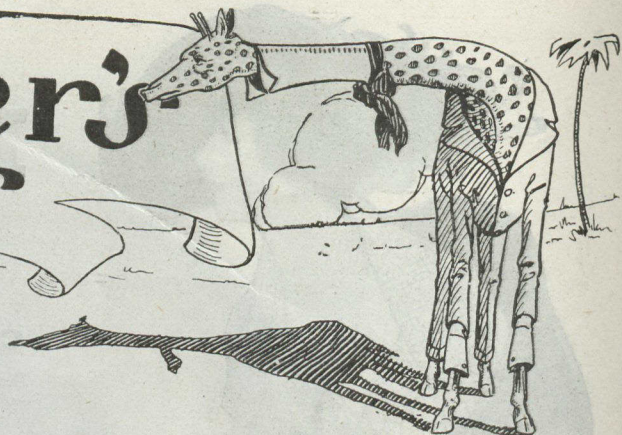


Diagram 4.



# Uncle Peter's Stories



## Business in the Jungle

"THIS is a lazy life," said the Lion, yawning hugely. "I wish we had something to do," said the Elephant, who was drawing pictures in the sand with his trunk. "I'm even tired of eating," said the Giraffe. "I have to wait such a long time for anything I eat to get down the length of my neck." "Let's go into business," said the Lion. "But we don't know anything about business," said the Elephant. "That doesn't matter," said the Giraffe. "Lots of people go into business who don't know anything about it." "I think," said the Lion, "that it would be a good idea to go into the clothing business. Vanity is the great thing which keeps the



Mr. Monkey makes some cards.

clothing business brisk and at any rate we could get some new clothes for ourselves, which would be a very good idea in itself. I notice that your trousers are very much frayed, Mr. Elephant," said the Lion. "They're not a bit worse than your hat," said the Elephant.

"I think I'll make myself a pair of silk trousers," said the Elephant. "They would be just the thing for this warm climate." "Why not try a change?" said the Giraffe. "The ones you are wearing now are sat-in, very much sat-in." "You may think you're funny," said the Elephant, "but believe me, you're not a bit funnier than you look with that absurd little head 'way up in the air.'" "Well," said the Giraffe, "the trouble about you is that no one knows whether you are coming or going, you're so much alike at both ends, and as for Mr. Lion, although he has such a big head, he hasn't enough brains to get his hair cut."

There is no doubt at all that in a very few minutes they would have all been quarrelling, but just at that moment a voice from above said: "Gentlemen, please get back to business," and looking up they saw Mr. Monkey in the tree above their heads. And Mr. Monkey, dropping off the tree, landed on Mr. Giraffe's head and slid down his neck until he was sitting on his back.

"If you are going into business you will have to advertise," said Mr. Monkey. "But we don't know anything about advertising," said Mr. Lion. "I will be your advertising manager," said Mr. Monkey. "The very first thing you need will be some cards, telling everyone what business you are in. I will make the cards for you."



"We are learning something," said the Elephant.

So Mr. Monkey took three big cards and wrote on them in big letters three signs, and this is what he wrote on the first one:

"Lion Hats make themselves Felt. Buy Lion Felt Hats." And on the second he wrote: "Whatever I make my trousers of, they are all satin when they're finished. Wear my trousers. Mr. L. E. Fant."

And on the third card he wrote: "Giraffe Collars. The highest point ever reached in collar making. The best and the longest in existence."

"Now," said Mr. Monkey, "all you have to do is to start business, and as soon as you have enough things made, put these cards out where everyone will see them. You will soon have so many customers you won't know what to do with them all."

SO THE very next day they started in to work, and day after day Mr. Lion made hats, Mr. Elephant made trousers and Mr. Giraffe made collars, until they had quite a stock of them. And one day Mr. Lion said: "The time has come for us to put out our cards." So they all put out their cards and waited for customers to come along and buy the things they had made.

They did not have long to wait. First of all came Mr. Goat. "I would like to buy some collars," said Mr. Goat. "Here you are, sir," said Mr. Giraffe. "Very fine collars you will find them. I sell them by the yard." "They're much too long for me," said Mr. Goat. "That's because your neck is too short," said Mr. Giraffe. "My neck is entirely my own business," said Mr. Goat. "And my collars are my business," said Mr. Giraffe. "They're much too long," said Mr. Goat, "and you're likely to have them a lot longer before you sell any of them," said he.

Next Mr. Goat went to see Mr. Elephant. "I want a pair of trousers," said Mr. Goat. "I have some very fine trousers here," said Mr. Elephant, bringing out a pair big enough to make a tent out of. "But they are much too big for me," said Mr. Goat. "That's because you are too small," said Mr. Elephant. "My size is my own business," said Mr. Goat. "And making trousers is my business," said Mr. Elephant. Mr. Goat went away quite disgusted, and no wonder.

Next Mr. Goat called on Mr. Lion. "I want to buy a hat," said Mr. Goat. Mr. Lion brought out a hat as big as a house, or so it seemed to Mr. Goat. "It is much too big for me," said Mr. Goat. "That's because your head is the wrong shape," said Mr. Lion. "The shape of my head is my own business," said Mr. Goat. "And making hats is my business," said Mr. Lion. "What business are you in?" he asked. "I'm in the butter business," said Mr. Goat, and putting down his head he butted Mr. Lion so hard that he fell right over into a pile of his new hats. "You're better at your business than I am at mine," said Mr. Lion. "I should hope so," said Mr. Goat.

Bad days followed. It was just the same with all the other animals as it had been with Mr. Goat. When Mr. Stork wanted a pair of trousers and saw the great big pair that Mr. Elephant wanted to sell him, he got quite vexed about it. As for the hat that Mr. Lion offered him, it made matters worse. "I could use it very well as a nest for Mrs. Stork," said he.

Business got worse and worse. Customers came and went away without buying anything, because there was nothing that would fit them, and after a time Mr. Elephant said: "We had better go out of business again the same way we came in," and all the others agreed with him.

Now, just about the time that they had decided to go out of business, another Monkey happened to come along that way. He found Mr. Elephant and Mr. Lion and Mr. Giraffe all feeling very sad indeed. "What is the matter with you all?"

asked Mr. Monkey Number Two. So they told him all about their business and their advertising.

When they had finished, Mr. Monkey said: "I will give you some lessons in business." So he told them to sit down in the shade of a tree, and he took a big board and a brush and some white paint. "Now," said Mr. Monkey number Two, "this is my first lesson." And he wrote on the board,

"Make your goods to suit your customers." "Now, we are really learning something," said Mr. Elephant. "We ought to have known that before," said Mr. Lion. "Yes," said Mr. Monkey, "you ought to have known it, but there are many others in business who do not know it



"They're much too long for me" said the Goat.

much better than you did. It is the most specially important thing you have to remember when you get into business," said he.

NOW after Mr. Monkey Number Two had gone away, Mr. Lion and Mr. Elephant and Mr. Giraffe sat down and talked things over. "We can't do it," said Mr. Lion. "There are quite forty-eleven sizes of heads in the jungle, and I couldn't possibly make a hat to fit each of them."

"As for trousers," said Mr. Elephant, "I should need to make Umpty-nine different sizes. I couldn't make enough in a thousand years," said he.

"Well," said Mr. Giraffe, "you two can go out of business if you like, but I am intending to stay in. I shall make my collars ten feet long, and cut them up in lengths to suit my customers."

"How will you manage about sizes," said Mr. Elephant, who sometimes had an idea of his own. "A collar that would fit me," said Mr. Elephant, "would be quite umpteen sizes too big for Mr. Stork," said he.

"I guess I'll have to stay out of business after all," said Mr. Giraffe. And he did.

And the end of it all was that Mr. Lion had enough hats to last him for the rest of his life, Mr. Elephant was able to wear a different pair of trousers every day in the week and two on Sunday, and as for Mr. Giraffe, he was never known after that to be without a clean collar. And they often looked at the card which Mr. Monkey Number Two had made for them, and which said: "Make your goods to suit your customers."

"We are our own customers."



# The Beauty Sleep

Preparation For It--And Morning Exercises



**THE BED-TIME MASSAGE.** Dip the four fingers of the hand in cold cream and, starting at the tip of the chin, rub upward until the temples are reached. Then turn the hand over and rub outward to the ear, placing the fingers between the nose and the mouth. Use the same motion on the forehead between the eyebrows. Both hands can be used for this or one hand alternately.



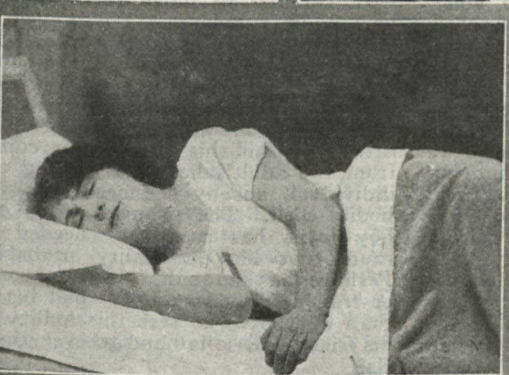
**A MORNING exercise.** On arising, unless the weather is warm, put a light kimono or some little gown over the night-wear and go through the following exercise: Raise the arms level with the shoulders, swing them back at each side as far as they will go, then raise over the head as far as possible, clasping the thumbs together, then swing backwards, bending the body at the same time. Unclasp the thumbs and start again at first position. Do this but a few times at first and rather gently until the muscles are used to it. This is a fine exercise for the chest and digestive organs.



**IF BEFORE** you begin to do up your hair in the morning you find it so greasy and sticky that it does not look well, give it a dry shampoo. This takes but a few moments and will make it light and fluffy. Take up your can of talcum powder and shake it well through the hair, keeping it off the scalp as much as possible. Then comb it all out of the hair and brush thoroughly with a stiff brush. You can use cornmeal or bran for this if you prefer.



**DO NOT** jump directly out of bed on awakening, but sit up and stretch the arms to their fullest extent and breathe deeply to fill the lungs with fresh air and expel from them all the foul air. Do this several times. This is both healthful and exhilarating, and makes one feel fit to meet the cares of the day.



**THE** most healthful way to sleep is on the right side with the body in an easy position, a rather flat pillow and the chin slightly elevated. In this position the digestion is not hampered, the heart's action is unimpeded. The position of the chin makes the breathing slightly easier and prevents the sagging of the neck which causes the double chin.



**WRONG** position for healthful sleep. This shows the chin dropped down on the neck, which weakens the muscles and causes the neck to sag, bringing on a double chin even in quite young people. The girl is sleeping on her left side with the knees rather drawn up. While it is not harmful for people in normal health to sleep on the left side a part of the night, it is better to start the sleep on the right side so as to stay the longest time in this position.



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**P**ROPER SHAMPOO-  
ing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

## WATKINS' Mulsified COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

*Splendid for Children*

You can get WATKINS Mulsified COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.

*Makes Your Hair Look Its Best*



Be SURE it's

# WATKINS

If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't Mulsified!



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## "I ended corns forever in this scientific way"

Millions have said that about Blue-jay.

Others tried it and told others the same story.

So the use has spread, until corn troubles have largely disappeared.

If you have a corn you can settle it tonight. And find the way to end every corn.

Apply liquid Blue-jay or a Blue-jay plaster. The pain will stop.

Soon the whole corn will loosen and come out.

Think what folly it is to

keep corns, to pare or pad them, or to use the old harsh treatments.

Here is the new-day way, gentle, sure and scientific. It was created by a noted chemist in this world-famed laboratory

It is ending millions of corns by a touch. The relief is quick, and it ends them completely.

Try it tonight. Corns are utterly needless, and this is the time to prove it.

Buy Blue-jay from your druggist.

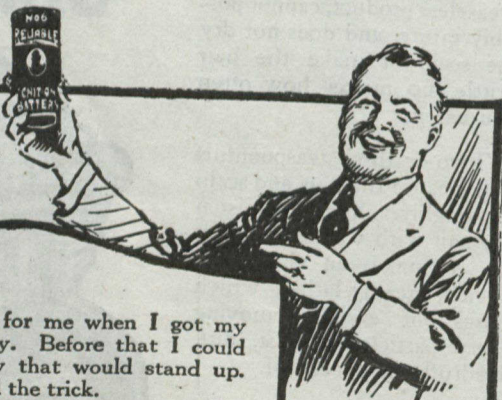
# Blue-jay

Plaster or Liquid

## The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK, Limited Chicago Toronto New York  
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

## "I always use a RELIABLE"



It was a lucky day for me when I got my first Reliable Battery. Before that I could never get a battery that would stand up. But the Reliable did the trick.

Each three time tested Reliable No. 6 Battery is fitted with the **Big Brass Cap** that puts every spark to timely work—gives longer lasting service on your engine or for any ignition use. Equipped with the "Fahrenstock Clip" if you request it. No additional charge.

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RELIABLE PRODUCTS  
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CANADIAN MEN IN  
CANADIAN  
FACTORIES



Lively and Lasting



## Gaining The Children's Confidence

By BARBARA ALLEN

NOTE.—The author, who has specialized in child study, suggests a solution of one of the most difficult problems of the home. She believes that all children confide implicitly in their parents unless the parents, themselves, do something to lose this confidence. She also lays out a working programme for knowing what a child instinctively wants to confide at certain stages of his development from the first activities of his play life up to adolescence.

"WE'LL tell you all about it because we know you'll be interested, but we managed so mother didn't know," said the growing up boy in an important whisper to his best beloved Aunt and looking stealthily over his shoulder to be sure that no one else was listening. "You won't tell Mother, will you?" begged the blue-eyed little Girl, snuggling up to the Aunt and also looking about to see that she was safe from being overheard.

"Well," continued the Boy, "you can see how tall those two trees are where the swing hangs and how smooth and straight. It's about a mile to the top. Sister and I played fire in them. We climbed up to the place where the swing rope hangs—"

"And then," continued the little Girl, "one of us turned the hose on the other—"

"After that," finished the Boy, "we slid down the rope to the ground. Of course we got wet but we played it in our bathing suits when mother was having her nap and we changed in the garage," he explained.

"Oh, never tell mother," the little Girl reiterated. "She'd only scold and she wouldn't understand how much fun it is to play fire."

"Oh, that's all right," the Boy said comfortingly, "she won't tell."

The best beloved Aunt gasped. She was used to being taken into the confidence of the children, but before her stretched the tall, slippery trunks of the trees, a fall from which would have broken the legs or arms of the Boy and the little Girl. She was enthusiastic, though, about the heroic rescue of the firemen, told of a great fire fight that she had recently watched in a city and then related how one of the firemen had been crippled for life by falling from an upper story window. She attempted no application of the fact to their own play; she only waited, sure of the workings of the two active child minds. At last, after a space of quiet on their part, it came. The little Girl broke the silence. "We might have tumbled down at our fire," she said.

"And smashed ourselves," added the Boy.

"Why not play it in the yard," suggested the Aunt, "and not climb such high trees?"

"We could do it on the garden wall," the Boy said.

"And not have the water in the hose," the Girl said; "we did take a long time to dry and it was cold."

"That would be so much better," said the Aunt, but she gasped again as she watched the two normal, good, much loved little ones bound off, their imaginations already fired with new torches of fancy. She was remembering what they had said and the words were repeating themselves in her mind with appalling portent.

"We'll tell you about it because we know you'll be interested, but we managed so mother didn't know."

A beautiful young girl whose home is one of average means and culture came in great trouble recently to a woman physician, well known for her tact and kindness. In spite of her daily baptism in the waters of Lethe whose burning touch only a physician knows, this woman blanched at the tale the girl told her with amazing frankness and simplicity. It had begun with the home; her parents had objected to her bringing her boy friends there. Then came the sordid programme of evenings, when her mother thought she was studying with a girl chum, spent at ten cent "movies" and dance halls.

"I like to have a good time," the girl explained, "and no one ever helped me to have any fun at home. I don't know what to do now," she sobbed. "He says he never had any idea of marrying me."

The doctor folded the woman child in her arms. "Why didn't you tell your mother?" she begged.

The girl lifted her tear-stained eyes. "I couldn't," she said. "She wouldn't have understood and so I kept it from her."

To play with fire at sixteen or at six

usually results alike; the children "don't tell mother." A recent careful canvass among a large number of school children as to what constituted their "secrets" and to whom they told them showed an eye opening result. The "secrets" in ninety per cent. of the cases were made up of quite natural, childlike plays along the line of the instinctive interests of the child at a certain age; playing circus, pirate, having a make-believe language and signs and script for expressing that language, building a den or cave in which to play, these innocent activities the children kept secret. In ninety per cent. also of the cases they told a child playmate or an adult outside of the family. They didn't confide in their mothers.

One universal tendency born with every child is that of honesty and frankness. If parents fail to realize this, they may see it illustrated in the frank way in which a child will open, for strangers, the locked door behind which hides the family skeleton. The pet, hidden economy of the home, the unpaid bill, the dwindling bank account, the parlour set that is being bought on the instalment plan are frankly confessed by the children unless their honesty is in some ways stopped. The duplicity of children is nearly always started by the duplicity of their parents and the fact that the ultimate secret of the adolescent girl's or boy's life is ordinarily told to a physician instead of to the mother is due to the fact that a habit of duplicity was started in the home in the children's early, impressionable years.

Gaining a child's confidence is not in the least necessary. A mother has it from the beginning. The vital point is not to lose it. The children who played "fire" with such abandon and such danger to themselves, bodily, explained why they kept the play secret. They knew from past experience that their mother would not be able to bring herself down to their level and feel with them the rioting adventure of the play. She would see, only, possible torn and wet clothes and would forbid their doing something that their active minds and thumping hearts directed them to do. The girl who fell knew that her mother would not understand the emotional and nervous forces of her changing individuality any more than she, herself, was able to understand their unexplainable, undeniable promptings.

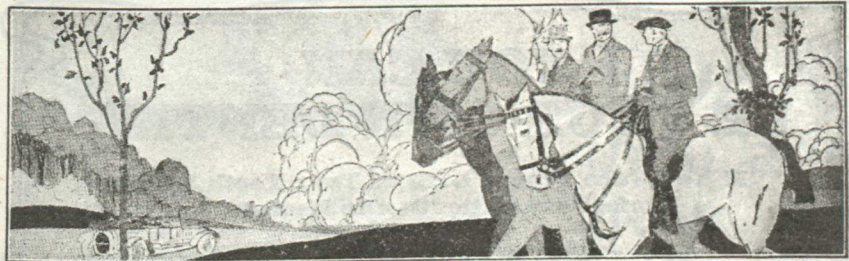
To keep a child's confidence we need only to try and understand it at the different stages of its development.

We are very prone in our dealings with children to judge them by our own adult standards. We prevent a boy from telling us with whom he is associating because, perhaps, the chum lives in a less prosperous neighbourhood than ours or looks less well in garb and bearing than our well-cared-for, shielded little son. And this point of view comes from the adult's habit of judging the individual, not by the heart but the bodily shell. The stranger whom our boy loves has a quality needed to round out his personality probably. Perhaps he knows how to use tools, or trail the woods, or play ball better than our boy who sees this ability in his friend and so is blind to everything else.

The adolescent girl with her transformed nervous organism is hungry for the companionship of the opposite sex, for healthful, joyous activity, for excitement of the right sort that feeds the flame of her new life, but does not scorch it. Her mother, having left her own yearnings of this kind far behind or merged them in the safeguard of her married life fails to understand her daughter's longings and forces her to go outside the home for their burning realization.

A mother's unselfishness needs a broader defining. It is not enough to bring a child into the world, to go without oneself that the child may have suitable food, clothing and education. There is a greater sacrifice necessary, that through which the mother forgets her years, her traditions, her pride, and puts herself upon the same plane

(Continued on page 44)



## Politics to Blame for Domestic Tragedy of the Jungle

ANTONY and Cleopatra, the two pygmy hippopotami of the New York Zoo, share the same trough again, although they look saddened by the domestic tragedy which recently set the tongues and tails of scandal wagging in the menagerie.

Trotzky, their only child, and the first pygmy hippopotamus ever born in captivity, is dead. Her mother stepped on her. Whether Cleopatra's act was accidental or whether it was due to a dislike of the child's name is not known.

Antony and Cleopatra lived together peacefully until Trotzky was born. But with the arrival of the little stranger Antony became violent and had to be removed to a separate enclosure.

Mother Hippopotamus was upset and she seemed to vent her annoyance on the child. Trotzky was taken from the cage and efforts were made to feed her by a bottle.

Animal instinct proved stronger than modern invention, however, and Trotzky began to languish. To make matters worse, a tank in the menagerie burst and Trotzky was exposed to

influenza. A goat was secured for the tiny patient and it was hoped that she would act as foster-mother, but this alternative was pleasing neither to the goat nor to the hippo.

As a last resort, when Trotzky had reached the delicate age of thirty-six hours, the doctors decided that the only thing to do was to urge Cleopatra, the real mother, to take the child back.

Doctors watched her with their fingers crossed, while Trotzky approached her mother. Cleopatra tolerated her for ten minutes, but at the end of that time grew restless, and before the attendants could interfere, she struck out with her feet. One powerful blow landed on the youngster's back, with fatal results.

Some say Cleopatra didn't mean any harm. Others, less charitable, affirm that since Antony had been angry since the newcomer arrived, the mother's action was a deliberate attempt to crush Bolshevism and restore domestic felicity.

Meantime, Trotzky, the victim of the tragedy, will be preserved for posterity as an exhibit in the American Museum of Natural History.



Antony and Cleopatra: Pygmy hippopotami.

## Care of the Skin in Spring and Summer

By ROSALIE BARTON CUMMINGS

MANY a complexion that has been clear and rosy all winter long gets muddy and spotted when the warm weather begins, and it is unfortunately just at this time of year that the bright sunshine relentlessly reveals every skin blemish. It is certainly provoking to have an unsightly crop of pimples or blackheads make their appearance just after you have bought your new spring suit or hat.

But do not despair, for these little pests can be cleared away in no time if the cause is not deep-seated. A very simple and efficacious wash for pimples, recommended by a prominent physician, consists of precipitate of sulphur, 1 drachm; tincture of camphor, 1 drachm; rose water, 4 ounces. This can be applied to the spots several times a day. The way to use this lotion in which it will do the most good is to pour a little into a clean saucer or good-sized butter dish and mop it on the face with a piece of clean absorbent cotton and let it dry on the skin. It will prevent other spots coming as well as dry up those that are already there.

If the skin has that brown, weather-beaten look that so many complexions take on after a winter of late hours and social dissipation, give it a lemon and cold cream bath every night and you will be delighted with the result. The flesh will grow white and soft, and if well massaged, will slowly take

on a becoming colour. For this you can use any sort of cold cream that agrees best with your skin. Squeeze into an averaged sized jar the juice from half a lemon, stir it with an orange wood stick until it is thoroughly incorporated with the cold cream and then rub into the skin, being careful always to rub up toward the forehead, and never down toward the chin. This will make the skin white and will also cure blackheads, if they are not very deep-seated. These dirty-looking little black spots come more often than not from negligence in the matter of ablutions. Women who use a complexion brush, or who scrub their faces regularly with a Turkish washcloth and mild soap and warm water, very seldom are bothered with them. An excellent remedy for this trouble is a lotion composed of carbonate of magnesia, 1 drachm; zinc oxide, 1 drachm; rose water, 4 ounces. This should be well shaken before using. It can be applied for three nights to spots and then the contents of the clogged pores can be removed by folding a soft, clean handkerchief so that it will form a pad under each thumb and then by gently pressing on the skin through this press out the blackhead. Then wash the place in a strong solution of borax and water to shrink the pores of the skin and keep them from enlarging after this operation. If the skin feels at all irritated, a little cold cream can be applied last of all.



## Still Beautiful by Candle-Light

BUT the pitiless light of day tells a different story. Lips have lost their soft, red pout—the mouth seems hard and old; while the ivory pillar of her throat shows the subtle marks of Time.

It is in the withering of the tissues of mouth and throat that age is first revealed. The degeneration of tissue that comes with Pyorrhea is not unlike the degeneration of age.

The gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted. The final stage of Pyorrhea is a repulsive toothlessness that brings sagging muscles and sunken cheeks.

Don't let Pyorrhea become established in your mouth. Remember—this insidious disease of the gums is a menace to your health as well as to your beauty. To its infecting germs have been traced many of the ills of middle age.

Visit your dentist often for tooth and gum inspection.

Watch your gums for tenderness and bleeding (the first symptom of Pyorrhea) and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

### How to Use Forhan's

Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in Canada and U.S. If your druggist cannot supply you, send to us direct and we will mail tube postpaid.

Forhan's, Limited, Montreal  
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Forhan's  
FOR THE GUMS  
Checks Pyorrhea



# See Faded, Shabby Garments Turn New

Fun to Dye Old Discarded Apparel  
a New, Rich, Color with  
"Diamond Dyes"

You can not make a mistake. You can not risk your material. The Direction Book with each package tells so plainly how any woman can diamond dye over any color that perfect results are sure.

### Save Old Dress Material

Suits, dresses, silks, blouses, skirts, sweaters, stockings, children's coats, also feathers, trimmings, draperies, coverings,—in fact anything can be diamond dyed into beautiful, up-to-date, stylish effects, no difference how old, faded, or shabby your material may be.

Don't fear you will spoil your material or give it a "dyed" appearance. Just use genuine "Diamond Dyes"

guaranteed to give a rich, lasting color to any goods, whether it be wool or silk; cotton, linen, or mixed goods.

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You needn't be afraid your dyeing will not turn out perfect if you buy the reliable "Diamond Dyes" proved right by the discriminating women of three generations. Ask for "Diamond Dyes." Accept nothing else.

### "Diamond Dye" Color Card

Your druggist or dealer has a "Diamond Dye" Color Card which will help you match any color. Complete directions, easy to follow, are in every package of "Diamond Dyes."

# Diamond FAST FADELESS Dyes

## Biscuits For Breakfast

Mrs. Newlywed to Mrs. Oldstyle:—

"George just loves my baking, he says it even beats his mother's,—especially the biscuits we have for breakfast."

Mrs. Oldstyle, "Biscuits for breakfast! Huh, you'll get over that!"

Mrs. Newlywed: "Never! You see I use

# EGG-O Baking Powder

"I make the dough the night before and set it in a cool place, covered with a cloth until morning, I slip them in the oven first thing, and we have light, flaky biscuits by the time the kettle is boiled. A meal of hot biscuits, bacon, and coffee starts George off right for the day.

"You see, Mrs. Oldstyle, Egg-O never fails because it does not finish leavening until the biscuits are properly baked—even if you do leave the batch lying all night."

Mrs. Oldstyle:—"My, I never heard of such a thing. I'll order a tin now."

A few days later: Mrs. Oldstyle to Mrs. Newlywed:

"We too have biscuits for breakfast now. Thanks to you for telling us about Egg-O."

**Egg-O Baking Powder Co.**  
Limited  
Hamilton, Canada



## YOU CAN BE YOUR OWN DENTIST

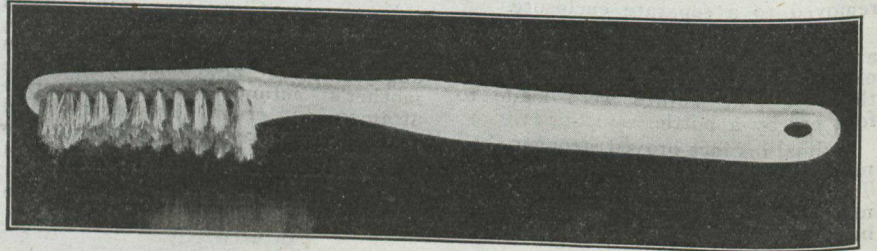
If You Take Proper Care of Your Teeth Little Professional Attention Is Necessary

### HOW TO DO IT!

**D**ECAY of the teeth, defects in their arrangement in the arch and general diseases of the surrounding tissues are so prevalent that too much cannot be said or done to bring about their remedy. The inspection of the mouths of children in the various schools reveals the fact that there is scarcely a child who does not require dental treatment of some kind, and a rigorous warfare is being waged to overcome these conditions. Upon the success of this campaign and the amount of care exercised afterwards by the individual depends perfect mouth hygiene.

Before attempting a discussion of the various methods of caring for and cleaning the teeth, it is well to first look over the field of operation and find out what has to be done. No decorator, for example, will contract on a piece of work without first having found out what he is expected to do and what

with its message that "a clean tooth never decays." Without doubt the tooth brush is a wonderful aid to mouth hygiene, but only if properly used, for rather than we revert to the custom of the ancient Egyptians and massage the teeth with the fingers dipped in ointment than use a brush improperly and fool ourselves into believing that we are doing good when we are really doing injury. In the first place the teeth should not be brushed across from back to front, as this merely cleans the round smooth surfaces, which are kept clean naturally by the action of the tongue and cheeks. We see a striking example of this in the large broom which brushes the cobble stones. A few sweeps and the cobbles are shining, but the dust has really only been brushed into the crevices between the stones. So also the food particles are brushed into the spaces between the teeth by the cross-motion.

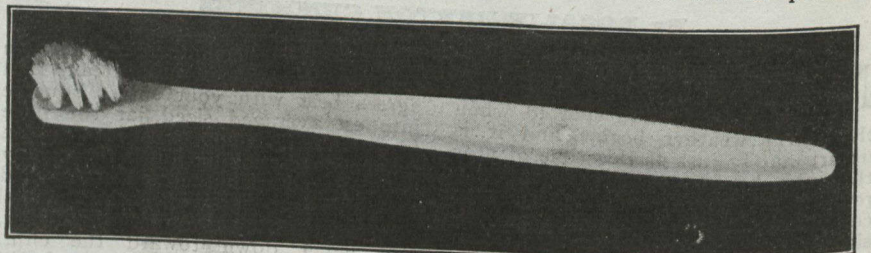


The tooth brush with bristles cut squarely across the top is of little use; even the brush cut squarely but having a tuft of bristles at the end, is not sufficient. A brush shaped to suit the teeth and ending in a tuft, as pictured above, should be used.

areas have to be covered. The same applies to the teeth. Where their surfaces have been studied and partly fixed in the mind, the work can then be carried on much more intelligently and with the satisfaction of knowing when it is completed. The teeth, when mounted in the arch, present five surfaces, namely, occlusal, buccal, lingual mesial and distal. The occlusal or biting surface is that surface which strikes against its fellow in the opposite jaw, when the jaws are brought together. In the back teeth these surfaces are broad and are marked with triangular ridges and grooves and show distinct cusps or points. These ridges and cusps press into depressions in the teeth in the opposite jaw, during the act of eating and cut the shreds of food and force them in all directions off their triangular surfaces. The biting surfaces of the front teeth have no such function to perform and are, in consequence, merely a rounded ridge for the purpose of separating or biting off particles of food. So much for the occlusal surface. The buccal surface is that which is rubbed by the cheek, or in the case of the front teeth, by the lips. The opposite surface to this is the one which constantly comes

But this is not the only harm done by this motion. The continued cross-rubbing forms ridges on the tooth enamel and mars, to some extent, its appearance. A dentist can readily tell by the appearance of the enamel whether or not his patient uses this motion, and by the appearance of the ridges whether he be right or left handed.

The proper motion is that of an up and down stroke and is applied in the following manner. For the upper teeth, insert the brush in the mouth with the bristles pointed upwards, the back of the brush pointing towards the lower teeth, and the side of the brush resting against the upper teeth so that the bristles are well up on the gums. Then give the brush a half turn so that the bristles will turn towards the gum surface, pass over it downwards and then over the teeth. If this is done correctly, when finished, the brush should be inverted to the way in which it was when inserted, in other words, bristles pointed downwards. This sweeps the food particles from between the teeth and at the same time massages the gums, keeping them clean and healthy. For the lower teeth, the brush is inserted with the bristles pointed



This is what is known as the "lingual" brush, made especially to clean the surfaces of the back teeth, where they touch the cheeks and which cannot possibly be cleaned by another brush. This should be used in conjunction with the ordinary brush.

in contact with the tongue and is known as the lingual surface. Lastly, there are the two surfaces which are almost entirely neglected, namely the mesial, and distal surfaces, and which really need more attention than any other part of the tooth. They are the sides of the tooth which press against the tooth in front and behind, or, in other words, the place between the teeth. These surfaces, on account of their convexity, touch the adjacent teeth in but one point, known as the contact point, of which more will be said later.

### The Proper Tooth Brush

**N**OW, having glanced in a general manner over the exterior of the tooth, we may proceed with a few methods by which to clean these surfaces, and afterwards keep them clean. Undoubtedly the first thought to enter our heads here is that of the tooth brush,

downwards and when it is given the half turn they pass over the lower gum surface, the teeth surface, and the action finishes with the bristles pointing upwards. It must not be thought, however, that this rotatory motion consists of a loose turn of the brush by means of the fingers. The brush should be grasped tightly and moved only by a rotation of the wrist. This may be found somewhat difficult for the first few times, but with a little practice can be accomplished with as much ease as was the old push and pull method.

There are, however, certain places upon which the ordinary brush has little effect. These are the lingual, or inside surfaces of the lower front teeth and the surfaces of the four teeth—two upper and two lower—at the extreme back of the mouth. These surfaces can be readily reached by what is known as a lingual brush. This brush has a long



tuft of bristles on the end and has the remaining bristles cut off so that only the desired parts are affected during the act of brushing. The motion used with this brush is similar to that of the ordinary brush and the result obtained more satisfactory. By these appliances, the buccal, lingual and part of the mesial and distal surfaces, you will remember these terms were explained above, upper and lower, may be cleaned but there still remains that part of the mesial and distal surfaces known as the contact point, or where they touch the adjacent teeth.

**The Use of Dental Floss**

AS THE teeth fit very tightly at these points, it is necessary to have something which will pass between them and clean their surfaces. For this purpose a substance known as dental floss is used and is obtained in spool form. A piece of floss about six inches long is taken and is held firmly in each hand, leaving only a short piece exposed between the hands. This piece is carried between the teeth and is forced past the tight spot, or contact point. It is here that great damage can be done if proper care and technique is not observed. If the floss is left loose and is carried to the contact and snapped past it towards the gum, the result is always the same—a torn, lacerated and bleeding gum, open to infection. But if, on the other hand, the floss is carried to the contact point, and, by gently yet firmly pulling it with the pressure directed towards the side of the tooth, is forced past the point, then the floss is found to be in a little triangular space, with the gum as the base of the triangle, the adjacent sides of the teeth as the sides, and the contact point as the apex. The floss can then be drawn upward or downward, backward or forward, as desired. This operation may be continued on each tooth until all surfaces are quite smooth. For this purpose fine elastic bands may be used, but they do not serve the purpose nearly so well.

When the cleaning operations have been carried on this far and if done with any due amount of care and patience, the teeth should look and feel a great deal better, for it requires little work to show big results. However, the teeth may yet show deposits, or tartar, around the gum margins, especially on the inside of the lower front teeth, which defies all brushes and dental floss. When such a condition is found, the dentist should be consulted, without delay, as he can quite easily with proper instruments remove this material which, if left there, will crowd the gum away from the tooth and lead to serious complications. Do not under any circumstances use tooth-picks or sharp instruments to pry or dig off this substance, as they are certain to injure the gum, and by so doing, either lead to disease by injury or allow infection to set in through the open wound.

**Soft Foods Bad for Teeth**

IF WE take the time to study carefully the surfaces of any one tooth, we will be rather surprised to find that they are so constructed as to be self cleansing, but only if given the proper food. Teeth were never constructed to eat "pap," and if continually subjected to this form of diet, are certain to become useless and insanitary. It is true few people actually indulge in this form of diet, but the present day foods are prepared and cooked in such mushy forms that the teeth have practically no work to do and in consequence are constantly in trouble. How often have we seen the small boy soak his crusts in tea to avoid the hard chewing whereas his teeth are actually "going stale" for the want of just some such substances as crusts, firm meat and shredded foods to strengthen them up. There is no doubt but that the teeth need exercise just as the rest of the body needs it, and will suffer from lack of it just as the body will suffer. Let us take the case of the boy who is continually on the go, as compared with the lad who sits in the house and refuses to play with rough boys. The former keeps his heart going at good speed and has his blood rushing through his system with the result that disease is easily overcome, if it attacks him at all. But the latter is away from the fresh air and sunshine, takes no exercise, and as a result is weak, thin and pale, and is an easy victim to diseases of every description. Such is

(Continued on page 38)

**SEDANS—  
then and  
now**



**T**HE Dainty Elegance of the Sedan Chair is preserved in the McLaughlin Sedan.

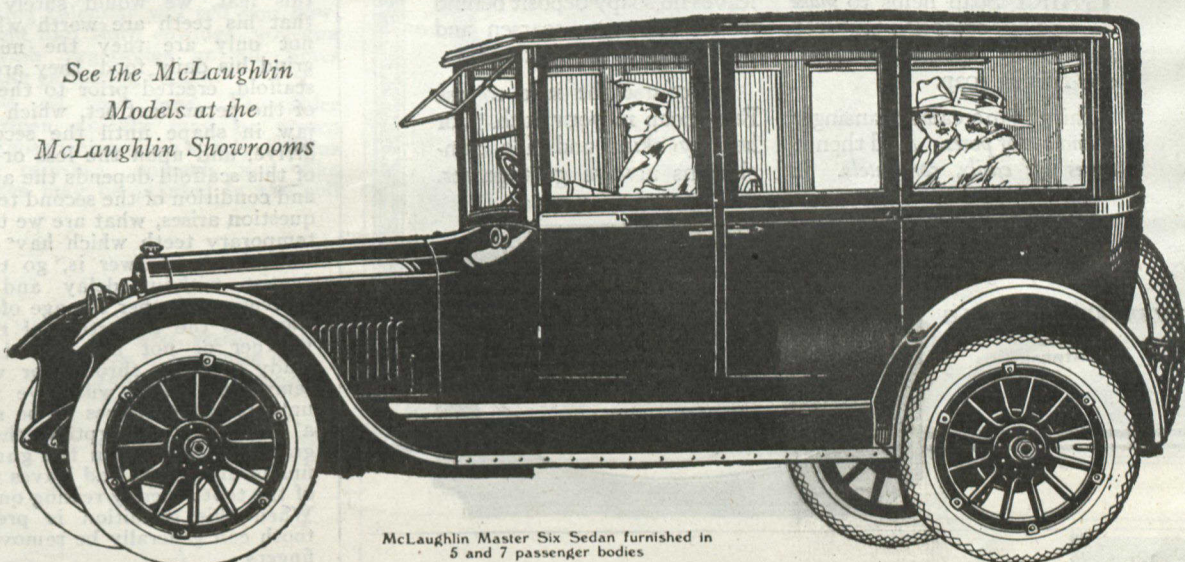
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It is always a point of pride with every woman to be well and attractively dressed.

Consequently the clever woman is looking for not only the latest but the best in fashion service.

As a point of pride she expects to pay more for the best because she knows she will be amply repaid.

It is a point of pride with the woman who knows how to dress well, to secure satisfaction with "Le Costume Royal" Pattern Service. "Le Costume Royal" Fashions and Pattern Service are a distinctive feature of

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A fine-textured loveliness for your skin

**FAIRY** Soap helps to make and keep skins fine-textured and lovely because it is an easy-rinsing soap.

Fairy Soap creams cleansingly in and out of pores. And then it rinses off easily, completely. It

leaves no soapy deposit behind in the pores to coarsen and spoil the fine skin-texture.

Of course, be sure to use Fairy Soap in your bath. For healthy skins and fine complexions always go together.

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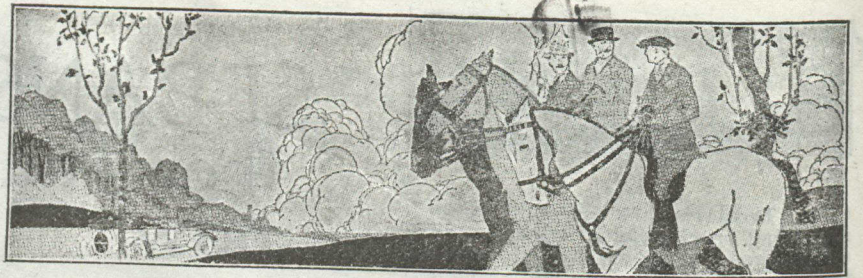
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for better Porridge

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## You Can Be Your Own Dentist

(Continued from page 37)

the fate of the tooth, which is never called upon to do real work as compared with its fellow which gets a full share.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the fact that children's teeth are vitally important and require the utmost care and attention. Many people are of the opinion that the child's first set of teeth are not very important and that it is the second set that counts. This idea is absolutely erroneous, for neglect of the primary or first set means a life of misery, trouble and expense with the second, or permanent set. When we consider that the amount of work the child does with his first set is sufficient to enable him to more than double his weight during his first six or seven years, and that at no other time in his life is he able to perform this feat, we would surely conclude that his teeth are worth while. But not only are they the mills which grind his daily food, they are also the scaffold, erected prior to the entrance of the permanent set, which holds the jaw in shape until the second teeth arrive, and upon the loss or retention of this scaffold depends the appearance and condition of the second teeth. The question arises, what are we to do with temporary teeth which have decayed? To this the answer is, go to a good dentist without delay and he will determine whether the age of the child warrants the extraction of the tooth; whether or not the second tooth is ready to come through or whether a temporary filling will save the tooth until its time arrives to be shed. By a process of absorption the root is gradually reduced in the gum until it finally disappears and leaves the crown of the tooth merely resting on the gum. When this condition is present, the tooth can generally be removed by the fingers.

### Forms of Decay

**I**N ORDER to tell when a tooth has decay, it is necessary to know to some extent what decay looks like. Of course, when a tooth has a large cavity in it there is no question but that it has decayed and decayed badly, but when it has reached that stage we soon know of it through toothache, and then the vitality of the tooth is past redemption. The idea is to catch the decay long before it reaches that stage; in fact, as soon as it commences. This can only be done by a careful examination of the teeth at regular intervals. The proper method is to visit the dentist regularly for examination, but if this is impossible, then a careful examination of one's own mouth will often save a great deal of trouble later on. There are many forms of decay and some which only the dentist can detect, but in general there are two forms which can be readily seen, the white or chalky and the dark or brown. The white decay can be easily distinguished from the rest of the enamel by its dull, chalky, white appearance, and will be found to be quite soft as compared with the rest of the tooth. This form of decay is extremely rapid in its action, and destroys the tooth tissue at a much greater rate than does the darker type. This white type may present a surface only about as large as a pin head and yet underneath, it may have the tooth undermined to a great extent. It should receive the immediate attention of the dentist. The brown decay may appear on the tooth surface as a dark spot, which resists all efforts towards its removal, and when more advanced, will be found to have entered the surface and started a cavity. These decays travel so quickly through the substance of the tooth that before one is aware of it, they have entered its very heart, or pulp, and immediately set up an irritation on the nerve and result in toothache and subsequent loss of life to the tooth.

As was stated above, the surfaces of the teeth are so constructed as to be kept clean by nature, but when nature fails through lack of co-operation and when artificial means are not resorted to, then decay sets in on those surfaces and destroys them, and the most likely

surfaces are those which are protected from the action of the cheeks and tongue, in other words, where the germs are allowed to multiply unmolested. Probably the surfaces to be most generally attacked are those between the teeth and a careful watch must be exercised constantly over them to see that they are kept smooth and free from discoloration and that no decay starts at the contact point or beside it. Now another place where decay is very likely to be found is around the teeth just where the gum commences and in some instances it goes just under the gum. This little groove around the gum margin affords an excellent hiding-place for decay as neither the tongue nor cheek are fine enough to clean out the groove and simply brush over it, leaving the decay well stowed away. Again if we look at the inside of our front teeth, by holding a small mirror in the mouth and reflecting it into a larger one, we will see a little hollow or depression just near the gum margin. This, under ordinary conditions, requires no attention, but there are cases in which the outer surface, or enamel, of the tooth has formed improperly and has left a small crevice and it is in these crevices that decay starts. We may find the same sort of crevices on the biting surfaces of the back teeth and must watch constantly to see that no light or dark spots show in these grooves.

If decay of the teeth, or "dental caries," were the only diseased condition to be encountered in the mouth, then the question of mouth hygiene would not be such a serious one, but unfortunately it is not. But the conditions are far too numerous to be dealt with here or are of such a character that home treatment would be of little use. A few might be mentioned which are dangerous, if neglected, and which require the immediate attention of the dentist. There is the case of the receding or shrinking gums, where they bleed upon the slightest provocation and are inflamed and have tartar around the gum margin and under it. This condition is serious and if neglected results in extremely foul breath, discharge of pus from the gums, and finally loss of the teeth. Again, we find the case of the tooth which has become dark grey in colour and gives us continual annoyance. It seems at times to have become too long and hurts when we bite on it. When we retire at night it sets up a throbbing and feels decidedly too long for the rest, and when hot or cold liquids are taken in the mouth, a sharp pain is felt. Such a tooth is far from being in a healthy condition and unless attended to, will abscess and form a gum boil, which is nature's method of relieving such a condition, and will empty its pus into the mouth, thereby endangering the general health of the body.

The one thing to remember in regard to the above diseases is to have them attended to without delay. The decay of the tooth is rapid and soon involves the whole tooth, the gums recede so far, and become so infected that the teeth loosen and come out, and the tooth which responds rapidly and severely to changes of temperature is on the straight road to abscess and if too far gone, is sure to be extracted. Any tooth which forms the so-called gum-boil is in an abscessed condition and is a dangerous companion, as it is a source of infection to the whole system. It is said that the death of Colonel Roosevelt was due to no other cause than general poisoning from an abscessed tooth. Indeed, many of our common diseases have been traced back and have been found to have originated in tooth trouble.

### Evils of Extraction

**F**AR too many people hold the idea that when a tooth aches or gives any trouble it should be extracted. They claim that this puts an end to their trouble, whereas, in reality, the trouble then commences. Never have a tooth pulled if it can be saved, for no artificial substitute can give anything like the

(Continued on page 44)



## The Juniors' Garden and How to Plan It

YOU remember the story of the boy who was telling about the rabbit he was going to eat, and his father said, "Son, first catch your rabbit." Well, that's the way you must do with these school gardens. Before you can eat the crops you expect to grow, you must get the garden.

For you boys and girls living in the country this will probably be an easy matter. Your fathers will be glad to give you a piece of land for your own use, as large as you are able to handle, where you can grow as many kinds of crops as you wish.

For you boys and girls living in the towns or cities it may be a little harder to get the land for your garden. But many of you will have a back yard of your own where many vegetables can be grown; or your next-door neighbour will be glad to let you use his back-yard. At any rate, don't be discouraged if you can't find a place for your garden the first thing. By looking around and sticking to it, you will find that there are a great many back yards and vacant

2. *Width between rows.*—Rows must be farther apart if a horse or hand-wheel cultivator is used than if you use hand tools, such as a hoe or rake.

3. *Paths.*—Since your plants must receive personal attention, you should plan your garden with paths so that you can reach all parts of it without tramping down the plants.

4. *Rotation.*—This means using the same ground for the growth of one kind of crop, followed by another of a different kind, as a crop of corn followed by a crop of beans. Your planting scheme should avoid growing the same kind of plants over and over on the same ground.

5. *Keeping your garden at work.*—A planting calendar will tell you how, by second and third sowings, you can have fresh vegetables at all times during the gardening season.

6. *Use all your land.*—Vegetables which ripen quickly may be grown among those which ripen slowly. Thus lettuce, radishes, spinach and like vegetables may be planted in the soil



Flowers, vegetables, all can be cultivated by the little folk with care and perseverance.

lots near your own home which the owners will be proud to let you use.

If your garden is to be in a back-yard, pick out one that is not shaded too much by trees or buildings. Growing things need sunlight and plenty of it. And try to pick out land that isn't all clay or gravel. You can't expect to grow much on soil like that. Ask one of your friends who is a farmer or who has a garden of his own to help you pick out the right place for your garden.

### How to Plan Your Garden

MANY of us think of gardening as work to be done only during a few brief weeks in the spring. This is wrong. Your garden will do its best for you if plans for it are made in the autumn and much of its preparation done then.

Here are some things you should think of in planning a garden:

1. *Size.*—The average boy or girl can easily spade and care for a garden 10 by 30 feet. A garden of this size will go far to supply vegetables for a family of four. Your garden should be sufficiently large to grow enough vegetables to make it worth while, but not so large as to make its care too much of a task.

between tomato plants, potatoes, corn etc.

7. *Plants to grow.*—The kinds of plants to be grown will determine very largely the nature of your plan. Radishes and lettuce may be planted closer together than cabbages or corn.

8. *Adding a touch of beauty.*—Finally, if you wish to make your garden not only productive, but attractive, flowers may be grown about the borders.

An easy way to draw a plan is to measure the length and width of your garden and then make a map of it. Allow half an inch on your map for each foot in your garden. Then decide what you are going to plant and rule in your rows. In making your plan remember these things:

Put tall crops—like sweet corn and pole beans—on the North or West side.

On level ground run the rows North and South.

On hilly ground run the rows across the hill.

Plan for parsley, Swiss chard, or carrots, along the front border.

In shady places plan for lettuce, chard, cucumbers, or squashes.

Plan for companion or succession crops, or both.

## A New Drink

WE HAVE a new and very delicious after-dinner drink served at our house. We found that coffee kept us awake and did not agree with most of the family if drunk more than once a day, so as we much prefer it at breakfast we were obliged to omit it at dinner. But we have found a substitute which

we like even better, and which I'm sure is safer to drink. To quote one of my guests: "I don't know how you make this, but it tastes like a delicious cordial." Do you want to know how I did make it? All I did was to drop a strong cream peppermint in an after-dinner cup of hot water!

## The Finishing Touch

that completes the charm of good furniture is Johnson's Prepared Wax

For the charm of good furniture lies not alone in the grace of outline, the grain of the wood or the richness of upholstery—rather in the exquisite cleanliness and smoothness of surface that bespeak intelligent care.

### JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

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is the choice of a generation of discriminating housekeepers— it enhances and preserves the beauty of the finest furniture. It forms a satin-smooth, transparent coating on which dust and lint cannot cling or finger marks show. Its use takes all drudgery from dusting.

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### Nature Feeds Me 48 Hours

BUT, after that, it depends on you whether I will live or not. My first feeding should be

**Pratts Buttermilk BABY CHICK FOOD**

and this should be continued daily for at least three weeks, the critical time. Pratts builds sturdy, healthy chicks that develop rapidly into profitable fall and winter layers. Many poultry-raisers find it pays to use Pratts Baby Chick Food for five and six weeks.

At your dealer's in popular priced pkgs., also in money-saving 50-lb. and 100-lb. bags.

**MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED.**

Write for FREE Baby Chick Book.

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If the spout is open the salt runs out.

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Is always ready and quick to pour. "Regal" never cakes in any weather.

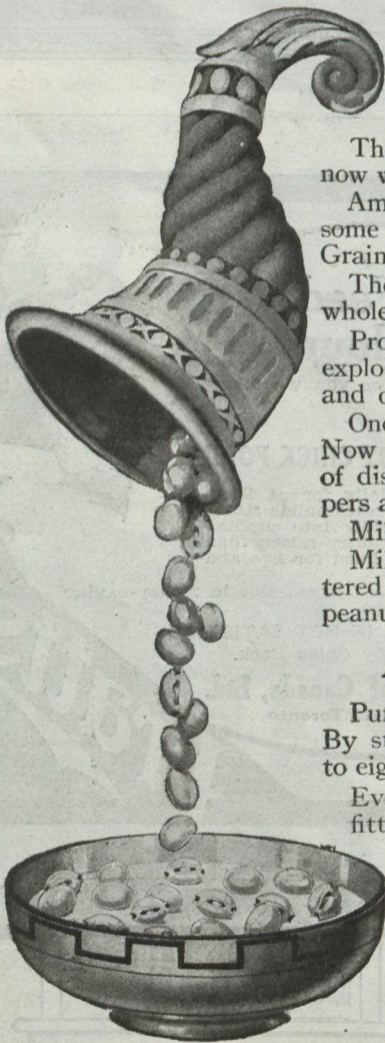
Made in Canada.

The Canadian Salt Co., Limited



## Lucky Boy

to have a food confection waiting after school. And to have it Puffed Wheat, which is whole wheat, steam exploded and made easy to digest.



### Millions Now Enjoy Them

There are millions of lucky children now who revel in Puffed Grains.

American homes are now enjoying some 750 million dishes of Puffed Grains in a year. And this is why:

These bubble grains have made whole grains enticing.

Prof. Anderson's process—steam explosion—has made digestion easy and complete.

Once they were breakfast dainties. Now they are all-day foods. Millions of dishes are served in milk for suppers and between meals.

Millions are mixed with fruit.

Millions are crisped and lightly buttered for hungry children to eat like peanuts—dry.

### All shot from guns

Puffed Grains are shot from guns. By steam explosion they are puffed to eight times normal size.

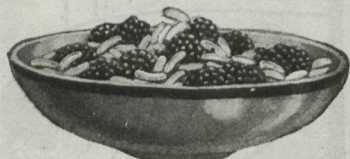
Every food cell is thus blasted and fitted to digest. Every atom feeds.

These scientific foods are also the most delightful grain foods known. They are airy, flimsy, nut-like—flavorful food confections.

In every home such foods are needed several times a day.

**Puffed Puffed  
Wheat Rice**

Whole grain bubbles puffed to 8 times normal size



Puffed rice with fruit

**The Quaker Oats Company**

Sole Makers

Peterborough, Canada

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## Lack of Old Maids In Japan Keeps Suffrage Question Asleep

Oriental Maiden Doesn't Even Have Deciding Vote in the Selection of Her Own Husband, so Why Worry About the Ballot?

THE QUESTION of equal political rights is one which does not become important in a nation until the number of marriageable women becomes considerably in excess of the number of marriageable men. This, at any rate, is the explanation which has been advanced for the indifference which the women of Japan manifest toward the suffrage problem. Japanese women, as soon as they reach maturity, are married off, and there are practically no old maids in the country. And even the problem of whom they shall marry is solved for them and arranged by their parents, a fact which further accounts for feminine indifference to affairs outside the sphere of their own influence.

Compared with the Western nations, the rise of the position of women to that in any manner approaching the political station of the men has been a slow and tedious one, owing largely to the general slowness of the women to take a hand in their own development, as applied to non-domestic affairs.

The attitude of independence which has been inherent in the position of the Canadian woman for generations is one of which the Japanese woman has practically no conception.

In Canada, the unmarried woman has frequently turned to political activity to fortify her position in society. Occasionally in Canadian life, the old maid, as she is often somewhat disrespectfully called, does not hold a position of quite such security as that occupied by the unmarried male, and for that reason, suffrage has become an important factor in her interests. Women in this country naturally want a right to a voice in affairs outside their own homes and to be considered on an equality with men.

With this attitude, it is not easy for a Japanese woman to agree. Her education and age-long instincts render her instinctively opposed to meeting men in argument or appearing to oppose them in this way. According to Occidental conceptions, it might be possible for a servant to have the right of suffrage while her mistress might be unable to vote, a consideration which would appear absurd to a Japanese woman with her different standards.

Militant suffrage tactics, particularly of the kind practiced a few years ago in England, are things which a Japanese woman is utterly unable to appreciate. Window smashing and such drastic actions are considered the height of imprudence and decidedly unwomanly, by the light of Japanese reasoning.

Although the non-militant spread of suffrage is viewed with interest in Japan, especially by the educated woman of the Flowery Kingdom, there is a manifest reluctance to push the suffrage cause in that country. The women in that nation would hardly know how to meet the issue if it were presented to them, according to authorities who have made a study of the Japanese attitude. Conditions in the Oriental country are so markedly different from those in Western nations that the feminine portion of the population is practically unprepared to take a stand on the question of their political future.

In Japan there are few women with political influence, as the phrase is understood here, and few who wield large fortunes in their own right, as is the case so frequently here. The women have had scant opportunity to manage affairs unaided by men, and few of them have been educated to cope with the problems which arise in such occupation.

The average Japanese woman is

influenced too much by sentiment for her judgment to have full play in matters of business and political action. Not even in the bringing up of their own children do they display the initiative and the judgment which is generally shown by the women of the West.

### They Marry Early

JAPANESE women marry at an early age and their interests become absorbed in the home and in ministering to their husbands. The fact that nearly every woman in Japan marries is put forward as an explanation of the indifference of the feminine mind to this problem, it being assumed that unmarried women have a more pronounced interest in political questions than do married ones.

Perhaps the woman suffrage question will attain major importance there when the maidens of the Flowery Kingdom become more independent in matters of matrimony and more of them choose the state of single blessedness. Such a departure from the established customs of the country may be the entering wedge of the franchise agitation. This view is held by a number of educated Japanese women, who see no chance for concerted political action so long as the number of unattached women remains as slight as it now is.

The Japanese woman hasn't even self-confidence enough to choose her own husband, or at any rate, she has allowed this important decision to be made by others for many, many years. Perhaps she feels equally unqualified to select her mate and her mayor.

In Japan, the selection of husbands is left to a family committee and divorce is permitted in the event that the selection proves too uncongenial. Japanese women are more dependent upon men economically than their Western cousins. You will find few occupations in Japan open to women, and for that reason, there are few which encourage women to seek independent ways of supporting themselves. Matrimony is looked upon as the logical vocation for women. Her social position is pivoted upon her function as housemistress, and all interests centre about the home.

Men in Japan are inclined to admire the retiring woman and to lavish their favour upon the wife who is a stay-at-home. In other words, there is no masculine encouragement for the woman who wants to know more about the world outside her own circle of influence. Every social tendency is toward keeping her mind and attention fixed upon her own hearth and consequently the growth of the woman movement in the kingdom is decidedly slow.

A life of daily monotony with a house full of children leaves many of the women pale and thin and not able to extend their influence further than the doorstep.

Higher education, which is becoming more and more accessible to the women of Japan, does not yet appear to take them away from their homes, or to give them undue interest in affairs outside their homes, as it does in the case of some of the Western women.

It is the Japanese practice to keep social meetings and social intercourse between the sexes at a minimum. It is believed that this way is more conducive to high domestic standards than the Western freedom of meeting between the sexes. This is without doubt another factor in retarding the political development of the women who, because they are not brought into social contact with men to any great extent, do not desire to exercise the suffrage rights which men enjoy.

## A Cure for Nose-bleed

NOSE-BLEED is sometimes annoyingly persistent and the best remedy is the vigorous motion of the jaws as if in the act of chewing. In the case of a child, a wad of paper should be inserted and chewed hard. It is the motion of the jaws that stops the flow

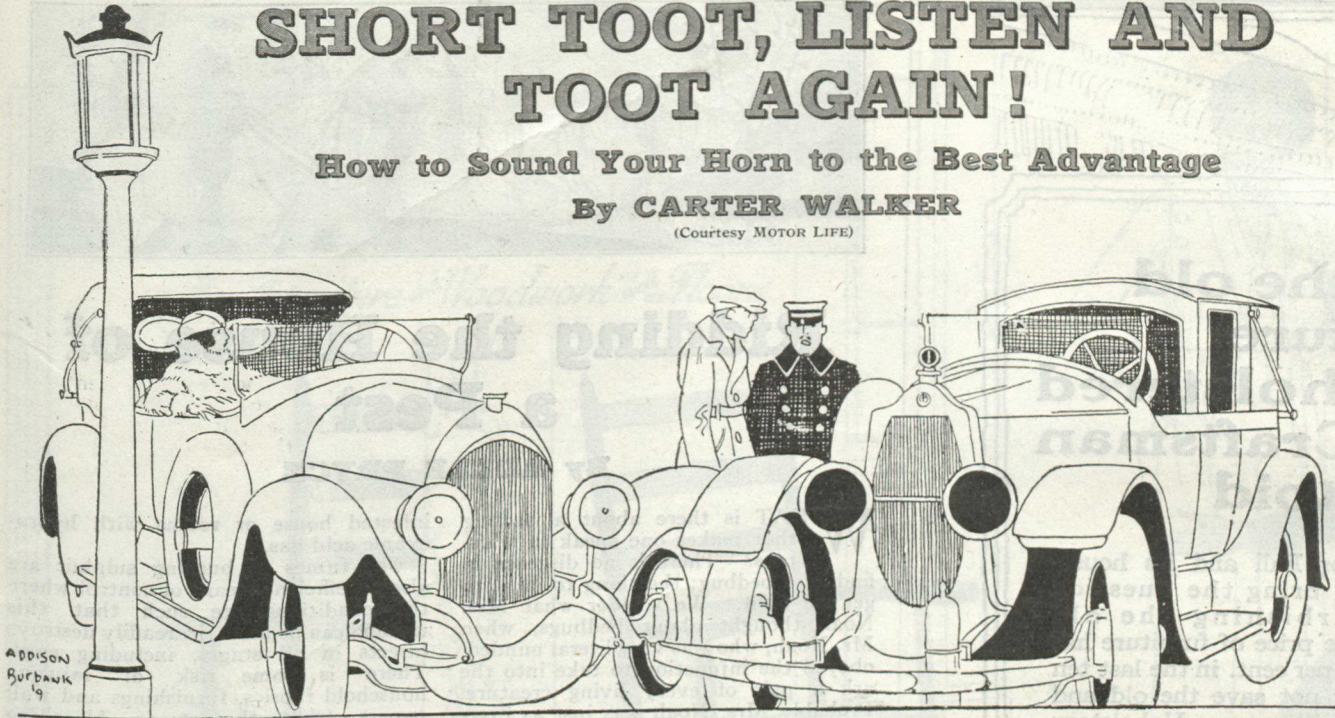
of blood. The remedy is very simple, but it has never been known to fail in a single instance, even in the severest cases. In very obstinate cases, soaking the hands and feet in water as hot as can be borne never fails to check the bleeding.

# SHORT TOOT, LISTEN AND TOOT AGAIN!

How to Sound Your Horn to the Best Advantage

By CARTER WALKER

(Courtesy MOTOR LIFE)



ADDISON  
BURBANK  
19

MANY motorists who are very efficient at controlling the steering wheel, applying the brakes, feeding the motor, etc., seem to be glaringly inefficient in the matter of operating the horn. They "toot" or whatever the noise is, but hardly ever stop to wonder whether they are using their warning device to the best advantage.

Yet the horn probably is one of the most essential things on a motor car. Without it accidents would increase at a rate that would make motoring a pest rather than a pleasure. With motors getting increasingly quieter in operation and machines doubling in numbers it is difficult to imagine what would happen if there were no way of saying "Look out, I'm coming!" Except that it would be terrible.

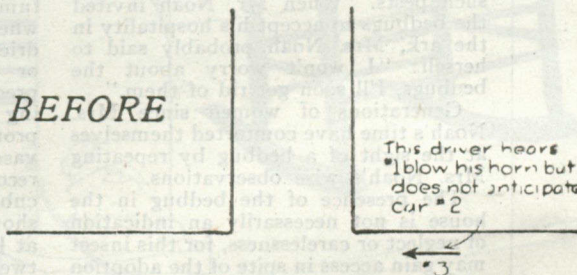
But the fact remains, however, that in spite of the fact that every vehicle is required to have a warning device, and in spite of the fact that all motorists use them, a fairly large number of accidents are the result of one party not knowing the other was coming.

And why didn't he? The fellow on the side street horned and horned. Yet the other driver didn't hear him. Usually drivers are not quite as deaf as all that. Can it be, then, that driver number two deafened himself with his own horn?

I think this is the case of a great many accidents. I was nearly the victim of it the other evening myself. I was approaching one of those intersections where the car on the right has the right of way.

As a consequence I slowed up and sounded my horn long and loud. Hearing no other signal I proceeded to cross the street only to find another car sliding directly into me. Both of us, fortunately, knew what to do under such circumstances, so, turning away from each other with brakes on, we locked

BEFORE



Don't rely on #1  
**Diagram 3.**  
When trailing another car be sure to horn at every crossing.

Fig. 3

AFTER

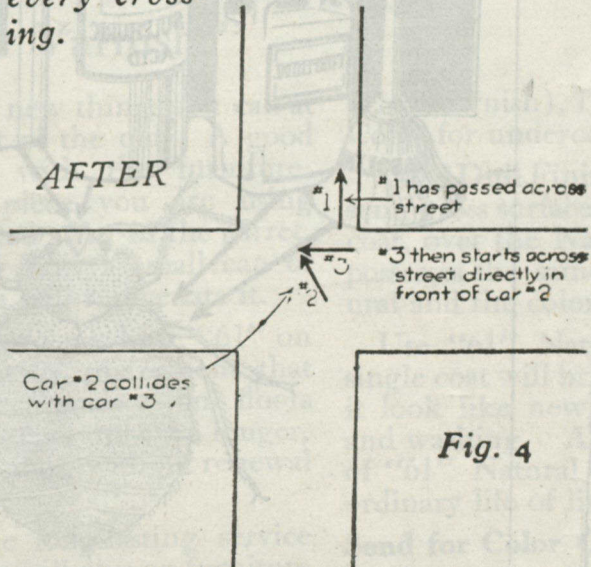


Fig. 4

running boards and slid over to the far corner. Neither car was damaged, as is often the case, with a right angle slide of this sort. But what concerned us most was the horning question.

He insisted that I had not given any warning, yet I remembered having blown my horn long and loud. I came right back at him with his own accusation. And for a few moments we did not consider each other George Washingtons.

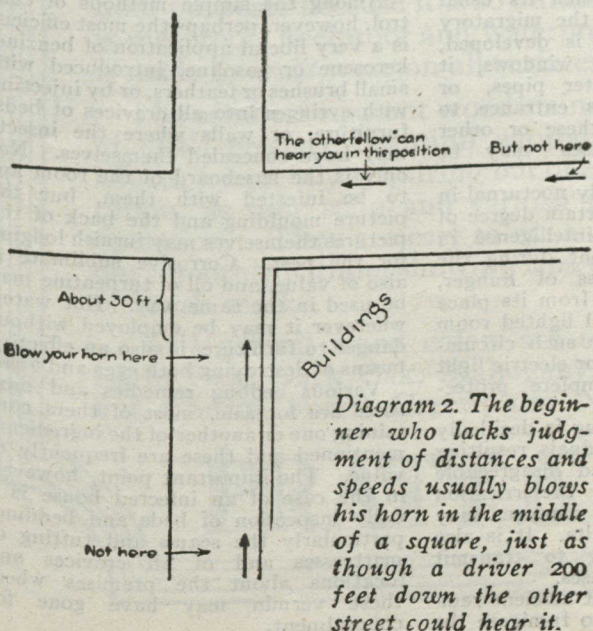
We were both so positive that we had blown our horns and so certain that we actually heard them blow that there was only one possible explanation. There would have been no sense in our saying the horn was blown if it wasn't, because there was no damage and consequently no reason for any argument. We simply wanted to get at the facts.

What had happened was that two horns were blown simultaneously, and both, as we discovered by testing, were of practically the same pitch and volume. In such a case we might just as well not have blown our horns at all.

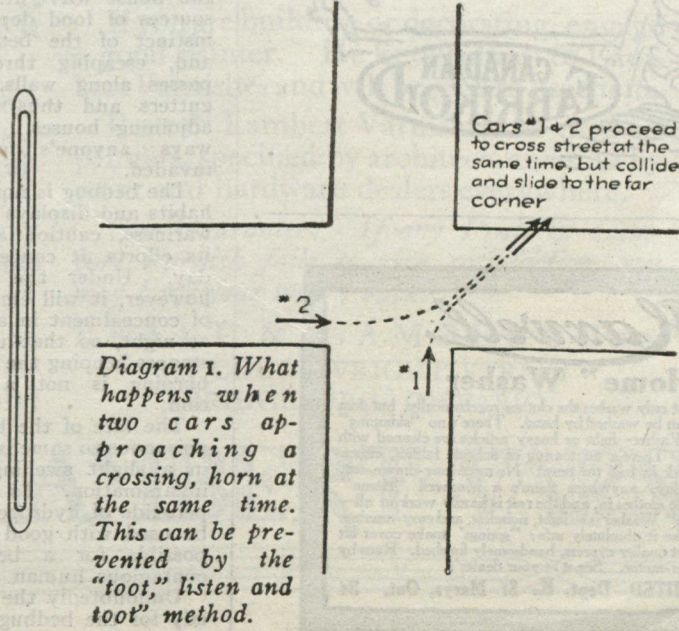
It is, therefore, advisable before passing an intersection to give the signal, listen for a reply and then give it again. Some such plan—whichever seems feasible to the particular driver—should be instrumental in lessening the number of accidents that are the direct result of wrong horning.

THE DRIVER, technically known as the "road hog," is less likely to be the victim of a crossing accident of this sort because the other fellow is bound to hear him coming. But the excessive hornier is a general nuisance everywhere. He annoys the patrons of the theatre, the church congregation, the patients in the hospital and a thousand and one persons who are perfectly well aware that

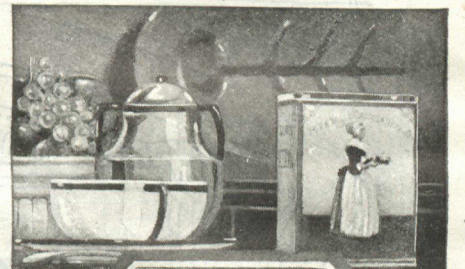
(Continued on page 52)



**Diagram 2.** The beginner who lacks judgment of distances and speeds usually blows his horn in the middle of a square, just as though a driver 200 feet down the other street could hear it.



**Diagram 1.** What happens when two cars approaching a crossing, horn at the same time. This can be prevented by the "toot," listen and toot" method.



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**S**PRING or Fall and its house-cleaning bring the question of refurbishing the old furniture. The price of furniture has advanced 100 per cent. in the last ten years, so why not save the old and make it look like new. Upholstery gone? Fabrikoid is the answer—an attractive covering that looks like leather, costs less and wears longer.

Fabrikoid gives a richness to furniture that cannot be obtained in any other covering at the same cost. It is the one satisfactory furniture covering in the home where there are children. Greasy fingers leave no stains on Fabrikoid, spilled water will not penetrate it—it does not scratch, tear, pull or stretch, still it is as pliable as the softest of leather.

Get Fabrikoid in a shade that will match your furniture. It will fit nicely with the surroundings in any home. And it is all of uniform thickness and texture—you take no chance on Fabrikoid.

When you send your furniture to be re-upholstered, tell your dealer to show you his samples of Fabrikoid. Select the color you need—you cannot go wrong on the quality, if you insist on Fabrikoid. Write today for our free booklet "Fabrikoid in the Home" and learn what can be done at home with Fabrikoid.

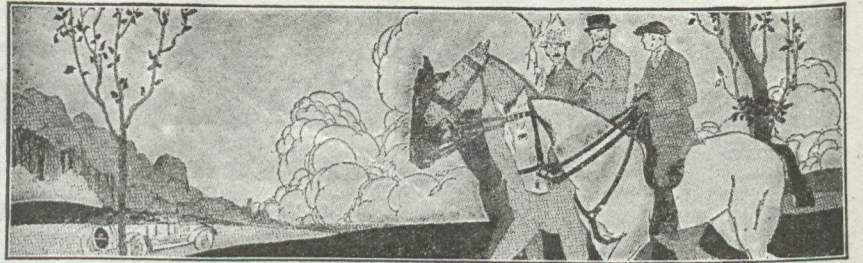
**Canadian Fabrikoid Limited**

Head Office, Montreal

Halifax Toronto Sudbury  
Winnipeg Vancouver



Most of the motor cars in Canada today are upholstered or topped with Fabrikoid.



## Ridding the House of a Pest

By ADELE PRYCE

**W**HAT is there about a bedbug that makes one speak in whispers? There is no disgrace in finding a bedbug; the thing to do is to get rid of it. We wonder what Mrs. Noah thought about bedbugs, when Mr. Noah, who was very literal minded, obeyed the injunction to take into the ark a pair of every living creature. Probably Mrs. Noah was just as fussy a housekeeper as the present day woman who keeps her house free from such pests. When Mr. Noah invited the bedbugs to accept his hospitality in the ark, Mrs. Noah probably said to herself: "I won't worry about the bedbugs, I'll soon get rid of them."

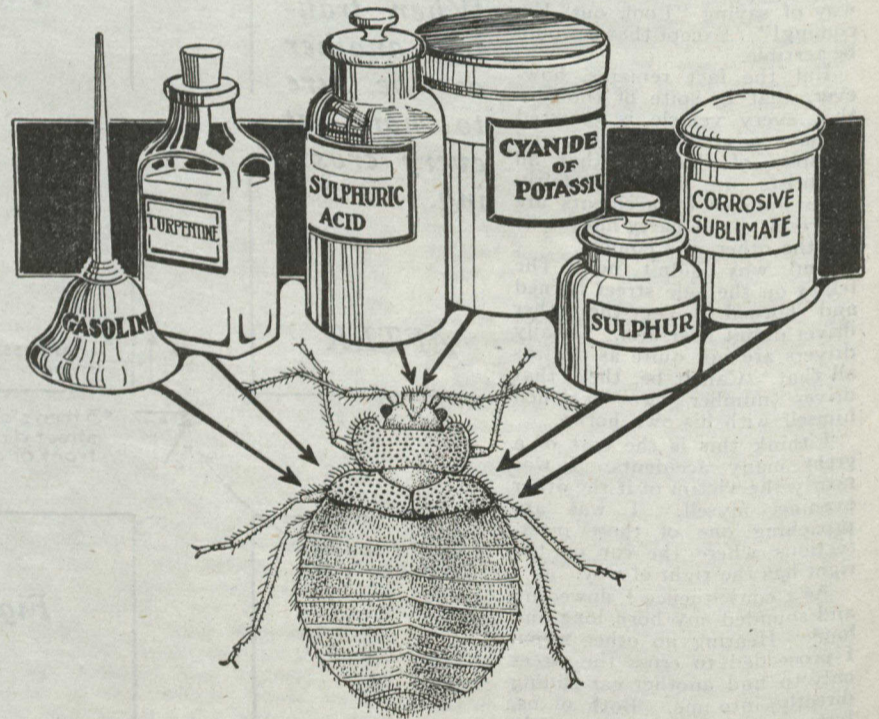
Generations of women since Mrs. Noah's time have comforted themselves at the sight of a bedbug by repeating Mrs. Noah's wise observations.

The presence of the bedbug in the house is not necessarily an indication of neglect or carelessness, for this insect may gain access in spite of the adoption of all reasonable precautions. Trunks, wraps, bags of travellers and baskets of laundry may furnish a means of transportation for the pest. Unfortunately, too, it is quite capable of migrating from one house to another, and will often continue to go from an adjoining house sometimes for a period of several

infested house or rooms with hydrocyanic acid gas.

The fumes of burning sulphur are also an efficient means of control where the conditions are such that this method can be used. It readily destroys insects in all stages, including eggs. There is some risk of injuring household fabrics, furnishings and wall papers from the strong bleaching quality of sulphur fumes. The danger will be somewhat diminished if the fumigation can be done at a time when the room or house is thoroughly dried out, as in winter by a furnace or other heating system. Further precautions should be taken by removing metallic surfaces from the room or protecting them with a coating of vaseline. Two pounds of sulphur are recommended for each two thousand cubic feet of space, and the building should be closed for the treatment for at least five or six hours or preferably twenty-four hours. Thoroughly-going precautions must be taken to prevent accidental overflowing or the starting of a fire. After the fumigation the house should be given a thorough airing.

Gases, such as formalin and the vapours of benzene, naphthaline and camphor are sometimes used, but are



months, gaining access daily. Such migration is especially likely to take place when the human inhabitants of the house leave it. When its usual sources of food depart, the migratory instinct of the bedbug is developed, and, escaping through windows, it passes along walls, water pipes, or gutters and thus gains entrance to adjoining houses. In these or other ways anyone's premises may be invaded.

The bedbug is normally nocturnal in habits and displays a certain degree of wariness, caution and intelligence in its efforts at concealment during the day. Under the stress of hunger, however, it will emerge from its place of concealment in a well lighted room at night, so that under such circumstances keeping the gas or electric light burning is not a complete protection.

The bite of the bedbug is decidedly poisonous to some individuals, resulting in a slight swelling and disagreeable inflammation. To allay the irritation peroxide of hydrogen or dioxygen may be used with good results. It is also possible for a bedbug to transmit contagious human diseases.

Undoubtedly the most efficient remedy for the bedbug is to fumigate the

of little value. Insect powders, because they are difficult to get into crevices, are not effective.

Among the simple methods of control, however, perhaps the most efficient is a very liberal application of benzene, kerosene or gasoline, introduced with small brushes or feathers, or by injecting with syringes into all crevices of beds, furniture, or walls where the insects may have concealed themselves. Not only is the baseboard of the room apt to be infested with them, but the picture moulding and the back of the pictures themselves may furnish lodging for the pest. Corrosive sublimate is also of value, and oil of turpentine may be used in the same way. Hot water, wherever it may be employed without danger to furniture, is also an effective means of destroying both eggs and bugs.

Various bedbug remedies and mixtures are for sale, most of them containing one or another of the ingredients mentioned and these are frequently of value. The important point, however, in the case of an infested house is a daily inspection of beds and bedding, particularly the seams and tufting of mattresses and of all crevices and locations about the premises where these vermin may have gone for concealment.



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# "61" FLOOR VARNISH

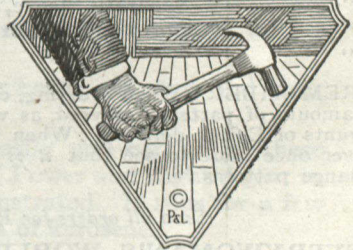
For Furniture and Woodwork <sup>as well as</sup> Floors.



"Since when, Betsy, are we so wealthy as to buy two new porch chairs?"

"Foolish boy! Tommy, those are the old chairs you wanted to sell. I refinished them with Forest Green "61" Floor Varnish."

- Test It With a Hammer -



"61" COLORS  
 Light & Dark Oak  
 Mahogany  
 Walnut, Cherry  
 Forest Green  
 Natural  
 Dull Finish  
 Ground Color

If you can't have new things you can at least make the most of the old. A good place to begin is with the furniture. Whether it be a piece you are using or an old chair tucked away in the garret, it's really surprising how a small can of "61" Floor Varnish will rejuvenate it.

Some people who do not have "61" on their floors, learn with amazement that it presents a perfect surface on floors for two years, three years and even longer, under normal conditions, without renewal or care of any kind.

Imagine then the long-lasting service "61" Floor Varnish will give on furniture and woodwork of all kinds! "61" has become a universal varnish for all household purposes because it is so durable. It is marproof, heelproof and waterproof. It is made to resist wear on all surfaces.

The semi-transparent wood-stain colors of "61" produce beautiful natural wood effects, frequently requiring but one application, as they stain and varnish in one operation. They are easy to use and flow out smoothly without showing laps, streaks or brush marks.

"61" natural wood colors are sold in Light Oak, Dark Oak, Mahogany, Walnut, Cherry, Forest Green; also Natural

(clear varnish), Dull Finish; and Ground Color for undercoats where necessary.

"61" Dull Finish produces that beautiful semi-gloss surface when used as a finishing coat, over the Natural or the colors. It possesses the same durability as the Natural and the colors.

Use "61" Natural over linoleum. A single coat will brighten the pattern, make it look like new, and facilitate cleaning and washing. An occasional application of "61" Natural will at least double the ordinary life of linoleum.

**Send for Color Card and Sample Panel** finished with "61." Try the hammer test on the sample panel. You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.

If you are building or decorating, engage a good painter. He knows Pratt & Lambert Varnishes and will be glad to use them.

Pratt & Lambert Varnishes are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

*Our Guarantee: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish fails to give satisfaction, you may have your money back.*

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**Vitalite**  
THE LONG-LIFE ENAMEL

Vitalite, the incomparable Long-Life Enamel may now be had in a number of sight-satisfying Tints. No thick, dauby colors these! Tints; Ivory, Cream and Gray; Chinese Blue and Leaf Green!

Save the surface and you save all paint & varnish

# PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISHES



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are hand made throughout and draped on the form by style experts. Each section of a Royal Pattern is plainly and unmistakably marked—there is no need of memorising needless symbols. Even though the design be elaborate the actual construction is simple.

If you are looking for a pattern only—machine-made patterns will do; if you want style and exclusiveness—buy Royal Patterns.

The amount of material required is specified on all patterns. All patterns allow for seams.

Royal Patterns are cut in the following sizes:

Bust	Waist	Hip	Bust	Waist	Hip
34	24	38	40	30	42-44
36	26	40	42	32	45
38	28	42			

Other sizes cut to measure, for which an extra charge is made. Patterns are supplied only of the designs which bear numbers.

## PRICES OF ROYAL PATTERNS

Flat Pattern of Waist	\$1.00
“ “ “ Skirt	1.00
“ “ “ Costume (One-piece or Waist and Skirt)	1.50
“ “ “ Coat or Wrap	1.50
“ “ “ Suit (Suit Coat and Skirt)	2.00
“ “ “ Gown with Train	2.00
“ “ “ Bathing Suit	2.00
“ “ “ Separate Sleeve, Collar or Vest	.50
“ “ “ Child's Garment, up to 10 years' size	.50
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REMEMBER: When ordering, enclose check or money order for the amount of patterns ordered, as we make no provision for charge accounts or C.O.D. delivery. When your order is ready to mail, look it over once more to see that it is correctly made out. We do not exchange patterns.

Send all orders for Royal Patterns to

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253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

..... (Cut out and mail with remittance) .....

## Order Blank for Royal Patterns

Date.....

EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Pattern Dept.,  
253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Enclosed find \$..... for which please send me Royal Patterns listed below:

*Pattern Number	Bust Measurement	Price
Costume	.....	.....
Costume	.....	.....
Suit	.....	.....
Suit	.....	.....
Waist	.....	.....
Waist	.....	.....
Coat	.....	.....
Coat	.....	.....
*Pattern Number	Waist Measurement	Price
Skirt	.....	.....
Skirt	.....	.....
Skirt	.....	.....

Name.....

Street.....

City..... Province.....

Before mailing your order, look over once more to make sure that you have given the right number, or numbers, and stated the sizes correctly. When sizes are not specified, 36-inch bust and 26-inch waist measurement will be sent. To avoid delay, enclose full remittance with order

\*Patterns are supplied only of the designs which bear numbers.

# You Can Be Your Own Dentist

(Continued from page 38)

satisfaction and comfort given by the natural tooth. Furthermore, once a tooth has been extracted, the part from which it was drawn commences a shrinking process and causes the other teeth to lose their correct position in the arch. By the extraction of one tooth every other tooth is compelled to carry an extra load and soon the weaker ones are overworked and give trouble. There are many young people who are compelled to go through life wearing a plate and bearing distorted features as a result of early neglect of their teeth and early extraction. The absorption of the bone, following extraction of all the teeth, is so great in some cases that the mouth sinks in, and the chin almost touches the tip of the nose.

When it becomes necessary to have a tooth removed, never allow the space to remain unfilled, but have a substitute inserted at once, for as stated above, the remaining teeth will have to bear the strain and in so doing will be shifted from their proper position. This means that when the teeth are brought together, instead of say a cusp on the upper entering a hollow on the lower in order to grind the food particles, it will strike a cusp on the lower with the result that the teeth are separated along the whole arch, food particles remain unbroken, and indigestion is sure to follow, through lack of mastication. Not only this, the tooth which is in the arch opposite the extracted tooth has nothing to bite on in the act of chewing, and as a result it elongates until it projects into the space of the extracted tooth and in some cases comes out of its attachment in the gum. By having a substitute put in place of the extracted tooth soon after its extraction all these conditions may be avoided. The kind of substitute and time for inserting are points to be decided by the dentist.

### Straightening of Teeth Important

A PART from the diseases and conditions which are of the pus-bearing and tissue-destroying form, there is one which, though disregarded by most people, is of great importance, inasmuch as it leads to serious complications

if neglected, and involves not only the mouth, but the nose, throat, ears and even the brain. It is that condition where the teeth appear in almost any form or arrangement, but the correct one. There are those cases with teeth tilted inwards, tilted outwards, lower teeth projecting in front of the upper, uppers projecting too far over the lowers, narrow arch pointed in front with the two front teeth overlapping, and any other conceivable abnormal arrangement. These cases all come under that branch of dentistry known as orthodontia, or teeth straightening, and can all be corrected if taken in the proper time. These abnormal conditions are of vital importance because of their association with mouth breathing, enlarged tonsils, adenoids, deafness, stupidity and various contortions of the features. It is under the work of a specialist, or orthodontist, and he should be consulted before the case has gone very far. The one point to be remembered in regard to this work is that the earlier in life it is attended to, the more easily it is corrected and the sooner the features are restored to normal.

While we have thus far been speaking of bad teeth of every description, we must not lose sight of the fact that there are, indeed, some very good teeth. But perfect sets are hard to find. The person who possesses a perfect set of well polished teeth has a string of pearls well worth guarding, as they cannot be duplicated, and it should be the aim of each and every one of us to have our teeth brought to that standard. It is true we cannot make perfect teeth when we do not possess them, but by a little attention and perseverance we can make a vast improvement in what we do possess. There are people wearing artificial substitutes to-day who should be wearing their own healthy living teeth, but who, through lack of appreciation and lack of care, allowed them to meet their fate in the jaws of the forceps. The point never to be forgotten is that no substitutes can replace the natural teeth and the latter can only be retained by individual examination, care and cleanliness, and by frequent examinations by a good dentist.

## Gaining The Children's Confidence

(Continued from page 34)

as the child, trying to understand the reasons for his acts.

First comes patience on the part of the mother. No matter what a child does or how much the doing of it upsets the orderly schedule of the home she will reserve her decision until she has an opportunity to find why the child did it. Behind the vagabond figure of the little child who stands before the home court of justice with torn and draggled clothes, dirty face and grimy hands, she needs to be able to vision the shadow of the Great Hero he tried to be, fording some brook that was his Red Sea or climbing a tree to view the Promised Land. The child's vision is much more important than the condition of his clothes. More important still is it that no criticism or punishment will prevent his telling his mother what he did and why he did it. It is better to overlook a great deal in the daily life of our boys and girls that is counter to our adult standards than to sharply reprimand a child and so run the risk of starting in him a tendency to be secretive. In almost every instance she will find that the child did not will to do wrong; the wrong comes because the child's act is opposed to our adult standards.

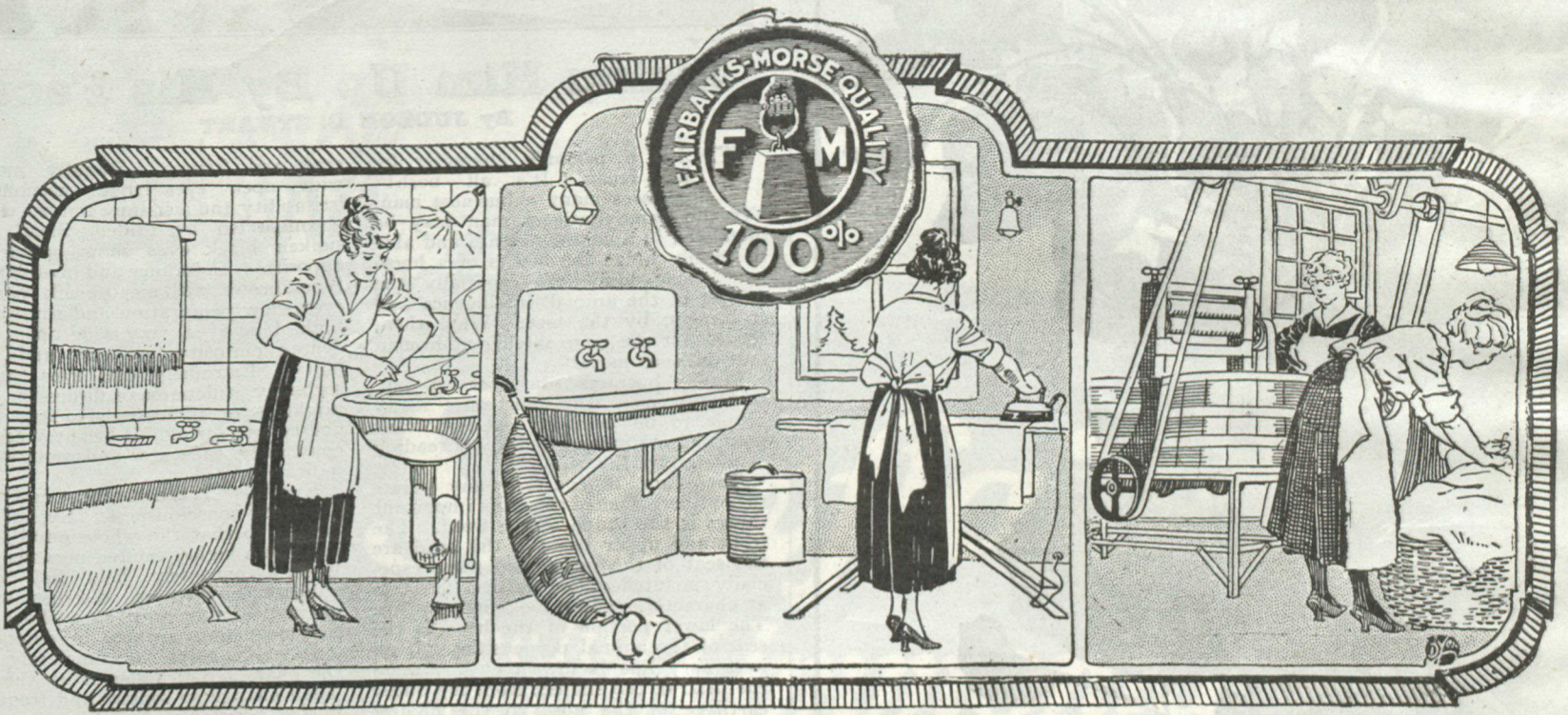
The next step is a working knowledge of child nature at its different stages that the mother may know what the children are apt to be thinking about at certain periods of their growth. Knowing this, even casually, she can the better invite their confidence by being, herself, interested in what interests them.

Children from two years to eight or nine are interested in things, especially as related to doings. There is constructive play, in which with such raw materials as paper, clay, sand and wood they make crude objects that help them to imitate the activities of their adults. They are interested in plants and animals, putting them on the basis of play-fellows. They carry on imitation plays such as grocer, farmer, fireman, house, train, sewing, cooking, counting, collecting, hoarding, measuring, stories, rhythmic plays and gymnastics and music. If the mother furnishes material for the child's working out of these play instincts, she will have gone far toward preserving his fellowship with and confidence with her.

From the years from nine to twelve or thirteen children begin to show an interest in competitive games. Before this period a child was content to play alone. Now he wants and needs companionship. There are games of chase, dramatic and impersonating plays, a wider interest in toys and dolls as related to plays of family life; the child begins to form societies or clubs usually for games and expeditions of discovery, such as pirate, explorer, Indian and scout play, and there is a great interest in puzzles. This is a period when the mother is most apt to lose the confidence of the child if she does not make his daily activities hers, too. Because an interest in the "gang," the game group, the secret society and a possible secret language such as "hog Latin" obsesses him, he is drawn unconsciously away from the everyday interests of the home. His parents are apt to either laugh at his plays of this stage in his development, or forbid them altogether, failing to see that they are a means by which the child is vaguely groping to find his place in the world of society. In this way a dangerous habit of "keeping to himself" is formed and the child's confidence is allowed to slip away.

Enter into the life of the child at this time. Go with him as he explores the mysteries of the world that he is just discovering or be ready, with open arms, to welcome him when he comes home from his wayfaring.

The most difficult stage of all is that of the child's adolescence. One of the symptoms of this period is that of secretiveness and there is a great sensitiveness to censure, praise and ridicule. Games narrow and sex differences are prominent. A new admiration dawns for physical prowess, hero worship, adventure and outdoor life. If the boy or girl up to this period have given the home their utmost confidence there will be no secrets from mother at this crucial point either. Added to this confidence the mother's and father's memory of their own feelings and longings, at this period, and a great sympathy with the physical problems of their children, and the milestone will be passed with no loss of faith by the children in their parents or in themselves.



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They have water the instant they turn the tap, in kitchen, bathroom, laundry, stables, barnyard, field, or wherever they wish.

They never waste time turning the separator, grindstone, fanning mill, or churn, because the "F" Plant does all these jobs just as faithfully as it runs the pump.

The womenfolk no longer slave over wash tubs, carry water, or have oil lamps to look after. The "F" Plant ends such

drudgery. They find the electric iron and vacuum cleaner labor-savers, as well as time-savers.

The farm help likes the place, accomplishes more, and is contented.

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Have you ever thought how easily you can enjoy these same advantages? Call on the "F" Power and Light Agent in your town and see the plant demonstrated. It runs for a few cents daily—six hours to the gallon of kerosene.

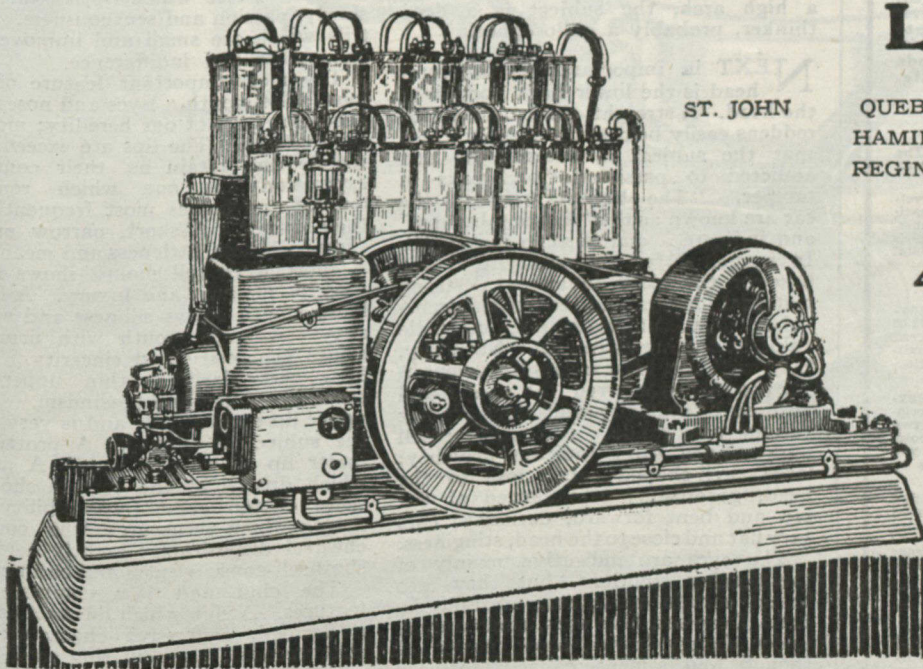
If there is no "F" Agent in your town, send coupon to our nearest office, and a catalogue will be sent you immediately.

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in every district to handle this biggest and easiest selling proposition and give owners the kind of service which has built the reputation of this Company.

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**EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD** will provide Roses for every garden in Canada. These will GROW and BLOOM. Imagine the pleasure of walking into your own garden and cutting great loads of beautiful, fragrant flowers like these. Roses that bloom every month of the season from early spring to late fall. Hardy Ever-bloomers, the greatest of all garden kinds, selected especially for our subscribers, each one noted for its hardy, vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming qualities, symmetrical form and bright, clean foliage. They are strong, well-rooted one-year-old bushes, covered with clean, bright foliage and all, except the climbing variety, should bloom this summer.

### Guaranteed to Grow and Bloom

Everyone can succeed with them. They will thrive in any good garden soil, although, like all plant life, they respond more liberally in fertile and congenial surroundings. Perhaps this very moment you can see in your mind's eye these fresh, fragrant beauties growing along the garden walk, clambering over fences, twining around porch pillars and over the doorways. Make it a reality this summer by planting these modern and improved sorts and the almost unbroken continuity of the beautiful, fragrant blossoms produced the entire season will be a summer-long delight. Yours will be shipped when it's time to plant—As these roses should not be set out in the open ground before all danger of hard frost is past, we have arranged with our grower to deliver them at the proper time. Below is a schedule showing about the dates deliveries will be made to the different localities, although weather conditions might vary these several days, so do not be alarmed if your order does not arrive just on date specified. **PLANTING DATES**—Latitude of British Columbia, May 15th to 25th. Latitude of Southern Ontario, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Northern Ontario, Quebec, Saskatchewan, Alberta—May 25th.

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- 1. Etoile De France.** This rose has been selected from the almost unlimited number of hardy red roses—a rose possessing every distinctive attribute which adds to beauty and appeal. Great masses of the most beautiful roses imaginable are borne all summer. The fragrance is delightful, the color exquisite—a clear, rich, velvety crimson. This is one of the finest of all garden roses.
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- 4. Sunburst.** We want every lover of beautiful roses to plant Sunburst, for there is not another like it, either in color, growth or beauty and wherever seen it has created a veritable sensation. Sunburst is the ideal garden rose, strong and vigorous in growth, healthy in every condition, thriving in practically any soil under the most adverse conditions to a perfection seen in no other rose.
- 5. Radiance.** Radiance is the crowning masterpiece and hailed by flower-lovers everywhere as one

of the greatest rose creations of modern times. The buds are beautifully formed, always opening well, the rose showing double to the centre.

**6. Climbing American Beauty.** The marvelous production of bloom is really sensational, each individual rose being perfect in form and very double, the color being deep, intense scarlet crimson, which retains its vivid brilliancy as long as the flower lasts.

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**Offer No. 1.** Renew your subscription to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD at the regular rate of only \$2.00 a year, postage paid, sending only twelve two-cent stamps to cover cost of importing, packing and mailing your bushes and we will send the complete collection of six Rose Bushes to you all postage paid.

**Offer No. 2.** Send your own renewal to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD together with one new subscription from a new reader and we will send you two complete collections—twelve Rose Bushes, all postage paid. The friend who subscribes through you may also have the full collection of six Bushes by sending only twelve two-cent stamps extra.

**Offer No. 3.** For each additional subscription (either new or renewal) secured by you we will send you two additional complete Rose collections (twelve bushes) all delivery charge paid. We will on request send you sample copies and supplies free in order that you may get subscriptions among your friends and neighbors and take advantage of this offer.

Your order must reach us by May 1st. Your Rose Bushes will be shipped in accordance with proper planting season in your section. Full Cultural Directions accompany each Collection.

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## Sizing Him Up By His Face

By JUDSON D. STUART

"TELL a person's character by his face? It's all bosh!" declares many a business man. Yet this same business man may be interested in a country estate and able to readily judge the merits of a horse by "sizing him up," especially the temper of the animal, intelligence and steadiness, by the face. Why, then, should not the more intelligent human face tell even more?

Many business men of to-day, especially men who must hire many people to fill more or less important positions, are making a study of reading character by the face.

There are, of course, many points to consider. One of the more important things is the shape of the head. The front and upper parts of the head are the seat of the moral and more especially the intellectual faculties. Experts at character reading look first at this. The lower portion of the head is the seat of the animal propensities. If an imaginary line is drawn clear around the head of the subject from the under cartilage of the nose to the highest portion of the skull, and the two divisions thus made compared, it is possible to ascertain whether the intellectual and moral, or the physical and animal faculties dominate that person.

The ideal face falls naturally into three equal divisions, the first of these begins at the top of the forehead and ends at the eyebrows; the second begins at the eyebrows and ends at the tip of the nose, the third continues from the tip of the nose to the jawbone. Not one face in a thousand has this perfect balance and it is usually easy to estimate just which portion of the head is most important. If the first and third sections are equally prominent, then the subject is dominated by the intellectual and moral faculties and moreover has the strength of will manifested in a strong jaw to carry out his ideas and convictions. If the chin is weak, he is likely to be a dreamer and let his ideas carry him away without putting them into action.

A forehead should be one-third of the entire face. If the forehead is higher, the subject has imagination and considerable mental ability, but has little energy. The forehead should be twice as broad as it is high. A broad low forehead shows alertness, common sense and mental quickness; a bulky forehead usually indicates stubbornness and a lack of brilliant qualities; a receding forehead shows mental weakness. If the curve of the forehead is a high arch, the subject is a deep thinker, probably a philosopher.

NEXT in importance to the forehead is the lower back portion of the head. A straight, thick neck which reddens easily behind the ears indicates that the subject is quarrelsome and addicted to passionate outbreaks of temper. "The bumps" behind the ear are known as the "fighting bumps," and indicate a quarrelsome individual. In women a full development at the base of the skull indicates a strong maternal instinct and love of children.

Ears are, unfortunately, of little value in reading character. Naturally, they would be, but careless treatment in babyhood has marred the shape and position of so many that they are not a very safe guide. Naturally, small pink tipped ears indicate frivolity; large, well-shaped ears, close to the head, generosity; ears curved at the top and bent forward, curiosity; ears very flat and close to the head, stinginess.

The eyes are indicative mainly of the passing emotions, but they also reflect certain permanent characteristics. Deep set, blue eyes, sunken eyes, under shaggy brows, show power of thought and immense capacity for hard work. They also indicate wisdom, and are found in the heads of great inventors and thinkers. Protruding, glassy balls show weak eyesight, and usually accompany a rather silly disposition. Eyes close together are said to indicate suspicion. Eyes extremely far apart indicate individuality, originality, and personal eccentricity. Calm, serene eyes, almond shaped, show a person indifferent to feeling and a lover of

ease and luxury. Rapidly moving, wide open eyes show nervousness, irritability and a snappy temper usually accompanied by pride. Small, deep sunken black eyes show boldness in opposition, endurance and perseverance. Black brows, with small black sparkling eyes, show penetration and shrewdness. Light blue eyes, very wide open, often denote curiosity, jealousy and sensibility. Extremely dull eyes indicate stupidity, sullenness or ill-health. Very bright eyes indicate vivacity, excitability and daring. If bright eyes move constantly, eagerness and ambition are indicated.

Eye lids kept constantly cast down show self-consciousness. Eyelids very far up, so that the whole pupil shows, indicate a highly excited nervous state. Eyelids purposely held half closed indicate furtiveness, distrust or coquetry. Calm grey eyes show good judgment and aptness in emergency.

It is impossible to completely cover the characteristics shown by the eyes. They change so swiftly and frequently in size, position and even in colour, that it takes close study to analyze their meaning.

THE NOSE is an important and abused feature of the face. It is called the governing feature, because it is supposed to indicate the control of the mind.

A large nose shows strength of character; a small one, weakness. It must be remembered that large and small are always used in relation to the other features. A large nose on a woman would be small on a man, and vice versa.

The Greek nose—that is the nose which joins the forehead in a single line and is finely shaped at the tip—shows refinement, reserve and sensitiveness. The aquiline nose, or the Roman nose, shows good judgment, determination and executive ability. Fighters usually have such noses. A turn-up nose shows cheerfulness, inquisitiveness and indicates a chatterbox. What is known as the hawk nose, from its supposed resemblance to the curved beak of a hawk, shows brain power and talent, with a certain power of concentration. It also indicates coarseness and aggressiveness.

A thin, pointed nose shows conceit, narrowness and cruelty. The large, straight nose, broad at the base, with moving nostrils denotes clear perception, logic and reason. Nostrils which move quickly denote sensitiveness and irritability. Those which open wide, but slowly, passion and sensuousness. Nostrils which are small and immovable, callousness and indifference.

The most important feature of the face is the mouth. Eyes and noses and heads are part of our heredity; mouths are our own. The lips are exceedingly mobile and retain as their constant expression the one which remains longest and comes most frequently to their owner. A short, narrow mouth shows coldness, littleness and meanness. A short, very full mouth shows fondness for pleasure and luxury. A large, loose mouth shows silliness and sensuality. A large mouth with firm lips shows generosity and sincerity. Thin lips, particularly a thin upper lip, show morbidity and pessimism. If the upper lip curls a little and is very thin, the subject is cynical. A protruding under lip shows obstinacy. A mouth which droops at the corners shows a sense of too great responsibility. A mouth which turns up at the corners, cheerful disposition. Lightly held lips show self-consciousness and bad temper.

The chin and jaw complete the features. A chin which advances shows a decided, aggressive character; one that recedes, a vacillating and weak one. A flat angular chin shows coldness and harshness. A very small, round chin shows weakness.

If all faces were well balanced, it would be an easy matter to read them, but frequently it happens that the owner of a strong chin has a receding forehead, and the possessor of a fine nose has a bad mouth. In that case the only thing to do is to read both characteristics and try to see which dominates.



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## The Home Dressmaking Class

(Continued from page 31)

come to the elbow, therefore if the inside length measurement is applied to the pattern, the difference between the individual measurement and the pattern must be added or taken off without interfering with the position of the elbow. The dart should come just to the elbow and the separation in the pattern should continue for one inch above the elbow.

### "Fulness" of the Elbow

**I**N A SLEEVE with a dart to the elbow it is very necessary to have some "fulness" in the elbow. If the pattern does not allow for this it must be provided for when the pattern is being measured and altered. Fold the pattern and if the upper part of the sleeve does not extend one inch beyond the under, at the wrists, add this inch. The inch of fulness is held in at the elbow and distributed partly above and partly below the elbow. This "fulness" in the elbow will make the sleeve more comfortable and will also cause it to wear better.

### The Two-Piece Coat-Sleeve

The sleeve for a tailored suit must of necessity be closer fitting than the fuller sport coat or top coat sleeve. There must be room for the action and natural curve of the arm, and yet, unlike the two-piece dress sleeve, for instance, which clings to the arm and follows its every movement, the tailored sleeve requires straighter lines and attention must be given to have the right balance. The individual measurements are applied to the two-piece coat sleeve similarly as for the sleeve with a dart to the elbow.

### The Width Alteration

Measure the top of both the upper and under parts of the pattern, using a tape measure and following the curves of the pattern. Do not include the seam allowances in the measurement, measure from seam line to seam line on both parts of the pattern. The top of the sleeve must be from 2 to 2½ inches larger than the armseye of the coat, otherwise the sleeve would be spoiled. If the sleeve pattern measures more than 2½ inches larger than the armseye measurement

sary width. This must also be done on both the upper and the under pattern.

It may be that the top of the upper sleeve pattern has been cut too high, allowing too much fullness on the top of the sleeve to be worked into the armseye. If this seems to be so, do not cut it off. Mark the pattern with a pencil rounding off the curve at top of sleeve, and, when cutting run a trace thread in the cloth following the line on the pattern.

Baste the sleeve into the armseye on the line made by the trace threads.

Occasionally the pattern gives just the desired width for the sleeve from the elbow to the wrist, but it is too wide from the elbow to the shoulder. More often the pattern is too narrow from the elbow to the shoulder while it gives just the width required below the elbow.

When this is the case add to or reduce the pattern from the elbow to armhole following the curve of the original pattern.

An equal amount must be added or taken from both the upper and under sleeve pattern.

### The length Alteration

Apply your "shoulder to elbow" measurement to the under part of the pattern. If the pattern is too long lay a plait half way between elbow and under armhole. If the pattern is not long enough cut it in the same place and set in a piece of paper making it the required length.

When Bishop sleeves are made out of sheer material, such as crepes, voiles, etc., it is necessary to French seam the length seams. (For French seams see chapter on Stitches).

### Sewing the Cuff on a Garment of Wool or Silk

**T**HE CUFF may be made to fit over the hand or if a closer fitting cuff is desired, snap fasteners or hooks and eyes may be used.

First, prepare the cuff by making it double, facing it or hemming all edges.

If buttons are to be used for trimming and the cuff is narrow, buttons may be used in place of snap fasteners or hooks and eyes.

Gather the sleeve to fit the cuff and sew a binding on the edge of the gathered sleeve. Use a piece of the cloth, about 1½ inches wide for the binding.

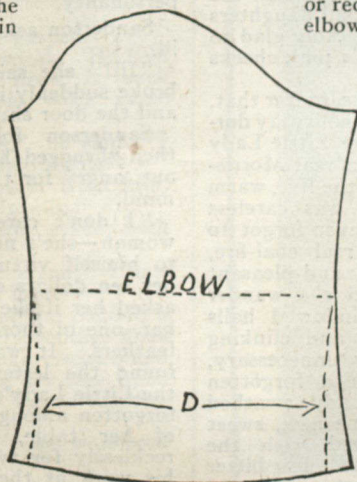


Diagram 5

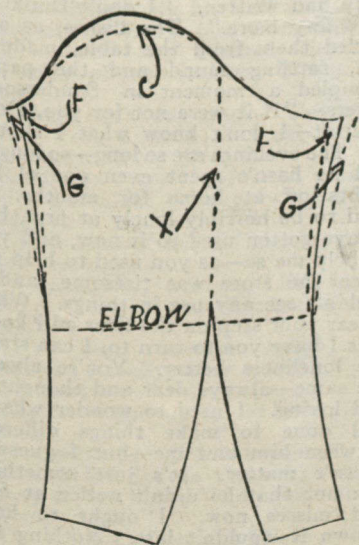


Diagram 6

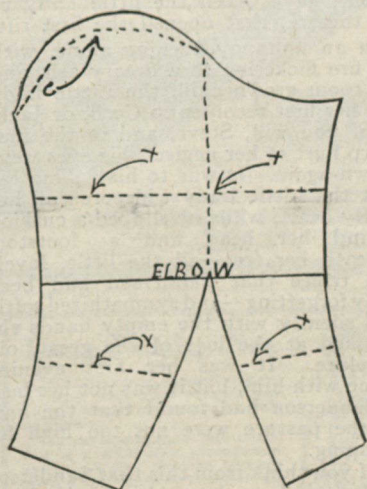


Diagram 7

the sleeve pattern must be made narrower by laying a plait down the centre of the pattern. An equal amount must be taken from both the upper and under sleeve pattern rounding off the curve at top of sleeve.

If the sleeve pattern measures less than the extra 2 inches required, the pattern must be made wider by cutting down the centre and setting in a piece of paper making the pattern the neces-

When the gathers are arranged and before the binding is put on, be sure most of the fulness is on the upper part of the sleeve and not on the under.

When attaching the cuff, find the center and pin the center of the cuff to the binding on the inside seam of the sleeve. Sew the cuff to the binding by using a slip stitch. Follow these instructions when attaching the cuff to the sleeve and you will find it an easy way and when the garment is finished the cuff will look well put on.

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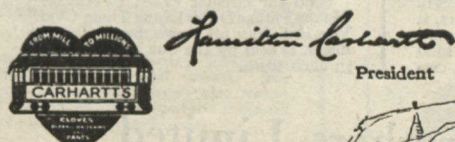
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## The Little Lady of the Books

(Continued from page 8)

not six months before Sanderson said to the Little Lady one night—in the shadow of a park oak it was, and nobody's business, so why shouldn't they sit there?—that he wanted her. He said it rather better than that, for the measure of love in a man like Sanderson is the measure of art. His voice grew husky and trembled; he used not many words and stumbled twice into silence; but the Little Lady understood, being gifted of the gods of Youth, and, while she said nothing at all, she managed to make it clear with eyes and lips and tender hands that Sanderson was not altogether repugnant to her. They walked back to her house in the golden haze that comes just once, but has many fashionable imitations, and two months later they were married. They had only each other, if you except the Little Lady's aunt, who had daughters of her own and was respectfully glad to be rid of the Little Lady's pink cheeks and gray eyes.

It was for more than a year after that, I think, that the dual personality lay dormant. For why, when the Little Lady could sit on the arm of a real Morris-chair, lean her cheek upon the live, warm cheek of Sanderson—he was careless about his ties, but he never forgot to shave—and blink at a real coal-fire, small, it is true, but noisy and pleasant to a degree—why should she wander in high-raftered, wide-windowed halls and dream of red roses and clinking spurs? It was obviously unnecessary, and Some One slept in a forgotten dream while the Little Lady, swathed in check aprons, like some new, sweet kind of cocoon, parleyed with the grocer's boy, and learned by bitter experience that if you cast your bread upon the waters you must let it soak longer for bread pudding than for stuffing. Otherwise, your pudding is too dry, and Sanderson, being of the tribe who, when dead, are known as esteem dryness. Neither, in the final estimate, was he of those who wallow peacefully in domesticity. So far into the marital delights of dulness he followed the Little Lady; so far, but no further, and from an impatient bondage it grew to be a certain freedom to him that his work on the paper kept him out in the world three-fourths of the day and two-thirds of the night.

Puddings he endured, if spicy, but the Little Lady had never learned to make a good rarebit, and among the wild crew of his bachelor days there were those who did. This, of course, the Little Lady could not know, and it was a careless scrawl dated from the Press Club, a request for a few hours of Sanderson's time on his off-night, when he should, by virtue of all precedent, have taken the Little Lady to the theatre, that opened the first rift.

In an unhappy evening alone, with the fire flickering to a dreary ash, and the room grown chill, the Little Lady had her first recourse to Cecil, or Jack, or, if you will, Steve, and in the first sharp hurt of her neglect, his eyes went that the Little Lady whispered all her lonely heart, while he slipped a cushion behind her head and a footstool beneath her feet—all the little, lover-like trifles that Sanderson had been daily forgetting—and sympathized softly and silently with the empty hands she warmed at the logs of the great, old fireplace. It was her first evening alone with him, but it was not her last. Sanderson had found that the bars of the pasture were not too high for jumping.

If you think from this that Sanderson had ceased to love the Little Lady you are very hasty. He had only grown used to her, which is infinitely harder on the heart and lighter on the morals. If possession is nine-tenths of possession, and while the Little Lady had been a poem to Sanderson when she leaned across the counter of Daskam's and blushed for his edification, at his own hearth-stone, with her hands a little red from industrious domesticity, and her mind divided between bias folds on her new gown and the best way to bake a chicken, she was prose, purely—a piece of very

necessary and sensible prose that a man does not care to read every evening in the week—particularly when a brilliant and witty bit of drama, in the guise of Life, is accessible just around the corner—any corner.

SO SANDERSON spent his evenings away from home and the Little Lady learned to be unhappy without stopping the daily routine. More and more she sank herself into dreams and fancies. The old dream of the firelit hall was an opiate, an anaesthetic to her ache of loneliness, and it resigned her to empty days and silent nights as no reasoning could have done, but the indulgence and the loneliness told on her. She grew careless of her hair and she wore her clothes without personality.

Sanderson asked one day if she were ill.

"Ill!" she said surprised, then she broke suddenly into a passion of tears, and the door shut hard behind her.

Sanderson followed her half-way, then shrugged his shoulders and went out, angry for the jolt to his peace of mind.

"I don't care what you do for a woman—she's never satisfied," he said to himself virtuously. He had given her ten dollars only that morning and asked her if she couldn't get a decent hat, one of those big, soft things with feathers. It was that night that he found the letter, a vagrant sheet of the Little Lady's monogrammed paper, forgotten among the litter in a drawer of her table, where he rummaged recklessly for twine. He was late for his work at the office, and the Little Lady was clearing away the dinner dishes in the next room, with hands that moved, unfeelingly, and feet that dragged. If the name, in her unformed script, had not stood up black and big from the top of the page, Sanderson would assuredly have thrust it aside, being honest after his own tenets; as it was, he lifted the sheet to the light and stared at it, misdoubting his eyes for the written evidence of "Dearest Jack."

He could not misdoubt them long, in view of the next line where "Dearest Jack" was implored not to think her a little coward, and please to help her. A mighty rage rose in Sanderson, and constricted the muscles of his throat. Line for line he read the pitiful little scrawl, deliberately word for word, and the possession that was nine-tenths of the law and had become nine-tenths of dulness, choked him as he read, with the thought of his loss and the shame to his pride.

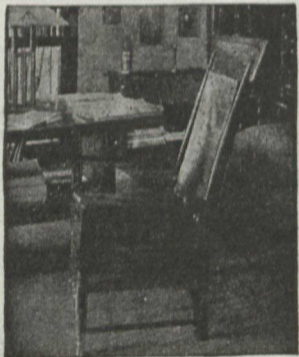
"He is not good to me," the Little Lady had written. "I don't think he cares any more." The dishes, as she carried them from the table, made a dull, rattling sound and the paper crumpled a moment in Sanderson's fingers. "If it were not for you, Dear Dearest—I don't know what I should do. The evenings are so long—so long—and he hasn't spent even one of his nights off at home for months. I used to be horribly lonely at first, but I have gotten used to it now, and you do help me so—as you used to help me when the store was tiresome and I couldn't see any use in things. When I hear your step on the floor and know that I have you to turn to, I can stand the loneliness better. You're always the same—always dear and thoughtful and loving. I used to wonder what I had done to make things different between him and me—but I guess it doesn't matter. It's just something I'm not that he didn't notice at first and misses now. I ought to have known it wouldn't last. Nothing has ever lasted for me but you," the line broke abruptly. Sanderson read from first word to last three times in the silent room.

If you think the Little Lady was mad, you are very hasty. There are more letters written by women that are never mailed than a poor mathematician would care to count (and the dream of the firelit hall and Some One had been very real to the Little Lady all her life). There are letters to men who have stopped loving, to men who

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have never begun to love, and some, like the Little Lady's, scrawled in an empty hour, to dream-lovers who never came true at all. These are the letters that hide in the pigeon-holes of many a desk and it is not once in a score of years that one of them sees the light, as did the Little Lady's, in Sanderson's shaking fingers.

When he had read it the third time, his face was drawn and his eyes wet. Temperament is an infallible guide in matters of the emotions. He saw himself in a flashlight of unlovely truth and he saw the Little Lady as he had seen her first, and further than that, he saw dimly a third figure which was not to come between them if his strength was worth its body-room. What was his he could keep and the Little Lady was his, though it came to him with a chilling realization that he had kept her but slackly. Under the gaslight his look grew menacing and haggard, so that the Little Lady, pausing in the doorway and stretching one slender arm vainly back over her shoulder, in the dislocating effort that goes with unbuttoning a big check-apron, stopped where she stood and stared, alarmed, with a distinct smudge on her left cheek.

"Are you sick?" she gasped. Sanderson could not speak. He held out the paper, then drew it back irresolute. At last his voice came hoarsely:

"I know everything," he said, "I found this—I couldn't help seeing—"

The Little Lady took it from him, her face crimsoning painfully.

"And you read it?" she asked, with scorn.

"Read it!" said Sanderson, "I saw the first two words, and then—"

The Little Lady swept the page in a lightning look of understanding, then she went over to the mantel-piece and leaned against it, hiding her face upon her outstretched arm. Sanderson followed her.

"I've been a brute," he muttered huskily.

She did not answer.

"I don't blame you," said Sanderson. He was making a mighty struggle to be just—"I'm not worth kicking—I didn't deserve to have you. I see it—his voice broke like the snapping of a tense-drawn string. "Say I'm not too late!" he cried fiercely.

"Do you hear me—say I'm not too late! You'll let me make it up to you."

"Make it up to me—how?" said the Little Lady, cold and tired.

"Who is this man?" he insisted, grimly. "What right has he to come between us?"

"There was plenty of room, wasn't there?" said the Little Lady. She did not lift her face from the shielding arm.

"I am your husband," said Sanderson.

"Yes, of course," echoed the Little Lady, without conviction.

Sanderson moved swiftly and caught her to him, crushing her against his heart so that it beat heavily and unevenly in her ear.

"I love you," he muttered, and his voice was rough.

The Little Lady lay still within his arms, almost like a bird from which a child's hand has crushed the life. Presently she spoke, not lifting her head.

"There isn't any Jack," she whispered, "it's a kind of make-believe. I've done it all my life."

Sanderson's arms tightened cruelly, and a tremulous smile grew upon her hidden face.

"That letter," he said slowly, "you mean you wrote it to—"

"I was lonely," said the Little Lady, "and I thought you didn't care any more."

"I've been through hell," said Sanderson huskily, after a little; "you don't know—"

The Little Lady, who did know, kept silence.

"It will be different now," he promised, his lips on the soft, untidy beauty of her hair. "You shall never be lonely again."

The Little Lady of the Books smiled with wet eyes, out of the knowledge that is not quickly unlearned.

"I wonder?" she said to herself, and she left the key in the door of the firelit hall.

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better or for worse." For after many years they met again—And these two who had been Husband and Wife found love flame forth anew!

Intensely real, intensely human, throbbing with the passion and bitterness of forbidden desire, was their reborn love—while interwoven with their tragedy was the helpless, hopeless victims of their remarriage, for all were bound by

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## Short Toot, Listen and Toot Again!

(Continued from page 41)

he has a horn. They want him to use it; not abuse it at their discomfort. He could be just as safe at crossings—and could hog the right of way just as successfully—by trying the "short toot, listen and toot again" method.

Another abuse of horning is found in giving warnings too far from the crossings. The beginner who lacks judgment of distances and speeds, usually sounds his horn in the middle of the square, just as though a driver 200 feet down the other street could hear it. The horn should not be sounded until one is within about thirty feet of the crossing. The other party can then hear the warning, and, if he had the right of way or simply decides to cross first, you will have thirty feet in which to stop—with ten feet of the street crossing to boot. If you can't bring the car to a dead stop in this space, it either means that your brakes are not up to standard requirements or that you are going over twenty miles an hour, both of which are taboo. When the streets are wet the normal stopping distance can be maintained by running at a slower rate of speed.

OFTEN it is difficult to know just how to warn old people who jaywalk across the streets. The sound of an automobile horn sometimes will frighten them "stiff," as we say, with the result that instead of jumping out of the way they will remain right in the path of the approaching car just as though hypnotized. Whenever it is possible to stop entirely, it is advisable. But frequently when an old person suddenly starts across the street without looking one way or the other it is necessary to warn him. Again it is possible to ride past, giving him just time enough to get out of the way, without giving any warning. For, when an old person is getting out of the way "just in time" the sound of the horn usually will cause him to stop—and often, to go back. This is just what you do not want him to do. Yet if you fail to blow your horn an officer will accuse you of reckless driving. Or, worse still, some fakir will insist you hit him and "never blew your horn."

Under all circumstances possibly the very best thing to do is to touch the horn button lightly. A long "toot" has a physiological effect upon the pedestrian that leads him to believe you are coming at high speed. Giving the horn motor only very little current however, produces but a few dull vibrations of the diaphragm—with the

result that the pedestrian will be less concerned with it and will move right on out of your way as you planned. In addition, you will be within the law.

THE WORST place to use a horn is when crossing railway or inter-urban trolley tracks. To do so is almost as bad as attempting to cross tracks with your eyes closed. "Stop, Look and Listen!" applies more to the motorists than to the pedestrian. The sign does not read: "Blow Your Horn Before Crossing." It would be utterly absurd because an engineer couldn't hear you if you had a dozen horns on your car. One should look and listen for the locomotive, and being quite certain there is nothing coming, cross over. The horn is a closed book at railway crossings. Even a trolley motorman, while he might possibly hear your signal, would find your horning useless for the simple reason that he couldn't stop in time to avoid you anyway.

One never should let the car ahead do the horning. Yet this often is the case. When trailing behind another car a third one may cross directly in back of the car ahead—and directly in your path. Drivers do not assume when they hear one horn that there are two cars coming down the cross street. It seems to be difficult for some drivers to realize that even one car is about to cross ahead.

In trailing another car the driver should horn at every crossing. If he desires to pass the car ahead he should give a long warning as a signal.

To motorists the horn is as indispensable as the brakes. If you doubt this assertion you will believe it some day when your horn refuses to blow. It is the most helpless feeling imaginable. No one seems to know you're coming. They pay absolutely no attention to you, with the result that you are obliged to creep along, or proceeding at the usual pace, take the chances—and the consequences.

BUT THE HORN has its legitimate uses and for this reason should not be abused. It should be used as an accident preventive and not as a plaything. And though one should never overlook wise use of the horn at every crossing, one should never assume that the other fellow has heard it. For such an assumption is one reason why repair men, insurance companies and hospitals are doing business.

## One Way of Solving Problem of Domestic Help



In this picture an ex-sergeant is seen "turning out" the drawing-room.



An ex-sailor making a bed at Aswarby Hall, the residence of Sir George Whichcote, Lincolnshire Eng., which is now staffed entirely by male servants.



### Problems in Breast Feeding

(Continued from page 4)

vigorously at first, becoming 2, 3 or 4 pounds overweight. The infant is obviously getting too much food, but has such a wonderful digestive apparatus that it can handle this overload of food. Wonderful is the term to describe its action. Just remember the baby triples its weight in one year. At no time during life does such growth take place. The stomach and intestines must be working at top speed to do this. In spite of this already heavy work, there appears to be still some reserve power so that they can digest for the time being sometimes 50 per cent. sometimes 75 per cent., more than the normal allotment of food. Purposely the writer said, "for the time being." For the work soon proves too much for the already hard-worked digestive system—the signs of dyspepsia, of indigestion, soon begin to appear. Those infants receive too much food either because they have been nursed too often, the mother admitting that she nurses every two hours or less, or when the baby cries, or irregularly, or because even on a three-hour interval, the breast milk being so abundant that the infant obtains the food very easily and so gets too much. The result of getting too much food is that the baby vomits—because the stomach is overloaded. Soon, too, the baby begins to have colicky pains and gas in the bowels—a combination causing distress and discomfort to the baby so that it cries a great deal. Often the mother does not remember that too much food will cause distress. She thinks it is not getting enough and nurses the baby oftener and longer in this way augmenting the trouble. The stools become loose, with means and fat curds—sure signs of indigestion. The ultimate result is a vomiting, restless baby, which soon ceases to gain and may even lose weight because the over-worked bowel no longer performs its function. How is one to make a positive diagnosis as to the trouble. Here the scales come in again. Weigh before and after nursing and you will find that this child is receiving too much more milk per day than is allowed on the estimation referred to previously. Often a baby requiring 20 ounces daily is actually receiving 30 ounces. The intestine is built to do just so much work. In this case it would be doing 50 per cent. more work than should be asked of it.

What is the solution? The obvious thing to do is to put the baby on the long interval, i.e., four-hour feedings (6 a.m., 10 a.m., 2 p.m., 6 p.m., 10 p.m.) at the same time using the scale to be sure that even then the baby is not obtaining too much. If in 15 minutes the baby still receives more than it should, a good plan is to give one ounce of water by bottle just before the baby nurses. If it still receives too much, the feeding time may have to be reduced to 12, 10 or even 8 minutes—or even shorter if necessary. It is not intended here that any mother should attempt to correct a bad case of dyspepsia. What we are anxious to do is to teach you how to feed your baby so that it will never become sick from overfeeding.

### Clever Cooking Tricks With Flour

A TEASPOONFUL of flour (for a pint) mixed with the sugar and cocoa or chocolate for a drink, gives a wonderful additional richness and smoothness and is the secret of the delicious chocolate served in France.

A teaspoonful sprinkled over the top of apple (juicy ones) or berry pies before placing the upper crust on enriches the flavour and keeps the juices from running out.

In custards also, in cooked salad dressings, Welsh rabbit and in all recipes depending on eggs alone for thickening, a little flour adds to the dish. In some recipes calling for corn-starch flour can be used as a substitute. Added to the sugar and cooked together as the basis for sherbet and water ices, the flour gives a body and delightful smoothness besides bringing out the fruit flavours to advantage. No gelatine or white of eggs is necessary when flour is used in this manner.

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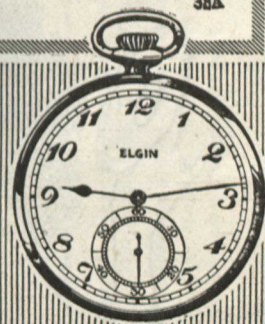
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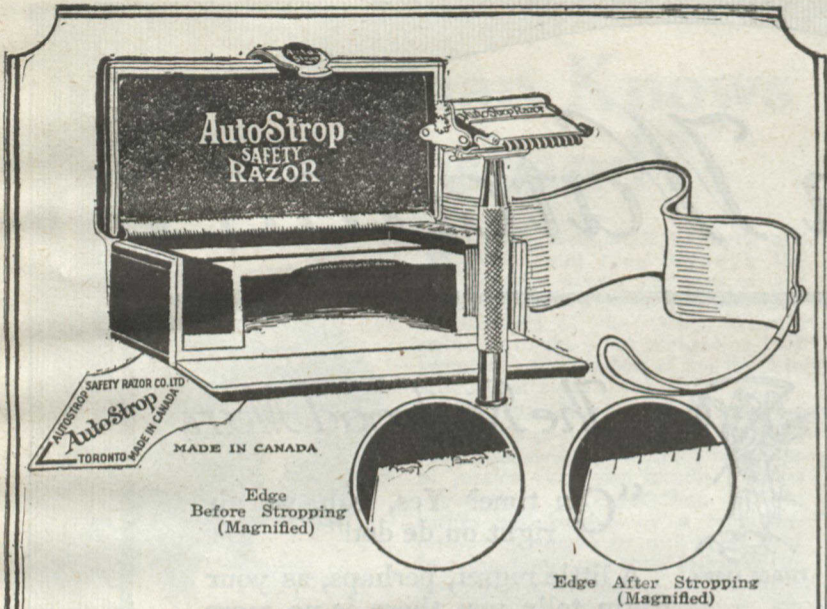
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## Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

(Continued from page 15)

running or cycling beside the royal car in their determination to get the maximum of Prince out of a short visit.

The crowd went upward from the roadway, also. We had come into our first city of sky-climbing buildings. One of these shoots up some twenty stories, but though this is the tallest "yet," it is surrounded by some considerable neighbours that give the streets great ranges upwards as well as forward. The windows of these great buildings were packed with people, and through the canopy of flags that fluttered on all the route they sent down their cheers to join the welcome on the ground floor.

It was through such crowds that the Prince drove to a greater crowd that was gathered about the Parliament Buildings.

The site of the Provincial Parliament Buildings is, as with all these western cities, very beautifully planned. It is set in the gracious Queen's Park, that forms an avenue of green in the very heart of the town. About the park are the buildings of Toronto University, and the avenue leads down to the dignified old law schools at Osgoode Hall. The Canadians show a sense of appropriate artistry always in the grouping of their public buildings—although, of course, they have had the advantage of beginning before ground rents and other interests grew too strong for public endeavour.

running out of inhabitants. It not only kept it up, but it sprang upon us the amazing sight of the Exhibition ground.

In this long and wonderful drive there was but one stop. This was at the City Hall, a big, rough stone building with a soaring campanile. On the broad steps of the hall a host of wounded men in blue were grouped as though in a grand stand. The string of cars swerved aside so that the Prince could stop for a few minutes and chat with the men.

His reception was of overwhelming warmth, men with all manner of hurts, men on crutches and in chairs stood up, or tried to stand up, to cheer him. It was in the truest sense a meeting of comrades, and when a one-legged soldier asked the Prince to pose for a photograph, he did it, not merely willingly, but with a jolly and personal friendliness.

### Prince Opens Exhibition

THE LONG road to the Exhibition passed through the busy manufacturing centre that has made Toronto famous and rich as a trading city, particularly as a trading city from which agricultural machinery is produced. The Exhibition itself is part of its great commercial enterprises. It is the focus for the whole of Ontario, and perhaps for the whole of Eastern



This smile was the Prince's fault. He complimented this young lady of Saskatoon on her excellent horsemanship.

The Parliament Buildings are of a ruddy sandstone in a style slightly railway-station Renaissance. They were draped with flags down to the vivid striped platform before the building upon which the reception was held. Great masses of people filled the lawns before the platform, and many ranks of soldiers, while to the right was a great flower-bed of infants, a grandstand brimming over with school-kiddies ready to cheer at the slightest hint, to sing at command, and to wave flags at all times.

It was a bustling reception from Toronto as parliamentary capital of Ontario, and from Toronto, the town. It was packed full of speeches and singing from the children and from a Welsh choir—and Canada flowers Welsh choirs—and presentations from many societies.

From the Parliament Buildings the Prince drove through the packed town to the Exhibition Grounds. We passed practically through the whole of the city in these two journeys, travelling miles of streets, yet all the way the mass of people was dense to a remarkable degree. Toronto, we knew, was supposed to have a population of 500,000 people, but long before we reached the end of the drive we began to wonder how the City could possibly keep up the strength on the pavements without

Canada of all that is up-to-date in the science of production. In the beautiful grounds that lie along the fringe of the inland sea that men have, for convenience's sake called Lake Ontario, and in fine buildings in those grounds is gathered together exhibits of machinery, textiles, timber, seeds, cattle and in fact everything concerned with the work of men in cities or on prairies, in offices or factories, farms or orchards.

The Exhibition was breaking records for its visitors already and the presence of the Prince enabled it to break more. The vastness of the crowd in the grounds was aweing. The gathering of people simply obliterated the grass of the lawns and clogged the roads.

When His Royal Highness had lunched with the administrators of the Exhibition he came out to a bandstand and publicly declared the grounds opened. The crowd was not merely thick about the stand, but its more venturesome members climbed up among the committee and the camera men, the latter working so strenuously and in such numbers that they gave the impression that they not only photographed every movement, but also every word the Prince uttered.

The density of the crowd made retreat a problem. Police and staff had to resolve themselves into human tanks and press a way by inches through the

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enthusiastic throng to the car. The car itself was surrounded, and could only move at a crawl along the roads, and so slow was the going and so lively was the friendliness of the people that His Royal Highness once and for all threw saluting overboard as a gesture entirely inadequate, and gave his response with a waving hand. The infection of good will, too, had caught hold of him, and not satisfied with his attitude, he sprang up in the car and waved standing. In this manner, and with one of his Staff holding him by the belt, he drove through and out of the grounds.

It was a day so packed with extraordinary crowds that we correspondents grew hopeless before them. We despaired of being able to convey adequately a sense of what was happening; "enthusiasm" was a hard driven word that day, and during the next two, and we would have given the world to find another for a change.

Since I returned I have heard sceptical people say that the stories of these "great receptions" were vamped up affairs, mere newspaper manufacture. I would like to have had some of these sceptics in Toronto with us on August 25, 26 and 27. It would have taught them a very convincing and stirring lesson.

The crowds of the Exhibition ground were followed by crowds at the Public Reception, an 'extra' which the Prince himself had added to his programme. This was held at the City Hall. It had all the characteristics of these democratic and popular receptions, only it was bigger. Policemen had been drawn about the City Hall, but when the people decided to go in, the police mattered very little. They were submerged by a sea of men and women that swept over them, swept up the big flight of steps and engulfed the Prince in a torrent every individual particle of which was bent on shaking hands. It was a splendidly tempered crowd, but it was determined upon that handshake. And it had it. It was at Toronto, that, as the Prince phrased it, "My right hand was done in." This was how Toronto did it in.

The visit was not all strenuous affection. There were quiet backwaters in which His Royal Highness obtained some rest, golfing and dancing. One such moment was when on this day he crossed to the Yacht Club, an idyllic place, on the sandspit that encloses the lagoon.

This club, set in the vividly blue waters of the great lake, is a little gem of beauty, with its smooth lawns, pretty buildings and fine trees. It is even something more, for every handful of loam on which the lawns and trees grow was transported from the mainland to make fruitful the arid sand of the spit. The Prince had tea on the lawn, while he watched the scores of brisk little boats that had followed him out and hung about awaiting his return like a genial guard of honour.

There was always dancing in honour of the Prince, and always a great deal of expectation as to who would be the lucky partners. His partners, as I have said, had their photographs published in the papers the next day. Even those who were not so lucky urged their cavaliers to keep as close to him as possible on the ball-room floor so every inflexion of the Prince could be watched, though not all were so far gone as an adoring young thing in one town (not Toronto), who hung on every movement, and who cried to her partner in accents of awe,

"I've heard him speak! I've heard him speak! He says 'Yes' just like an ordinary man. Isn't it wonderful!"

On Tuesday, the 25th, the Yacht Club was the scene of one of the brightest of dances, following a very happy reunion between the Prince and his comrades of the war. Some hundreds of officers of all grades were gathered together by General Gunn, the C.O. of the District, from the many thousands in Ontario, and these entertained the Prince to Dinner at the Club. It was a gathering both significant and impressive. Every one of the officers wore nor merely the medals of overseas service, but wore a distinction gained on the field.

It was an epitome of Canada's effort in the war. It was a collection of virile young men drawn from the lawyer's office and the farm, from the desk indoors and avocations in the open, from the very law schools and the university campus even. In the big

(Continued on page 56)



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I Just love them!"

Maple Buds are widely known  
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G 10A



### Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

(Continued from page 55)

dining-hall hung with scores of boards in German lettering, trench-signs, directing posts to billets, drinking water and the like, that had been captured by the very men who were then dining, one got a sense of the vivid capacity and alertness that made Canada's contribution to the Empire's fighting forces so notable, and more, that will make Canada's contribution to the future of the world so notable.

#### Amusements, Literature, Hospitals

THE "MOVIE" show is the great industry of amusement all over the Dominion. Even the smallest town has its Picture Palace, the larger towns have theatres which are palaces indeed in their appointments, and a multitude of them. In many the "movie" show is judiciously blended with vaudeville turns, a mixture of which seems popular.

Book shops are rareties. In a great town such as Toronto I was only able to find three or four definite book-shops, and these not within easy walk of my hotel. Even these shops dealt in stationery and the like to help things along, though their books were very much up-to-date, many of them (by both English and American authors as well as Canadian), published by

His Royal Highness visited and explored the whole of the great Hospital, stopping and chatting with as many of the wounded soldiers who were then housed in it, as time allowed. He also paid a visit to the Children's Hospital close by. This was an item on the programme entirely his own. Hearing of the hospital he determined to visit it, having first paved the way for his visit by sending the kiddies a large assortment of toys. This hospital, with its essentially modern clinic, was thoroughly explored before the Prince left in the midst of cheers from the kiddies whose enormous awe had melted during the acquaintance.

The afternoon was given over to the colourful ceremony in the University Hall, when the L.L.D. degree of the University was bestowed upon His Royal Highness. In a great, grey-stone hall that stands on the edge of the delightful Queen's Park, where was gathered an audience of dons in robes and ladies in bright dresses, with naval men and khaki men to break up the glowing scheme, the Prince in rose coloured robes received the degree and signed the roll of the University. Under the clear light of the glass roof the scene had a dignity and charm that placed it high among the striking pictures of the tour.



Indians at Kamloops gave the Prince a great ovation. He is here seen thanking a representative trio.

excellent Toronto publishing houses. All the recognized leaders among writers, and even Admirals and Generals turned writers, were on sale, though the popular market, as in England and elsewhere, is the Zane Grey type of book.

The reason there are few book shops is that the great stores—like Eatons and Simpsons have book departments, and very fine ones too, and that for general reading the Canadians are somewhat addicted to newspapers and magazines, which are on sale everywhere, in tobacconists, drug-stores, hotel loggias, and on special street stands, generally run by Returned Soldiers.

Tuesday, August 26th, was a day dedicated to quieter functions. The Prince's first visits were to the hospitals. Toronto, which likes to do things with a big gesture, has attacked the problem of hospital buildings in a spacious manner. The great General Hospital is planned throughout with a big air.

The Canadians certainly show a sense of architecture, and in building the General Hospital they refused to follow the Morgue School, which seems to be responsible for so many hospital and primary school designs. The Toronto hospital is a fine building of many blocks set about green lawns, and with lawns and trees in the quadrangles. The appointments are as nearly perfect as men can make them, and every scientific novelty is employed in the fight against wounds and sickness. Hospitals appear more generally used in Canada, people of all classes being treated there for illnesses that in Britain are treated at home.

It was a quieter day, but nevertheless it was a day of crowds, also, the people thronging all the routes in their unabateable numbers, showing that *crescendo* of friendliness which was to reach its greatest strength on the next day.

The crowds of Toronto, already astonishing, went beyond mere describing on Wednesday, August 27th.

There were several functions set down for this day. Only two matter: the review of the War Veterans in the Exhibition ground and the long drive through the residential areas of the City.

Some hint of what the crowd in the Exhibition Grounds was like was given to us as we endeavoured to wriggle our cars through the masses of other automobiles mobile or parked that crowded the way to the grounds. We had already been impressed by the almost inordinate number of motor-cars in Canada; the number of cars in Toronto terrified us.

When we looked on the thousands of cars in the city we knew why the streets had to be broad and straight and long. In no other way could they accommodate all that rushing traffic of swift cars and the lean, torpedo-like trams that with a splendid service link up the heart of the town with the far outlying suburbs. And even though the streets are broad, the automobile is becoming too much for them. The habit of parking cars on the slant and by scores on both sides of the roadway (as well as down side roads and on vacant "lots") is already restricting the carriage way in certain areas.

From the cars themselves there is  
(Continued on page 56b)

### I Can't Find It!

No wonder you can't find it. You can't remember whether you put it on the pantry shelf, in the cupboard drawer or in the old box in the corner of the kitchen. And right in the middle of your baking, too.

With a Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet you always know where to find it because there is a place for everything.



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The great Racing Automoto is built exactly like a 6 cylinder 80 horse power motor car. It has real electric headlights, rubber tires, artillery wheels, long sweeping hood, fine self-starters and cushion seat, steering wheel, radiator, electric horn, lamps, etc.

**HERE IS THE GRANDEST PROPOSITION EVER MADE**

BOYS, you can earn this big, handsome racing Automoto and be the pride of the town.

Automotoing is the greatest sport ever invented; you simply jump in the car, apply the self-starter, put your feet on the pedals and go spinning along to beat the band. In fact, the Automoto will do everything a real auto will do but burn up gasoline. Beats bicycling all hollow, and just think of it boys, you can get a racing Automoto absolutely free and a jim dandy electric flashlight as well, that anybody would be proud to own. It has a real bullseye searchlight and is fully 7 inches long.

If you are a live go-ahead boy and these two grand prizes interest you just send us your name and address. We want you to help us advertise and increase the demand for "Daintees," the delightful new cream candy coated Breath Perfume that everybody just loves.

Write to-day and we'll send you FREE, a big 10 cent package of "Daintees" to try yourself and with it just 35 handsome packages to introduce among your friends at only 10 cents a package. Open your sample package, try "Daintees" yourself and then ask all your friends to try them. They'll like them so much that everybody will want to buy a package or two, and you'll sell them all very quickly. It is easy. Return our \$3.50 when your sales are completed and we'll promptly send you the magnificent flashlight all charges paid, and the big Automoto you can also receive without selling any more goods by simply showing your fine prize to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

Hurry Boys. Be the first Automoto driver in your town. Other boys are earning these fine searchlights and great cars and you can too. You take no risk. If you cannot sell all the "Daintees," you can return them and get prizes or cash for what you do sell. Write today to:

**GOLD DOLLAR MANUFACTURING CO.**  
Dept. W. 4, Toronto, Ont. 2D

**WINNERS IN  
OCTOBER, 1919,  
CONTEST**

Winners in the October, 1919, Best Answer Contest are announced as follows:  
1st Prize \$5—Mrs. Florence Mae MacMullen, R.D. 3, Stirling, Ont.  
2nd Prize \$3—Mrs. J.W. J. Puffer, Norwood, Ont.  
3rd Prize \$2—Leroy Coutter, 1172 St. Clair Ave. W., Toronto, Ont.

Check for these amounts will be sent forward to the parties named.  
Continental Publishing Co., Limited, Toronto

## It is Dangerous to Use Counterfeit Parts for the

# Ford

**B**Y allowing your garage man to use imitation parts in repairing your car you not only invite repeated repair bills and more serious breakdowns, but you actually endanger your own life and the lives of others. Cheap and inferior parts used in connection with the steering control are liable to cause accidents of a very serious nature.

### You Risk Your Life When You Use Imitation Spindles

In a recent test the tensile strength of the genuine Ford Vanadium Steel spindle arm was found to be over 100% more than that of the counterfeit machine steel part. The arms were submitted to shock, and the counterfeit arm broke at a pulling force equivalent to 11,425 pounds applied to a cross section. The same pulling force applied to a corresponding cross section of a genuine Ford spindle arm did not even change its original size or shape. In order to separate the genuine spindle arm it was necessary to apply a pulling force of 25,000 pounds.

The spindle arm is one of the vital parts entering into the control of a car, and by using spurious parts in such places, Ford owners are risking lives and property.

You are merely protecting yourself and avoiding repeated repair bills when you demand genuine Ford parts.

*Only Genuine Ford Parts Can be Used with Safety*

Look for  
the Sign

**Genuine Ford Parts  
For Sale Here**

### Genuine Ford Springs versus Imitation Springs

Genuine Ford front and rear springs are made of Vanadium spring steel having a tensile strength of 210,000 pounds per square inch, and an elastic limit of 200,000 pounds. Every genuine Ford spring is tested in the factory. Front springs are subjected to a pressure of 1,850 pounds. In the fatigue test the average genuine spring will stand 60,000 strokes before breaking. Rear springs are subjected to a pressure of 2000 pounds and the average genuine spring will absorb 40,000 strokes before breaking.

Imitation springs are generally made of carbon steel having a tensile strength of only 130,000 pounds per square inch and an elastic limit of only 115,000 pounds. In ordinary service they soon flatten out.

**Ford Motor Company of Canada, Limited**  
Ford, Ontario



**Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales**

(Continued from page 56)

less danger than in the London streets, for the rules of the road are strict and the citizens keep them strictly. No car is allowed to pass a standing tram on the same side, for example, and that rule and others is obeyed by all drivers.

The multitude of cars, open touring cars of the McLaughlin and Overland type, many Fords, or "flivvers," and quite a number of Rolls-Royces, Napiers or Packards, thickened as we neared the Exhibition gates, and about them, in the side streets outside, and in the avenues inside they were parked by thousands.

They gave the meanest indication of the numbers of people in the grounds. The lawns were covered with people. The halls of exhibits were full of people. The Joy City where one can adventure into strange thrills from Coney Island, was full, the booths selling Buttered Cob Corn, Toasted Peanuts, Ice Cream Soda and the rest, had hundreds of customers—and all these, we found, were the overflow. They had been crowded out from the real show and were waiting outside in the hope of catching sight of the Prince as he made his round of the Exhibition.

The show ground of the Exhibition is a huge arena. It is faced by a mighty grandstand seating ten thousand people. Ten thousand people were sitting, the imagination boggles at the computation of the number of those standing, they filled every foothold and clung to every step and projection. There were some—men in khaki, of course—who were risking their necks high up on the iron roof of the stand.

In front of the stand is a great open space, backed by patriotic scenery that acts as the stage for performances of the pageant kind. It was packed so tightly with people that the movement of individuals was impossible. On this ground the war veterans should have been drawn up in ranks. In the beginning they were drawn up in ranks, but civilians, filling up every gangway and passage, overflowed on to the field, and filled that also. They were even clinging to the scenery and perched in the trees. The minimum figure for that crowd was given as fifty-thousand.

The reception given to the Prince was overwhelming: that is the soberest word one can use. As he rode into the arena he was immediately surrounded by a cheering and cheery mass of people who cut him off completely from his Staff. From the big stand there came an outburst of non-stop Canadian cheering, an affair of whistles, rattles, cheering and extempore noises, with the occasional bang of a firework, that was kept alive during the whole of the ceremony, one section of people taking it up when the first had tired itself out.

With the crowd thick about him, His Royal Highness strove to force his way to the platform on which he was to speak and to give medals, but movement could only be accomplished at a slow pace. As he neared the platform indeed, movement ceased altogether, and Prince and crowd were wedged tight in a solid mass. The pressure of the crowd seems to have been too much for him, for there was a moment when it seemed he would be thrown from his horse. A "movie" man on the platform came to his rescue, and catching him round the shoulders pulled him into safety over the heads of the crowd.

On this platform and in a setting of enthusiasm that cannot be described adequately, he spoke and gave medals to what seemed an endless stream of brave Canadians.

**A Twenty-Mile Drive**

IT WAS in the evening that he drove through the streets of the town, and I believe I am right in saying that he gave up other more restful engagements in order to undertake this ride that took several hours and was not less than twenty miles in length.

Toronto is a city in which the civic ideal is very strong, and the concern not merely of the municipality but of all the citizens. It believes in beautiful and up-to-date town planning and the elimination of slums, of which it now has not a single example. On his ride the Prince saw every facet of the city's activity.

He drove through the beautiful avenues of Rosedale, and through the

**Of Course You Can Paint It!**

Climb into your overalls and devote two hours to slipping a new coat over your car—a coat of Da-cote Motor Car Enamel, which has all the brilliance and beauty of the original factory finish and just about doubles the selling value of the car—or its pride value to you.

**Da-cote**  
is a DOUGALL Product

Better enamel than Da-cote never went on a car, yet it is prepared expressly for amateur use. Anyone can apply it, with splendid results. It dries overnight.

Da-cote is made in many popular colors. You can have almost any combination you want.

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**The Dougall Varnish Co. Limited**  
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is necessary so long as sleeveless gowns and sheer fabrics for sleeves are worn. It assists freedom of movement, unhampered grace, modest elegance and correct style. That is why "they all use Delatone"



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THE woman who wants WHITE clothes uses Keen's Oxford Blue—as her mother, grandmother and great grandmother did before her.

Keen's Oxford Blue is now, as then, the standard of excellence.

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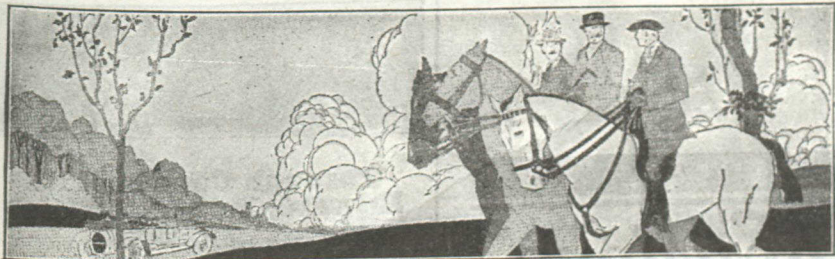


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not so beautiful but more eclectic area of The Hill. He went through the suburbs of charming, well-designed houses where the professional classes have their homes, and into the big, comely residential areas where the working people live. These areas are places of attractive homes. The instinct for good building which is the gift of the whole of America makes each house distinctive. There is never the hint of slum ugliness or slum congestion about them. The houses merely differ from the houses of the better-to-do in size, but though they are smaller, they have the same pleasant features, neat, colonial-style architecture, broad porches, unrailed lawns and the rest. Inside they have central heating, electric light, baths, hardwood floors and the other labour-saving devices of modern construction. And most of the houses are owned by the people within them, for the instinct for purchase by deferred payments, if it leads to immediate betterment of conditions, is strong in the Canadian.

The Prince's route also lay through the big shopping streets such as Yonge ("street" is dropped in the West) and King. Here are the great and brilliant stores, and here the purposeful Canadian crowd does its trading. There is a touch of determination in the Canadian on the sidewalk which seems ruthless-ness to the more easy-going Britisher, yet it is not rudeness, and the Canadian is an extraordinary orderly person, with a discipline that springs from self rather than from obedience to by-laws. It may be this that makes a Canadian crowd so decorous, even at the moment when it seems defying the policeman.

The Prince began his ride in the wonderful High Park, where nature has had very little coddling from man, and the results of such non-interference are admirable, and in that Park he at once entered into the avenue of people that was to border the way for twenty miles.

Again this crowd thickened at certain focal points. At the entrances of different districts, in the streets of heavily populated areas, about the cemetery where he planted a tree, it gathered in astonishing mass, but the amazing thing was that no place on that twenty-mile run was without a crowd.

The whole city appeared to have come in the street to cheer and wave flags or handkerchiefs at him as he passed, just as the whole of the little boy population appeared to have made up its mind to run or cycle beside him for the whole of the journey, despite all risks of cars behind.

The automobileocracy of the wealthier districts made grandstands of their cars at every cross road (and the Correspondents don't thank them for this, for they tried to cut into the procession of cars after the Prince had passed). The suburbans made their lawns into vantage points and grouped themselves on the curb edge, and the working classes simply overflowed the road in solid masses of attractively dressed women and children and Canadianly dressed men. Attractively dressed in a phrase to note: there are no rags or dowdiness in Canada.

There was a carnival air in the greeting of that multitude on that long ride, and the laughing and cheering affection of the crowds would have called forth a like response even in a personality less sympathetic than the Prince. It captured him completely. The formal salute never had a chance. First his answer to the cheering was an affectionate flag waving, then the flag was not good enough and his hat came into play, then he was standing up and waving, and finally he again climbed onto the seat, and half standing, half sitting on the folded hood, rode through the delighted crowds. With members of his Staff holding on to him he did practically the whole of the journey in this manner, sitting reasonably only at quiet spots, only changing his hat from right to left hand when one arm had become utterly exhausted. And all the way the crowds lined the route and cheered.

It was an astonishing spectacle, an amazing experience. It was the just culmination of the three full days of profound and moving emotion in which Toronto had shown how intense was its affection.

The effect of such a demonstration on the Prince himself was equally

profound. One of the Canadian Generals who had been driving with His Royal Highness on one of these occasions, told us that in the midst of such a scene as this, the Prince had turned to him and said: "Can you wonder that my heart is full?"

**Ottawa—the Capital of Canada**

**T**HE RUN from Toronto to Ottawa, the city that is a Province by itself and the Capital of Canada, was a night run, but there was in the early morning a halt by the wayside so that the train should not arrive before "skedule." The halt was utilized by the Prince as an opportunity for a stroll and by the more alert of the country people as an opportunity for a private audience.

At a tiny station called Manotick, farming families who believe in shaming the early bird came and had a look at that royal red monster of all-steel coaches, the train, while the youngest of them introduced the Prince to themselves.

They came out across the fields in twos and threes. One little boy, in a brimless hat, working overalls and with a fair amount of his working medium—plough land—liberally distributed over him (Huckleberry Finn come to life, as somebody observed) worked hard to break down his shyness and talk like a boy of the world to the Prince. A little girl, with the acumen of her sex, glanced once at the train, legged it to her father's homestead and came back with a basket of apples which she presented with all the solemnity of an illuminated address on vellum.

It was always a strange sight to watch people coming across the fields from nowhere to gather round the observation platform of the train for these impromptu audiences. Every part of Canada is well served by newspapers, yet to see people drift to the right place at the right time in the midst of loneliness had a touch of wonder about it. These causal gatherings were indeed as significant and as interesting as the great crowds of the cities. There was always an air of laughing friendliness in them, too, that gave charm to their utter informality, for which both the Prince and the people were responsible.

From this apple garnished pause the train pushed on and passing through the garden approach, where pleasant lawns and trees make a boulevard along a canal which runs parallel with the railway, the Prince entered Ottawa.

We had been warned against Ottawa, mainly by Ottawa men. We had been told not to expect too much from the Capital. As the Prince passed from crowded moment to crowded moment in Toronto, the stock of Ottawa slumped steadily in the minds of Ottawa's sons. They became insistent that we must not expect great things from Ottawa. Ottawa was not like that. Ottawa was the taciturn "burg."

It was a city of people given over to meditative, if sympathetic, silence. It was an artificial city, sprung from the sterile seeds of Legislature and thriving on the arid food of Bills. It was a mere habitation of governments. It was a freak city created coldly by an act of Solomonic wisdom. Before 1858 it was a drowsy French portage village, sitting inertly at the fork of the Ottawa and Rideau Rivers, concerning itself only with the lumber trade, almost inattentive to the battle which Montreal and Quebec, Toronto and Kingston were fighting for the political supremacy of the Dominion. Appealed to to settle this dispute, Queen Victoria decided all feuds by selecting what had been the old By-town, but which was now Ottawa, as the official capital of the Dominion.

Ottawa men pointed all this out to us and declared that a town of such artificial beginnings and whose present population was made up of civil servants and mixed Parliamentarians, could not be expected to show real, red-blooded enthusiasm.

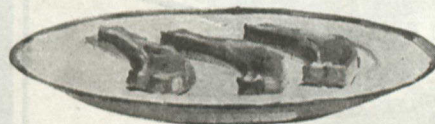
A day later those Ottawa men met us in the high and handsome halls of the Chateau Laurier and they were entirely unrepentant. They were even proud of their false prophecy, and asked us to join them in a grape-juice and soda—the limit of the emotion of good fellowship in Canada (anyhow, pub-

*(Continued on page 56d)*



**Price 40c—**

**The Cost of a 60-Dish Package of Quaker Oats**



**35 Cents**  
For Three Chops

Three chops will cost you nearly that—only enough for three. And seven eggs at this writing cost nearly as much as that 60-dish packet of Quaker.

A 60-dish package of Quaker Oats will cost you 40 cents.

A small fish will cost you the same amount—enough to serve four people.

**Mark the Food You Get**

The package of Quaker Oats yields 6221 calories—the energy measure of food value.

The fish, eggs or chops which that 40c buys will not average one-ninth as much.

As a food they cannot compare with oats. For the oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost a complete food, nearly the ideal food.

About all the human body needs is in oats in right proportion.

This is how the calory cost compares with other necessary foods, based on prices at this writing:



**35 Cents**  
For Seven Eggs



**40 Cents**  
For a 60-Dish Package  
6221 Calories

Cost Per 1000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	6c
Average Meats	45c
Average Fish	50c
Hen's Eggs	70c
Vegetables	11c to 78c

The wise housewife's conclusion must be this: The proper breakfast is Quaker Oats. It means supreme nutrition—foods that everybody needs. And the 85 per cent that it saves on breakfasts can buy costlier foods for dinner.

**Quaker Oats**

**Only 10 Pounds in a Bushel**

Quaker Oats are flaked from the cream of the oats, the queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. You get the maximum flavor, without extra cost, when you ask for this premier brand.

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TRADE MARK  
**French Ivory**  
BRUSHES



**Her Birthday**

FOR her coming birthday, buy small daughter a Keystone French Ivory Hair Brush. One piece at a time, as the years go by, and before you realize it, she will have a complete French Ivory Toilet Set of her very own.

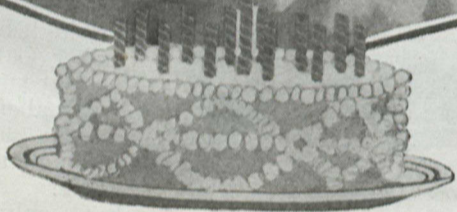
Keystone French Ivory Hair Brushes are formed from solid blocks of finest Ivory, brilliant in finish, unbreakable, and proof against discoloration.

Examine the beautiful long, pure white Russian bristles in a Keystone Brush. Note how stiff and glossy they are. Their brilliance is a keynote to their quality.

Keystone French Ivory and Ebony Brushes are made in Canada by skilled Canadian workmen. Every brush is absolutely guaranteed.

Look for the name "Keystone"

**Stevens-Hepner Co., Limited**  
Port Elgin, Ontario



**Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales**

(Continued from page 56c)

licly) is grape-juice and soda—in order that they might explain to us how they never for a moment doubted that Ottawa would show the enthusiasm it had shown.

"This is the Capital of Canada, sir. The home of our Parliament and the Governor-General. It is the hub of loyalty and law. Of course it would 'beat the band.'"

I don't know that I want to quarrel with Ottawa's joke, for I am awed by the way it brought it off. Perhaps it brought it off on the Prince also. If so, he must have had a shock, and a delightful one. For the taciturnity of Ottawa is a myth. When the Prince entered it on the morning of Thursday, August 28th, it was as silent as a whirlwind bombardment and as reticent as a cyclone.

There were the crowds, inevitably vast and cheering, with the invincible good-humour of Canada. They captured him with a rush after he was through with the formalities of being greeted by the Governor-General and other notabilities, and had mounted a carriage behind the scarlet outriders of Royalty. That carriage may have been more decorative but it was no more purposeful than an automobile would be under the circumstances. Even as the automobile, it went at a walking pace, with the crowd pressing close around it.

It passed from the swinging open triangle that fronts the Chateau Laurier Hotel and the Station, over the bridge that spans the Rideau Canal and along the broad road lined with administration buildings and clubs, to the spacious grass quadrangle about which the massive Parliament Buildings group themselves.

This quadrangle is a fit place to stage a pageant. It crowns a slow hill that is actually a sharp bluff clothed in shrubs that hangs over the startling blue waters of the Ottawa River. From the river the mass of buildings poised dramatically on that individual bluff is a sharp note of beauty. On the quadrangle, that is the city side, this note is lost, and the rough stone buildings, though dignified, have a tough, square-bodied look. Yet the massiveness of the whole grouping about the great space of grass and gravel terraces certainly gives a large air. They form the adequate wings and backcloth for pageants.

And what happened that morning in the quadrangle was certainly a pageant of democracy.

**Prince Meets People**

THERE was a formal programme, but on the whole the crowd eliminated that for one of its own liking. It listened to addresses, it heard Sir Robert Borden and General Currie, only just returned to Canada, express the Dominion's sense of welcome. Then it expressed itself by sweeping the police completely away and surrounding the Prince in an excited throng.

In the midst of that crowd the Prince stood laughing and cheerful, endeavouring to accommodate all the hands that were thrust towards him. A review of Boy Scouts was timed to take place, but the crowd "scratched" it. The neat wooden barricades and the neat ropes that linked them up about a neat parade ground on the green were reduced by the scientific process of bringing an irresistible force against a movable body. Boy Scouts ceased to figure in the programme and became mere atoms in a mass that surrounded the Prince once more and expressed itself in the usual way now it had him to itself.

As usual the Prince himself showed not the slightest disinclination for fitting in with such an impromptu ceremony. He was as happy and in his element as he always was when meeting everyday people in the closest intimacy. It was a carnival of democracy, but one in which he played as democratic a part as any one among that throng.

Yet though the Prince himself was the direct incentive to the democratic exchanges that happened throughout the tour, there was no doubt that the strain of them was exhausting.

He possesses an extraordinary vitality. He is so full of life and energy that it was difficult to give him enough to do, and this and the fact that Canada's



**Kiddie Clothes Get Hard Wear in Summer**

Haugh Brand Kiddie Garments will protect ordinary clothes. Give perfect freedom. Save laundry work. Easy to slip on. Strong, durable. Wear like iron in garden play. Cover neck to toes. Children 2 to 7 years. Get the Haugh Brand Trade Mark on the pocket.

For sale at all good stores. If your dealer does not carry, write us direct.

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**Tablecloths and Napkins**

LINEN DAMASK TABLECLOTHS		LINEN DAMASK TABLECLOTHS	
10 (Floral Design)		20 (Floral Design)	
Size 2 x 2 yards	each \$5.60	Size 2 x 2 yards	each \$6.48
" 2 x 2 1-2 "	" \$7.00	" 2 x 2 1-2 "	" \$8.14
" 2 x 3 "	" \$8.20	" 2 x 3 "	" \$9.78
NAPKINS to match.		NAPKINS to match	
Size 22 x 22 inches	per dozen \$6.42	Size 22 x 22 inches	per dozen \$7.56
" 22 x 24 "	" \$7.62	" 24 x 24 "	" \$8.86

**Handkerchiefs**

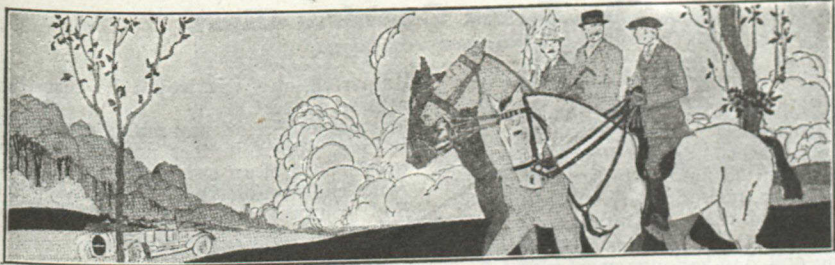
No. D. 51. Ladies' pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, measuring about 12 1-2 inches narrow hem	per dozen \$3.58	No. D. 10. Ladies' fine linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, about 13 inches, narrow hem per dozen	\$5.40
No. D. 22. Gent's pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, with hand embroidered initial, measuring about 19 1-2 inches, with 1-2 inch hem	per dozen \$7.68	No. D. 10. Gent's pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, measuring 20 1-4 inches, with 1-2 inch hem	per dozen \$12.96

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wonderful welcome had called into play a powerful sympathetic response led him to throw himself into everything with a tireless zest. Nevertheless, the strenuous days at Toronto followed by this strenuous welcome at Ottawa had made great demands upon him, and it was decided to cut down his programme that day to a Garden Party in the charming grounds of Government House and to shelve all engagements for the next day, Friday, August 29th.

The Prince agreed to the dropping of all engagements save one and that was the Public Reception at the City Hall on the 29th. It was the most exacting of the events on the programme, but he would not hear of its elimination, of the events on the programme, but the only alteration in detail that he made was that his right hand, damaged at Toronto, should be allowed to rest, and that all shaking should be done with the left.

The Public Reception took place. The only invitation issued was one in the newspapers. The newspapers said "The Prince will Meet the City." He did. The whole City came. It was again the most popular, as well as the most stimulating of functions. And it followed the inevitable lines. All manner of people, all grades of people in all conditions of costume attended. Old ladies again asked him when he was going to get married. Lumbermen in calf-high boots greeted him. Mothers brought babies in arms, most of the of the inarticulate age, and of the awful and solemn dignity of under one. It was as though these Ottawa mothers had been inspired by the fine and homely loyalty of a past age and had brought their babies to be "touched" by a Prince, who, like the Prince of old, was one with as well as being at the head of the great British family.

And with all the people were the little boys, eager, full of initiative and cunning. Shut out by the Olympians, one group of little boys found a strategic way into the Hall by means of a fire-escape staircase. They had shaken hands with the Prince before their flank movement had been discovered and the flaw in the endless queue was repaired. That queue was never finished. Although, on the testimony of the experts, the Prince shook hands at the rate of forty-five to the minute, the time set aside for the reception only allowed of some 2,500 filing before him.

But those outside that number were not forgotten. The Prince came out to the front of the hall to express his regret that nature had proved niggardly in the matter of hands. He had only one hand, and that limited greetings, but he could not let them go without expressing his delight to them for their warm and personal welcome.

The disappointed ones recognized the limits of human endeavour. His popularity was in no way lessened. They were content with having seen "the cute little feller," as some of them called him and made the most of that experience by listening to and "swapping" anecdotes about him.

Most of these centred about his accessibility. One typical story was about a soldier, who, having met him in France, stepped out from the crowd and hopped onto the footboard of his

car to say "How d'y do?" The Prince gripped the khaki man's hand at once, and shaking it, and holding the soldier safely on the car with his other hand, he talked while they went along. Then both men saluted and the soldier hopped off again and returned to the crowd.

"It was just as if you saw me in an automobile and came along to tell me something," said the man, who told me the story. "There was no king-stuff about it. And that's why he gets us. There isn't a sheet of ice between us and him."

Another man said to me: "If you'd told me a month ago that anybody was going to get this sort of reception, I should have smiled and called you an innocent. I would have told you the Canadians aren't built that way. We're a hard-bitten, independent, irreverent breed. We don't go about shouting over anybody. But now we've gone wild over him. And I can understand it. He's our sort. He has no "side." We like to treat men as men, and that's the way he meets us."

The long week-end so strenuously begun, did, however, give the Prince his opportunity for rest and recreation. He had a quiet time in the home of the Governor-General at the beautiful Rideau Hall, the attractive and spacious grounds of which are part of the untrammelled expanses of the lovely Rockcliffe Park, which hangs on a cliff and keeps company with the shining Ottawa River for miles to the East of the City. Apart from sight-seeing and golfing and dancing at the pretty Country Club across the Ottawa on the Hull side, he attempted no programme until Monday morning.

**Ottawa at a Brief Glance**

OTTAWA is not so virile in atmosphere as other of the Canadian cities. Its artificial heart, the Parliament area, seems to absorb most of its vitality. Its architecture is massed very effectively on the hill whose steep cliffs in a spray of shrubs rise at the knee of the two rivers, the Ottawa and the Rideau, but outside the radius of these buildings and the few, fine, brisk streets that serve them, the town fades disappointingly, Eastward, Westward and Northward into spiritless streets of residences.

The shores of the river are its chiefest attraction. Below the Parliament bluff there lies to the left a silver white spit in the blue of the stream that humps itself into a green and habitable mass on which are a huddle of picturesque houses. These hide the spray of the Chaudiere Falls, which stretch between this island and the Hull side. Below the Falls is often the picturesque mass of a lumber "boom" that stretches down the river.

To the extreme right beyond the locks of Rideau Canal is the dramatic lattice-work of a fine bridge, a bridge where railroad tracks, tram-roads, automobile and foot-ways dive under and over each other at the entrances in order to find their different levels for crossing. Beyond the bridge, and close against it is the jutting cliff that makes the point of Major Hill Park.

(Continued on page 69)

**WHY NOT?—As A Solution to Our Housing Problem**



PHOTO SHOWS some of the workingmen's homes erected in the rebuilt city of Reims, France. Reims has a socialistic town council, which has just approved the expenditure of several hundred million francs for reconstruction according to plans of architects in charge of the work.

*"She that cannot be counselled cannot be helped"*

—POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC, 1733



THERE is a world of wisdom in Franklin's famous utterance, "He that cannot be counselled cannot be helped." And with apologies to Franklin and the slight change to the feminine gender, we offer this wisdom to the wise woman who seeks expert guidance in the selection of feminine fashions.

The flashily dressed woman who thinks variety of color and cut comprise style is one who, refusing counsel, cannot be helped.

This woman invariably buys the cheap imitation of better things, for imitation will always be cheap, both in price and appearance. And not knowing that cheapness is the price of imitation—she who cannot be counselled flashes in our midst arrayed in ignorance rather than good style.

But the discerning woman who seeks counsel—who desires to have her own knowledge of good taste helped and improved by specialists, knows that quality and distinction, the distinction that is different, is merely a matter of price—the price of being strikingly styled.

She is counselled by the knowledge that to possess individual charm is to select styles that give expression to the personal line of her figure, the delicate contour of her face and the dainty poise of her head.

She is counselled by the knowledge that to attain the peak of fashion is not merely to wear a costume that is the vogue—it is to express her own individuality through the proper fashion medium.

And above all else she is counselled by the wisdom of purchasing styles that cannot be successfully imitated, and of paying for them, not the tangible difference in dollars and cents, but the invaluable difference between an expressive distinction and a poor imitation.

Because she knows that quality costs more—and but very little more than the ordinary—the woman who would be counselled cheerfully pays the slight difference in price for fashions that put her in a class apart.

"Le Costume Royal" Fashions are sister fashions to VOGUE and VANITY FAIR. They are one of the exceptional fashion features of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. A complete pattern service for every fashion shown is available to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD readers and subscribers. Patterns may be secured by returning the order blank on page 44.

The woman who can be counselled will prefer to pay the slight difference in price for "Le Costume Royal" Patterns and by so doing know that she will always be styled to the hour. The coupon here is for Her.

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COUPON

I know that by being well dressed I shall be happy. Therefore, I want you to send me the next 12 issues of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, featuring "Le Costume Royal" Fashion Service. I enclose two friendly dollars. They never bought so much before.

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# MOIR'S Chocolates

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It was then that mothers became lovers of Moir's Chocolate for their unsurpassed goodness and rich flavor. So it is that Moir's Chocolates have become the chocolates of the home. Young mothers have sweet memories of Moir's and pass them on to the children.

MOIR'S LIMITED, HALIFAX, N.S. 114

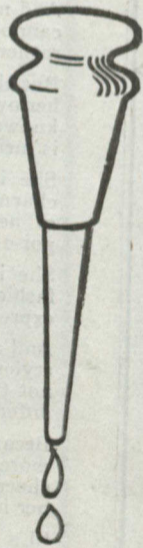
## Lift Corns Off!

Touchy corns and calluses lift off with fingers. Doesn't hurt a bit!

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon that old, touchy corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting. Then shortly you lift that troublesome corn right off, root and all, without pain, soreness or irritation.

A few cents buys a tiny bottle of Freezone at any drug store, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn or corn between the toes, and the painful calluses and hard skin from the bottom of the feet. Just try it!

Keep Freezone on dresser and never let a corn ache twice



## The Home Cooking Class

(Continued from page 18)

### White Bread

**SPONGE METHOD**—1 cake Fleischmann's Yeast, 1½ quarts lukewarm water, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 4½ quarts sifted flour, 2 tablespoonfuls lard or butter, melted, 1 tablespoonful salt.

Dissolve the yeast and sugar in one quart of the lukewarm water, and add one and one-half quarts of sifted flour, or sufficient to make an ordinary sponge. Beat well. Cover and set aside to rise for about one and one-half hours in a warm place.

When well risen add the pint of lukewarm water, lard or butter, the remainder of the flour, or enough to make a moderately firm dough, and the salt. Knead thoroughly; place in greased bowl. Cover and let rise from one and one-half to two hours.

When light, mould into loaves and place in well-greased baking pans, cover and let rise again for about one hour. When light, bake forty to fifty minutes, reducing the heat of the oven after first ten minutes.

This recipe makes four large loaves. The whole process takes from five and one-half to six hours and if followed closely will produce excellent results.

If a richer loaf is desired, use milk in place of all or part of the water

### White Bread

**OVER NIGHT METHOD**—1 cake Fleischmann's Yeast, 2 quarts water, 2 tablespoonfuls sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls lard or butter, melted, 6 quarts sifted flour 2 tablespoonfuls salt.

Dissolve yeast and sugar in the water, which should be lukewarm in winter and cool in summer, add lard or butter and half the flour. Beat until smooth, then add balance of the flour, or enough to make moderately firm dough, and the salt. Knead until smooth and elastic. Place in well greased bowl and cover. Set aside to rise over night, or about nine hours.

In the morning mould into loaves. Fill well greased pans half full, cover and let rise until light, or until loaves have doubled in bulk, which will be in about one and one-half hours. Bake forty to fifty minutes.

This will make six large loaves. If this quantity of bread is not needed, the recipe can be divided very easily, by taking just half of the ingredients called for above, as well as half the cake of yeast. The half cake of yeast, which you have left over, can be kept in good condition several days by rewrapping it in tinfoil and keeping it in a cool dry place.

If a richer bread is desired use milk in place of water.

### The Perfect Loaf

**M**ANY housewives will be interested in "scoring" their bread—testing

## The Amateur's First Garden

(Continued from page 14)

outside there will be little interruption in their progress.

**T**O RETURN to the planning of the garden plot: Do this by charting it out first on paper. You will probably see various ways of improving on your first plan and your final diagram will include every possible advantage you have to offer your various plants.

The actual choice of what seeds you will plant offers some moments of very real interest. For there is more to be said for and against the many candidates for space in your garden plot than may appear at first.

"Do we want cauliflower?"

"We must have plenty of lettuce."

"And I just love corn."

"Potatoes have become so expensive to buy."

But in the end, when all points that must influence an intelligent choice have been considered, only a few of these will be elected. For besides just the question of "liking," we must raise these points:

How much of our limited space will green corn require? Would it be better to plant that space in something that would actually produce more vegetables and buy our corn?

Of course, if there is no scarcity of space, the fact that there is no corn like unto the corn that is picked, husked and boiled in just about three successive motions, will win a place for this general favourite.

**T**HE SAME arguments appear against potatoes, if the garden is a small one. It takes a fairly large piece of ground to grow enough potatoes to be of much use to the average family. That same space devoted to tomato plants, will give not only plenty of fresh tomatoes for use from the time

its perfection as it would be tested in a prize contest.

Score the bread you make in the next baking, and if it does not suit the requirements of an excellent loaf find out what the trouble is. Perhaps you will find you have used too much flour or have kept the dough too warm, or baked in too hot an oven.

Points in bread judging.

Appearance—Ten points.

Consider the general shape of the loaf as a whole, the shape of the top and the roundness or flatness of the dome. The surface should be smooth with no cracks, wrinkles, bulges, lumps or humps

Lightness—Ten points.

This is the size of the loaf proportioned to its weight, measured by the extent to which the dough has risen and the amount of "spring" taking place in the oven.

Crust—Ten points

The depth or thickness of the crust should be about one-eighth inch, and its colour should be a uniform golden brown, neither dark brown nor pale nor floury. The ideal crust has the natural bloom of a well baked upper surface.

Glossiness, due to the use of egg white, butter, or milk as a coating, may be considered desirable in some circumstances but it is not necessary. The qualities sought are tenderness, crispness and elasticity. A hard or tough crust would be graded low.

Crumb—Thirty points. (Colour, five points; texture, fifteen points; moisture and elasticity, ten points.)

Colour—Five-points.

The best wheat bread is white or creamy, not gray.

Texture—Fifteen points.

The size of the pores should be uniform, circular, or elongated upwards, rather than transversely. Streaks, unleavened areas, large holes, and crevices help to make the texture of a loaf rank low.

Moisture and Elasticity—Ten points.

The crumb of the loaf should be soft and springy, not sticky, wet, soggy or stringy, nor yet dry, harsh or crumbly. When the cut surface is pressed lightly, it should dent easily and spring back to the level instead of refusing to be moved or remaining permanently dented.

Flavour—Thirty points.

The ideal flavour is the slight "nutty" taste of the well baked wheat grain. Salting should be sufficient, yet not prominent. Any flavour, such as the taste of poor yeast or of rancid fat should make it necessary for a judge to subtract the entire thirty points given to flavour.

Keeping Qualities—Ten points.

Does the loaf keep well for three days without darkening in the centre or developing a bad flavour or odour?

These points total one hundred. Can you make a hundred per cent loaf of bread?

they begin to ripen, until Christmas, if the vines are uprooted and hung in the cellar, or the fruit picked, wrapped in paper and set on the fruit shelves to ripen; but there will be a quantity of tomatoes for soup and for canning, some of them whole for salads.

Lettuce, of course, two or three varieties, and several successive plantings so that there will be salad materials right through the season. A little patch of parsley and the savoury herbs that mother will insist upon.

For greens, choose Swiss chard, rather than spinach, and cut it—don't pull up the roots. It will grow and grow, filling up the rows almost as quickly as you thin them.

Beets will give you two vegetables, for their top, when young and tender, are excellent for greens.

Peas can be made to pay and so can beans.

Celery will need some special attention in the matter of bleaching, but it is well worth it.

Cabbage and cauliflower, if the ground is rich and they are sprayed with something to keep the slugs off, will do well.

Carrots, parsnips, turnips and beets ask only to be properly thinned and, of course, to be kept weeded.

The garden plants demand the exclusive occupation of their territory—and rightly, since they are the producers. No laggard weeds must be permitted to challenge their supremacy.

Also, the ground must be kept well hoed, thoroughly broken up, so that the air and other plant foods may get access to the roots and that these may not be locked in hard earth. Alternate wetting and baking in the hot sun will make the soil cake and crack in very undesirable fashion, if it is not kept well worked.



**The Interesting Italian Way**

(Continued from page 16)

**Vegetable Soup, with Cheese**

**C**RACK a few bones—veal, beef, or lamb and simmer them for six hours. Take them out and drop in four cupfuls of onions, parsley, celery and turnips, chopped. When the vegetables are done, scatter a cupful of grated Parmesan cheese into the pot.

**Resotto and Clams**

**F**RY an onion and a green pepper in half a cupful of olive oil and when they are half done, add two cupfuls of rice, which you will stir until it begins to take colour, when you will pour in a quart of soup stock. When the rice is done (by which time nearly all the liquid should be absorbed), set it in the oven until it is dry enough to puff a little, then sprinkle it generously with grated Parmesan cheese, add salt and pepper, a little paprika and two dozen clams, which you have previously boiled and chopped.

**Roast Chicken, Chestnut Stuffing**

**P**REPARE the chicken for roasting and fill it with the following force meat: One pound of chestnuts, boiled, hulled and minced, two cupfuls of bread crumbs, a few chives, a little parsley, salt and pepper. Rub the chicken with salt, pepper and butter before putting it in the oven.

**Fried Cauliflower**

**B**OIL the cauliflower about twelve minutes. Let it get cold, cut it down in slices, dip it in batter and fry it in a deep pot of olive oil.

**Dried Lima Bean Soup**

**S**OAK the beans overnight and cook them in lamb soup stock. When they are done, rub them through a coarse colander and return them to the pot with vermicelli and a little chopped chervil.

**Chicken Livers**

**R**OLL the livers in salt, pepper and corn meal and drop into a deep pot of boiling olive oil. Be careful, as the livers are occasionally apt to explode, throwing the oil a long distance. They should be cooked only five minutes and should be served on thin, dainty bits of toast, which, in turn, rest upon a lettuce leaf or a bed of parsley or water cress.

**Sharp Sauce, for Cold Chicken or Game**

**C**HOP pimentoes, white onions, half a green pepper, white celery and a dill pickle very fine. Pour over this French dressing and let it stand for a day. Serve in a pretty dish, with a garnish of olives, stuffed with bits of pimento, or slice the meat, arrange on a large platter and use the sauce as a garnish.

**Cappelletti is an Italian Paste**

Use the Italian canned tomato for this, and shake grated cheese over it.

**Are You About To Rent?**

**E**VERY house hunter ought to paste these questions in his hat, or carry them on his cuff. They may save him a great deal of trouble and vain regrets later on. The right answer to them means the right kind of home atmosphere.

- How many rooms have sunshine?
- Is every room provided with sufficient ventilation?
- Are all free from dampness?
- Are the walls and ceilings clean and paper and paint in good condition?
- Is the bathroom light, bug-proof?
- Are the plumbing fixtures in good condition?
- Is the basement light, dry?
- Are the halls clean and well lighted?
- Is there a place for the children to play?
- Are there objectionable features, such as stables, manure piles, junk shops or junk yards close by?
- Is there good air space about the house?
- Is the immediate neighbourhood well-kept and attractive?
- A "little more rent" may mean decreased doctor bills.

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**S**HER-WILL-LAC is a Sherwin-Williams product, a transparent Stain and Varnish, one coat of which will restore the original finish on doors, floors, furniture and interior woodwork of every description.

Sher-Will-Lac reproduces on inexpensive woods a real representation of any finished hard wood.

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| CHERRY         | GREEN         |
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| GOLDEN OAK     | DULL BLACK    |
| LIGHT MAHOGANY | NATURAL       |
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and put up in quarter pints, half pints, pints, quarts, half gallons and gallons— all full imperial measure.

Your Sherwin-Williams dealer will aid you in your color selection.

"Save the surface and you save all" *Paint & Varnish*

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The REAL Food-Drink, instantly prepared. Made by the ORIGINAL Horlick process and from carefully selected materials.

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## An Attractive Appearance

is not alone a possibility—it is every woman's right.

An attractive appearance is merely a matter of wearing the right clothes.

Right clothes are merely a matter of right patterns.

And right patterns mean "Le Costume Royal" Pattern Service.

"Le Costume Royal" patterns are not expensive—they cost more than ordinary patterns, but they are an economy to the woman who wishes to be different.

"Le Costume Royal" Fashion and Pattern Service is a regular feature of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD.

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The proper care of the skin will give it a fresh, youthful and attractive look. Don't you want your skin to be admired? Proper treatments will make it beautiful and preserve its charm. Princess Preparations, used in your own home according to our instructions, will make you most attractive looking.

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# FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

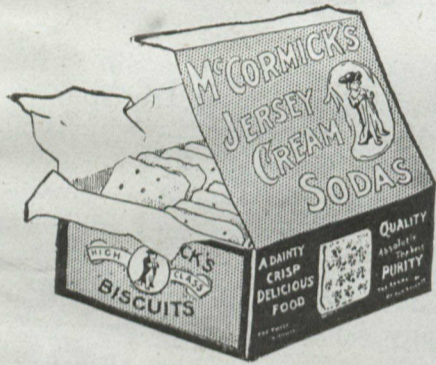
There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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This is the way McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas are delivered to you. The waxed paper wrapper and the reinforced cardboard package—hermetically sealed—preserve their oven freshness, crispness and purity.

The sealed packages help us maintain the high quality you have learned to demand.

# McCormick's Jersey Cream Sodas

Sold fresh everywhere. In sealed packages.  
 Factory at LONDON, Canada. Branches at Montreal, Ottawa, Hamilton, Kingston, Winnipeg, Calgary, Port Arthur, St. John, N.B.

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## What To Do In Emergencies

When You Are Bitten by a Dog

TO BE BITTEN by a dog throws the average person into a panic of fear. Now, if the animal is merely cross or was goaded to the act by long continued teasing by children who have not been taught the first principles of kindness to animals, or worse yet, by older people who should know better, there is no occasion to worry about it unless the wound is deep or in a vital part. Men who take care of kennels are often bitten many times in the course of a year, but a single well authenticated case of hydrophobia has never been known among them. If, on the other hand, the dog has been sick for a day or two, or has been moping morosely by itself, a doctor should be sent for at once to cauterize the wound and Pasteur treatment should be taken as soon after as possible.

But even with a bite from a perfectly healthy dog, it does no harm to take a few simple precautions. If the bite is on the arm or the leg, twist a thick cord, a necktie, a tightly folded towel or anything that can be gotten very quickly around the limb between the wound and the heart, and twist the ends to make it very tight. This is to prevent the poison from the saliva of the dog getting into the circulation and then have the patient, or in the case of a child, the mother or someone else, suck out the wound and spit out the blood. But this must not be done by anyone who has cuts or abrasions on the lips. It is claimed by physicians that the venom even of hydrophobia has no effect upon the mucous membrane of the mouth and lips if they are in good condition. Suck the bite well, several times, keeping the tight bandage in place while doing this, but if the part gets numb or the constriction causes pain, the bandage can be loosened for a moment and then tightened again. After ten or fifteen minutes, according to the size and depth of the wound, take off the bandage and with a clean piece of absorbent cotton or cheesecloth swab out the wound with tincture of iodine. Or, if you have any bichloride of mercury in 1 to 100 solution, use this. It is made by dissolving a drachm of the bichloride and two tablespoonfuls of common salt in a quart of hot water. This is very poisonous if taken internally, so keep it in a safe place plainly labelled "Poison." If neither of these things are at hand use a saturated solution of boracic acid or even salt and water to wash the wound.

## The Oldest Dressmakers' Bill

EVEN as long ago as 2800 B.C. men were bothered by dressmakers' bills, but they were not all for the women of the family by any means, for the head of the household himself wore as gay coloured robes as his wife. A curious limestone tablet was unearthed not long ago in the ruins of the City of Nippur in Chaldea, in Asia Minor.

From the style of the characters employed the tablet cannot be of later date than 2800 B.C.

It contains a list of ninety-two vestments, which were presented to the temple by the king reigning at that time. The inscription on the tablet ends with these words: "In all, ninety-two vestments, the bill of the temple for the priests of this year."

Many of the words are unknown, and are, doubtless, technical terms used by the modistes of the period. Among the items are: "Twelve white robes of the temple, eight robes of the house of his lady, ten collars of the house of his lady, ten pure gold collars, two white robes."

One item of especial interest occurs near the end: "Four scented robes."

This reminds us of the passage in the Psalms which speaks of robes redolent of "myrrh and aloes and cassia." It was, no doubt, the custom in Babylonia to perfume the robes, as it is to this day in Persia and India.

This document is of value as showing the great development which had taken place in the textile arts in Chaldea at that early period.



## The Colonial

Mt. Clemens, Mich

Near Detroit; Interurban Cars pass the door.

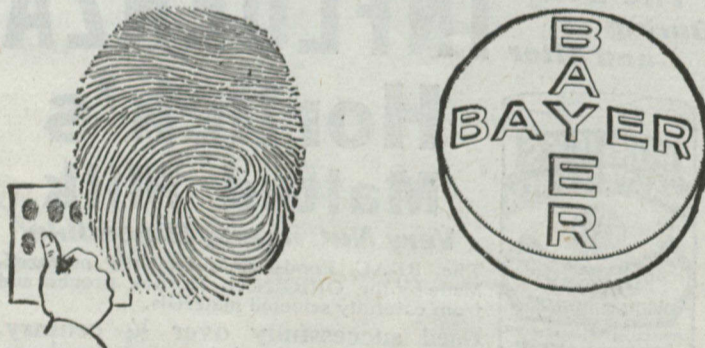
THE mineral baths are endorsed by the highest medical authorities for efficacy in rheumatism, neuralgia, blood and skin diseases, stomach disorders, nervous diseases, locomotor ataxia and run-down conditions.

The beautiful Colonial Hotel is strictly modern. Mineral baths characterized by every nicety of appointment. The rooms are large and furnished in excellent taste. Many forms of amusement. \$31.50 a week and up, including meals. The service is excellent at all times, including the late fall, winter and early spring. Write for Booklet.

W. W. WITT, Manager

## ONLY TABLETS MARKED "BAYER" ARE ASPIRIN

Not Aspirin at All without the "Bayer Cross"



The name "Bayer" is the thumb-print of genuine Aspirin. It positively identifies the only genuine Aspirin,—the Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over nineteen years and now made in Canada.

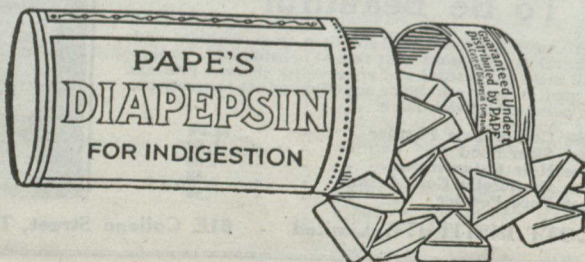
Always buy an unbroken package

There is only one Aspirin—"Bayer"—You must say "Bayer"

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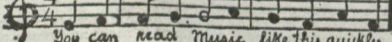
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Sept. 4



## The Black Grippe

(Continued from page 10)

lasts for exactly one hundred and twenty hours."

"But do you mean," asked Van der Bergh, with an anxious little frown, "that the whole world is going blind for five days?"

"That is my theory," replied the other.

"Phew!" said the Professor, and mopped his face with a large and gaudy handkerchief.

They went back without another word to the study and Van der Bergh began his technical test. For his information sheet after sheet of data were placed before him. Records of temperature, diet and the like were scanned and compared, whilst Bevan made his way to another laboratory to examine the remaining rabbits.

He returned as the professor finished. "They can all see," he said; "I inspected them this morning and they were as blind as bats."

Presently the professor finished.

"I am going down to our Embassy," he said, "and the best thing you boys can do is to see some representative of your Government. Let me see, Sir Douglas Sexton is your big man, isn't he?"

Bevan made a wry face.

"He is the medical gentleman who has the ear of the Government," he said, "but he is rather an impossible person. He's one of the old school—"

"I know that school," said the professor, grimly, "it's a school where you learn nothing and forget nothing. Still, it's your duty to warn him."

Bevan nodded and turned to Stuart Gold.

"Will you cancel my lecture, Gold?" he said; "let Cartwright take the men through that demonstration I gave yesterday. I'll go down and see Sexton though he wither me!"

Sir Douglas Sexton had a large house in a very large square. He was so well-off that he could afford a shabby butler. That shrunken man shook his head when Dr. Bevan made his inquiry.

"I don't think Sir Douglas will see you, sir," he said. "He has a consultation in half an hour's time and he is in his library, with orders that he is not to be disturbed in any circumstances."

"This is a very vital matter and I simply must see Sir Douglas," said Bevan firmly.

The butler was gone for some time and presently returned to usher the caller into a large and gloomy room, where Sir Douglas sat surrounded by open books.

He greeted Bevan with a scowl, for the younger school were not popular with the Sextonians.

"Really, it is most inconvenient, doctor, for you to see me at this moment," he complained, "I suppose you want to ask about the Government grant to the Jackson Institute. I was speaking to the Prime Minister yesterday and he did not seem at all inclined to spend the country's money—"

"I haven't come about the grant, Sir Douglas," replied Bevan, "but a matter of much greater importance."

In a few words as possible he gave the result of his experiment, and on the face of Sir Douglas Sexton was undisguised incredulity.

"Come, come," he said, when Dr. Bevan had finished and permitted his heavy features to relax into a smile.

"Now, that sort of stuff is all very well for the Press if you want to make a sensation and advertise your name, but surely you are not coming to me, a medical man, and a medical man, moreover, in the confidence of the Government and the Ministry of Health, with a story of that kind! Of course, there was some sort of epidemic, I admit, on the 18th. I myself suffered a little inconvenience, but I think that the phenomena could be explained by the sudden change of wind from the south-west to the north-east and the corresponding drop in temperature. You may have noticed that the temperature dropped six degrees that morning."

"I am not bothering about the cause of the epidemic," said Bevan, patiently. "I am merely giving you, Sir Douglas, a rough account of what form the second epidemic will take."

Sir Douglas smiled.

"And do you expect me," he asked with acerbity, "to go to the Prime Minister of England and tell him that in fourteen days the whole of the world is going blind. My dear good man, if you published that sort of story you would scare the people to death and set back the practice of medicine a hundred years! Why, we should all be discredited!"

"Do you think that if I saw the Prime Minister—" began Bevan, and Sir Douglas stiffened.

"If you know the Prime Minister or have any friends who could introduce you," he said, shortly, "I have not the slightest objection to your seeing him. I can only warn you that the Prime Minister is certain to send for me and that I should give an opinion which would be directly contrary to yours. I think you have made a very grave error, Dr. Bevan, and if you were to take the trouble to kill one of your precious rabbits and dissect it, you would discover another cause for this blindness."

"The opinion of Dr. Van der Bergh," began Bevan, and Sir Douglas snorted.

"I really cannot allow an American person to teach me my business," he said. "I have nothing to say against American medicines or American surgery, and there are some very charming people in America—I am sure this must be the case. And now, doctor, if you will excuse—"

He turned pointedly to his books and Bevan went out.

For seven days three men worked most earnestly to enlist the attention of the authorities. They might have given the story to the Press and created a sensation, but neither Bevan nor Van der Bergh favoured this method. Eminent doctors who were consulted took views which were extraordinarily different. Some came to the laboratories to examine the records. Others "pooh-poohed" the whole idea.

"Have you any doubt on the matter yourself," asked the professor, and Bevan hesitated.

"The only doubt I have, sir," he said, "is whether my calculations as to the time are accurate. I have noticed in previous experiments with these rabbits the disease develops about twice as fast as in the human body, but I am far from satisfied that this rule is invariable."

Van der Bergh nodded.

"My Embassy has wired the particulars to Washington," he said, "and Washington takes a very serious view of your discovery. They are making whatever preparations they can."

He went back to his hotel, promising to call on the morrow. Bevan worked all that day testing the blood of his little subjects, working out tables of reaction, and it was nearly four o'clock when he went to bed.

HE SLEPT that night in his room at the Institute. He was a good sleeper, and after winding the clock and drawing down the blind he jumped into bed and in less than five minutes was sound asleep. He awoke with the subconscious feeling that he had slept his usual allowance and was curiously alive and awake. The room was in pitch darkness and he remembered with a frown that he had not gone to bed until four o'clock in the morning. He could not have slept two hours.

He put out his hand and switched on the light to discover the time. Apparently the light was not working.

On his bedside table was a box of matches, his cigarette holder, and his cigarettes. He took the box, struck a light, but nothing happened. He threw away the match and struck another—still nothing happened.

He held the faithless match in his hand and suddenly felt a strange warmth at his finger-tips. Then with a cry he dropped the match—it had burnt his fingers!

Slowly he put his legs over the edge of the bed and stood up, groping his way to the window and releasing the spring-blind. The darkness was still complete. He strained his eyes but could not even see the silhouette of the window-frame against the night. Then a church-bell struck the hour . . . nine, ten, eleven, twelve!

(Continued on page 62)

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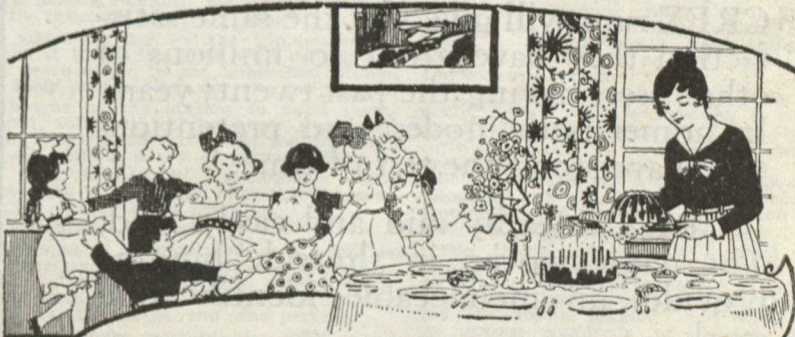
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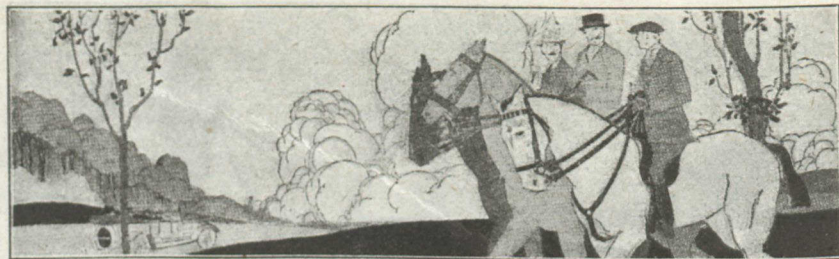
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**The Black Grippe**

(Continued from page 61)

Twelve o'clock! It was impossible that it could be twelve o'clock at night. He gasped. Twelve mid-day and dark!

He searched for his clothes and began to dress. His window was open, yet from outside came no sound of traffic. London was silent—as silent as the grave.

His window looked out upon the busy thoroughfare in which the Jackson Institute was situated, but there was not so much as the clink of a wheel or the sound of a pedestrian's foot.

He dressed awkwardly, slipping on his boots and lacing them quickly, then groped his way to the door and opened it. A voice outside greeted him. It was the voice of Gold.

"Is that you, Bevan?"

"Yes, it is I, what the dickens—" and then the realization of the catastrophe which had fallen upon the world came to him.

"Blind!" he whispered. "We're all blind!"

Gold had been shell-shocked in the war and was subject to nerve-storms. Presently Bevan heard his voice whimpering hysterically.

"Blind!" he repeated. "What a horrible thing!"

"Steady yourself!" said Bevan, sternly. "It has come! But it's only for five days, Gold. Now don't lose your nerve."

"Oh, I sha'n't lose my nerve!" said Gold, in a shaky voice. "Only it is rather awful, isn't it? Awful, awful! My God! It's awful!"

"Come down to the study!" said Bevan. "Don't forget the two steps leading down to the landing. There are twenty-four stairs, Gold. Count 'em!"

He was half-way down the stairs when he heard somebody sobbing at the foot and recognized the voice of the old housekeeper who attended to the resident staff. She was whimpering and wailing.

"Shut up!" he said savagely. "What are you making that infernal row about?"

"Oh, sir," she moaned. "I can't see! I can't see!"

"Nobody can see or will see for five days!" said Bevan. "Keep your nerve, Mrs. Moreland."

He found his way to the study. He had scarcely reached the room before he heard a thumping on the door which led from the street to the staff quarters. Carefully he manoeuvred his way into the hall again, came to the door, and unlocked it.

"Halloa," said a cheery voice outside, "is this the Jackson Institute?"

"Thank God you're safe, professor. You took a risk in coming round."

The professor came in with slow, halting footsteps and Bevan shut the door behind him.

"You know your way, I'll put my hand on your shoulder, if you don't mind," said Van der Bergh. "Luckily I took the trouble to remember the route. I've been two hours getting here. Ouch?"

"Are you hurt?" asked Bevan.

"I ran against an infernal motor-bus in the middle of the street. It had been left stranded," said the professor. "I think the blindness is general."

Stuart had stumbled into the room soon after them, had found a chair and sat down upon it.

"Now," said Van der Bergh, briskly, "you've got to find your way to your Government offices and interview somebody in authority. There's going to be hell in the world for the next five days. I hope your calculations are not wrong in that respect, Bevan!"

Hereford Bevan said nothing.

"It is very awkward!" it was Gold's quivering voice that spoke, "but, of course, it'll be all right in a day or two."

"I hope so," said the professor's grim voice. "If it's for five days little harm will be done, but—but if it's for ten days!"

Bevan's heart sank at the doubt in the old man's voice.

"If it's for ten days?" he repeated. "The whole world will be dead," said the professor, solemnly, and there was a deep silence.

"Dead?" whispered Gold, and Van der Bergh swung round toward the voice.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Shell-shock," muttered Bevan under his breath, and the old man's voice took on a softer note.

"Not all of us perhaps," he said, "but the least intelligent. Don't you realize what has happened and what will happen? The world is going to starve. We are a blind world, and how shall we find food?"

A thrill of horror crept up Bevan's spine as he realized for the first time just what world-blindness meant.

"All the trains have stopped," the professor went on; "I've been figuring it out in my room this morning just what it means. There are blind men in the signal boxes and blind men on the engines. All transport has come to a standstill. How are you going to get the food to the people? In a day's time the shops, if the people can reach them, will be sold out and it will be impossible to replenish the local stores. You can neither milk nor reap. All the great power-stations are at a standstill. There is no coal being got out of the mines. Wait, where is your telephone?"

Bevan fumbled for the instrument and passed it in the direction of the professor's voice. A pause, then:

"Take it back," said the professor, "of course that will not be working. The exchange cannot see!"

Bevan heard a methodical puff-puff and the scent of tobacco came to him, and somehow this brought him comfort. The professor was smoking.

He rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Put your hand on my shoulder, professor, and, Gold, take hold of the professor's coat or something."

"Where are you going?" asked Van der Bergh.

"To the kitchen," said Bevan; "there's some food there and I'm starving."

The meal consisted in the main of dry bread, biscuits and cheese, washed down by water. Then Hereford Bevan began his remarkable pilgrimage.

He left the house and keeping touch with the railings on his right, reached first Cockspur Street and then Whitehall. Half-way along the latter thoroughfare he thumped into a man and, putting out his hand, felt embossed buttons.

"Halloa," he said, "a policeman?"

"That's right, sir," said a voice; "I've been here since the morning. You're in Whitehall. What has happened, sir? Do you know?"

"It is a temporary blindness which has come upon everybody," said Bevan, speaking quickly. "I am a doctor. Now, constable, you are to tell your friends if you meet them and everybody you do meet that it is only temporary."

"I'm not likely to meet anybody," said the constable. "I've been standing here hardly daring to move since it came."

"What time did it happen?"

"About ten o'clock, as near as I can remember," said the policeman.

"How far from here is Downing Street?"

The constable hesitated. "I don't know where we are," he said, "but it can't be very far."

Two hours' diligent search, two hours of groping and of stumbling, two hours of discussing with frantic men and women whom he met on the way, brought him to Downing Street.

**T**HAT journey along Whitehall would remain in his mind a horrible memory for all his days. He heard oaths and sobbings. He heard the wild jabberings of somebody—whether it was man or woman he could not say—who had gone mad under the stress of the calamity, and he came to Downing Street as the clock struck three.

He might have passed the Prime Minister's house, but he heard voices and recognized one as that of Sexton.

The great man was moaning, his trouble to somebody who spoke in a quiet, unemotional voice.

"Halloa, Sexton!"

Bevan stumbled toward, and collided with, the great physician.

"Who is it?" said Sexton.

"It is Hereford Bevan."

"It's the man, Prime Minister, the doctor I spoke to you about."

A cool hand took Bevan's.

# MIDSUMMER MAGIC

By Dorothy Blair

ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GREFÉ



From her hat to the tips of her dainty pumps, she was perfect.

"Come this way," said the voice; "you had better stay, Sexton, you'll never find your way back."

Bevan found himself led through what he judged to be a large hall and then suddenly his feet struck a heavy carpet.

"I think there's a chair behind you," said the new voice, "sit down and tell me all about it."

Dr. Bevan spoke for ten minutes, his host merely interjecting a question here and there.

"It can only last for five days," said the voice, with a quiver of emotion, "and we can only last out that five days. You know, of course, that the food supply has stopped. There is no way of averting this terrible tragedy. Can you make a suggestion?"

"Yes, sir," said Bevan. "There are a number of blind institutes throughout the country. Get in touch with them and let their trained men organize the business of industry. I think it could be done."

There was a pause.

"It might be done," said the voice.

"Happily the telegraphs are working satisfactorily, as messages can be taken by sound. The wireless is also working and your suggestion shall be carried out."

The days that followed were days of nightmare, days when men groped and stumbled in an unknown world, shrieking for food. On the evening of the second day the water supply failed. The pumping stations had ceased to work. Happily it rained and people were able to collect water in their mackintosh coats.

Dr. Bevan made several excursions a day and in one of these he met another bold adventurer who told him that part of the Strand was on fire. Somebody had upset a lamp without noticing the fact. The doctor made his way toward the Strand, but was forced to turn back by the clouds of pungent smoke which met him.

He and his informant (he was a butcher from Smithfield) locked arms and made their way back to the Institute. By some mischance they took a wrong turning and might have been irretrievably lost but they found a guardian angel in the shape of a woman against whom they blundered. "The Jackson Institute?" she said.

"Oh, yes, I can lead you there." She walked with unflinching footsteps, and with such decision that the doctor thought she had been spared the supreme affliction. He asked her this and she laughed.

"Oh, no," she said, cheerfully. "You see, I've been blind all my life. The Government has put us on point duty at various places to help people who have lost their way."

She told them that, according to her information, big fires were raging in half-a-dozen parts of London. She had heard of no railway collisions and the Prime Minister told her—

"Told you?" said Bevan in surprise, and again she laughed.

"I've met him before, you see," she said. "I am Lord Selbury's daughter, Lillian Selbury."

Bevan remembered the name. It is curious that he had pictured her, for all the beauty of her voice, as a sad, middle-aged woman. She took his hand in hers and they walked slowly toward his house.

"You'll think I'm horrid if I say I am enjoying this," she said, "and yet I am. It's so lovely to be able to pity others! Of course, it is very dreadful and it is beginning to frighten me a little, and then there's nobody to tell me how pretty I am, because nobody can see. That is rather a drawback, isn't it?" and she laughed again.

"What does the Government think about this?"

"They are terribly upset," she said, in a graver tone; "you see, they cannot get at the people—they are so used to depending on the newspapers, but there are no newspapers now, and if there were nobody could read them. They have just stopped—You step down from the kerb here and walk twenty-five paces and step up again. We are crossing Whitehall Gardens. They have wonderful faith in this Dr. Bevan."

Hereford Bevan felt himself going red.

"I hope their faith is justified," he said, grimly; "I happen to be the wonderful doctor."

He felt her fingers grip him in an uncontrollable spasm of surprise.

"Are you really?" she said, with a new note of interest. "Listen!"

They stopped, and he heard the tinkle of a bell. (Continued on page 64)

MARY ARMAND sat up in bed. Sleep was impossible. Through the open windows came the first grey light of dawn. For hours Mary had been awake. For hours she had tried to solve her problem, make the happy dream come true. But it was hopeless.

Slipping out of bed, she dressed. As she glanced in her mirror she saw the trace of a tear, the last one of many that had given expression to her feelings during the long night. She brushed it away with a sad little toss of her head and decided her course. She would decline Mildred Harrington's invitation.

Mildred was probably the only real friend Mary had. Making friends had been difficult for her. But some common point of interest had drawn the two girls together, although their positions in life lay far apart. Three years after her father's death, Mary had found it necessary to shrink work to supplement the constantly shrinking income on which she and her mother had to live. She had an office position downtown and most of the money she earned went to her mother and was used for the bare necessities of life.

Money did not bother the Harringtons. Every summer they closed their beautiful home in the city and went to their cottage on the shore. A great many of Mildred's friends summered at the same resort and from late May until early September there was one continuous round of pleasure.

So when Mary had been invited to spend her vacation with them, it had seemed like a gift from some fairy godmother. Besides being a chance to get away from the sides during one of the hottest of the summer months, it was a rare opportunity to enjoy for a time the gay, carefree life that appealed to her so strongly because it was so different from her own.

Then last night she had gone to the Harrington home, where the girls had gathered to talk over their plans. Mildred's brother, Bob, was just leaving the house, but stopped to speak to her.

"Mildred tells me you are going to join our colony this year," he said.

"Yes," Mary replied, "for two weeks."

"Well," he said smiling, as he went on, "I hope you will have a good time—and you will—every one does down there!"

When he had said good night, Mary wondered whether Bob's presence would be added to the other pleasures of her wonderful vacation held in store for her. Somehow she had always preferred him to the other men she knew just as Mildred had been her best friend among the girls.

Mary found the girls in a gay discussion of their plans. They had something scheduled seemingly for every day of the summer months. What happy days they were to be! There would be bathing every day and moonlight sailing or beach parties at night. Then, too, Mildred had planned many dances and week-end parties.

All these things had seemed like pleasant dreams to Mary. She could picture long stretches of sand and the ocean with a big yellow moon creeping up out of the silver streaked waters. She could see herself at these wonderful dances during the week-end parties. For a little while at least Mary Armand was to really live! She would be happy—gloriously happy!

"OH, I got the most stunning evening dress today!" It was Kitty Wells talking. Clothes! Mere mention of them had ended Mary's dreaming. Once introduced, the subject had developed into a duced, discussion—afternoon frocks—sport lengthy suits—shoes—hats—bathing togs! Mary listened. Several times she tried to say something—anything—but each time words failed her. She was afraid they would talk about HER new clothes. What a thought! The mere possibility of it brought the flush of embarrassment to her cheeks, and finally giving a quickly formed excuse, she said good night.

Outside she had walked slowly home. Pretty clothes! She had none. How many times that had caused her embarrassment and made it impossible for her to be like the girls she wanted most for friends. Now because she had "nothing to wear" she was to lose the vacation that had seemed so real—so near—so wonderful! The only solution of the difficulty was money and Mary had saved only enough for her traveling and incidental expenses. She had several dresses, but nothing like

the wonderful wardrobes of the other girls. And Mary was proud. At home her mother had been anxiously waiting to hear the latest news of the much-talked-of vacation.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to go to the Harrington's this summer," Mary announced as she dropped into a chair.

"Why not, dear, I thought you had completed all your plans?"

"So did I," answered Mary. "But tonight every one was talking about their pretty evening dresses and afternoon frocks. I'm afraid I would feel a little out of place." She voiced her disappointment as gently as she could—and she went no further, for Mrs. Armand was crying.

"Mother, please don't!" pleaded Mary. "Maybe tomorrow things will look different. Maybe after all I will be able to go." And bidding her mother good night, she sought the seclusion of her room.

So at dawn after a sleepless night, Mary decided to decline Mildred's invitation.

Two weeks later a group of happy, laughing girls boarded a train bound for the shore. Mary was at the station to see them off. She smiled, calling a happy farewell as the train pulled out. But when it had disappeared, the silver rails seemed to dance through her tears in the sunshine, and a sob rose in her throat as she turned to go back to the hum-drum of the office.

For days afterward Mary was miserably unhappy. It wasn't merely missing the vacation—she could forget that—but she was looking ahead. Were clothes always going to hold her back and make her different from other girls?

THEN finally the problem in Mary's mind was solved and in the weeks that followed a change came over her more wonderful than she had even dreamed.

Bob Harrington, driving his touring car, noted this change one night in July when he passed Mary on her way home from work. On one or two similar occasions during the summer he had merely lifted his hat and driven on. But this night he brought his car to a sudden stop beside the curb just ahead of her.

"Summering in the city seems to agree with you, Miss Armand," he said, and there was something in his voice that set Mary's heart racing. "I never saw you looking so well—or so happy!"

Mary smiled at his compliment and the almost bewildered expression of admiration on his face made her heart glad—for now she knew her triumph over circumstance was practically complete!

The summer progressed. When September came the girls at Seaciff were anxious to get back to the city. The shore season had been a disappointment. For the first month there had been the usual gay round of dances and parties—made delightful by Bob and the friends he brought down with him from the city. But when afterward he remained in town, pleading pressure of business, Kitty was inconsolable and Mildred's parties, without his guests, became a little tiresome for every one.

So when the day for the trip homeward arrived it found the girls with no regrets. They were eager to get home and plunge into their preparations for the fall season.

Bob was at the station to meet them. Mildred, followed by the other girls, had almost reached his car when she suddenly stopped—stifling a cry of astonishment.

A girl, beautifully dressed—her face aglow with a radiantly happy smile—was stepping out of Bob's machine.

It was Mary Armand.

But what a transformed and adorable Mary she was! Wearing a charmingly distinctive afternoon frock she was a fascinating picture! From her hat to the tips of her dainty pumps, she was perfect!

For one long moment the girls stood bewildered by the marvelous change in the girl before them. Then conscious of their awkward staring, they rushed forward with one accord to greet her.

"Mary—you look wonderful—positively beautiful!" they exclaimed.

Even Kitty, who now realized the real reason why Bob had remained in town, could not help but admire the attractive girl they had left such a short time before in plain, almost shabby attire.

"You seem surprised—am I so very, very different?" asked Mary, smiling.

"Different!" exclaimed Mildred, "why you are another person—how did it happen? Where have you been? Tell us—"

"Girls," replied Mary, "I've had the most wonderful summer imaginable and I can scarcely wait to tell you all about it!"

A little later at Mildred's, the girls crowded around Mary for her story.

"YOU girls will never know how much I wanted to go to Seaciff with you this summer," she began. "For you this vacation trip was simply the regular thing; to me it meant the first chance I ever had for a really good time! And at first I thought I couldn't give it up! You may or may not have guessed why I had to. I simply didn't have the kind of clothes you all were going to take and I knew I would be unhappy every minute contrasting my own plain, simple little outfits with the wonderful wardrobes of you other

girls. But it was terribly hard—not only because I was losing the vacation to which I had looked forward so eagerly but because I could see myself cut off all my life for the same reason from the people and places I like best.

"I guess every girl wants pretty clothes—the desire to be admired is born in all of us. We are perfectly happy only when we know we are as well dressed as the people we want for our friends. So for days after you had gone, I could think of nothing else! The words kept repeating themselves over and over in my ears—'Clothes! Clothes! Clothes!'"

"Then one night, as if in answer to my prayers and heartaches, a wonderful thing happened. I had gone to my room so mother would not know how terribly unhappy I felt. After a while, just to divert my thoughts, I opened one of my favorite magazines, and my glance fell on a picture that attracted me. I began reading the article and it told the story of a girl, just like myself, who found the way to friends and happiness by learning right at home, through the Woman's Institute, to make all of her own clothes and hats.

"Almost wild with hope, I read every word of the story. It seemed so real—so convincing—and so much the very opportunity I needed, that I wrote the Institute for more information that very night.

"Well, in just a few days a beautiful book arrived telling all about the Woman's Institute and the new method it has developed by which any woman or girl anywhere can easily and quickly learn at home in spare time all the secrets of the dress-maker's art. When I read how 50,000 women of all ages and in all circumstances, who live in all parts of the world, had solved their clothes problems in this fascinating new way, I made up my mind that I, too, would do it! So I joined the Institute at once and took up dressmaking.

"Right away I began to feel like a different girl. I was so interested I devoted every spare moment I could to my lessons. And, of course, I made rapid progress—I couldn't help it. The textbooks seem to foresee and answer every possible question and the teachers take just as personal an interest as if they were right beside you!

"And I realize now how fortunate it was for me that I began my lessons in the summer time. That is absolutely the best time—the logical time—to learn dressmaking. The days are longer and every evening I had several hours of daylight to devote to my work. Then, too, I could work out of doors. And the sheer summer fabrics are so much easier to handle—the summer dresses are so much simpler to make—and summer materials cost less.

"When my vacation came, I accomplished wonders! It was just delightful—working on those beautiful fabrics out of doors all day long. And by that time Bob had become a frequent caller. He used to read aloud to me sometimes as I worked.

"Almost at once I began making actual garments—that's another delightful thing about the course. Why I made a beautiful little waist after my third lesson!

"WHAT was most important to me, I learned not only how to make every kind of garment, but what colors and fabrics were most appropriate for me, how to develop those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming. My course opened up a whole new world to me. When, after just a few lessons, I finished my first dress, I simply had to wear it to the office. And that night Bob met me, I'll never forget the expression on his face!

"I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

"Besides having more and prettier clothes than I ever had before, I have made a lot of pretty new things for mother! She is just as enthusiastic about the course as I am.

"I suppose," said Kitty, a little enviously, "you'll soon be needing a wedding dress. But, of course, you'll buy that?"

"Well, that's an entirely separate secret," Mary answered, blushing, "but a whole section of my course was devoted to planning and making a bride's complete trousseau—and I took the last stitch in my wedding dress nearly a week ago.

"So that's my story," finished Mary. "I'm the happiest girl alive and I owe it all to the Woman's Institute! That alone could have made possible what Bob calls my 'Midsummer Magic.' And what I did—in saving hundreds of dollars on my clothes, having prettier, more stylish, better-made garments than I could have had any other way, and attracting happiness with them—any woman or girl can do!"

It will cost you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and just what it can do for you. Simply send a letter, postal or the coupon below and you will receive, without obligation, by return mail, the full story of this great school which has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true and the joy of being independent in a successful business to more than 50,000 women and girls all over the world.

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Has real pneumatic tires, steering wheel and gears, steel springs, powerful brake. Easy to drive. Runs 30 miles an hour. Uses little gasoline.

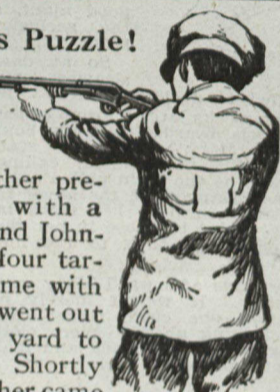
The Marvellous Boys' and Girls' Real GASOLINE Auto



Something We All Do  
 Something We All Eat  
 Something We All Want  
 Something We All Wear

## Solve This Puzzle!

FOR Johnny's birthday his mother presented him with a dandy rifle, and Johnny took the four targets that came with the rifle and went out to the back yard to try his skill. Shortly after, his mother came out too to satisfy herself that Johnny knew how to use his gun. Upon examining the targets showing all the holes made by the bullets, and being a quick-thinking woman, she exclaimed: "Why, Johnny, what a good shot you are—and do you know that you have made every target spell a word? Can you tell me what each target spells?"



## Can YOU Puzzle It Out?

Johnny couldn't, so his mother told him **HOW TO DO IT**. Each target spells a word. Each circle of each target shows a number of bullet holes, as you can see by the targets, and each circle represents a letter. The number of holes indicates the position of that letter in the alphabet. For instance: "A" would be represented by one hole, "B" by two holes, "C" by three holes, and so on.

After you have worked out all the letters that are represented in each word, you will find that they are not in their proper order. Put them into their proper order to spell out correctly the names of the four things wanted.

In order to help you, we will tell you that the letter represented by the middle circle of first target is "A," because "A" is the first letter of the alphabet. This is not an easy puzzle, but with perseverance you can work it out—and the prizes are certainly worth trying for.

Copy your answer upon a plain sheet of paper as neatly as you can, because neatness, spelling, handwriting and punctuation count if more than one answer is correct. Put your name and address in the top right-hand corner of the paper. If you have to write a letter, or show anything else, put it upon a separate sheet of paper. We will write as soon as your answer is received and tell you if your solution is correct, and also send you a complete illustrated list of the grand prizes that you can win.

### THE PRIZES:

- First Prize, Genuine Culver Chummy Racer, value . . . \$250.00
- Second Prize, Magnificent Gold Watch and Chain or Girls' Wrist Watch, value . . . 25.00
- Third Prize, Genuine Auto-graphic Kodak Folding Camera, value . . . . . 20.00
- Fourth Prize, Solid Gold Ring for Boy or Girl, value . . . . . 15.00
- Fifth Prize, Moving Picture Machine, with Film, value . . . . . 10.00
- Sixth to Tenth Prizes, Self-Filler Fountain Pens, value, each . . . . . 2.50
- And 2,000 Extra Special Prizes Valued at \$3,000.00.

### What Others Have Done, You Can Do!

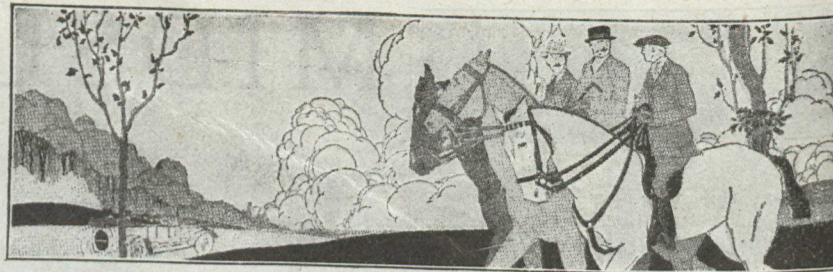
Here are the names of only a few of the boys and girls to whom we have already awarded big prizes:

- Shetland Pony and Cart—Helen Smith, Edmonton.
- Shetland Pony—Beatrice Hughes, Hazenmore, Sask.
- \$100.00 Cash—Lyle Benson, Hamilton, Ont.
- \$50.00 Cash—Helen Benesch, Junks, Alta.
- \$25.00 Cash—Florence Nesbitt, Arnprior, Ont.
- \$150.00 Cash—Bryden Foster, Leamington, Ont.
- \$25.00 Eastman Kodak—Frankie Kirby, Three Hills, Alta.
- \$15.00 Bracelet Watch—Mary Procter, Vancouver, B.C.
- \$10.00 Doll and Carriage—Eva Gasson, North Bay, Ont.

We will send you the names of many others too.

Only boys and girls under 17 years of age may send answers, and each boy and girl will be required to perform a small service for us. The contest will close on June 30, 1920, at 5.30 p.m. Send your answers this very evening. Address—

THE PRIZEMAN, Dept. 1, 253-259 Spadina Ave., Toronto



## The Black Grippe

(Continued from page 65)

"That is one of our people from St. Mildreds," she said; "the Government is initiating a system of town-criers. It is the only way we can get news to the people."

Bevan listened and heard the singing voice of the crier but could not distinguish what he said. The girl led him to his house and there left him. He felt her hand running down his right arm and wondered why until she took his hand and shook it.

Old Professor Van der Bergh roared a greeting as he came into the room.

"Is that you, Bevan?" he asked. "I've got a knuckle of cold ham here, but be careful how you cut it, otherwise you're going to slice your fingers."

He and Stuart Gold had spent the day feeding the various specimens in the laboratory. The fourth day dawned and in the afternoon came a knock at the door. It was the girl.

"I've been ordered to place myself at your disposal, Dr. Bevan," she said; "the Government may need you."

HE SPENT that day wandering through the deserted streets with the girl at his side, and as the hundred and twentieth hour approached, he found himself looking forward, not so much to the end of the tragic experience which he shared with the world, but to seeing with his own eyes the face of this guide of his. He had slept the clock round and just before ten struck he made his way to the street. He heard Big Ben boom the hour and waited for light, but no light came. Another hour passed and yet another, and his soul was filled with blind panic. Suppose sight never returned, suppose his experiments were altogether wrong and that what happened in the case of the rabbits did not happen to Man! Suppose the blindness was permanent! He groaned at the thought.

The girl was with him, her arm in his, throughout that day. His nerves were breaking, and somehow she sensed this fact and comforted him as a mother might comfort a child. She led him into the Park with sure footsteps and walked him up and down, trying to distract his mind from the horror with which it was oppressed.

In the afternoon he was sent for to the Cabinet Council and again told the story of his experiments.

"The hundred and twenty hours are passed, are they not, doctor?" said the Premier's voice.

"Yes, sir," replied Bevan in a low voice, "but it is humanly impossible to be sure that that is the exact time."

No other question was asked him but the terror of his audience came back to him like an aura and shrivelled his very heart.

He did not lie down as was his wont that night, but wandered out alone into the streets of London. It must have been two o'clock in the morning when he came back to find the girl standing on the step talking with Van der Bergh.

She came forward at the sound of his voice.

"There is another Cabinet meeting, doctor," she said, "will you come with me?"

"I hope I haven't kept you long," he said, brokenly. His voice was husky and so unlike his own that she was startled.

"You're not to take this to heart, Dr. Bevan," she said, severely, as they began their pilgrimage to Whitehall. "There's a terrible task waiting for the world which has to be faced."

"Wait, wait!" he said, hoarsely, and gripped the rail with one hand and her arm with the other.

Was it imagination? It was still dark, a fine drizzle of rain was falling, but the blackness was dappled with tones of less blackness. There was a dark, straight thing before him, something that seemed to hang in the centre of his eye, and a purple shape beyond, and he knew that he was looking at a London street, at a London lamp-post, with eyes that saw. Black London, London devoid of light, London whose streets were packed with motionless vehicles that stood just where they had stopped on the day the darkness fell, London with groping figures half mad with joy, shrieking and sobbing their relief—he drew a long breath.

"What is it? What is it?" said the girl in a frightened voice.

"I can see! I can see!" said Bevan in a whisper.

"Can you?" she said, wistfully.

"I—I am so glad. And now—"

He was near to tears, and his arms went about her. He fumbled in his pocket for a match, and struck a light. That blessed light he saw, and saw, too, the pale, spiritual face turned up to his.

"I can see you," he whispered again.

"My God! You're the most beautiful thing I have ever seen!"

London slept from sheer force of habit and woke with the grey dawn to see—to look out upon a world that had been lost for five and a half days, but in the night all the forces of the law and the Crown had been working at feverish pace, railways had dragged their drivers from their beds, carriers and stokers had been collected by the police, and slowly the wheels of life were turning again and a humble world, grateful for the restoration of its greatest gift, hungered in patience and was happy.

## Buffet Service Solves the Problem

(Continued from page 16)

plate with a doily. The dish of hot browned potatoes could really be on the serving table for the few minutes before it is needed, or might be brought in when the chicken is ready.

Fruit salad, in any of its widely varied forms, will be good. The butterfly salad described in these columns before would be charming—pineapple slices cut in half and placed on crisp lettuce leaves with the curved edges turned toward one another for wings, a date for body, slender strips of angelica for antennae and slices of date or candied cherry for markings. Orange slices, or orange and grapefruit in an orange rind basket would be good. For the salad dressing, use a mayonnaise or boiled dressing and fold into it an equal amount of stiffly whipped cream. Serve in a pretty bowl and pass it with the salad.

If a fruit salad is used it may conclude the luncheon or be followed by a sweet. Of course, any reasonable salad may be substituted. Tomatoes are obtainable and would be delightful served this way; plunge even sized tomatoes in boiling water for a few seconds to loosen the skin, then in cold water to harden the pulp again. Peel, hollow slightly and fill with a finely chopped mixture of celery, apple, walnut or pecan meats and dressing. Put a spoonful of the fluffy cream dressing and a half-nut on top.

Jelly or whipped cream may be

delicately tinted with a few drops of pure vegetable colouring matter.

The stress has been laid on individual service because it is often the simplest, besides usually giving a daintier, prettier effect. Of course, one well-moulded jelly or charlotte russe may be served by the hostess, if preferred.

PERHAPS you have a coffee percolator, in which case the making of the coffee is a simple matter. Otherwise it is advisable to make it early, pour off the grounds and merely keep hot until required. If you decide on chocolate or cocoa, and want your guests to declare it exceptionally good, beat it well with a Dover egg beater when it comes to a boil, and top each cup with a spoonful of whipped cream or a big, fresh marshmallow.

Another menu that will be easy to follow and that places the cooking at a different point, will follow some such lines as these:

- Fruit Cocktail (Orange, Grapefruit, Banana and Pineapple)
- Fried Scallops and Bacon
- Cold Boiled Chicken with Tomato
- Jellies and Potato Salad
- Trifle
- Coffee

For informal suppers, these menus will, of course, be reduced to the main dish, with perhaps a salad and a sweet or cake.

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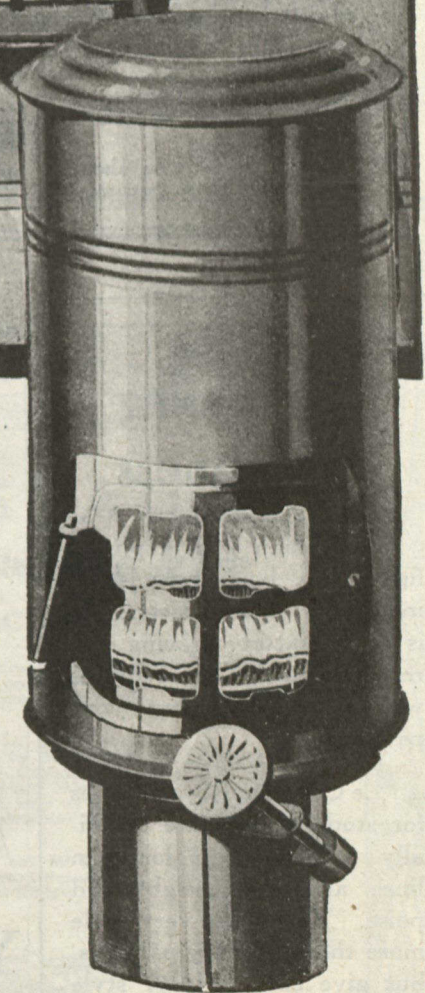
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The Long Blue Chimney proved by scientific tests to be exactly the right length for best cooking results.



**A Spring Song**  
(Continued from page 11)

accompaniment. Rupert did not come, neither did he telephone; but how could she know he was ashamed to admit that the rain would keep him from her this long? She didn't know, and she was hurt and a little angry, and resolved to be very cool for a while, anyway.

The next day being the last day of May, the sun repented of having sulked so long and shone gloriously upon the soaked and beaten earth. The garden was particularly gratified. Great fat worms stretched themselves lazily across the paths, until Alice and the apple-green gardening set disturbed them in the work of reconstruction and repair. She was hard at it, her cheeks flushed under the poke-bonnet hat, her hands and feet rather muddy, when Rupert dropped in unexpectedly before supper, armed with a huge box of chocolates and his most persuasive manner.

"Jove! what a siege of bad weather," he began, "I missed seeing you, Alice, I—"

"I'm afraid I sha'n't be in this evening," she lied, in a dispassionate voice. She would not trust herself to look at him, and worked busily and unnecessarily at a row of dwarf nasturtiums. He did not answer for a long time, but stood looking down at her, then smiled a lop-sided smile, put the box of chocolates on the ground beside her, and said: "I'm sorry—Good-bye," and was gone.

SHE WAS disconcerted—half sorry, half glad, but as time went on the disadvantages of her procedure seemed quite to overshadow the advantages and she began to feel a good deal sorer than glad.

The first days of June were glorious, but dragged dreadfully. Through the still twilights she would wander disconsolately among her early flowers, with only the apple-green watering-pot and the sleepy birds for company, and the watering-pot seemed to have lost its charm since there was nobody to tease her about it. So perverse is human nature!

Finally, one soft, sunny morning, she had an inspiration, sat down at her desk and wrote this:

"Dear Rupert:

I should like you to see for yourself that my garden has not suffered because I do not work in the rain. If you will come over to-night I will show it to you.

ALICE.

P.S.—I wonder which of us is sorer for having been thoughtless?"

Then she walked to his house and slipped it in the door and hurried away lest by some chance he should catch her there, and after supper she walked thoughtfully under the apple trees, and she was wearing, not a gardening frock of pink and blue gingham, nor the gay little poke-bonnet, nor the gloves that smelt of rich, moist earth, but a soft white dress, filmy and cool, with touches of palest pink upon it.

And they came upon each other suddenly around a blossoming syringa bush. She laughed shyly and felt very small indeed.

"I'm glad you came!" she said, with an attempted lightness of manner. "I'd like you to see that my garden is flourishing just as if I stayed with it through rain as well as shine. We differed on that point, do you remember?"

He was looking, not at the garden, which lay sweet and fragrant around them, but at her long and intently.

"And I'd like you to see," he said in a low voice, "that although I was a brute and stayed away through hating to get my feet wet, I love you—an awful lot—in spite of all that. Do you believe me? And will you marry me, rain or shine?"

She could not trust herself to speak and only nodded; whereupon he took her in his arms and kissed her with breathless suddenness, and the gardens and the absurd apple-green gardening set were forgotten in the contemplation of things even more beautiful.

THE Transfiguration," by Raphael, is called the first and grandest picture in the world. It was originally painted by order of Cardinal Ciulio de Medici (afterwards Clement VII), Archbishop of Narbonne, for that cathedral. It now hangs in the Vatican.



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## Two Women and Tony

(Continued from page 9)

"Yes, but how did you know he was expecting me?"

There was a new, hard note in the girl's voice which alarmed the woman. She began to wish for the first time that the adventure had been given more careful consideration. Miriam had tilted her head backward, almost aggressively, as one who had turned the tables with skill in a delicate situation.

"I suppose he had forgotten to mention it," said Mrs. Trevelyan, feeling still more shaky, "but he—he has so many friends, and as a rule he tells us about them all. He left your post card on the breakfast table, fortunately, or nobody would have met you." She smiled bravely, somewhat proud of the tact with which she had extricated herself. And yet she was by no means comfortable, especially when she observed the other's slender foot tapping the platform.

"You don't take me for the leading lady, do you?" Miriam Fortescue was a very direct young person, not in the least given to beating about the bush, and her conversational methods were liable to cause embarrassment. But she knew what clothes cost and could have given a fairly accurate estimate of the sum Mrs. Trevelyan had expended on what she was wearing. Even if all other things had been equal, Miriam was not accustomed to being met at the station while on tour and invited to free board and lodging with people who attired themselves like duchesses.

"I like any friend of my son to be my friend," the woman parried gracefully, nevertheless rather ashamed of herself, but determined to stick to her guns after having gone so far. At the same time she realized that Miriam Fortescue was not one to be led lightly into a trap, and she was puzzled by the girl's next move.

"I'll come, like a bird!" Miriam declared impulsively. "It's real friendly of you."

Flushed with victory, Mrs. Trevelyan bore off her captive, but she was not good at play-acting and the difficulties of taking a comedy part without either written lines or rehearsal left her with a sense of dismay. So long as Miriam had maintained her suspicious attitude Tony's mother had been able to hold her own; but since the enemy had capitulated, it was less easy. After all, Miriam was now her guest, and, moreover, she seemed to have grasped that fact thoroughly.

MR. TREVELYAN received the actress into his home gravely, and had barely recovered from the shock when Tony arrived.

"Ha-llo, Tony, you never told me you had such sports among the family!" was the greeting that made him feel hot and cold in the region of the spine. "You left Miss Fortescue's post card behind, dear," said Mrs. Trevelyan, hurrying to the rescue, "so we planned a surprise."

"Al, isn't it, Tony?" observed Miriam, with a captivating smile, as she fished in her handbag, produced a cigarette case, and began to smoke contentedly.

"Rather!" said Tony, wondering whether his mother had taken leave of her senses and how soon his father would explode.

"I'm stoppin' overnight, too," the girl added, throwing off her hat as though she owned the place. "Dinky little show you've got," she commented addressing Mr. Trevelyan, and looking round admiringly.

"I'm glad you like it," said Mr. Trevelyan thoughtfully.

Tony was sitting with as much comfort as one might find on a burning volcano.

"Yes, it's what I call slap up!" said Miriam. "Mind you, I like a bit more colour on the wallpaper myself, so that when you get the hump you don't think you're at a funeral. Still, it's all right, I reckon. We don't get 'digs' like this in the profesh."

She tipped the ash from her cigarette onto the carpet, and Tony quietly placed a tray within her reach, doubting the while whether he was awake or dreaming.

As Miriam grew more accustomed

to her surroundings, she became more expansive, and at lunch Tony receded further and further into his shell while the girl spoke of her life.

"Don't you ever find it dull?" asked Mrs. Trevelyan, who, having pitchforked herself on to the stage, was learning to pick up the cue more quickly.

"Sometimes it's rotten," said the girl, with a tinge of sadness in her voice, "but when we stop in a town a week it's better, because one gets to know people. They're harmless enough, as a rule, and it amuses them to splash their money about."

She broke off awkwardly, and in the pause that followed glanced in a furtive way at Tony, who was engrossed with his plate.

Recovering herself, the girl launched off into a story of the stage that happened to have a touch of humour in it, and for the moment the situation was saved, though Tony, as an interested member of the luncheon party, had ceased to exist. He was beginning to wish himself dead. He had great admiration for the tact his mother was displaying after finding how great had been her blunder, but his own emotions were varied and peculiar. When Miriam shot coy glances at him he frowned at her, but apparently she regarded herself as too firmly established in the family circle to let such discouragement upset her equilibrium. Instead of taking the hint she became more boisterous.

The afternoon was a long, drawn-out nightmare to Tony. The guest was loud and startling, and seemed utterly unaware of her many solecisms.

"You're not a bit like yourself," she said, flinging the words at the unhappy youth, who squirmed, wondering what impression her remark would convey to the rest of his family.

When the time came for Miriam to leave for the theatre, Mrs. Trevelyan summoning her last ounce of graciousness, explained that neither she nor her husband would be able to see the "show," as they had an engagement elsewhere.

"What's the game?" she asked, raising her voice slightly, and looking from one side to the other. "I know I'm not exactly the queen of comedy, but I'm respectable, and—and—I b'lieve you're ashamed of me," she added, with rising hauteur.

"Indeed, no!" said Mrs. Trevelyan. "I am more than pleased that you came to us, but we promised, a week ago, to pay this visit."

AS A MATTER of fact, Mrs. Trevelyan was extremely unhappy, for though she did happen to have an engagement for that evening, the part she was playing went very much against the grain. She felt an idiotic desire to get Miriam away from the others and unburden her heart, for Miriam was human enough. If indeed, the girl had been less human, her hostess might not have found the position so awkward. Mrs. Trevelyan had planned a master-stroke to keep her son out of an undesirable entanglement, and she had not minded sacrificing her own feelings to any extent in order to achieve her purpose; but it was not so easy for one with her disposition to trample on the girl's feelings equally ruthlessly. Certainly Miriam was hopelessly imprudent—blatant to a degree that grated on one's nerves. But one could not lose sight of the fact that the actress besides being a guest, was sensitive in her own way.

It was with profound relief, late that night, that Mrs. Trevelyan saw the girl to her room, knowing the ordeal was practically over. The "crowd" were to leave for another town by an early train in the morning.

When the time came next day for Miriam to go to the station, she threw Mrs. Trevelyan into confusion by kissing her.

"Good-bye, dear!" the girl said effusively, while Tony groaned. "We girls don't often strike such comfortable 'digs' at the same price. You know, you're a deep one. Nobody would guess you were such a sport. I'll tell you what I think. You want cheering

(Continued on page 68)



## ROYAL VINOLIA TOOTH PASTE

Children are timid about going to the Dentist but you can do much preservative work yourself by teaching them the Royal Vinolia Tooth Paste habit. They soon take a pride in the shiny little pearls that result from this perfect British-made dentifrice. Start them to-day.

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## VINOLIA LIRIL SOAP

Made entirely from vegetable oils—contains no fat—best for children and in fact anybody with tender skin. Choicely perfumed with violet odour.

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## EDDY'S MATCHES

are made to give satisfaction

Although matches are turned out of the Eddy factory in their millions—each match is machine made and is well and truly made.

For nearly seventy years, we've been making matches, and are by far the biggest makers of matches in Canada. This tremendous business was not only built upon satisfaction to the user of Eddy articles—but is being maintained by the same honest policy.

When you buy matches look for Eddy's name on the box. To get the most perfect match made, ask for Eddy's "Silent Five".

**Over 30 Varieties**

There are short matches and long matches; Parlor matches and Safety matches (which strike only on the box). There is an EDDY match to suit you. Be sure the name EDDY is on the box you buy.

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# It Costs You Nothing!

## This Handsome 11-in-1 Aluminum Set



PUDDING PAN

This two and one-half quart pan is fine for making puddings, baking bread, and cakes. An excellent milk dish.



KETTLE COVER

A kettle cover that is made of hard thick aluminum lasts a lifetime. The ebonized knob is heat-proof and well riveted with an aluminum rivet that never rusts nor comes off.



CASSEROLE OR BAKE DISH

An ideal pan for baking apples, beans, scalloped potatoes, macaroni, and similar foods.



PRESERVING KETTLE

An aluminum preserving kettle has exceptionally good qualities. The heat is distributed evenly over the entire utensil, and stirring is therefore not necessary, and the foods do not burn. Aluminum has no enamel to chip off and is not affected by the acids of fruits.



COMBINATION COOKER

This combination makes an excellent cooking outfit. Its odd uses are not filled so well by any other utensil. The ears of the kettle are of a special improved design holding the bail in an upright or lowered position as desired.



CEREAL COOKER OR DOUBLE BOILER

This large double boiler will not scorch your rice or cereals, and you don't need to stir them. It may also be used for steaming vegetables in the upper pan while soup or potatoes are boiling in the bottom.

THIS handsome set costs you absolutely nothing but just a few moments of your spare time. It will be sent you post-paid for only five subscriptions to EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Home Magazine; or, if you prefer, you may send three subscriptions and the balance of 75c. in cash.

## 99% PURE ALUMINUM WARE

### ALUMINUM Four-Piece Combination Cooker



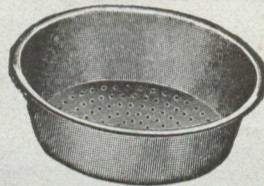
This Cooking Set has more uses and advantages than any other similar set on the market. The combinations which can be formed are very practical and serve excellently for every meal of the day. All the pieces are uniform in size and match together very snugly. The bails of the inside pans may be detached if desired. The capacity of the outside kettle is six quarts, and each of the inside pans holds 2½ quarts. They are highly polished on the outside, while the inner surface is our Beacon-ray finish.

If you prefer to spend a few moments' time instead of money this compact labor, space and fuel saving 4-piece 11-in-1 Combination Cooker will cost you **absolutely nothing**. Consider the invaluable saving it will mean to you to have this splendid 99 per cent. pure aluminum Combination Cooker in your home. Consider the convenience of being able to cook several foods at once, to always have at hand a set of 4 pieces that will answer practically all the varying needs of your cooking requirements. Just think of the time and labor it will save you. Aluminum heats more readily than enamelware or iron, retains the heat longer and keeps the food always piping hot. Aluminum cleans more readily than any other ware and will not chip or break. It is light and easy to handle and may always be kept bright and shining, a tribute to the excellent housekeeper.

Hundreds of home-making women have welcomed this practical and convenient set. Once you have it you will wonder how you ever got along without it.

Write the names and addresses of your subscribers plainly on a plain sheet of white paper. Renewals count the same as new subscriptions. All subscriptions must be accompanied by money order, cheque, or registered letter.

Don't be without this wonderful labor-saving Combination Cooker another day. It will cost you only a few moments of your spare time to secure it. ADDRESS—



STRAINER OR COLANDER

It is very handy to rinse berries, lettuce, etc., with this strainer. It also serves as a colander.



SELF-BASTING ROASTER

Delicious, well-browned juicy, roasts are the result of this roaster. Perfect self-basting is produced by the steam condensing on the cover and dripping back over the roast, thereby making it juicy and appetizing.



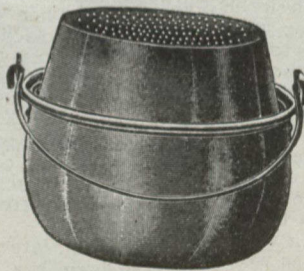
BERLIN KETTLE

This attractive Berlin Kettle is unexcelled for cooking and stewing vegetables. The bulged sides are a big advantage, as they make it easy to pour liquids from the vegetables. They prevent the food from sliding out when the kettle is tilted to drain off the liquid. When used as a Windsor Kettle, it turns out delicious pot roasts without grease or water.



STEAMER SET

This combination is exactly what you need to properly steam potatoes and corn on the cob. The pan is large enough to contain a large meal and the perforations throughout the entire bottom insure uniform and thorough cooking.



CORN POPPER OR CORN FLAKE TOASTER

How often it happens that you need a utensil to do such odd little things as popping corn, restoring the crispness to corn flakes, roasting coffee, etc. This answers these purposes nicely.



### Two Women and Tony

(Continued from page 67)

up a bit. It isn't natural to be so quiet, and if you keep on like that you'll forget you're alive. A merry and bright little party at night sometimes, and a few comic songs with somebody lively at the piano, would shake you up. That's what you want, my dear. You wouldn't know yourself if I were around much longer. Well, good-bye, dearie, again. Tony, are you coming to see me off at the station?"

Like a whirlwind Miriam swept out of the house and then she had a few words to say to Tony.

"I like your mother," she declared. "I don't know what to think of you, though. You haven't been the same—quiet as a mouse and not a bit amusing. I'll tell you what, Tony, if ever we should happen to come here again, give your mother the tip not to invite me. She's all right, but I think you make me feel tired. Bye-bye!" she added, bobbing her head into the carriage window as the train started.

At that moment Mrs. Trevelyan had found a note addressed to her, and was reading it.

"Dear Mrs. Trevelyan:—I saw in less than a minute what your idea was and I knew how you were feeling. But I liked the way you went about it, so I helped you. Tony is as straight as a die; this experience will do him no harm. He was getting fond of me, I think, but he's cured now, or rather he will be if you carry on from where I've left off, because he thinks the world of you and your judgment. Don't think it was easy for me. I was nearer tears than laughter most of the time. By the way, Tony wasn't in such great danger as you imagined. I mean to be a great actress. Perhaps you will agree with me that I did not do so badly in the little comedy you staged when I tell you that your old school friend, Mrs. Tollington-West, who lives in Ireland, is my mother. I shall be with her next month. Her photograph occupies an honoured place in your boudoir, and the little girl in short frocks at her side in the picture is

Yours very sincerely,  
MIRIAM FORTESCUE."

Mrs. Trevelyan was still in the process of recovering from her surprise when Tony returned.

"I can't understand what was wrong with Miss Fortescue, mother," he said. "She always struck me as quite well bred. I was going to bring her up to call on you while she was here. I thought if you saw her first you wouldn't—wouldn't be prejudiced—the stage, you know. I—oh, confound it, she never was like that before."

"Suppose we say nothing more about it," suggested Mrs. Trevelyan, with a mysterious smile. "By the way, dear, if you aren't planning to go anywhere else for your holidays, I rather thought we would accept an invitation to stay a while with the Tollington-Wests next month."

Tony winced. He had always understood that there was a flapper at the Tollington-West's house, and he hated flappers.

"All right," he said grudgingly. "But, mother, about Miss Fortescue. You know, really, I'm not afraid to admit it, I'm awfully fond of—"

"Tony, not another word about Miss Fortescue till—say till the end of next month. Then, if you don't change your mind, come and tell me all about it."

"Change my mind!" said Tony seventeen times that morning, addressing the office inkwell. "Not in a hundred years!"

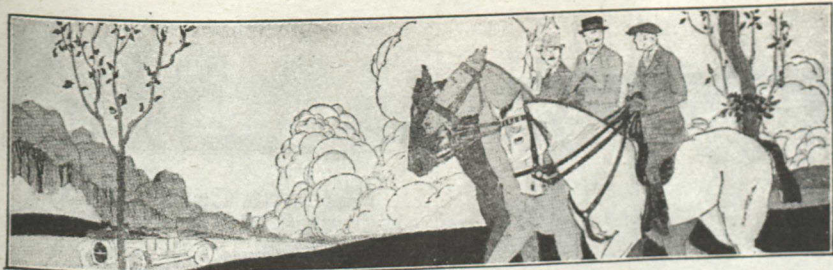
### "Kiddies' Kutouts" Prize List THE THREE BEARS

First—Margare Simms, Box 120, Russell, Manitoba. Second—Ethel J. Douglas, McCreary, Manitoba. Third—Myrtle E. Srow, Port La Tour, Shelbourne County, Nova Scotia. Fourth—Kathleen Murray, 66 Barrie Street, Kingston, Ontario. Fifth—John Dugit, Box 456, Simcoe, Ontario. Sixth—John C. Buckle, 540 Ave. L. North, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. Seventh—Ruth McKee, Hannon, Ontario. Eighth—Eldred Melanson, Freeport, Digby County, Nova Scotia. Ninth—Bessie Duesberry, 71 Pinnacle Street, Belleville, Ontario. Tenth—Geraldine Dasent, Chacon Street, San Fernando, Trinidad, British West Indies.

Prizes have already been mailed to the winners.

## EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD

Department 3, 259 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario



## Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

(Continued from page 57)

Between these two extremes, right and left, one faces a broad plain, wooded and gemmed with painted houses, and ending in a smoke-blue rampart of distant hills—all of it luminant with the curiously clarified light of Canada.

From Major Hill Park the river side avenue goes East over the Rideau, whose Falls are famous, but now obscured by a lumber mill, past Rideau Hall to Rockliffe Park. Rockliffe Park is a delight. It has all the joys of the primitive wilderness plus a service of street-cars. Its promenade under fine and scattered trees follows the lip of the cliff along the Ottawa, and across the blue stream can be seen the fillet of gold beach of the far side, and on the stream are red sailed boats, canoes, and gasoline launches. How far Rockliffe Park keeps company with the Ottawa, I do not know. A stroll of nearly two hours brought me to a region of comely houses, set in broad gardens—but there was still park, and it seemed to go on for ever.

There are two or three Golf Clubs (every town in Canada has a golf course or two, and sometimes they are Municipal) over the river on the Hull side—a side that was at the time of our visit a place of pilgrimage from Ottawa proper. For it is in Quebec where the "dry" law is not implacable as that of Ottawa and Ontario. Hull is also noted for its match factory and other manufactures that make up a very go-ahead industrial town, as well as for the fact that in matters of contributions to Victory Loans and that sort of thing it can hold its own with any city, though that city be five times its size.

The chief of the Ottawa Clubs on the Hull side is the Country Club, an idyllic place that has made the very best out of the rather rough plain, and stands looking through trees to the rapids of the Ottawa river. It is a delightful club, built with the usual Western instinct for apposite design, and, as with most clubs on the American Continent, it is a revelation of comfort. Its dining-room is extraordinarily attractive, for it is actually the spacious verandah of the building screened by trellis work into which is woven the leaves and flowers of climbers. The ceiling is a canopy of flowers and green leaves, and to dine here overlooking the lawns is to know an hour of the greatest charm.

The Prince was the guest here on several occasions, and dances were given in his honour. For this purpose the lawn in front of the verandah was squared off with a high arcadian trellis, and between the pillars of this trellis were hung flowers and flags and lights and all the trees about had coloured bulbs amid their leaves, so that at night it was an impression of Arcady as a modern Watteau might see it, with the crispness and the beauty of the women and the vivid dresses of the women giving the scene a quality peculiarly and vivaciously Canadian.

The circumstances of Monday, September 1st, made it an unforgettable day. The chief ceremonies on the Prince's programme were the laying of the corner stone of the new Parliament Buildings and the inauguration of the Victory Loan. But something else happened which made it momentous. It happened to be Labour Day.

It was the day when the whole of Labour in Canada—and indeed in America—gave itself over to demonstrations. Labour held street parades, field sports, and, I daresay, made speeches. It was the day of days for the workers.

There were some who thought that the programme of Labour would clash with the programme of the Prince. That, to put it at its mildest, Labour on a holiday would ignore the royal ceremonials and emasculate them as functions. The men who put forward these opinions were Canadians, but they did not know Canada. It was Labour Day, and Labour made the day for the Prince.

When the Prince had learned that

it was the Peoples' day, and that there was to be a big sports meeting and gala in one of the Ottawa Parks, he had specially added another item to his full list of events and made it known that he would visit the park.

Labour promptly returned the courtesy and of its own free will turned its parade into a guard of honour which lined the fine Rideau and Wellington streets for his progress between Government House and Parliament Hill.

As far as I could gather Labour decided upon and carried this out without consulting anybody. Streets were taken over without any warning and certainly without any fuss. There seemed to be a few police about and there was no need for them. Labour took command of the show in the interest of its friend the Prince and would not permit the slightest disorderliness.

It was a remarkable sight. Early in the morning the Labour Parade appeared along Rideau street, mounting the hill to the Parliament House. The processionists, each group in the costume of its calling, walked in long, thin files on each side of the road, the line broken at intervals by the trade floats. Floats are an essential part of every Western parade, they are what the British people call "set pieces," tableaux built up on wagons or on automobiles—all of them are ingenious and most of them are beautiful.

These floats represented the various trades, a boiler-makers' shop in full (and noisy) action; a stone-workers' bench in operation; the framework of a wooden house on an auto, to show Ottawa what its carpenters and joiners could do, and so on. With these marched the workers, distinctively clothed, as though the old guilds had never ceased.

### Laying of Cornerstone Hull, Quebec

WHEN the head of the procession reached the entrance of Parliament Hill, it halted, and the line turning left and right, walked towards the curb, pressing back the thousands of sightseers to the pavement in an effective manner. They lined and kept the route in this fashion until the Prince had passed.

It was thus that the Prince drove not between the ranks of an army of soldiers, but through the ranks of the army of Labour. Not khaki, but the many uniforms of Labour marked the route. There were firemen in peaked caps, with bright steel grappling hooks at their waist; butchers in white blouses, white trousers and white peaked caps; there were tram conductors and railway men, hotel porters, teamsters in overalls, lumbermen in calf-high boots of tan, with their rough socks showing above them on their blue jumper trousers, barbers, drug-store clerks and men of all trades.

Above this guard of workers were the banners of the Unions, some in English, some proclaiming in French that here was "La Fraternité Unie des Charpentiers et Menuisiers," and so on.

It was a real demonstration of democracy. It was the spontaneous and affectionate action of the everyday people determined to show how personal was its regard for a prince who knew how to be one with the everyday people. As a demonstration it was immensely more significant than the most august item of a formal programme.

As the Prince rode through those hearty and friendly ranks in a State carriage and behind mounted troopers, the troopers and the trappings seemed to matter very little indeed. The crowd cheered and waved flags—and sometimes spanners and kitchen pans—and the youth who waved his gloves back with all their freedom from ceremony were the things that mattered.

When, at the laying of the corner stone a few minutes later, Sir Robert Borden declared that, in repeating the act of his grandfather, who laid the original corner stone of Canada's Parliament Buildings as Prince of Wales in 1869, His Royal Highness

(Continued on page 70)



EACH DROP IS RICH WITH FLAVOR

and just a few drops (follow directions carefully) are enough to impart that wonderfully good old-fashioned maple taste to

- Syrup
- Cakes
- Pies
- Frostings
- Desserts
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Also savors and seasons Meats, Soups, Dressings, Vegetables.

## Mapleine

Instantly makes delicious syrup

For use with hot cakes, corn bread, muffins, etc.

2 cups sugar, 1 cup water and half teaspoonful of Mapleine makes 1 pint of syrup.

And for corn syrup flavoring or for flavoring the many cane syrups grocers sell, Mapleine is remarkable.

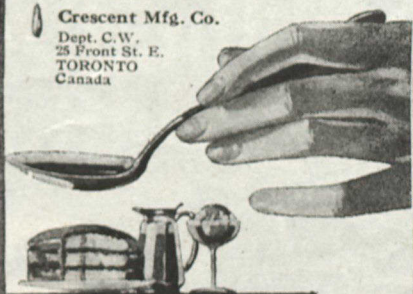
Mapleine contains no maple sugar, syrup nor sap, but in sweets produces a taste similar to Maple. Grocers sell Mapleine.

2-oz. Bottle, 50c.

4c. stamp and trade mark from Mapleine carton will bring the Mapleine Cook Book of 200 recipes, including many desserts.

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To become over-stout is to lose your natural beauty. Double chins, ever-growing hips, arms, and busts, and a general state of corpulency, besides being unsightly are extremely uncomfortable, and sometimes painful.

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### THE GREAT TONIC CURE

No irksome restrictions with "Antipon," but within 24 hours there is a reduction of 8oz. to 3lb., and the subsequent reduction satisfies all expectations. It is a remedy in itself, and by itself, and requires no help from violent exercises, sweating, purging or other harmful and exhausting processes. You can eat what you like and as much as you like. It acts as a wonderful tonic and strengthener, building up health and vitality, restoring energy and nerve power.

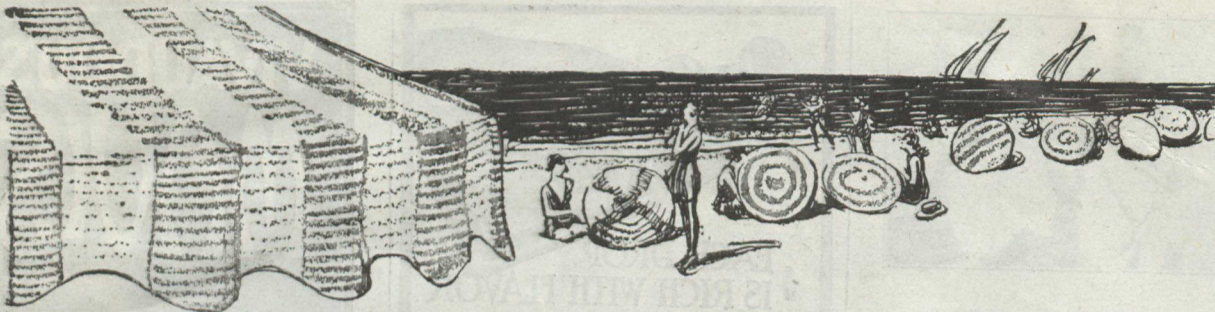
Antipon can be obtained or ordered from most Druggists or Dealers.

Wholesale Agents:  
The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, 34 Gabriel St., Montreal, Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Antipon Company, 27 Store St., London, England



# Antipon



**Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales**  
(Continued from page 60)

was inaugurating a new era, the happenings of just now seemed to lend conviction that indeed a new phase of history had come into being. It was a phase in which throne and people has been woven into a strong and sane democracy, begot of the intimate personal sympathy, understanding and reliance the war had brought about between rulers and people.

The new buildings replace the old Parliament Houses burned down in the beginning of the war. The fire was attended by sad loss of life, and one of those killed was a lady who, having got out of the burning building in safety, was suddenly overcome by a feminine desire to save her furs. She re-entered the blazing building and was lost.

The new building follows the design of the old structure, though it has not the campanile. The porch where the stone was laid was draped in huge hangings descending in grave folds from a sheaf of flags, this with the façade of the grey stone building made a superb backing to the great stage of terrace upon which the ceremony was enacted. It had all the dignity, colour and braveness of a Durbar.

The Victory Loan was inaugurated by the unfurling of a flag by the Prince. He promised to give to each of the cities and villages (by the way I don't think the villages are villages in Canada, they are all towns), who subscribed a certain percentage a replica of this special flag. There was keen competition throughout the Dominion for these flags, Canadians responding to the pictures on the boardings with a good will in order to win a "Prince of Wales" flag.

Although the Prince was down to visit Hull at a specific time that afternoon, he set aside an hour in order to pay his promised visit to the Labour fete in Lansdowne Park. There was only time for him to drive through the park, but the warm reception given to him made it an action really worth while.

Hull, which is inclined to sprawl as a town, was transformed by sun, flags and people into a place of great attraction when the Prince arrived. And if there was not any high pomp about the visit there was certainly prettiness. The pretty girls of Hull had transformed themselves into representatives of all the races of the Entente, and as the Prince stood on the scarlet steps of a dais outside the Town Hall each one of these, came forward and made him a curtsy.

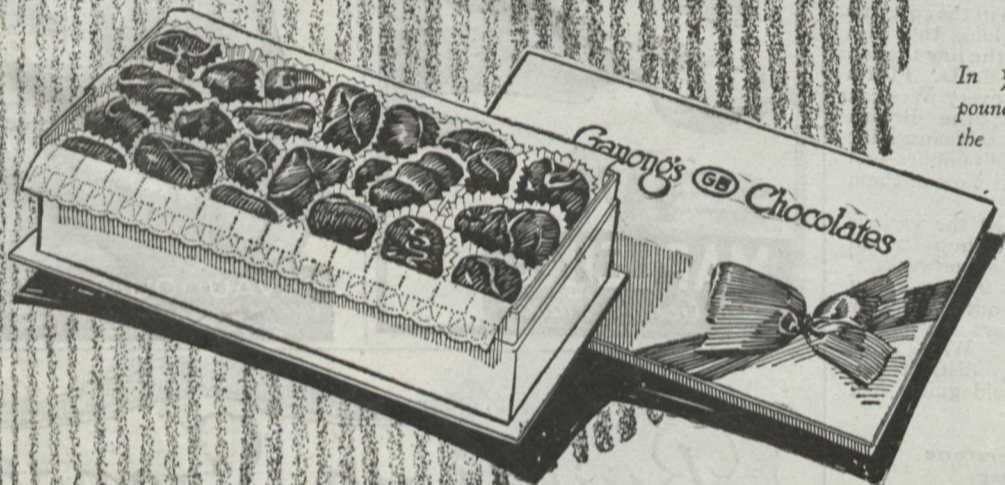
Following them were four tiny girls, each holding a large bouquet, each bouquet being linked to the others by broad red ribbons. They were the jolliest little girls, but nervous, and after negotiating the terrors of the scarlet stairs with discretion, the broad desert of the dais undid them—or rather it didn't. At the moment of presentation, four little girls as well as four bouquets were linked together by broad red ribbons, until it was difficult to tell which was little girl and which was bouquet. There were many untanglers present, but the chief of them was the Prince of Wales himself.

The Hull ceremonials were certainly as happy as any could be. The little girls gave a homely touch, so did the people who joined in the public reception, but the crowning touch of this atmosphere was the review of the War Veterans.

There were so many War Veterans that Hull had no space large enough to parade them. Hull, therefore, had the happy idea of reviewing them in the main street. Thus the everyday street was packed with everyday men who had fought for the very homes about them. That seemed to bring out the real purpose of the great war more than any effort in propoganda could.

It was in the main street, too, after receiving a loving cup from the Great War Veterans, that the Prince spoke to these comrades of war. He stood up in his car and addressed them simply and directly, thanking them and wishing them good luck, and there was something infinitely suggestive in his standing up there so simply amid that pack of men and women wedged tightly between the houses of that homely street. Wedged is assuredly the right term, for it was with difficulty and only by infinite care, that the car was driven through the crowd and away.

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**Montreal: Canada's Metropolis**

MONTREAL was not actually in the schedule. In the programme of the Prince's tour it was put down as the last place he should visit. This in a sense was fitting. It was proper that the greatest city in Canada should wind up the visit in a befitting week.

All the same, as the Prince himself said, he could not possibly start for the West without making at least a call on Montreal, so he rounded off his travels among the big cities of the Canadian East by spending the inside of a day there.

I wonder whether there was ever an inside of a day so crowded? I was present when Manchester rushed President Wilson through a headlong morning of events, and the Manchester effort was pedestrian beside Montreal's. Even the Prince himself, who can put any amount of vigour into life, must have found nothing in his experience to equal such a non-stop series of ceremonies carried on, at times at a pace of forty miles an hour.

This is what happened. Montreal was given about four hours of the Prince. Montreal is a progressive city, it has an up-to-date and Do-It-Now sense. Confronted at very short notice with those four hours, it promptly set itself to make the most of them. It packed about four days' programme into them.

It managed this, of course, by using motor cars. The whole of the American continent, I have come to see, has a motor car method of thinking out and accomplishing things. Montreal certainly has. Montreal met the Prince in an automobile mood, whipped him from the train and entertained him on the top gear for every moment of his stay.

He arrived at the handsome Windsor Station of the C.P.R. on the morning of Tuesday, September 2, and was at once taken to a big, grey motor. His guide, the Mayor of the city, then began to show him how time could be annihilated and days compressed into hours.

In those few hours he was shown not a section of the great commercial city, not merely the City Hall, and a street or two, and a place wherein to lunch. He was shown all Montreal. He was shown the city of Montreal and the suburbs of Montreal, and verily I believe he was shown every man, woman, and certainly every child of flag-wagging age in Montreal.

And when he had seen the high, fine business blocks of Montreal, and the pretty residential districts where the well-designed homes seem to stand on terrace over terrace of the smoothest, greenest grass, he was shown the country-side about Montreal, the comely little habitation parishes and holiday places that make outlying Montreal, and the convents and the colleges where Montreal educates itself, the Universities where that education is rounded off, and the long, wide, straight speedways over which Montreal citizens get the best out of their motor car moments—and he was shown how it was done.

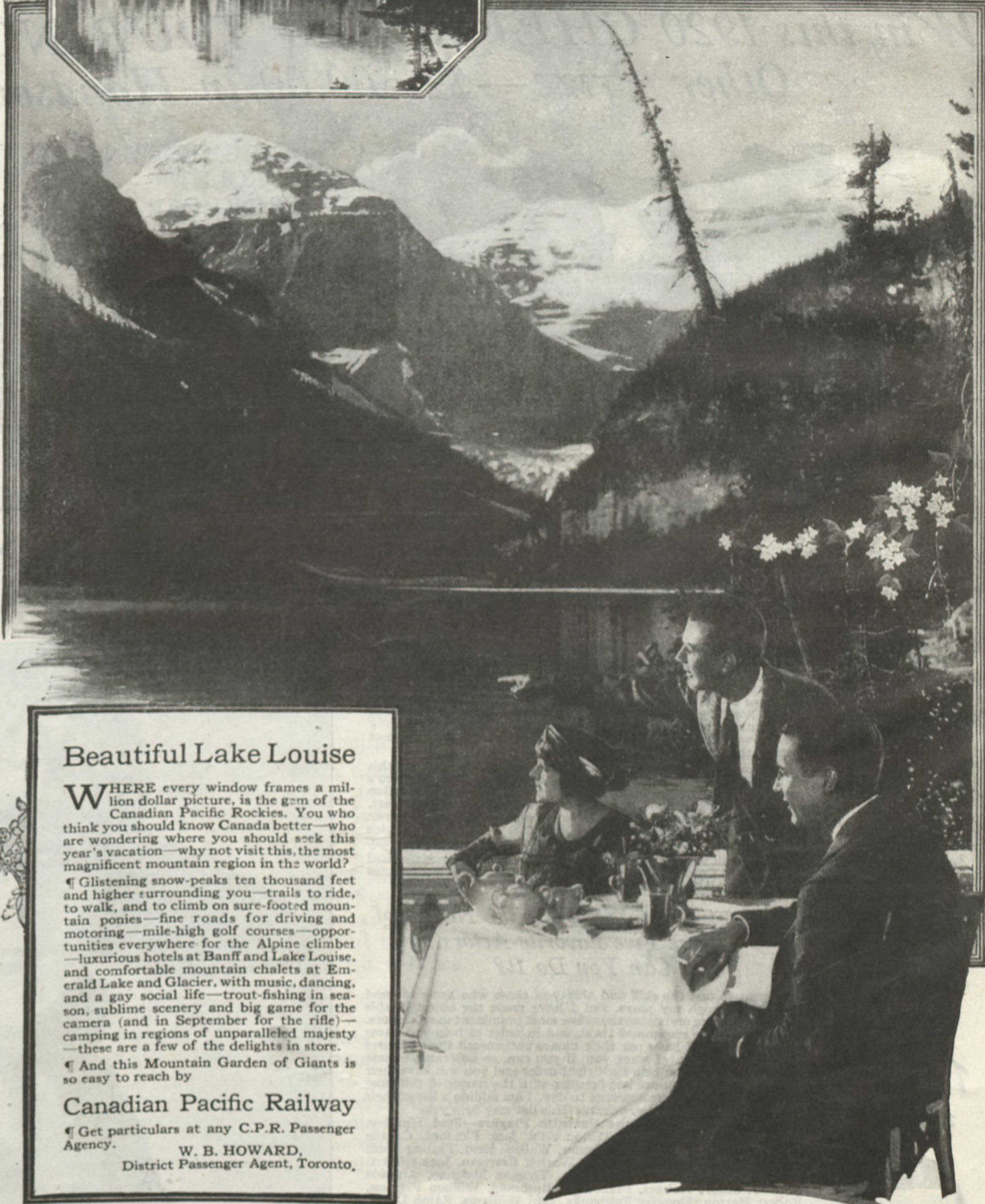
And after showing him the rivers that make the hilly country about Montreal beautiful, and the little pocket villages, he was swung back out of the green of the summer country and shown more business blocks, and just a hint of the great wharves and docks that fringe the St. Lawrence and give the city its great industrial power and fame. Then when they had shown him all the things that man usually sees only after weeks of tenacious exploration, they spun him up a corkscrew drive that goes first among charming houses, then among beautiful deep trees and grass and sat him down in a glowing pavilion on the top of this hill, Mount Royal—the Mount Royal that gives the city its name—and gave him lunch.

There he ate as he looked down over one of the great views of the world. Below him was the splendid vista of a splendid city; the mass of tall offices, factories and the high fret of derricks and elevators along the quays that covered the site of the Indian lodges of Hochelaga that Jacques Cartier first found; the mass of spires from a thousand churches, the swelling domes and hipped-roofs of basilica and college that had grown up from the old religious outpost, the nucleus of Christianity in the wilds that was to convert the wilds, the *Ville-Marie de Montreal* that Maissonneuve had founded nearly three centuries ago.

(Continued on page 73)



# Chateau Lake Louise



## Beautiful Lake Louise

WHERE every window frames a million dollar picture, is the gem of the Canadian Pacific Rockies. You who think you should know Canada better—who are wondering where you should seek this year's vacation—why not visit this, the most magnificent mountain region in the world?

¶ Glistening snow-peaks ten thousand feet and higher surrounding you—trails to ride, to walk, and to climb on sure-footed mountain ponies—fine roads for driving and motoring—mile-high golf courses—opportunities everywhere for the Alpine climber—luxurious hotels at Banff and Lake Louise, and comfortable mountain chalets at Emerald Lake and Glacier, with music, dancing, and a gay social life—trout-fishing in season, sublime scenery and big game for the camera (and in September for the rifle)—camping in regions of unparalleled majesty—these are a few of the delights in store.

¶ And this Mountain Garden of Giants is so easy to reach by

## Canadian Pacific Railway

¶ Get particulars at any C.P.R. Passenger Agency. W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

### Deaf?

If all other remedies and devices have failed you or if you have a device now and want a better aid for your hearing—something that will bring a pleasant, smooth sound to your ears without any strain, an aid that has been recognized by the greatest experts and awarded the GOLD MEDAL at the International Exposition—try the Little Gem Ear Phone, the smallest yet most powerful hearing device invented. Write for booklet which explains everything.

TELL YOUR DEAF FRIENDS!

The Gem Ear Phone of Canada  
415-416 "L" Ryrie Bldg. Toronto, Ont.  
New York Office, 47 W. 34 Street

### Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

#### Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

## Easy Money

Magic words indeed, but you can make them come true. Easy money is just waiting for you. Count up the spare time you have each day, we will buy that time at a handsome profit to you. It will be just like finding money.

WRITE TO-DAY TO

The Spare Time Profit Club  
259 Spadina Avenue  
TORONTO - ONTARIO



## Lovely Jewelled Bar Pin, Sparkling Ring and Handsome Bracelet Watch

Just think, without spending a cent of your money you can secure this exquisite Imported Jewelled Bar Pin and Ring and a handsome gold filled Bracelet Watch that is quite the equal of any you could buy in a jewelry store for \$8.00 or \$10.00.

This handsome bar pin is over 2 1/2 inches long, has the lovely new Platinum finish and is set with seven beautiful brilliants that sparkle like the finest diamonds. The Ring, which we send in your exact size, is solid gold-filled and set with exquisite manufactured rubies, sapphires and diamonds in the handsomest design you could imagine. The costly bracelet watch is in the new Octagon shape, small and dainty as can be, and a reliable timekeeper. It has the new style expanding bracelet that fits snugly to any wrist.

All these magnificent presents are being given FREE to quickly advertise and introduce a wonderful new perfume that we have just brought out. Send your name and address to-day and we will send you just 20 packages of this lovely new perfume called "Dew-Kiss Bouquet" which we ask you to introduce among your friends at only 15c per package. It is easy. Everybody wants two or three packages at once because one 15c package will perfume more articles than a dollar bottle of perfume. It's no trouble at all to sell them in your spare time. Then return our money, only \$3.00 and we will promptly send you, postage paid, the beautiful Bar Pin and Ring, and the lovely Bracelet Watch you can also secure without selling any more goods by simply showing your grand rewards among your friends and getting only four of them to sell our goods and earn our fine prizes as you did. Don't delay. Write to-day to

REGAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
Dept. W. 4 Toronto, Ont.

## WINNERS IN NOVEMBER, 1919, AD. CONTEST

Cash prizes have been awarded in the order of their merit for contest appearing in November, 1919, issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD:

No. 1. Prize \$5.00—Mrs. A. G. Coulston, 206 Glendonwynne Road, West Toronto; No. 2. Prize \$3.00—J. P. Hargreaves 11032 Eighty-second Ave., Edmonton, Alta; No. 3—C. R. Armstrong, 93 Main Street, North Bay, Ont. Checks for these various amounts will go forward.

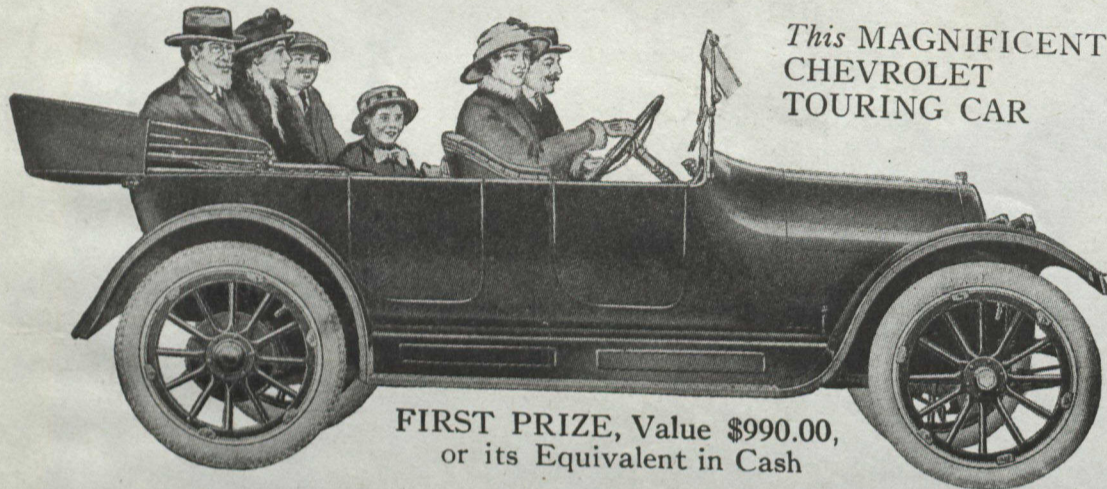
CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited, TORONTO



# "Pick My Leading Man"

—MARY PICKFORD

Win this 1920 CHEVROLET TOURING CAR or Some Other Prize—\$2,500.00 in Handsome Prizes



This MAGNIFICENT CHEVROLET TOURING CAR

FIRST PRIZE, Value \$990.00, or its Equivalent in Cash

PRIZES			
1st Prize	1920 CHEVROLET Touring Car, Value	\$990.00	
2nd Prize	1920 FORD Touring Car, Value	\$740.00	
	Or INDIAN MOTOR CYCLE		
3rd Prize,	\$150.00	14th Prize,	\$5.00
4th Prize,	100.00	15th Prize,	5.00
5th Prize,	50.00	16th Prize,	5.00
6th Prize,	25.00	17th Prize,	5.00
7th Prize,	20.00	18th Prize,	5.00
8th Prize,	15.00	19th Prize,	3.00
9th Prize,	10.00	20th Prize,	3.00
10th Prize,	10.00	21st Prize,	3.00
11th Prize,	10.00	22nd Prize,	3.00
12th Prize,	10.00	23rd Prize,	3.00
13th Prize,	5.00	24th Prize,	3.00

And 25 Extra Prizes of \$1.00 each. \$500.00 Additional Cash Prizes will also be awarded.

MISS PICKFORD Wants You to Send Her the Names of These Five Well-known Movie Actors. Can You Do It?



1. Plain Rachelich



2. Learn a Lass



3. Jet Black Rig



4. Sell Raw Hip



5. In for a Bad Glass Uk

I HOPE to release one of the greatest motion picture plays of my career this year. I have taken this play from a wonderful story written by America's happiest author. This story is abounding in love and humour, pathos and happiness. I am not going to tell you the name of this play until after this contest is over, but if you are one of the contestants, you will be one of the fortunate ones who will hear the name of it before anybody else. I will also write and tell you the name of the actor I select to play the leading part with me.

Of course I am going to play the Leading Lady's part in this photoplay, but I have not yet chosen the actor to play the Hero's part with me. I have recently met many of the greatest motion picture actors, but none of them would be suitable for this part. There are now five left to choose from, whose pictures are shown here and it is from one of these five that I am going to pick the man who is to play the Hero's part with me in this production.

If you wish to help me select him—although this is not required of you in the Contest—you may select from these five the one actor whom you think should play with me in this new production.

I Want You to Send Me the Names of These Five Favorite Actors. Can You Do It?

I want to test the skill and ability of those who know me and love me through my plays, and I have made the object of this test to recognize and name these five most prominent movie actors. When you have recognized them, and in order to help you name them correctly, I have put their names underneath their pictures in jumbled letters. I want you, if you can, to unscramble these letters and put them into their right order and you will have their names. In case you are not familiar with the names of the most popular motion picture actors of to-day, I am adding a list of their names, which you will see below. This list may help you.

Names of Some of the Favorite Players—Fred Huntley, Allan Sears, Owen Moore, Milton Sills, Jack Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Charles Ray, Elliot Dexter, Wallace Reid, Francis Ford, Dustin Farnum, Henry Walthall, Warren Kerrigan, Jack Gilbert, Harold Goodwin, William S. Hart, Thomas Meighan, Antonio Moreno, Stuart Holmes, Francis X. Bushman, William Farnum, Robert Harron, Douglas Fairbanks, Earl Williams, Ralph Lewis, Tom Moore.

I am not Going to ask You for a Cent of Your Money to Enter this Contest

I am going to tell you frankly why this contest is being run. I am a Canadian girl and proud of it. I love everything Canadian and am anxious to see Canadian things reach the highest pinnacle of success. I have therefore pledged myself to help EVERY-WOMAN'S WORLD obtain 25,000 new or renewal subscriptions to their splendid magazine. I am doing this because EVERY-WOMAN'S WORLD, Canada's Greatest Magazine, is such a lovely magazine that I personally want every woman in Canada to be a reader. Will you help me?

The Continental Publishing Co., Limited, who publish EVERY-WOMAN'S WORLD, stand back of this contest in every statement that I have made in this advertisement.

When I acknowledge your entry to this puzzle and you know your standing for the prizes, I am going to have The Continental Publishing Co., Limited, send you a complimentary copy of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD. Then I am going to ask you to help me in this good work by qualifying your entry. The way you can do this is by just showing the copy I send you to four of your friends or neighbours who will appreciate this really worthwhile Canadian magazine and who will subscribe to it through you.

As soon as you have done this for me, I will have your entry marked "Qualified" to go before the four prominent gentlemen, having no connection with this competition, who have been chosen as Judges.

MISS MARY PICKFORD, as Honorary Judge, and three independent judges, having no connection whatever with this firm, will award the prizes, and the answer gaining 250 points will take first prize.

Use one side of the paper only, and put your name and address (stating whether Miss, Mrs. Mr. or Master) in the upper right hand corner. If you wish to write anything but your answers, use a separate sheet of paper.

How to Send in Your Solution

You will get 20 points for every name solved correctly, and 40 points will be given for general neatness, punctuation and spelling; 10 points for handwriting and 100 points for fulfilling the conditions of the contest. Contestants must agree to abide by the decision of the judges. The contest will close at 5 p.m., May 31st, 1920, immediately after which the answers will be judged and prizes awarded.

DON'T DELAY! Send your answers to-day; this announcement may not appear again in this paper. Address your entry to

MARY PICKFORD, CONTEST EDITOR, 255 Spadina Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



**Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales**

(Continued from page 71)

And beyond this swinging breadth of city that was modernity as well as history, the Prince saw the grey, misty bosom of the St. Lawrence, winding broad and significant beneath the distant hills.

Truly, it had been a mighty day, worthy of a mighty city. And a day not merely big in achievement, but big in meaning also. In his drive the Prince had covered no less than thirty-six miles in and about the city, and on practically the whole of that great sweep there had been crowds, and at times big crowds, all friendly and with an enthusiasm that was French as well as Canadian.

There were naturally tracts of road in the country where people did not gather in force, but almost everywhere there were some. Sometimes it was a family gathered by a pretty house draped with flags. Sometimes it was a village, making up with the flags in their hands for the hanging flags short notice had prevented their sporting.

On an open stretch of road the Prince would come abreast of a convent in the fields. By the fence of the convent all the little girls would be ranked, dressed, sometimes, in national ribbons and, anyhow, carrying flags and with them would be the nuns. Or if the convent was not of a teaching order the nuns would be by themselves, forming a delightful picture of quiet respect on the porch or along the garden wall.

Boys' schools had the inmates gathered at the road-edge in jolly mobs, though some of these had a semi-military dignity because of the quaint and kepi-ed uniform of the school that made the boys look like cadets out of a picture by Detaille.

The seminaries had their flocks of black fledglings drawn up under the professor-priests, and the sober black of these embryo priests had not the slightest restriction on their enthusiasm.

**Crowds, Crowds, Crowds!**

THERE were crowds everywhere on that extraordinary ride, but it was in Montreal itself that the throngs reached immense proportions. From the first moment of arrival, when the Prince in mufti rode out from under the clangour of "God Bless the Prince of Wales," played on the bells of St. George's church that hob-nobs with the station, crowds were thick about the route. As he swung from Dominion square (in which the station stands) into the Regent street of Montreal, St. Catherine street, crowds of employees crowded the windows of the big and fine stores and added their welcome to the mass on the sidewalk.

Short notice had curtailed decoration, but the enthusiastic employees, mainly feminine, of one tall store, strove to rectify the lack by arming themselves with flags and stationing themselves at every window. Balancing perilously they waited until the Prince came level and then set the whole face of the tall building fluttering with Union Jacks.

From these streets, impressive in their sense of vigour and industry, the procession of cars mounted through the residential quarter to Mount Royal Park. Here in the presence of a big crowd that surrounded him and got to close quarters at once, the Prince alighted and stayed a few minutes at the statue of Georges Etienne Cartier, the father of Canadian unity, whose centenary was then being celebrated, since the war forbade rejoicing on the real anniversary in 1914.

Cartier's daughter, Hortense Cartier, was present at this little ceremony, and she was, as it were, a personal link between her father and the Prince who is himself helping to inaugurate a new phase of unity, that of the Empire.

From this point the Prince's route struck out into the country districts that I have described, but the crowds had accumulated rather than diminished when he returned to the streets of the city about one o'clock, and he drove through lanes of people so dense that at times the pace of his car was retarded to a walk.

The crowd was a suggestive one. All ranks and conditions were in it—and conditions rather than ranks were apparent in the dock-side area, which is a dingy one for Canada. But in all the crowds the thing that struck me most was their proportion of children. Montreal seemed a veritable hive of children. There were thousands and thousands of them.

The streets were bursting with kiddies. And not merely where there multitudes of girls and boys of that thoroughly vociferous age of somewhere under twelve, but there were ranked

(Continued on page 75)



**"So This Is Your Birthday, Grandmother"**

"YES, dearie, I am seventy-five years old to-day. It doesn't seem possible, for I don't feel old."

"And you certainly do not look old."

"Were you never sick, grandmother?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, there was a time in my life when I never expected to live to be fifty, say nothing about seventy-five. When your mother and my other children were small I had my hands full and got run down in health. I got so nervous that I could not sleep and had frequent headaches. Every little thing the children would do seemed to annoy and worry me until, finally, I gave out entirely, and was in bed for months with nervous prostration."

"Did you have a doctor?"

"Yes, dearie, I had two or three doctors, but they only told me that it would take a long time for me to regain strength. One day your grandfather came in with some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. He said some one told him that it would cure me, and he went away to the drug store and bought half a dozen boxes."

"What did your doctor say about using it?"

"Well, what could he say? He only said

that he had done all he could, and that he had run across a great many cases in which the Nerve Food had been used with excellent results. So I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it was not long before I was on the way to health and strength."

"And did it cure you?"

"Well, the best evidence is that I am here to-day, well and happy, after all these years. And I am more than ever enthusiastic for Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for I have used it several times during the last few years when I felt that I needed some assistance to keep up vitality. As a person gets older I think their blood gets thinner, and they seem to need something like Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to increase their strength and vigor."

"That is something worth knowing, grandmother."

"If you will take my advice, dearie, you will not forget about Dr. Chase's Nerve Food when you get run down, tired out and nervous. This has been my advice to a great many people, and I know that it has done them good."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

**Sweeping Loses Its Terrors**



DUSTBANE absorbs dust and kills germs. Lightens housekeeping. Cleans floors and brightens carpets. Make your spring housecleaning as light as possible.

Sold by all Grocers

"The Enemy of Dust"



**Given! Lovely Baking Set with Real Groceries and This Beautiful Walking Doll**

**GIRLS**—Just think—here is a baking set with real groceries—so cute and useful that every girl who sees it is wild about it. And not only can you get it complete, without spending a cent of money, but you can also receive this magnificent WALKING DOLL—the wonder of toyland—a beautiful big doll such as the stores are selling at \$5.00 to \$10.00 each. She can walk across the floor just as if she were alive.

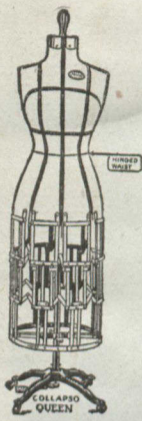
The baking set contains lovely toy utensils—a bake-board, rolling pin, mixing bowl, baking pans, scoop, tea spoon, recipe books and the cutest outfit of groceries ever seen. There's a bag of flour, a yeast cake, can of baking powder, box of baking soda, box of salt—in fact, everything complete, so you can bake just like Mother, and serve five o'clock tea to your friends. And as for Dolly, she will amaze you and your friends because she is so big and beautiful and can walk so well.

**GIRLS**—If you want these beautiful rewards just send us your name and address to-day and we will send you, all postage paid, just 35 big handsome packages of "DEWKIST BOUQUET," our exquisite new perfume, which we want you to introduce among your friends and neighbors, at only 10c each. This perfume is so delightfully sweet and lasting that it just sells like hot cakes. Everybody wants "DEWKIST BOUQUET," because one 10c package will perfume more articles than a dollar bottle of ordinary perfume. It's no trouble at all to sell it. Return our money, only \$3.50, when the perfume is sold and we will at once send you the lovely Baking Set just as shown, and the beautiful Walking Doll you can also receive, without selling any more goods, for showing your lovely reward among your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine premiums as you did.

**REMEMBER**—You take no risk. We pay all delivery charges on your rewards and will take back any unsold perfume and give you fine prizes or cash commission for whatever you do sell. Write to-day, girls—a postcard will do, and in a few days you will be the proud owner of these beautiful rewards. 27D

Address: REGAL MANUFACTURING CO., Dept. B 4 TORONTO, ONT.

# This Adjustable Dress Form Will Cost You Nothing



The "Collapso Queen" pays for itself in the dressmaker's cost it saves

HERE'S an ideal way to circumvent the high price of spring and summer clothing. With the aid of the "Collapso Queen" Adjustable Dress Form, you can remake those last year's suits and dresses—which are not worn out but only out of style—into beautifully-new garments.

Or you can make a wonderfully becoming new dress with only the cost of material; and often the saving gained in making it yourself pays for even the material.

**A Perfect Fit, Regardless of Your Figure**

The "Patented" hinged waist of the "Collapso Queen" allows independent adjustment, each and every section may be changed without affecting other parts. There is no figure, normal or abnormal, which cannot be fitted with this remarkable form. By a simple adjustment your figure can be duplicated before you. You can fit all your dresses—party, street or house—quickly, accurately and pleasantly, and your clothes will look better and feel better.

You can collapse this wonderful form and stand it on a table, when fitting blouses and waists. And when not in use it can be stored in a special fibre box furnished for the purpose.

**Adjustable Dress Form Co. of Canada, Limited**

14 Mills/one Lane - Toronto

**Our Special Instalment Offer**

For a limited time, we are giving you the opportunity of paying for the "Collapso Queen" while it is saving you money. The instalment price is \$31.50. Simply send an express or money order for \$10 to us and the form will be shipped immediately. Then you pay the balance in monthly instalments.

And before the last instalment is paid the "Collapso Queen" will have paid for itself many times in dressmaking expense saved. Order the "Collapso Queen" at once and begin preparations for a summer outfit at a very little cost. Send the first instalment to-day—or ask for our booklet on other adjustable dress forms. Address Dept. E.

**What Size Form to Order**

If your bust measurement is smaller than 35 in., order No. 1 Adjustable Form. If your bust measurement is larger than 35 in., and you have no occasion to use the form for any other member of the family, who has a smaller bust measure, order size 2 form. For those whose bust measurement is 40 in. or over, we make a special size, No. 3.



## Cuticura Is All You Need For Your Skin

Bathe with Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify the pores. If signs of pimples, redness or roughness are present smear gently with Cuticura Ointment before bathing to soothe and heal. For every purpose of the toilet, bath and nursery Cuticura Soap and Ointment are ideal.

Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: Lyman's, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

## End Gray Hair Let Science Show You How



Now the way has been found for scientifically restoring gray hair to its natural color. And it is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer.

No treatments are required. You apply it yourself, easily, quickly and surely.

We urge you to make a trial test. It will cost you nothing.

**Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer**

**A Free Test**

Cut out the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. Mail it to us, and we will send you free a trial bottle of MARY T. GOLDMAN'S and one of our special combs. Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the results. Then you will know why thousands of women have already used this scientific hair color restorer.

MARY T. GOLDMAN  
1687 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Mary T. Goldman, 1687 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is

black..... jet black..... dark brown.....  
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name..... Town.....  
Street..... State.....  
Co.....

## Lovely Heart Locket and Chain Magnificent Wrist-Watch and Fine Ring Given to You



Girls—these fine articles of jewelry can be obtained without spending a single penny. We are prepared to give away absolutely free 500 of each. The lovely heart-shaped locket is warranted gold filled, richly engraved and set with pearls, has spaces inside to hold two photos, and is on a fine 14-inch neck chain fitted with a strong safety clasp. The beautiful gold-filled ring is set with three fine brilliants that sparkle like diamonds, while the magnificent wrist watch is of the newest octagon shape, very small and dainty and a reliable time-keeper.

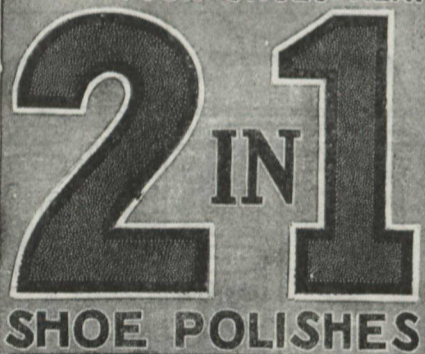
All these wonderful gifts are given just for introducing our delicious "Fairy Berries" the new Creams Candy-Coated Breathlets that everybody loves. They sweeten the breath and leave a clean and fragrant taste. Just send your name and address girls and we will send you a full size sample package free and just 50 big handsome packages to sell among your friends at only 10c each. Open your sample package and ask your friends to try a Fairy Berry. They will certainly want more and will buy one or two packages at once. You will be surprised at the short time it will take to sell them all.

Then return our \$3.00 and for your work we will at once send you, by mail prepaid, the lovely locket with fine chain and the sparkling ring, and the lovely wrist-watch you can also secure without selling any more goods by just showing your fine prizes to your friends and getting only six of them to sell our goods and earn our fine prizes as you did.

You take no risk. If you do not sell all the goods we take them back and will pay you in cash commission or premiums for what you do sell. Write to-day to:

**NATIONAL PRODUCTS, LIMITED**  
Dept. W 4 Toronto, Canada

## KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT



**SHOE POLISHES**



PRESERVE THE LEATHER

Liquids and Pastes For Black, White, Tan, Dark Brown or Ox-Blood Shoes

The F.F. Dalley Corporation, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.

## Through Canada With Edward, Prince of Wales

(Continued from page 73)

battalions of boys and maids, all of an age obviously under twenty.

Quebec is the province of large families. Ten children to a marriage is a commonplace and twenty is not a rarity. A man is not thought to be worth his salt unless he has his quiver full. And the result of this as I saw it in the streets gives food for thought.

That huge marshalling of the citizens of to-morrow gives one not merely a sense of Canada's potentiality, but of the potentiality of Quebec in the future of Canada. With a new race of such a healthy standard growing up, the future of Montreal has a look of greatness. Montreal is now the biggest and most vigorous city in Canada; it plays a large part in the life of Canada. What part will it play to-morrow?

A good as well as great part surely. Discriminating Canadians tell you that the French-Canadian makes the best type of citizen. He is industrious, go-ahead, sane, practical; he is law-abiding and he is loyal. His history shows that he is loyal, indeed. Canada as it stands to-day owes not a little to the French-Canadian loyalty and willingness to take up arms in support of British institutions, as Canadian history shows.

French Canada took up arms in the Great War, to good purpose, sending forty thousand men to the front, though its good work has been obscured by the political propaganda made out of the Anti-Conscription campaign. Sober politicians—by no means on the side of the French-Canadians—told me that there was rather more smoke in that matter than circumstances created; in Britain particularly the business was over-exaggerated. There was a good deal of politics mixed up in the attitude of Quebec, "and in any case," said my informant, "Quebec was not the first to oppose conscription, nor yet the bitterest, though she was perhaps the most candid."

The language difficulty is a difficulty, yet that has been the subject of exaggeration, also. Those who find it a grave problem seem to be those who have never come in contact with it, but are anxious about it at a distance. Those who are in contact with the French-speaking races say that French and English-speaking people get on well on the whole, and have an esteem for each other that makes nothing of the language barrier.

Concerning the Roman Catholic church, which is certainly in a very powerful position in Quebec, I have heard from non-Catholics quite as much said in favour of the good it does as I have heard to the contrary, so I conclude that on its human side it is as human as any other concern, doing good and making mistakes in the ordinary human way. As far as its spiritual side is concerned, there is no doubt at all that it holds the people. Its huge churches are packed with huge congregations at every service on Sunday.

On the whole then I fancy that that part of Canada's future which lies in the hands of the children of Montreal and the Province of Quebec generally, will be for the good of the Dominion. Certainly the attitude of the people as shown in the packed and ecstatic streets of Montreal was a very good omen.

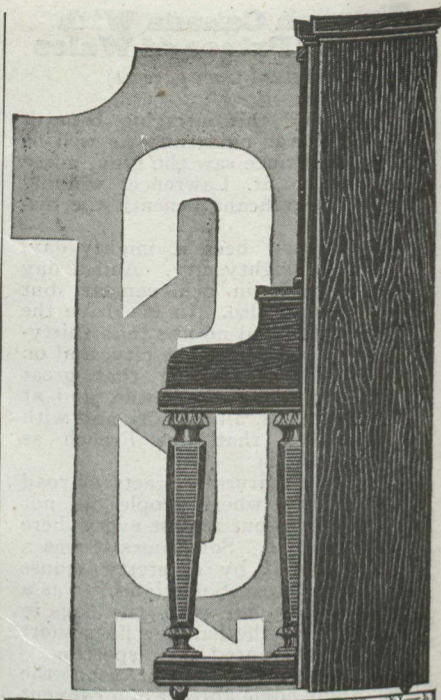
The welcome had had its usual effect on the Prince. The formal salute never had a chance, and from the outset of the ride he had stood up in his car and waved back in answer to the cheering of the crowd. When standing still for so many miles tired him he sat high up on the folder-hood, with one of his suite to hold him, and he did not stop waving his hat. In this way he accomplished the thirty-six mile ride, only slipping down into his seat as the car mounted the stiff zig-zag that led up Mount Royal to the luncheon pavilion.

The slowness of this climb was, in a sense, his undoing. As his car neared the top of the hill, two Montreal flappers whose extreme youth was only exceeded by their extreme daring, sprang onto the footboard and held him up with autograph books. He immediately produced a fountain pen, and sitting once more on the back of the car, wrote his name as the car went along and the young ladies from Montreal clung onto it.

This delightful act was too much for one of the maidens, for on getting her book back, she kissed the Prince impulsively, and then in a sudden attack of deferred modesty, sprang from the car and ran for her blushes' sake.

From the luncheon pavilion the Prince was whirled straight to the Royal train, and in that, after a recuperative round of golf at a course a little outside Montreal, he set out for the comparative calm of the great West.

(To Be Continued)



## Brings Out The Tones

The wooden case and its handsome finish are half the value of your piano.

Very little effort and 3-in-One Oil will bring out the rich color tones and grain, restore and preserve the finish.

## 3-in-One

The Universal Household Oil

Use this way: Wring out a cloth in cold water and apply a few drops of 3-in-One. Rub a small surface at a time, following the grain of the wood. This removes grime and finger-marks and eliminates all surface scratches. Polish with a dry cloth and see the rich tones of the old original finish spring into new life.

Try also on all fine furniture, woodwork, hardwood and painted floors, linoleum and oil cloth. Contains nothing to injure.

3-in-One for Canada is made in its own factory at Montreal and put up in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

**Three-in-One Oil Company**  
Montreal - New York City



## Why Have Freckles

—when they are so easily removed? Try the following treatment:

Apply a small portion of Stillman's Freckle Cream when retiring. Do not rub in, but apply lightly. Wash off in the morning with a good soap. Continue using the cream until the freckles entirely disappear.

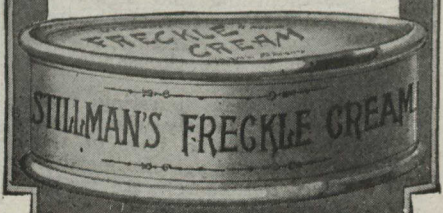
Start tonight—after two or three applications you will see results.

After years of research specialists have created this delightful, harmless cream which leaves the skin without a blemish. If your druggist hasn't it, write us direct. 50c per jar.

Stillman's Face Powder - 50c  
Stillman's Rouge - 25c  
Stillman's Tooth Paste - 25c

At Drug Stores everywhere. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Write for booklet—"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" for helpful beauty hints.

**STILLMAN CREAM COMPANY**  
Dept. 41 Aurora, Illinois



# When The Pawnshop Sign Held Sway

By CARROLL EVERETT

THE MAN in threadbare coat who opens the door of a dingy pawnshop and lays a piece of cheap jewelry on the counter pays little attention to the three balls, creaking in the wind above the entrance.

He sees nothing in the three balls but a pawnshop sign, indicating that money may be borrowed within. It makes no difference to him whether they are gilded in goldleaf, or stained and rusted by the elements. He would be wildly surprised if you were to tell him that they once belonged to the coat of arms of a reigning house in mediaeval Italy.

The three gilded balls is a symbol of which has come down the centuries from the days when the famous Medici family practically ruled Florence in the thirteenth century. The Medicis had remarkable business instincts. Besides owning a large number of banks, they held a monopoly of the loan business of that part of Italy.

The coat of arms of the family was a shield on which were blazoned six balls. Later, as the loan business spread to other parts of the world and passed from the control of the Medicis, three of the balls and the shield were dropped, while the remaining three still served as a symbol of the loan business.

No other house in Mediaeval Europe had a more remarkable career than that of the Medici. Bankers by profession, and without any military tradition, they nevertheless established themselves as the practical despots of Florence. The sway of their influence extended through several centuries.

The foundation of their success was commercial, and they gained their foothold by the liberal spirit in which they devoted their enormous wealth to public projects. Back of their apparent philanthropy, however, was a far-seeing policy. When the poor were unable to pay their taxes and the city was pressing them too hard, Cosmo de Medici came forward and paid.

Naturally, when Cosmo suggested to these persons who were indebted to him that he would like to take a hand in the government, they all agreed that they would like to have him do so. In this manner, Cosmo founded the influence and prestige of his family. He became in fact the uncrowned king of Florence.

The most famous member of the family was Lorenzo, surnamed the "magnificent." He was a grandson of Cosmo, and in addition to operating loan shops and banks in France, England, the Levant, and other countries of minor importance, he became virtual head of the Florence state, and what he said was law. He caused himself to be surrounded by five or six individuals who, theoretically, had something to say as to the government of the city, but as a matter of fact possessed no power and were content to draw their salaries from Lorenzo.

Before his accession, and while his father, Pietro, was intriguing in order that things should run smoothly for him, Lorenzo married Clarice Orsini, a member of one of the greatest families of Italy. Lorenzo seems not to have any great enthusiasm for the marriage, for his notice thereof is curiously cold:

"I, Lorenzo, took for wife, Clarice, daughter of the Lord Jacopo, or rather, she was given to me." He really

fancied a certain black-eyed Lucrezia Donati, whom he had seen at a tournament, but Lorenzo's father had other arrangements in mind, since he knew that it would be a fine political stroke for his son to marry an Orsini. The possessions of the Orsini spread from the sea to the Appenines on the north of Rome and then turned southward until they touched the estates of their hereditary enemies, the Colonna, in the mountains east of the capital. The house was famous for its numerous cardinals and gay gentlemen.

In 1478 the conspiracy of the Pazzi family came near to putting an end to the Medici. Lorenzo's brother, Giuliano, was assassinated, and Lorenzo himself was obliged to take refuge in one of the Orsini castles until the excitement had died down. Then at the right moment he returned to Florence and succeeded in obtaining a firmer hold on the state than he had ever had before.

Lorenzo now instituted such a government as Florence had never known. He trod in the footsteps of his grandfather and won the favour of the lower classes, thereby making absolute his own power. And to win the favour of the intellectuals, the struggling authors and artists, he encouraged the literature and the arts, employed learned men to collect choice books and antiquities for him from every part of the known world, established printing presses in his dominions, founded academies for the study of the classics, and filled his gardens with a collection of remains of ancient art. He himself wrote a number of poems and dramatic compositions and could converse in Greek and Latin as well as he could in Italian.

When Lorenzo's munificence and conciliatory manners had gained for him the affections of the higher and the devotion of the lower classes, he lost no time in utilizing his popularity. While the city and Italy were ringing from his praises, he quietly took from Florence all forms of constitutional independence which he and his predecessors had permitted to exist.

Some few Florentines, alarmed by the progress of the voluptuous refinement which was smothering every spark of personal independence, tried to stem the current of corruption by an ascetic severity of morals, which gained for them the name of "piagnoni," or weepers. Foremost among them was the Dominican friar, Girolamo Savonarola, whose eloquent appeal to the people in favour of a popular government and a life of asceticism threatened for a time to overthrow the Medici. But after Lorenzo's death a reaction against the monk's preaching set in and he was burned at the stake.

Lorenzo's name is associated with all forms of loveliness, yet his physical appearance was singularly unlovely. He was above middle height and strongly built, but his face was extremely plain, the nose flat and spreading, the chin sharp, the complexion sallow and the eyes weak. His movements were exaggerated and ungainly, his voice harsh, and he totally lacked a sense of smell.

Unlike most of his predecessors, Lorenzo died in bed—of the gout, a most commonplace end for such an unusual statesman.

"This package of *Sunset* made it like new"

15¢

No need to pay the high prices of new goods—make over last season's things with *Sunset*. A beautiful new *Sunset* color makes faded waists and dresses so smart and fresh that even your friends don't suspect it's dyed material. *Sunset Soap Dyes are fast* because the color is boiled in to stay—do not stain hands or utensils and there is only *one dye for all fabrics*. Cotton, Wool, Silk, and Mixed Goods are dyed the same shade in one dye bath—no need to take garments apart.

There is no substitute for *Sunset*

Most of the better stores carry *Sunset*—ask for your favorite color, or send us your dealer's name and 15c. and we will mail a cake postpaid.

North American Dye Corporation, Ltd. Dept. F. Toronto, Can. Mount Vernon, N.Y.



DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVAL SERVICE.

## Royal Naval College of Canada.

The Royal Naval College is established for the purpose of imparting a complete education in Naval Science.

Graduates are qualified to enter the Imperial or Canadian Services as midshipmen. A Naval career is not compulsory however. For those who do not wish to enter the Navy the course provides a thorough grounding in applied Science and is accepted as qualifying for entry as second year students in Canadian Universities.

The scheme of education aims at developing discipline with ability to obey and take charge, a high sense of honour, both physical and mental, a good grounding in Science, Engineering, Mathematics, Navigation, History and Modern Languages, as a basis for general development of further specialization.

Particulars of entry may be obtained on application to the Department of the Naval Service, Ottawa.

Pending erection of buildings to replace those destroyed at the time of the Halifax disaster the Royal Naval College is located at Esquimalt near Victoria, B.C.

G. J. DESBARATS, Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Unauthorized Publication of this advertisement will not be paid for. Ottawa, February, 1920.



# Blinding Headache!

Long hours, nervous strain, constant worry, confined atmosphere—

You cannot stand it—you need a rest.

And while you're resting let Chamberlains Tablets, mild, safe, tonic laxatives, stir up your liver, gently cleanse the stomach and bring about a natural and healthy action of the bowels.

Take one tonight—and while you sleep and rest, win back much-needed strength and nervous energy.

Simple enough, isn't it? Don't neglect it—Headaches are Nature's warning.

Ask your Druggist for Chamberlain's Tablets, 25c, or by mail from Chamberlain Medicine Co., Toronto. 102

# CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

## ARE YOU ONE OF THE WINNERS?

Cash prizes have been awarded in the contest announced in the November, 1919, issue of EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD for the selection of the best advertisement in that issue and the reason for such selection.

G. Lawson, Edmunston, N.B., is awarded First Prize, \$5.00. B. J. Forster, Hanover, Ont., Second Prize, \$3.00. Miss Katherine A. Loughton, 4 Dublin Street N., Guelph, Third Prize, \$2.00.

Checks in payment for these prizes will be sent forward to the parties named.

CONTINENTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Limited, TORONTO

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# Mrs. Knox's Corner

## Dishes That Men Like

WE ARE always looking for dishes that will please the masculine taste—dishes which once eaten often reappear "by special request." In these Perfection Salad and Snow Pudding recipes you will find such dishes, for they have won universal favor with the men wherever they have been served—and I know they have been favorites in my own home for years.

Not only will the masculine members of your family appreciate these dishes, but you will like them too, because they are easy to make and may be made with syrup in place of sugar, when that precious article soars in price or is impossible to get.



### PERFECTION SALAD

- |                                    |   |
|------------------------------------|---|
| 1 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine | 1/2 cup sugar or 1/2 cup of syrup                           |
| 1/2 cup cold water                 | 1 teaspoonful salt  |
| 1/2 cup mild vinegar               | 1 cup cabbage finely shredded                               |
| 2 cups boiling water               | 1/4 can sweet red small peppers or fresh peppers finely cut |
| 2 cups celery, cut small           |   |
| 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice       |   |

Soak the gelatine in cold water five minutes; add vinegar, lemon juice, boiling water, sugar and salt; stir until dissolved. Strain and when beginning to set add remaining ingredients. Turn into mold, first dipped in cold water and chill. Serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing, or cut in dice and serve in cases made of red or green peppers; or the mixture may be shaped in molds lined with pimentoes.

In my recipes no special molds are required; any vegetable, china or glass dish will mold them nicely.

NOTE—Use fruits instead of vegetables in the above recipe and you have a delicious fruit salad.

### SNOW PUDDING

- |                                      |                                   |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1/2 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine | 1/2 cup sugar or 1/2 cup of syrup |
| 1/2 cup cold water                   | 1/2 cup lemon juice               |
| 1 cup boiling water                  | Whites of 2 eggs                  |

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water and add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon; strain and set aside; occasionally stir mixture, and when quite thick beat with wire spoon or whisk until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Pile by spoonfuls on glass dish or put in mold. Chill and serve with boiled custard.

NOTE—When syrup is used in these recipes in place of sugar omit 1/4 cupful of boiling water from the quantity given in the recipe.

### What "4 to 1" Means

My gelatine is preferred by home-makers because of its economy. One package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine will serve a family of six with four different salads or desserts or four luncheons or dinners, while the ready-prepared packages will do for only one meal. That is why experts have been calling Knox the "4 to 1" Gelatine—it lasts four times as long, goes four times as far, and serves four times as many people as the ready-prepared packages.

### Special Home Service

There are many other ideas and "dishes that men like," and women too, in my recipe books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Send for them, enclosing a 2c. stamp, and mentioning your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX  
KNOX GELATINE

Dept. F, 180 St. Paul St. W.  
Montreal



"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"

This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife



"BY THE way, George, what shall we get Mabel for a wedding present? She gave us that plush upholstered chair that's in the attic, don't you know?"

"I don't think we'd better send her anything, dear. Why not let bygones be bygones?"

"I WONDER, Lady Mary," said the curate, "if you would take a few tickets for a raffle we are getting up for a poor fisherman who has recently lost his wife?"

"Why, yes," replied the charitable Lady Mary. "I shall be pleased to. But—er—what is one supposed to do with the poor fisherman if one wins him?"

THIS page is compiled simply of waifs and strays. It is not intended to be either uplifting or demoralizing, sense or nonsense, clever or prophetic, so—

If the anecdotes chronicled hereon are "stale"—comfort yourself with the thought that you're smarter'n I am.

If the bits of news seem to you to be not extraordinary—take pride in the knowledge that you are an unusual and discriminating reader.

If you cannot agree with my views—write and tell me so. I love an argument.

If something on this page reminds you of something else, twice as funny, twice as interesting—send it in. I'll pass it on.

If the page appeals to you—read it as a personal tribute to me. Thanks!

THE HALF million suits of py-jamas distributed for use in the Balkan hospitals are being used for day wear by the people, on account of the scarcity of clothing.

NATIVES in the interior of China hatch the eggs of hens and ducks by burying them in rice which is heated daily.

KING PETER, of Serbia, one of the pathetic victims of the war, is now living in a \$35-a-month flat.

QUEENSLAND, Australia, contains 670,000 miles and has only 680,000 inhabitants.

## The Editor

BRITAIN is building the largest dirigible in the world. It will carry six airplanes for its own protection and use aerial lifeboats, as it were.

THE girl who has lots of friends. She is ready for anything and never throws cold water on your plans. She generally sees the funny side of things and she has such a whole-hearted way of describing them that you feel as if you had seen them yourself.

The girl who makes friends wherever she goes is delightful. She comes into a room like a sea-breeze, fresh, laughing, nodding right and left with happy impartiality.

She does not retail gossip, though, and she does not know how to be spiteful, or sarcastic, or bitter, and she never exaggerates to produce an impression. She knows how to be clever and funny without being unkind, or untruthful, of course. She likes everybody, not considering it her duty to suspect anyone of evil until proved good. She prefers to consider the world good and honest until it proves itself otherwise. She always gets along, for she has her friends everywhere. Her heart is big enough to contain everybody, and she never forgets her friends or is forgotten by them.

MINISTER: But, Hooligan, can't you live with your wife without fighting?  
Hooligan: No, sir, I can't. Leastways, not 'appily.

AGENT: "But, my dear madam, it's a shame to let your husband's life insurance lapse."  
"I'll not pay another cent. I've paid reg'lar for eight years, an' I've had no luck yet."

REDD: "The doctor said he'd have me on my feet in a fortnight."  
Greene: "And did he?"  
"Sure. I've had to sell my car."



THIS charming photograph, taken at Clarence House, London, shows Lady Patricia Ramsay (Princess Patricia) and her little son. It is the first picture taken of them.

WILLIAM PITT devised many original methods of taxation to replenish the treasury of Britain. He introduced the dog tax and originated the income tax.

THE REASON the three-cornered military hat went out of fashion is this: When hand-grenades and bombs came into fashion at the beginning of the 18th century, the hat corners interfered with the overarm swing with which the grenade was thrown.

IT WAS George Routledge, London publisher, who first discovered that people wanted something to read on the train. His "Railway Library" first published novels by Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper.

THEY were standing outside the front door having a final chat after his evening call.

He was leaning against the doorpost, talking in low, dulcet tones. She was listening and gazing up rapturously into his eyes.

Suddenly she turned round. The door had opened; and there, just inside, stood her father clad in a dressing gown.

"My dear father," she asked, "what is the matter?"

Her dear father ignored her question.

"John," he said, addressing the young man, "you know I've never complained about your staying late and I'm not going to complain now; but for goodness sake stop leaning against the bel-lpush. Other people want some sleep, even if you dont."

A MODERN airship contains 20,000 parts, 60 miles of wire and 2,000,000 rivets.



THE ANNUAL Shrove Tuesday custom of Tossing the Pancake took place at Westminster School, in England. Photo shows (left to right): The School Chef, J. P. Pennington, the winner, with his piece of pancake, and the School Beadle.



MR. JAMES ROSS, a professional of the Toronto Skating Club, who has had ten years' experience at the greatest continental skating resort, at St. Moritz, in Switzerland, in giving his opinion at the single exhibition of Miss J. Chevalier, stated that it was the most perfect that was possible to put up and that it was wonderful for a skater without years of practice. Mr. Ross has seen most of the championships in figure skating skated for, so we can accept his opinion as a just one, and Canada ought to be proud of such an artistic skater. Photo shows Miss Chevalier finishing one of her fancy "Spirals."

SEVENTY years ago the Russian police arrested persons who wore beards because the beard was regarded as a revolutionary symbol.

"HOW is it that Arthur never takes you to the theatre nowadays?" queried Marie.

"Well, you see," her friend replied, "one evening it rained and we sat in the parlour."

"Yes?"  
"Well, ever since that we—oh, I don't know; but don't you think that theatres are an awful bore?"

HIGH-HEELED shoes were first worn by men. In the 18th century, real "swells" wore heels six inches high.

BY HIS own request, Commander Swift, Royal Navy, though he died on land, was conveyed twelve miles to sea and buried in the deep.

EVERY Japanese child has a hot bath every day.

THE LARGEST coral reef in the world, one thousand miles wide, is situated on the north-eastern coast of Australia.



# Beldings

MADE IN CANADA

# Spool Silk

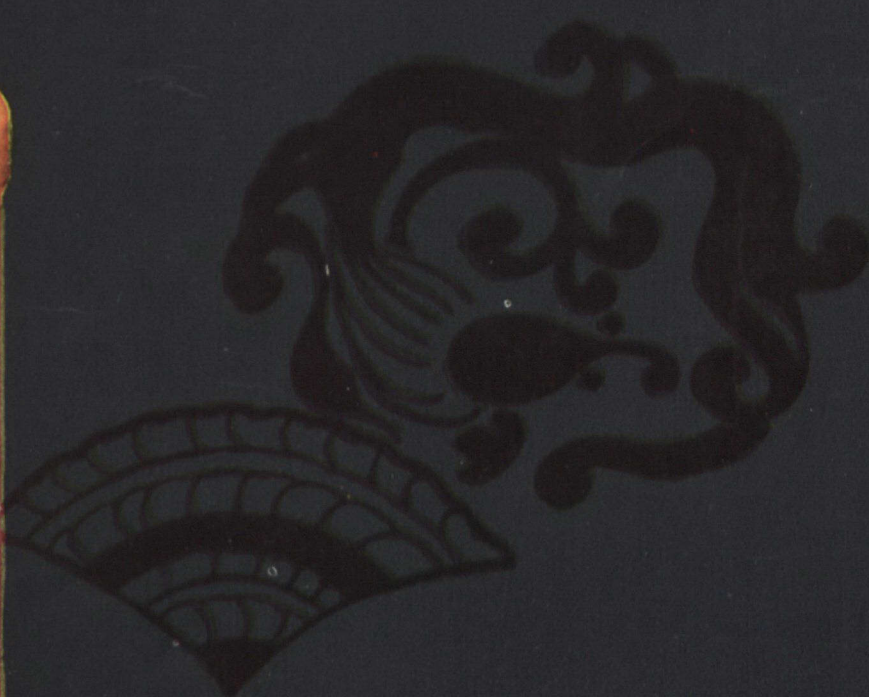
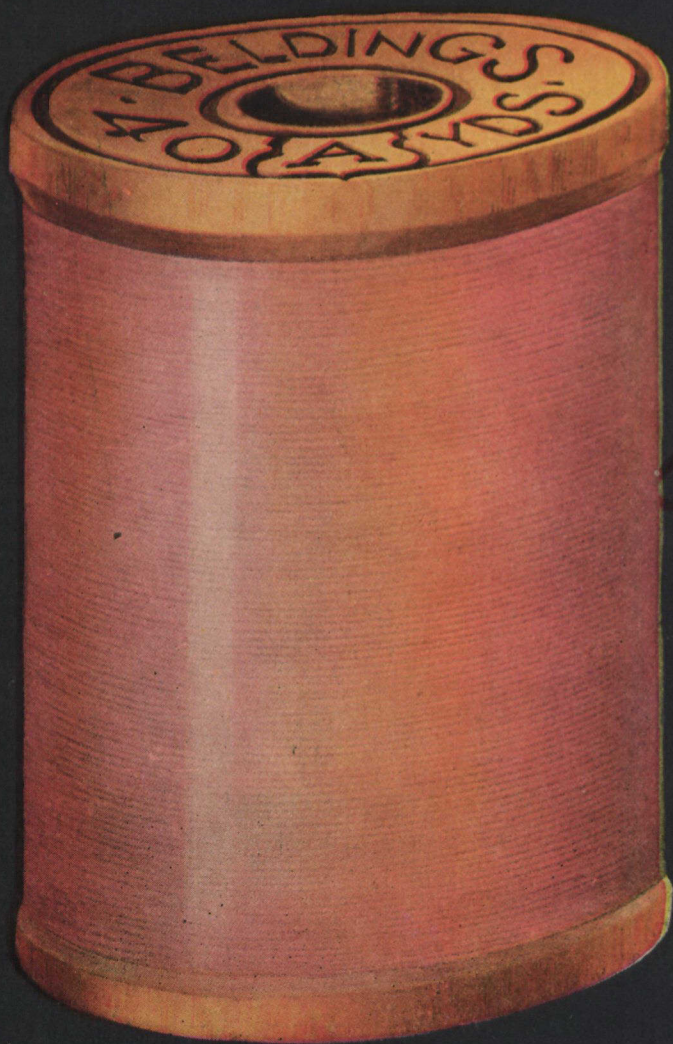
All great masterpieces of the weavers' art have been made of threads of pure silk. No other textile has the permanency of color, the lustre, or the strength of a pure silk thread.

**BELDINGS Spool Silks are  
Pure Silk**

A spool to match all the latest shades and colors.

For sale at the best stores everywhere in Canada.

**BELDING PAUL CORTICELLI LIMITED**  
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG VANCOUVER



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with

You will get through  
sooner, have a cleaner  
house, and be less tired  
if you use Old Dutch

