

October, 1908

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# THE HOME JOURNAL

## Canada's Leading Home Magazine



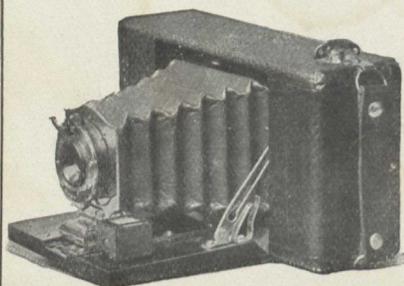
Evelyn D. Ridout

Published by  
**THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED**  
 TORONTO, CANADA  
 James Acton, Managing Editor

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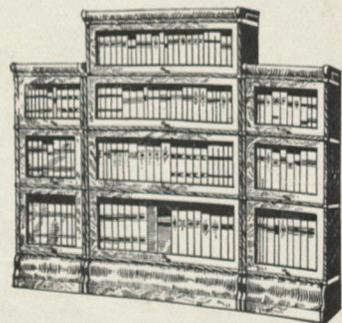
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TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1908

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OUR COVER DESIGN is from life. Many of "Jimmie's" friends will readily recognize Miss Ridout's model.

THIS MONTH closes our Pure Milk work in Toronto but does not by any means end our campaign. In our next issue we will show how any ordinary farm may produce pure milk and market it without elaborate plant.

WOMEN'S WORK AT THE FAIR is the subject for description and illustration this month. It will afford some not able to get to the Canadian National a glimpse of the good things there.

THE WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION is a powerful force for good in the community. It is the largest women's organization with individual membership in the world. We give a sketch of its development.

OUR MUSIC is selected not because of newness or brilliancy, but on account of its adaptability to the home. In this issue, however, we give an original evensong by Canadian writer and composer of particular merit both from a standpoint of poetry and music.

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# The Home Journal

CANADA'S LEADING HOME MAGAZINE

Published on the 25th of each month preceeding date of issue by  
THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED

59-61 JOHN ST., TORONTO, CAN.

JAMES ACTON, President and Managing Editor

### Subscription Price

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### MONTREAL OFFICE:

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We accept no patent medicine, liquor, narcotic or exploitation announcements.



**M**OST YOUNG PEOPLE drift into their life's occupation, and the great wonder is not that there are so many misfits but that they are so few. One of the brightest of our young engineers claims that he began bridge-building in the nursery and blesses his parents that they had sense enough to recognize the bent and give it scope. It would save many a failure and many a heartache in after life if a young man or young woman would only do some quiet, definite thinking on this subject early in his or her career. A Boston organization undertakes to give advice to people after securing from them a "map" setting forth their qualifications, physical, mental and moral, accompanied by a frank statement of their aptness or preference in any particular direction. It might be a good thing if some similar plan were put in operation in connection with the higher forms of our primary and secondary schools.

**I**N DISCUSSING the Old Age Pension Bill recently Lord Rosebery said: "Speaking from the bottom of my heart I believe it is the most important bill by a long way that has ever been submitted to the House of Lords during the forty years I have sat in it. I view its consequences as so great, so mystic, so incalculable, so largely affecting the whole scope and fabric of our Empire itself that I rank it as a measure far more vitally important than even the great Reform Bill." Nevertheless the former Premier of Great Britain goes on to deprecate the passing of the bill just now as involving an annual expenditure of ten millions of pounds sterling, in view of the present necessity for strengthening England's military and naval position. Thus is it that the bread is taken from the mouths of the aged and infirm to feed the "dogs of war." When will the thinking men of nations like England, Germany, France and America unite to throttle that which levies such a tax upon their necessities? Is it any wonder that Europe is becoming a very volcano of socialism that will one day break forth in startling violence?

**M**ORAL DECENCY is the first requirement of a public man. The plea that a legislator's private character should be exempt from criticism is worse than nonsense. When a man aspires to a position of public trust he should be prepared for the white light of searching investigation. The men who chase after other men's wives and ruin other men's daughters should not be allowed to pollute the atmosphere of government. The drunkard, the libertine and the grafter should be taken without the camp and stoned with votes to political death. Along this line there should be no such thing as partyism; the unclean of this type can only bring decay and death to the party which tolerates their company. It should be the business of women in the coming elections to mark the bawds and swindlers of public life of whatever political stripe for the political shambles.

**A** REPORT MADE AT A RECENT MEETING of manufacturers bewails the restrictions placed upon motor boats and automobiles as tending to seriously interfere with the development of the industry of boat and car building. It is a shame that the loss of a few human lives should stand in the way of the ambition of motorists and the prosperity of those who supply them with the means of locomotion. What does it matter if now and then a snail-crawling skiff be cut in two or an old-fashioned buggy turned into scrap so long as the exhilaration of a fast ride is provided for those who have the money to put up for the sport

and the maker of the vehicles makes his fortune turning out a goodly number of machines? The very development of this new means of travel is bound more and more to mean restriction both as to speed and those handling them. It is already dawning on the people that those driving them should pass a regular examination.

**A** BOY OF SIXTEEN was committed to prison the other day for two years. The chances are that he is doomed to the life of a confirmed criminal, for a very small percentage enter these institutions to reform. The lad's parents are dead and he lived with grandparents who offered to be responsible for him and who claimed that he was somewhat weak mentally, which did not save him from prison. It is sad that our Christian civilization can do no more for erring youth than herd it with degenerate law-breakers. There ought to be some opposite or even middle course for reclaiming those who get away from the teaching of home and fall foul of the laws of the country. Would it not result in much good if first offenders were passed on to a different court and their cases given more thoughtful, patient consideration than is possible where they are brought up with a horde of criminals under the pressure of the ordinary police court session?

**T**HE CANTEEN IS A RELIC of the last century and should be abolished. Military authorities admit it is a nuisance and give as the excuse for its maintenance that it is one of the "institutions" of the army. It is a foe to discipline, a menace to the physical and moral health of the men and represents an idea that is as foreign to this age as the bow and arrow or the battering ram. War is brutalizing enough without the influence of bad whiskey. The tendency of the canteen was illustrated some time ago after a garrison church parade in a certain Canadian city when a number of volunteers visiting the barracks after divine service scandalized the neighborhood with their drunken orgies—this, too, in a city where the bars are closed on Sunday.

**T**HE LEADING WOMAN in a burlesque company is reported as making recently a forceful comparison between modern society drama and burlesque. She says: "In the society dramas of to-day nothing succeeds without indecency, suggestiveness or bald lewdness," and concludes: "For real respectability, give me burlesque." This is straight from the shoulder and coming from one who ought to be familiar with the stage in most of its aspects, it confirms the impression that a steady deterioration is in progress in stage ideals. We fancy this open accusation by one of the fraternity and the discussion it has called forth will accomplish more, if anything can be done to redeem the modern stage, than any resolutions that might be passed by ministerial associations.

**I**N SPORT AS IN OTHER MATTERS, excess is apt to result in evil. It was a pitiable sight the other day to see the middle-aged barber of Port Hope struggling to complete his one-hundred-and-thirty-mile walk. Those who read the various accounts of the Marathon race in England recently must have been shocked by the detailed account of the last mile, at the close of which the Italian staggered unconsciously across the line with the assistance of the spectators. Those who know say that the last five miles of this twenty-five-mile race is practically completed in blinding madness. It is the same with long distance racing with bicycles or sculls, the strain is so tremendous that in most cases the contestants who persevere are unnerved. The original Marathon runner dropped dead on the completion of his feat and there are those ready to designate the imitation of that feat as "sport."



# The Bitter Cry of Helpless Childhood

Against the Cruel Ignorance and Murderous Greed of those that Destroy it with Filthy Milk



were put in the hands of the mothers and deaconesses regularly visited the homes supplied with milk as well as gave advice to the mothers and others calling daily. In this way we were able to see that the product got to where it was most needed and that the greatest possible good resulted from its use to those receiving it.

At the very beginning of the season (July 2nd), on one of the hottest days, an analytical test was made, without the knowledge of those supplying us, of the "certified" milk and also some samples purchased in shops in the slum district. We give the results herewith. The pure milk showed a butter fat content of 9.5 per cent. as against about 4 per cent. in the other samples showing the richness in nourishing qualities of pure milk. In bacteria the comparison was most startling, the sample taken from the Central Pure Milk Station developing only 65,600 to a cubic centimetre, while the samples procured from the shops ranged from three millions and a half to seven millions and a half, one being pronounced "too large to count." The sample of our pure milk was taken at the very outset for a comparison with shop milk when our arrangements were imperfect, nevertheless the result was thus considerably below 100,000, the Rochester standard for summer purity. Several tests have since been made of the pure milk alone showing much less.

**A**ve have been compelled by the cry "what shall we do if you stop this milk?" to continue the distribution of pure milk amongst the poor of Toronto for at least another month. Anxious mothers have looked upon the improvement in their little ones and with the drouth and hot weather still upon the country have anxiously asked what might become of all that has been accomplished should they be compelled to go back again to the disease breeding product that is sold in the shops. The only thing possible under the circumstances has been to continue the distribution until the cold weather limited to some extent the activity of disease germs. We have arranged therefore to continue the milk stations until September 26th and thus our campaign or at least our fight through these agencies for the lives of the poor children in this city practically ceases with this issue of the Home Journal.

But the good work is not to pause on this account. Our whole aim by this practical demonstration of what may and should be done to stay the progress of this modern juggernaut has been to stir up public thought here and elsewhere in the endeavor to secure the removal or amelioration of the conditions that are the cause of such fearful destruction of human life in this and other civilized Christian communities.

First of all a word as to what the campaign in Toronto has meant. The two pure milk stations in the congested districts have distributed 14,148 half pint bottles of milk from healthy cows and delivered direct to the poor people. 2,890 being given free to those without sufficient means to pay for the milk and the balance paid for at the rate of eight cents a quart, the price of common "bulk" or open milk in the stores. The milk cost laid down in the stations eleven cents so that a loss of three cents was made in every quart sold. At least one hundred and fifty babies were served with the milk besides a number of consumptives who were given the privilege of using it free. In connection with the milk distribution ten thousand pamphlets on "How to take Care of the Baby" printed in English, Italian and Jewish

of delivering. The city might as well undertake to draw drinking water from the sewage laden waters of the bay and purify it as to encourage the bringing of filthy milk from the four quarters of the compass and thus endeavor to atone for the carelessness and greed of its producers by public cleansing.

It ought to be one of the simplest

milk supply and a newspaper or public spirited citizen who takes up the question will be conferring the greatest boon possible upon the community. We give for those who desire to take up the question in their own community, a few facts that may be useful in preparing a campaign.

Milk is one of the best and most easily digested foods when pure.



Mothers and Children at Central Pure Milk Station

things in the world to ensure a pure milk supply for any city like Montreal or Toronto. The key to the situation is the licensing and inspection not only of delivery depots and conveyances but of the farms whence the product comes. Let the license fees be sufficiently large to cover effective inspection. In Winnipeg the charge is ten dollars a rig and a dollar a head on the dairy cows with a further yearly license on stores selling milk. Funds are thus provided for a thorough inspection of all farms, dairies and distributing depots. If the cows are healthy, the surroundings clean, the milk immediately cooled to 50 degrees or less and sealed either in sterilized bottles or cans almost the entire danger of conveying disease through milk to those unable to fight off the evil effects of disease germs will be removed.

The government of this country goes to enormous trouble and expense to protect the people against bad whiskey and most ingenious methods have been adopted to detect and punish adulteration. Bad or even good whiskey may kill a man in twenty of thirty years but dirty milk will kill a child in a few hours. It kills thousands of them every summer of the well to do as well as the poor, and yet the government seems able to do no more than once a year publish analytical reports showing the variation of milk in butter fat and solids in various parts of the country.

\* \* \*

## What You can do to Help

**S**OME newspapers, medical officers, members of the medical profession and others are already doing what they can to arouse public opinion and secure much needed relief from the abominable conditions that so widely prevail with regard to the milk supply. Winnipeg and St. John, N. B., are at present the only municipalities that have anything like adequate pure milk laws and while Quebec, Montreal, and one or two other cities follow with regulations governing to some extent the standards of quality and methods of sale none of them seem to take seriously the most important phase of the whole question, the thorough inspection of the farms or dairies whence the milk comes. There is no more important issue in any municipality than its

It is claimed that a quart of good milk equals in nourishing value a pound of beef.

It is the principal food of children who are not in a position to protect themselves against any impurity.

Half the deaths of infants are due to gastro enteric diseases principally caused by impure milk.

Ninety per cent. of the trouble with milk is dirt that has got in when milking or afterwards.

Even with tuberculous cows most of the taint results from the dirt that falls from the cow into the milk.

Perfectly clean milk never disagrees with the stomach of a healthy child and never breeds disease.

During the past twenty-five years there have been 195 epidemics of typhoid, 99 of scarlet fever and 36 of diphtheria directly traceable to milk.

A United States Government report claims that 10 per cent. of the typhoid may be traced to milk.

Impure milk is more dangerous than sewage. A quart of water will not develop as much germ life in months as a quart of milk in the same number of hours.

A teaspoonful of milk absolutely germ free exposed to the air of an ordinary milk room will develop in the first hour about 3,000 germs, in the third 15,000, in the sixth 45,000, and in the ninth 100,000, in the twelfth 200,000. The moral is protect the milk from contact with the air, clothing or anything that will contaminate.

Cows do not have typhoid or scarlet fever. Germs from these diseases get in through water added to milk or through cans washed in infected water.

Any plan that will keep milk from contamination from outside will be more or less effective.

Clean milk kept at a temperature below 55 degrees will keep sweet for weeks and will develop no disease germs.

The common plan of cleaning milk is to "pasteurize" it, that is bring it to 155 degrees. It has been found effective in the destruction of most germs but is not absolutely safe.

Unfortunately it affects the taste so that children do not relish pasteurized milk like they do raw. It is thus more difficult to get them to take it.

Pasteurization really cooks the milk and thus interferes with its character. It changes the solids and destroys the good bacteria with the bad; many of the former help digestion.

Those in charge of children's hospi-



Mothers and Children at Fred Victor Pure Milk Station

tals and homes find that the children while relieved from intestinal troubles by pasteurized milk do not thrive as well as on the raw live milk.

Pasteurizing while destroying germ life leaves the poisonous products of these germs still in the milk and is thus no more effective as a cleanser than a good sieve.

It moreover destroys the bacteria which produce sourness and which are not hurtful to health or digestion and thus takes out the "alarm bell." When milk sours we know it is deteriorating but it may be pasteurized and go on gathering its army of disease germs and be thought wholesome.

Too much trouble is the excuse that farmers and others make for neglecting the commonest precautions against dirty, disease laden milk.

An extra man will do all the work necessary for a herd of thirty-five or forty cows, to keep them and their



Mrs. S. R. Wright  
Dominion President W.C.T.U.

surroundings clean. This is the price of health to those using the milk.

Dairy cows should be regularly examined by a veterinary surgeon and all diseased animals eliminated.

They should be kept free from filth and the udders and flanks should be carefully wiped each time before milking.

Milking should be done in clean, well kept and ventilated stables. Fresh air and whitewash are foes to germs.

Milk pails should be covered and milk should pass through sterilized strainers.

Milk should be cooled within an hour from milking to less than 50 degrees F. and then placed in sterilized air-tight cans or bottles and so stored as to keep the temperature at less than 50 degrees F.

Flies should be excluded from milk rooms and places of delivery.

Milk should not be exposed to the air even in a refrigerator but kept covered.

These simple rules cover most of the requirements for pure milk. Given a healthy cow and care in the handling of the milk it ought to be possible to get the pure raw product to those that use it at very little more expense than by the present careless, dangerous system.

If this is accompanied by as large a saving of human life as has been realized in some localities it is surely well worth the ambition and effort of attainment.

The expedient of the indifferent profit grabbing producer and dealer is the pasteurizing pot and, even when this process can be trusted, the system puts a premium on dirt. In the majority of cases however, pasteurizing is a fraud as anyone who gets bottled milk may judge by examining the sediment almost any morning. It is made the excuse for taking milk from any filthy disease impregnated source and putting it on the market with the appearance of purity and innocence. The day is coming when milk cleaning will be done at the right end.

# The Women's Christian Temperance Union

With Individual Membership. What it is Doing  
The World's Largest Organization of Women



WITH a membership of over half a million women in every civilized country on the globe, the W.C.T.U. may well claim the foremost position among women's organisations. Its influence is as far reaching as its world wide membership. The Canadian branch of the union numbers alone some twelve thousand members.

The movement originated in Hillsboro, Ohio, in 1873, and its progress was so rapid that in 1874 the first W.C.T.U. in Canada was organised at

Owen Sound. The work has now grown to such an extent that there are provincial and national organisations, while every three years an international convention is held, to which delegates come from all parts of the world.

The Dominion Union was organized in 1883, and through its official organ, and those of the provincial unions, the members keep in touch with the progress of their work from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Of course, the great object of the union is, by pledges of total abstinence to protect the home against the curse of intemperance, but the development

of the organization has led to the establishment of many branches of work.

Temperance missionaries are sent to foreign lands and tract distribution is conducted both at home and abroad on a systematic basis.

At home, missionaries go to the lumber camps, timber rafts, to the sailors, soldiers, light-house keepers,



W.C.T.U. Pavilion at Toronto Exhibition



Mrs. E. A. Stephens  
Toronto President W. C. T. U.

and railroad employes. As a counter attraction to saloons, cafes, and similar resorts, the society operates coffee houses, kitchen gardens, sailors' rests, and girls' homes. Their work also embraces visiting the sick and sending fruit and flowers to them. Prisons and jails also receive attention from these enthusiastic temperance workers, who are ready at all times to back any projects that has the ultimate object of uplifting and purifying the home.

One example of their work is the Frances Willard Home, in Toronto, where accommodation is found for unprotected girls, either passing through the city, or employed in it.

Among the most popular features of the recent Canadian National Exposition at Toronto, was the refreshment booth which has been run by the W.C.T.U. for some years. The ladies, principally those of the west end have conducted this dining hall most successfully and at meal time it is hardly possible to find room. A great deal of the food which is unusually wholesome and palatable is contributed by the ladies themselves, and the home-made cakes and pies have had a considerable share in the popularising of the hall.

New ideas are continually being taken up, and the scope of the organization is steadily becoming broader. Special committees deal with legislation and make petitions, and the workers believe that with their members working at the foundation of things, the home, the ultimate success of their plans is assured.

The Canadian Union has been devoting a good deal of time lately to the cigarette question and has brought such pressure to bear upon the Dominion Government that a drastic bill dealing with this question is promised for the near future. The organization has also taken a strong stand against militarism as a foe to the home and its interests. The influence and accomplishments grow with the years and we wish its officers continued usefulness and success.



The Village Smithy

Photo by A. H. O. Freemantle

# Women at the Canadian National Exhibition

## A Woman's Impressions of Play at the Great Industrial Exhibition



TIME was when there was very little at the Toronto Fair or for that matter at any of the large fall shows that represented adequately

woman's sphere in the home or other fields of her activity or that gave interest to a visit to this annual show by an intelligent woman beyond that she was supposed to take in fat stock or the "arts and sciences." It is not so long ago that in one end of the top gallery of the old "Crystal Palace" were huddled together the patch quilts, home-made preserves and other desiderata of what was once considered "of interest to women" in expositions.

These features are still to be found not only as reminiscences of the past but indications of the strides made in the past decade or two in the achievements of women. To-day in art, in industrial productions, in mechanical appliances, women are found represented by exhibits that witness her gradual emancipation from the limitations formerly put upon her efforts by stupid prejudice.

From a woman's standpoint therefore the latest effort of the C.N.E. may be pronounced the most markedly successful that "has been." Nevertheless there is still as much improvement possible in the future as ever. A whole building has been practically given over to women's work and this is a great advance from the rickety narrow gallery already referred to, the glass cases and spacious aisles permitting a much larger and better display. The large number of exhibits are the best endorsement of the policy of the management to recognize the claim of women's sphere for consideration. Nevertheless it may still be said there is "much rubbish" not merely in the exhibits but in some of the methods of the management. A competent board of lady managers would be of infinite assistance to the directors in making the Woman's Building more effective in bringing out the best efforts of our city as well as rural women. An intelligent "understanding of the objects of the exposition by this board and its pressing home upon exhibitors would keep out a great deal of poor material and encourage more helpful and telling exhibits.

A good deal has already been done in classifying the exhibits to make inspection and judgment easier, but the better definition of exhibits would make this classification simpler still. We give herewith some excellent illustrations of the more striking features which render comment less necessary. While some of the old time products, such as bread, cake and fruits were still in evidence there was neither as full nor as attractive a showing as might have been expected. With the bread some seem to have lost sight of the fact that what is desired is not a large over-developed but a moderate-sized, well-kneaded and well-baked loaf. In cakes too much attention seemed to be given to the ornamentation and not enough to the quality of the cake. In this department as well as in confectionery some of the exhibits by young girls were well worth the commendation they earned.

A pleasing feature was the work by the inmates of the Institute for the Blind and it is a pity that more encouragement is not given to establishments like this to show what they are doing for humanity. It would certainly

prove more interesting and encouraging to see several cases filled with efforts of this nature than to have them swamped with atrocious pillows, cushions and similar products that have wearied visitors for years with their monotonous repetition. Amongst the other features of general interest in this department might be mentioned the lace work which this year was rather better classified than usual. The case of embroideries, eyelet work and similar productions created a great deal of interest and in it might be mentioned a very attractive cotton quilt ornamented with an attractive border design of bright blue sateen.

The infants' and children's wear as well as the dolls work were particularly good, as also the display of ecclesiastical decorations and vestments. There was also a case of old fashioned patch quilts that delighted the hearts of the older generation of women who hovered over them with great interest and estimated how many patches and

The Department of Agriculture of Ontario is doing great work in developing in this practical way the knowledge of correct methods and ideals in dairying. Women have expressed themselves as being well repaid for visiting the dairy building alone and hearing and seeing the ideas there set forth.

The Art Building is probably next in order of importance and requires more space than can here be given to the description of the attractions. The larger number of loaned exhibits this year formed a feature that gave delight to visitors and must have been an inspiration to local artists. Amongst the more prominent of these pictures brought from across the sea might be mentioned Lady Butler's celebrated painting "Scotland Forever," "Daniel in the Lion's Den," by Riviere "L'Entente Cordiale," depicting the reception of the Franch fleet by the Channel Squadron, by Wylie "The Homage Giving," coronation

women interested in this line were found studying the merits of the various classes of birds that are desirable from a utilitarian standpoint.

The horticultural exhibit was well worth seeing, some of the floral designs being particularly good. The flower steamship attracted much notice although as a "funeral design" it is a sample of the sort of thing that is really the cause of "no flowers" appearing in so many death notices. In this and other respects the cut flowers and plants were very fine. The display of fruits was also magnificent and indicated in most lines the profusion of nature's bounty in this direction in our own Canada. In this department it was remarkable that the tendency seemed to be to encourage the development of our fruit industry on national helpful lines.

The agricultural exhibits were exceptionally fine, those of the North-West Provinces being the centre of interested crowds constantly. The wheat field showing the standing grain and the other ingenious methods of bringing our great west before those interested in its development were enjoyed by all. The showing of prize vegetables was fully up to the mark although hardly as much interest seems to be taken in this branch of agriculture as in grain raising and dairying. The railway exhibits drew crowds of visitors with the handsome array of pictures which seem to constitute the modern method of displaying the attractions and facilities of railway travel. The vehicle exhibit under the grand stand while extensive and varied covering everything from a pony cart to a hearse and from a runabout to a touring car hardly drew the crowds it was favored with when in the old main building. Nevertheless it was a fine display.

The natural history building filled with its specimens of insect, bird, reptile, fish and animal life was a source of great pleasure to those who take an interest in nature study and in fact to all who have any appreciation of the wonderful works of the Creator. The swimming fish, the beautifully mounted birds of plumage, the fauna were all grouped together in a way to be instructive as well as entertaining.

The live stock is of course of interest to women but here again space is insufficient to discuss the display of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs that for the larger portion of the exposition claimed the attention of a large corps of judges as well as a great army of visitors. The horses were particularly fine in all classes, there being plenty of choice of styles and breeds. The showing in cattle and other lines was most complete, a feature being the tendency to encourage the development of the more useful grades of milk producing cows. The progress made by this country in its dairying interests was fully demonstrated by this most interesting of exhibits.

The Manufacturers' Building was of course an exhibition in itself and although it has become so largely a mere advertising medium it provided interest for the multitudes thronging it in the displays evidencing the growth of manufacturing interests in Canada. In clothing, shoes, furniture and household requirements there were many things to arrest the attention, in fact there were so many as to almost bewilder. Both here and in other departments the labor saving and other devices for use of the household claim-



Prize Winners

how many stitches were required to complete them.

In this building the art work of the public school children attracted a great deal of attention for its surprising revelation of what juniors may accomplish in the line of form and color. The manual training exhibit in which junior public school pupils gave practical demonstrations of their skill also drew large crowds.

The exhibit of homespun decorative materials, ceramics and "arts and crafts" products by the Woman's Art Association attracted well merited attention and won unstinted praise. A great many watched with interest the lace makers at work in this exhibit.

The exhibits of industrial art and design, and photographs in this building were this year rather above the average and were much better arranged but left considerable to be desired in regard to classification. Next to the Women's Building, the Dairy Building attracted most attention with women visitors who gave considerable attention to the lectures and demonstrations in butter and cheese-making.

scene by Bacon, "The Equestrienne," by Lavery, "The Heart of the Empire," (a bit of old London) by Lund, the "Jamieson Raid," by Woodville.

In the art gallery this year there was less crowding and altogether a rather better class of pictures than usual and especially in the hanging of the exhibits was greater taste and judgment shown.

A visit to the cat show, the dog show, and the poultry exhibit would require more space in themselves than can be given to the entire exhibition in this article. Cats seem to be growing on the Canadian public and of course dogs and poultry always claim a large place in the consideration of women. The exhibits this year in all classes were good and the larger breeds were especially fine in dogs. The poultry constituted an interesting study and evidenced the progress we are making in Canada in poultry raising. The encouragement given to the development of the regular breeds of table and egg producing fowl was a pleasing feature and while the fancy breeds excited a good deal of interest

ed the special consideration of women. The Process Building always contained crowds of intelligent investigating spectators who enjoyed seeing the carpet-weaving, shoes-making, candy pulling and other operations in the production of well known articles of commerce. This and the machinery

though sensible people wonder if the exhibition would not be quite as attractive and successful without some of the fakes which decidedly lower the tone of the whole enterprise. The amusement features were all right in themselves but some of those side shows were as vile as the "barkers"

the flickering light of life responds to the careful scientific care of the nurses and environment brings to thought of the multitudes of children who perish for want of it.

A word as to the general arrangements of this year's exhibition. From a management standpoint they seem

of exhibition visitors by looking into qualifications of those who set up booths for the supplying of meals to visitors. Some of the establishments are far from up to the mark.

In this department the women's organizations are doing good work especially the W.C.T.U., which demon-



hall which might be thought of minor interest to women attracted a great many of those who find in the whirr of machinery and especially in the production of anything requiring mechanical skill an unbounded interest.

The "Midway" as it is called always attracts from its very bohemianism al-

who urged their merits. The "Baby Incubator" was interesting and it is a great pity that the lesson it provides may not be more widely read. We give a great deal of consideration to the production and care of live stock. And little thought is given to the birth and care of children. The way

to have been almost perfect. The means of getting to and from the grounds were far ahead of any former year and the handling of the crowds in and out of the premises was excellent. The restaurant accommodation was intended to be effective but the management can do something in the interest

strates annually that a good wholesome meal can be served at a reasonable rate and a profit still be made. These enterprising "white ribboners" gave probably the best value for the money in meals on the grounds. The Tea Kettle Inn, a tent run by another

(Continued on page 10)

# A Cask of Gasoline

By ROGER ST. STEPHEN

**I**T was a beautiful summer day. The fine, large passenger boat was steaming up one of the island dotted Canadian lakes so popular as a summer resort for both Canadians and people from the United States. A young man was standing in the bow eagerly watching the beautiful ever-shifting scene. It was his first trip through that country and it entranced him. The purser came up, touching him on the shoulder said:

"Excuse me, sir. Are you the gentleman who wanted to land at Night-in-gale island?"

"Yes."

"Which cottage sir?"

"Mendelssohn's."

"Oh! would you mind landing at Lifurgy's. We have a cask of gasoline for their launch and we don't want to call at both places, so near each other, with this big boat."

"Confound it! Aren't passengers as important as gasoline?" This is what he said to himself. To the purser he replied:

"Which are the two places?"

"See that Island ahead there sir? Only two cottages on the island. That one with the white flag is Lifurgy's, the other to the left with the boat-house this side is Mendelssohn's—not far apart at all and a good path."

"Yes beautifully smooth path I'm sure. They all are up in this part of the country! and my grip weighs about two hundred pounds." But to the purser he replied:

"No, of course, I don't mind. I'll be glad to walk around."

"Thank you very much sir."

The cask of gasoline was rolled down the gangway. The passenger followed. "Correct order of precedence in this part of the country" he thought. A young lady was on the wharf. A boy came to look after the oil.

Bowing to the young lady he said, "I want to find the path that leads to Mendelssohn's. Will you be my guide—philosopher and friend?"

"With pleasure. It is over this way."

"With pleasure!" and it the path which leads from here to Mendelssohn's.

"The same path leads from Mendelssohn's to here."

They spoke with that delightful freedom so characteristic of summer resorts, though they had never met before.

He had no difficulty in following the clearly defined path. Tea was waiting. They had not long been through tea when the familiar put-a, put-a, put-a, put-a, of a gasoline launch was heard. It was Lifurgy's. They were coming in to Mendelssohn's landing. The young lady was at the wheel. All rushed down to the wharf.

"Anyone like to go to the Post Office?"

Several responded, he among the number. The formal introduction took place. They stepped into the trim little launch.

"This is an unprecedented example of safe investment and quick returns," he observed. "I am not sorry I gave wharf. A boy came to look after the oil."

Each soon discovered that the other was from the Maritime Provinces. Naturally they two talked of familiar scenes—Evangeline's land was toured in imagination—land and tale of romance.

The engine sputtered and puffed. The water gurgled and hissed as the launch dashed through it. The boat

seemed to respond rather to her thought than to the touch of the dainty tanned hand on the wheel. He much preferred sitting in the bow—liked the spray—he said.

"Browning Post Office?"

"How fast these launches travel," he remarked with emphasis.

Returning, they took a long turn to see some pretty islands. The water sparkled and glistened—clusters of diamonds with here and there emerald flashes. The breeze was bracing, vivifying. The water buoyant, alive, electric. The scene beautiful, with long stretches of flashing, glittering water, rugged islands, beautiful cottages, flitting boats and stealthy canoes.

He slept delightfully that night away from the noise and grind of the

"To-morrow I return to the city. I am going to the Maritimes in October."

The young lady at the wheel glanced up quickly.

All the others had engagements. He was to go to the party too but—sent an excuse. He stepped into the launch with the guests. Mrs. Lifurgy returned to the house.

In and out they wound among the islands. She needed no chart. The islands were well known, the moon almost full. The friends were in the bow. He sat further back and with half closed eyes listened to that musical vivacious voice and saw that graceful figure and bright face with its Grecian features and clear, frank blue eyes—at the wheel—was it his dream?

sat down—facing the stern. They passed several islands on the left that should have been on the right, but it was hard to find the way among islands that look so much alike by moonlight.

"This is Mendelssohn's."

"Oh please land me at Lifurgy's! I want to walk over that path again—by moonlight."

The engine sputtered and puffed and clicked. The bell for half speed had not been changed—the distance was short so no need of going fast. As he helped her out of the launch, the engineer, brushing up the engine, was whistling very low and murmuringly "And for Bonnie Annie Laurie I would lie me down and die." They started towards the path—he was not just sure of the way. It evidently took them both some time to find it.

Next morning, according to the custom of summer resorts, all from both cottages were at the wharf to see him off. Greetings to friends, regrets and well wishes were passed. She was particularly quiet.

"And shall I see you, too, in the city this fall?" he asked.

"I am not sure. But" she added and there was a twinkle in her eye and in his not noticed nor understood of the rest "I am going to the Maritimes in October."

\* \* \*

## Home Work

Editor Home Journal.

In your recent September issue was an article on "School Homework." I am a teacher, and would like, therefore, to reply.

There is a general cry against homework, and why? From my own observations few teachers give much homework. For my own part I very rarely give any, yet every morning, my scholars bring me work to correct. They work hard from nine to twelve and one to four, but they want to do more in order to "keep moving faster." A little homework will not hurt a child, if care is taken to teach him how to study. He can then usually do his work in half the time and more thoroughly. If teachers are apt to "hear lessons" rather than "teach" them, the fault lies largely with the inspector who permits slackness. Or perhaps inspectors have too much to do to be thorough. Surely no true teacher will save herself at the expense of her classes. What is your opinion on the subject? Let us hear from other teachers, for "teachers and mothers rule the world."

Yours sincerely,

SOUTH YORK PEDAGOGUE.

The "forcing" of education is doing a great deal of harm. The child who endeavors to put two days into one is more liable to come to serious grief than the adult who attempts the same thing. The child mind needs change and recreations. Its school work should be confined to the school.—Ed.

\* \* \*

"Your luggage," said the hotel clerk, suspiciously, "has come apart. May I ask what that queer thing is?"

"This," said the guest, "is a new patent fire-escape. I always carry it, so in case of fire I can let myself down from the hotel window."

"I see," said the clerk, thoughtfully. "Our terms for guests with fire-escapes are invariably cash in advance."



October in the Orchard

Photo by A. H. O. Freemantle

city and after the unequalled tonic of bright pleasant companions and zone filled Muskoka air. Dreaming, he saw a beautiful young face surmounted with sailor cap and flowing wind tossed locks, guiding at will a sea monster that responded quickly, eagerly to her slightest wish.

"We are going to send our friends home to-night in the launch—it is a little rough for row boats," said Mrs. Lifurgy. If any of you wish to go, for a cruise we shall be glad to take you."

"I'm sure the lake must be glorious in the moonlight. If I may I'll be again your debtor" he replied.

"Certainly. Glad to have you. When do you leave?"

The friends were safely landed. Coming back he sat far up in the bow. The wind was blowing and making a noise and the engine sputtered and checked—it was hard to hear so it was necessary to sit close. The lake and moonlight was enchanting. They gazed at the stars. Then they looked long and earnestly at the moon for the Gibson girl. It took him a long time to see this though he looked directly over her hand as she traced the outline. Their locks, blown by the wind, intermingled. This rather seemed to prevent his seeing. The engineer had been sitting in the stern watching over the bow out to sea. But now something about the engine required attention. He bent over it and then



# BETTY of the RECTORY

By L.T. MEADE

## SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The day before Geoffrey Pevensey, the rector of a large parish in a distant part of England, married Betty Ross, the eldest daughter of Michael Ross, the rector of the parish of Deep Dale, he is told of a terrible family secret, which he is sorely tempted not to make known. In the end, however, he determines to tell her and release her from her engagement, if necessary. But Betty will not hear of a separation and even makes the request that he should retain the secret without disclosing it to her. After a fierce inward struggle he accedes to her wishes, and on the following day the marriage is solemnized.

Three months after her marriage, Betty prepares for a visit from Lady Pevensey who is to be accompanied by her daughter, Laura. She has not yet met her husband's mother and feels a slight degree of nervousness at the prospect of the visit, for Lady Pevensey is unlike her son and had never approved of his taking Holy Orders, and is herself a worldly minded woman. A dreadful accident takes place in one of the factories on the day that the visitors are expected, and Betty is suddenly called away to prepare a poor widow woman for the shock of hearing that her only son is lying in an unconscious condition in the hospital. In the meantime the visitors arrive, and though everything has been arranged for their comfort, Lady Pevensey is extremely annoyed at not finding either Betty or her son at home. But the rector and his wife on their return manage to steer skilfully past the shoals on which she is bent to wreck the peace of the rectory. Laura, however, frankly admires her sister-in-law, and takes her part. That same evening, Betty is obliged to go again to Mrs. Hinton, and remains with her all night. Lady Pevensey, on the day before she leaves Dartminster gives her daughter-in-law some advice with regard to her husband, whereupon Betty becomes alarmed and absorbed in a cloud of depression.

## CHAPTER VII.

### The Inside of a Week.



HE drawing-room was refurnished. It was now a very pretty room, not too modern, for Betty's taste and Pevensey's were both excellent. It was the sort of room that visitors would remark on favorably; and the old schoolroom, with the drawing-room's cast-off belongings, was quite appreciated by the mothers. Betty, too, could give them an additional treat by bringing one or two of the most respected and the most hard-working into the restored drawing-room to comment on its beauty.

Betty dressed every evening for dinner, accepted all invitations for herself and her husband, and, in short, followed out Laura's words to the letter.

It was towards the end of October when her labors began. November brought many cares and responsibilities in its train, but at the end of the month Betty wrote to Lady Pevensey.

"I know you are at home now," she said. "Will you invite Geoffrey and me to come to you for the inside of a week?"

She said nothing to her husband with regard to this letter, but she did not write it without careful premeditation. For Geoffrey was all this time forcing himself to be gay, but the strong, bright look which had so reassured Betty during their early married days had deserted his face. There were lines of care on his brow and round his mouth, and when he was not talking, his expression was despondent in the extreme. He never cared now to be long alone with Betty, but he invariably found time to take her about. He seemed pleased when he had not a moment in his busy day to think.

Two new curates had been appointed to the great parish, and Pevensey was in consequence not over-worked. Betty knew that they could very well spare the better part of a week for town, and waited eagerly for Lady Pevensey's reply to her letter.

It came one evening when the husband and wife were alone. They had just returned from a concert given by some members of the parish. It was a dull affair. The attendance was poor, and the music received without enthusiasm. Betty commented on the fact as she walked home by her husband's side.

"I have a good mind to give a concert myself," she said, "and to have all sorts of topical songs, the sort of songs which are not a bit vulgar but that are funny, and will make the people laugh. The music to-night was, of course, first-rate, but do you think, Geoff, for a single moment, that Mrs. Malone and Peter Griffin understood it?"

"I suppose not, dear," answered her husband.

"And you were so grave, Geoffrey," continued Betty, speaking almost with impatience. "I watched your face from behind a curtain, and do you know, it quite haunted me."

"I hate being watched," said Pevensey.

Betty felt sorry she had spoken. She pressed his arm lovingly.

"I am sorry I did it," she said. "But aren't you well, darling?"

"Yes, yes, absolutely well. I can't endure being remarked upon."

They had now reached the Rectory, and Pevensey opened the door with his latch-key. On the slab in the hall was Lady Pevensey's response to Betty's letter.

"Ah! from my mother," said the Rector.

Betty tore the letter open eagerly. It was a joyful acceptance of Betty's suggestion. Lady Pevensey would be delighted to welcome Geoffrey and Betty; Laura would also be at home. Lady Pevensey promised to give both the young people a good time.

"You poor thing," she wrote, "you can cast off all your sober garments. Come up to town, bent on fun and jollity. No more mothers' meetings, no grocery tickets, no coal tickets. We'll just think of ourselves and our own class for a few days."

"Did you write to my mother, Betty?" asked her husband.

She looked into his face with her sweet eyes.

"Yes," she answered again.

"And why, Betty?"

"I thought, Geoff, that you needed change, and I knew that I did."

"Oh, then you find this place too much for you; you are tired of tending the Lord's poor."

"I am not tired, but I am like a schoolgirl who needs a holiday, and you are like a schoolboy who wants recreation. We'll return all, the fresher and braver to our work after we have had a right good time."

"Yes, yes; I understand that," he replied with almost petulance, "but what I do not understand is your writing without letting me know."

"I was so afraid you would prevent me, Geoff."

"Pevensey looked at his wife almost sternly for a minute, then he smiled.

"Can you realize, Betty," he said, "that I have been just pining for this?"

"Have you?" she replied, with a gay laugh. "Then I am glad, very glad. When shall we go, Geoffrey? Will next week suit you?"

"Perfectly," was the reply. "We will go on Monday, and get home on Saturday evening. Now run up to your room, dearest; I must answer one or two letters before I go to bed."

Pevensey left Betty abruptly, as was so often his fashion of late. When he found himself in his study, he gave a sigh of the most heartfelt relief. He had locked the door when he went in; now he stood with his back to the fire. Fires were always kept burning brightly in the Rectory.

"What a little witch my Betty is!" he thought. "She has helped me all unknowingly just at the very moment when I must have broken down, but for the thought of this blessed relief and change. Yes, we'll go to London next week, and I will see Preston Dykes. If anyone can help me, he can."

Pevensey was thinking of one of the greatest nerve specialists of the day. He turned his face now towards the fire, forgetting all about the letters that he had meant to write. There was a look of relief all over his worn and pale features. He kept on gazing at the fire as though he saw visions of hope in it. Suddenly a thought came to him. It was evidently disquieting, for he clenched one of his hands, and paced once or twice up and down the room.

"I ought not to do it," was his reflection. "But perhaps this will be the last—or very nearly the last time, and, whatever happens, I must have rest to-night. I am over excited, and that which I dread comes close to me when I fail to sleep. I cannot lie broad awake by Betty's side, and think and think all night long of the horror which may be approaching. Yes, to-night I will secure rest at any cost."

The Rector went swiftly to the little oak cupboard in the wall, took out the phial which contained the white globules, took six globules from the bottle, swallowed them, and returned the bottle to its place in the cupboard. Having done this, he sank into a chair, and looked into the flames. Gradually, but truly, the opiate which he had swallowed did its

work. The tired lines were smoothed from his brow. His gaze was calm, still, reflective. He sat very quiet. Gradually his eyes closed, and he slept.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### A Fresh Honeymoon.

Early on Monday morning Mr. and Mrs. Pevensey went to town. Lady Pevensey lived in a fashionable part of Mayfair. Her house was small but was furnished with perfect taste; all its appointments were of the very best, and those who entered it felt an immediate sense of luxury surrounding them.

When Betty and her husband arrived, a smart footman opened the door; but Laura was standing in the hall. She eagerly kissed both her brother and sister-in-law.

"Now this is too delicious!" she said. "I am going to enjoy myself. It is delightful to see you! Your room is ready for you; your fire is blazing merrily, and only this morning I put rose-colored silk shades on the electric lights. You had best not see mother, either of you, until you are ready for dinner. We are going to the opera. They are playing *Lohengrin* to-night. We secured seats the day Betty's letter arrived."

"Oh—oh!" said Betty; "isn't it quite splendid, Geoff?"

She gave a gasp of pleasure.

"You are lucky," continued Laura, "for we don't always have Wagner music in London. Now, Bettina, be sure you put on something pretty. Mother is anxious that you should make as good an effect as possible."

The husband and wife went into the beautiful room that had been prepared for them. Betty removed her sealskin jacket and stood for a minute by the fire warming her hands.

"I do like soft things, and the pleasures of life, and comfort," she said. "Oh, Geoffrey, think of not having to give out one coal ticket or one grocery ticket until this day week!"

"We will forget the parish," was his answer.

"Yes," she said, observing with delight that he looked in better spirits already. "We will not speak of it once."

"Agreed," he replied.

Laura knocked at the door.

"Geoff, your dressing-room is at the other side of the passage. Mother's maid, Mandeville, will come to help you, Betty."

"Oh, thanks," said Betty.

Laura ran off. Geoffrey left his wife and went to the dressing-room. Mandeville presently came in. She quickly unpacked Betty's trunk, and then said: "My lady is dining a little later than usual to-night, madam; would you like me to arrange your hair now?"

"Thank you," replied Betty.

She seated herself before the long glass, and Mandeville, glancing from time to time at the sweet, bright face, took pains with her work. She saw that Betty had good features; that hers was not only beauty of expression and color, but also that her little nose was Grecian, and her lips beautifully cut. She arranged Betty's very thick hair in the most becoming manner, and put a solitary diamond star into its rich coils, so as to show like a gleam of light above her forehead.

"And now, madam, what dress will you wear? If I may suggest anything, I would say your white satin."

"But surely my wedding dress is too smart," said Betty.

"Oh, by no means, madam. Her ladyship has taken a box at the opera, and I imagine that the dress will be suitable."

"Then I will wear it," said Betty.

After the maid had left her, she stood for a little looking at her own reflection in the long mirror. Geoffrey came in. He started when he saw her.

"Good gracious, Betty! Oh, Betty, the parish—it seems scarcely to exist. You are my bride again, and we are going to have a fresh honeymoon."

He caught her in his arms. She kissed him two or three times.

"I am so happy," she whispered, "that I can scarcely speak about it."

When Betty went downstairs with her husband, Lady Pevensey greeted them both warmly. She looked with approval at her daughter-in-law.

"By the way," she said, after a moment's pause, "I have never given you your wedding present. You shall have it to-night. Laura, go to my room and bring me the jewel case."

Laura went, and returned almost immediately with an old leather case. Lady Pevensey took from the case a row of diamonds. These she clasped round the girl's white throat.

"They suit you, Betty," she said.

"She looks beautiful, doesn't she?" said Laura.

Geoffrey was silent but his eyes spoke his thoughts. Laura, who never could dress like anybody else, rustled about the room in a sort of coat of mail made practically of green beads. The beads were iridescent, and shone whenever she moved. Laura wore her hair very high. She had a fine figure, and her queer dress suited her. Lady Pevensey, however, did not approve of it.

"Why did you put on that hideous garment?" she said. "Those colors resemble the skin of a snake. Why do you choose such odd costumes?"

"Because I am odd myself, mother," was the reply. "Ordinary dress would not suit me. Think of me in white satin and diamonds! Now, Betty looks superb in that magnificent although commonplace attire; whereas I—" She shrugged her shoulders. "Sit here, Bettina," she continued, "and let's talk."

Dinner was quickly announced. Afterwards, Lady Pevensey's private automobile arrived, and they

not to bring his globules with him to London, for his intention was never once during his visit to yield to the temptation of using them. He had the prescription in his pocket, however, and the temptation suddenly assailed him to fortify himself for his medical interview by taking a moderate dose.

He passed a chemist's shop, paused, hesitated, then turned back and entered. He gave his prescription to the man, who immediately began to make up the medicine. Pevensey waited, his hand on the counter. When the chemist gave him the little bottle, he said:

"You will forgive my speaking, sir; but that is a very strong sedative, and I should advise the—patient never to exceed the dose."

"Ah!" said Pevensey.

He took up the bottle, turned it round in his hand, and looked at it.

"There are directions here, are there not?"

"Yes, sir; and three globules make the extreme dose."

"So I observe," said Pevensey; "what do I owe you?"

He paid for the little phial and put it into his waistcoat pocket. As he was going out, he turned again to the man.

"In case the dose of three globules were exceeded, what would happen?" was his remark.

The chemist raised his shoulders, gave an expressive gesture, then was silent. Pevensey went out. Looking to right and left, he perceived a side street. He walked down it a little way, opened the phial, and hastily swallowed six globules. He then returned the bottle to his pocket.

Almost immediately afterwards he was conscious

The examination was performed quickly and thoroughly.

"Your heart is quite sound," said the doctor then, "and, as far as it is possible for any man to tell, your brain is healthy and without disease. What is the matter with you? You are afraid of something."

"Heredity," said Pevensey, in a low voice.

"Ah—well," said the doctor, "that is a tiresome bugbear, but it can often be scotched. Come, I want to hear everything about you—your story, from beginning to end."

Pevensey was now wearing that queer, secretive look which is a marked characteristic of those who habituate themselves to the drug which he was taking.

"No lies—no keeping back anything," said the doctor. "The absolute truth, and at once."

Then Pevensey spoke. It was torture to him to lift the curtain and reveal to the doctor what haunted him day and night.

When he had quite finished his story, Sir Preston Dykes spoke.

"This won't do at all," he said. "You live under the shadow of fear. You have no cause, none whatever. The shadow must be removed."

"It cannot," said Pevensey, clasping his hands. "My days are horrible, and my nights without the aid of that drug would be unendurable."

"The drug must be stopped—instantly."

"I cannot do without it," said Pevensey.

"Then I can do nothing for you. You will, in all probability, enter that state which you dread. You are a sound man now—sound, mentally and physically. In six months' time, if you are not insane, you will be very nearly so. The drug is undermining you; you must not take it again."

"You don't know what I am without it. I am a clergyman, and have a large parish. How am I to go about amongst my people, helping to support and cheer them, when I am myself suffering the tortures of hell? I am married, too, and the thought of my young wife completely unmans me."

"Does she know that you take these?"

"A thousand times no!"

"Is she aware of your secret trouble?"

"I wished to tell her before my marriage. I wished to break off my marriage, but she would not allow it, nor would she listen to my story. We decided between us that she was never to know the secret until the day came that I could bear it no longer."

"What sort of woman is your wife?"

"She is young, brave and bright. She is strong, too, mentally and physically. She is a woman in a thousand."

"How long have you been married?"

"Six months."

The doctor, who had been seated, stood up.

"There are two courses before you," he said. "You can go down the hill—and, let me assure you, your speed will be rapid; you will find yourself quickly at the bottom. At the bottom dwells Despair; in that pit which you will enter you will listen to the cries of other souls damned like your own. You are already taking double the prescribed number of these globules. In a month's time, where you now require six to calm your nerves, you will have recourse to twelve. Meanwhile, your self-respect and your self-control will leave you, and all that you most dread will come upon you; even your wife may turn to hate you."

Pevensey shivered violently. The doctor suddenly changed his manner.

"That is the downward course," he continued. "We surely need not dwell on it. You are young; you are at present healthy, and you have plenty of moral fibre about you. There is no doubt that, owing to that heredity to which you believe yourself a victim, your brain has a tendency towards mental disease, but it depends altogether on yourself whether you become the victim of that disease. Give up this drug; go through hell for a fortnight—you will go through hell without the drug—and come out restored and in your right mind at the end of your period of suffering. Conquer this pernicious habit, and, above all things, my good fellow, consult that wife of yours. Make her your confidante. When you are overpowered with mental distress go to her, not to this vile poison, for consolation."

As the doctor spoke he tore up the prescription and flung it and the phial into the fire.

"Be a man," was the final counsel. "I can do nothing for you, but your wife can do everything. Take my advice; come and see me again in six weeks' time."

## CHAPTER IX.

### An Explanation.

Instead of meeting his wife as he had arranged, Pevensey sent her a telegram, and took the first train into the country. He went as far as Godalming; there he got out and walked for long hours. He wanted to tire himself out physically; then he wanted to face the position.

(Continued on page 26)



A Western Bride and Groom

went to the opera. The music was what Betty most loved.

"What an evening we had!" she said, later on, to her husband. "How much we shall have to talk over when we get back!"

"Don't mention even the name of our home," was Pevensey's rejoinder. "Oh, Betty, let us be happy, even for a time."

Her heart gave a bound as her husband uttered these words, and then sank low in her breast.

"What shall we do to-morrow?" she asked, struggling to regain her brightness.

"I shall be busy in the morning," he said; "in the afternoon I am at your service."

"But what are you going to do in the morning?"

"I have an engagement, dear. I shall, in all probability, be home to lunch."

Pevensey looked uneasy. The brightness which had made his face so attractive during the evening left it. A whisper came to Betty's heart—a whisper of dread, of portent. She had knowingly married a man who held a secret. For an instant—only an instant—her sweet dark eyes rested on his worn features, seemed to read the thoughts in his sad eyes, and to guess the words which came so close to his lips.

"The time is near," thought Betty. "I thought he would be able to bear the burden alone, but I see now that we must bear it together. The time is coming; he must tell me everything; Oh, I shall be glad to know!"

Pevensey had made an appointment with Sir Preston Dykes for the following morning at eleven o'clock. He left his mother's house soon after ten, and took a long walk by himself in the park. As the time approached for him to see the doctor he felt strangely nervous. He had made up his mind

of a sensation of warmth and comfort round the region of his heart. A heavy weight was also lifted from his brain, and he was as one who feared nothing and who trod on air.

By the time he reached Sir Preston Dykes' house he felt absolutely well—so much so that it seemed ridiculous to trouble the doctor. He had made an appointment, however, and must keep it. In a very short time he was in the consulting-room, and he and Preston Dykes were face to face.

"You have drugged yourself," said Dykes in a brief tone.

"Yes," said Pevensey.

"What is the nature of the drug?"

Pevensey took the prescription from his pocket and gave it to Sir Preston. The doctor read it.

"How many of these do you take at a time?" he said.

"Six; that is my invariable dose now. I neither exceed it nor diminish it."

"How long have you been giving yourself this drug?"

"For six months; at first only at intervals, now more frequently."

"Who ordered it for you? Ah—I see—Henderson. You consulted him?"

"Yes; he said I had better have the globules by me, in case of necessity."

"You find, Mr. Pevensey, that the necessity has arisen?"

"Yes."

"Did Hutchinson give you permission to increase the dose?"

"On the contrary," said Pevensey, "he begged of me only to take it as a last resource, and then not more than three globules."

"Let me examine you," said Preston Dykes.



# A NIGHT IN DOLL LAND

BY

PAULA J. MÜLLER.



Y mother cried impatiently, giving me an impulsive push: "Oh, Hesther, why don't you talk?" I did not answer. What can a poor doll do, when, with her utmost will she cannot talk until the evening of the Doll Queen's birthday has come and she is alone without human beings near?

Of course, my careless mother did not know this, but she ought to be a little kinder to her only child.

I wondered if I would ever be put to bed, for it was late and I was tired. But I must not think of that, for I knew quite well that my mother, Madeleine, as she is called, would leave me to my own resources on the floor as she was in the habit of doing every night. And so it happened.

She had been called away and had, in her haste, placed me on the floor beside my trunk, and run off. I knew, from experience, that this was our last interview until morning and so I was sure that no one would be near.

How my heart danced when I remembered that this was our Queen's Birthday and that to-night I could leave my home and again feel the pleasure of a doll's life in Doll Land for a few hours.

I accordingly dressed myself and slipped down stairs, through the garden to the meadow beyond.

How beautiful it was! The moon's silvery beams shed their soft light over the grass and clouds overhead flitted

noiselessly past me. I was so eager to reach my destination that I ran until I came in sight of the forest. Here I stopped to catch my breath and then, lightly, I tapped an evergreen tree that stood alone on the edge of the forest.

I did not need to wait long. Slowly the tree opened and a smiling maiden in green, with a bodice of bark, stepped out and taking me by the hand led me down a steep hill until we reached a high wall.

This was where I had longed to go. But no door was visible in the marble barrier and my companion and I walked around it until we spied a glittering object in our path. I picked it up and blew upon it once. My companion disappeared and I found myself on the other side of the wall, where away in the distance I could see the city with the domes and spires of the palace of our Queen. At last I reached the city and was greeted by numerous dolls dressed in bright colors to celebrate the day. I hurried along and pulled the golden knob on the great gate, when a pretty French doll opened the door. I passed on, meeting many of the guests on the way. Soon I reached a hall which was brilliantly lighted and where music and dancing could be heard. I opened the door and advanced towards the Queen, who sat on a beautiful divan with costly cushions, surrounded by her companions. She wore a long, flowing robe of old rose colored satin and upon her dark ringlets lay a ruby crown. The hall was filled with dolls of both sexes,

all arrayed in holiday attire, and I was not ashamed of myself as I appeared in my beautiful blue robe ornamented with turquoises.

On seeing me, the Queen smiled pleasantly and held out her hand. Then she greeted me kindly and said:

"You are a little late, my dear, but you have not missed much. Amuse yourself at will with my guests," and she waved her ruby-tipped wand as a signal for the ball to begin.

A band of musicians then began to play and we danced until we were tired. To amuse us in the interval a clown showed some tricks that his pet, a calf, had learned which convulsed us with laughter. The ball became so merry that we again danced and played until far into the night.

Then a wedding took place. The Queen's niece, who had lived in the palace since she was a child, was married to the son of the general of the royal army and the bride's flowers were of maple cream. When the ceremony was over a pretty comedy was played and then the bride was presented with presents that the Queen and her friends had given her. There were rare and costly jewels, beautiful silver and gold ware, and best of all, a large and lovely home on the outskirts of the City of Royalty. When the bridal party left the palace for their honeymoon, the flowers of the bride, bridesmaids and flower-girls were thrown amongst the guests. The lucky finder of a diamond star in one of the bunches would be allowed

to come back to Doll Land for the rest of their life when the next year had expired.

What was my surprise when picking up a stray carnation to find that I had picked up the very thing the whole ball-room was looking for! Even the Queen had joined in the quest, out of fun, and when I had got over my surprise and showed it to Her Majesty, she laughed pleasantly and kissed me.

"You were always one of my favorites, Hesther," she said, smiling, "and I am glad that I have at least the power to call one of you back from the big world every year."

I knew that it depended entirely upon my behavior during the following year and as I had a sweet temper and a quiet and patient way, I was almost sure of my success.

Not long after the bridal pair had left, we repaired to the dining-hall and after a lovely feast we thanked the Queen for her kind care of us. As morning was dawning one and all left the palace. Before going, however, the Queen called me and spoke to me of what my future life would be, and then going with me to the gates of the palace she left me with a kiss and a load of good advice.

The diamond star I must keep until I again met her, and through the year it had also the power of keeping me from harm.

I was overjoyed with my good fortune and thankfully turned my steps towards the fields and meadows outside of the city.

Having reached the marble wall, I blew upon a silver whistle which hung around my neck and instantly found myself on the other side, and on turning around saw my guide, the dryad maiden, coming towards me. She took me by the hand and again led me towards the evergreen tree where she lived. Then bidding me good-bye she let go my hand and disappeared.

Immediately the paths were gone and the forest again assumed a dense, dark and gloomy look and I walked briskly along until I reached the garden.

Here I stopped and after another look behind me, went into the house and put away my treasure and attire again to assume my work as a doll for one more year.

\* \* \*

## UNDER THE VILLAGE CHESTNUT TREE

"JAPANNED" ENGLISH.—Japan as one of the progressive nations of the world has taken up the pure milk question as evidenced by the following curious example of "Japanned" English, sent out by the "Kobe Sanitary Milk Laboratory." It is a sample of the endeavor to express Japanese thought in school English:

"I have the honor to write a letter for you that we have now established the Japan milk sanitary laboratory and its branch or 'special milk delivering office,' as which caused our dairymen are very poor to deliver an unsanitary or tuberculosis and even bad feed cow's milk nor relates their credit.

"We can every day examine the cow's milk bacteria and milk constituents before their delivering and even for their cows' health, under and food, and in this branch or milk delivering office their pure milk is again filtered through pass the Bando's method's apparatus till the air bacteria is all out, and we can delivery their pure milk with the satisfactory proof, as the seal is on the bottle, and now your drinking milk or city's milk is all about when danger comes, as their milk is included many dirt and air bacteria, but you are very hard to see them well with your naked eyes, and if you can often through pass the flannel or cotton covered with linen or if it be center-figulated which is very easy well to see with your naked eyes.

"I beg if you are a sanitary man or baby and sick-man, you must have the pure sanitary milk and take your health. If you can make me for order to have the sanitary milk, you should soon write me without your servant or make your

order for my delivering boy who can always ask you.

"Please make me your order, with kind regards.

"Yours faithfully,

"T. BANDO,

"Chief of Japan Milk Sanitary Laboratory.

"Price list for sanitary milk: 17 cent—for one pint. 32 cent—for one quart. 1.25 cent—for one gallon. Table of milk delivering times: From four o'clock—till 6 o'clock a.m., from 1 o'clock—till 4 o'clock p.m."

\* \* \*

WHY BAALAM'S ASS SPOKE.—A good story is told of Rev. Samuel Bradburn, the Demosthenes of Methodism and a contemporary of John Wesley. He was journeying to a distant appointment by stage coach, and while the horses were being changed, walked up and down in front of the inn, profound in his meditations. A young lord, with his valet, were taking the same coach, and noticing the clergyman asked the landlady who he was. Upon being told he said, "Oh! a Methodist parson. I must have a little fun with him." Going up to Mr. Brad-

burn the young man, who stuttered badly, said, "P—p—pray, sir, c—c—can you t—t—tell me h—h—how it w—w—was that B—b—baalam's ass s—s—spoke?" Seeing the situation in an instant, and realizing that nothing is so confusing to a stammerer as to make him repeat his question, Mr. Bradburn put his hand to his ear as though he were deaf, and said in stentorian tones: "I beg your pardon, sir!" The young lord commenced again, "W—w—w—would you p—p—p—please, sir, t—t—tell—" and he got fairly purple in the face trying to get out his funny question. The valet, standing near, came up and shouted into the preacher's ear: "If you please, sir, my master would like you to explain how it was that Baalam's ass spoke." "Oh!" said Bradburn, a look of intelligence lighting up his countenance, "I don't know, excepting that Baalam stuttered so badly that he had to get the ass to speak for him." And he turned and walked away.

\* \* \*

HE WAS NERVOUS.—A belated traveller asked for a room at a hotel and was told there was only a small one left and it was next that of a regular boarder,

who was a nervous crank who raised a fuss if he was disturbed. He was cautioned to be as quiet as possible on retiring and promised to do his best. He entered the room, closed the door without making a sound and proceeded to disrobe. He got along fine until removing his boots, when one slipped inadvertently from his hand and fell with a thud on the floor. He waited a moment to note the result, but apparently his neighbor was undisturbed as there was not a sound. He had retired quite a few moments and was just dozing off when there came an awful pounding at his door. "Hello! what's the matter?" he cried. From the other side of the door came in irritable, testy tones: "Confound you! Why don't you let that other boot drop? I have been waiting twenty minutes for it."

\* \* \*

THE BITTER END.—In a local school the other day, the teacher asked the scholars to write a sentence with the phrase, "bitter end," in it. Of course, one scholar handed in the statement, "Russia was determined to fight out the recent war to the bitter end." Another said that the summer holidays had come all too soon to their "bitter end," and so forth. The sentence that took the cake, however, was that written by a bright ten-year-old boy, who is responsible for the following: "Our bull pup chased Smith's black cat across the back yard, and as she was getting under the fence he bitter end."

## Foot Hygiene

With the coming of fall comes the discomfort and danger of

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MONTREAL

## The Evoluton of a Hat

By ELINOR GUTHRIE



FOR several years I had been living on the Prairie of Western Canada where print frocks in the summer, and serge skirts with flannel shirt waists, in the winter, were my inevitable costume. Upon state occasions, a silk blouse was donned, and when I actually blossomed forth in a muslin gown, I always felt rather over-dressed. The Prairie is, indeed, a haven of delightful simplicity, as regards matters sartorial.

The day dawned, however, when I was to do "down East," to my old home, on a visit, which meant a grand re-adjustment of my wardrobe. "Down East!" The very words spelled frills and furbelows! "Yes, indeed!" I said to myself, determinedly "I shall show them, down there, that the Prairie is not a desert, by any means!" Accordingly I set to work!

Having left home during that mistaken period when sleeves were puffed ridiculously at the wrist, and flattened at the shoulders, it was a comparatively easy matter to simply turn them upside down, in obedience to the present fashion, which decreed that they should change places. So, the long-suffering "puff" was transferred to the regulation plate at the shoulder, while the former shoulder portion was neatly adjusted at the wrist, or else cut off at the elbow, in acquiescence to the prevailing mode of short sleeves.

I had heaps of gloves, never having worn any but riding gloves since coming West. My skirts were excellent both as to beauty and style, and I had been deluged with neck-wear on Christmas. If it were not for the hat problem I felt I could enter my native city with eclat.

But hats! Ah! that was the rub! I was no milliner, and she who created the marvelous head-gear for the credulous folk in our Prairie-village, would not, I feared, come up to the standard of artistic elegance which a triumphal entrance into the city of St. John demanded. Alas! I must rise to the occasion myself. I must, by hook or by crook, manufacture, at least, a travelling hat, and trust to the elasticity of my purse to compass an up-to-date St. John chapeau with which to adorn my head on "high days and holidays."

Accordingly, with fire in my eye and determination in my heart, I set to work! With a pair of pincers I twisted and contorted a long suffering wire shape into what I considered to be a modish foundation for my proposed erection. I then surrounded myself with a goodly array of flowers, feathers, velvet and ribbon, of more or less ancient date, to which I proudly added the tail of our hand-somest pure-bred Rooster. Poor fellow! my conscience rather pricked me as I sheared him of his glory, but I assured the reproachful looking hens that the rape of the tail was in a good cause. Finally, plentifully endowing myself with pins both great and small, I sat down hopefully before my mirror and commenced operations.

And then what snipping and pinning ensued! Such stretching and shirring—such ripping and pressing—such wiring of feathers—such endless "trying-on"—such a levelling of various hand-mirrors to get the side-lights, and the back effect! Truly, hat-making is arduous work! And, from the standpoint of a farmer's wife, much more exhausting than churning pounds and pounds of butter!

Finally, however, the erection was complete, and, in my own opinion, ex-

tremely stylish-looking and vastly becoming. As for my husband, and my Galician hand-maiden (who, for lack of a more competent critic, I had pressed into the service) they pronounced me a veritable vision of beauty. With such unstinted praise, I could not but be content.

I smile now, when I recall how, with head aching from the weight of roosters' tails and all sorts of adornments, I started proudly for the neighboring village, and embarked, per C.P.R., for the East! You remember about

"The pretty little maiden," who  
Had a pretty little bonnet  
With a ribbon and a feather  
And a bit of lace upon it," don't you? How, when she went to church and when

"Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Sang the choir above her head,  
'Hardly knew you! Hardly knew you!  
Were the words she thought they said?"

Well, as I stepped on to the station platform of that Western town, with all that weight of glory on my head, I perfectly understood the conscious feeling of that little maiden. To this day, I believe there was a halo of beauty surrounding that hat, and had it not been for a very audible sniff when the practiced eye of a farmer descried the cock's tail, I should certainly have been as conceited as she was.

I had not travelled very far, however, when I became conscious of a vague defect in my head-adornment. As we neared Winnipeg, a higher rate of fashion than that to which I had been accustomed, came dropping into the train from the various stations. I must at once investigate the matter!

Removing the hat, and placing it on the seat facing me, I deliberately, though most unostentatiously, compared its outlines with those of the other hats around me. I made a study of the matter, for my reputation was at stake. At length the cause of my disquiet dawned upon me! A whole storey of the structure was missing, and, if I wished to hold up my head in the East, I must assuredly, build an addition!! Oh! woeful day!

We were to stop a bare hour in Winnipeg, but, happily, that could suffice for my quickly formed plans. Taking a tram to the city, and purchasing the needful articles for the "improve-

ments," I was back in my Pulman in no time, busily snipping canvas, shaping, adding, and (covering a whole basement storey to the back part of my hat. With a sigh of relief, I completed the job in time to enjoy the scenery of Lake Superior. Contentment once more reigned in my bosom, for, was I not now a la mode, according to the gospel of Winnipeg?

Alas, for the brevity of human happiness! Every hour brought me farther East!—that haven of delights!—that acme of Canadian good taste and aesthetic fashion! Montreal was imminent! Ah! whence these vague misgivings?

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," it is said. But no crown ever caused a monarch more anxiety than did that homemade hat of mine! Into the parlor car came some evident Montrealers—dressed in the height of elegance, and with hats!—yes! they were, undoubtedly on the plan of mine—but there was an indescribable something, which made simply all the difference in the world. What was it? Could I attain to it? Yes! yes! I caught the idea! A certain softening of the effect of the lower storey! That was it! And, the bit of ribbon in my dressing-case was just the thing to right matters!

I seized pins, ribbon and inspiration at once, and, in no time, my hat was revised and improved, as per Montreal standards. I sank back in my seat, relief surging in my heart, for St. John must not presume to cavil, when Montreal approves!

Two stations before St. John, the train door opened, and in stepped my sister Dorothy. Dear little pretty, dainty Dorothy! How sweet she looked! Instantly my hat and everything else was forgotten as I kissed and fairly devoured her with sisterly love.

"Oh! Prue, dear, how well you look!" she said, tenderly—"You are not a day older than you were three years ago when you went West to that dreadful Prairie to live." "And," she added, rather hesitatingly, "you are so nicely dressed, Prue! Don't think me nasty, dear, if I tell you that I was really afraid you would come back looking a perfect scarecrow, arrayed in a costume of wheat bags and hay seed!" and she laughed merrily at the idea.

"Thank you, dear," I replied demurely, "I am so glad I am present-



When the frost is on the pumpkin  
And the corn is in the shock

Photo by A. G. Fraser

# Even Song

Words by P. M. McDONALD

Music by PETER C. KENNEDY

*Andante.*

ppp How soon the day-light dies, The dark-ness  
 hides the west, How soon the Sab-bath flies—  
 Day of all days the best. A - MEN.

- 2 *mp* So soon life's morning goes, *3 mf* But light eternal breaks  
*mp* And chilling age comes on On eyes that seek the King,  
*p* And heavy shadows close, *f* And joy eternal wakes  
*pp* Where early promise shone. When we His praises sing.
- 4 *p* Past all the darksome night  
*cres* Lies the broad beaming day ;  
 Onward we press to light  
*ff* In Him truth, life and way.

able ! I can tell you I shivered in my sleeves lest I might not pass muster!"

"Well, you certainly do, Prue—I don't know how you managed it, living in such an outlandish place. Your hat dear, is awfully pretty ! There is just one little thing wrong about it, if you don't mind my fixing it—" she added,—and whisking out a couple of pins, she deftly gave my cherished cock-tails a St. John twist and transfixed them forever to that magic standard—"There ! that is perfect ! Now, I'll just give your hair a wee pull to make a puffy effect below the hat—So !—Never mind if it does feel loose ! It looks exactly right ! The hat might have come from Paris, now that I have arranged that one little bit ! Look in the mirror here ! There is not time to go into the dressing-room now ! You look lovely, Prue !" she added, with a sigh of obvious relief—that amazing little sister of mine!

"St. John station !" said the porter, "give me your bag, Miss—This end of the car, please !" and, in no time, I, hat and all found myself seized bodily by a phalanx of sisters and cousins and aunts, and commented upon and admired and flattered to my heart's content.

"Here she is !"  
 "Here's Prue !"  
 "Oh ! Prue ! you darling !"  
 "How well you look !"  
 "Gracious ! you're younger than ever !"  
 "What a pretty hat ! ! !"  
 These and various other ejaculations almost overpowered me, as I found myself seized by a small army of

dainty shirt-waists, pretty costumes and hats, hats, hats, of all colors, sizes and shapes, and, in a minute, I was fairly swallowed up in feather boas, chiffon scarfs, and warm loving arms.

But I survived it ! of course I did ! and there followed three weeks of unalloyed delight. What a rush and a quiver all the time ! Teas here—fetes there—dinners somewhere else ! golf-links to-day, tennis tournaments to-morrow ! theatres, chiffon, bridge and whipped cream ! I smile to myself when I go over and over all the delights of those few weeks in what they call "the heart of things !" I smile, as I churn away here—smile thinking it all over—but I churn away none the less busily, for my butter-money for some little time to come must go to "pay the piper !"  
 One cannot get silk petticoats, lace slips, embroidered stockings and French shoes for nothing. One can't always even evolve hats out of nothing—and all these things are essential to the city society life ! Dear me ! why is it ?

I laugh out loud, here to myself, as I recall the amazement, culminating in amusement, with which a roomful of aristocratic fashion-leaders listened to my graphic description of the evolution of my hat !—but still I churn on and on, remembering the "Piper !"  
 My eyes grow misty with tenderness when I think of those three weeks, a year ago last spring, when I was surrounded with the dear home people, and the sweet old home atmosphere. How delightful everything was ! How

artistic ! How good they all were to me !—But the Butter is "coming !" visions of that old unfortunate "Piper" rise before me, and with renewed vigor, I set to work giving the final "swish" to the churn. Then, pouring off the churn. Then, pouring off the butter-milk, I work, and pat and toss the butter, until a dainty pile of yellow rolls are reposing on the white dairy shelf.

Half an hour later, my gingham sleeves rolled down again, my big churning apron off, and a dainty sun bonnet shading my face, I am over in the barnyard, with my husband, watching with the utmost interest, a dozen families of sweet little fluffy chickens, who are scratching and picking busily and deftly, in ridiculous imitation of their various mothers.

"Aren't they sweet, Fred ?" I asked softly, taking a couple of the downy mites in my hand and watching them "cheep ! cheep ! cheep !" for their mothers.

"Aren't they wonderful ?" asks Fred in reply—"In fact, it is a wonderful day all round !" he added, looking at the loveliness of the Prairie—"Are you sorry you are not down East ?" He enquired, suddenly.

I hesitated a moment, thinking out the problem—"Down East, in a city, you mean !" I answered reflectively—"No Fred, I am not sorry ! decidedly not ! It is lovely down there,—the daintiness the refinement the traditions, the conservatism, the people—the dear, dear people—the lovely, sheltered life—it is all delightful. But it is like using perfume from a bottle, instead of flowers ! Look, Fred ! It is like that lovely, fleecy cloud up there !—soft, changing, delicate, intangible—but, there are no fathomless, limitless blue skies, with brilliant red sunsets ! There is too much fuss and feathers !" —that's it : too much "fuss and feathers."

"Hear ! Hear !" clucked the hundred reproachful, but now mollified hens ! whereupon they all ran forthwith to the nests to lay a hundred eggs, with which (at 20 cts. per dozen) to help "pay the Piper."

But, that nasty old vindictive unforgiving rooster ! He did nothing but stand, flapping his wings aggressively, and crowing a long, loud, shrill triumphant "cock-a-doodle-doo-oo-oo !" The impertinent bird !

\* \* \*

### THE BRIGHT SIDE

Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. The sky is blue ten times when it is black once. None are free from them. Trouble gives sinew and tone to life, fortitude and courage to man. That would be a dull sea, and the sailor would never get skill, where there was nothing to disturb the surface of the ocean. What though things look a little dark, the lane will turn, and right will end in a broad day. There is more virtue in one sunbeam than in a whole hemisphere of clouds and gloom.

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**WITH TRIMMING OF EMBROIDERY**

Embroidery worked on the gown makes one of the handsomest trimmings possible, and just now it is in the height of style. This gown allows of such trimming with singular success, and appropriately can be made either from silk or from wool material. In this case, however, elephant gray henrietta cloth is embroidered in self-color, and combined with a chemisette of cream-colored lace.

The blouse is a novel one, the vest portions of which are closed at the front while the chemisette is hooked invisibly into place. It can be made either with long or three-quarter sleeves. Also it can be worn either with the skirt in Empire style or with one finished with a belt.

The skirt is cut in three pieces, the side portions being laid over onto the narrow front gore to form plaits and to conceal the seams. If the Princess effect is not becoming it can be cut off at the waist line and finished with a belt. Also it can be made either in round or walking length.

For the medium size the blouse will require 4 yards of material 21 or 24 inches wide, 3 3/8 yards 32, 2 7/8 yards 44, with 3/8 yard 18 inches wide for the chemisette. The skirt, 8 3/4 yards 24, 6 3/4 yards 27, or 4 3/4 yards 44 inches wide.

The blouse pattern 6093 is cut in sizes



Blouse Pattern No. 6093  
Skirt Pattern No. 5917

for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

The skirt pattern 5917 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

\*\*\*

**FOR THE SCHOOL GIRLS**

The autumn is always a season of interest in the matter of school girls' clothing, and such dresses as these cannot fail to find a place. They are pretty, attractive and youthful and they involve no difficulties in the making.

As illustrated, the one to the left is made of henrietta cloth embroidered, but it can be much simplified by omitting the needlework and trimming the panel

The frock shown on the right of the picture can be made from checked material, combined with plain, as illustrated, or of one throughout; and with low neck and short sleeves in place of the style shown, if better liked. The bertha is prettily shaped and becoming to girlish figures and the straight skirt is simply gathered at its upper edge. In this case one of the new checked materials is trimmed with taffeta and with banding.

For a girl 10 years of age will be required 4 7/8 yards of material 24 inches, 3 7/8 yards 32, or 2 3/4 yards 44, with 5/8 yards of silk for the bertha, 1/2 yard of tucked taffeta for the yoke and collar, 6 1/2 yards of banding.



Pattern No. 6096

Pattern No. 6087

at its edges, and it will be found appropriate for all girlish materials. Also it may be suggested that the model suits combinations of plaids and check with plain material admirably well.

The skirt is straight and gathered at its upper edge and it and the blouse are joined by a belt, while the front edges of both are joined to a panel.

For a girl ten years of age will be required 6 1/4 yards 24, 4 yards 32, or 3 yards 44 inches wide.

Pattern 6096 is cut in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

Pattern 6087 is cut in sizes for girls 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

\*\*\*

**A SIMPLE HOME GOWN**

Simple gowns for home wear are always in demand during the autumn and winter, and this model will be found admirable for striped novelty material, such as the one illustrated, for cashmere, henrietta cloth, fine flannel and all materials of a similar sort. Also if the entire gown is not liked the skirt

and blouse can be made separately, when the skirt would be appropriate for any of the heavier materials and the blouse for silk, flannel and washable waistics. The blouse is cut in scallops at the edge of the fronts and the skirt, which is eight gore, can be finished at the centre front with a straight hem or made as illustrated, in which case the hem is turned out and the edge scalloped.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3 3/4 yards of material 24 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards 32, or 2 yards 44, with 2 1/4 yards of banding.

The skirt will require 8 5/8 yards 24, 5 5/8 yards 32, 3 3/4 yards 44, if the material has no up and down, but if it must be cut one way, 10 5/8 yards 24 inches, 8 5/8 yards 32, or 5 1/4 yards 44 inches wide will be required.

The blouse pattern 6097 is cut in sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

The skirt pattern No. 5955 is cut in sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure.

\*\*\*

**SMART AUTUMN COSTUMES**

Costumes for the autumn are made from a great many different materials. Seldom have suitings shown such attractive variety. Skirts, however, are almost uniformly so made as to hang in long, straight lines, giving a slender effect to the figure, while coats for the earlier season are made in various lengths. Those that extend just below the hips, however, are smart and are favorites, and costumes made of one material throughout and with coats of plain material combined with skirts of check or stripe are promised equal vogue. The suit shown on the figure to the left of the illustration combines one of the new rather large black and white checks with black broadcloth and with trimming of liberty satin. It could, however, with equal propriety be made from any seasonable suiting material, plain color, check or stripe, broadcloth, cheviot or homespun.

For the medium size the coat will require 5 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 3/4 yards of material 44, or 2 7/8 yards 52 inches wide; the skirt 11 3/4 yards 27, 6 yards 44, or 4 3/4 yards 52 inches wide if broadcloth or other ma-



Blouse Pattern No. 6097  
Skirt Pattern No. 5955

terial with up and down is used, but if there is neither figure nor nap, 8 yards 27 inches wide, 4 7/8 yards 44, 4 3/8 yards 52 inches wide will suffice, with 1 1/2 yards of silk for the trimming.

The coat pattern No. 6095 is cut in sizes for 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.

The skirt pattern, 6079, is cut in sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

The misses' costume as illustrated shows one of the pretty new striped broadcloths trimmed with braid and with velvet. The skirt closing at the left side of the front makes a notable feature, and the jacket is the smartest that has yet appeared. It can be made with either long or three-quarter sleeves and the costume is adapted to all seasonable materials.

For the 16-year size the coat will require 4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 5/8 yards 44 or 2 yards 52, with 3/8 of a yard of velvet and 10 yards of braid.

The skirt will require 5 1/2 yards 27 inches, 3 1/2 yards 44 inches, 3 3/8 yards 52 inches wide and 9 yards of braid.

Both the coat pattern 6085 and the skirt pattern 6086 are cut in sizes for girls of 14 and 16 years of age.

\*\*\*

**THE FAVORITE PRINCESS GOWN**

Princess gowns of the later sorts are exceedingly charming creations and have the advantage of being very generally becoming. They have lost the severity of the original style and are really blouses and skirts joined by means of belts, with panels at fronts that give the long, unbroken lines. Here are two excellent examples. The one to the left is in over-dress style, designed to be worn over any pretty guimpe, and as illustrated is made of novelty silk with trimming of heavy lace on the blouse, pipings of velvet and banding on the skirt. It is, however, appropriate for almost all seasonable materials, for one and all they are soft and clinging, they drape well and take admirable folds. It can be made to open either at the back or at the front beneath the panel, which fact in itself is a great advantage.



No. 6062

No. 6090

For the medium size will be required 11 1/2 yards of material 24 inches wide, 8 1/2 yards 32, 6 1/2 yards 44 inches, if for silk or other material without up and down, but when there is figure or nap 15 yards 24, 11 1/2 yards 32, or 7 1/2 yards 44 inches wide will be needed, with 1 3/4 yards of lace for trimming on the blouse.

The pattern 6062 is cut in sizes for

32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

The second gown is made from one of the new crepe de chines, with chemisette and undersleeves of tucked maline net, which is such a well deserved favorite for purposes of the sort. There is also a hem of liberty satin on the edge of the skirt, and trimming of banding. In this case the gown is all in one and the over-sleeves and blouse portions are joined invisibly under the tucks, so that they give the effect of being cut in one.

The skirt portion can be made in round or in walking length, and the sleeves can be cut off below the elbows, if liked. Cashmere, voile and similar materials are quite as appropriate as silk, and the gown will be found a satisfactory one throughout the entire season.

For the medium size will be required 10 1/2 yards of material 24 inches wide, 9 yards 32, or 5 1/2 yards 44, with 1 1/4 yards 18 inches wide for undersleeves. Two yards of liberty satin for the hem with 6 3/4 yards of banding.

The pattern 6090 is cut in sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.



Coat Pattern No. 6095  
Skirt Pattern No. 6079



Coat Pattern No. 6085  
Skirt Pattern No. 6086

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1091

## Nature History Rhymes

By E. M. GARDNER

### THE BAT

The sunset glow is fading fast,  
The lake is calm and still,  
The gentle breeze has died away  
—Silent sit "Jack and Jill;"  
The birds and butterflies are gone,  
Not one is on the wing,  
When swift from out the gathering gloom  
There darts a "curious thing."  
What's that?" asks Jill, as circling low  
It almost touched her head,  
"I rather think it is a bat,  
Just watch its flight!" Jack said,  
"And listen to the noise it makes,  
It squeaks just like a mouse,  
I'd like to catch it if I can,  
Let's run up to the house,"  
—And now with scoop-net Jack appears

(More bats are swooping 'round)  
And very soon within the net  
A hapless one is found,  
"Oh what an ugly thing it is!  
How fiendish its expression!  
Just see the glitter of its eyes,  
I'm under the impression  
That it is something more than beast;  
What wings! like fish's fin,  
Or arms with fingers long, out-stretched,  
O'erlaid with rubber skin!  
And see, they're rigged with tiny hooks

To hang upon the wall,  
Or any other place he likes  
Since he need fear no fall.  
His little hind-feet toes are free  
So he can perch—but then  
He hangs beneath his perch, you see  
Unlike a bird or hen.  
His body's covered o'er with fur  
As soft as soft can be  
And what big ears! I'm sure he hears  
Whate'er he cannot see!  
Although his eyes are sharp by night,  
They are no use by day,  
And that is why when folks can't see,  
"Blind as a bat" they'll say.  
"How sharp his teeth! at night he feeds

On insects, moths, and flies,  
Such is his "Bill of Fare" I'm told  
Until the day he dies."  
"And does he eat mosquitos too?"  
"Oh yes." Then let him go—  
(A hearty supper Mr. Bat!)  
They do torment so."

The scene is changed, the summer's gone,  
The Autumn too, and lo!  
Dame Nature's cast about the land

That goes to sleep for "many moons"  
Till winter's work is done.  
For five long months a bat will hang  
And never move a hair,  
Nor never draw a single breath,  
Nor ever know a care.  
And yet its tiny heart beats on,  
One throb in every second,  
And just above the freezing point,  
His temperature is reckoned.  
You may handle him quite roughly,  
Or plunge him in a pail  
Of water—just his body's heat—  
To rouse him, then you'll fail,  
But if you touch a single hair,



Or handle very gently,  
He'll twitch and shiver every time,  
He feels it, evidently.  
He lives upon his body's fat  
Until the fuel gives out,  
But, by that time the Spring has come  
And he can get about,—  
Of course at night, for you must know  
He "hibernates" each day,  
"Suspended animation" is  
The proper term they say.  
Much more of interest might be told  
Of bats of different kinds,  
But not just now, 'twould be too much  
To keep upon your minds.  
Yet think how very wonderful  
Our great Creator's care  
For every living thing He makes  
In Water, Earth, or Air.

\*\*\*

### THE SQUIRREL

To the woods! to the woods! for  
our walk mother dear,  
There is no place we love half so  
well,  
And now that its got to the Fall of  
the year,  
We can't have many more, can we  
Nell?  
Nellie made no reply, but scampered  
ahead  
And soon reached the edge of the  
wood,  
But suddenly halted, then listened,  
then turned,  
And watching intently she stood.  
With one hand she signalled to "hurry  
along,"  
With the other to "keep very  
quiet,"  
For there in the branches a bushy-  
tailed squirrel  
Sat enjoying his most approved diet.  
"What a dear little fellow! how pret-  
ty he is!  
I think it's a chipmonk," said Nell.  
"Oh, no 'tis a squirrel, not a chip-  
monk, dear Sis,  
The difference is easy to tell;  
A chipmonk is smaller, yes ever so  
much,



Her covering of snow.  
And "Jack and Jill" have climbed  
aloft  
To get their long-stored sled,  
Once more a "curious thing" they see  
A-hanging over head,  
All motionless, and black and cold,  
Wrapped in a crinkled sheath,  
This mummied thing appears quite  
dead  
To Jack and Jill, beneath.  
"What is it?" once again asks Jill.  
"A bat" replies her brother,  
"I 'spect its "hibernating," what  
That means we must ask mother."  
"Yes" Jack is right, "an animal,  
Which hibernates, is one

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And his tail is as flat as can be,  
He has three darkish stripes down his  
back and his nest's  
In the ground, and not up in the  
tree.  
But the squirrel you see, (this fellow  
is red,  
There are larger ones black, brown,  
and grey)  
Is quite a good size but has never a  
stripe,  
And is very good eating they say;  
His elegant tail is so bushy and soft  
Curling up like a beautiful feather,  
And not only is it ornament fine  
But is useful in all kinds of  
weather."

\*\*\*\*\*

"Do you know Bobby Boy upon what  
this squirrel feeds,  
And what kind of place is his home?  
Do you know how he lives when cold  
winter is here  
And no more through the boughs he  
can roam?"  
"Yes, I think I can tell what he  
eats," answered Bob,  
"But I'd like you to tell us the rest,  
For I'm not very sure of his winter  
retreat,  
Does he migrate, or stay in his  
nest?  
I know he eats nuts and sweet acorns,  
and grain,  
And I've heard that he stores them  
away,



And that never a bad nut has ever  
been found  
In the nest of a squirrel, to this  
day."  
"Yes, Bob, you are right, but his nest  
will not hold  
All his winter supplies, it's been  
found,  
So he buries his nuts here and there,  
near the tree,  
In wee holes which he digs in the  
ground.  
He does not migrate like the birds,  
there's no need,  
For when his in-gathering is done,  
He curls himself up in his warm winter  
nest,  
And sleeps till the Spring time has  
come.  
His nest for the summer, is built like  
the birds'  
High up in the branch of a tree.  
And quite near the tip where the limb  
is so slim  
No small boy could reach it, you see;  
Besides, it's so hidden by branches and  
leaves  
That it scarce can be seen from be-  
low.  
So he and his wife and their family of  
four  
Can abide there, and ne'er fear a foe.  
But late in the Fall Mr. Squirrel un-  
derstands  
It is time to prepare for the cold,  
So he seeks out a hollow or "crutch"  
near the trunk  
And fills it as full as 'twill hold  
Of dried leaves, and grasses, and fluff  
of all kinds,  
Which he gathers from morn until  
night.  
When he thinks there's enough (maybe  
two barrows full)  
He tramps it and packs it down  
tight.  
When Jack Frost first whispers that  
winter has come

And the chill wind sweeps through  
the bare trees,  
Mr. Squirrel and his family are curled  
up asleep  
Just as cozy and snug as you  
please.  
Yet once in a while when there comes  
a bright day



They will wake up and have a nut  
feast,  
Then go off asleep again, sound as be-  
fore,  
Till the cold winter weather has  
ceased.  
Then good-bye pretty squirrel, we  
wont see you again,  
For the next time we're here, you  
will be  
Sound asleep in your nest with your  
acorns, and nuts,  
In the heart of some big forest tree.

\*\*\*

### A SIMPLE FURNITURE POLISH

An English housewife, writing to a  
country newspaper, says: "The re-  
cent sad death of a Cumberland chemist  
which occurred through burns received  
in connection with a pan of turpentine  
flaring up, reminds me of a simple  
recipe for preparing the old-fashioned  
yet very efficacious polishing medium  
for furniture—viz., beeswax and tur-  
pentine. Instead of proceeding to cut  
up the beeswax into a quantity of  
small shavings—a most tedious and not  
exactly easy task—place a lump of wax  
in a wide-necked jar. The two-pound  
jam-pot size answers admirably for  
small households; then cover the wax  
with turpentine, just as it comes from  
the chemist, without heating it at all.  
Closely cover the jar and put it away.  
If the mixture be made now it ought  
to be ready for use for spring cleaning  
a month or six weeks hence. The tur-  
pentine will then be found to have  
acted on the wax—i.e., dissolved it.  
The substance can be brought to the  
requisite consistency by the addition  
of fresh cold turpentine.

## The Fireless Stove or Cook Box

By MRS. W. J. McCLENAHAN, Appleby

"If you have a good thing pass it  
on," is an every day saying.  
So if I can tell you how  
to save four-fifths of your fuel, have  
better cooked and more nutritious  
food with half the usual labor and  
mess, serve warm meals to the late  
comers as easily as to the prompter  
members of the family, and keep the  
baby's food warm on the coldest  
night, all by a few simple waves of the  
magic wand of industry I think you  
will believe in the motto.

You have it in your own power to  
bring about these improvements and  
conveniences, and many others which  
you will discover for yourselves by ad-  
ding to your kitchen furniture the very  
simple and inexpensive cook box, or  
fireless stove.

The idea of the fireless stove comes  
to us from Germany where the house-  
wives we know are famous for their  
domestic virtues, and the economy of  
their cooking arrangements. It has  
been used there so successfully that in  
some cities the authorities are interest-  
ing themselves by endeavoring to  
spread the knowledge of its cheapness  
and efficiency through public lectures  
and demonstrations to the working  
people. When I was in Guelph attend-  
ing the convention in 1904, Mrs. Laws  
of Minneapolis, told us of one she had  
constructed in which she could finish  
cooking all boiled, stewed, or roasted  
meats, soups, vegetables, fruits, pud-  
dings, etc. Of course the box cannot  
be used for frying steak or chops, nor  
for anything that requires crispness,  
but the rest of the meal may be made  
ready in it, and kept warm, while the  
steak or chops are being cooked. In  
general about five minutes quick boil-  
ing on the fire is sufficient for most  
vegetables, the covered vessel contain-  
ing them being removed to the fireless  
stove where the process of cooking  
continues through the perfect retention  
of the heat. Most articles should re-  
main tightly closed in the box for two  
or three hours though they can be  
kept hot for ten or twelve-hours if ne-  
cessary.

Roasted or boiled meats require 15  
or 20 minutes actual cooking on the  
fire always in a tightly covered vessel,  
from which the lid must not be taken  
until they are served. Rice, rolled  
oats, wheat, dried fruits, or beans  
should be soaked in cold water, boil  
for five minutes then place in a box  
for two hours.

When one reflects how much fire is  
required to cook beans or hominy in  
the old way, one may realize the sav-  
ing of fuel. A meal may be started to  
cook and placed in the box to finish,  
while the housewife goes shopping, or  
about her daily work, and find a well  
cooked meal on her return. By pre-  
paring the meal in the early morning  
the heat and discomfort is saved in  
summer—both the cook and the house  
benefiting thereby. The kitchen too  
need not be in disorder, the cooking  
odors are done away with. There is  
no need of watching or stirring, noth-  
ing can scorch or burn, and the pots  
or pans are more easily cleaned. The  
fireless stove is not at all difficult to  
make—any tight box which has a  
tightly fitting cover will answer. The  
one Mrs. Laws told us of was made  
by a carpenter—in fact two boxes one  
a few sizes smaller and sitting inside  
the other, the intervening space being  
filled with wool. I have read of as-  
bestos lined ones, but the one which I  
have is lined inside and outside with  
paper which is at every body's dispos-  
al. I made it to keep things warm  
after cooking on an oil stove, which,  
as you know has little space for keep-  
ing things warm. I have improved on  
it for this summer, and would not be  
without it for twice the labor I expen-  
ded on it which was all it cost. I  
can finish cooking porridge, burst  
rice, cook a custard, etc., more evenly  
than on a fire. I am so much in love  
with it that I heartily recommend  
every housewife to procure one of these  
simple, inexpensive and useful addi-  
tions to her kitchen furniture.

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### Women at the Canadian National Exhibition

(Continued from page 9)

woman's organization and close by  
the W.C.T.U. was not nearly as well  
patronized although the prices were  
practically the same. There was a  
"bright" air about the place and a  
coldness that probably accounted for  
this. The Woman's Depository con-  
ducted a light lunch room, a la carte,  
in the Women's Building that was well  
patronized but the accommodations  
and facilities were small. The W.C.T.  
U. ought to be encouraged in their  
work by the management and given  
space to expand. The one drawback  
seems to be lack of room.

The grand stand performance this  
year was interesting to all, there being  
not nearly the amount of circus per-  
formance. What there was of wire  
walking, trapeze and similar work was  
of the best class and the larger amount  
of entertainment by animals proved  
very taking. It is a pity that the  
dangerous element cannot be eliminat-  
ed altogether. Probably on account of  
the serious accident this year to the  
young woman performer the manage-  
ment will be impressed with the fact  
that this can just as well be repre-  
sented with something better.

The military ride was probably the  
best appreciated thing in the daily  
performances of the thirty-two cavalry  
horses and their riders going through  
the most intricate and pleasing evolu-  
tions in perfect rhythm to the music  
of the band. The massed bands did  
fairly well with the amount of train-  
ing they got but spoiled pieces like  
"Canada" with the fast time in which  
they were played. The whole "tattoo"  
the spectacular siege of Sebastopol  
and the fireworks were all well carried  
out and seemed to satisfy everybody.  
Best of all the getting home was not  
such a killing matter as usual. The  
Street Railway Co. handled its cars  
and the people well.



A Fine Shoe Display at Canadian National Exhibition

# Ontario Women's Institutes

GEO. A. PUTNAM, SUPERINTENDENT.



MEETING of the Provincial Committee of Ontario Women's Institutes was held in the Women's Institute Tent on the Canadian National Exhibition Grounds on Thursday,

Sept. 10th. The members of the Committee expressed their appreciation of the offer of the department to send a lady delegate to visit, some time during November or December, those branches which have been formed during the past year or other branches which have not been able to get the work established upon a satisfactory basis.

The chief subject before the committee was the outlining of the programme for the next convention to be held on Wednesday and Thursday, December 9th and 10th. It was thought well to secure the services of some well known domestic science leader from across the line and the Superintendent is corresponding with some who have already spoken with acceptance to Canadian audiences. In addition to the addresses and demonstrations to be given by the outside speaker, we expect to have the following questions dealt with by Canadian people who have given the subjects study.

"Morals and manners in children;" "Problems of the day in their relation to Home Life;" "Sanitation about the home;" "Sanitary milk and milk products."

Provision will be made in the programme for a Model Institute Meeting for the purpose of illustrating to the officers and members in attendance, the proper method of conducting a public gathering. An opportunity will also be afforded district officers to meet in conference for the purpose of discussing the responsibilities which rest upon them as district officers.

The best ways of expending surplus funds will receive the attention of the convention and information will be given as to successful means by which the finances of the institutes may be put upon a better basis.

The supply of handbooks printed in 1907 is exhausted. The new edition is now in the printers' hands and copies will be sent to officers of all institutes both district and branch and to new members.

There are very few changes in the new edition. Some additions and fuller explanations will however be found of value to the Institute officers.

Special meetings for November and December.

The department has offered the services of a lady delegate to attend special meetings of the Institutes in November and December. A large number of applications have already been received and we wish to intimate to institute officers that we can consider only those applications received during September.

The number of applications received for ladies to attend regular Farmers' Institute meetings during the winter months is not quite so large as usual at this date. All institutes desiring assistance at such time would make application at once as the lists for the winter meetings are about completed.

## Work of East Elgin Institute

By MRS. R. J. PRICHARD

FOR several years it was a noticeable fact, that, although the exhibit in ladies' work and fine arts was immense and the quality something to be proud of, the showing in the domestic class was away below the average in amount and in quality poor. The president of the fair called the Women's Institute to his assistance in remedying the matter.

Accordingly the Institute undertook the responsibility of the exhibit, the Fair Board promising to render what aid was needed. A committee of women was then appointed to revise and enlarge the prize list of this department. The Fair Board was asked and consented to furnish glass cases for exhibits of bread, butter, pies, cakes, buns, canned fruits, jellies, wines, marmalades, etc.. These cases were permanent, being built along one side of the building.

At the time of the fair, the Institutes appoint a committee of their members for arranging the exhibits and also lady directors to accompany and assist the judges.

As a further means of enlarging the show in this line the Institute and Fair Board give special prizes for either public or institute competition and the Institute Committee make a special canvass among Institutes and Institute members to compete for these prizes. Their efforts have been crowned with much success.

Now some of the individual members are becoming so interested they also are giving prizes.

To give Institutes a more specific idea of the prizes offered I give a list below:

Bread, variety of buns, butter, tastefully arranged for table and for sale, workingman's cold lunch to consist of five articles only, varieties of jelly, fruit cake, angel cake, layer cake, cookies, fruit pies, varieties of sewing, blocks for quilt, each to be one square and all blocks exhibited to become property of the Institute to be made into a quilt, best home-made shirtwaist, also prizes are offered for different classes of sewing by girls under 16 years, to encourage the girls.

A few years ago the Institute also started a 15c lunch booth on the Fair grounds which proved so successful that it has been kept up by the Church Ladies' Aid since with big profits. Another good result besides the money made was the scarcity of drunken men during the years the ladies have had the lunch counter on the grounds. For this reason alone it should be the aim of every Institute to see that there is an Institute booth on every Fair ground where young and old can get refreshments and lunches thus keeping temptation away as few will leave a Fair ground to go to an up-town hotel if they can get refreshments without.

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## Welland County Picnic

UNDER the combined auspices of the Women's Institute, Farmers' Institute and Board of Trade, of Welland, a successful picnic was held at Crystal Beach on Monday, Aug. 17th. The speakers included J. E. Lethbridge, J. W. Shuter, H. J.

Pettypiece, N. M. Gerner, K.C., M.P., Geo. Hanan, J. F. Bean, and Miss Laura Rose. Miss Rose, as representative of the Women's Institute, gave an address on its objects, work, and prospects. She advocated less work and better methods for the busy housewife, with more recreation to make the work less of a drudgery. The prominent guests then sat down to a banquet given by the Board of Trade of Ridgeway. The toasts were as follows:

"The Farmers' Institute"—J. F. Bean.

"Our Guests"—T. F. Newman.

"Boards of Trade and their Work"—C. L. Raymond.

"Our Friends"—W. M. German.

"An Apology"—H. B. Rogers.

"The Men—Why we Like them"—Miss Rose.

"The Ladies"—H. L. Brown.

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## A New Ontario Institute

At Stratton, in the Rainy River Valley, there is a branch of the Institute which is in no way behind the branches in older Ontario. A very interesting and helpful meeting was held there on Sept. 17th, at the home of Mrs. M. S. Robertson. Quite a number of the members were present. A paper entitled "What a Child should learn before Going to School" was read by Mrs. Weir and afterwards discussed by the members. Discussions on "Table Linen, its care, how and when to Buy," and on "Worrying vs Cheerfulness" were entered upon by all the ladies. One of the above papers we hope to print in the Home Journal next month.

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## Apples, Their Value—How to Prepare Them

By MRS. C. W. SIM, Hall's Corners

THE apple, which is one of the healthiest fruits we have, should be eaten freely in all families, especially at the season when it is abundant and cheap. It should be often used on the table as a dessert.

Apples are considered wholesome even when eaten raw.

One taken at breakfast every morning is supposed to be good for the complexion, and those who suffer from liver trouble or gout would do well to use them freely. The apple is an excellent brain food because it has more phosphoric acid in easily digestible shape than any fruit or vegetable known. It excites the action of the liver, promotes sound and healthy sleep, and thoroughly disinfects the mouth.

When a tickling sensation in your throat warns you of the coming of a cough, you would find a tablespoonful of the pulp of a roasted apple taken at night a great relief.

Dyspeptics are often ordered apples, and, curiously enough, they are a preventive of jaundice.

The reason why apples are so much more wholesome and digestible when they are roasted, boiled or baked, is because the heat thus applied breaks down the cells and thus the acid and the sugar contained in them are more

generally diffused through the apple, and the moisture is also dispersed.

The apple when fresh contains on an average 84.6 per cent. of water, but when dried only 26.1 per cent. of water. When fresh one pound of apples has a fuel value per pound of only 200 calories while when dried it has 1,350. "The apple is the cure all"

Of the fruit kingdom.

To Keep Apples—Gather them before they become over-ripe and put them in a cool building till the freezing weather of winter begins, an out-house facing the north, and well ventilated, answers a good purpose. If stored at once in the cellar, they will be too warm and damp for several weeks, and will decay much sooner and more rapidly than if kept dry and cool in the manner indicated. Apples will keep better however, if protected from the air, and from the constant changes of temperature which currents of air involve.

Wrapping the apples separately in paper, and simply placing them on the shelf, we have found to protect them from decay, a much larger number remaining sound than if subjected to ordinary exposure.

Apples will keep longer in barrels than in bins for this season, and the only objection to barrelling is that they are excluded from sight and examinations and sometimes become badly rotted before their condition is discovered. Drawers would be better, if not too expensive.

How to Prepare Them.—A very nice way of cooking apples is to core and pare them and place them in a granite pan. Having filled the space left by the removal of the core with butter and white sugar sprinkle sugar and bits of butter about between the apples in the pan and bake.

Apple and Orange Salad.—After removing skin and scraping off the pulp into a bowl, mix with the slices some apples cut into quarters or eights, put plenty of sugar in between each layer and mix well, make about an hour before you need to use it.

Apple Jelly.—Pare and cut in thin slices three or four juicy, sour apples. Place a layer of the slices in a bowl, sprinkle them liberally with sugar, put in another layer of apples and sugar, and so on till the apples are all used, having sugar on top. Place a cover over the dish and bake for two hours in a moderate oven. When this is cold it will turn out like a mold of jelly. Serve it with a nice boiled custard or whipped cream.

Spiced Apples.—Make a syrup of equal parts of sugar, water, and vinegar, adding a few whole cloves and a few pieces of stick cinnamon. When scalding hot put in firm tart apples peeled and quartered, and cook very gently until tender but not broken. remove them with a skimmer, boil the syrup down till it thickens and pour over the apples.

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## West Toronto Programme

The neatest programme that has reached us in some time is that issued by the Women's Institute of West Toronto, outlining their plans for the season of 1908-9. Outside of very attractive musical and literary programmes arranged for the monthly meetings, timely papers will be given



# The Function of the Home in Education

By W. J. DUNLOP, *Tavistock*

and subjects of vital interest to women discussed.

Among the various topics taken up are the following: Thanksgiving Dinner, Banking, Xmas Recipes, Xmas Decorations, First Aid to the Injured, Social Purity, Dickens' Works, Home Nursing, and Practical Gardening.

Judging from the care in selection of subjects and speakers, and the extent to which they have gone in the laying out of the work for the winter, the West Toronto Institute is one of the most progressive in the province. Con-

TAKE it for granted, first of all, that there is nothing more important than education—nothing more important to the child, to the parent, to the individual, to the State. The value of education is not to be measured in dollars and cents; it should never be lowered to such a

favoured a school with their presence. Then your education is of value to you not only because of the knowledge you received but because of the training it gave you—a training which is always of benefit to you. The education you received in school was the preparation and the foundation for the broader, fuller education which you have since received by living amongst your fellow-creatures. Then a teacher should not be one who doles out scraps of knowledge at a certain rate per diem, but rather a builder of character. Organized knowledge is practical, it is a source of strength, a reserve force which can be called into action in any emergency, but a mass of isolated facts is a source of weakness, a load to the mind, a resource which is sure to fail in time of need. Pardon me if I quote you here a few famous definitions of education given by Prof. Huxley. That man — himself. That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of: whose intellect is a clear cold logic engine with all its parts of equal strength and in smooth working order, ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and to spin the gossamers as well as forge the heavy

vileness and to respect others as himself.

In the days of our forefathers, education was a very different matter from what it is to-day. In those primitive times, all industries were carried on in the home. The father was his own miller, his own blacksmith, his own carpenter; the mother made the cloth and performed the duties of a tailor. The father and mother had also to be teachers. In the home the child was taught to read and to write as well as the father and mother could teach him; in the home he received his knowledge of the Bible, his spiritual and religious education. The parents of those days took the entire responsibility for their child's education. In our day, as a rule, they take none. The state has control of education. To the school-teacher the parents have handed over the responsibility of their children's intellectual education; to the minister or the Sabbath school teacher they have entrusted their religious education. Too many parents now take almost no responsibility except to keep their children well clothed and well fed.

For the first seven years of the child's life he is almost entirely under the control of the parents. What he learns in those first years he never forgets. In those years the influence of his parents makes a lasting impression on his mind, an impression which no amount of teaching can ever eradicate. There, then, is the great responsibility of the parents. The child is commencing the great race of life and it is their duty to see that he gets the best possible start. As the twig is bent the tree will be inclined, and the parents must see that the twig is properly bent. This is a responsibility which they cannot transfer to anyone, which they should not wish to transfer to anyone. In these years begin to teach the child those great lessons which he will need through life; teach him integrity, honesty, uprightness; teach him to be truthful in great things and in small things, to be honorable, to be true to himself, to respect the rights of others. These things the school will teach him if it does its duty, but it cannot teach them to him as well as his parents can; the church will also teach him these lessons, but neither agency can teach them with the same effect as when they are taught in the home, and the fact that the



Women's Institute, Green Bay Ont.

siderable credit is due to the neatness and taste displayed by the Carlton Press, from which establishment the booklet comes.

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## Green Bay Institute, East Manitoulin

THE Green Bay Women's Institutes at their June meeting which was held at the home of Mrs. L. W. Fergusson, Miss Gilholm, of Bright, Ont., was the delegate in attendance.

All members were present at afternoon and evening sessions. It is such united effort on the part of these ladies that ranks Green Bay Institute as one of the best on the island.

The monthly meetings of this branch have been very largely attended and the discussion of the topics of universal interest to the home, as well as the friendly intercourse have been of inestimable benefit to the members.

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## Starkville Branch, West Durham District

THE Starkville branch of the Women's Institute held their picnic on Mrs. George Rutherford's lawn on Thursday, Sept. 3rd. About 130 were present, a number of ladies from the Hope branch being among the number. After some time spent in social intercourse a good programme was given. The President, Mrs. J. J. Reid, took the chair and gave an address on "Why we should join the Women's Institute." Well rendered solos were given by Miss Gertie Stewart, Orono; Miss Effie Cowan, Cowanville, and Rev. Mr. Bunner, Newtonville, and instrumental music by the string band. Mrs. Robt. Clemence, Kirby, gave an excellent recitation which was well received. Miss Stuart, Kendall, read a paper on "Canadian Authors" and Mrs. J. Mulligan, Starkville, on "Turkey Raising." After the programme an excellent supper was served on the lawn and all parted wishing the picnics could be held more often.

mercenary plan. Education is not cramming a child's head with facts, but, as its Latin root (e—out of, duco—I lead) indicates, it is the drawing out and developing of all the right faculties and tendencies which are already in the child.

A wrong impression of the purpose of education prevails generally. Many people suppose that, if their children's minds are becoming crammed with isolated facts, they are "getting along well in school." In educating the child, knowledge is imparted, but not for its own sake merely. Were the impartation of knowledge to be the be-all and end-all in education, how dull, how purposeless, how mechanical would that education be. The child learns a certain amount of arithmetic, of grammar, of geography. He learns to read and to write, but this knowledge is a means to an end, and that end is the building of a strong character, the formation of right habits of mind, the development of the child's faculties.

As an illustration of this consider your own case. How much do you remember of the rules of grammar? How often do you use a knowledge of advanced mathematics? Can you parse a perfect participle, a gerund or a gerundial infinitive? If you remember almost nothing of what you learned in school, of what use was your schooling to you? Do answer that, imagine what you would be had you never attended the school. You have seen children who have seldom

anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature and of the laws of her operations; one, who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions have been trained to come to hell by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature, or of art, to hate all

church and the school will teach these things does not in the least lessen the responsibility of the parents. During these years you can determine the use the child is going to make of his knowledge which he gains in school. That knowledge will be a power, but will it be a power for good or for evil? The parents decide that; the child's home-training decides it.

(To be continued)



Butter-Making Competition at Canadian National



Standing: Miss L. Shuttleworth, Mr. Geo. E. Putnam, Mrs. W. J. Ward  
Sitting: Miss L. Rose, Mrs. Jas. Gardner, Miss Susie Campbell

Women's Institute Executive at Canadian National

# All Hallowe'en

## Its Customs and Superstions



HERE is probably no evening of the year about which cling so many traditional fancies and observances as are associated with Hallowe'en or All Hallows Eve. It is the one night when supernatural agencies are supposed to manifest their presence to all who care to make tests. The various customs are purely pagan in derivation, springing from the days of witchcraft and superstition and there seems to be no connection between Hallowe'en and the ensuing All Saints' Day.

The practices which distinguish the night on which ghosts and spirits walk, while differing with the locality, are marked with a certain uniformity. Nuts and apples are in great demand, the former to such an extent that in the North of England, the night is called "Nutcack Night."

One of the most widely known customs is to put three nuts on the bars of a grate, one named after the girl who places them, the other two after lovers. If the nut named after a lover cracks or jumps, he is unfaithful, if it blazes, he has a regard for her, but if her nut and a lover's blaze together, they will be married.

Success in love may be foretold by hanging an apple by a string and snatching at it with the teeth. This may be varied by putting an apple on one end of a stick and a lighted candle on the other. The stick is suspended by a string and revolved, when each person in the party endeavors to catch the apple and at the same time escape the lit candle.

Ducking for apples may be practiced either for the amusement of the children, or it may be made a test by naming the apples, the one brought up by the "ducker" revealing the identity of the future husband or wife.

It is claimed that by holding a mirror in her hand and at the same time eating an apple, or holding a candle—either seems to work the charm—a girl will see the image of her future husband looking over her shoulder. Apple parings thrown over her left shoulder upon the floor will give her the initial of his Christian name.

Though the majority of these charms are successful at any time during the evening, the most auspicious time is on the stroke of midnight. Tea-cups read at that hour on Hallowe'en invariably, it is said, tell the truth.

In Scotland one of the time-honored rites is what is called "The Three Dishes." One is filled with clean water, one with dirty water, and the third is empty. Placed in a row on the hearth, the persons assembled are one by one blindfolded and advance to dip their fingers in one of the dishes. The clean water signifies that a maiden will be his wife, the dirty water, a widow, but if he dip his hand in the empty dish he is to be a bachelor. Bowls of water, coffee and tea are sometimes substituted, their meanings being respectively bride, widow, or spinster.

The different customs, and their variations are almost without number. The only requisite is that one must have implicit faith in the efficacy of the tests and for the most serious of them choose the midnight hour, for at that time the spirits appear to be in a most amenable frame of mind, as traditional examples have time and again shown.

Hallowe'en parties which have to a large extent taken the place of the rowdiness and destruction of property so prevalent on that night in many

places, may be made very enjoyable affairs. Where it is not desired to give a card party or dance, some of the above suggestions may be worked in along with the games or a taffy-pull, closing with the tests at midnight.

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## Poultry Notes for October

CARE should be taken just now of moulting chickens and other poultry that they do not take cold or otherwise contract disease.

Chickens that are moulting and have stopped laying may be easily fattened on a good grain ration or will fatten on almost anything. If they are not intended for the table care will have to be taken to keep them from spoiling for egg production.

This is the time to look after the hen-house and hen-run. Any draining or cleaning necessary should be done before the cold weather sets in. See that the hen-house is made weather-proof and that it is thoroughly lime washed or otherwise protected against vermin.

Select your stock for breeding for next season, allow an extra bird or two for casualties or weeding out. It will be necessary now to resume the feeding of warm breakfasts discontinued through the summer.

Push on late hatched chickens for table use and give the pullets coming on to lay a little meat two or three times a week.

Be on the watch for wheezing or colds at this time of the year on account of the change of weather.

Geese and turkeys required for the market should be fed with this point in view from this on.

For fattening geese a liberal allowance of ground meal should be given also plenty of grain.

For fattening ducks, feed on ground grain, meal and beef scraps made into a mash. Barley is also excellent. Nothing should be fed that will give the meat a bad flavor.

To fatten turkeys, confine them to an enclosure or house and feed them heavily twice a day morning and evening. Where the birds are allowed a limited range they can be given three meals a day. Allow to fast a day before killing to clear the crops.

A good fattening ration for turkeys is a mash of finely ground oats and milk in the morning and whole grain at night. Boiled vegetables, table scraps and a little milk can be added to the mash.

The best results in killing both

turkeys and geese is secured by bleeding at the mouth, this is done by cutting the roof of the mouth at the base of the brain and with a narrow sharp knife lengthways and across. Death is said to be instantaneous and painless. Dislocation of the neck is done by many persons in preference to the manner just described. The neck is broken about two inches from the head.

During killing and plucking the bird should be held so that its head will hang downwards.

The following is recommended for the extermination of lice and disease germs:—

Corrosive sublimate, 4 ounces; Common Salt, 4 ounces.

Dissolve in two to four quarts of water. When completely dissolved, dilute to 25 gallons. With this carefully spray every crevice, nook and corner of the house. As the solution is highly poisonous, care should be observed in handling it. Follow by whitewashing the premises. Before returning the fowls to the poultry house, see that they are entirely free from vermin.

\* \* \*

## Bulbs in Winter



BULBS for out-door planting should be set if possible, by the middle of September, and this rule applies with equal force to bulbs for winter flowering. It is not necessary to keep the bulbs out of the ground until late in the season in order to secure a late bloom. They are retarded and kept from flowering, by holding them back from light and warm temperature.

Bulbs should be potted early because bulbs out of the ground part with

their vitality rapidly, and those ordered and planted late suffer greatly in consequence of this loss. A good soil for bulbs is one composed of ordinary garden loam, sand, and well decayed manure in equal parts. One third sand may seem too large a proportion for the loam and manure, but it is not.

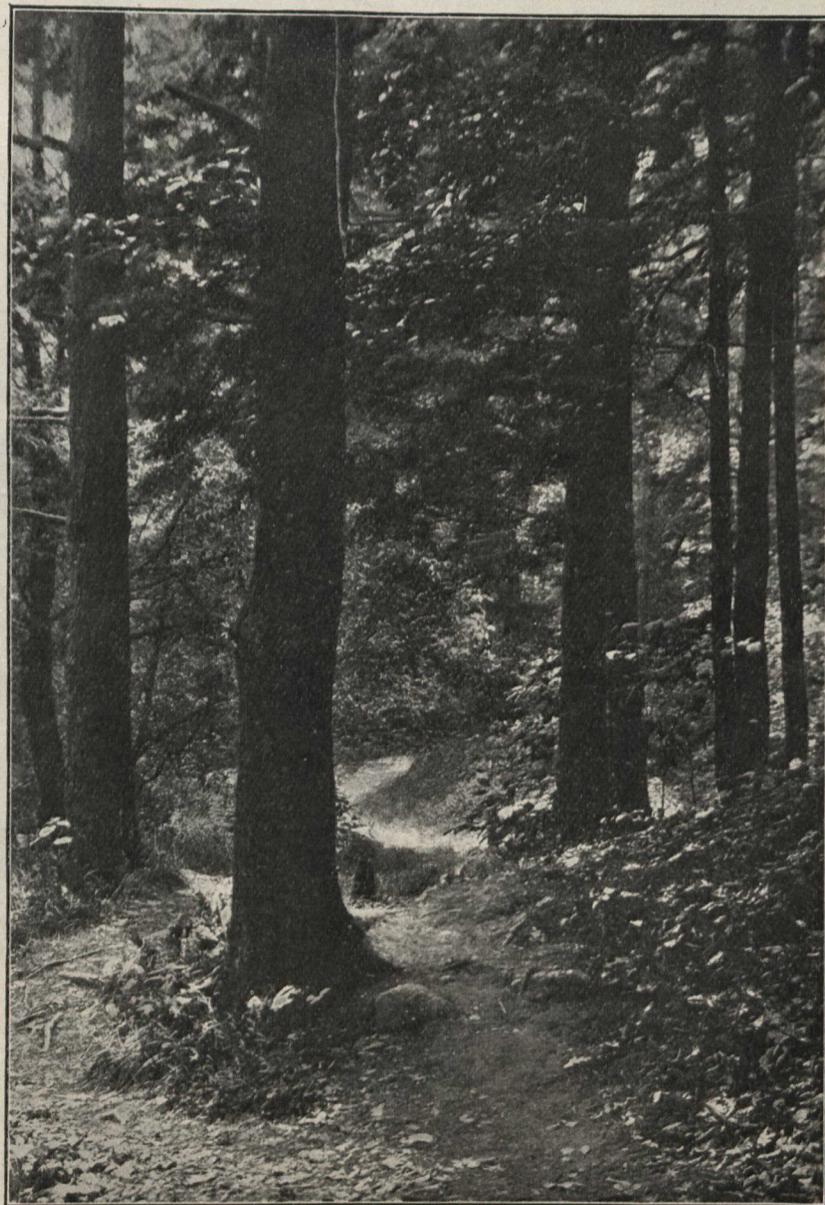
The bulbs are usually planted in the open ground in October, hyacinths at distances of 9 inches apart, tulips and tonquils at 6 inches, crocuses and snow-drops to produce a good effect at 3 inches.

As soon as their flowering is over in spring, verbenas or other bedding plants should be placed in the beds, as the bulbs are not sufficiently ripened to lift before June or July.

The pots for indoor planting should be from 5 to 7 inches in diameter the moulds should be placed in them rather loosely to the rim, the bulb pressed down so that only about one third of it remains above the top of the soil; the pot is then struck smartly on a bench so as to give the soil the proper degree of firmness, which will bring it down to an inch or so below the rim of the pot. Water freely, when potted, to still further settle the soil. The pots should now be placed in some situation where it is cool and dark, so as to encourage a strong development of roots before the bulb starts at the top; such a situation may be formed by covering the pots with four or five inches of sand in a cool cellar, or by embedding them in a trench in the open ground, covered over with soil, and sufficient litter placed above to keep out the frost, so that they can be got at when wanted. As they begin to grow, water should be freely given, so that the earth may be moistened to the bottom of the pot, for if stinted in water while growing, the flower will be smaller and not brilliant in color.

Bulbs should be allowed from six weeks to two months in which to make roots before being forced to flower. Drainage must be provided as bulbs are more susceptible to injury from insufficient drainage than ordinary plants are, and will not grow well if the soil about them is heavy and not wet.

Plants should not be placed at once in a warm room. A room adjoining one in which there is a fire is better for them if it is frost-proof than one in which the temperature is likely to run up to 65 degrees or 70 degrees. When in bloom, keep them as cool as possible if the flowers are wanted to last for some time.



The Woods in October

Photo by A. H. O. Freemantle

## Culinary Conceits

**Nut Cocoa Cake**—Cream, one cup of sugar with two-thirds cup of butter, add three well beaten egg yolks. Add alternately two and a half cups of flour sifted, with two and a half teaspoons of baking powder and one cup of milk. Beat three stiffly beaten whites of eggs into the batter, with one quarter cup of cocoa and one cup of mixed walnuts and pecan meats which have been slightly floured. Bake in a shallow pan and cover with the following: mix two tablespoons of butter with half cup of cocoa, add one cup of confectioner's sugar and a quarter cup of thin cream. Boil about five minutes add pinch of salt and beat until creamy. Flavor with vanilla.

**Swiss Salad**—Mix one cup of cold cooked chicken cut in cubes, one cucumber pared and cut in cubes, one cup of chopped walnut meats, one cup of French peas. Moisten with dressing and serve on lettuce leaf.

**Egg Sandwich**—Cook one egg until hard, remove the shell and put it in a hot bowl with one tablespoon of butter, one quarter teaspoon worcestershire sauce, pinch of salt and paprika. Chop the egg and spread on hot toast.

**Dutchmen**—Cream, one cup of butter with two cups of sugar, add one cup of sour cream, one of sweet milk and flour, enough to make a soft dough sifted with one teaspoon each of salt and soda. Roll one fourth of an inch thick, sprinkle liberally with cinnamon and roll up like a jelly cake, slice off and bake in pans like cookies. Serve with coffee for breakfast.

**Rolled Ham and Steak**—Roll a one pound slice of ham in two pounds of steak and tie securely. Place the roll on a wire stand in a kettle and pour over it two cups of cold water. Cover and pot roast it never allowing the water to become less than half a pint. Thicken stock with browned flour and serve with baked potatoes.

**Potatoes Hashed with Green Pepper**—To the usual mashed browned potatoes, add chopped bacon in the proportion of one slice to each person and minced red or green peppers a sixth of a pepper for every two people. The pepper will be much nicer if boiled before using, but will do raw.

**Oatmeal Cakes**—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one scant cup of lard, one cup of raisins, four tablespoons of sour milk, three quarters of a teaspoon of soda one teaspoon salt, two cups of flour, two cups rolled oats, two teaspoons of cinnamon, these must be very stiff. Drop on buttered tin.

**Salmon Cheese**—One can of salmon chopped fine, six soda biscuits rolled, three eggs, one cup of sweet milk, a small piece of butter, pepper and salt to taste, steam two hours. Serve with drawn butter sauce.

**Bean Soup**—Put one quart of beans to soak over night. Put over fire in the morning with one gallon of cold water and about two pounds of salt pork. Boil slowly about three hours add a little pepper, a few sticks of celery boiled is an improvement. Strain through a colander.

**Scalloped Onions**—Boil till tender six large onions, take them up, drain and separate them, put a layer of bread or biscuit crumbs in a pudding dish, then a layer of onions, alternately until the dish is full, season with pepper and salt, add a little butter, moisten with milk and brown half an hour in the oven.

**Date Cake**—One cup of butter, two cups of white sugar, one cup of sweet milk, four eggs, two and a half cups of flour, one and a half teaspoons of

baking powder, one pound of seeded raisins chopped, one pound of dates chopped, half pound of almonds, quarter pound of citron peel. Bake in slow oven about two hours.

**Cookies**—One cup of white sugar, one cup of butter, one egg, two cups of flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon vanilla. Roll very thin.

**Charlotte Russe**—Two cups of cream whipped with a wire egg beater, whites of two eggs beaten stiff, one cup of granulated sugar, two heaping teaspoons of Knox's gelatine, dissolved in two tablespoons of cold water; in twenty minutes add two tablespoons of boiling water, add the sugar to the cream after it is whip-

ped, then the gelatine and lastly the egg. Beat till quite light and put into a mold. Flavor with vanilla.

**Rhubarb Wine**—Three and one half pounds of rhubarb cut in small pieces to one gallon of boiling water. Let this stand for ten days stirring each day, then strain and to each gallon of liquid allow three pounds of granulated sugar, let this stand for three days, add a cake of yeast and let stand seven days longer skimming as the scum rises, when you cannot bear it fermenting add five cents worth of isinglass, strain and bottle.

**Applesauce Cake**—One cup of sugar half cup of butter, one cup of applesauce with one teaspoon of soda stirred into it, half cup of raisins, half

cup currants a few chopped nuts, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves, pinch of salt, one and three quarter cups of flour. Bake in slow oven.

**Pickled Apples**—Take ripe hard, sweet apples, peel if the apples are perfect leave them whole, otherwise cut in quarters. To a peck of apples take about two quarts of vinegar and four pounds of sugar, half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of mace, half an ounce of allspice, all unground, one teaspoon mustard, a little salt. Heat vinegar and sugar till it boils, skim well, put spices into muslin bag add t o vinegar then put in your apples, boil slowly until soft. Take out the apples, let the vinegar boil down pour over the fruit.



## What This Bottle Will Do

Here's a new thing — a wonderful thing — the invention of a German scientist — a bottle that keeps any liquid *boiling hot without heat, or ice cold without ice* —

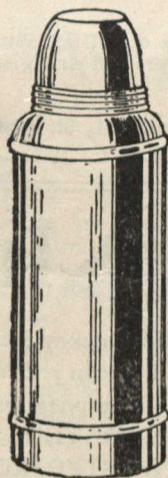
## The Thermos Bottle

No chemicals—no acids—nothing but one glass bottle inside of another with a space between from which all the air has been removed, forming a vacuum. All you do is simply pour in your coffee, or milk, or soup, of any other liquid as hot or as cold as you want it and the Thermos Bottle will keep it *hot for 24 hours or cold for 72 hours*.

**Motoring** Take Thermos Bottles filled with any liquids you want at any temperature you like, and no matter where you go or what happens you have refreshments at hand. There's a Thermos Bottle Basket to contain six bottles made for automobiles. Also a leather auto case for two bottles.

**Outings** When picnicing, yachting, hunting, canoeing — on any kind of trip — you can have hot drink or cold drinks always ready if you put them into Thermos Bottles before you start.

**Traveling** No more vain longing for a refreshing drink on tedious railroad journeys. Simply put into your grip one or two Thermos Bottles filled with hot or cold liquids.



**Luncheon** At the office, the shop, anywhere, the Thermos Bottle will provide you with hot coffee or cold milk for luncheon, making the noon-day meal more enjoyable, refreshing and invigorating.

**Sick Room** The Thermos Bottle will keep medicines and nourishment at the right temperature, and make it easy to have hot or cold drinks, hot water or ice water always at the bedside. Saves step for nurses — a boon for invalids who are left alone.

**For Baby** The Thermos Bottle keeps baby's milk warm and sweet day or night, making it easy for mothers and nurses. Filled, cleaned and emptied same as any ordinary bottle.

Thermos Bottles are sold at the leading department stores, hardware stores, drug stores, jewelry stores, leather goods stores, automobile supply stores — everywhere. Pint and quart sizes. Prices from \$3.50 up. *Send for free booklet.*

**CANADIAN THERMOS BOTTLE CO., LTD., Montreal**

## AWAKE WITH A SMILE

A refreshing sleep fits one for the duties of the day whether they be in the home, the store, or the arduous toil of laborer.



### It is Poor Economy

To provide good victuals and kill it all with a miserable bed. It would pay to reverse this policy.

### As Sweet as Childhood's dreams

Will be the rest of those who understand the philosophy of recuperation and who follow the policy of a good bed no matter what else.

### "CANFEALINE"

Is the name that stands in Canada for good beds. Clean, odorless, vermin proof. :: :: :: ::

**Canada Feather & Mattress Co., Limited**  
TORONTO OTTAWA

## CYCLONE INSECTICIDE

is not only SURE DEATH to Roaches, Bed Bugs, Water Bugs, Moths and Insects of all descriptions but is positively antiseptic and disinfectant for all infectious diseases.

CYCLONE is used the year round; Kitchen Sinks, Drains Closets and all noxious places are rendered safe and inodorous by its use.

Positively non-staining. Used with absolute safety on FURS, Plush Suits, etc. None just as good as CYCLONE. Sold by grocers and druggists everywhere. A trial 1/2 pint tin postpaid for 25 cents.

Manufactured by THE EMPIRE CHEMICAL CO., 49 Princess St., St. John, N.B.

## Free Free

We will give absolutely free a pair of splendid Hockey Skates to every boy or girl, lady or gentleman, selling 2 dozen packages of our Court Plaster at 10c. per package. Send no money, we trust you, only your name and address to CONSOLIDATED SPECIALTY COMPANY, 16 Van Horne St., WEST TORONTO.



**Aluminum Vessels**—Aluminum is becoming a favorite metal for kitchen utensils. It is higher in price, but very satisfactory. Not so heavy and easily kept clean and bright.

**Open at Night**—Night air will ventilate a cellar more thoroughly and cause less humidity, than the hot air of midday. Open the windows at sunset and leave them open until six in the morning, the air will be cooler and dryer than if the cellar was closed at night and open during the day.

**Polishing Cut Glass**—Sawdust and chamois as polishers after the cut glass has been thoroughly washed in soap-suds will make it sparkle.

**Cleaning Egg Spoons**—Rub egg spoons with liquid ammonia and salt to remove discoloration caused by the sulphur in the egg.

**Pewter in Fashion**—The woman who has cherished as heirlooms the old time pewter platters or dishes of any kind, finds herself just in fashion, by way of table appointments.

**Protecting Infants' Eyes**—Oculists wisely advise that the lining of a child's carriage parasol should be dark green of rather thick material, both summer and winter as the wind and glare of the sun on the snow in winter is as hard on the eyes as the brighter rays of the sun in summer.

**For Open Windows**—Many people cannot sleep with the windows open at night in damp weather, a screen that will admit the air but not the dampness can easily be made. Take a thin piece of flannel, fasten it to a fly screen and put in the open window. Cheese cloth will answer the purpose as well as flannel.

**A Kitchen Screen**—A screen to screen off any part of the kitchen is sometimes a very handy thing to have. Have a frame made the required size enameled in white, cover with blue

and white oil cloth, put on with brass tacks, give it a coat of waterproof varnish so that it may be easily kept clean.

**A Stencil Hint**—One who has had great success in stenciling says, dip the stencils in very hot paraffin. This prevents the colors from blurring and the stencils wear much longer.

**Thickening Gravy**—A very good way to thicken gravy for pot roasts or stews is to put a piece of graham bread in with the meat. It may be easily pressed through a strainer it is nicer than flour thickening. Whilst bread may be used.

**Mussed Summer Gowns**—Summer gowns which are mussed and even slightly soiled, if sponged all over with water to which a little starch is added rolled up and left for a short time and then ironed, look as if they had never been worn and keep their newness a long time.

**What to Wear**—Fair women who flush easily should avoid light blue, more especially for evening gowns, and the woman of indefinite coloring, should never wear black velvet, while she of brilliant complexion and decided features, will probably look splendid in it. Then again the dullness of chiffon is trying to some and the shine of satin to others. The only way to come to a decision in these matters is to hold the various materials up before you and study the effect in the glass.

**How does She do It?**—An industrious housemaid boastfully tells how she always gets her rooms dusted and swept and the beds made before anybody in the house is up.

**Worth Knowing**—If in preserving, the fruit is burned or caught onto the bottom of the kettle, cover the burnt portion at once with fresh fat and heat. It will be absorbed and the substance will peel off, leaving the kettle uninjured. The fat must be fresh as salt would cause it to adhere.

**Green Vegetables**—Soak in salt water before cooking.

**Pure Milk**—If you cannot get absolutely reliable milk straight from a healthy cow and from a clean farm or dairy do the next best thing especially if you are using it for drinking or especially for children. Put it in a clean granite saucepan and heat it until it reaches 155 deg. F. and keep it there for at least five minutes. Strain through sterilized cheese cloth into a sterilized sealer, close and put on ice. It will be free of germs and keep sweet for days. Get a little cooking thermometer it will be handy for plenty of things such as making taffy. The best way to sterilize vessels is to cover them with cold water and bring to a boil. Cheese cloth may be sterilized by dry heat in an oven and should be thereafter kept in a sterilized sealer. If in doubt about milk "cook" it even if you boil it although that spoils the taste and never give it to invalids or children until you are sure it is tolerably germ free. You can put it down that most of the milk is dirty.

## AT 8 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

your wash will all be out on the line. Think of it!—and you yourself not a bit tired but fit to sit down and enjoy a comfortable breakfast. That's what will happen if your washing is done with a

### "1900 GRAVITY" WASHER

It will not only wash a tubful of clothes in six minutes and do it better than hand work or machines which work on the washboard principle, but it will save many times its cost by preserving your health, strength, time, and your money by making your clothes last longer.

When you hear of a good thing, why not see it and try it. This will cost you nothing if you avail yourself of our

### EXTRAORDINARY FREE TRIAL OFFER

We are the only people on the continent that make nothing but washing machines and that are willing to send a washer on

**ONE MONTH'S FREE TRIAL** to any responsible party—without any advance payment or deposit whatsoever.

Write to-day for our handsome booklet with half tone illustrations showing the methods of washing in different countries of the world and our own machine in natural colors—sent free on request.

Address me personally, H. J. A. BACH, Manager

THE 1900 WASHER CO., 355 Yonge Street, TORONTO, CANADA

The above free offer is not good in Toronto and suburbs—special arrangements are made for this district.

We ship it free anywhere and pay all the freight ourselves. You wash with it for a month as if you owned it. Then if it doesn't do all we claim for it, ship it back to us at our expense. Could any offer be fairer?

Look for this Label on the Tub. None Genuine without it.



# SUNSHINE DEPARTMENT



Conducted by MISS MINA MACDONALD

Society Motto: Good Cheer  
 Color: Imperial Purple  
 Flower: Corcopis  
 Headquarters: 4876 Sherbrooke Street,  
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 In writing for information enclose a 2-cent stamp.



**I**KNEW, of course that as soon as the Home Journal became the official channel of the Sunshine Society the news of our work would reach many thousands every

month, and I naturally expected a generous acknowledgement of interest and have not been disappointed. Letters have come in from all parts of Canada, indeed many more than the regular subscribers have heard of us because so many who subscribe for the Journal "pass it on" to three or more friends. In one little settlement one sunshiner receives it, passes it on to the school-teacher, who in turn passes it on to the post-mistress who "passes on" to another friend so the good work of Sunshine will soon become better known and rays of sunshine will be brought to many hearts and homes.

Through the medium of the Journal a lending library is being established in a village in Manitoba and books "passed on" to lonely homesteaders; a wish is expressed for pretty scripture texts to hang up in the shacks. A lady, wife of a minister writes: "I have been much interested in the Sunshine page, how much I wish I could do more," I often say in the words of Cecil Rhodes: "So much to do and so little done." Would it be possible to send near Christmas time some dolls and little toys or picture books? In going around the country with my husband, I see so many little children and some of them have never had a doll, I often wish I had something for them to brighten their little lives."

Speaking of Christmas I think it is not too early for readers of the Journal and friends to begin plans for Christmas. Begin now and pack your boxes for Sunshine. Children can band together and help fill the empty stockings. Keeping Christmas is such a privilege.

Form a Sunshine Empty Stocking Club. Would you like to know the origin of the "Empty Stocking Clubs?" They sprang from a drawing by M. F. Woolf, that bore the title "Where Christmas is but a name." The picture showed the disappointment of two little children one Christmas morning, who at the first break of dawn got up to find the stockings they had hung up the night before as lean and lank as they were when they took their last look at them just before going to bed. Little did the artist dream of the great good that would come from this picture. Those little empty stockings appealed to every one who saw them and empty stocking clubs sprang up in most unexpected places and at most unexpected times.

The members of one club I know of all keep a note book and when ever they hear of a boy or girl that Santy is not likely to remember, the name of that boy or girl is put down in the note book. That means that the stockings hung up on the wall in this little one's home will be full to the very top on Christmas morning.

The money in the club's treasury is drawn upon and every empty stocking to be found is filled. All enjoy the buying. I would like to see a Sunshine Empty Stocking Club in every county in Canada.

Christmas will be here before you know it.

With these suggestions I hope you will write to me and say you have formed a club, every member of which promises to fill one empty stocking at Christmas. Fill first the stockings in your own neighborhood—then if you have anything pretty left send them to me to "pass on" or I will tell you of many brave little men and women living in isolated districts, whose lives will be made bright the whole year round by your gifts.

What brighter work could you do especially at Christmas time than form a Sunshine Empty Stocking Club. I will help you—every body will help you. Ten members is all that is necessary. Elect your president, secretary and treasurer and then write to me. Begin right away, form your branches, hold your exercises and gather in your pennies. You might have what some members call "Sunshine Barrels"—tiny wooden barrels with a slit in the top that will easily take in five or ten cent pieces. Try and fill a barrel full of money for your empty stocking fund. Then meet and open the barrel and count your money. After you have cared for all the little ones in your vicinity don't forget me. I am in correspondence with many who wait and watch for the mail. For about all the Sunshine that reaches them comes from us and generally carried by a two cent stamp. What would they do do you think if they received a plump stocking at Christmas time? Because the children have their tiny barrels that does not bar the fathers and mothers from having big barrels—real flour barrels to put their sunshine gifts in.

There are a great many old ladies living in "Homes." The stockings of these old ladies will not be filled unless we do it and there are also the invalids and shut-ins to be remembered, but don't forget the children.

I will look anxiously for letters from Home Journal readers and friends.

Address all letters to Miss Mina Macdonald, 4876 Sherbrooke St., Westmont.

\*\*\*

## EMPTY STOCKINGS

Oh, mothers in homes that are happy,  
 Where Christmas comes laden with cheer,

Where the children are dreaming already  
 Of the merriest day in the year.

As you gather your darlings around you  
 And tell them the "story of old,"

Remember the homes that are dreary!  
 Remember the hearts that are cold!

And, thanking the love that has dowered you  
 With all that is dearest and best,

Give freely that from your abundance  
 Some bare little life may be blest!

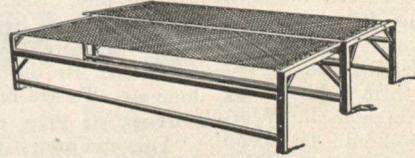
Oh, go where the stockings hang empty,  
 Where Christmas is naught but a name,

And give—for the love of the Christ-child;  
 'Twas to seek such as these that He came.

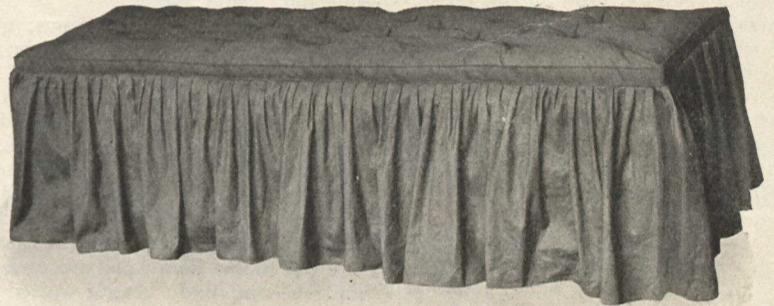
—Ellen Manly.



## THE "TORONTO" EXTENSION STEEL BED COUCH



Open for Use as a Bed.



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Indispensable for the Summer Home, Hotel, Sick Room or small Dwelling where space is limited. Your Furniture Dealer will tell you more about it.

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**THE TORONTO BEDDING CO. LIMITED**

MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG



## An Expert Opinion

From a lady who takes a deep interest in the Canadian National Exhibition and who is thoroughly competent to express an opinion the Home Journal in an interview secured the following criticism of the woman's department of that great enterprise.

"The time has come when the Canadian National Exhibition should thoroughly represent nationally the Canadian people in the character as well as the diversity of their products. It should therefore represent the Canadian woman more thoroughly than it can possibly at present as the facilities offered do not encourage an adequate representation of her work.

As to food products there seems to be no attempt to secure an intelligent display and the means for display and judging are also poor. One could not but smile at the incongruity of some of the goods shown. There should be more definite lines laid down for competition in the various classes.

While it is interesting to see some of the old fashioned patch quilts and figure out the pieces of material and hours of work involved, these should not be encouraged to take the place of more sensible displays.

The embroidery work this year was worth seeing, the display being large and interesting. It is pleasing to notice the development in the line of embroidered waists, dresses, etc. The children's outfits made up another good feature that must have been appreciated.

The weaving exhibits were particularly interesting and this important industry should be encouraged but one could not but notice the remarkable difference between the products of Ontario and Quebec. That of Ontario showed a crudeness and lack of artistic sense in coloring that marred to a considerable extent any excellence of workmanship. The Quebec women in their work evidence an adherence to

tradition brought from Britain and France three hundred years ago that gives character to their productions. The Woman's Art Association of Canada has done much to encourage correct ideals in this department. An example of the failure to appreciate the artistic sense referred to was a hooked rug in wool of an oriental pattern spoiled by the use of aniline dyes.

One cannot but be struck with the fact that the pillow cushion is being largely overdone. There were two or three embroidered linen cushions that somewhat redeemed the display.

In handicraft the women of Canada are just making a beginning and it will not be long until in book-binding, pottery-making, wood carving, jewelry and stencilling we will have a display well worth inspection.

The proper classification of laces this year has seemingly borne good fruit. Amongst the real laces were goodly exhibits in needle, bobbin, filet, reticella, honiton and duchess with excellent examples of Irish crochet laces, matase and guipure. The exhibit of lace making must have been of considerable advantage to amateurs and should create an impression in favor of better laces than have been in vogue in the past.

Of the China painting it may be said that about one fourth was of real merit, the balance ranging from passable to impossible. There were some things that could compete with anything in the world, but these were in the main so crowded as to be difficult to pick out. There is need for better classification. Amongst the best things were several vases and jugs of conventional design, two dinner services a crown Derby, and a number of odd articles.

The Italian laces, embroidery and weaving were worth inspection and ought to have good educational effect.

## Betty of the Rectory

(Continued from page 12)

He was without his drug; he was without his prescription. All the mental depression which invariably followed a strong dose was beginning to visit him. He almost cursed his own carelessness in having left the little bottle of globules at the Rectory. He felt inclined to go to fetch them. He felt a mad desire for them; he hardly knew how to contain himself. What should he do? How should he spend the night? He would not go back to Betty; he could not face her. He felt it absolutely impossible to take the doctor's advice. He must have recourse to the drug once again.

Presently, utterly weary, for he had eaten nothing since early breakfast, he entered a small inn not far from the station, ordered some food, and then, returning to the railway station, sent off a telegram:

"Don't expect me to-night. Quite well, but kept on business."

He was just about to push the little form through the slit for the telegraph boy to take, when a hand, light as a feather, was laid on his arm, and turning, he saw Betty herself.

"Good Heavens!" he said, starting back and fixing his wondering, anxious eyes on her face. "My darling, where have you come from?"

She laughed just a little; then she said gently.

"I was waiting for you outside the doctor's."

"Betty, I never told you I was going to see any doctor, and I hate to be followed."

He tried to push Betty's clinging hand from his arm.

"If you didn't want me to follow you," she said very gently, "you should not have left the doctor's letter on your dressing-table. I saw it; I told no one; I just went out to wait for you. Before I could come up to you, you had got into a hansom and driven away. There was nothing for me to do but to follow you in another hansom. I did; I followed you down here. I thought I would let you be alone for a little; but now you want me and I am here. Is the telegram which you have just written meant for me?"

"Yes, Bettina."

She felt by the tone in his voice that he was no longer sorry to have her with him. She placed her hand with renewed confidence on his arm.

"Let us go to the hotel," she said. "It is quite nice; I have been there already. The people know that I am waiting for my husband. Come back with me, dear."

Pevensey followed his wife obediently. After the first shock he felt astonishingly cheered and comforted by her presence. She was, after all, next best to his globules.

They entered the little inn. Betty went at once to speak to the landlady.

"My husband and I want the very best bedroom you can give us," she said, "we wish to have a fire lighted immediately in the room. Have you a private sitting-room?"

"No, madam."

The woman was attracted by Betty's sweet face. She then looked beyond her at the haggard man who was standing more or less in shadow. Suddenly she recognized him.

"Why, sir, you have already ordered a room and—dinner."

"Yes," he answered. "I did not know I should find my wife here."

He took out his card and gave it to the woman. She read the name on it: "The Reverend Geoffrey Pevensey."

She looked at Betty.

"I'll do the very best I can for you both, madam. There isn't a private sitting-room, but I think I can manage to let you have the coffee-room to yourselves; there are no visitors staying at the hotel to-night, and I'll arrange that any casual callers shall have dinner in the bar."

"You are very kind—very kind indeed," said Betty. Then she added, in

a very low tone: "My husband is not quite well, and noise disturbs him."

"Oh, yes, madam! I quite understand. Alice, take Mrs. Pevensey up to No. 6, and see that a fire is lighted immediately. About your luggage, ma'am?"

Betty colored.

"Neither my husband nor I have brought any," she said. "The fact is"—she dropped her voice—"I followed him down here to-day as he was not very well. He didn't know that I had done so. We are returning to town to-morrow."

"Yes, ma'am; certainly, ma'am. I think I can lend you all you require for the night."

"Oh, how kind of you! that will be splendid," said Betty.

She gave one of her joyous, girlish smiles, and the woman felt her heart warming to the pretty creature.

No. 6 was a good-sized bedroom with heavy, comfortable, old-fashioned furniture. It had a huge fireplace, and the servant piled on large knobs of coal. Dinner was presently served in a corner of the coffee-room; a screen was put round to make this portion of the room more private and cosy, and the landlady herself waited upon the guests.

"Somehow, ma'am," she said suddenly to Betty, "I have a feeling that I've seen your face before."

Betty looked at her in surprise.

"I have never been to Godalming before," she said. "Are you an old inhabitant?"

"An old inhabitant!" said Mrs. Jenks. "Jenks and me—we've kept the Red Lion for the last twenty years. I have seen your face, though—now let me think." Then her brow cleared. "To be sure!" she said, "and what a good likeness it do be. You never give your photograph to anybody, did you, ma'am?"

"Oh, I am sure I have, to several people."

"To a woman, for instance, of the Even the rector looked up interested. name of Hinton?—a woman who lived through a great and terrible trouble."

"Do you know Mrs. Hinton?" he said. "My wife and I have been—oh! so terribly sorry for her."

"Do I know her?" said Mrs. Jenks, her cheeks blazing and eyes shining. "Am not I own cousin to her? and didn't Jack—the dear boy—spend many of his holidays at Godalming when he were a child? Ah—poor thing! poor thing! It's but a week since she left me. She comes here on a little visit, and could talk of no one but your dear young lady, sir, and all that she done for her in the midst of her trouble. She showed me your lady's photograph, sir, and said she wouldn't part with it for its weight in diamonds. Ah, to be sure, poor thing—she is to be pitied."

Betty and her husband asked several questions with regard to Mrs. Hinton, and the landlady, who now could not do enough for them, hurried backwards and forwards into the room, bringing one good thing to eat after another.

"We live plain here," she said, "but we live well—the best meat in the country, and the plumpest fowls, and the freshest eggs, and home-cured bacon, and—my word! as to preserves—you have but to name 'em, ma'am, and I'll get you any sort you fancy."

"We have had an excellent meal," said Betty, in her sweet voice, "and you have been so very kind, Mrs. Jenks, and I cannot tell you how thankful I am to hear something of Mrs. Hinton again, for I love her most truly. But now, my husband is very weary, and I do not think we want anything more."

"You want quiet, not my rattling tongue," said Mrs. Jenks, who spoke however, in the height of good humor. "Well, my dear young lady, and you shall have your quiet; not a soul shall enter this coffee-room to-night except your two selves. Jane shall bring you in coffee when you ring—and my coffee ain't the sort to be scorned—and real cream, too fresh from the cow."

The good woman withdrew. Betty lit a cigarette and gave it to her husband. She stole up close to him and slipped her hand through his arm.

"Geoff, are you so dead tired that you would rather go to bed and to sleep, and wait until morning for a real talk, or shall we have it now?" "Go to sleep?" he answered. "I shall not sleep all night."

"Then, if necessary," said Betty, in her sweet, clear tone, "we will talk all night."

He did not answer. He seemed to shrink from her. She knew this quite well, but was not hurt or surprised.

"Geoff, you remember the compact we made with each other on our wedding day?"

"Yes, yes," he said. "I was mad to make it."

"No, darling, but the time has come for us to keep our compact. My own Geoffrey, I must know exactly what is troubling you—I must know all about that thing which is undermining your health and destroying your usefulness. I have known for a long time—for months past—that something was wrong, but I could not guess what it was. Now, I will know. Geoffrey, I claim your promise. You cannot do without my support and my sympathy. Whatever your secret is, we must share it together."

He looked full at her with that strained expression in his eyes which was so terrible to see. Betty longed to put her soft white hand gently across his brow and close those eyes in soft sleep.

"Oh, poor darling! He cannot—he shall not stand it another hour alone!" she thought.

"Now, Geoff," she said then, cheerfully; "you know I am not at all a weak sort of girl, and as to my being troubled with nerves—I don't think I have got any."

"Oh, come, Betty," he said; "you remember what you felt at Mrs. Hinton's."

"I am stronger since then; I learned a lesson that night," she said in a low tone.

"It seems to me you are always learning lessons," he answered. "You are almost perfect; you are ten thousand times too good for me."

"That is for me to decide," she replied. "You are the one man in all the world I love, or could ever have loved, and I would rather be with you, my Geoffrey, even though you were to tell me now that you were the greatest sinner on God's earth, or that you were mad, or going to be mad, or that anything—anything on God's earth was going to happen to you, than be the wife of another. But there is one thing I cannot stand, and that is, to find myself outside your life."

"Outside, Betty; what do you mean?"

"My dear old boy," she said, and now she laid her hand on his knee, "you know perfectly well that your Betty is outside your life. Your real life is spent in your study"—she gave him a keen glance—"your real life means a mask over your face and your poor sad thoughts turned inwards—ever inwards; your real life forgets faith and the love of God, and the strength of God, and the mighty guiding hand of God. Your real life, Geoffrey, is lived when you slip away from me, your Betty, and go and see a man like Sir Preston Dykes—alone. Geoff, while you were in the great doctor's house I found out that he was a special nerve doctor; in short, that many people who suppose themselves to be on the verge of insanity consult him. I had to find out; I had, as it were, to act the spy upon you, my own Geoff, for I could not stand living outside your life any longer. So take me in now, dear, take me in now."

She fell on her knees beside him, and opened her warm, round, young arms, and folded them round his neck, and all of a sudden he found a great sob rising to his throat, and tears filled his eyes and ran down his cheeks.

"Oh, Betty, Betty!" he said; "you

are saying to me in your own way what Sir Preston Dykes has said already. He urged and urged me to make you my confidante."

Betty was very gentle now that she found she had won. She was a creature with infinite tact and abundant tenderness, and with little or no thought of self in her nature. She sank slowly down to the hearthrug, looking as she did so almost like a child, but the strong light in those brown eyes and the steadfast tenderness of those lips belonged to a woman; and the man who looked down at her took courage.

"Well, I will tell you," he said suddenly. "It came upon me as a crash. I only heard it three days before my wedding."

"And who—who told you then?" said Betty.

He bent down and whispered a word in her ear.

"Not your—your mother?"

"Yes."

Betty trembled and clenched her hands. After a minute she looked up. "Go on," she said. "I never, never did like Lady Pevensey."

"Oh, Betty, my darling, it was her duty."

"Why did she tell you then? Did she want you not to marry me?"

"There is no use in judging her, Betty; she told me what is a fact. I blame her for not having given me the information before."

"Well, tell me what she said, and let us get it over," said Betty.

She did not know why she felt almost cheerful, but the fact was that she had very little belief in Lady Pevensey and was almost sure that whatever bad news she had to confide to her son she would exaggerate to suit her own purpose.

"My mother was always queer to me," began the Rector; "very affectionate at times, proud of me at times but at other times neglectful, even resentful. I think Laura was her favorite, although Laura never treated her with the respect which I showed her."

"Laura is very good for all that," said Betty, stoutly. "I like her; she is so honest."

"Yes, isn't she?" said Pevensey; "quite a splendid girl all round."

"Different from anyone else I have ever met," said Betty.

"Yes, Laura has always been what one might call peculiar from her very earliest days," said the Rector. "She was born with an intensely strong will of her own, and as her father died when she was a very little child, she has ruled my mother from the first."

"Don't think of her now," said Betty, a little impatiently. "Tell me what your mother said."

"She told me my family history."

"Oh, I know the sort of things," said Betty, with impatience. "You're consumptive, or—something of that sort."

"Worse than that, Betty."

"Worse?" said the girl.

"Yes, very much worse. The taint does not come from my father's side of the family. The Pevenseys are all healthy, but my poor mother confessed to me with bitter tears that she was the one to blame—that she married my father without telling him her secret."

"What secret, Geoff?" asked his wife. "I fail to understand."

"It is a very curious and strange state of things, and as my mother married my father without telling him, I blame her for letting me know at all. She excused herself by saying that she had suffered so fearfully by never having told my father that she could not allow me to marry without giving me full particulars with regard to her family history."

"Well, well," said Betty, "I don't suppose it is half as bad as she made it out."

"You are wrong, Betty," said the man. "It is as bad as it can be. Now I will tell it to you."

(To be continued)



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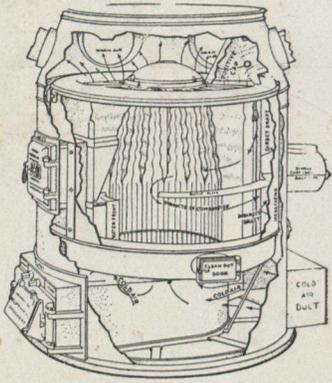
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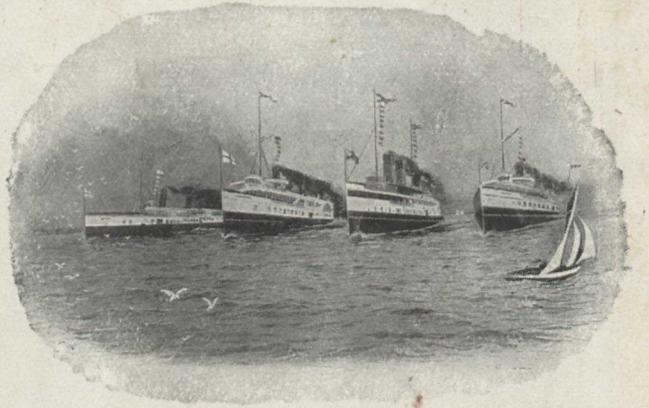
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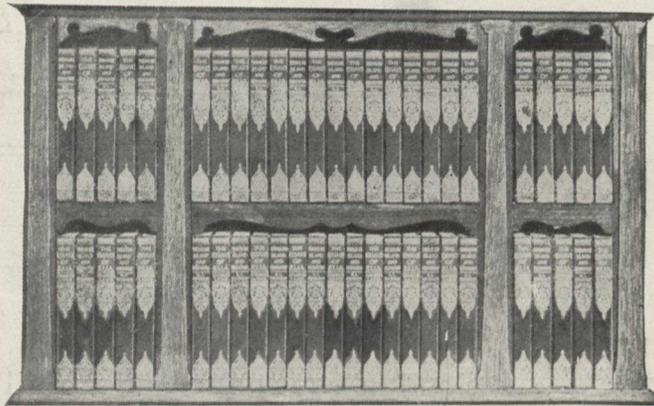
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