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JANUARY

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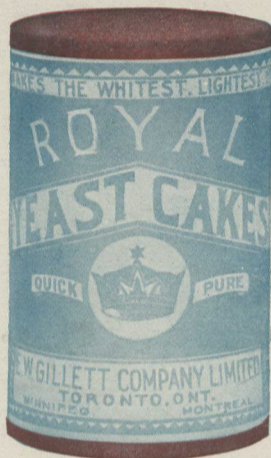
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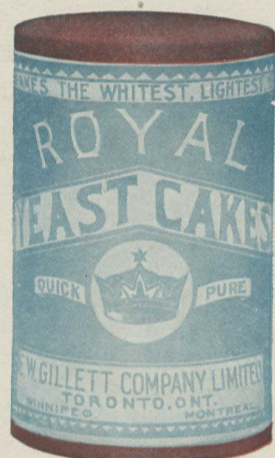
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EDITORIAL CHAT

The REBUS COMPETITION could not be decided in time for an announcement in the page for the Juniors; but we are able to make an editorial announcement concerning it, which will keep our young readers from waiting in suspense until next month. The winner of the Rebus prize is Miss Mildred Burns, of Hampton, Ontario, whose letter was numbered sixty-eight. We had a curious experience this year, as the prize winner was the only one out of scores of contestants to have a solution exactly corresponding with the author's text. There was one group in the rebus which gave most of the trouble. Some interpreted it as "orphans," some as "families," some as "the poor," and we decided to adhere absolutely to the author's words, "poor families." There were one or two other pictures in the rebus which proved confusing to some competitors. However, it has been a most interesting contest all around, and we have received solutions from all points in Canada, from Cornwall, P.E.I., to Victoria, B.C. As a rule, the answers were most neatly written and were a pleasure to read.

OUR SUBSCRIPTION LIST was the most cheering feature of our Christmas menu. We hardly hoped to exceed last year's record, when one week brought a thousand subscriptions through the mails, but such a happy condition has come true, and we have been kept busy sending out receipts and Christmas cards to accompany them. Many of these subscriptions were sent as gifts of the season, showing that our friends appreciate our efforts to give them a JOURNAL which will be welcomed in the Canadian household. Thousands of subscriptions came in during the fortnight before Christmas and made our mails satisfactorily heavy. While such results are most gratifying, they urge us to renewed effort to prove worthy of such confidence and make the record of 1912 even more creditable than anything of the past. From every one of our nine provinces come these good Canadian dollars, with assurance of appreciation, from Prince Edward Island to the Pacific Province. We trust that our old friends may long continue our readers, and that the new friends will come to the conclusion that

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EDITORIAL CHAT

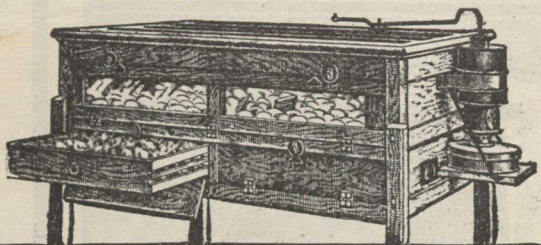
a yearly subscription to the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is a good habit.

OUR DEPARTMENTS will be as ably filled as ever. Through some mistake, probably a delay caused by Christmas mails, Jennie Allen Moore's letter for "Around The Hearth" did not reach us in time for publication in our January issue. However, it will greet you once more in February, and, we hope, for many months to come. We are glad that our readers are feeling a personal interest in this department and are writing about their various needs, as the members of the staff wish to come into personal touch with those for whom they write. Miss Rorke's articles on "Household Decoration" are such as will prove valuable to all readers, as they are essentially practical, being concerned with the everyday home and containing sensible and original suggestions on a subject which is of interest to every woman. "The Dressing-Table" is always supplied with a question drawer, and the editor of "Matters Musical" is glad to answer inquiries.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS have been unusually profuse in their attention during the last month, and we should like them all to observe certain editorial requirements, in order that the greatest general comfort may be secured. It is not necessary to send a letter with manuscript. In fact, it is much better merely to write the name and address on the manuscript, as a letter may be mislaid easily. A stamped and addressed envelope ought to be enclosed for return of manuscript, should it prove unavailable. It is quite impossible for an editor to give specific criticism in the case of returned manuscripts, and such return does not imply that the rejected story or article is without literary merit. It merely indicates that it is not suited to the purposes of this JOURNAL. We are asked sometimes what class of articles we wish to secure. At present, we are desirous of obtaining illustrated articles of a domestic or household nature. Articles descriptive of historic towns or villages, unless written with special vividness, are not in demand. We have found that our readers are essentially practical and are anxious to read about actual conditions and doings.

SUBSCRIBERS' ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE

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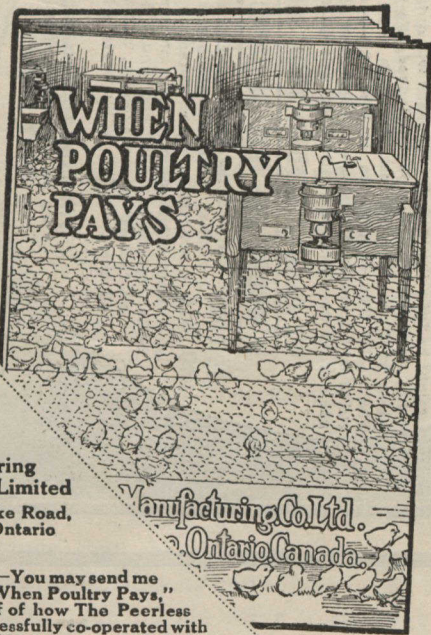


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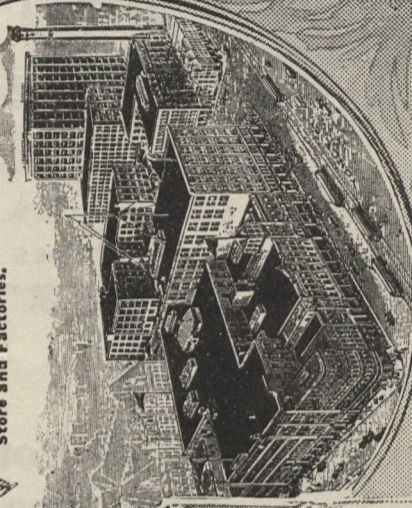
DECEMBER 1911

Ending

29TH

FEBRUARY 1912

Bird's-Eye View of Toronto Store and Factories.



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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA

Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

The Household at Rideau Hall

CANADIANS have been most fortunate in the representatives of royalty who have come to Ottawa and made themselves at home in the Dominion. Earl Grey and his household were so genuinely useful and popular that their departure was an occasion for deep regret. There has not been a Governor-General who has not shown a sincere interest in our land, who has not sought, on his return to the Mother Country, to foster the best social and trade relations between Great Britain and Canada.

The growing importance of Canada in the Empire has been recognized in the appointment of the uncle of King George, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, as our present Governor-General. Since their arrival in Canada, "the Connaughts," as they are commonly called, have made themselves popular among all classes by their consideration and graciousness. The presence in our capital of a royal representative mitigates the asperities of political life and affords a social centre for all national interests. The fact that the Duke of Connaught is the son of Queen Victoria has aroused anew our loyal remembrance of that sovereign whose reign was proof of woman's ability to adorn the highest position in the British Empire. The coming of Princess Patricia is naturally a matter of interest to young Canadians, who have hitherto regarded a princess as a fairy-tale personage. That this sweet-faced granddaughter of Queen Victoria may have a royal "good time" in our happy land is the wish of all of us.

* * *

A Hint to Fathers

IT can hardly be stated with justice that the business girl is not receiving her share of attention from editors and other general advisers of the public. Residences for the business girl, cheap lunch rooms for the business girl, and other aids to her comfort or amusement are topics of conversation in all our large cities. It is all in vain to protest that woman's place is the home. The girl whose father has but a small income feels quite early in life that she can lighten the domestic burden by earning a livelihood, and so she joins the army of wage-earners, with the laudable desire to be independent.

A business man who is anxious that his only daughter shall not enter the world of commercial competition, recently said to a friend: "I intend to offer my daughter a good allowance as soon as she is able to understand the value of money, arrange that she shall do definite work in the house, take dressmaking lessons and otherwise fit herself for an essentially feminine life. I am going to make it worth her while financially to remain in the home."

This may be taken as a hint by those fathers who are deploring the unwomanliness of a daughter's entering business life.

Minding One's Business

THE advice—"Mind your own business"—has a simple ring which echoes in a fashion not easily misunderstood. In our childhood we heard it from our elders whenever our curiosity became inconvenient. As we grew older, we found that it was the safest policy which we could adopt. However, we are sometimes confronted with conditions which make the terse bit of counsel rather perplexing. After all, it is not invariably an easy matter to tell just what is one's business. We are eminently social beings, and, consequently, there arise occasions when it seems as if our neighbors' affairs demanded our intervention. Yet, it is well, even when from motives of kindness or charity, we enter into the affairs of others, to respect the individuality of anyone we may elect to help or befriend.

The old English saying about an Englishman's house being his castle is founded upon a certain sense of proprietorship which has its fine uses. Too often, in trying to better social conditions, we forget this feeling for one's own, which is seldom absent, even from the poorest. A shanty or a tenement room may have a certain attraction for the humble dweller which must be taken into account. Wherefore, we should go carefully about our charities, or we may meet with such a reception as was accorded a condescending visitor by one of the "submerged,"—"I hope ye won't expect me to return the call—ma'am—for I ain't got any time for slummin'."

* * *

The Good Old Days

WERE they so very good, after all—those old times which we hear our venerable friends deplore? If we may take legal records as testimony, they were no more the Golden Age than these early years of the Twentieth Century. Compare the

present criminal laws of England with those of 1812, and then take courage for the future. When we read in the morning paper all manner of crimes and casualties we are sure that this is a very wicked world, forgetting the many righteous and comfortable citizens whose condition remains unchronicled by the papers. We should remember that it is the business of the press to notice the unusual.

While we cannot shut our eyes to the misery and wrong doing, we must not allow such conditions to depress us so that we cannot "see Life steadily and see it whole." There is always sunshine somewhere, and the truest philosophy is that which recognizes the better side of humanity as the normal. The old men and women who keep young are those who are always hopeful for the best, who are not scornful of the new, but are anxious to find in it something of progress and betterment. Do not let yourself become out of sympathy with the youthful and the buoyant, over-critical of their good spirits.



Princess Patricia of Connaught

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AUTOCRAT

An Answer to "Public School Teachers Versus Mothers"

By ISABEL BEATON GRAHAM

IN the October issue of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, under the courtly caption "Public School Teachers Versus Mothers," appears a paper written by a teacher who enters therein her comprehensive plea against the Canadian mother. Among the many grave charges presented, the following stand out most conspicuously: "The mother has criticized and censured the teacher since the world began"; she "has no sympathy"; "the average class of forty-five pupils has one hundred and forty-five varieties of dispositions," all presumably, directly traceable to the mother; "the mother exerts a perpetual handicap upon the teacher because she lives in constant fear without which teaching would be a joy"; "the mother regards the teacher as a step-mother, and is suspicious lest she inflict barbaric torture upon Johnny"; "the mother questions Johnny after school to entrap the teacher in indifference and general misdoing." At this stage in her arraignment, the teacher who penned this article ceased for a moment to arraign, while she "blushed for the Canadian mother" after which operation she promptly admits feeling a mild measure "of contempt for herself for imputing such unworthy motives to the mother," but justifies her exposure of the mother by affecting to cherish an incipient conviction that such accusations driven well home publicly, will induce the mother "to consider seriously." Arrived at this interesting and logical sequence, the teacher now presents what is supposed to be a verbatim report of a sample dialogue ("actually overheard by teachers boarding"—within earshot) in which the mother is alleged to have encouraged Johnny in falsifying reports of school happenings. Indeed, so altogether diabolical is the conduct of Johnny and his mother that "the distracted teacher asks herself wildly: Are mothers possessed, and all Johnnies liars?"

From this distraction the teacher recovers poise somewhat, only to find the mother "shaking a metaphorical fist in her face and with clenched teeth daring her to touch darling Johnny." As though this were not bad enough, the mother now resolves to "force the teacher out of the profession" by means of "a suspicious and inimical regard." But the teacher is "game," apparently, for Johnny has now to come to his mother's aid with a full measure of "tantrums, noises, leg-pinchings," and even the "mud of Johnny's boots grinds with a screeching and excruciating torture" peculiar to no age but this. Since "misfortunes never come singly" it is quite to be anticipated that "two or three" Johnnies should contract a corresponding number of coughs in their own right with the preconceived purpose of "jarring every fibre of the teacher's body." The teacher's testamentary climax quite naturally arrives with "the determined knock of an irate mother at the classroom door." The foregoing is a very much boiled down summary of the teacher's charge against the mother, and by the same authority the immediate and inevitable result of the mother's iniquity will be "that teachers' chairs will soon be vacant, for they will keep silence" no longer unless "the mother takes to her heart the admonition found here," and makes prompt reform.

Exhausted, but resolute still, the teacher now hands the knotted lash to the Education Department, and causes that hitherto inoffensive and pacific body to declare that "the home has been a failure," inferentially because of the mother, and "therefore, to the teacher is given the most delicate and sacred of the mother's duties." With this vigorous and overwhelming upheaval of all recognized social laws involving "mothers' duties," regardless alike of wreckage and obstruction, this scalp and gory hunting teacher sweeps fiercely on to demolish the last fragment of "the mother's rights" by taking over the garment making "for Johnny's doll," and telling him the fairy "bedtime stories," so many centuries the inalienable prerogative of motherhood. But whether the mother or the Education Department is most to blame for this "last straw" that broke, not the camel's back, but worse, the teacher's fealty to the Heart and Head of Learning, is not very clear; but, whether one or both, certain it is that imposition could go no further, and so the teacher is in revolt, rising upon Rebellion's very crest, by the added super-indignity thrust upon, or at, her by "Public Opinion" (that changeful, unchastened Mrs. Grundy before whom all else is grass), "the teaching of self-knowledge" to little Johnny.

This seems to close the plaintiff's case.

Is the bill true?

Let Public Opinion be the judge, after the mother puts in defence.

Not because of the teaching fraternity, nor yet because of the chastized mother, does it become a compelling duty to enter the courtroom of "Public Opinion" to give evidence in the case, but wholly and solely because of little Johnny. For where is Johnny while the court sits?

To begin then, in order that the judge may quickly render his decision, and restore peace, so that Johnny may safely come from hiding, and return to the classroom, let us go back to the first

charge laid, "the silence" and inaction of the teacher under the public censure and criticism of the mother." During a period covering over three decades of miscellaneous reading, never, with one exception, did there cross my path a press complaint made by a mother. During the same period every such reader must have seen in newspaper, magazine and journal, and heard in and out of teachers' convention, numberless papers treating upon the mothers' infirmities of temper and reason—her faults commissive and omissive, "twice told tales," always reported by the teacher.

Pity it is if these prime forces, mother and teacher, are at variance, as it means loss to both, and worse, means inevitable and irretrievable loss to Johnny. But are these forces really at variance, and if so, why?

Antiquity sustains the adage: "Teachers are born, not made." Because enough teachers are not "born," many have to be "made"; hence many imperfect ones; hence difficulty in adjustment to either perfect or imperfect mothers; hence Johnny's imperilled predicament.

The "born" teacher knows that the school was made for Johnny, not for Johnny's mother, nor for Johnny's teacher. Both the school and the teacher are bought with the mother's money, and Johnny also is her property. It would seem then that when the teacher and Johnny cannot, "like birds in their little nest agree," that the teacher would do wisely "to fold her tent like the Arabs and silently steal away" to another school in a far country. Should the teacher still find herself unreconciled and irreconcilable to the mothers and the Johnnies there, and having also tried elsewhere, she can then quite reasonably rest assured that she is one of the "made" teachers, and a very poor job.

Mut friction and heartburnings would come to an end if the "made" teacher saw eye to eye with the "born" teacher in the particular that Johnny, his mother and the school are fixtures; the teacher only is the peripatetic. Conclusive evidence, if such is necessary, that the teacher who fails is "made," lies in the fact that the "born" teacher succeeds where a succession of "made" failures preceded her.

In her vague and blind gropings after the cause of her bondage (for she is in bondage), it is deplorable that the talons of the teacher should have struck through Johnny and "the home," and therefore straight into the mother's heart.

To the teacher falls the most blame, for, practically speaking, every teacher was brought up in a home, the average home, and knows rather well the mother's labors there. Few mothers, comparatively speaking, were trained to, or fully comprehend, the teacher's arduous duties. The teacher is trained to do her work, and paid for it. She should be tactful, strong, resourceful, patient, magnetic, a veritable radiator of cheer, good-fellowship and mixed reserve. She does not embody these attributes. Why not? Because she is overworked and underpaid. She has to compete on equal terms with her brother in the classrooms, at the teachers' examinations, in the extortionate payment of tuition and other requisite school fees; in the years of heavy application to books. When qualified at exactly the same monetary expense and labor as her brother, she is not paid as much for doing in the same way (often a better way), the same work as her brother. All the plums of the profession fall into his lap; what he cannot or will not eat are infrequently available to her, but usually her portion is the unripe crab. When there are not enough Canadian brothers to devour all the plums, brothers are imported from foreign lands. A fixed principle is, plums for men, crabs for women teachers. This is probably due to the exclusion of women from school boards. The girl teacher is compelled to qualify at the same expense of energy, time and money as her brother, though there is practically no probability of her ever being privileged to occupy a school position equal to his. Her expenditures in education hold no promise of equal monetary recompense. To illustrate more fully: A degree in mathematics costs not one dollar or effort more to acquire than a degree in history, English or moderns. The price is set high for teaching mathematics. (Why?) A woman can seldom get a position even as assistant. Many have qualified. Many have tried. This is unjust. Either her investment should have as high an earning power as her brother's, or she should not be compelled to qualify as high as he. Having then less salary but as heavy work, the teacher must live less comfortably than her brother. She must eke out her insufficient revenue by home and home-made economies of disappointing apparel, instead of like her brother, sloughing off the clinging worries of the schoolroom day in outdoor, care-free, healthful abandon. Like the barnacles that rivet themselves to the vessel's hull, so are the irritations of the school classroom. And poor Johnny is the victim, his mother, the accused before the court! Neither is guilty. To-day's Johnny pays the penalty of his own misdeeds with principal and interest on the heap of yesterday's Johnny.

To-morrow's Johnny? Ah, well! Let us hope morning will dawn in time for him. Mothers may some day appear on the school boards. Meantime must Johnny pay the penalty, and his mother stand accused? And meantime what of the teacher? She (or he) is curious sometimes, illogical often.

To illustrate: A teacher toiled minutely through a tale of woe over that *bete noir* of the fraternity "the lates." On opening morning class her custom was to read a thrilling tale, ceasing each day at a critical juncture. "The late missed what he was not in time to hear. The classroom door was locked. The teacher began to read. Breathless quiet reigned. A "late" knocked at the locked door. The reading ceased. A pupil was requested to move forward and unlock the door. The "late" entered. The door was relocked. The two pupils resumed their seats. The reading was resumed. Another knock. "We had to interrupt the reading every time to unlock that door. Now just look at all that," mourned the teacher.

"But why did you lock the door, if you intended to unlock it each time, and admit every pupil?" questioned her listener. A flush and confusion occupied her face. She had been locking and unlocking that classroom door for nearly two years.

Another case: A teacher had "lates." She locked the school door and kept two little girls on the street. Eventually they went home and reported the cause of their early return. The mother complained to the trustees. "The mother was a little sick, of course, and kept those girls late just to wash the dinner dishes. Who cares for her old dishes?" indignantly queried the teacher. Two little girls punished by a half-day suspension because they obeyed their mother. In the same district (same teacher) lived a Russian family, the father a section foreman, the mother and nine children were living—Vira, the eldest, thirteen years of age. They "had moved last fall from a section in the wilderness near Fort William," because the mother "had heard there was good water and a school in X—" but, oh! the teacher was so cross about the lessons, and I no Inglich but little, an' Vira, she scared so she cannot know anything, and I spare her there for the school, but I so need her, an' she want to stay with me, the teacher so cross. I know not how to help, I do anything for Vira to go to the school, but—" A visit to the school revealed Vira standing in the middle of the floor, face tear-wet, shaking in every limb, making futile struggles to spell "thorough," the teacher towering over her, menacing her with ruler and raucous voice. In hopeless confusion Vira was dismissed to her seat and a younger brother took the rack on the floor, failed as miserably as Vira, and both had to "stay in."

Another case—the teacher told her own tale thus: "And would you believe Minnie Jones' father wrote me a note asking me not to keep her in after four, as he needed her at home. I just wrote back and told him I was running that school, and if he thought he could do it better than I, let him come up and try, and I'll go drive his horses, but while I'm in this school Minnie will get her home work or stay in till she does." Minnie was an only child, twelve years old, kept house (all the keeping it got) for father and two hired men. Father was so anxious for Minnie's school work that he got dinner himself, but Minnie faced a table of dirty, dried-up dishes every night, and no mother. Many a night Minnie couldn't get a minute at her lessons until after ten p.m., but she was kept in, and the teacher "bragged" about it.

The lessons to be drawn are various: One teacher can do a great harm in a school; one mother very little harm. One teacher can do a great good in a school; one mother considerable good. But one good teacher and one good mother combined in any school can make a paradise for Johnny that all the powers of darkness can never smirch, and at life's close our Johnny will be still the knight, both true and strong, the faithful worshipper at mother's shrine and at the teacher's too.

The initiatory move should be the mother's care; her interest is incomparably the greater. But Johnny "late" need not be a deadly personal insult to the teacher; it may only have been that baby was sick over night, or the cows strayed farther than usual. Though not a premeditated insult to the teacher, neither need Johnny "late" mean a careless mother; mother has many suddenly imperative duties, among which she must be allowed to choose. But if careless, still it does not become the servant to rebuke the mistress by punishing her child. It is the mother's privilege to determine how early and how often Johnny shall appear at the school. It is the teacher's duty (for which she is paid) to teach Johnny whenever he presents himself.

System, says the martinet, would change all that. Perhaps, but system has been known to change more than that, and Johnny was the loser.

The teacher "born" discovers Johnny's graces rather than his faults; sees a possibility of slowly-budding genius in Johnny's dullness, a fair bright promise of the man that is to be, and then she leads both Johnny and his mother by a single hair.



THE GATES OF MEMORY

The Story of an Interrupted Proposal

By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER



THE morning air and the fresh scent of the fields worked like wine in their veins. The wheat shook its millions of bristling spears in the sunlight. They had just heard a lark trilling sunward, and the Sabbath was still young. It was summer in the world, but spring in their hearts.

So John Ogilvie, with Bessy Marvin beside him, flirted his whip sportively above the glistening flanks of his jaunty mare, and the little dog-cart bowled merrily along the road out of Orthridge. The young man turned his head toward the fair girl beside him. Blue-eyed and tawny-haired was she, her round cheeks flushed with an inward joy—some rare exuberance of the spirit. She sat on the tufted seat of the dog-cart, clad in white, the incarnation of happiness, a young queen upon her throne of youth—the predestined mate, as it seemed, chosen by Nature and Destiny for the lithe and comely young farmer at her side.

"But the day, dearest! You know it's as terrible for a lover not to know the day of his happiness as for a criminal not to know the hour of his execution," said John.

"Well, that is a pretty comparison, I must say!" replied the young woman, pouting her red lips.

"Dear Bess, do tell me the day when—"

A rabbit flashed across the road; the horse swerved, and the next instant there was the roar of a gun and a cloud of sulphurous smoke in whose centre loomed the figure of a man. The mettlesome mare reared and plunged, and backed toward the edge of the road. The girl screamed, and Ogilvie sprang to his feet, one hand upon the reins, the other upholding the whip. But ere it fell upon the startled horse the left wheel of the dog-cart had passed backward over the dusty margin of dry grass which bordered the embankment; and, the next instant, cart, horse, man and woman lay, a confused heap, amidst the briars and brambles of the field below.

The man with the gun ran hastily forward; the rabbit lay quivering in death some yards away. For a moment a strange, sinister light blazed in the eyes of the new-comer, like some flash of fire from the underworld. It was Henry Barton, and in the heart of him a fierce desire, a mad, secret hope suddenly burned like a red-hot thing.

Ogilvie was lying huddled up under the cart, his head against a stone which protruded from the ground. He was bleeding from a deep gash in his forehead close to his brown hair. His hand still grasped the reins. Bessy, who had fallen free of the vehicle, was seeking to stanch the blood with her handkerchief. Barton swiftly unharnessed the restive, struggling animal, and with one wrench of his powerful arms righted the little cart. He then lifted Ogilvie, still unconscious, and placed him on the seat of the cart, where the girl supported him, his head upon her breast. Then, reharnessing the mare, he led her back to Orthridge, to Ogilvie's home. No word was spoken, only the horse whinnied as if concerned for her master's life.

John Ogilvie died—or rather the personality, the human entity, the memories of the individual being known by that name suddenly ceased to exist. His body lived and recovered from its wound, and was vigorous as before; but from the brain of that body all retrospection, all mental links with the past, all traces of association with his former life and friends were suddenly wiped away and expunged like writings on sea-sands.

When John Ogilvie, in the afternoon of that fateful Sunday, opened his eyes once more upon the world about him he was, but for the gift of language, like unto a new-born babe. He gazed blankly around as if suddenly awakened from some stupefying dream, looked curiously and strangely into the faces of his relations, and felt the bandage encircling his head. Then, staring vacantly at the young woman who sat close to his bed, he spoke.

At the first words that fell from his lips some deep terror seized upon Bessy Marvin, and, trembling from head to foot, she sprang from her chair and looked down upon the prostrate man. For the voice that came from the lips of John Ogilvie was not his own, but that of some other being! And some other soul was peering out of the unresponsive eyes he bent first on this face, then on that.

"Where am I? What has happened?" were the words that were struggling through the laboring lips. Then came the astounding query: "Who am I? Tell me who I am."

Again he raised his hand to his head and felt the bandages. Then he seemed to lose himself in some measureless vastness of time and space far removed from the pleasant room into which the

warm sunshine burst, and where his astonished sweetheart, his father and mother, and his sister Esther were standing silent as if under some iron spell. Then the girl cried, as she clasped his arm:

"Why, you're my John, dearest. Don't you remember, we met with an accident this morning? Molly backed off the road. Don't you know your Bess, dear?"

But John Ogilvie that was merely shook his head and wearily closed his eyes. Then, for an instant, as if by some miracle, his features relaxed from their strange expression, the tension of the facial muscles was smoothed away, and he appeared again as of old.

"He will come to himself to-morrow," said the doctor, who had been summoned. "His faculties of recognition are temporarily suspended, due to shock to certain brain centres. That is often the way with cases of concussion."

But neither the next day nor the day thereafter, nor the week following, nor in the months nor the years that succeeded, did John Ogilvie ever come back to John Ogilvie. His past life was cut off as if by the shears of Fate, and nothing remained of the twenty-five years of his life save his native speech. He now spoke slowly, in a voice entirely



"The years seemed to fall from him."

strange, and with an accent that was slightly foreign.

Thenceforth the fact that his name was John Ogilvie, that he was the owner of a splendid farm with unfailing acres of golden wheat, and with superb prize cattle, that he had lived all his life in the beautiful region of Orthridge, remained as darkly unknown to him as a book he had never read. And he who had been the happiest of all living men until the morning of that fateful drive, because of his having won the heart and hand of beautiful Bessy Marvin, retained not the faintest memory of the tender ties and sweet communion of hearts that had bound him to his betrothed. For hours Bessy would sit by his bedside incessantly searching his eyes for the slightest sign of recognition. But the eyes remained dull and lustreless, and no longer held the old familiar light of love she had always found there. The fond heart, the warm impulsive soul of John Ogilvie no longer shone through them. His demeanor and remarks were truly those of one who had no past knowledge of things nor events—one whose prior life was a dark baffling blank. To all her questions and remarks the man upon the bed would reply, as if in great mental distress and confusion:

"I'm sorry, but I do not know you. I am sure

I never saw you before. I do not even know myself! I cannot tell how I came to be here!"

And when for the thousandth time the girl in her passionate, broken voice had cried to him:

"Why, you are my John—John Ogilvie—oh, can't you remember me—can't you remember your Bessy?—who loves you! Here is the ring you gave me down by the river-side that afternoon. And the very moment before the accident you were asking me to set the day of our wedding!" John Ogilvie stared fixedly in front of him as if into endless depths of space.

The distress of those about him was beginning to work upon him. He appeared and acted as might a child which had been lost in some huge, thunderous city. Having knowledge of nothing, save the immediate present and the few days since the mishap, his soul and mind were adrift as on some misty, uncharted ocean, or wandered, as it were, through some wild, sand-tossed desert.

Soon he was about once more, somewhat dazed, acquainting himself with places and persons. Outwardly, at least, he was again almost the living image of John Ogilvie, but the personality of Ogilvie had vanished like a trace of dew in the sun. In time he came to know, though

he could not understand, that the venerable, lace-capped woman was his mother; the white-bearded, hale, blue-eyed man, his father; the smooth-haired girl, with the sweet placid face his sister; and Bessy, his beloved. Although his mind accepted the knowledge of these relationships, his heart was unable wholly to respond to them. Bessy was affected to the profounds of her nature. His voice was no longer the same, his mannerisms were those of an utter stranger, his stride was different from that of the man she had loved; his very expression was charged with something entirely alien.

The thing that now lived in the brain and dominated the man and his thought soon brought into play a different set of facial muscles. These so altered his features that his mother at times remarked that she no longer knew her son. The spirit of John Ogilvie had been joyous, free, even boisterous; but the spirit that now dwelt in his body was silent, grave, and haunted by brooding dreams. Ogilvie's pet setter bristled and snarled whenever the transfigured man passed by.

Yet easily and naturally enough the new John Ogilvie began to adapt himself to the life about him. Something apart from intellect or memory seemed to help him to acquire his former skill in the management of the farm. Material conditions were altered little more than if there had merely been a change of overseers. His demeanor toward all was pleasant and kindly, and he accepted the devotion of his parents and sister with heartfelt appreciation. But ever there rested a shadow upon his relations with the folk about him—some remnant of the darkness that had blotted out his memory of all he had been to these persons and they to him.

Slowly the fervent affection of Bessy Marvin began to wither under the estranging shyness of the man who had once been her lover. In the new individuality even time and renewed association seemed unable to arouse a response to the love that was still cherished in the heart of the bewitching girl.

The girl realized that she was the chief victim of the extraordinary fate which had overtaken her loved one. Like the man who had lost his past, she seemed to change into another being. Two years dragged slowly and heavily along.

Finally, Bessy left Orthridge to spend a few months with her aunt in London. When she returned she was again the same lovely and cheerful creature as before. She now came but seldom to the home of the Ogilvies, and then only to visit John's sister. A new pair of lovers soon began to engage the tongues and attention of the people of Orthridge. It was observed that Henry Barton, an old suitor of Bessy's before John Ogilvie had won her hand, was again paying court to her. It was also observed that Matthew Olcott, who had for many years wooed Esther Ogilvie, seemed strangely disconsolate.

One summer evening, when Barton and the girl were strolling along the road and the new-mown sheaves lay pallidly under the glowing moon, they came to the spot where the mare Molly had shied at Barton's shot. Thoughtfully, Bessy pointed out the rooted rock against which Ogilvie had struck his head when the dog-cart was overturned three years before.

"That one stone, Henry," said the girl, mournfully, "has changed two lives—John's and mine!"

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THE PATH OF GOLD

A Story of Love and Endeavor

By ETHEL KIRK

"HELLO, you fellows! Heard the news?" McAllister burst impetuously into the living-room of the Kappa Delta Fraternity, and the several members assembled therein greeted him in characteristic fashion. Langford raised his eyes, but immediately lowered them to his perusal of Hartman's "Materia Medica"; Ross, with a deep sigh of relief, tossed aside a musty volume of bound examination papers, and Graham removed his feet from the mantel and assumed a fresh interest in life.

"I suppose that you're going to tell us that the final dinner—" "No chance. Jack Granger is the distinguished man once more. Did a great surgical stunt at the General this morning, and on the strength of it old Doc Mathers has offered to take him into partnership next year. What do you know about that now? Biggest practice in the city—in three years Jack will be a consulting physician on his own hook, have his own motor and private yacht—"

"Is he going to accept it?" asked Ross thoughtfully.

"Accept it! Why, man alive, who would ever dream of refusing? Windfalls don't come every day."

A cushion came whizzing through the air. "Not every day," repeated McAllister as he hurled it back again. "What makes you talk of him refusing it, Ross?"

"Oh—oh nothing. Only Jack is different, you know—ideals and all that sort of thing."

"Anything particularly lowering to a man's ideal in the mere fact of a partnership with Mathers?" queried Graham, in his most caustic accents.

"Certainly not," returned Ross with dignity. "Most chaps would jump at it, I know, and perhaps Jack will too. But—"

"Of course," put in McAllister decisively, "it is the only fitting climax to his career. Rugby champion, gold medallist, now house surgeon in the General, fine sport and all round good fellow—it's the natural outcome of the whole darned business. As for the rest of us, we third rate fellows (saving your presence, Langford) well, we'll have to take the world as it is handed out to us. Half of us missed our calling, anyhow—I should have been in the ministry."

A roar of laughter ensued. "Not too late yet, Mac," said Graham, with a most expressive grin. "There's still the little girl belonging to the minister, away down home in Blueberry Creek."

The hubbub that ensued was interrupted by the entrance of Jack Granger himself, the popular young doctor whose future had just proved so engrossing a subject of conversation.

"Hail the conquering hero, Hail!" shouted Graham.

"Heartiest congrats, Doc. Don't forget little Willie when it's two hundred to look in."

"Glad to hear of your luck, old sport."

"Oh, say, fellows, this is awfully good of you, really. Well—er—no, it's not decided yet, of course, Langford. What are you at now? Plugging away, I suppose—exams. in the air. Say, Ross, I just dropped in to see if you would walk over to the library with me, and we'll look that matter up. Why, thanks awfully. I'd like to come back to dinner, but have another engagement, unfortunately—Thanks, then I'll come to-morrow. Are you ready, Ross?"

Ross, who had long enjoyed the distinction of being Granger's special chum, rose and followed with alacrity. There was a slight silence in the room.

"Jack was all fussed up," exclaimed McAllister suddenly. "Bet it's Rosedale to dinner for him—"

"Rosedale," repeated Langford. "Sure! Awfully hard case with Miss Orme—she's a queen, too. I saw her at the last dance, and really—"

"Jimmie!" exclaimed Graham, with severity, "chase that far-away look out of your eyes. If the minister's daughter at Blueberry Creek—"

And McAllister's fighting blood was aroused once more.

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IN the meantime the two friends were busily making their way to the medical library. It was a perfect afternoon, late in March. The grey old towers of Varsity were bathed in mellow sunlight, and the campus was beginning to show a quiet but lovely hue of emerald green.

They talked of desultory matters for a few minutes. Granger, a tall, lithe-limbed fellow, with a fine, clear-cut countenance, and deep blue eyes. The scientist had not yet overshadowed the boyish attractiveness of his nature, although lines of thought were beginning to carve themselves about the firm, yet flexible mouth. His companion was the typical medical student; dark-haired, dark-eyed, and slight of build. A rather jaunty manner could not conceal the fact that he was an ardent seeker after cold, unvarnished truth, and that he dearly loved an argument.

"This is a great chance you're getting, old boy," he said presently.

"Yes," said Granger slowly, "it's a great chance all right—but—I don't know about it, Syd."

Sydney Ross was too keen a student of human nature to make any further remark just then. After a moment Granger continued: "It's the biggest chance I'll ever get—I know that, Syd, and I've been working for a chance like this all along; at least, till lately. Then I got tangled up in that work down in the Ward, and when I came to a realization of just how much misery there was in the world—"

He paused and looked out over the campus. "I've had another chance lately, Syd. No one knows about it—to go up into a mining camp in the north—it's a tough place, and they need men. I don't think a consulting physician would answer—"

He stopped and smiled, and Ross became somewhat indignant. "See here, now, Jack, just because you had to go and get interested in the Settlement work is scarcely a decent reason for you to bury yourself in some mining hole, miles away from civilization and all your brilliant prospects. You say men are needed; well, then, there are plenty. No need for a lot of the fellows to start here, because they'll never be noticed, and if they go away they won't be missed. But you—come now, Granger, be sensible. Why Jack—and he struck his friend's shoulder forcibly—"you're one of the men of the century."

Granger laughed. "Well, Syd, I did hope you would understand. I'm not carried away by sentiment; you know me well

enough for that. But a call of duty comes once to every man—and it's come to me. It calls me up north, to an obscure work, but a big one—"

"A man's work," concluded Ross. "Well, if you like."

"And what is the name of the 'lone wandering, but not lost' hole you think you're called—"

"Dogwood Valley," said Jack ruefully.

"Sounds poetic. But Jack, for heaven's sake, think it over—"

"I have. I tried not to, Syd, but in the end I had to face it. Hundreds of foreigners, poor wretches, no decent accommodation, and no medical attendance. Not much chance for them; but I've had one, and now I want to make good."

"Jack," said Ross suddenly, "there's one other phase to this matter. Kick me if you think it's none of my business; but what does Constance Orme say?"

There was a moment's silence. "I don't know, I haven't asked her."

"Not asked her?"

"Why should I?"

"Why—I thought—I understood—"

"Yes, I know. You thought I might ask her to share my destiny some day. Well, Syd, that was a good old dream of mine, too. But I have concluded that a mining doctor, and a girl from a Rosedale home, like hers, are not compatible. So that phase of the matter is settled—not an easy phase, either," he added softly.

"Granger," said his friend, "I always knew you had ideals—told the fellows at the Frat so. No slam on them. But say—you'll give her the chance to—you'll ask her once, Jack?"

Jack turned a smiling face. "Ask her, Syd? Why, what have I to offer?"

Ross did not reply. Presently, "This is a new country, Jack, and men, and women as well, are out to carve out new destinies. Don't you realize that? And Constance Orme is just one dandy Canadian girl—"

Granger turned quickly. "I know, Syd, but she's also a daughter of luxury. I've made my sacrifice—I'm not going to ask her to make one too. Besides—she may not think about—oh, pshaw! Well, here we are, old boy."

□ □

IT was a lovely afternoon in May, and the terraced gardens of "Fernleigh," the home of the Ormes, depicted a charming scene. Early summer had thrown a delicate veil of green over the trees; the hedges were snowy with bridal wreath. Lilacs and flowering almond stood wrapped in a fairy mist, in blended hues of soft amethyst and palest rose.

Several white-clad enthusiasts were indulging in a game of tennis, while from the broad piazza came the sound of gay voices and laughter, mingled with the pleasant tinkle of tea cups, and incessant chatter of cake and strawberries.

"I say, Miss Orme, these Friday lawn parties of yours are the jolliest things I know. When I think that this is the very, very last one we'll ever see—"

"See here, McAllister, just because a lot of you chaps flatter yourselves that you are going to graduate and quit the country is no reason why Miss Orme should cut all her acquaintances. I, for one, still expect to remain in the city, carrying on a lively law practice on King Street West. And the Friday afternoons will keep on just the same, won't they, Miss Orme?"

The young hostess laughed merrily. "Why, of course they will continue—for the special benefit of Mr. Hamilton Dennison, youthful attorney-at-law. But, dear me, we certainly are going to miss all you college boys. More tea, Evelyn? Let me see—how do you take it? Oh, yes—very strong, with the merest drop of cream, and absolutely no sugar. Here, Harold—will you take this to Miss Marden, please?"

"What a deliciously overwhelming dish of strawberries," exclaimed McAllister. "You know my tastes exactly, Miss Orme."

"Yes," she responded gaily, "I am trying to be nice, for I know that when you're a struggling country practitioner—"

"Country practitioner, indeed!" A groan went up from several among the merry group on the piazza. "Miss Orme, that's sheer cruelty," said Austin Graham. Then, in a slightly mischievous tone, "Does it apply to all of us?"

There was a low ripple of mirth. Constance busied herself with the tea urn, but a deeper pink stole into her cheeks. "Time alone will tell, Mr. Graham," she answered with becoming gravity, "and I am not a witch."

"No?" said Graham, with a provoking rising inflection; "but if rumor speaketh truly, Miss Orme, here comes a worthy scion of his profession who is destined for higher things—Dr. Granger, flushed and elated from four sets of tennis. More than conqueror, Doc?"

Granger laughed. "With the invaluable assistance of Miss Lindsay, Austin, Constance, you will never know just how thirsty we are."

"You will be better able to express yourself after you have had some tea," she answered gaily. Then, as he took the cup she added in a lower tone, "I want time to congratulate you on that splendid offer, Jack. And I only heard of it to-day—what a morose creature you are!"

He started slightly at her words, and the smile died out of his eyes. Constance was busying herself elsewhere, and did not see. Only one person, indeed, did note the change, and that was Sydney Ross. He observed the way in which Granger's glance wandered abstractedly around, but ever came back to rest, lingeringly on the slight, girlish figure in white linen, with the broad white hat crowning soft dark masses of hair, and the laughing, rose-flushed face beneath.

"And he'll go away and never a word," he thought disgustedly, "and she'll think it was all a bluff and throw herself away on Graham. Oh—er—yes—were you speaking, Miss Rivers? Please excuse my absent-mindedness. I was just admiring that bush over there. Pretty thing, isn't it?"

Thus the afternoon wore merrily on. It was about half-past five, when the guests began to take their departure, waving laugh-



ing audacious and assuring Constance that they would see her at the dance the following week. Jack Granger lingered a moment.

"What a relief!" said the girl brightly. "And now we can have a real good old talk. Jack, you don't know how glad I am—"

"I can guess, Constance," he answered slowly, "and I'm sorry. The disappointment must be so much the greater."

"Disappointment!" she echoed.

"Yes. I—the fact is, Con—I'm not going to accept Mather's offer."

"No?" Her tone was still incredulous. "You see, it's this way," and in simple, yet graphic language he proceeded to relate his plans for the future, and to tell of the rude life he had chosen up in the north. The girl listened in silence. At length, "It must be a big, big life," she said slowly.

Granger caught eagerly at her words. "That's just it, Constance. Big and pulsating, not what I once dreamed of. I think," and he smiled boyishly, "I think I must have been looking for something easy. It's different now. I know that everyone thinks I am throwing away my chances. Perhaps I am, but it's meant sacrifice. Do you remember, Constance," and he turned and smiled at the girl who was absently playing with some violets, "do you remember how we used to read Browning together? And that favorite quotation of mine:—

'Round the cape of a sudden came the sea,
And the sun looked over the mountain's brim,
And straight was a path of gold for him,
And the need of a world of men for me.'

"It always appealed to me, but I never knew what it meant, until just lately."

"And so you have felt the need of a world of men, Jack! And I—am I listed for the path of gold?"

Granger did not reply for a moment. Then he turned and looked at her. The old, sweet look of comradeship looked out clearly from her eyes.

"I suppose, at one time or another, Constance, we come to the parting of the ways. I'm glad you know now, and you've taken my decision as I knew you would—best old chum ever!"

Just for one instant her eyes wavered, but they met his again, dark and clear and true. "That's right, Jack—never forget that. I shall see you again before you go, but this is really good-bye, isn't it? And the best, the best of luck!"

They clasped hands warmly, and in another second he was gone. The girl stood watching until he was out of sight. Then she heaved a sigh, the deep, deep sigh of girlhood, and began to ruthlessly pluck the violets to pieces. Once, a whimsical smile played about her lips.

Spring ripened into summer. Convocation was over, and the companions of four years were scattered to the four corners of the earth. Late in June, his year at the General Hospital having expired, Dr. Jack Granger made his way up into the north country, and there, busily fighting death and disease in the crude life of the mining camp, striving to bear up his lofty standard of ideals in those primitive wilds where nature's laws were all, daily learning more of the hearts of pioneer humanity, he became immersed in his arduous tasks, and the old life became a phantasy of the past.

Sometimes, indeed, in the red glow of the camp fire the old scenes rose before him, and a sweet-faced girl seemed to smile from out the embers. But that firelight picture was the only relaxation he allowed his fancy. "I cannot go back," he would say firmly, "I have chosen."

Thus it was, that far away from the haunts of civilization, with long intervals between the mails, and even longer distances dividing him from his friends, he did not hear the big financial disaster that had befallen the firm of Orme, Mason and Company.

Constance Orme was seated in her favorite nook on the piazza, when she was told of the calamity. When the first rather severe shock was over, a strange, sweet thrill, half pleasure and half pain, seemed to permeate her whole being. "Oh, Jack, Jack," she whispered, "if you only knew! It may be that mine is not 'the path of gold,' either, but the big, big 'world of men.' You poor, dear, chivalrous Jack!"

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THE pines stood black and gaunt against the dusky red-gold of the autumn afternoon. A warm wind blew restlessly across the clearing, laden with smoke and fine dust, and sometimes a whirling cloud of yellow leaves. Constance Orme stepped quickly out of the little log house, locked the door and gazed searchingly around, her face pale and drawn with anxiety. She was thinking of the terrible fire at the mine—the awful disaster which had kept the children away from school that day, and which had cast such a gloom over the little mining town of C—

"How dead the place is," she exclaimed, with a little shudder. "The very wind seems to moan. There—yes, it must be. They are turning in at the church; they are going to turn it into a hospital, and they are taking the injured there now. I wonder if they need help; why, of course they must. Constance Orme, is this all you are made of? Why did you come to this country anyway?"

She ran over the rough ground in nervous haste, and in another minute she was at the door of the little frame church, flushed and breathless. "Oh, please, Mr. Allan, may I come in? I know something of bandaging—"

The mine owner turned quickly at the sound of her voice. "Why, it's teacher!" he exclaimed, and a relieved smile crossed his face. "Yes, yes, come right in, Miss Orme. That is, if you think you can stand it. A good many fathers of the youngsters you teach are in here I guess. Yes, we need help. Easy, now there, Jimmie-Smith, another pail of water."

For one instant Constance experienced a wild desire to run away from the awful scene. "Then," as she wrote afterwards in a letter to a girl friend, "I remembered that my great grandfather died at the battle of Waterloo, and sailed in." And in the same letter, "I never knew of just how much value those First Aid to the Injured stunts were going to be, which we used to take at Madame Henriette's school. But they certainly were practical—"

And indeed it would have been hard to have discovered a more practical young person on that September afternoon than the slim, white-clad girl who moved so swiftly and so lightly among the long rows of injured men. The spirit of the ancestor at Waterloo deepened the rose in her cheek, and lent a rare sparkle to her dark eyes. Other women were there, too; but all instinctively looked to "Teacher," and Constance bandaged, and bathed with cold water, made use of simple devices, and resorted to every possible plan to relieve the suffering. The doctor would not be able to get there till next day, Mr. Allan said, and in the meantime they must do their best.

Infinitely more, the girl's presence imparted a feeling of hap-

piness. Stern faces smiled at her approach, and she was able to utter many a word of cheer. "You're the little teacher the kids talk so much about," said one of the men, as she paused near him. Then his face kindled into friendliness. "And it ain't much wonder."

Constance did not once leave her post during the long hours of that September night. "There is absolute need of me, Mr. Allan," she said, when the mine owner ventured to protest. "I am young and strong, and needed to look after these men."

Her eyes swept around the long, narrow building, and rested on a grief-stricken woman. "And comfort those whom I can no longer help," she added softly.

It was dawn-break, the hour when vitality sinks to its lowest ebb. A deep silence reigned in the rude hospital. Constance, weary with the long vigil, and the mental stress, and awed by that unseen presence of Death which might be hovering so near, stole quietly to the door. It was the "darkest hour," and while she stood and drank in the cool, fragrant air, an impulse seized her to step out into the night. A few moments more, and she was standing in the shelter of a cluster of pines by the roadside.

"The dawn is coming," she whispered to herself, "and the night is fleeing away. And in that hospital over yonder men are playing the game of Life and Death. I never knew what life meant before—but I know now, and those women in there know. It is toil, and service, and suffering, and up here in this great north country—"

□ □

A cool breeze swept through the pines. "It is the shiver of the dawn!" she murmured ecstatically. Away in the east a faint pink light appeared.

Then the sound of buggy wheels, and a man's voice rang out through the gray darkness.

"Hello! is that you, doctor? Yes—drive this way. Pretty well—pretty well—in the name of wonder—Why, it's Miss Orme! I was quite startled by your white dress."

Constance stepped out from among the trees. "Yes, Mr. Allan, I just came out to see the sun rise. Shall I go in now? Has the doctor come?"

"I am glad to say that he is here in person. Dr. Granger, let me present Miss Orme, the Florence Nightingale of the C— mining disaster."

"Dr. Granger and I have met before, Mr. Allan. I did not know—"

"Constance, Constance, it really isn't you!" Granger's voice had the old boyish enthusiasm, and he sprang out of the rig and caught her hands eagerly.

"I will run up and let them know you've arrived, doctor," said the mine owner courteously, and strode briskly away, half smiling, half perplexed.

"But, Constance, I don't understand—" The girl smiled tremulously. "Have you never heard, Jack? When the firm failed I came up here to teach school—but since yesterday I have been acting in the capacity of a trained nurse, and—Jack, why Jack!"

His strong arms closed around her. "Oh, Constance, is it true? Can I claim you at last? I have dreamed of you so often, dear—at night, by the camp fire, and now—"

She raised her face to his. The rose-light of the dawn had cast over it a lovely radiance; her eyes were dark with joy. Away in the east the clouds kindled into crimson flames.

"See, Jack!" she cried, "the sunrise! And there, right through that cloud—"

His eyes followed the motion of her hand. Low in the horizon he saw the piled drift of a mass of soft, purplish pink clouds, cleft through the heart by one broad band of burnished gold, like a rare flaw in some splendid jewel.

"It is the 'path of gold,' Jack," the girl exclaimed.

"The path of gold," he repeated, "up in the new north, Constance, and for both of us to follow. Perhaps, it, too, leads to the 'world of men,'"

TO KIPLING

In reply to "The Female of the Species," a poem by Mr. Kipling, which appeared in THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL for November, 1911.

When the Soul of Man awakened, when the Woman that God gave,
Stood revealed his wife and sweetheart, not his chattel or his slave,
Then he formed his own conception of what Woman ought to be,
And he made a Plaster Image, and he told her it was She.

For the Woman as God made her wasn't good enough for Man;
He invented large improvements upon Nature's cruder plan;
And he made that image nice and white, and put it on the shelf,
Where he kept assorted virtues that he did not want himself.

Man might govern, fight, and reason, to his perfect satisfaction;
Woman's work it was to cheer him when his mind was out of action;

Woman, good and kind, and clinging, timid, soft, anaemic, pale,
For the female of the species was an adjunct to the male.

But the Woman as Man made her scarcely suits our modern notions,
With her nicely guarded instincts and her primitive emotions;
We have dropped the weaker vessel and the tame domestic pet,
And our taste finds something wanting in that saint-like statuette.

So our literary gentlemen have touched it up afresh,
And have changed the plaster image to a Demon of the Flesh,
Half Mother-Fiend, half Maenad: lest the generations fail,
"Armed and engined," fanged and poisoned, for the hunting of the male;

With the morals of the hen-coop, with the Jungle's code of law,
As described by Rudyard Kipling after (some way after) Shaw.
'Tis no doubt a graceful fancy; but the Woman Time has made
Doesn't recognize the likeness so ingeniously portrayed.

And Man knows it, Mr. Poet! Knows your singular ideal
Does not bear the least resemblance to the Woman that is real;
Knows that Woman is not fiend, nor saint, nor mixture of the two,
But an average human being—"most remarkable like you."

—Sydney Low, in *The London Standard*.



THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

ILLUSTRATED BY C.W. JEFFERYS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

An infant is deserted by a woman who leaves it in the store of Angers and Son. It is adopted by Celia Brown, who takes it home to "The House of Windows." The child is given the name of Christine Brown. Some time before the desertion, Adam Torrance, the real owner of Angers and Son, has his only child kidnapped. Of this occurrence Celia is ignorant. Adam Torrance hears that his child has died. His wife also dies, and he lives abroad. Sixteen years pass and Christine continues to live with Celia and her blind sister, Ada. Celia is in financial distress and Christine determines to apply for position of "reader" to Miss Torrance. Mark Wareham, nephew of the latter, follows the unsuccessful Christine, and contrives to make her acquaintance. Adam Torrance, who has returned to the city, sends Mark, his nephew, out to British Columbia. Christine secures a position in "the Stores." Christine is followed by a sinister-looking old beggar woman, and is further annoyed by the attentions of Gilbert Van Slyke. The woman, whose daughter's employment in "the Stores" long ago, had led to moral disaster, is determined to wreak vengeance on Christine, whom she had stolen. Adam Torrance visits "The House of Windows" in order to relieve the sisters' distress. He shows them great kindness. On his return home he finds a letter informing him that his daughter is alive and in peril.

SHE answered him that she was quite able to help him with any information which she might have, and that talking did not tire her at all.

"I want to ask you, Miss Brown," began Mr. Torrance, "whether you remember a girl called Alma Stone, and if you can tell us where she went when she left—er—my employment? I may say that my enquiries are entirely for the young lady's benefit—in short, and not to make a mystery, we have learned that she is an adopted child, and it is believed—that it is possible, that we may be able to restore her to—" he hesitated, "to—her home."

Ada looked up with quick interest. How good he was, she thought. How kind of him to take such an interest in the stores. His kindness to Christine had been only the beginning. Even Celia brightened a little as her naturally generous nature realized the prospect of good fortune for a friend.

"I knew Alma quite well," she told him, "though I cannot tell you where she is. Surely it ought to be an easy matter to trace her, but as she often confided in me, perhaps I may be able to tell you some things you wish to know. It is quite true that Alma was adopted when a baby by Mrs. Stone, and she never knew who her real parents were."

"Ah!" The exclamation was almost a gasp and both girls looked up. Celia noticed that her visitor's face was very pale.

"Pardon me! You see, this enquiry is a very important thing. The finding of this young girl means a great deal—to me. I think I am hardly myself when I speak of it. Will you continue, Miss Brown?"

Celia was now thoroughly interested; for the first time since her breakdown she tried to sit up straighter of her own free will. "I think I can tell you all that Alma knows herself," she went on. "She often spoke of it for, though Mr. and Mrs. Stone were very good to her, Alma had the idea that she was—that they were—well, not as high in the social scale as her own parents."

"I don't like that," said Mr. Torrance uneasily. "It sounds rather—"

"Snobbish? Yes. But girls will romance about a mystery. Alma is not really snobbish. And you see even Mr. and Mrs. Stone knew nothing of Alma's parentage, and they rather encouraged her in imagining things. It lent color, I think, to all their lives. Mr. Stone was a country clergyman, and Alma was left at his door when she was a baby about—well, just cutting her first teeth."

Mr. Torrance wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"As far as she can guess she is now about eighteen years old—"

"Eighteen? Are you sure of that?"



"Yes—Alma has often told me. It was eighteen years ago and just before Christmas that she was deserted on the Stores door-step. Ada, dear, get Mr. Torrance a glass of water."

"Thank you, I do not need it. I am ashamed of myself. These enquiries unnerve me. I think I shall leave the more serious enquiries to an agent after this. I used to pride myself upon my self control, but you see I have none. When you began your story I thought we might have at least come upon the right clue. But the young lady's age proves differently. If you are sure of the eighteen years it practically settles the matter. We shall not drop the case, of course, until we are quite sure; but what you have told me is fairly conclusive. She can scarcely be the young girl for whom we are looking."

"I am sorry," said Celia, "for she had a hard life since her adopted parents died. She could not stand the work in the Stores and had to give it up. I did not know where she went. I ought to have kept in

touch with her, but I was not well myself and at night I was always so tired"; she sighed. "She was a dear little girl."

"Well, we shall find her and see that she is taken care of."

Celia looked up with a touch of her old bright shrewdness. "If you are going to father the Stores you will have a large family," she said.

"I know that," he answered soberly. "And a month ago the idea appalled me. Now it seems an easy thing. If only—if only this other anxiety were lifted I think I could father all the world and not feel the burden heavy."

When he had gone, the blind girl left her knitting and came over to the sofa where Celia lay. For a moment the two clasped hands without speech, as they often did, and then Ada said softly:

"Oh, Grandma, what great eyes you have!"

It was the old childish formula with which Celia had taught her to ask when she was a little child for information which her lack of sight shut out.

"The better to see with, my dear," answered Celia, smiling. "What is it, dear? Mr. Torrance?"

The blind girl nodded.



"Well, I think you would like his looks, Ada. He is tall but not stiff. His face is pleasant, even handsome. His eyes are dark and his hair also, except for a dash of grey at the temples. It is a distinguished face, straight nose, firm mouth. He looks very pale and worried just now."

"I wonder why?"

"I don't know," listlessly. "About the search, perhaps. His interest seemed very keen."

"Isn't it odd," mused Ada, "that since we adopted Christine we have always been hearing of other people who have done the same thing. Adopted a baby, I mean? Sometimes it seems as if half the world were adopted!"

"It is on the same principle that when you go to have a tooth out, all the world appears to be at the dentist's. We notice more the things which interest us, that's all. I wish you wouldn't talk of it, Ada. Christine is our own—she was never anything else."

The blind girl nodded. "Yes, I feel like that. Of course Christine is different. Do you suppose they will find Alma? It is odd that Mr. Torrance should be so worried. In any case, the lost child could not be anything to him. Tommy says he has no children."

For the second time that day Celia raised herself out of her cushions. A soft red of excitement glowed in her cheeks. "Why, how stupid of me! Of course he had a child. I remember long ago hearing about it. Long before anyone knew that he was the owner of the Stores. He had a baby—why! I remember it all now—it was kidnapped!"

The girls' hands clasped tighter.

"How strange!" said Ada. "Oh, Celia, what if he were looking for his own daughter?"

"If he were, that would explain why he looked as he did—like a man under torture."

"Oh, Celia, how dreadful he must have felt!"

Celia had gone very pale. "I am glad I did not tell him quite all I knew about poor Alma," she said.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ONE wonders what psychological fact lies back of such commonplaces as "It never rains but it pours," and "Troubles never come singly." Is there indeed a power in trouble to attract trouble? Has sorrow some *sæm* affinity for sorrow? Or is it all just chance that joy so often comes to the joyful and grief to those already stricken? To Adam Torrance making his way slowly home from Brook Street, it seemed that he at least was safe from new calamity. Fate had surely expended all the slings and arrows that the most outrageous fortune might demand. Things would brighten soon; Johnson would find a clue, Mark would soon be home; this nightmare of uncertainty and suspense must end before long! He heard the newsboys calling "Extra!" as he went along, but so sure was he of the safeguard of his own misery that he did not even glance at the paper.

As he entered the hall of his own home, Benson, the solemn butler, came forward with something almost like anxiety upon his well-trained face. "What is it, Benson?" The question was uninterested.

"Mr. Mark is here, sir. He arrived on the afternoon train, sir!"

"Mark! That's good news—"

"Excuse me, sir. Mr. Mark has had a little accident, sir. He has been hurt. Not seriously, we hope, sir. We tried to get you everywhere on the 'phone!'"

Fortune had evidently not finished with Adam Torrance yet. "Mark hurt!" he repeated in a dazed way.

"Not seriously, sir, we hope. The doctors are with him at present. Miss Torrance—"

"Come in here, Adam!" sounded the unmistakable voice of Miss Torrance from the library. "You can't go up to the boy yet. The doctors are making an examination."

Mr. Torrance handed his hat to the butler and went slowly back into the library. After the sharp shock of the news about Mark the presence of Aunt Miriam seemed a minor wonder.

"There's nothing to look so white about!" said that lady sharply. "The boy isn't dead! He'll be as good as ever in a week or so."

"How did it happen?"

"Dear knows—or the street railway company! Didn't you hear about the accident? The newsboys have been shouting it for the last hour. A street car collision, no one killed."

"And Mark?"

"Not seriously hurt, the doctors say—not that they know anything about it. Benson telephoned me, said he couldn't get you anywhere. I suppose you are wondering how I got here? It just goes to prove what I said all along, that I am not such an entire invalid as it suits the doctors to suppose. My place was here—and I came!"

Mr. Torrance smiled faintly. "You were always wonderful, Miriam," he said.

"What puzzles me," continued Miss Torrance, "is how Mark happened to be in the car at all. Why didn't he telephone for the auto? Although I suppose that if he had done so the auto would have exploded. I am not a fatalist, but I believe in fate in those cases. And why weren't you at the station to meet him? Didn't you know that he was coming home to-day?"

"No, he did not telegraph. I expected him any time."

"That's odd; Adam, is there anything between you and Mark? Any unpleasantness—over that letter of mine?"

"No, nothing! Mark knew nothing about it."

The little old lady gave a sigh of relief. "Thank goodness! I was beginning to imagine things. It is against my principles to interfere in other people's business. I wrote that letter in spite of my principles and I am surprised that I did not do more harm. I am not a pessimist but I suppose the trouble is yet to come."

"There will be no trouble. Mark would not quarrel with me for the sake of a girl."

Miss Torrance closed her eyes. "No one has ever quarreled with anyone for the sake of a girl, of course!" she said sarcastically. "The question is—hush! I hear the doctors coming!"

The quick ears of the invalid were not mistaken for there was a murmur of voices upon the stair and next moment the two doctors entered the library. Their faces were grave, but not, as the anxious watchers were quick to note, sombre.

"He will do well, I think," said the older doctor, shaking Mr. Torrance's hand. "The broken arm is a simple matter and the injury to the head is not of so serious a nature as we at first supposed. In fact, I think we may relieve you of all anxiety."

"That is good news indeed," said Adam Torrance. "You say there is an injury to the head?"

"Yes, but you must not let it alarm you. There will be delirium. Try to keep his mind at ease. If he has any fancies, gratify them. He must not excite himself. Otherwise there is really no cause for anxiety. The nurse has arrived and knows her duties."

Miss Torrance sniffed audibly. She did not approve of nurses.

"If the patient appears to worry she will let you know at once," went on the doctor. "Although I think it unlikely. So fortunate a young man is not likely to have many ungratified fancies."



"Think so?" snapped Miss Torrance. "That just shows how little you doctors know. Mark is just as likely as the rest of us to want something that he can't have." She threw a slightly malicious glance in the direction of her brother, who calmly ignored it.

"Well, well!" said the doctor, smiling. "We will hope not. People with broken heads must be indulged. A deplorable affair, this accident, Mr. Torrance. This street railway company is the curse of our city. Their negligence of the most elementary precautions is notorious. Shameful!"

"I am afraid we do not think of it save when our own suffer," said Mr. Torrance. "I must confess to the common failing. Is the boy conscious yet? Might I—will it be possible to see him soon?"

Dr. Mackenzie looked at his colleague, who nodded solemnly.

"Perhaps for a few moments," he decided. "But do not allow him to talk. He may know you or he may not. In the latter event do not show alarm. It

is a natural consequence of his present state. The nurse will be present—a most capable woman. I shall call again later. Miss Torrance, if I may have the honor of driving you safely home—

"Thank you, doctor. No, I shall stay here. My maid can make me comfortable, or if not, then I shall have to be uncomfortable. I do not budge until Mark is better."

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the doctor. "Your spirit is wonderful, my dear Miss Torrance. I only hope your body may not suffer for it afterwards."

"My dear man, don't fuss! You know I cannot stand fuss. If you miss your daily call at Amberley Avenue, go and call on Jane. She has been eating too much sweet stuff and thinks she is getting the measles." She waved him away with quick gestures of her transparent hands and the big doctor accepted his dismissal with good grace.

"Miriam," said her brother, "It is like you to want to stay, but if it will injure your health—"



"It can not injure what I haven't got, and I am going to stay. Give me your arm, Adam. I want to go and see the boy. I must get a look at the nurse. I don't believe in nurses. Never saw one yet who didn't need more waiting on than the patient. I hope you have plenty of servants? With a nurse to do for, one might just as well prepare to entertain royalty—", and grumbling in a voice which she tried in vain to render subdued, she toiled up the wide and shallow stair case leaning upon her brother's arm. The nurse (who might easily have heard the remarks upon her possible character) met them at the door and motioned her into silence.

Mark was lying upon the bed. Such a strange Mark, with bandaged arm and white swathed head and restless eyes, bright with fever. Mr. Torrance thought with quick concern that even without the bandages he looked thinner and older than when he went away. There was a peculiar odor, also, in the room. An odor which recalled to him with strange vividness the room in which his wife had died. He shuddered.

"Pshaw!" said Aunt Miriam. "It's only anti-septics!"

"Hush!" The nurse raised a protesting finger, but the patient on the bed laughed weakly.

"Hullo, Auntie!" he said, but his eyes wandered past his adopted father unseeing.

"Mark," said Mr. Torrance.

"I can't attend to you just now, Mr. Macgregor," said Mark, in a matter of fact tone. "I want to talk to Auntie."

"Don't you know me, Mark?"

"Certainly, Macgregor. I'd know you anywhere. But don't bother me. I'm not going any farther with you this trip. I'm wanted at home."

"But, dear boy—"

"Don't argue with him!" warned the nurse.

Again the sick man's fancy veered. He looked up into his Uncle's face with a mischievous smile.

"Sly old Auntie!" he whispered, "Weren't you afraid to tell that fib?"

Adam Torrance drew back with a sigh. "He doesn't know me at all," he said. "You try, Miriam."

The little old lady bent tremulously over him. "Do you know me, Mark?"

Her voice seemed to touch a train of memory. "Did you bring her?" he asked, anxiously. "You had her, you know. Where is she?"

"You are exciting the patient," said the nurse coldly. Miss Torrance waved her away.

"Who is it you want me to bring, Mark?"

But he had lost the thread again. "I want a bun," he said. "No, not a bun, a red waggon—no, that doesn't sound right. How funny!" He began to laugh weakly.

"I must ask you to leave the patient now," interposed the nurse. "Excitement is bad for him."

"If he wants anything, he ought to get it. The doctor said so," declared Aunt Miriam, stubbornly.

"Certainly—if you know what it is he wants. I presume," with a little prim smile, "that it is not a bun or a red waggon."

"I used to give him buns when he was a child," said the old lady with a suspicious choke.

Suddenly the unbandaged arm on the bed shot out and Mark's hand grasped hers convulsively. For a moment his eyes seemed clear. "Auntie! Did you bring her?"

"Say 'Yes,'" commanded the nurse.

"Yes, certainly," said Aunt Miriam. "Go to sleep!" A faint smile spread over the invalid's face.

"Good old Auntie!" he said, but as she bent over him to say good night, he did not know her. Calling her Miss O'Hara, he warned her not to forget the "O."

The nurse motioned them both away, peremptorily, and following them into the next room, closed the door.

"He is showing more excitement than the doctors expected," she said thoughtfully. "It will be well to quiet him if we can. Perhaps it would be possible to have the young lady in the house in case he frets for her again."

"What young lady?" asked Miss Torrance sharply. The nurse seemed mildly surprised.

"The one he asked for," she replied. "I presumed that you would know."

"I don't know. I have no idea. I know of no one whom he could possibly want! Do you, Adam?"

Mr. Torrance shook his head.

"Then it is someone whom you do not know," concluded the nurse placidly.

The brother and sister exchanged a quick and guilty look. A look which the nurse saw and interpreted in her own way. "It may not be absolutely necessary to send for her," she said practically. "Perhaps I can quiet him. I'll try." She disappeared into the patient's room.

"What impudence!" snapped Aunt Miriam.

"What did she mean?" asked Adam Torrance.

"Did she think that we were deliberately—"

"Lying? Yes, she did. She evidently thinks that we know of someone whom Mark—do you suppose he might be wanting to see Alice Van Slyke, Adam?"

"No. In fact I may say that I am quite sure that it is not Miss Van Slyke. He told me as much before he went away."

"Perhaps he has met someone in Vancouver," suggested Miss Torrance nervously.

"Perhaps—I don't know."

They exchanged another guilty look and then Aunt Miriam gave in.

"I am afraid you do know," she said ruefully. "I am afraid we both know that he does not want anyone in Vancouver."

"You think it is—"

"I am quite sure it is."

"You are sure he was really taken with Miss—er—"

"Brown. Yes, Adam. I'm afraid I'm sure."

Adam Torrance smiled, but he was not the man to remain undecided in such an emergency. "Then we must send for Miss Brown," he said drily.

"Do you know where to send, Adam?"

"No," still more drily, "but I shouldn't be at all surprised if you do."

Miss Torrance had the face to blush. "Well," she declared, "perhaps it's lucky for us all that I do know. I thought I was a sentimental fool for taking the girl's address, but she interested me. I'm sure the address was enough to frighten anyone. She lives in Brook Street—actually! Number 1620, I think, room 26—fancy living in a room with a number!"

"Brook Street!" exclaimed Mr. Torrance. "You can't mean Brook Street? Why, it is in Brook Street that some of my employees live. (I was there this afternoon). Those other Miss Browns of whom I told you live there. It can't be the same? You said yourself they were not the same! You remember? When I asked you if she worked in a store? You said, No." Mr. Torrance's excitement was making him slightly incoherent.

"She didn't work in any store—when I saw her," said Miss Torrance. Her brother eyed her sternly. "But she may have afterwards. How was I to know?"

"The young lady of whom I spoke to you," said Mr. Torrance, "was called Christine."

Aunt Miriam tried to look surprised. "How very strange! I believe that the young lady of whom I spoke to you was called Christine, also."

The opening of the door interrupted his answer. "Excuse me, Mr. Torrance," said the nurse. "But the patient is very restless. The lady he seems to wish to see is called Christine. I don't know—"

"Thank you, nurse. I think that is all that is necessary. She shall be sent for."

"You need not look like that!" said Miss Torrance, recovering. "I really did not know whether the Miss Brown in whom you were interested was the same Miss Brown in whom Mark—was interested! I may have suspected. But it was quite true that, when I saw her, she did not work in any store. And you said yourself that you wished to consider her case without prejudice."

"I am not blaming you, Miriam. It is probably as well that I did not know—I can hardly realize it now that I do know. It seems too fantastic. I feel like a child who has frightened itself into a bogie which never existed."

Meaning?—

"Meaning the other Miss Brown! I may as well say at once," he went on simply, "that if Mark is in love with Miss Christine, I can wish him happiness. She is as sweet as she is beautiful and, Miriam, whatever her name may be, she is a lady!"

"Hoity, toity!" said Miss Miriam, "Whoever aid she wasn't?"

Mr. Torrance's grave face brightened. One threatened calamity had not turned out so badly after all. One cloud had already cleared and the bogie of Miss Brown had vanished for ever. In her place stood Christine! He wondered why the mere thought of her made his heart feel warm.

"Do you think she will come?" he asked.

Miss Miriam thought that she would. Even if she did not care at all for Mark she would probably not refuse to see him.

But fate, tireless in concocting evil, had still another blow in store; for when the automobile returned she did not come. Instead, there was Ada, very pale, her poor eyes red with tears, and Tommy with bad news in every line of his anxious face.

Christine, they said, was gone. She had not come home as usual from the Stores. She had sent no word. She was not with any of their few friends. Christine had disappeared!

CHAPTER XXIV.

"BUT where is she?"

Even as he spoke Adam Torrance realized the foolishness of his words. Tommy's stern face and Ada's tears were eloquent of that unanswered question.



"She can't possibly be really gone, you know," said Aunt Miriam. "She may very well have a friend of whom you have not thought. It is not late yet. She may have had dinner somewhere and gone on to the theatre."

Ada gave a half hysterical laugh. "Oh, no," she said. "You do not understand. One does not have dinner and go on to the theatre—in Brook Street!"

"We have been searching since half past six o'clock," said Tommy. "Were there any natural explanation of her absence we should have found her long ago."

"But my dear Mr.—"

"Burns," said Tommy.

"My dear Mr. Burns, what can possibly have happened?"

"We do not know. When this message from Mr. Torrance came we thought at first that it brought news; but as it was only a request for her to come here we thought it wise to come and tell you."

"We thought," said Ada softly, "that you might be able to help us."

"We shall certainly do that," said Mr. Torrance, and to give his assurance greater weight he drew his chair closer to hers and let his firm hand rest a moment upon her trembling one. "There must be a very simple explanation somewhere. But it may need a trained mind to find it. Fortunately, the very man we need is in the house—or should be." He rang the bell and when the butler appeared, "Benson, is Mr. Johnson here yet?"

"Yes, sir. He said he had an appointment, sir. He is in the small reception room."

"Ask him to kindly step this way."

"You see," he explained to his puzzled guests, "I am engaged at present in a search myself and this is the hour at which Mr. Johnson makes his report. If we tell him your difficulty—"

"Oh!" Ada drew a deep breath of relief, but Tommy's face grew more troubled.



"Must it be made public?" he asked uneasily.

The blind girl's sightless eyes turned to him in surprise. "Why not?" she asked.

There was something in the simple question which made the blood rush into Tommy's round face. "Only that publicity is not pleasant," he answered stiffly.

"But it need not be made public at all," Mr. Torrance answered them. "Mr. Johnson is a private detective and—"

"Mr. Johnson, sir," announced Benson, throwing open the door.

The big detective surveyed the agitated group with a benevolent air and the effect of his entrance was not unlike that of a doctor into a sick room. He brought confidence into the midst of fear. True, he was only a man with a brain like other men's and no abnormal faculty for the solving of mysteries; but his strength lay in the fact that mystery did not appal him or rob him of his confidence. He lived, as it were, on mystery and long familiarity had, as usual, bred contempt. This serene being listened to Ada's faltered story with an air encouragingly blase. He did not falter into surprised and purposeless questioning, like Mr. Torrance, nor did he suggest dinner and theatres, like his bewildered sister; instead, he merely said, "Ah!" and one felt immediately that this was the acme of wisdom.

"We will, first of all, get the facts," said he, briskly, producing a serviceable note book. Ada, who had just finished telling her story, looked slightly bewildered and Mr. Torrance interposed with—

"I think that Miss Brown has already told you all she knows."

The detective smiled. "And also a great deal that she does not know," he agreed, blandly. "When one knows very little one naturally theorizes a great deal. But at this stage theorizing will not help us. We must get nothing but the facts. Therefore you will excuse me if I put a few questions."

"How long has your sister been employed in Angers & Son?"

Ada gave the required dates and they saw them duly recorded in the note-book.

"Her age?"

"Sixteen—or thereabouts."

"Or thereabouts?" in surprise.

Poor Ada blushed. "I am not absolutely sure within a few months," she faltered.

"Surely a month or two does not matter, Johnson?" Mr. Torrance's tone was impatient.

"Perhaps not, in this case; but in some cases even a day or two might make every difference. Well, then—was the young lady pretty, homely, or—just ordinary?"

"I can answer that," said Miss Torrance. "Miss Brown was far more than merely pretty, she was, in fact, unusually lovely."

"Ah!" said the detective. Tommy moved uneasily.

"In what part of the Stores did her work lie?"

"At the ribbon counter."

"That is the counter just opposite the main entrance?"

"Yes."

"Had she ever, within the last few weeks or months, spoken of going away anywhere?"

"No."

"Where would she be likely to visit had she had such a holiday in view?"

"Nowhere—really, there is nowhere. We know so few people—none whom Christine would be likely to care to visit."

"No school friend?"

"Christine had school friends but she never went to their homes, because they might not have cared to come to ours."

"How about relations?"

"We are absolutely alone."

"And I understand you to say that you have already enquired at every place where you think she might possibly have gone?"

"Every place."

"And now, pardon me, but you know one must have no secrets from a detective—was there a young man in the case?"

"Oh!" Ada's exclamation was a gasp. "Certainly not," she added with dignity.

The detective made a note and then looked up. This time he looked at Tommy, who was very red. "You had better speak out if you know anything," he advised him.

"I! Why I can't—I—I don't know anything!" stammered poor Tommy.

"Oh," said the detective, with a meaning glance. "Well, see you later! In the meantime—"

But Ada's voice broke in sharply—

"Tommy—what is it? Oh, Tommy, do you know anything you haven't told?"

Continued on page 36

THE COST OF A CRIME

A Story of Yielding to Temptation and the Tragedy Ensuing

By ANNIE S. SWAN



SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Reedham steals thirteen thousand pounds of trust money, held by the firm of Lowther, Currie and Company, in London, England. He confesses to his friend, Lidgate, who allows him to escape, and who afterwards informs Mrs. Reedham of the crime. The only child, Leslie, is at school in Surrey. Leslie is brought home from school. Reedham, in the meantime, has found shelter in lodgings with Mrs. Webber, an old servant, and assumes the name of Thomas Charlton. He obtains employment with Archibald Currie, a brother of his former partner and is unrecognized.

"HE has left his situation," he added, and in a word explained what had happened. Her eyes filled with tears.

"He is so loyal to his father's memory, it is a perfect passion with him. And so jealous he is, too, about it. I believe he would cease to care for me if he thought I could forget."

"It is a fine trait, later he will get more sense of proportion," observed Lidgate quietly. "I'll do what I can for him to-morrow, I promise you. And wherever he may go he will not find the time he has been in the Clapton shop lost. It will have taught him to appreciate better things. And now, let us talk about yourself. You are sadly changed. You have had a terrible year."

"Not quite terrible; there have been gleams of peace," she said, but her eyes did not meet his. "How did you like America?"

"Oh, it is not new to me, I went as far as the Argentine," he added carelessly. Her lips parted in breathless interest.

"That is where you thought John would go. You did not hear anything, I suppose?"

"No, I made very full enquiries. Of course, it is difficult to find a man there, and he might easily evade recognition, but I am nearly certain that he never left this country."

"And equally certain that he is dead, perhaps," she said in a dispirited voice.

Lidgate made no reply.

He could not tell her of the visits he had paid to mortuaries, where unclaimed and unidentified bodies could be seen, neither could he say that certain news of John Reedham's death would simplify life for a good many people.

"I must go on hoping with Leslie that something will happen, that things will be cleared up; though the sort of life I have been living lately does not conduce to cheerfulness," she went on, after a brief space.

"You have had a terrible year, and Leslie tells me you have sordid anxiety now."

She neither denied nor admitted. Lidgate sat forward in his chair and began to speak rapidly.

"I cannot bear to see you like this, and there is no reason why I should bear it. I am, comparatively speaking, a rich man. I cannot, even if I would, spend my money on myself. I have few ties, none of them binding or obligatory. You must let me help you for old acquaintance sake, if for no other reason. Try to think of me as a brother, and let me order you to leave Clapton."

He tried to speak with a sort of bantering gaiety and an assumption of naturalness which did not in the least deceive her.

"You have already done too much in becoming guarantee for my rent. I am afraid you will have to make that guarantee good this time. I have not been able to get the money together."

"For heaven's name don't speak of it. I can't bear it. I tell you it is a mere bagatelle. Don't let it ever be mentioned between us. But honestly, now, do you think it is any good keeping on this house, or in pursuing the life which you admit can't bring you in a living wage?"

"Can you suggest a substitute for it, one which would come within the region of possibility?" she asked with a faint smile.

"I will think of it. Meanwhile the first thing is to get something better for Leslie. Have you ever met Archibald Currie, Mrs. Reedham?"

"Once or twice at Fair Lawn. A delightful man, I thought him, and I often said to John it seemed incredible that he and James could be brothers."

"Many have had such a thought. It would be a fine thing for Leslie to get into his office in New Broad Street. I shall call there to-morrow morning and see if he can suggest anything. It is the sort of thing he would delight to do. The record of his good deeds in the city would fill a book."

"Thank you very much, I shall indeed be grateful if you will do that. It would be the making of Leslie. He does not lack brains, Mr. Lidgate."

They used to be George and Bessie to one another in the old days of their friendship, but in the last year had adopted by common consent the more

formal address. In Lidgate's case at least it was a safeguard.

"I am sure that Leslie has plenty of brains. He is a bit fiery and impulsive, and takes strong likes and dislikes. He does not care much about me for instance."

"Oh, I am sure you are mistaken," she said, but her color faintly rose.

"No, I don't think we make mistakes of that kind, but I understand his feelings, partly at least, and can respect him for it."

She did not ask him to explain, and when she spoke again it was of a different theme.

"Miss Wrede came to see me twice after it all happened, once just before I left Norwood and once here. But I am afraid I was not very cordial to her when she came last."

"Don't you like her? Everybody reports her charming, and Stephen Currie is madly in love with her."

"She is very clever and bright I think and—dangerously sympathetic. I did not want to become intimate with her, Mr. Lidgate, and if she had gone on coming it must have ended in that."

"You were quite frank with her, then?"

"Yes, I told her I would prefer that she did not come, that I should always be grateful to her for her sympathy and would send for her if I were in any special trouble."

"And she understood?"

"She quite understood. That is what I say, she is dangerously sympathetic; one would talk too much to her. It is better not to see her."

"But for you it would have been good."

"No, bad, thoroughly bad, and besides I wanted to be detached from all those who knew me in happier times. But I cannot conceive of her and Stephen Currie."

"I don't think she encourages him, but everyone knows of Stephen's infatuation. In fact it won't hide."

Bessie Reedham sat still for a moment, and then looked him more straightly in the face than she had yet done.

"Tell me truly. Is the loss so great as was said at the time John disappeared?"

"Yes, it was in no way exaggerated."

"And how was it met?"

"The firm met it," he replied evading her straight look.

"Then it is Sir Philip Lowther and James Currie and you who are actually out of pocket."

"Yes, I suppose so, if you put it like that."

"And how much? Tell me the exact sum."

"Why open up all this painful business again?" he asked almost impatiently. "It can make no difference now."

"Oh, yes it can. It will be Leslie's debt. He has set it before him as a goal. Poor boy, it is a dreadful millstone about his neck even now, but I believe that it is a debt he will live to discharge."

"I hope he will not allow it to trouble him unduly; to be a millstone as you describe it," observed Lidgate, as he rose to his feet. "Well, I must go, and I will write to you to-morrow after I have seen Archibald Currie."

"You are very, very good to me," she murmured. Lidgate merely shook his head.

"I have done very little. Good-bye. You will hear from me to-morrow."

He left the house rather abruptly and retraced his steps to the station in doubt whether the visit had been a success. At least it had stayed the longing he had had to see her once more, and convinced him, if he needed any convincing, that he had not forgotten her in the smallest degree. She was ten thousand times more attractive to him now in her poverty and loneliness than she had ever been in the days of her happiest fortune.

He reached his chambers in the Albany half an hour late for dinner, a most unusual occurrence in his methodical, well-ordered life. His valet, Grimston, regarded him with a furtive anxiety, as he waited on him, fully conscious that something ailed his master. He ate sparingly that evening, and had very few remarks to make. Grimston saw that he was preoccupied, and full of serious thought, and began to fear that further business troubles might be looming ahead. Grimston had proved, even in his uneventful life, that misfortunes come not as single spies, but in battalions.

The real trend of his master's thoughts would have surprised and dismayed him had they suddenly been revealed. Grimston's fears regarding the amenity of that comfortable bachelor establishment had not received any shocks for a long time, and he had arrived at the definite conclusion that Lidgate was not a marrying man.

He went out immediately after he had drunk

his coffee, lighting a favorite cigar as he left the house. In the street he hailed the first hansom, and gave the address of Hyde Park Square, where he arrived soon after nine o'clock. He was not on terms of sufficient intimacy with Archibald Currie to warrant dropping in of an evening for a friendly visit, but he knew enough of the man to feel assured at least that it would not be resented, and that the nature of his errand would be sufficient to justify a departure from the usual routine. In the daytime they were both busy men with their time fully occupied, and a quiet half an hour at night would be infinitely better for arranging something concerning the future of Reedham's son.

Mr. Currie was at home, the butler informed him, but was engaged for a few moments. Would he step in? As Lidgate put his hat down in the inner hall the door of a room at the further side suddenly opened, and Katherine Wrede appeared. She started a little at the sight of Lidgate, and, then recognizing him, came forward with a ready smile.

"Mr. Lidgate, isn't it? You wish to see my uncle? He is engaged for a few moments. Will you come in here?"

Lidgate thanked her with his pleasant smile, and followed her into the room she had just left; once the morning room, but which Katherine had converted into a small drawing-room, where she sat a great deal. The big double drawing-room on the first floor was now seldom used, except on the occasion of the large and rather stately dinner parties which Archibald Currie gave once or twice in the course of a year.

"We have not met for a very long time, Mr. Lidgate," she said. "Did I hear from someone that you had been to America, or have I dreamed it?"

"You heard aright; I have only just returned—last Saturday, in fact."

"You had a pleasant voyage, I hope. My uncle won't be long. He is engaged with a gentleman from the office. He dined with us this evening, and they have had a little private matter to discuss. They may be back here again. Has the man taken your name to uncle, I wonder?"

"It doesn't matter," said Lidgate quickly. "I shall be very glad of an opportunity to talk to you. You might even be interested in the matter about which I have come to-night."

He could not help admiring her as she sat under the soft shade of the lamp, the delicate light falling on her beautiful face and giving wonderful sheen and richness to the folds of her brown velvet gown. It was a very simply-made gown, all straight lines and folds, but it had true artistic effect.

"I am sure I shall, if it interests you. Tell me about it."

"I have been this evening to see Mrs. Reedham—you know who I mean?"

Her face instantly assumed an expression of the deepest interest.

"Mrs. Reedham—why, yes, of course. Tell me about her, all about her, at once. I would like to go to see her sometimes, but—but she told me quite frankly it would be better not; and when she said it, from her point of view, it really seemed better. But I often think about her. How is she getting on?"

"Not well," he answered without hesitation. "It is a frightfully sad case, and a case which it is difficult, if not impossible to help."

"Is—she in need of any kind?" she enquired, with a wistful, eager note in her voice. "It is dreadful to associate her with such a question; but you know how I, and a great many other people, feel about her, and how terrible it is to stand by and do nothing."

"I quite understand. She has had a very bad year. She has had boarders at her house in Clapton, but she is not the sort of woman to make such a business pay. She gives them too much for their money. I am afraid she is very poor. I wished to talk over her affairs with Mr. Currie, if he would give me a few minutes of his time. If he would take the boy and give him a helping hand, that would mean everything to them. I would take him myself at London Wall, but, as you know, I am only a junior partner, and I would not dare to suggest it."

"Don't I know it?" she said, with a little grimace. "It is a very sad case, hedged about with every conceivable kind of difficulty and hardship. She is so innocent and so sweet. It is hard how the innocent have to suffer in this world. The injustice of it all often stings me."

Her voice quickened, and her eyes were full of eloquent feeling.

"I am so glad you have come to Uncle Archie. He will think of some way. He always does. At

Christmas he sent her twenty pounds anonymously, and he has sometimes spoken about her. But when I saw her she was doing well with her boarders, and she told me quite frankly she was not in need of anything, except to be left alone to live her own life."

Lidgate nodded.

"She told me that to-night—I mean what passed between you—but I think she may have regretted it. She is very lonely now, it is easy to see."

"Then I will go again. I should like to go tomorrow, perhaps," said Katherine eagerly.

"I would wait a little," he counseled. "At least till we have settled something between us. You understand how more than willing I am to help her, only in my case it is even more difficult than in yours."

"I can see that. You were very intimate with John Reedham, were you not?"

"We were like brothers once. We lodged together in our young manhood for seven years, and—and we both loved the same woman."

The words were out before he could keep them back, and though his face flushed a little, he was conscious of a sudden and sweet relief.

Of one thing, at least, he could be sure that Katherine Wrede would not misunderstand. She possessed in a very rare degree the gift of sympathetic intuition, which so often dispenses with the need for words.

"Oh, how you interest me!" she said, leaning forward with a soft beautiful light in her eyes. "And yet how terribly sad it all is! I have never understood how a man like Reedham could go wrong. He had everything to keep him right. Has the mystery ever been cleared up?"

He shook his head.

"It will never be now, I fear."

The significance of his words were not lost upon her.

"You believe that he committed suicide," she said, with parted lips.

He nodded.

"In my own mind I have not the slightest doubt of it. How else could he have eluded the vigilance of the police?"

"It has been done," she suggested. "One night Major Pollock, from Scotland Yard was dining here, and it made me quite creepy to hear him talking about the number of mysterious disappearances there are in London. Men, and women too, simply fall out, and are heard of no more. They go out from their homes in the morning apparently in good health and spirits, and without any pressing cares, and they never come back."

"They have ulterior motives, I should say, in every case. They leave London and hide themselves in other countries."

"The Major says not. He says more than half create new personalities, new careers, new environments for themselves, in fact, become different people."

Lidgate did not seem credulous.

"Such a course would not have been possible to poor Reedham. I am forced to the conclusion that there were wheels within wheels, a portion of his life that we never suspected. And I am certain, as certain as one can be of anything for which there is no ocular proof, that he is dead."

"It would be better so, perhaps, and one day in the future you may perhaps comfort his poor wife."

"I would marry her now, Miss Wrede, but I dare not ask her. She is still absolutely devoted to his memory."

"Ah, but one cannot live forever on memory," she reminded him. "I do hope it may come to pass. You have been so truly a friend to her, you deserve happiness. And I shall always be glad that I have known this."

"I had no intentions of telling you. I betrayed myself because you are so sympathetic. I have not yet ceased wondering at myself."

She smiled, and at the moment held up a warning finger.

"Hark, I hear them coming out of the library."

At the moment the drawing-room door opened and Archibald Currie, a fine and picturesque figure in his velvet coat, appeared. He nodded pleasantly to Lidgate.

"I shall be with you in a moment, Mr. Lidgate. Charlton is going, Katherine, come and bid him good-night."



They left the door ajar, and Lidgate could see out into the spacious hall. The man they called Charlton stood under the hall lamp, a figure of ease and grace. His clean-shaven face showed clear-cut as a cameo against the bright light. It was not familiar to Lidgate, yet somehow it interested him deeply. As Charlton turned to bid Miss Wrede good-night, he glanced back and saw Lidgate where he stood before the fireplace in the inner room. He turned away with such sharpness that Katherine Wrede was surprised. Almost before the door closed upon him he took out his handkerchief to wipe the cold sweat drops from his brow.

CHAPTER VI.

A BUSY EVENING.

"WHO is that man?" enquired Lidgate bluntly. The unusual question naturally surprised them, but Mr. Currie replied frankly enough.

"One of my clerks, of whom I wished to know a little more than can be learned in business hours. His name is Charlton."

"Charlton!" repeated Lidgate, musingly. "I

thought I knew him, I must have made a mistake. Pray excuse the question."

"Why, certainly, and how are you after your American trip, Mr. Lidgate? You look very fit."

"I am all right, thank you."

"I hope you enjoyed it?"

"Yes, I think I did, but I am not a keen traveler. I am afraid London has got me body and soul, I am restless away from her, and she quickly lures me back."

The elder man shook his head.

"That I can't understand. Has my brother mentioned that I have serious thoughts of retiring one of these days?"

"Don't, Mr. Currie. Recall to your remembrance all the men you have known who have quitted active life at your age, and the results. I think that you will find that these results have been almost without exception disastrous. Slacken off a bit by all means, and take this young lady to see a bit of the world, but don't retire."

"Do you hear that rank heresy, Kate?" enquired Mr. Currie, with a smile, which had a certain amount of triumph in it. "Yes, she is the culprit."

"Women usually are," answered Lidgate with an answering smile. "And very often they merely prepare a rod for their own backs."



"Oh, you wicked man!" cried Katherine, shaking her finger at him. "Just when I had got Uncle Archie nearly persuaded, you come in with your horrid warnings! Don't you see how he is pining for the country and fresh air and quiet occupations?"

Lidgate laughed outright.

"I don't see anything of the kind, I am glad to say, Miss Wrede. I gaze upon a remarkably hale and handsome man, with more energy in his little finger than most men, and myself, perhaps," he added with a touch of gay banter, "have in my whole anatomy."

"That may could be true of you; I could very well believe it," she replied demurely. "But by admitting it you damage your case. He ought not to be so full of energy. If he could rest more and take it easy the necessity would not be so urgent. But, as you know, he simply lives every moment of his days with his whole might."

"The only way to live, believe me, Kate. A short life and a full if not a merry one, is surely the most satisfying for every man."

"And he fills up the very scanty leisure he permits himself with doing things for other people. Even you, Mr. Lidgate, would be astonished at the sum of them."

"Perhaps not; I hear of them too often," he answered. "And I am afraid you will look askance at me because I have come to ask him to do one more."

"You may regard it as done," she said with an affectionate glance at her guardian. "Well, if you will excuse me, I shall go to the library; I have two notes to write. I shall see you before you go, Mr. Lidgate."

Lidgate's eyes followed her to the door.

"A most beautiful creature," he said with a faint, involuntary sigh, which seemed to embody regret over his lost youth.

"She is indeed, and all heart. The combination is rare; so often the beautiful casket is empty of soul. I bless God for having sent her to me at a time when I must necessarily have begun to feel more acutely that sense of personal loneliness which is the cross of a solitary man. You ought to marry, Lidgate, before it is too late. Why have you never married?"

He leaned back in his chair as he put the question with that kindly solicitude which so often compelled confidence, and which could never be in any circumstances offensive.

Lidgate's face flushed a little.

"Well, sir, since you have asked the question, I will be frank. The only woman I have ever cared about married another man."

"Ah," said Archibald Currie with an understanding nod. "Pray excuse me, I did not pause to remember that perhaps I might be probing an old wound. I am very sorry, but doubtless you have had your compensations?"

"No," said Lidgate, with a sudden fierceness, "I have not had any compensations. And of late I have had to stand by and see her suffer acutely, and know myself powerless to help, precluded, indeed, by my position from offering any help."

"A trying experience; very tryin. I had no idea of this, Mr. Lidgate; I offer you my sincere sympathy. You bear it like a man."

"I doubt it very much," said Lidgate gloomily. "May I now tell you what I have come about?"

"Surely, and if Katherine said, if to help you, or any protege of yours is in my power, you may look upon it as done."

"It is about John Reedham's boy I have come. He wants to be taken by the hand; I would like to do it myself, to take him in at London Wall, but you can appreciate the difficulties in the way."

"Ah, surely, of course I can," replied Archibald Currie, as the vision of his brother's stern face rose up before him. "What age is the lad? Bless me, I had forgotten about him. I have often spoken to my ward about his mother, but I might have done something for the boy before this."

"He has not required it. Up till June of this year he was at school in Surrey with some friends of his mother, the school he had been at for the last four years. He was very loth to go back, the youngster had the chivalrous desire to help his mother, and it was only when it was pointed out that another year at school would better equip him for his purpose that he consented to remain. When

he came home at midsummer, three weeks before the usual time on account of an epidemic that had broken out in the school, I was in America. There was no one to hold him back. The young rascal went out on his own, so to speak, and took a book-keeper's place in a petty tradesman's shop out Clapton way."

"I like that, it showed a manly spirit, said Archibald Currie, with a well-pleased look on his face.

"It was not a suitable place for the boy, however, and he has never been happy there. Last night I saw him, and he had been paid off."

"Ah, poor lad, then he is in immediate need of a situation?"

"Yes. He is almost fifteen, I believe, but he is very well grown for his age; a fine, intelligent, handsome boy, though he has inherited his father's impulsive temperament and quick temper."

"These may help him, if they are properly guided," said the old man musingly. "They go hand in hand usually with other and more valuable qualities. It was a tragedy that! Poor Reedham! Have you any theory about him?"

"My theory can be put into few words. I believe him to be dead."

"But how? when? where?" enquired Currie, struck by the confidence with which the words were spoken.

Reedham shook his head.

"These questions, of course, I can't answer, but I have the conviction. There are many suicides in London in the course of a year that are never identified, and some even that never come to light at all."

"It sounds ghastly. How is his poor wife bearing up?"

"Not well; she has had a hard year. If you can do anything for the boy you will lighten her burden, Mr. Currie. If you could take him to Old Broad Street I should be most grateful. I hardly like to suggest it, but if it is the custom of your office to take premiums I should be only too glad to pay, because I can't take him as I should like to do at our own place."

"Tut, tut. I am the head of my concern. I can do as I like, and Reedham's boy shall come most certainly. I'll hand him over to Charlton, and tell him to keep a special eye on him."

"Thank you very much. I felt sure you would be willing to do something," said Lidgate, in tones of relief.

"The longer time goes on the more inexplicable appears Reedham's defalcations," said Archibald Currie, musingly. "Have you any theory about that, then?"

Lidgate hesitated a moment.

"At first I was dumbfounded, and naturally leaped to the conclusion that he had been leading a double life. But I have parted with that belief. I think there are two explanations which, when put together, may suffice. Reedham had several impecunious relatives, one of them most disreputable, who was a constant drain upon him. Part of his defalcation may have gone to cover some disgrace into which this person got himself. That is only surmise, suggested by various things Mrs. Reedham has said to me from time to time. The other is the extraordinary jealousy and antagonism that existed between him and your brother James."

The old man knit his brows, and nodded understandingly.

"I did not know Reedham well; in fact, I don't think I have met him more than half a dozen times, and then it was in the most casual way. But putting two and two together, the thing becomes plainer. I can easily understand how my brother would act upon a warm, impulsive temperament. Between ourselves, Lidgate, I have felt it myself, and we could never have been in business together."

Lidgate continued, finding his task of explanation much easier than he had expected.

"Reedham was very jealous of his position in the firm, and he constantly made himself wretched imagining slights were being put upon him, especially by Mr. Currie. Then he thought Mrs. Currie and her daughters were offensively patronising to his wife. The very idea of it maddened him. My own belief, in view of all these sidelights, which have become clearer with lapse of time, inclines me to think that Reedham was ambitious to make a clever coup-d'etat on his own account, to force recognition, as it were, from the senior partners. When he discovered that disaster had ensued, he could not face it, of course."



"Ay, ay; a most feasible explanation. I believe it is the true one," said Archibald Currie, musingly. "Poor, poor chap. It was not worth it. He was happy in his home; he had enough for his needs, and what else mattered? He had lost his sense of proportion. Ay, ay; what a number of catastrophes there are in life which the exercise of a little common-sense could avert!"

"You are right, sir; but I must not keep you longer. Then I may tell Mrs. Reedham to send the boy to you?"

"If you will leave me her address I will write myself to-night. I am glad you came to me. The boy is evidently worth saving, and I am only too pleased to be able thus indirectly to be of service to his mother."

Lidgate took a card from his case, wrote Mrs. Reedham's address on it, and almost immediately took his leave.

Archibald Currie sat still, pondering in his mind the thing he had heard. His face was wearing its most preoccupied expression. When his ward returned to the room she glanced at him anxiously.

(To be continued.)



CANADA AND WOMAN

A Consideration of the Work of the Canadian Woman
and the Industrial Opportunities Afforded Newcomers

By R. E. VERNEDE



BY permission of the publisher, WILLIAM BRIGGS, Toronto, we are reproducing a chapter, "Canada and Woman," from the book, "The Fair Dominion." The author, Mr. R. E. Verne, is an English journalist, who visited Canada during the year and wrote his impressions for the London weekly, "The Bystander." The chapter to which we have referred has much that will interest our readers, especially those of the West.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

FEW books are complete nowadays without a chapter on the woman question. Man can be treated of in between; one would not as yet care to write a book without mentioning man in it. As a subsidiary agent for keeping the world going man is still not without his importance. But woman, as I have said, must have a chapter to herself. And since I unwittingly arrived on the last page at the subject of woman's work in Canada, I will pause—even on the threshold of the mountains—and go further into the matter.

The most noticeable thing about woman in Western Canada is that she has not yet arrived there. If any one wished to get an idea of how the world would arrange itself supposing there were no women in it at all, they would have to go a little further north and west, into some of the British Columbian valleys or into the Yukon country, and look around.

What a simple world it seems. No clothes question, no washing, the simplest cookery, one man one plate (and that plate never washed), one knife for eating with or for skinning a grizzly bear, no carpets or curtains in the houses, no dustings or spring-cleanings, no knick-knacks to knock over or break, no flowers without or within except such as grow wild, no luxuries, in short, either to enjoy or to pay for, and a terrible amount of dirt. That is the physical aspect of the world without women.

The spiritual side of it is less easy to arrive at. These bachelors you see in the backwoods are a silent people, lacking in self-consciousness, and, I daresay, in manners, but law-abiding and amiable and peculiarly handy. All men are handy who have not women to steal that talent from them; and most womanless men are silent too. One knows, of course, that bores may be found among men at times, but never chatter-boxes. There is something to be said for the view that speech arose by women putting questions so often that men were driven, in sheer weariness, to make answers.

Does it seem an unattractive life that these hardy bachelors have perforce to live? Perhaps. But you will not find them bemoaning their lot. That is not the way of bachelors. We know they are to be pitied, but they do not pity themselves. Seriously, the trouble with these men is that they have none of these inducements to consider the future which make a man better than a machine. They take the world as it comes, which is well enough for themselves but not well enough for the world. I doubt if it is well themselves really, true, they have nothing to worry them so long as they are in health. They can make big money when they choose and take holidays when they choose, conscious that when their money is spent they have only to set to again. Their wages are indeed to them little more than trinkgeld—and this means that those splendid workers have no real reward for their work, leave no successors to carry on the traditions of their toil, enrich only the barkeepers and the rogues who live on the folly of honest men.

CLEARLY the most honourable opening for women in Canada is marriage. Only wives are capable of putting down the drink curse, preventing the growth of a particularly odious plutocracy, establishing a permanent instead of a nomad population in the West. Nor might it be a bad thing (but for Anglo-Saxon prejudices) if provincial governments there could start marriage offices, due attention being paid to eugenics. Even in so small a matter as the following, the presence of wives should make all the difference. All down the Columbia valley, I found the cattle ranchers, who were bachelors, drinking tinned milk, while scores of cows ran wild and went dry. When I asked if it wasn't worth while to keep one cow milking, I was always told, "No, we haven't time to bother about it," till I came to the shack of a married Swede, whose wife had time to bother about it. In his shack tinned milk was anathema, as it should be everywhere.

As prejudice would undoubtedly prevent the formation of governmental marriage offices, marriage can only be considered as an indirect opening for women. What are the direct openings? A great deal depends on what part of Canada immigrant women make for. In the East there is no such lack of women as in the West. The sexes are fairly balanced. In the big towns there is the usual demand for domestic servants, but not many more openings for educated English-women than there are in big towns at home. There are a few more, because those cities are going at a faster pace than our English cities, and because all work there is more valuable than in England. Women

skilled in the arts that have to do with personal decoration, such as millinery, dressmaking, etc., could make their way there.

Factory work in Canada is hardly worth going into here, the chief point about it being that wages are of course higher; nor did I notice any unusual professions engaging the attention of women, unless it were the checking of parcels and the playing in hotel orchestras, neither of which requires a man's strength.

FRENCH Canada offers employment to but very few. Western Canadians sniff at the Habitants because they let their women work in the fields, haymaking and hoeing. But the idea of using women as outdoor workers is not so uncivilised as it looks to those unaccustomed to seeing it. Ethnologists are agreed nowadays that the tribes in which women do the field work are not the least but the most civilised, and maintain that the position of women among such tribes is higher than among any others. Women began to work out-of-doors because the primitive peoples believed in a connection between their fertility and that of the earth; and where they do such work, women are always the keepers of the grain store—hold in their hands, that is to say, the food upon which the life of the tribe depends. The most honourable primitive customs are not always the best in modern times, but there can be no doubt of the fertility of the French Canadians.

As one goes West, woman becomes more of an indoor creature; and this may be due to the greater chivalry of their men folk. But one has to remember that the great charm of Canadian life, especially on the prairies, is an outdoor charm—working in the exhilarating air—not cooking over a hot stove indoors. One hears of a few cases in which women have taken up farming or vegetable gardening and made a success of it, but no one could honestly say that the fortune awaiting women who take up such work is usually a great one. The work is too hard, especially in the winter time. Chicken-ranching is perhaps easier; but the real demand in the West is for women to do that housework which the men have not time for. At such work capable women can earn from three to five pounds a month with board and lodging; and while they are likely to find it rather harder—certainly not less hard—than similar work at home, it has compensations besides the money to be made by it. For one thing there is none of the odium that attaches to it in the older countries. The cook is as good as her employer, who probably did the cook's work for years before the cook was to be had. It is natural that the work which most ladies have to do for themselves, because neither love nor money can obtain them substitutes, should lose its menial and unpleasant aspect, and the finest ladies in western Canada do it unashamed. Often their guests will help them to wash up, and even prepare the dinner. Personally, I found myself becoming quite expert at cleaning fish for a hostess who thereafter cooked it and dished it up, and yet appeared at table as fresh and elegant and apparently leisured as any lady who keeps a staff of servants in the old country. And I found as I got on that I rather liked cleaning fish.

It stands to reason that the lady help is not wanted. The precise duties demanded of such a lady are always a little misty, but I imagine that they include a little sewing and a little reading, the ability to chat pleasantly, to be good-tempered (and possibly a Protestant), to feed the canary, and, at a pinch, even to clean out its cage. None of these talents are needed in a new country, and I heard of forty women who were on the books of an employment office in Calgary, all wanting to be lady helps and all likely to go on wanting it till Doomsday.

ONE hears a good deal of discussion (not in Canada) of the openings in the colonies for educated women. There is an English committee—the Committee of Colonial Intelligence for Educated Women—which, "recognising the crying need of our colonies for the best type of educated women," undertakes to furnish them with detailed, practical and up-to-date information, before advising them to go out. This committee hopes later on to found settlements in the colonies, where training, suitable to the needs of each colony, can be given, and centres can be formed to which the girls can return in the intervals of employment. There is much sense both in the recognition of the need for educated women in the colonies and in the perception that the most educated woman will be lost there unless she is prepared to be practical. The truth is that that same adaptability which is required of men in Canada is required of women also. They must first suit the country before they can hope to leave their mark on it. Educated women can leave their mark there by their inward, not by their outward, superiority.

Centres to which the girls can go in the first place, and to which they can return in the intervals of employment, are an excellent idea, and one which central

or local government authorities in Canada would do well to support. Of course the Young Women's Christian Association already gives much help in this direction, but it cannot be expected to have branches everywhere. New towns and settlements are planned and put through very quickly in Canada, and wherever they result in creating a demand for women's work, some such centre for girls as near the railway depot as possible should be started. For one thing it would facilitate the engagement of girls, for another it would attract a better class. Probably the best openings of all for women in Canada—educated women, I mean—are in the big cities of the furthest West. In Vancouver and Victoria wealthy people reside who can afford to pay for such luxuries as private school-mistresses and governesses. And the supply of women is not so great there. Women also seem to be more employed there as hotel manageresses and under-manageresses, and as cashiers in hotels and offices. I never heard of women being real estate agents, but in a profession in which the arts of persuasion play a leading part, there seems no reason why they should not shine. Of bachelor girls, living their own lives, I have also never heard in the West. They could hardly have the hearts to do it with so many bachelor men wasting their lives around them.

On the whole, the position of woman in Canada is one of honourable toil lightened by the high consideration in which they are held. They have hardly as yet obtained that dominant super-man eminence which American women are said to occupy. That is, perhaps, because they have not gone in so much for that culture and social fastidiousness by the lack of which in themselves some American husbands are made to feel their inferiority. On the other hand they seem to keep their men folk contented, and remain contented with them. Divorce is, I believe, uncommon in Canada.

The Question of Color

WE were asked recently, says a writer in *The House Beautiful*, by a subscriber, to approve her scheme of decoration for her new house. It was the same old story—hall in buff with white staircase and mahogany balusters, a red dining-room with brown woodwork, a soft green living-room, one pink bedroom, another blue, and so on through all the tints of the rainbow; and then, while we were fairly gasping over the proposed array, she finished with: "I want to keep it very simple and colonial-like, you know."

Gently, but firmly, we insisted that she had too many colors; that her house would have no repose, no unity; that it would look like a patchwork quilt, without the quilt's compensating utility and comfort. Then for her guidance was described a very successful interior where the color scheme was white woodwork and a strong colonial yellow throughout the entire first and second stories. "Yellow," she repeated aghast, "why, I have purposely avoided such a garish color!"

There was little more to say; she went away unconvinced, to order her wall paper. The most she could be prevailed on to give up was the red and brown dining-room, for which she substituted the buff and white of the hallway. Thus our triumph was limited to only one room, but as red and brown dining-rooms are nearly always a serious decorative offence, this one-room victory is not to be despised.

Meanwhile the fact remains that this matter of one color throughout is worth experimenting with. The yellow interior held up as a worthy example is surprisingly successful. Its rooms are not separate units, but produce that feeling of breadth and relationship that a house should have. They are tied together, and the house seems half as large again as it really is. Provided only that the color chosen is a background, and not a foreground, one cannot go far wrong in adhering to it throughout at least one storey of the house. It is well known that the great eighteenth century architects insisted upon designing the furniture as well as the house. In the present-day revival of good taste in furniture, the architect's personal influence on his client is again playing an important part. There is an ever-increasing willingness among the latter to be persuaded that the man who designs the home may be safely entrusted to either design, or at least select, the furniture that goes into it. For the relation between the architecture of any period and its furniture is a close one; and those ignorant of it have, over and over, converted an interior (so far as movable decorations go) into a travesty of the architect's intention. He, therefore, is justified in playing the dictator in this matter. This does not mean to the extent to which a prominent architect played the role when, calling for an axe, he broke irreparably a wretched, over-ornamented chandelier that had been purchased and hung without his approval in a room of his designing; but it does mean that the architect is quite right in representing how unfair it is to him to "queer" the result of his efforts.

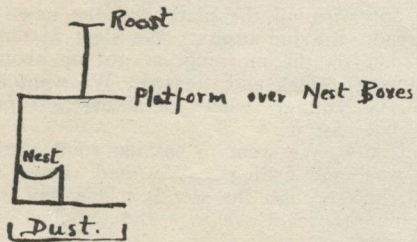
THE GIRLS ON THE FARM

A Friendly Talk With All of You

"FROM ONE COUNTRY GIRL TO ANOTHER"

DID you ever try to talk to a person to whom you had never been introduced, or to force yourself into a position where you didn't know whether or not you would find a welcome? If you have ever felt either of those uncertainties you can readily understand the state of my mind when I wrote that first letter to "all the girls on all the farms." I felt like a shy young man trying to call on a girl at boarding school—if he isn't a brother, or a cousin, or an uncle of the girl, he finds it hard to explain to the lady principal just why he is where he is. However, the editor deemed me eligible for an introduction, and now I feel free to work my way toward your sympathy, and your approval of my ideas and sentiments.

Please bear in mind, if you consider the matter at all seriously, that I am not setting myself up as capable of giving advice or dictating as to the proper course anyone should pursue—no indeed!



End View of Nest Box and Roost

I'm merely giving you some of my opinions and theories, and surely everyone who has a mind at all, has some independent ideas concerning the things which most closely touch his or her own life. I don't ask you to agree with me, but you are quite free to question me, my notions, and anything that I have said. I'll stand by my guns and try to prove that I meant what I wrote, and that my statements, although perhaps a bit conflicting, in some minds when the utterances of one article are compared with those of another, are tucked away in my mind in unison and harmony. And now we're ready to be friends, so let's to business.

In my last (and first) letter, I talked of generalities, trying to look at this quiet country life of yours and mine in such a way as to get the most out of it, and not have our minds too much trampled upon by the common round. It was only the lack of space that kept my enthusiasm tied down to the discussion of hobbies alone, for I wanted, as I told you, to go on and talk of that indefinite quantity, our special talent. However, I have decided to be very practical this time, to leave theories and mental adjustments strictly alone for a season, and, in short, to talk about the subject of hens. Hens, chickens and eggs are always in demand from the Atlantic to the Pacific, so it surely is a subject which will appeal to one and all of those who have the necessary facilities and requirements for caring for a feathered flock.

I WAS calling on a woman once who lived in another part of the country from me, in what I thought was an ideal situation. Her home was on the side of a long, gentle slope of ground which came right up from the river. In the stream were several small islands, which brought Ellen Douglas to my mind at once, and on the other side of the water, hill after hill showed all those wonderful greens of late summer. When my hostess complained of loneliness and dissatisfaction I could not but draw her attention to the beauty which she had at her very door, and which I was sure would rest and soothe. She gave me such a pitying look, and exclaimed: "I never heard of anyone living on a view." Of course, that is very true and very practical, so let us go back and roost with the chickens a time.

I have raised hens and taken charge of hens in each and every season of the year. I have never made any great amount of money from the venture because I did not go into the business seriously enough, but I know, if I had given up more of my time and attention, I would have had a greater measure of success. That reveals one of the first principles—to get thoroughly grounded before going into the hen business. Your flock must have a good share of your time and intelligent attention. The following of that rule will bring pleasing and satisfactory results.

I cannot give you definite figures of the cost of a flock of hens or the cost of their keep, or the profit you should have. Prices, both of feed and of eggs vary in different parts of Canada, and I can give you only an approximate idea of the expense and profit of keeping hens.

I have laid down the first rule—Be prepared to give your hens a generous share of time and attention.

Secondly, I would say—Have hens that are worthy of your best efforts. Have a flock of which you are proud, and if you have only a single-roomed henhouse and one general run, have but

one variety, and keep that strain as pure bred as possible.

The choice of a special breed of hens is influenced by the object one has in view, whether the market nearest at hand offers better opportunities for eggs or chickens.

For all round flock, the egg basket and the dinner platter both considered, I think fifty Buff Orpington or Rhode Island Red fowls should delight the heart of any proud owner. The Buff Orpington is a gentle, placid fowl, always of the same clean light brown color, and the spring chicks develop into the plumpest, most satisfactory table fowl one can imagine or find. The Rhode Island Red is but a handsome, much showier edition of the Orpington.

The White Plymouth Rocks or Barred Rocks are of the same high class as the above-mentioned breeds, but will give better results as egg producers than the chicks will as early broilers or for general market. Of course, there are many varieties of fancy fowls, but, as I said before, the ordinary hen raiser will do much better to get a flock of good reliable fowls best suited to her needs, and work with that variety and that alone.

I am sending with this the plan of a henhouse which is ideal, and would make it possible to keep more than one variety of flock. It is quite a pretentious building which would cost seventy-five dollars to build, and which would moreover require a large piece of land, not to mention the wire, for the runs. The plan, however, is a splendid one and could be simplified to meet individual requirements. The separate rooms in this house are most convenient when the hens are setting, as it gives them an apartment quite by itself, while the third room may be used for the baby chicks. I have never used an incubator—an encourager of race suicide—and had naturally hatched chicks in April of this year, which made excellent broilers in June. I am sorry I haven't space enough to dwell on the merits of this henhouse and to tell you of an excellent plan for caring for the young chickens, whether from the hen or an incubator, when one has not a regulation brooder. However, I must keep to the subject in a general way.

HAVING chosen your flock in general, the number of fowls to purchase is the next question. If you want to make a business—and a profitable business of your hens—have a large flock. It is almost as easy to care for fifty hens as for twenty-five or thirty, and your additional profit will overbalance the extra cost and effort.

I seldom winter the same fowl twice, and a year-old fowl is always in good demand in the market, so it is easy to keep one's flock in a flourishing con-

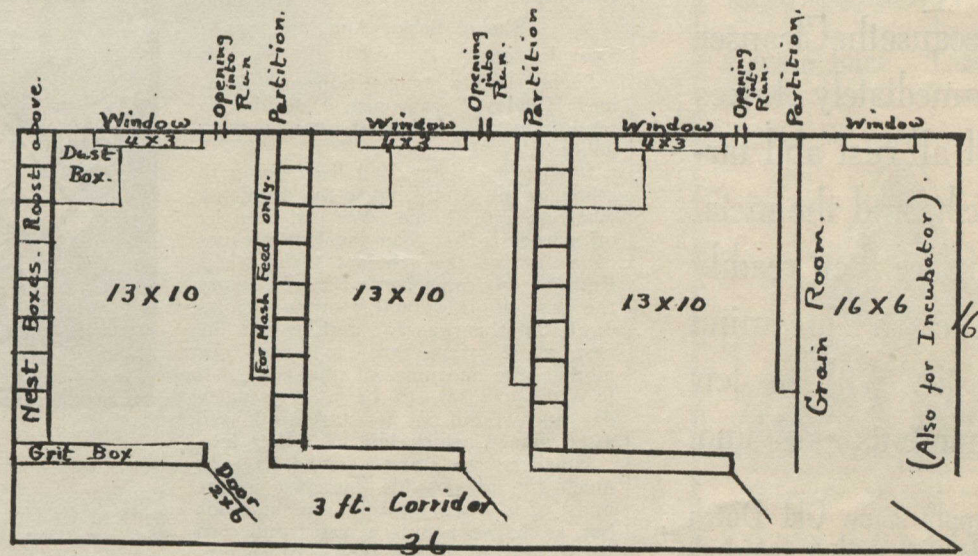
dition. Look over this list and see how many of these articles are grown or procurable on your own farm or home-stead. This lessens the expense of raising hens materially, as you can readily see, and simplifies the problem. One can procure ground oyster shells, bone foods, and other preparations from poultry supply manufacturers. There are several excellent farm and poultry journals published in Canada, which deal extensively with the raising of hens and the proper care of a flock. When one has made the start, has discovered that her private income can be satisfactorily increased by giving up some time and attention to fifty or more or less hens, and has got a proper house and a suitable flock, then she is in a position to profit intelligently by the advice offered in the columns of a poultry journal.

Trap nests, for instance, are explained explicitly, and one can readily appreciate their practical effect on one's profit after a little experience, but my idea is merely to arouse interest and to point out that many a girl and woman, who longs for an opportunity to go to a larger field and earn a wage, may stay at home and be happy in an occupation which can be made profitable and pleasant.

Have a good henhouse, a good flock, and use judgment and common sense. Don't starve your hens nor feed them until they are sluggish and stupid. Keep them active and cheerful and ready to appreciate such a treat as a raw turnip or a cabbage suspended by a string. Give them the variety of food which the hen nature craves. Keep everything in connection with your flock and its abode clean and sweet. Do all these things and you'll be so satisfied with yourself and your acquirement that you'll want to learn more and more of the subject and the best methods to pursue. You cannot expect to get that all at once any more than you can expect to learn all the reasons why you should keep hens or all the fundamental principles of the business, in one small article.

I've been so very practical that mayn't I digress in one paragraph? Have you been enjoying the autumn sunsets and the wonderful alluringness of the autumn atmosphere? I wish I had the space to quote you Bliss Carman's poem "Vagabondia," it is so thrillingly applicable and appropriate to our Canadian autumns. These sunsets of September and October must surely appeal to you girls who live in the free, uncramped open—the sunset of the mountains which ceases so abruptly but leaves such a marvellous afterglow on the fresh white peaks, or the sunset of the prairie with its "long light" so like Tennyson's "Bugle Song," or the quiet, peaceful, beautiful sunset of the East.

You girls can one and all do two things at least—you can raise hens and you can enjoy the sunset.



Hen House for 60 Hens.
36 X 16

dition. When one is thinking of eggs only, this may not be a good plan, but I think it is.

I will give you a few figures, calculated in accordance with the conditions in my vicinity. To keep a flock of sixty fowls (of any of the varieties I have mentioned) for a year, and pay for their entire maintenance, would cost about one hundred and ten dollars. These hens, if they are doing their part of the contract, should produce eggs to the value of one hundred and thirty-five dollars. The fertilizer would put five dollars more on the credit side of the sheet, giving you a profit of thirty dollars for one year. Now, don't be disgusted at the smallness of my figures: that is your actual profit. Each of you can for herself figure up her possible profit.

Food for a flock of hens includes grain, such as oats, buckwheat, barley, wheat or corn—some ground, some whole; vegetables, as potatoes, mangles or turnips; meat, raw or cooked, such as the liver, heart or waste portions of any domestic animal; gravel, oyster shells and ground bones.

Don't overlook the latter in the excitement of the former occupation. Make all the money you can with your hens and enjoy it, but don't forget to take time to marvel and be inspired by the glory of the setting sun.

Consumption of Candy

"THIS feminine craze for being slender has knocked the bottom out of our business," said the man in charge of the down-town branch of a big candy concern in New York the other day. "Some men who were good for at least \$10 worth of candy each week never come inside the door now, and when I see them trudging past the store with a package of fruit I make up my mind their wives and daughters or sweethearts have taken a stand against candy. One man with a wife and four daughters who used to be a splendid customer, told me the other day that he'd as soon come home with a viper as a five-pound box of candy."

Just WHY



Old Dutch Cleanser

Polishes

METAL

Quickly

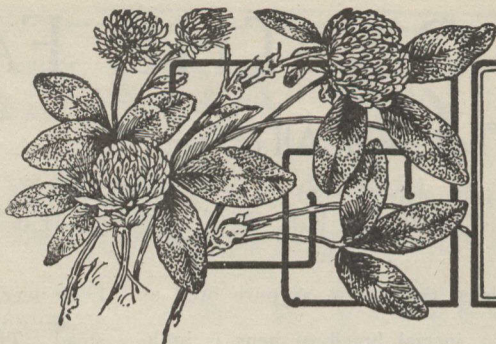
Taps
Pipes
Fixtures
Railings
Pans

Because the Cleanser immediately takes off all rust and tarnish, and the metal surface then readily takes a gleaming lustre with a few moments' rubbing.

Apply some Old Dutch Cleanser with a wet cloth or brush; rub slightly, then wipe dry. Use dry as a polish. In this way you can easily keep brass, nickle, copper, steel, tin and aluminum bright and shining. (Not recommended for silverware.)



Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 1 Oc



With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Rebus and Puzzle

UP to the time of our going to press, the prize for the Christmas rebus has not been awarded, so we must postpone the announcement concerning it until our February issue.

The prize for the picture puzzle, one year's subscription to this publication, goes to Miss Isla Stewart of Teeswater, the solution being: "The Canadian Home Journal."

We are submitting to our young readers a New Year's Puzzle. The prize is two dollars, but there is a condition attached, this time. Everyone sending in a solution must enclose also a year's subscription for the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. This, we are sure, our young readers can readily secure. The following is the text of the New Year's puzzle.

If guessed correctly, the initials and finals (read downwards) spell a well-known greeting.

1. A continent.
 2. A popular bird with housekeepers.
 3. That indefinite place where tourists go.
 4. A well-known fruit.
 5. A favorite flower.
 6. What we do when tired and sleepy.
 7. A person of no account.
 8. A city in Scotland.
 9. Without parents or home.
 10. A pleasure boat.
 11. A prophet of old.
 12. Just what you see.
 13. The king of the flock.
- Address reply to Puzzle Editor.

Holiday Letters

SOME of the remaining letters in our holiday competition are so good we do not like to leave them unpublished. We have decided to extend further the closing date for the next competition, so you may send letters on "A Winter Adventure" as late as March 1st, 1912.

Sheho, Sask., Aug. 27, 1911.

Dear Editor:

Seeing that a competition on "Summer Holidays" was open, I decided to send in a description of my present holidays.

I, with my sister, had been going to school at my Aunt's, up to the dismissal, when we came home. We had been let off a week earlier than usual on account of a few of the scholars trying their Entrance, so came home a while before the first of July (our town's sports day), but this was for nothing but the best, as we were here to help our mother the morning of that day. It proved, however, to be a very nasty day, and we did not get started off until after dinner, which left us rather late.

However, we started off to have as much fun as possible, but just in the midst of it a heavy rain storm came up; but, as we were quite a way from town we stayed out, in the shelter of an umbrella.

This rain soon passed and we enjoyed another hour or so of fun, when it began to look like rain again, so my father hitched up and drove us back to town. So that day's fun or, rather, fun and misery, was over. But my sister and I got the permission of our parents to stay in town for a few days, which we enjoyed immensely. After coming home again things went on very ordinarily for a week or so, when my mother, who had not taken a holiday for a long while, went down the line a little way to visit her father and mother, leaving my sister, little brother, and myself at home. Of course, Dadda was here too. My mother did not intend being away quite a week, but circumstances caused her to stay longer.

Well, we had a great time that little while. Here is my programme, which I planned out for the day. First, breakfast to get, which generally meant something spilled, but I got along very well at it. After breakfast dishes were

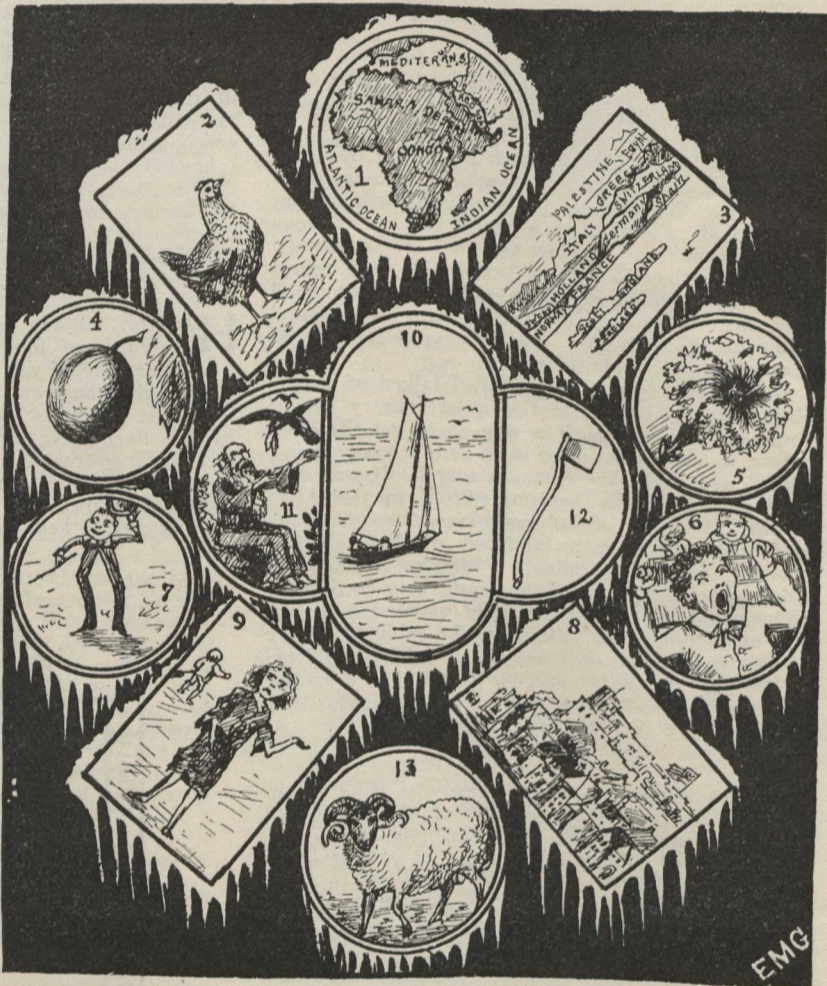
washed, and then floors to sweep and beds to make, after which I got the potatoes and peeled them, which was so much towards dinner, and then a couple of times I had a little fruit to put up. This I got very thick and rich. (I got through both those tasks without a spill, which was pretty lucky.) By this time it would be dinner time, and this I would have to get ready. One day there were two men came along just in time for dinner, which caused a little extra work. After dinner there would be more dish washing and floor sweeping, and then I would have time to sew. Then supper time would come, after which work a little, time to read, and then to bed. We ran out of bread, though, while she was away, so Dadda did the baking. He also went to town twice, in the same day, a trip of six miles. The second trip he took us, but before going he put the bread in the oven, and you can imagine what it was like when we came back. Just the same, it was very good under the cir-

thoughts of the beautiful time we had planned to have. We began to pack up a few of our summer dresses. My sister and I left on the steamer at eight o'clock.

In about two hours we arrived at our friends' summer resort, which was a very pretty place, with a path winding up a little knoll, on the top of which stood a cool summer cottage. In front, the name Stoney Beach was formed on the lawn in white stones. On the veranda were hammocks, easy chairs, and Chinese lanterns hung about the supports.

The first day the girls showed us around the place and the next day all the fun began. We slept in tents, and in the morning we got up about eight o'clock and dressed. We went into the cottage, where breakfast was prepared for us.

We went in bathing some afternoons, and fishing. We had long rambles through the woods. One day we went up the lake to spend the day. On hot



OUR NEW YEAR'S PUZZLE

cumstances. The only thing which troubled Dadda, at least that's what he said, was that when Mamma saw how well we got along she might pick up and go any time. But she hasn't shown any signs of it yet, and she has been at home for almost two weeks. She is now getting us ready to go away for a holiday of a week or so, which I expect to enjoy to its fullest extent.

Aged 11.

MARION AULD.

This is to certify that the above letter is original and written by my daughter, Marion Auld.

S. B. AULD.

* * *

Dear Marion:

You are a most industrious little girl in your holidays. I am sure that your mamma must have been very pleased with you. For a girl of eleven, I think you have a great deal of housekeeping ability.

It was the last day of June, and the summer holidays had begun. We went home from school all delighted with

afternoons we would sit in the hammocks and read one of our favorite books. In this way we spent many other days.

Near the end of our holidays one of the girls received a letter from a friend saying that she was coming down to the lake to be married at the cottage. We all helped to decorate the place, we made an arch of evergreens, and decorated the cottage with flowers and trailing vines and flowers. The day they arrived we had everything in order. After the wedding they stayed for a few days, and when they were leaving we showered them with rice and confetti.

And the next day we left on the steamer for home, and our delightful holidays were brought to a close. Ryerson, Sask. IRENE GARWARD.

Certified by MRS. WM. G. GARWARD.

* * *

My dear Irene:

I am so pleased to hear from a little cousin in far-off Saskatchewan. A holiday by the water is one of the best in the world.

A NEW YEAR'S LUNCHEON

PREPARED BY
MARY H. NORTHEM

THE January hostess is offered unusual facilities in the way of entertaining, for at this season of the year the markets abound in delectable goodies, and the matter of providing a suitable and appetizing menu is, in consequence, easily solved. The luncheon is the popular form of diversion, as it is the simplest and most informal. It requires but little thought in arrangement, after the menu has been satisfactorily thought out, save as regards table adornment—a feature, by the way, that is one of the luncheon's most important assets, though not always given careful attention.

A prettily decorated table adds much to the quality of any luncheon course, and the little time spent in its arrangement is amply repaid by the pleasure given. Simple, dainty effects should be striven for, rather than elaborate or ornate ones, with the abundance of lovely greenery, obtainable for the gathering in any woodland tract, the securing of this desired result should not be difficult. A large basket filled with small sprays of pine or evergreen, with clusters of red berries tucked here and there, or a birch bark receptacle, placed on a mat of hemlock, and filled with crimson pinks interspersed with pine or evergreen, or any like effect, is all that is needed, and the completed result will be wholly artistic, and a distinct addition not only to the table, but to the luncheon as well.

The suggestion of New Year's may be appropriately introduced in the favors or place cards, and included in the novelties for these uses are clock-shaped candy boxes, with the face sketched upon the cover; leaf-shaped booklets, hinting of the adage about turning over new leaves, dainty calendars, and bell-shaped receptacles with the figure of the New Year or Old Father Time seated upon it.

Of course the all-important consideration is the meal itself. Even with such an array of tempting goodies as the January markets show, it is not always an easy matter to determine which will afford the most suitable and pleasing concoctions, and it is with the idea of aiding in this respect that the following simple suggestions are made.

- Compote of Pineapple
- Tomato Bisque
- Fried Croutons
- Olives
- Lamb Circles with Peas
- Baked Beets with Butter Sauce
- Shrimp Salad
- Banana Buns
- Coffee
- Mints

COMPOTE OF PINEAPPLE—Pare, core and quarter one tart apple of medium size for each guest. Cook until tender in as little water as possible, adding enough fresh lemon peel to give a decided flavor. When done, remove from the fire, and add a tablespoonful of diced pineapple for each person. Chill very thoroughly, and serve very cold, with or without whipped cream.

TOMATO BISQUE—To one quart of strained tomato puree, add an equal quantity of rich milk. Heat these two ingredients separately, and when the puree reaches the boiling point, stir in one-fourth teaspoonful of saleratus. Do not put the parts together until ready to serve. Season with salt, pepper, and a dash of clove. Serve with croutons that have been fried in deep fat. The

LAMB CIRCLES—Make a well-seasoned croquette mixture of lean cold lamb put through the meat chopper, and an equal quantity of bread or cracker crumbs. Moisten with good meat stock or with rich milk. Make into small flat cakes, no larger than a silver dollar, and fry light brown in deep fat. Serve with hot buttered peas.

BAKED BEANS WITH BUTTER SAUCE—Parboil rather small beets of uniform size until they are fairly tender. Set them into the oven in a buttered pan for half an hour.

SHRIMP SALAD—Open a can of shrimps and allow them to soak in ice water for thirty minutes. Drain and wipe dry on a clean napkin. Break in small pieces and

arrange in a lettuce-lined salad bowl. Mask with mayonnaise dressing, and garnish with whole shrimps and small sweet gherkins.

BANANA BUNS—Mould good bread into tiny balls, sprinkle with sugar, and when they have risen sufficiently bake a delicate brown. While they are still hot, cut a circle from the bottom of each and remove the soft inside; fill the crusts with diced bananas, to which a few chopped maraschino cherries have been added. Place each bun upon a generous spoonful of whipped cream, garnish with slices of banana and cherries, and serve immediately.

DISHES OF MANY LANDS

PERHAPS no State in the Union can boast of as much variety and as many surprises in its cuisine as California, says a writer in the *Epicure*. Ships from every port pass the Golden Gate, and their crews bring to many of the little restaurants new ideas in cookery. The Spanish and Mexican cuisines are most prominent, but with the great numbers of Chinese and Japanese the cooking of Oriental lands has also come to be known and adopted by Californians.

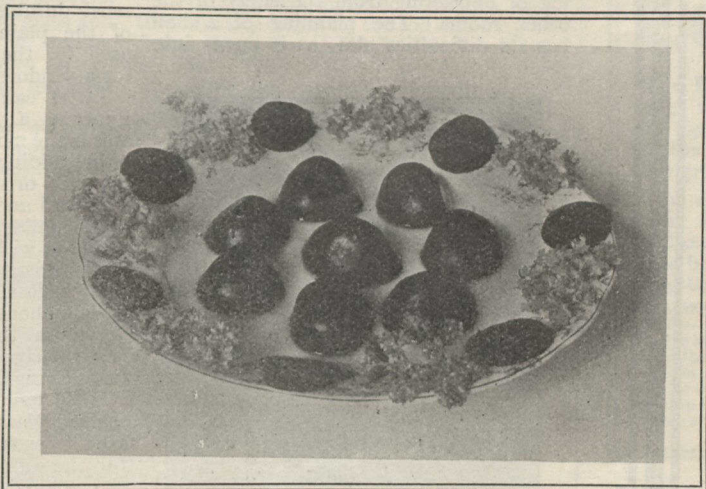
From Australia and New Zealand, from the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands, from India with the new invasion of East Indians into the state, and from many another faraway land have come new dishes that have found their way into California menus, and with the dash of Creole cookery and the New England dishes that are clung to by the '49ers and easterners who have migrated to this sunny clime, one has much to choose from.

If, perchance, he strays into a California restaurant and has a keen-edged appetite, as likely as not he will glory in the possibilities of a California crab, which he may elect to follow with Boston baked beans and Virginia waffles with Vermont maple syrup, then end his repast with some wonderful strange fruits from Hawaii and wash it all down with a glass of native or Mexican wine.

San Francisco was a city of restaurants before the great calamity which befell it, and wiped out the temporary existence of such famous restaurants as Zink and's the Techau Tavern with its Hawaiian dishes, its velvet-voiced Hawaiian singers and sadly beautiful native music; Tait's mammoth underground palace, the Palace of Art with its collection of paintings, including a Rosa Bonheur, the old and new Poodle Dog—the latter one of the show places of the coast—and the Oyster Grotto, where nothing save shell fish was served, and where mammoth specimens of the California crab served four persons each.

Bohemians will recall the Italian cafe of one Coppa on Montgomery Street that had been decorated by the famous San Francisco artists, and where painters, writers and musicians met to drink Chianti and eat spaghetti, ravioli, and frittura, and admire, through their wreaths of smoke, the wonderfully clever and suggestive frescoes and mural decorations recalling Gelett Burgess and his "Goops," Jack London and other celebrities. The restaurants of the Flowery Kingdom and the Celestial Empire passed by: there was the famous Mexican restaurant of one Matia, which was unique of all dining places in the Golden West.

Passing through the Barbary Coast to the Telegraph Hill region, one found Matia's place, where the little Austrian presided proudly and served his patrons in two clean, shabby little rooms. They smelled of garlic and were decorated with colored prints imported from Spain, which showed bull fights in every stage, from portraits of handsome matadors awaiting calmly the onslaught of Taurus to the gory finish with rivers of blood.



BAKED BEETS WITH BUTTER SAUCE



SHRIMP SALAD



BANANA BUNS

Add to Strength STRENGTH

TO THE STRONG :

During the Season of Festivities, appetite usually overruns reason, and some special care is needed to rid the system of the surplus.

Grape Juice

is not only a pleasant beverage, but is also helpful to the system as a body builder.

TO THE WEAK :

During the Winter, one in every five persons is in need of some special nourishment to ward off and to overcome the attacks of Grip and other winter ills.

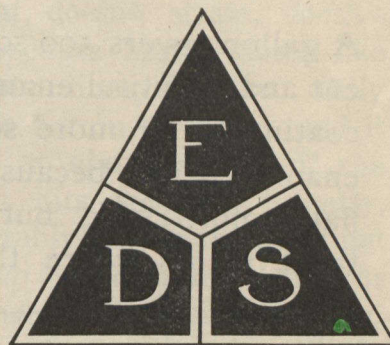
The choice of nourishment is all-important, many articles of diet contain much waste matter which tends to clog the whole body.

Nearly every drop of **PURE GRAPE JUICE** is nourishment, and does help to build up.

TO BOTH :

Try this three times a day

- E.D.S. Grape Juice Wineglassful
- Sugar (Powdered) Teaspoonful
- Lemon Juice Teaspoonful
- Water - Tumblerful



Be sure that the above mark is on the label.

Let the holiday season remind you that this is very acceptable to invalids.

A case of E.D.S. Grape Juice would be an acceptable present to invalids.

The same care and quality is used in all the E.D.S. lines, which include Jams, Preserves, Marmalade and other table delicacies.

From the kitchens of

E. D. SMITH
WINONA,
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is one that will produce results the Musician is after, and at the same time place the Novice in a position to play so it will not sound mechanical.

SPECIAL FEATURES IN THE NEW SCALE WILLIAMS

place it in a distinctive class, and enable anyone to play any Musical Selection intelligently and with artistic effect.

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and Durable

A gallon covers 500 square feet with a permanent and beautiful enamel-like coating. But that coating is far more serviceable than the usual enamel paint, because it will not chip, nor flake, nor crack, but withstands wear in just those places where the most wearing comes.

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If you want to learn about the cleanest, best wearing and cheapest floor covering in existence, send to us for our new booklet, printed in colors. It contains a color card, and is FREE, if you mention this paper. Send a card for it to-day.

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Imperial Varnish & Color Co., Limited
WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER

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Furnishing a Home on a Moderate Income

By JESSIE E. RORKE

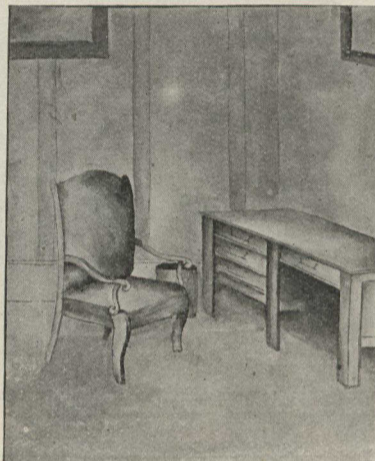
THE HALL.

THAT the hall should be pretty and attractive is more important than we might at first suppose. To be sure, but little of our time is spent there, but it is this room that gives the first suggestion of what the house will be to all who come, and they carry that impression with them, unconsciously adding or detracting from the effect of the other rooms. The planning of a hall has its difficulties also, as it opens into

furniture, though if the hall is large enough a couch or window-seat will make it more attractive. The hall is more exposed to dust and draught than any other room in the house and appropriateness, which is essential to beauty, demands that its furnishings shall be substantial, dainty draperies and delicate colors seeming entirely out of place. Where upholstery is used, leather is the most durable and satisfactory, but any of the plain heavy materials that are used for the purpose, would be suitable for a window-seat.

Little can be done in decorating to improve a defective stairway, though this is the most important part of the hall, either adding beauty by its strong, graceful lines, or making the whole hall appear awkward and ungainly. The stairway of the Colonial period was one of its greatest beauties, with its broad, low arch in the hall below, framing in the stairs with their wide white steps and spiral spindles with mahogany rail and panelling. The window at the top of the stairs was always particularly effective, repeating the graceful, curving lines of the arch below.

The hall window is frequently of stained glass and, if there is not a good view to exclude, this may be very beautiful, the subdued light that comes through the colored glass being quite sufficient for the purposes of the room. But all stained glass is not beautiful, and even the softening influence of the sunlight will fail to harmonize crude contrasts of brilliant colors that have no beauty in themselves, and introduce a clashing note into the harmony of the other furnishings; a plain glass with some simple and pretty

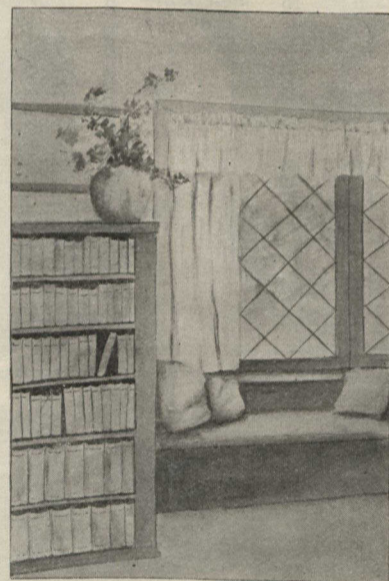


MISSION WRITING TABLE.

many rooms and must harmonize with each, while keeping a character of its own.

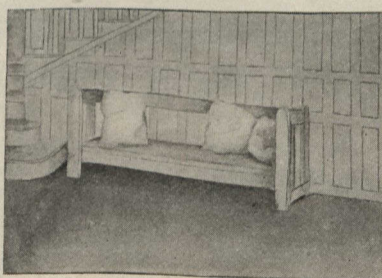
Usually there are a few windows, and the colors should tend to the warm cheerful tones; not necessarily light shades but bright enough to avoid all suggestion of gloominess. The yellows, yellow and red browns, reds and the warmer greens may be depended upon to give this effect. Of these, red is the most difficult color to handle, for though a warm color it is inclined to absorb the light, and though very rich and brilliant, in sunshine, may be even gloomy in ordinary daylight. Both the upper and the lower halls should be treated in every way alike, and the color scheme must be considered in relation to the rooms on both floors. Papers with inconspicuous designs are the most pleasing. The fabric effects are very pretty, as are some of the strictly conventional designs in self tones, or quiet harmonious colors. If the ceiling is at all high, papers with stripes should be avoided on account of the long stretch of wall at the stairway. A narrow hall may be made to appear wider by using the same paper that is hung in the adjoining rooms. It is rarely economical to buy cheap paper as the price per roll is small compared with the price of putting it on, and a good durable paper will prove less expensive than one that must soon be replaced.

So little furniture is necessary for the hall that it is usually wise to be even



TREATMENT OF LIBRARY WINDOW

arrangement of curtains is much to be preferred. The curtains would have a substantial effect rather than that of daintiness. The plain or printed linens or Russian crash are good materials, but if more light is desired madras will be found more satisfactory than the thinner nets. If the window is low and wide, the curtains will be pretty shirred over a brass pole at the top and falling only to the sill; or they may be hung with a valence which brakes the long line between the curtains when they are drawn back. The crash and linen are both very pretty with some simple design in embroidery or a stenciled border. The valence may be used with the high, narrow windows if one desires, but it is not needed unless the curtains are hung well apart for the sake of admitting more light. If the window in the door is plain glass, net shirred at both top and bottom makes a pretty and inexpensive curtain.



HALL SEAT

what may seem a little extravagant in the outset and have it good. It is better to have a really good mirror provided with a few hooks for hats rather than a cheap hat-rack. In selecting a hat-rack, choose straight, simple lines and good material, if possible the same wood as the woodwork of the hall itself. A little table to hold a card tray and a comfortable chair or two, complete the necessary

PORTIERES are frequently used in the doorways from the hall, and if different color schemes are used they must form the connecting link between the two. If browns are to be used in the hall, and greens in the drawing-

oom both colors should be found in the portieres; but if the hall were done in tan and green and the drawing-room in green and gold the portieres might be of the plain color. In our desire for costly fabrics and elaborate arrangements, we are inclined to forget that color, which is a more important consideration in a beautiful home, is almost entirely independent of expense, and its greatest beauties may be ours simply for the trouble of planning and carrying out a harmonious scheme of color. It matters little whether we prefer to use doors or portieres between our rooms, but, having decided upon the curtains it is most important that they shall introduce an added note of color that will complete the beauty and harmony of the room. Homespuns, monks cloth, velours, tapestry, and repp are all satisfactory materials for portieres, and some of the canvases, while less expensive, give very pretty and artistic effects.

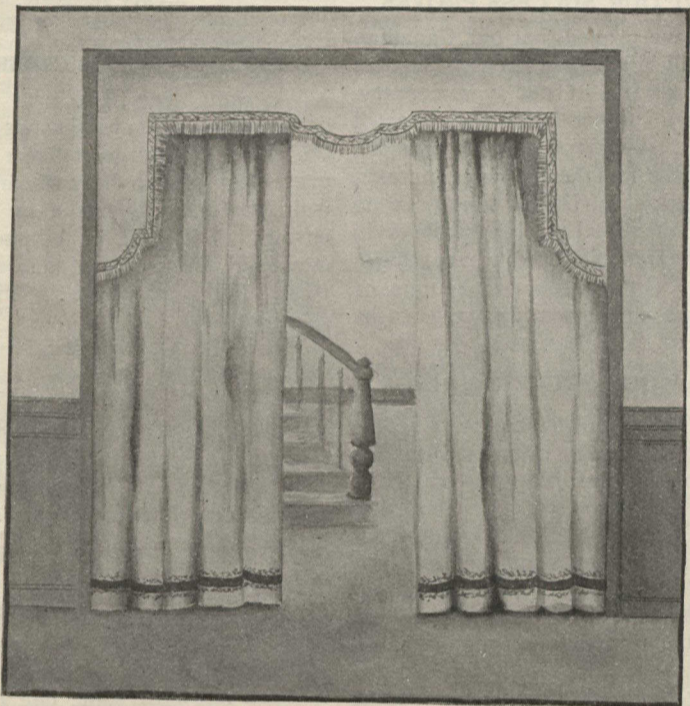
Some very pretty lanterns are to be found for the hall, and the best of these are characterized by their lack of ornament rather than by its abundance—depending for their beauty on their simple, pleasing lines, and the rich, glowing colors of the light reflected from the brass or copper from which they are made. Another type is made from bronze and leaded glass and is very quaint and pretty in design. Shades of colored glass that give an unnatural appearance to whatever the light falls upon should be avoided.

Though any good pictures may be hung in a hall, etchings and engravings seem particularly suitable and so few are

paper alone for the decoration of the walls; but certainly in a room where so much of our time is spent we cannot afford to do without our pictures and we turn instead to the quieter self-toned papers in simple conventional designs or fabric effects, that make a suitable background, not only for the books and pictures but for the other furnishings of the room.

The curtain materials that are offered now for sale in the same designs as the wall paper are not as satisfactory as the salesmen would lead us to suppose, as curtains in plain colors are in better taste with a figured paper; very artistic results, however, are obtained by repeating some motif from the paper in a stenciled or embroidered border. Figured materials may be used with the plain papers and give an opportunity of introducing the brighter shades of our scheme of color where the subduing influence of the play of light and shadow softens their crude effects and makes them infinitely more beautiful. It is entirely a matter of choice whether one or two sets of curtains shall be used, but if the material is opaque and heavy its hard lines will be softened by the use of sheer curtains next the glass.

The question of light is an important one in either a library or living-room, and the curtains should be so arranged that they will slip easily on the rod and may be drawn back to the full extent of the window. They should reach only to the sill unless the casement extends to the floor. There is no better artificial light for working or reading than the low reading lamp, either oil or electric, that may be moved at will, and shines over the left



ARRANGEMENT OF PORTIERS WITH A VALANCE

needed that these are not usually too costly. Though bare walls are unhome-like, they are not so trying as those that are over-crowded and tire the eyes while dividing the interest so that it fails to centre on anything.

THE LIBRARY AND LIVING ROOM

IN a small house, the same room must frequently answer the purpose of both library and living-room and even where this is not the case the treatment of the two is so similar that they may be easily discussed together. In these rooms beauty must be attained without any sacrifice of comfort, but the restriction which this imposes, instead of adding to the difficulties, sometimes leads us to the desired results by a surprisingly simple way, and we find ourselves wondering why the living-room is so much more attractive than the drawing-room where we have displayed our daintiest embroideries and choicest bric-a-brac.

The warm colors are to be preferred for these rooms, being both more serviceable and more cheerful than the cooler, more delicate shades. Tans, browns and dull reds and greens that incline rather to brown than grey shades, are all good colors, and the soft shades of old blue are so pretty that one is sometimes tempted to use them but only in a very bright room, and if possible, with yellow as a contrasting color. The warm weather tempts us so much out of doors, that it is better to choose furnishings that will be most attractive for the longer part of the year when we use the rooms the most.

So many exquisite papers are to be found among the years' offerings that the difficulty is in choosing among so many, rather than to find one that would be suitable. Some of the most elaborate designs are so beautiful that one is almost tempted to have them hung and depend upon the

shoulder upon the book or work, the room itself being lighted by a low hanging lamp.

Strong, simple lines, good workmanship and little or no ornament should characterize the furniture for the living-room. Large comfortable chairs that look strong enough to sustain any weight, a couch that is really made for resting, on and a table large enough to be serviceable where one might work or write or read with ease will go far toward making an attractive room. To these, in the library, must be added the book cases. Those which are built in are probably the most satisfactory, but some very beautiful ones are to be found in the shops.

The cheery comfort of an open grate seems almost indispensable, and though we may be quite as warm in a room that is heated by steam or hot air, we lack the agreeable companionship of the flickering blaze of glowing coals. Either brick or tile fireplaces may be used in the living-room. The brick is almost always harmonious in color and dull soft colored tiles that harmonize with the wall tones are even more beautiful, but those with a high glaze are always to be avoided. Stone fireplaces are very attractive, but are only appropriate in large rooms that have an effect of space and strength in their appointments. They seem most suitable in rooms with dark woodwork and beamed ceilings. The same simplicity that characterizes the furniture should be found in the mantel and its ornaments. The latter need be very few. One good cast to which it would be a real pleasure to raise our eyes sometimes from work or book might be quite sufficient and give more pleasure than several ornaments of less interest. Candlesticks or decorative pieces in china or pottery are other suitable ornaments for the mantel. Cut flowers or a potted plant are always beautiful, but they should be arranged with care.



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The Edison Phonograph is not only the greatest musician of all the ages—it is all the great musicians of the present day—playing all of the greatest music ever written.

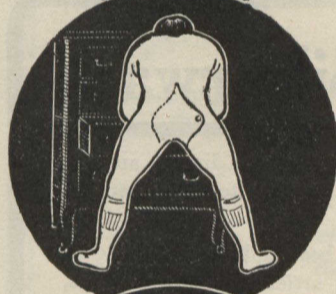
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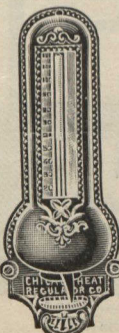


CHANGE your opinion of the union suit as a garment for men's underwear. See the new union suit with every merit and never a fault of the old, and striking merits of its own. See (and you will buy) *Watson's Klosed - Krotch Combination*. This comfort garment, knit-to-fit perfectly and warranted not to shrink nor sag, sets snugly across the seat, doesn't strain, doesn't gap (because krotch-kloses like a pair of ordinary drawers). Only a single button to fasten, and it placed at one side, out of the way. Fits smoothly, neatly, comfortably across the hips, and is *really* comfortable, sitting or standing. Any weight you want; and the size you ask for will fit. It's knit that way by Watson Mfg. Co., Limited, Brantford, Ont.

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Saves on Your Coal

30 Days to Try—60 Days to Pay

Prove it for yourself. We send it all ready to put up on 30 Days Free Trial to convince you it will do just what we say it will. Anyone who can use a screw-driver can attach it to any furnace, steam or hot water heater.

The Chicago Heat Regulator keeps even heat, whether the weather outside be below zero or above freezing. That means health and 25 per cent coal saved.

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Otterville, Ontario

TO OUR CUSTOMERS

Owing to the enormous demand for our suits, corset covers and coats during the Fall we were unable to get the goods fast enough to fill the orders and were compelled to stop our advertising as we do not like to keep our customers waiting longer than necessary. We wish to advise the public now, though, that all orders that we were forced to hold up during the Fall were filled in order of dates received and we have now arrangements with several factories to buy their entire output. This assures for our patrons the most prompt attention. Our customers will always get square treatment when dealing with us.

AVALLONE & CO., Inc., 49 Colborne St.
Toronto, Ont.

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FOR DAINTY TEAS

Bovril Sandwiches have the advantage of being easy to prepare, exceedingly piquant, appetizing and very nutritious.

All that is good in Beef is in Bovril

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A Most Important New Canadian Book
The Arctic Prairies of Canada

By Ernest Thompson Seton

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Mr. Cody has in this volume given us a very strong book. His previous work, "The Frontiersman," has been a tremendous success!

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Profusely Illustrated.

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The best boy's book we have ever published. It will undoubtedly be the boy's book of the season. Numerous illustrations from the Y.M.C.A. camp at Lake Couchiching.

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TORONTO - - - ONTARIO

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The Care of Silverware

Ever go into the home of a prosperous friend for dinner, and see the beautiful silverware arranged on the snow-white table linen and sideboard?

Ever in your own home notice how beautiful the silver looks after being properly cleaned, the different articles of jewelry, rings, toilet sets, silver handbags, etc.?

Ever stop to think of the hard labor and work it takes in the average household to clean Silverware? All the rubbing, scrubbing and polishing.

Ever think of the cost of the Silverware and consider that the rubbing and cleaning of it by the old methods wear away more silver than the hardest ordinary usage—rubbing is *Positively Ruinous* to plated ware?

The average life of Silverware is all the way from three months to a century according to the care that is taken of it. In some cases priceless heirlooms are handed down from generation to generation and the problem is always how to restore the natural lustre and brightness without injury.

There is one ABSOLUTELY SATISFACTORY way to clean Silver, Gold and Plated Ware, and WITH NO RUBBING. Thus the articles are not scratched—the surface is not marred or injured in the slightest—in fact we guarantee Wonder-Shine Silver Cleaner in every possible way. It does the work perfectly in one-quarter the time, and many articles can be cleaned at once.

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THE ORIGINAL GENUINE

WONDER-SHINE
SILVER CLEANER

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CANADIAN GIRLS' CLUB

Planning for a Wonderful Club Organization for 1912

Will you help us get 500 new members? Those who will send a few subscriptions ask to have a sample copy sent to a friend, especially some one in a small town.

I WANT to thank you all for the splendid success of the Club during the past year. These last two months especially have been notable ones, and you can imagine it was a joyous sight to me to see so many of our blue order blanks in the order files each day.

WHAT OUR SUCCESS PROVES

We have proved that our Canadian girls will give their hearty support to a magazine of our own country. We have proved that the boasted energy, enthusiasm, aggressiveness, willingness to take up new interests, of the girls in United States is no greater than these same qualities in our Canadian girls. We have shown that the Girls' Club can be one of the most important factors in the success of the JOURNAL.

WHAT OUR SUCCESS BRINGS

In 1912 we will have a more separate and permanent organization than we have had before. We will have a little newspaper of our own, and I hope you will all contribute your experiences to help make it interesting. We will have our own stationery and a club emblem. I want every member not only to be proud of CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, but of belonging to the Club which is helping make the JOURNAL the equal of any magazine published in any country.

THE 10,000 WATCHWORD

Will you take this for your watchword? The JOURNAL has shown wonderful improvement in these past two years, and we are confident of its future success. Every Canadian woman should lend her support, and we belong to an organization that is to tell every one of them about the JOURNAL and secure 10,000 new readers in 1912.

ENTHUSIASM ALWAYS WINS

"Dear Secretary:

Will you send copies to these subscribers now. I'll have more very soon. Every one of my subscribers has liked the Journal even more than she anticipated. My enthusiasm won their orders in spite of their doubts, and now they are as enthusiastic as I am.

"People say I am such a thorough believer myself that they can scarcely refuse to give the Journal a trial. I must say I enjoy persuading people into believing as I do, and the satisfaction of every one has been a great pleasure. I only wish I had more time to work.

"Very sincerely,

"A Busy Home-maker."

"Dear Friend:

"I am sending you renewals for last year's subscribers and several new names. The subscribers have been delighted and have told all their friends, so it is not half so difficult to get orders now as last year, when only my own enthusiasm

and a sample copy was all they had to depend upon.

"You are certainly treating us well in allowing the same rate on renewals as on new orders. It encourages one to build up a circle of subscribers. In a small place like this after a few years one would have all the new names she could possibly get.

"Very sincerely,

"_____"

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We want every girl who can get us ten or more subscriptions to join the Club. You don't have to get great big lists to be a member. It isn't necessary to make a regular business of it. We want hundreds of members who will get subscriptions from their immediate friends and relatives.

You will be surprised how many attractive things you can earn with a few orders; later you may be encouraged to increase your work and rise through the ranks of those who earn \$40 or \$50 a year to those who earn several hundred dollars.

TO ENLARGE THE CLUB

If you think you may be able to get many or few subscriptions, write to us. If you positively cannot join, will you suggest it to some one else? Do you know of some one living in some small place where we probably have not a subscriber? I will be glad to send a marked copy calling attention to the Club.

Just think, if we can get 700 members sending fifteen or twenty subscriptions each, 200 sending fifty, 100 sending all the way up to five or six hundred, what a tremendous help it will be in building success for the JOURNAL. Doesn't that make you realize better what an organization can accomplish if each member does a little?

START WITH THE NEW YEAR

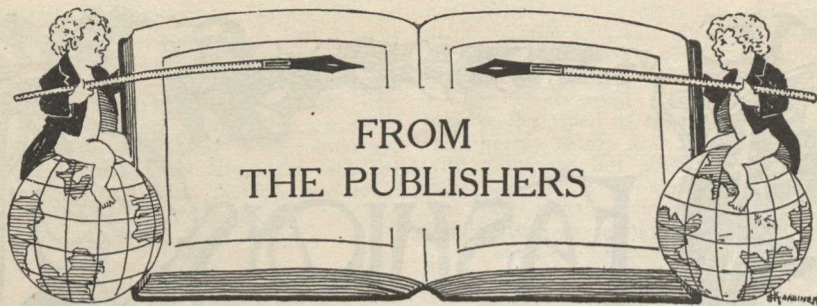
First—because these next few months are splendid subscription months. People are deciding what magazines to take, and this is the psychological time to tell them of the JOURNAL. And next—because you do not want to lose any time in starting in the race for the yearly prizes. It doesn't take such a lot of subscriptions to win a prize, because we know that a great many of our workers have not the time or opportunity to get great big lists, and we want them to have a chance.

So will you write me to tell you all about the Girls' Club? Send a post card right now while it is fresh in your mind. Remember about that old and famous robber, "procrastination," who steals time right under one's nose.

Very sincerely,

The Secretary.

Canadian Girls' Club,



THE reader who is satiated with the ordinary modern novel will find a cure for ennui in "The Gates of Hell," a story of frontier life in the United States and Canada, by Alfred Fitzpatrick. Those who are familiar with the revolting conditions which prevail on our frontier will recognize that a master hand has portrayed the scenes in this book. To those unacquainted with the frontiersman's modus vivendi the book will prove a revelation. It is a thrilling narrative, full of unique incidents, and has a charming love story running through it. The author of the book is very generously donating the proceeds to the betterment of the frontier toiler. It will be ready for the Christmas trade. Copies may be secured from the Reading Camp Association, Aberdeen Chambers, Toronto, and from all booksellers.

For eleven years this association has been doing its utmost to improve the lot of our frontier toilers. The method is to send an instructor, usually a college graduate or undergraduate, to a camp, where he works with the men during the day and conducts informal educational classes in the evenings. On Sundays he holds a song service. They provide current magazines, books and usually an organ or gramophone.

A DELIGHTFUL story, with two old sweethearts for hero and heroine, was "The Loves of Pelleas and Elarre," by Zona Gale, which won popular favor some years ago. There followed "Friendship Village," by the same author, in which forced cheerfulness played almost too overwhelming a part. Now, we have another contribution from this vivacious writer in "Mothers to Men," in which the chief "speaker" is Calliope Marsh, a philanthropic old maid, who appeared in "Friendship Village" also. Calliope is a vivacious creature, withal, who is too deadly sentimental for daily food. The activities of the Friendship Married Ladies Cemetery Improvement Sodality are the subjects of the various narratives which make up the volume. This kind of book invariably introduces a deserted baby or a forlorn child, who in real life would be sent to an orphan asylum, but who furnishes a whole community with material for philanthropic endeavor. In this case, the forsaken child is a small boy, whose drunken father betakes himself to life in the open, leaving his offspring to make the best of a lonely lot. The child, Christopher John Bartlett, is adopted by Mis' Eleanor Emmons and her niece, Robin Sidney, who regard him as a gift of Providence. There is a masculine philanthropist, who sets himself to playing an all-the-year-round Santa Claus to Friendship Village, and who preaches on every occasion in an improving fashion, although he seems to have no regular work to do. There is a good deal of homely philosophy in the stories of the various enterprises undertaken by the Friendship ladies, and many will find the book quite readable. There is too much of the saccharine element in most of the "workers," and one turns with some relief to Alex. Proudfit, a young man who is alleged to be selfish and worldly, but who seems to be the most sensible citizen of them all. There is also a chapter on the woman suffrage question, in which an ultra-modern young woman bears a prominent part, enlightening the village fathers after a fashion to strike awe to the masculine heart. Toronto: The Macmillan Company, of Canada.

MOST Canadians have heard of Father Lacombe, the missionary who went to the Blackfeet in 1849, and who has seen a great, lone land become the Golden West of transcontinental trains and vast prairie provinces, with a welcome such as no other land extends to the newcomer from crowded Europe. Miss Katherine Hughes, one

of Canada's capable journalists, has written the story of the life of this "Black Robe Voyageur" with a sympathy and vivid charm which make its four hundred and fifty pages a most interesting narrative. Here will be found the record of a life of simplest and yet most heroic endeavor, among the Indians of the West, a life full of romantic and moving incident, in a country where only the strong and fit are needed. Father Lacombe is presented as an essentially human and lovable ecclesiastic, who has given of his lavish affection to the dusky "Children" among whom he ministered, and whose twilight days are gladdened by the establishment of the "Home" on which he had set his heart. This is a book to be read by all who are interested in the development of our wonderland—the West. Toronto: William Briggs.

"THE HEALER" is a novel by Robert Herrick, who is one of America's foremost writers of fiction. Mr. Herrick is always in earnest, and usually has an obvious purpose in his novels. "The Healer" is concerned with an unconventional and even extraordinary character, who possesses the gift of healing, as if it were a possession akin to musical or literary genius. This gift becomes obscured through the vices of "The Healer," who betakes himself to a lonely northern wood, somewhere in Canada, and leads a primitive existence among lumbermen and miners. He encounters there the daughter of a rich man, who has all youth's charm and helplessness. Their marriage is a romantic incident in "The Healer's" career, but his wife is too conventional to understand his wild longings for "unspoiled Nature," and the inevitable drifting apart begins. "The Healer" becomes a fashionable physician and eventually becomes addicted again to drug habits. He is rescued from this condition by an unattractive spinster of doubtful virtue, and turns finally to his early aims of true healing. The book is of more than ordinary interest, and is written in a style which possesses far more of clarity and terseness than that of the "popular" magazine serial writer. Yet there is a lack of unity in the narrative which leaves the reader with an impression of incoherence. Mr. Herrick's later novels have not equalled in poise and finish one of his earlier efforts. "The Common Lot." But "The Healer" deserves careful reading and is very much up-to-date in its study of the psychic aspects of disease. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

ANOTHER novel with a maternal title, also a Macmillan publication, is "Mother," by Kathleen Norris, a much more wholesome and refreshing story than the Zona Gale production. The young heroine, Margaret, rebels against her lot of monotony and hard work, as one of a numerous family, when along comes a "millionaire lady," who whisks Margaret away to a life of luxury and idleness, which that young person naturally enjoys. She learns to regard her mother with compassion, as a toiler without recompense, and reflects with half-contemptuous compassion on the sordid trials of such a lot. After years of travel and novelty, Margaret returns to her father's house, where, by a process of gradual enlightenment, she comes to see that her mother is leading a broader and more useful life than her friends of more pretentious aims. There is a tender little romance inwoven with Margaret's home-coming, and the story closes in the conventional fashion, with a prophecy of wedding bells. Perhaps the reader might desire a happy medium between the "Mother's" household, with the shabby furniture and unremitting toil, and the luxurious inanity of the Carr-Boldt's existence. "Mother" is a charming story, brightly told.



Head Office . TORONTO

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS
\$6,650,000

TOTAL ASSETS
\$50,000,000

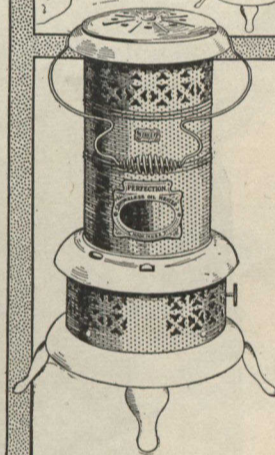


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Fashionable Winter Costumes

STREET costumes are unusually attractive this season, and more varied than common. Tailored suits are shown both with regulation coats and with more fancy ones in Empire style, and little girls are wearing coats both of full and three-quarter length, finished with collars of different sorts. The three costumes illustrated are typical and all are smart.

The suit to the extreme left shows one of the favorite herring-bone suitings with collar of velvet. The coat can be made in length illustrated or to wrist length, as preferred. The skirt is six-gored. It can be made with two panels at the front and two at the back, or with one at the front and one at the back, or with panel at the back only,

and these panels can be made round or square at their lower edges. Also the skirt can be finished at the high or natural waist line, and the collar of the coat can be made pointed or round at the back. For the medium size the coat will require $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of velvet for the collar; for the skirt will be needed $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27, $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, the width at the lower edge is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The pattern of the coat, 7176, is cut in sizes from 34 to 44 inches bust measure, and of the skirt, 7166, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The second costume shows a skirt of quite different cut from the preceding one, but one that is equally smart. It is made in three pieces finished at the lower edge with a tuck, and beneath this

tuck is attached a straight band, while this band is opened at the sides over wedge-shaped panels. The coat is very smart in Empire style. It can be made with three-quarter or long sleeves, and with collar that can be pointed or round at the back. In this case broadcloth is combined with striped suiting, and such combinations are much in vogue, but the suit is equally well adapted to one fabric throughout, or to other combinations that may be preferred. For the medium size the coat will require $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards 52 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 44 for collar and cuffs; for the skirt will be required $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 or 44, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of any width for the panels, the width at the lower edge is $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. The pattern of the coat, 7185, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42

inches bust measure, and of the skirt, 7182, in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist measure.

The little girl's coat is one of the prettiest possible. In this case it is made from one of the new checked suitings, and the collar and cuffs are of broadcloth, trimmed with velvet. The sailor collar is fashionable, and in every way desirable and it can be made from any preferred material, but many mothers like coats that are buttoned well up to the neck, and this coat can be finished as shown in the small view if better liked. Also it can be cut off to three-quarter length, although the coat that completely covers the gown is apt to be the preferred one for cold weather. For the 10-year size will be required 4 yards of material 27, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44, 2 yards 52 inches wide, with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of broadcloth and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of velvet for the collar. The pattern, 7180, is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.



No. 7176 No. 7166

No. 7185 No. 7182

No. 7180

New Evening Gowns

EVENING gowns for the winter season are always most interesting, and this year the exhibit of models is so varied, and in many instances so unusual that even those individuals who rail against society and the present inordinate love of dress are forced to bestow admiration, unwilling though it be, upon the latest example of the designer's art.

Oddly enough, there is more change in the evening gowns this season than in any others, and while it will be possible to remodel some of last year's designs, the latest styles are most distinctive, and in marked contrast to last winter. Some of the more eccentric styles of last season are again to be used this year, with only a slight modification, or, it might be said, exaggeration, of those of last winter. The one-sided effect is, for instance, in favor again; one side of waist and skirt of one material, such as lace or net, and the other of satin, taffeta or velvet. The design is often worked out in one material, but two colors. This is most effective, albeit somewhat too striking to suit conservative taste. Draperies of silk or satin or velvet in long double skirt or shawl effects, sleeveless coats and bands or folds are one and all most fashionable when two materials or two colors are combined. A most charming color scheme can be worked out in this fashion in net or lace and taffeta in white, for the different materials take on different shades, and yet all blend. This is most marked when the lining is of satin, for then the lustre of the satin gives almost another color in white.

There is no one color that is obligatory this winter for evening gowns, and both light and dark materials are in fashion. There are more vivid colorings than ever, and some wonderful shades of rose pink, empire green, royal purple and blue in satin, velvet and soft-finished taffeta, and there are trimmings woven expressly for these colors and fabrics that in themselves are beautiful and which seem to deepen the colors and accentuate them in some marvelous way. The iridescent of facts, the rhinestones, pearl beads, jet, steel, silver and gold woven into or embroidered in the fine net are or appear more brilliant than ever, and often two or three will be most cleverly combined.

There are few absolutely simple evening gowns, so far to be exhibited. Almost all are made with draperies or have double skirts, and while the embroidered and jeweled tunics are smarter than ever they are worn over skirts so fashioned that the double skirt effect is well defined, and the tunic can be either draped or left to fall in straight lines.

Draping is a marked feature in all evening gowns this winter, but it may only be seen in the draping of the long sash at the side or back, the idea apparently being to break the straight line. At the same time straight lines are not out of fashion, and the slender lines are just as obligatory as they were, only the draping is the latest fashion, and must be recognized accordingly.

Broadcloth with Velvet

BROADCLOTH combined with velvet makes many of the smartest costumes of the mid-winter. Here are two that are admirable from every point of view.

The young girl's dress is made from cloth in the favorite coral shade combined with velvet that is a little darker and with white lace and embroidered net for the yoke. The combination of materials, as well as the style of the gown, is smart in the extreme, but the model is of the available sort and can be utilized for many fabrics and for many occasions. With the blouse made as shown in the back view, the sleeves matching the main portions, it becomes much simpler in effect and can be utilized for cashmere, French serge or any similar material. Made after the manner illustrated it is excellent for broadcloth, velvet, velveteen and all fabrics of the kind. The blouse is cut in two sections that are overlapped at front and back and arranged over a chemisette. The sleeves are sewed to the big armholes, the main portions of the blouse being lapped and hooked into place invisibly. The skirt is cut with a two-piece upper and two-piece lower portion, but the lower portion is lapped on to panels. It can be finished with high or natural waist line. The blouse pattern is No. 7242, the skirt No. 7232.

For the 16-year size the blouse will require $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide with 2 yards of all-over lace 18 inches wide, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of embroidered net; for the skirt will be needed 3 yards 27, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of velvet for the panels and piping. The width at the lower edge is 2 yards.

The gown shown on the figure to the right combines one of the newest skirts and blouses. The skirt is simply circular. In this instance it is faced with velvet below the first row of fringe, but such treatment is entirely optional, for it can be left plain if preferred; in place of the fringe can be used any other trimming or the lines of the pattern can be disregarded and the skirt left a plain circular one if a simpler gown is wanted. The blouse is cut in two pieces only, seamed at the back, but the separate sleeves are stitched to big armholes. The collar can be made just as illustrated or shorter, terminating below the bust line, with square ends. In this case the neck is slightly open but the blouse can be made with chemisette and under-sleeves, if liked. The model is an excellent one for many materials. Broadcloth suits it to a nicety, but it also is good for velvet and for velveteen, and for simpler materials, as cashmere, henrietta cloth and the like.

For the medium size the blouse will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27, 3 yards 36, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of all-over lace 18 inches wide, and 3 yards of fringe, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of lace for the sleeve frills, for the chemisette and under-sleeves that can be used when liked will be needed $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 18 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 4 yards 27, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of velvet and 10 yards of fringe. The width at the lower edge is $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7223, is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 bust; of the skirt, No. 7253, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

In Fashion's Realm

OF materials much has already been said. Among the handsome stuffs superb brocades and velvets multiply. A very large number of the most beautiful brocades have gold in combination with color, the gold more or less in evidence according to the design. Sometimes one is but conscious of a gleaming thread here and there or of a general shimmer of the background upon which the design is woven. Sometimes the gold is more boldly handled. There are wonderful chiffons and mousselines in color over whose surface run graceful designs entirely in gold. These in vivid color are stunning under shadowy veiling or plain diaphanous material, but the French designers do

not hesitate to use even the most gorgeous of the brocades unveiled and in combination with plain monotone material or lace.

The velvets used for evening coats may be described as regal, and it seems rank heresy to say that results obtained with them are not always so good as those developed in simpler materials. The fact remains, however, and it is equally true in relation to frocks. An artist hand is necessary for the successful manipulation of brocades and embossed velvets, and even the artists have often achieved results about which there may be criticism. Much is done in velvet embossed mousselines and chiffons and these are much more easily handled than the velvets.

The Oriental colorings and many motifs are emphasized by a number of the French houses. There are wonderful trimmings in dull metal and rich Oriental colorings and many beautiful brocades and figured materials have a distinctly Oriental character.

Wool embroideries, which were launched in the summer, have assumed the proportion of a craze, and are in imminent danger of being overdone, though they are undeniably effective and interesting when artistically designed and used. In millinery one finds

whose meshes gleamed green satin. The tiny brim was of mole fur, and there was for other trimming merely an Oriental looking ornament and tassels of wool embroidery in many colors. This is extreme, but it gives an idea of the length to which the fad goes.

Chiffon costume blouses embroidered in Oriental design and coloring with wool yarn are to be seen everywhere, having taken among the ready to wear jumper blouses the place occupied by bead embroidered chiffon last season. Where the wool embroidery is cleverly done these chiffon blouses have considerable smartness, but they are appearing in cheap and tawdry form and that threatens their life.

The Old Sewing Room

IT may surprise most women to learn that it is not conducive to good health to sit in a rocking chair while sewing if the material has to be kept in one's lap. A rocking chair throws the body out of balance by pitching it backwards at an unnatural angle. In it the muscles of the front of the body—the muscles of the chest and diaphragm—are contracted, the chest is

at the machine properly conducted is an admirable exercise. Be sure to sit erect, bending only at the hips, and you will find the rapid pedaling will be beneficial as a healthful exercise.

Correct sewing is really governed by a few simple rules, which, if followed out, make the plying of the needle and thread an exercise which deepens the chest, improves the carriage, strengthens the back and shoulders, clears the complexion and brightens the eyes.

In the first place the sewing room should be well ventilated. The air in it should be as fresh and pure as the air out of doors. Three operations go on in the sewing room, viz., cutting, the seamstress standing at the table; stitching, seated at a machine; sewing, with the material in the lap. In cutting the manner in which the seamstress bends over the table is every-

thing. The following exercise taken two or three times a day is a wonderful help toward correct bending at the work table, that is, bending without constricting the chest or abdomen. Stand perfectly erect with the heels together, the chin and abdomen in, the chest out, the back straight. Slowly filling the lungs with air, raise the arms, held stiff, from the sides outward, until the hands meet over the head, and at the time the hands meet the lungs should be filled to their fullest extent with air. Slowly exhaling the air, lower the arms to the sides again. Repeat this movement twenty times.

There is a right way and a wrong way to sew, and she who pursues the right way arises from her sewing after a day's work greatly benefited. She may be weary, but her weariness is that derived from healthful work, like the weariness which follows a game of tennis, for instance, but the woman who habitually takes the wrong position runs a great risk of developing indigestion, to say the least, if not more serious lung trouble.

Smart Models for Mid-Winter

THE present is essentially a season of the entire gown, and models of this kind are worn both within doors and upon the street beneath long coats. The designs are extremely smart and the models adapted to many materials.

The skirt that gives a tunic effect is one of the very newest and best liked. This one is eminently simple while it provides the most graceful possible lines. It is fitted at the back with little tucks that are new and pretty. The blouse suits it to a nicety. It is made over a lining; it includes the new sleeves that are stitched to the armholes on the long shoulder line and it is finished with the pointed revers that make one of the very latest finishes. In the illustration a novelty silk and wool material is combined with velvet and with lace. The blouse is made over a fitted lining in which the undersleeves are inserted. There are frills arranged over the front and again over the sleeves that are to be seen between the revers, and the closing is made invisibly at the back. The upper portion of the skirt is made in three pieces and the foundation in two. It can be cut either to the high or natural waist line.

For the medium size the blouse will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of velvet, 1 yard of lace 5 inches wide and $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of all-over lace 18 inches wide; for the upper portion of the skirt will be needed $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 or 36, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, and for the foundation $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of any width.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7268, is cut in sizes from 34 to 40 bust, of the skirt, No. 7269, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

The gown to the right is made of fine French serge and trimmed with braid ornaments and worn with a lace collar. The blouse is closed at the front and the back portions are lapped on to the front in a distinctly novel manner. It includes kimono sleeves, but of the new sort that are separate from the blouse. There is a fitted lining and the sleeves are attached to it while the blouse is finished and arranged over both. The skirt is made with an upper portion that is cut in four gores, the back gores being extended to full length and with a two-piece lower portion. This lower portion is overlapped for several inches at the front and provides comfortable freedom for walking. The finish can be made either at the high or natural waist line. The blouse is made with three-quarter sleeves, but it can



Blouse Pattern No. 7242
Skirt Pattern No. 7232

Blouse Pattern No. 7223
Skirt Pattern No. 7253

crocheted wool flowers and garlands, coarse and fine, large and small, used upon felt, velvet, fur, any and every material. There are cockades and rosettes, made of soft, heavy wool yarn, and crocheted hat bands of similar wool yarn, tassels of yarn, ornaments of cloth or velvet on fur boldly embroidered in yarn. A little toque had its entire round crown covered by an open crochet of green wool yarn through

made hollow, the ribs are pulled down, and the back is rounded.

A chair with a straight back should be used, and the body should be held in the same erect position that the cutting table requires—chin and abdomen in, back straight, chest out. Of course it is necessary when sewing on the lap to bend forward, but the bending should be done from the hips—the back should not be rounded. Sewing



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be made with long sleeves if preferred, and if a simpler finish is wanted the collar can be of the material or silk, or in place of the round collar can be used a regulation stock collar.

For the medium size the blouse will require a 3 5/8 yards of material 27, 3 yards 36, 2 1/4 yards 44 inches wide with 3/4 yard of lace for the frill and 1 lace collar or 3/8 yard of lace 18 inches wide, and 1 1/2 yards of edging; for the skirt will be needed 4 1/4 yards 27 or 36, 3 1/4 yards 44 inches wide. The width at the lower edge is 2 1/4 yards.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7265, is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, No. 7261, in sizes from 22 to 32 waist.

Fringe Trimmings

FRINGE, as I have repeated again and again, says Miss Belgravia, in *Ready-to-Wear*, is a very fashionable feature. Coats are trimmed with fringe, and even fur and fancy

feature for summer coats and even blouses, when combined with something else. Veiled with chiffon, this coarse lace would make a stunning blouse. For blouses, silk crepons are very good and come in lovely shades to match coats and skirts.

One-Sided Trimming

IN accordance with the general tendency of fashion to trim to one side of the garment, one-sided effects appear in increased numbers among the new blouses. The productions bearing out this idea show further uses and different arrangements of the side frill and side rever. Pleatings and ruchings are used to quite an extent, as trimming on the new lines. Fichu effects are still with us and continue for spring.

Belted and peplum styles will in all probability figure to no uncertain extent during the spring season. During the past summer many peplums were to be seen in New York and Paris, and manufac-



Waist Pattern No. 7268
Skirt Pattern No. 7269

Waist Pattern No. 7265
Skirt Pattern No. 7261

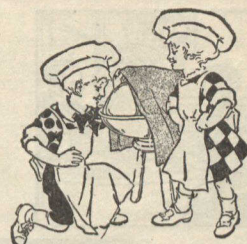
stoles and muffs. The latest hand bags are hung with fringe. It is not to be recommended for a hard wear trimming, as it is apt to get tangled and untidy, but the fact must be recorded.

Lace is a craze, and all kinds are worn. Berthas and collars which have been put away for years are being looked over, and, in some cases, cut up to trim gowns and coats. The old macramé lace which used to be used for trimming furniture, and a few years ago was put on garments, is again to the fore for clothes, combined with eyelet embroidery. It is worth noting, for its effectiveness and the charm of novelty combined will make it a good

turers in the former place will take up the idea with new vigor for spring, and its influence will bear upon the Canadian trade. The arrival of this style will add a desirable novelty to the range.

For Evening Functions

THE models designed for evening wear are exceptionally graceful this season. A great many tunics are being worn and also a great many draped skirts. In the illustration is shown a young girl's frock made with a simple skirt and straight tunic, and a



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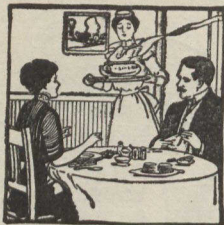
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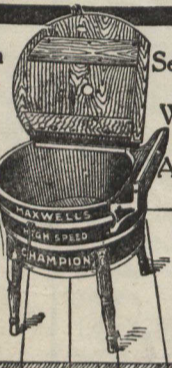


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gown for a more mature woman with train and draped skirt.

The girl's dress in this instance is made of lace flouncing over satin. The tunic consists of only two straight pieces. The blouse is made in peasant style and the fichu is arranged over it. Any pretty soft material could be used quite as well as the lace. Satin over satin is extremely fashionable and the frock could be made of that material in two colors, as coral over white, with perfect success. Again the model can be utilized for day-time occasions by adding the yoke and under-sleeves. The skirt is a simple one, cut in three pieces.

For the 16-year size the tunic blouse will require 4 yards of lace flouncing 30 inches wide, with 1/4 yard of chiffon

or any similar edge, in place of the fur, while the bodice could be finished with bead banding or embroidered with beads applied over a simple design. As shown in the back view the blouse is made with high neck and under-sleeves and becomes suited to quite different use. Treated in this way it can be combined with any preferred skirt.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3 1/4 yards of material 21, 2 1/4 yards 27, 1 3/8 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with 3/8 yard of velvet and 1/4 yard of banding; for the skirt will be needed 8 3/8 yards 27, 6 3/4 yards 36, 5 1/2 yards 44 inches wide with 3/8 yard of velvet, and to trim the entire gown 5 1/2 yards of fur banding.

The pattern of the blouse, No. 7255, is



Blouse Pattern No. 7247
Skirt Pattern No. 7149

Blouse Pattern No. 7255
Skirt Pattern No. 72B

for the frills to make as shown in the front view, 5 1/2 yards of plain material 27, 3 3/4 yards 36 or 44 with 2 yards of fringe and 7/8 yards of all-over lace to make as shown in the back view; for the skirt will be needed 3 1/2 yards 27, 2 3/8 yards 36 or 44 inches wide, the width at the lower edge is 2 1/8 yards.

The pattern of the blouse with tunic, No. 7247, and of the skirt, No. 7149, are both cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age, and are well adapted to small women.

The costume to the right combines brocaded silk with velvet and is trimmed with fur and with beaded banding. Both materials and style are in the height of fashion, but at the same time the model can be utilized in many ways. Chiffon velvet is much liked for evening gowns this season. Satin is essentially smart, crêpe mèteore is being much worn, and the gown suits all these materials as well as it does the brocade. For the trimming can be used any preferred banding, or the skirt can be finished with a little edging of iridescent nail heads

cut in sizes from 34 to 42 bust; of the skirt, No. 72B, in sizes from 22 to 30 waist.

Much jade now comes from New Zealand, where many superstitions attach to it. Grotesque figures of jade, having glaring red eyes, are worn on the breasts of warriors in North Island, and hatchets, sabres, and daggers of jade are owned by every Eastern soldier of rank.

Velvet Suits

THIS is to be a great velvet season, the finely striped velvets being very much liked for tailoring as are the very heavily ribbed velvets and velours on the order of corduroy. Paquin has turned out a likeable coat and skirt costume in a rather dark grey velvet of the corduroy type, but with cord still heavier than that of corduroy. There seems to be a little black woven

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in with the grey, for one gets a slight impression of shot effect in some lights.

The short loose coat crosses from right to left and fastens from throat to bottom, a straight collar of skunk being attached to the coat, encircling the neck closely, and falling in short ends over the shoulder. The sleeves are bordered with bands of skunk of the same width as collar, and there is no other trimming except big fastenings formed of cord made from the velvet. The coat is lined with a beautiful white crepe meteor brocaded in black velvet, which shows when the fronts are thrown open.

Set of Velvet and Fur

A GREAT many fancy sets of collarettes, muffs and hats are being worn this season and, indeed, a great many scarfs and muffs with hats of different material. Velvet with trimming of fur is especially fashionable, but there are many materials used. Satin is liked for some occasions, for evening wear brocaded silk is used, and in some instances are to be seen such materials as Oriental embroideries with bands of fur. This scarf and muff suit such treatment especially well. They are absolutely simple and easy to make. At the same time the model can be utilized for fur skins and for fur cloth, if liked. In fact, fur cloth is exceptionally handsome this season and makes up most attractively. The collarette is made with front and back portions that are joined at the back and over the arms and it fits comfortably and smartly about the neck. The muff is made in one piece and is designed to be lined and interlined. It is soft and flat, in conformity with the latest style.

To make the scarf and muff will be required 2 yards of material 21, 13/4



Collarette and Muff, No. 7241

yards 52 inches wide with 6 yards of fur banding and 4 tails to trim as illustrated.

The pattern, No. 7241, is cut in one size only.

When a Girl Travels

THE girl who made the gift is one who has little money to spend and whose friends are among a wealthy set, who have everything that money can give. But the girl in question has exquisite taste and deft fingers, and she works out ideas and makes her presents eagerly received.

For a friend who is going to Europe the clever one has just finished a set of bags and wrappers for dresses which are both pretty and practical.

The material is heavy rose pink linen and each piece in the set is em-

brodered with the girl's initials elaborately done in cipher.

There are eight bags in the set, their size being six inches by fourteen long. The narrow part is the top, and the cipher is placed in the middle, just below the edge. There are two ribbons at the top for tying the bag together and all are intended for shoes. One is lined with oilskin and intended for a damp pair of shoes should one be so unfortunate as to be obliged to pack them in that state.

The wrappers are squares of linen the width of the material. The edges are turned for a hem and feather stitched with white embroidery silk instead of being bound. In the very centre a large cipher is done. Dresses folded smoothly and snugly, placed in the centre of one of these squares, the linen lining then tightly pinned along the edges and ends, will keep their freshness for many days and take far less room than when in boxes.

Modern Millinery

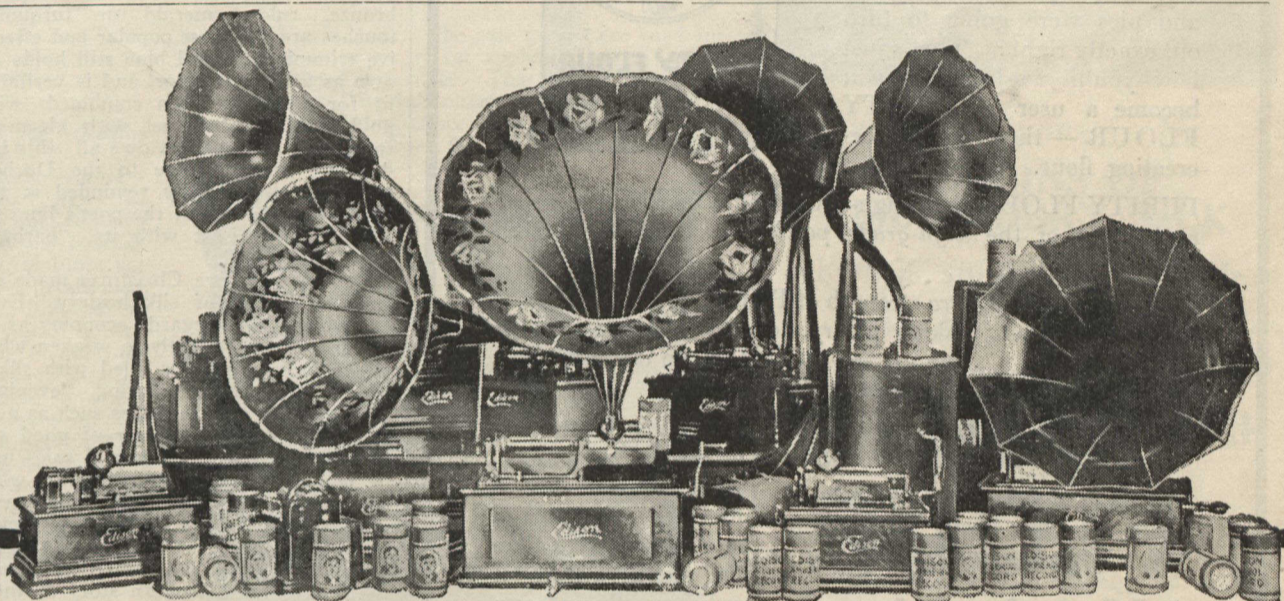
ALTHOUGH far less garnish in the way of feathers and flowers is put on the head this winter, yet that part of the anatomy is receiving

fully as much, if not more, attention than ever. Coiffeurs declare that hair is the best decoration for the head, and they are keeping themselves busy with pretty wigs, curls, fringes and plaits to transform things. The modish head must be quite round until it reaches the back, where there is a small shower of curls. The big erection that has been built on the head to make it assume large proportions is seen no more. The search now is for the head that is most mignon and dainty—without being too small.

The Fur Redingote

THE fur redingote is one of the characteristics of this year. It is made of seal or tailless ermine, and it is as supple and light as velvet. Such redingotes are worn over handsome cloth, velvet or satin gowns. Some of the trimmings lavished on these long fur garments are very beautiful, with bright colors and motives outlined with gold or solid with gold. Some of the shawl collars cross so low at the front that they come well to the knees; and one side is often round while the other is square. It is amusing to see the efforts which furriers make, under the limitations of a law that compels a

spade to be called a spade, or, in fact, that makes him call skunk "skunk," and rat "rat," to salve the feelings of the women who buy the skins of these humble little brothers. Rat skin is as a fact employed, but the furrier says it is not the common house rodent which lives from the garbage pail, but the sleek little prairie rat, which feeds on nectar. After all, what is chinchilla but a simple South American rat, which, being far fetched, has acquired caste as he has traveled northward. Two of the handsomest combination fur coats seen this year had Hudson seal as one of the conspicuous parts. One was of moleskin, the skins put together to make a sort of watered effect, and the seal outlined the long shawl collar, made the cuffs and the shaped band which went around the skirt and up one side the front of the coat. The buttons were covered with seal trimmed with heavy silk cord. The other coat was of Hudson seal with the big square sailor collar of the same fur, and the shawl fronts of the collar of ermine. These shawl fronts were very wide and long, crossing at the waist line, but one side extending far below and ending in a loop which fastened over one big seal-covered button. The deep cuffs were also of the ermine. The muff was of the ermine with seal ends.



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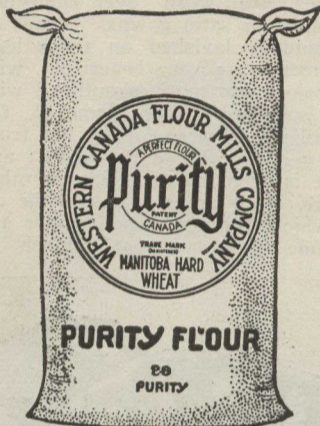
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NOW come the happy days of bargains in model gowns and suits. Velvet and cloth suits, motor and walking coats and charming afternoon and evening gowns are among the attractive "reduced" features in the large shops. Velvet is the most imposing fabric for winter wear, and, when worn with furs, is the ideal costume for the days when snow is on the ground. Violet and crimson are the most imperial colors in this effective material, and, when worn with ermine, make a fit setting for any feminine loveliness.

The laces for this season are extremely rich in effect and give one an impression of Oriental magnificence. Gold is seen everywhere, on fringes, braids, collars and lace. The metallic "idea" has certainly taken possession of the world of adornment, and laces, with copper, bronze, ruby, emerald or turquoise touches are the most popular and effective trimming. Royal blue still holds its own as a popular color, and is veritably fit for a queen, when combined with gold lace or filmy net with gleaming spangles. Perhaps, we owe all this iridescence and radiance to the Durbar, but we are assuredly reminded at the trimmings counter of the poet's lines on the gorgeous East with its "barbaric pearl and gold."

The sales before Christmas made attractive display of silk hosiery. Even the woman who regards economy as a cardinal virtue is likely to weaken when she surveys a counter filled with silken hose in the most alluring "evening" shades. Nor are the prices such as need alarm the thrifty. A pair of good silk stockings, with lisle tops and soles may be bought for seventy-five cents, while the more expensive styles and weaves run as high as five dollars. However, we are more fortunate than the ladies who lived in the days of King George the Third, for a modern story of those picturesque days informs us that for a gala occasion in Bath, the fashionable dames paid as much as twenty guineas for a pair of green silk stockings embroidered in butterflies.

LEATHER goods, especially in the smaller articles for wear or toilet use, may be bought at very reasonable prices at this time of the year, and the wise purchaser may find in the shops after Christmas many a tempting bargain in collar bag, pocket-book or shopping bag. This is truly the day for bags, which may be seen in all sizes and fabrics, from tapestry to satin. The suede bag is a favorite with many women, and very dainty bags of this material, in brown, grey, green and tan may be bought just at this time for three or four dollars. An objection made by some is that these bags soil very soon; but a sponging with gasoline very soon remedies this condition, and gives you a bag which is practically new.

In these long winter evenings, there is nothing more comfortable for the "father of the family" than a good, warm house coat or dressing gown, and the most cheerful and substantial styles are shown as the winter days grow colder in grey, red, olive and brown. In fact, the very sight of them is enough to make a man forswear the club, the lodge or any other masculine gathering, in favor of the comfort which awaits him at his "ain fireside." Then there are neckties of dainty coloring—but she is a brave woman who buys a necktie for a man relative.

AMONG articles of wearing apparel which attract women shoppers at this season, none are more irresistible than furs. And such a showing as there is this year in muffs, stoles, four-in-hands and shawl-like arrangements resembling the old-fashioned pelerrine! January sees many of the best articles, which will no doubt remain in fashion for more than one season, reduced in price and quite within reach of the woman who cannot afford mink or astrachan. Some of the cheaper furs, such as chinchilla and fox, are as pretty and cosy as anyone need desire. A "trip" to the fur department is well worth your while.

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THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Limited,
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STOVE POLISH

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In the Central Business College of Toronto begins January 2nd. Commercial, Shorthand, Telegraphy or Civil Service Courses—26 teachers—151 typewriting machines—multigraphs, roller copiers and filing cabinets—Everything to thoroughly equip our graduates. Write today for catalogue.

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'CAMP' COFFEE

'Camp' has found a rousing welcome in many a thousand homes; why not give it just one try in yours—to-day?

It's the most quickly prepared—the most wholesome and the best-tasting of all coffees—the most economical too.

All Grocers sell 'Camp.' Sole Proprietors—
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ARNOTT INSTITUTE

The work of the ARNOTT INSTITUTE in treating Stammerers and Stutterers is becoming more and more widely recognized as perhaps the most successful on this continent.

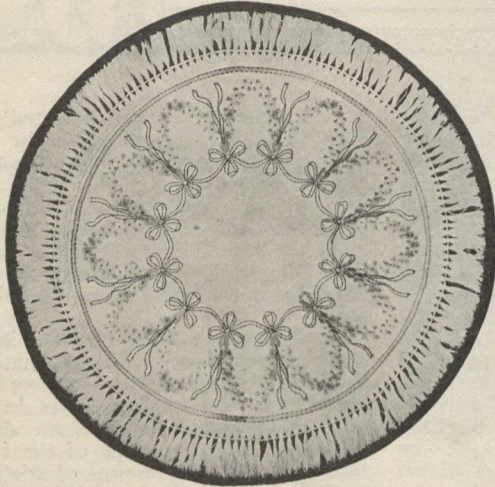
Following our own scientific methods, the Institute treats the CAUSE of stammering—not the habit itself. It teaches the patient why he stammered, and once he understands that, it is comparatively easy for him to learn, in from five to eight weeks, how to speak fluently and naturally, without any of the objectionable mannerisms commonly taught. As he knows why he is speaking correctly, the cure is permanent.

If you know anyone who stammers or stutters, in kindness to them advise them to consult the ARNOTT INSTITUTE.

BERLIN, ONTARIO, CAN.

ARTISTIC EMBROIDERIES

SOME of the newest ideas in artistic embroideries are illustrated on this page, and we are sure our readers will be interested in the variety shown. It is of course impossible to convey the beauty of the articles from which these illustrations have been made, as the artistic colorings are, of course, lost in the reproduction, but we think with the description of the method of working and the shades of embroidery silk used our readers will have



No. 5886—27-Inch Mille fleur, 55 cents

no difficulty in reproducing any of the designs illustrated.

The Mille fleur centrepiece and cushion is a very graceful arrangement of this popular style of embroidery, which was described in our columns before, but we will repeat this to avoid any possible misunderstanding. Two strands of Royal Floss are threaded together in a needle, and the petals are made by one long straight stitch which fully covers the stamped line. A better result is obtained if each stitch is taken from the centre of the flower outwards instead of carrying the thread from the outer edge to the next petal, this method of working rounds the petal distinctly. The centre of the daisy forms are composed of a large French knot made by using two strands of silk threaded together, one gold and one black. The bow knots on this design are worked in solid padded satin stitch, a pale shade of green is used, and a black outline around the outer edges brings out the bow knots effectively.



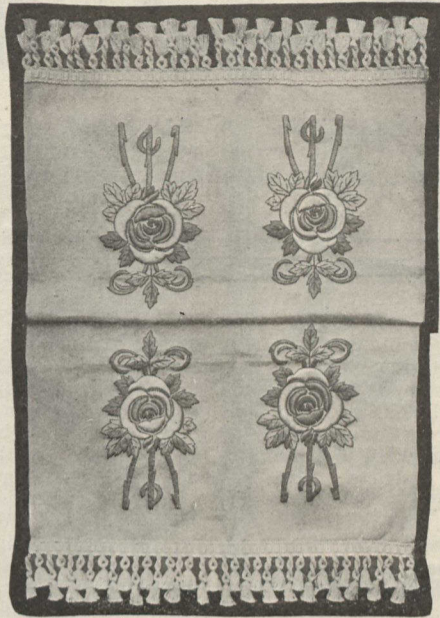
No. 6550—Cushion, 50 cents

The festoons of daisies are worked in shades of pink with small leaf forms worked in greens; these are worked in the same straight stitch as used for the daisy petals. Any preferred colorings may be used for this centrepiece and cushion, blues and tans, greens and browns are all effective. These designs are stamped on a special cream-colored linen.

A very handsome cushion and scarf suitable for a library or living room, are shown as Nos. 8055 and 8088. These designs are stamped on green burlap, and the roses which form a portion of the design in solid padded satin stitch, every portion of which



No. 42—Cushion, 60 cents



No. 64—Scarf, \$1.50

is outlined with black. The pale greens are used for sign are stamped on velvet appliques which come already fastened into place. The designs illustrated are embroidered in dull olives and pale greens, the most effective combination. The design is worked the roses, and the olives for the scrolls and leaves.



No. 8055—Green Burlap Velvet Applique, \$1.25

Fringe dyed to match completes the scarf, and the cushion is already eyeleted for lacing.

Another beautiful cushion and scarf is shown, designs 42 and 64. These are tinted on heavy tan linen with handsome design of Dutch roses, leaves and scroll work. This design is solidly embroidered in beautiful shades of pink and greens. Every portion of the design is afterwards outlined with



No. 8088—Green Burlap Velvet Applique, \$1.50

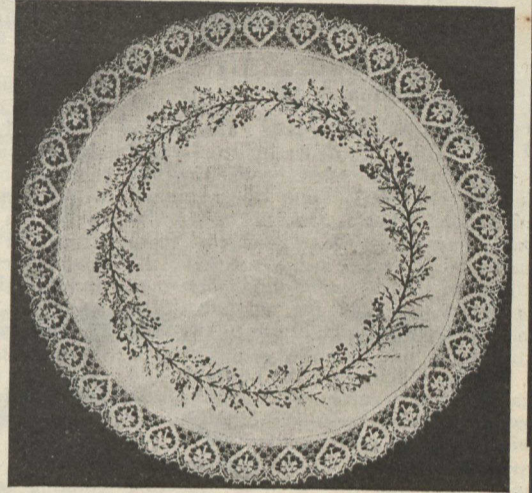
black; this method brings out beautifully the coloring. Heavy Russian fringe completes these. These scarfs and cushions are very fashionable at present, as they are admirably adapted to the mission style of furnishing.

Any further information regarding the working up of these designs will be furnished upon request.

Silks may be supplied to embroider any of these designs at 55 cents per dozen, also fringes suitable to finish these designs may be had. Samples and prices furnished on request.

If readers cannot obtain these articles from their dealers, write the Belding Paul Corticelli, Limited, Linen Department, Montreal, for further information.

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which is sufficient to finish a
15 INCH CENTRE PIECE

which is stamped for

**"THE NEW HEATHER
EMBROIDERY"**

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We will

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sufficient lace to edge this Centre Piece, and the diagram enclosed will furnish full instructions for this beautiful embroidery which is simple but effective.

Send at once as this generous offer is made for a short period only.

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Ontario Women's Institutes



GEORGE A. PUTNAM
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO



The Annual Convention

SUCCESS appears to be the happy lot of the Women's Institutes, and especially is their good fortune manifest on the occasion of an annual convention. It was feared when the place of meeting was changed from Guelph to Toronto last year that the interest of the delegates might relax, as the Royal City had for so long been associated with large and enthusiastic gatherings. But 1910 saw goodly crowds of Institute delegates in Toronto, and this year has seen the most enthusiastic meetings ever held—a circumstance which must be most comforting to the superintendent, Mr. G. A. Putnam. The Guild Hall was the scene of meeting for morning and afternoon sessions on November 15th and 16th, and the University Convocation Hall held the audiences at the evening meetings.

The song "O Canada" appears to be firmly established in the affection of the Institutes, and formed the opening number on the programme. Mr. Putnam presided at the session the first morning, when the business methods in the Institute were dealt with. He gave a long report of the work that had been done by the Institute in the past year, and outlined a programme for the fu-

an experiment, and would soon be extended to other institutes.

Miss M. U. Watson of the Macdonald Institute, Guelph, outlined the Demonstration Lecture Course of six weeks which has been tried with success in certain Institute districts. Five Institutes in a group will be able to do the most effective work, and it is well for each Institute to have one lesson a week. In places where it is difficult for the women and girls to come to afternoon meetings, it may be possible to arrange for evening sessions. A course of practical instruction costs each Institute about thirty-three dollars, and, where materials are supplied, the cost is reduced to twenty-five dollars. So far, cooking only has been tried, but such courses in nursing, dressmaking, etc., are likely to follow. This experiment has been so successful so far, that a memorial was drafted asking for an additional Government appropriation for the work.

At the afternoon session, Mrs. H. Endacott, of Orangeville, made an efficient presiding officer, referring to the broad scope of Institute aims, and emphasizing the necessity for sentiment and work going together. Mrs. James L. Hughes, of Toronto, whose platform ability is well known, gave an enthusi-

astic address of welcome, to which Mrs. D. O. White, of Kingsville, replied. Dr. Helen MacMurchy, of Toronto, gave an address on "Social Service," which was in her usual happy and practical vein. In the course of her remarks, Dr. MacMurchy said:

"Do you take as much interest in the election of your school trustees as you should, or do you even prevent your own husband from running for office by saying: 'No, not with that bunch?' 'If you do, you are really committing a grave crime. Social service consists in looking ahead as well as in setting things right, and when so many immigrants are coming to our country there is no doubt but that they need you and me to look ahead for them.' The speaker said that the greatest social question of all was the housing problem, and to emphasize this point she showed several lantern slides of shacks outside the corporation limits of some cities. "Do you think," she asked, "that a plan is more necessary for a house or farm than for a city? Should squatters be allowed to erect any kind of buildings outside of the city limits, which when taken into the corporation are bound to make no-

thing but a slum area? At the next session of the Legislature we are going to draft a bill permitting us to buy land outside of the corporation where decent dwellings may be built, and when that bill comes before the House I ask you to give it your support."

Dr. MacMurchy said that the Church should be socialized if it were not so already. The public schools could be used far more than they have been. In the winter fires were often kept up all night, but the buildings remained dark, haunted, as it were, whereas if girls got together, debates and other meetings could be held in the schools. "Maybe you think this is not your business to get them together, but it is," said she. The evening meeting in Guild Hall was presided over by Mrs. E. G. Graham, of Brampton, whose pleasant smile and manner would be worth a thousand a year to a political magnate. Miss Guest, of Belleville, gave an earnest address on "The Woman of the Twentieth Century," contrasting the position of the woman of to-day with the woman of a generation or two back. Many women now went out into the world and earned their own living. There are 7,500 women teachers in Ontario, besides many thousands more in office, store and factory, and still others in

ian of everything that affected her home. The full control which she had over her children ceased only when they began to go to school. This made women earnestly interested in the management of the schools, because it affected the health and welfare in every way of her children. Consequently she believed women should be on the school boards.

In the same way women were interested in temperance work, in whatever will make for the safety of young women who go to towns and cities, in an equal moral standard for both sexes, and finally in the granting of the franchise to women as a means of wielding the influence which they claim a just right to, in regard to the many subjects in which women are vitally interested both on their own account and for the sake of their homes.

Hon. Adam Beck, Minister without portfolio in the Whitney Government, gave an up-to-date and illuminating address, "Electricity on the Farm and In the Home."

"Within a year the Hydro-Electric installation will mean for the principal cities a saving of \$2,000,000. Within five years Ontario will have saved enough to pay for the whole project," said the speaker.

In a brief outline of the history of the project, Mr. Beck proceeded to show a great saving as its striking feature. Electric energy now produced at \$9 per horse-power in exactly one-fifth of the cost of steam-generated power. Moreover the "white coal" now utilized does not fluctuate in price, because of strikes and strike-breakers, or because of import duties which vary at the whim of a United States trust.

There is no governmental revenue in this connection, nor does the policy favor sectional advantages, but a universal provincial system of lighting.

The wholesale criticism which greeted the inception of the scheme demanded caution on the part of the promoters. That was the reason of the Niagara district municipalities being first supplied. But now that success was assured, and public confidence invested, all Ontario shall benefit, and that, too, at a rate between Government and people, the cheapest in the world.

Never a complaint had appeared since the beginning, never a suggestion of change in the principle of the scheme.

A surplus of \$85,000 out of the estimated cost remained after all construction had been completed, and all obligations disposed of. Furthermore, of tangible results, Ottawa shows prices simply cut in two, London, which had been charged 9 cents per kilowatt hour, now pays 4½, even Hamilton, the "power city," benefits to a marvelous degree, and every one of these cities, regardless of the slashing in price, enjoys an annual surplus of \$250,000, \$150,000 and \$250,000 respectively.

"The Hydro-Electric policy is going to be of great consequence to the farmers of Ontario," declared Mr. Beck. "The great question to-day is: 'How can we keep our boys and girls on the farm?'"

"They must be encouraged to stay there," agreed the speaker, "for agriculture takes the first place in enriching the province."

The crying need is for more comfort, more attraction on the farm, and less drudgery. The farmer's children in seeking the comforts of the city have made labor scarce and costly. Now is the agriculturists' opportunity to remedy the exodus. The Government is installing the transportation lines and a uniform apparatus; the only duty of the townships is to connect it with the homes.

"In two ways," continued the speaker, "will the system aid the farmer. Firstly, by a marked stimulation in his neighboring markets, and secondly by modern improvements and comforts installed in his own homestead."

By means of the lantern, Mr. Beck illustrated farm life in Germany, where



ANNUAL CONVENTION, WOMEN'S INSTITUTES, TORONTO, 1911.

ture. Three thousand members have been added, and now there were in all 654 branches and 19,091 members, with a total attendance in the year of 150,000. The institute was democratic, and women of all denominations and social standing came together and united in their work. In the past year many branches, such as Whitby, Lindsay and Hespeler, had provided permanent quarters where meetings were held, and young girls of the town came together every Monday evening for the purpose of interchanging suggestions on branches of domestic work. An interesting feature of the work of the Institute was the programme successfully presented last year, containing addresses by doctors, lawyers, dentists, bankers, butchers, grocers, etc., on topics relative to their profession or business. An endeavor should be made to accomplish something definite, and with this purpose in view the subjects chosen should be correlated. Mr. Putnam said that the programme for systematic instruction for a group of six institutes in Haldimand and Norfolk, which was proposed at the last convention, was being carried out successfully. It was intended only as

astastic address of welcome, to which Mrs. D. O. White, of Kingsville, replied. Dr. Helen MacMurchy, of Toronto, gave an address on "Social Service," which was in her usual happy and practical vein. In the course of her remarks, Dr. MacMurchy said:

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the nursing, medical and other professions.

The result, said the speaker, was that women not only became more independent, but they gained a wider outlook and a knowledge of the world—including the dangers and handicaps under which women have always lived. This knowledge and the wider outlook on life gained by the women who went out into the world was gradually disseminated among their sister women throughout the country.

Woman's greater independence to-day also made it unnecessary to marry for a living. She was more particular about the matter, and considered her own welfare more than she was able to do under former conditions.

The motherly instinct of the young woman of to-day, however, was as strong as before, and she was able to take her place in the home just as well and more intelligently than a generation or two ago. She had become more of a thinking woman, and she carried into the home some of the business ideas and initiative and independence which she had learned while in business life. She was a jealous guard-

electricity is used to a vast extent in pumping, threshing and dairy work, and yet at a cost of double that in Ontario.

"I am not going to guarantee every farm," concluded Mr. Beck, "but the majority of farms, and especially those lying between connected towns will receive power easily and in abundance.

"As to the eastern counties and Huron, Grey and Bruce, the commission hoped to get a Federal permission to utilize local water power for the benefit of the section. Surely with power and lighting so cheap, so practicable, and so abundant, an era of comfort and prosperity was dawning for the Ontario householder and farmer."

Short addresses were made on the special work of institutes by Mrs. W. Dawson, of Parkhill, and Mrs. Dorrington, of Alton, and Miss M. U. Watson answered a number of stimulating questions.

On Thursday, November 16th, the attendance and enthusiasm were well sustained. Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, of Port Credit, presided at the morning session, and Miss Laura Rose, of Guelph, at the afternoon meeting. Mr. C. J. Atkinson, of the Broadview Boys' Institute, Toronto, gave an address, "What We Can Do for the Boys," and Miss Holston, of Parkhill, dealt with "The School; Its Relation to the Community," discussing the school problem from a woman's viewpoint. "Should women have a place on the school board of trustees?" was a question handed to her, but she did not go so far as to answer "Yes" to it. The point she made was that "Since everything a child learns or does in the school falls more upon the mother than the father, the mother should have a 'say' in every school question." Her solution for the

Miss Hotson, a school teacher of Parkhill, discussed the school problem.

At the evening session, Miss M. U. Watson, of the Macdonald Institute, presided with that business-like grace which makes her a welcome acquisition to any Institute gathering. Miss Watson remarked optimistically, "This is the most successful Institute convention I



MRS. H. PARSONS, FOREST.

have had the pleasure of attending, and I have attended them all."

Mrs. H. W. Parsons, of Forest, gave an address entitled, "A Woman's View of Life," which contained much that was helpful and suggestive. The speaker gave a sketchy review of the ground covered by former speakers, remarking, "Woman and her responsibility in the home have been emphasized very strongly. I want to speak of Joy in Life.

"We have not enough joy in the home. We are apt to think of it as a place to eat and sleep. There is enough inevitable sadness in the world. We meet it wherever we go, and are overcome by the contagious gloom of it. For the child's sake, make the home bright, make it a place to be glad in. Let there be a legitimate outlet for the children's exuberant spirits. Keep their anniversaries. They serve the double purpose of giving pleasure at the time and leaving memories they will love to look back upon. Make a child happy, and you will make him good.' If we are going to help build up a beautiful character we must begin at the beginning.

"Let your children learn the great facts of life from you, through the life of nature, which reveals the story through flowers and birds, thus leading the child up to the heights of Creation.

"Young people should be allowed to meet and allowed freedom to enjoy each other's company in the home. Don't be afraid, mothers, that you are not wanted where young people are. Be a companion, keep young and sweet yourself. If you do not, you are likely to lose their comradeship. A young man often feels he is the object of adverse criti-



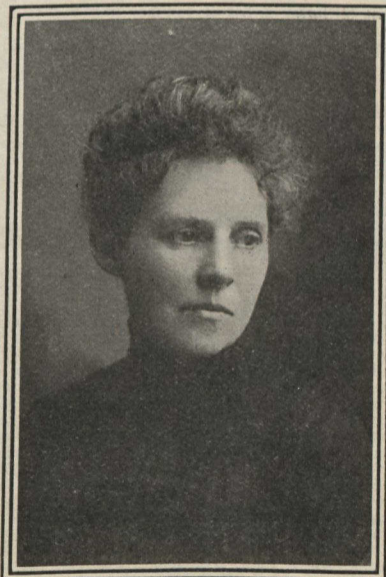
MRS. E. G. GRAHAM, BRAMPTON.

whole question was co-operation, and on her suggestion a Committee of Child Welfare was appointed. The members nominated by Mr. Putnam were: Miss Hotson, Miss E. Guest, Mrs. Norman and Mr. C. J. Atkinson.

Dr. C. J. Copp, of Toronto, told of how the Women's Institute might take up the work of the St. John's Ambulance Association. He explained the lectures on "First Aid to the Injured," and there is a possibility that some of the Institutes will begin this new work.

Dr. W. T. Connell, of Queen's University, Kingston, gave an instructive and well-illustrated address on "Water Supply," showing clearly how defective arrangements lead to infection and disease. Since most cases of typhoid fever can be traced to impure water supply, it behooves Canadians to remedy this evil as soon as possible, for such an epidemic means that there has been gross neglect and inertness. Judging by the interest with which Dr. Connell's hearers followed his remarks and watched the changing lantern slides as they depicted satisfactory and unsatisfactory conditions, the members of the Women's Institutes are alive to the importance of this question.

"The water of the villages and rural districts of Ontario is bad, very bad," said the speaker. "Out of one thousand samples of well water of eastern Ontario I found two-thirds of them to be polluted, and in one village eighty per cent. of the wells were polluted. In eastern Ontario nearly all the wells are surface wells, and this accounts for the bad condition of the water. There is more typhoid in our rural districts than in any of our cities, and the cause of this is that in many cases the wells are too near to the pig pen, the horse stable, or, worse still, the barnyard."



MRS. H. ENDACOTT, ORANGEVILLE.

cism and antipathy of the whole family. We expect a peculiar attitude in young men. We must not expect them to court us, too. They have neither time nor inclination. Let the young man who visits your home feel that you are his friend."

In giving some excellent advice to girls the speaker urged: "Never marry a man you cannot honor, nor a man who

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You take more interest in your own welfare than anybody else, or than you do in anybody's else.

What you do, and how you do it determines your success or failure.

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If you don't, send for catalog.

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VANCOUVER—WINNIPEG

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The handy packet of Edwards' desiccated Soup is something the cook is always wanting, always ready when she needs it.

It solves the problem of good soup on busy days because it takes so little time to prepare. It helps her to make a tasty meal out of things that get "left over." It strengthens her own soups and suggests many a meal when she's wondering what to give.

EDWARDS' DESICCATED SOUP



There is not a kitchen in Canada where Edwards' Soup isn't needed; not a day when it does not aid the cook, and not a dinner which it will not help her to improve.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in Ireland from prime beef and fresh vegetables. Buy a packet to-day.

Edwards' desiccated Soup is made in three varieties—Brown, Tomato, White. The Brown variety is a thick, nourishing soup, prepared from best beef and fresh vegetables. The other two are purely vegetable soups.

5c. per packet.

A pure, rich, high grade, flavory coffee. The kind that makes you linger over your cup—such is

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128 Packed in 1 and 2 pound cans only.

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Everyone who bakes bread should know about my Cream of the West Flour.

I guarantee absolute satisfaction and I won't take money for less. A crust, brown, crisp and sweet; a crumb, white, light and even. Get a bag and bake a batch or two.

Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour guaranteed for bread

If you don't have success with your bread after a fair trial bring back the flour left over and your grocer has our authority to refund full purchase price.

Guarantee

We hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour, and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee—money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return price paid by customer on return of unused portion of bag if flour is not as represented.

The Campbell Milling Co., Limited, Toronto. 103 Archibald Campbell, President



belittles you at home. Never cheapen yourself. No man is worth it. Stand upon your honor. If you have had good mothers and right training, you will do so instinctively. Do not flirt after you are engaged. Man is apt to think pretence is not all pretence. There is truly nothing half so sweet in life as Love's young dream. Girls are not sufficiently trained in business methods. They should be careful about outlay until they know how everything is to be financed." The speaker gave some humorous but shrewd advice as to marrying a quiet man, since the woman can usually do the talking for the household. Gentleness towards those who have erred was dwelt upon. Girls should be taught that honorable motherhood is a great opportunity for service to the race.

"Be exponents of a gospel of joy and love. Let us remember that we belong to a nation with a future of great promise. Let us be wise, as women, as mothers, as leaders. Let us take our part in the making of a glorious future for Canada."

Mr. Harris, in an address on "Our Dumb Animals," dwelt upon the fact that the Humane Society exists for the prevention, rather than for the prosecution of cruelty to animals. He emphasized the importance of giving children kindly ideas regarding the dumb animals, and their care. Many other protective institutions have sprung from the Humane Society idea.

Mr. Putnam gave a few closing remarks on the success of the convention, referring to his own responsibility as superintendent, and urging the importance of co-operation in achieving the utmost possible benefit. There was a need of more assistants, so rapidly had the work progressed. He wished the members of the Institute every success and progress during the coming year.

It was noticeable throughout the convention that emphasis is being placed on the work being done for the next generation. In Dr. MacMurchy's address, the aspect of "Social Service" which looks towards the betterment of conditions for those who come after us was optimistically displayed. In Miss Guest's talk on "Young Women and the Twentieth Century," the scope of present-day opportunities was described. In Mr. Atkinson's practical and suggestive address on "What We Can Do for Our Boys" the way in which juvenile restlessness and activity may be turned to account was sympathetically indicated. Miss Hotson showed the conscientious teacher's regard for the young persons who are being trained for citizenship. Mrs. M. N. Norman, of Toronto, in the address, "My Child's Future," dwelt upon the value of the forces of heredity and environment, urging the importance of perfect trust and confidence between mother and child. Mrs. Parsons, in "A Woman's View of Life," gave a comprehensive talk on the home circle. Altogether, the members are keeping close to their motto of "Home and Country."

District Meetings

The following is list of January meetings to be held in association with Farmers Institutes:—

Division 1. Dr. Margaret McAlpine, Toronto, Jan. 18 and 19: Durham Town Hall, South Grey, Jan. 3; Hanover, Telford's Hall, South Grey, Jan. 4; Warton, Town Hall, North Bruce, Jan. 5; Oliphant, School House, North Bruce, Jan. 5; Hepworth, Gate's School, North Bruce, Jan. 6; Hepworth, Spring Creek, school, North Bruce, Jan. 6; Parkhead, Orange Hall, North Bruce, Jan. 8; Tara, Vandusen's Hall, West Bruce, Jan. 9; Port Elgin, Town Hall, West Bruce, Jan. 10; Walkerton, Township Hall, South Bruce, Jan. 11; Gorrie, Town Hall, East Huron, Jan. 18; Brussels, Town Hall, East Huron, Jan. 19.

Division 2. Mrs. W. B. Ferguson, Strathroy—Mt. Carmel, Mt. Carmel Hall, North Middlesex, Jan. 12; Greenway, Wilson's Hall, North Middlesex, Jan. 13; Parkhill, Town Hall, North Middlesex, Jan. 15; West McGillivray, Town Hall, North Middlesex, Jan. 16; Thorndale, Harding's Hall, East Middlesex, Jan. 17; Harrietsville, I. O. F. Hall, East Middlesex, Jan. 18; Alvinston, Council Chamber, East Lambton, Jan. 19; Aughrim, Lower Aughrim Hall, East Lambton, Jan. 20; Shetland, Town Hall, East Lambton, Jan. 22; Inwood, Orange Hall, East Lambton, Jan. 23; Petrolea, Town Hall, West Lambton, Jan. 24; Sarnia, Town Hall, West Lambton, Jan. 25; Bunyan, School House, West Lambton, Jan. 25; Beecher, Forester's Hall, West Lambton, Jan. 26; Brigden, McKenzie's Hall, West Lambton, Jan. 27.

Division 3. Mrs. W. J. Hunter, Brampton—Aylmer, Town Hall, East Elgin, Jan. 13; Middlemarch, Grange Hall, West Elgin, Jan. 15; Talbotville, Orange Hall, West Elgin, Jan. 16; Dutton, Town Hall, West Elgin, Jan. 17; Rodney, Town Hall, West Elgin, Jan. 18; Middleniss, Village Hall, afternoon, West Middlesex, Jan. 19; Walker's Schoolhouse, West Middlesex, Jan. 20; Eberts Hall, West Kent, Jan. 22; Louisville, School House, West Kent, Jan. 23; Baldoon, Church Hall, West Kent, Jan. 24; Bear Line, Forester's Hall, West Kent, Jan. 25; Croton, Young's Hall, East Kent, Jan. 26; Kent Centre, K. C. Hall, East Kent, Jan. 27; Morpeth, A. O. U. W. Hall, East Kent, Jan. 29; Guild's School House, East Kent, Jan. 30; Comber, Town Hall, North Essex, Jan. 31.

Division 4. Mrs. M. M. Norman, Toronto, Jan. 5 to 31.—Waterdown, Township Hall, North Wentworth, Jan. 5; Freeton, North Wentworth, Jan. 6; Rockton, Township Hall, North Wentworth, Jan. 8; St. George, Library Hall, North Brant, Jan. 9; Onondaga, Township Hall, North Brant, Jan. 10; Cainsville, Hanley's Hall, North Brant, Jan. 11; Tranquility, School House, North Brant, Jan. 12; Burford, Cornish Hall, South Brant, Jan. 13; Mohawk, Methodist Church Basement, South Brant, Jan. 15; East Oakland, School House, South Brant, Jan. 16; Scotland, Forester's Hall, South Brant, Jan. 17; Ancaster, Town Hall, South Wentworth, Jan. 18; Stoney Creek, Institute Hall, South Wentworth, Jan. 19; Campden, Redden's Hall, Lincoln, Jan. 20; Queenston, School House, Lincoln, Jan. 22; Niagara Falls, South, Town Hall, Welland, Jan. 23; Wiloughby, Town Hall, Welland, Jan. 24; Ridgeway, Town Hall, Welland, Jan. 25; Humberstone, Town Hall, Welland, Jan. 26; Pelham Centre, Town Hall, Monck, Jan. 27; Silverdale, School House, Monck, Jan. 29; Caistorville, School, Monck, Jan. 30; Camboro, Town Hall, Monck, Jan. 31.

Division 5. Mrs. H. W. Parsons, Forest, Jan. 4 to 25.—Aberfoyle, Town Hall, South Wellington, Jan. 4; Morriston, Hall, South Wellington, Jan. 4; Eden Mills, Town Hall, South Wellington, Jan. 5; Rockwood, Hall, South Wellington, Jan. 5; Alma, Alma Hall, West Wellington, Jan. 6; Drayton, Town Hall, West Wellington, Jan. 8; Glen Allan, Coot's Hall, West Wellington, Jan. 9; Mt. Forest, Allen's Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 10; Cedarvale, Orange Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 11; Conn, Orange Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 12; Conn, School House, East Wellington, Jan. 12; Kenilworth, Township Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 13; Chatsworth, Forester's Hall, North Grey, Jan. 15; Desboro, Town Hall, North Grey, Jan. 16; Kilsyth, Township Hall, North Grey, Jan. 17; Shallow Lake, Hall, North Grey, Jan. 18; Kemble, school, North Grey, Jan. 19; Brown's School, North Grey, Jan. 19; Owen Sound, Council Chamber, North Grey, Jan. 20; Annan, Hall, North Grey, Jan. 22; Leith, Hall, North Grey, Jan. 22; Bognor, Hall, North Grey, Jan. 23; Strathnairn, School House, North Grey, Jan. 24; Meaford, Town Hall, North Grey, Jan. 25.

SUPPLEMENTARY MEETINGS.

Division 2. Miss M. V. Powell, Whitby, Jan. 3 to 26.—Crown Hill Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 3; Craighurst, Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 3; Mitchell Square, Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 4; Jarret, Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 4; Warminster, McKinley's Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 5; Uthoff, Waring's Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 5; Washago, Hall, East Simcoe, Jan. 6; Ardtrea, School, East Simcoe, Jan. 6; Rosemount, Hannah Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 8; Everett, Orange Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 9; Creemore, Leonard's Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 10; Lavender, Temperance Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 11; Singhampton, Ross' Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 12; Badjeros, School House, Centre Grey, Jan. 13; Dundalk, Town Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 16; Hopeville, Allan's Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 17; Flesherston, Town Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 18; Maxwell, Orange Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 15; Eugenia, Orange Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 10; Kimberley, Union Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 20; Ravenna, Town Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 22; Heathcote, Orange Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 23; Rocklyn, Agricultural Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 24; Walter's Falls, A.O.U.W. Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 25; Holland Centre, Township Hall, Centre Grey, Jan. 26.

Division 11. Miss Gertrude Gray, Toronto, Wellesley Opera House, North Waterloo, Jan. 22; Crosshill, Township Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 23; Heidleberg, Steiss Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 24; St. Jacobs, Wildman's Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 25; Floradale, Steddick's Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 26; West Montrose, Jupp's Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 27; Conestogo, Township Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 29; Waterloo, Library Hall, North Waterloo, Jan. 30.

Division 12. Miss B. Gilholm Bright, Stroud, Orange Hall, South Simcoe, Jan. 3; Thornton, Temperance Hall, South Simcoe, Jan. 4; Churchill, Orange Hall, South Simcoe, Jan. 5; Thompsonville, South Simcoe, Jan. 6; Loretto, Orange Hall, South Simcoe, Jan. 8; Sand Hill, Church, Peel, Jan. 9; Castlemore, O'Leary's Hall, Peel, Jan. 10; Cheltenham, Harris Hall, Peel, Jan. 11; Belfountain, Church, Peel, Jan. 12; Hillsburg, Town Hall, Centre Wellington, Jan. 13; Cumnock, School House, Centre Wellington, Jan. 15; Bethany, Methodist Church, Centre Wellington, Jan. 16; Palmerston, Town Hall, West Wellington, Jan. 17; Moorefield, Township Hall, West Wellington, Jan. 18; Rothsay, Temperance Hall, West Wellington, Jan. 19; Arthur, Town Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 20; Damascus, Township Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 22; Monticello, Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 23; Grand Valley, Chatfield's Hall, East Wellington, Jan. 24; Shelburne, Town Hall, Dufferin, Jan. 25; Orangeville, Public Library, Dufferin, Jan. 26; Duntroon, S.O.S. Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 27; Batteau, School House, West Simcoe, Jan. 29; Stayner, Town Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 30; New Lowell, Township Hall, West Simcoe, Jan. 31.

Division 13. Miss S. Campbell, Brampton.—Kleinburg, Temperance Hall, West York, Jan. 12; Woodbridge, Township Hall, West York, Jan. 13; Weston, Township Hall, West York, Jan. 16; Islington, Society Hall, West York, Jan. 16; Elia, Forrester's Hall, West York, Jan. 16; Maple, Masonic Hall, West York, Jan. 17; Nobleton, Music Hall, North York, Jan. 18; Schomberg, Market Hall, North York, Jan. 19; Kettleby, Temperance Hall, North York, Jan. 20; Queensville, Presbyterian Hall, North York, Jan. 22; Keswick, Town Hall, North York, Jan. 23; Mount Albert, Town Hall, North York, Jan. 24; Vandorf, Town Hall, North York, Jan. 25; Bethesda, Town Hall, North York, Jan. 26; Victoria Square, Public Hall, East York, Jan. 27; Thornhill, Victoria Hall, East York, Jan. 29; Wexford Methodist Church, East York, Jan. 30; Box Grove, Forrester's Hall, East York, Jan. 31.

Division 14. Miss A. M. Hotson, Parkhill.—Sanford, I. O. F. Hall, North Ontario, Jan. 3; Zephyr, public hall, North Ontario, Jan. 4; Sunderland, Town Hall, North Ontario, Jan. 5; Beaverton, Town Hall, North Ontario, Jan. 6; Gamebridge, Grange Hall, North Ontario, Jan. 8; Brechin, School House, North Ontario, Jan. 9; Udney, Orange Hall, North Ontario, Jan. 10; Woodville, Village Hall, West Victoria, Jan. 11; Hartley, Village Hall, West Victoria, Jan. 12; Little Britain, Temperance Hall, West Victoria, Jan. 13; Valentia, Forrester's Hall, West Victoria, Jan. 15; Cameron, Orange Hall, East Victoria, Jan. 16; Burnt River, Orange Hall, East Victoria, Jan. 17; Dunsford, Old Church, East Victoria, Jan. 18; Omeme, Opera House, East Victoria, Jan. 19; Bethany, Town Hall, East Durham, Jan. 20; Manvers Station, Orange Hall, East Durham, Jan. 20; Cavanville, Old Church, East Durham, Jan. 22; Mount Pleasant, Forrester's Hall, East Durham, Jan. 22; Solina, Temperance Hall, West Durham, Jan. 29; Columbus, South Ontario, Jan. 30; Whitby, South Ontario, Jan. 31.

Division 15. Mrs. F. W. Watts, Clinton.—Norwood Town Hall, East Peterboro, Jan. 8; Havelock, Town Hall, East Peterboro, Jan. 9; Tweed, Town Hall, East Hastings, Jan. 10; Roslin, C.O.O.F. Hall, East Hastings, Jan. 11; Philips-ton, C.O.F. Hall, East Hastings, Jan. 12; Foxboro, School House, East Hastings, Jan. 13; Turner's School House, West Hastings, Jan. 15; River Valley, School House, West Hastings, Jan. 16; Roseneath, Township Hall, West Northumberland, Jan. 29; Baltimore, Chapman's Hall, West Northumberland, Jan. 30; Centreton, Methodist S. S. Methodist S. S. Hall, West Northumberland, Jan. 31.

Division 16. Mrs. W. W. Farley, Smithfield.—
Westbrook, Town Hall, Frontenac, Jan. 12;
Queensboro, Orange Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 16;
Eldorado, Town Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 17;
Madoc, Town Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 18;
Ivanhoe, Orange Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 19;
Moira, Town Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 20;
Stirling, Town Hall, North Hastings, Jan. 22;
Springbrook, Forrester's Hall, North Hastings,
Jan. 23; Marmora, Town Hall, North Hastings,
Jan. 24.
Division 17. Mrs. E. B. McTurk, Lucan.—
Maynard, Methodist Church, South Grenville,
Jan. 8; Roebuck, School House, South Grenville,
Jan. 9; Brouseville, School House, South Gren-
ville, Jan. 10; Shanly, Workman's Hall, South
Grenville, Jan. 11; Ventnor, School House, South
Grenville, Jan. 12; Williamsburg, Boyce's Hall,
Dundas, Jan. 13; Winchester Springs, Orange Hall,
Dundas, Jan. 15; Iroquois, Town Hall, Dundas,
Jan. 19; Summerton, Public Hall, Glengarry, Jan.
20; Bainsville, Sangster & McCraig's Hall, Glen-
garry, Jan. 22; Wales, Connoly's Hall, Stormont,
Jan. 23; South Branch, School House, Stormont,
Jan. 24; Cornwall Centre, Township Hall, Stor-
mont, Jan. 25; Northfield Station, Arbutnot
Hall, Stormont, Jan. 26; Finch, Massey Harris
Hall, Stormont, Jan. 27; Avonmore, Beaver Hall,
Stormont, Jan. 29; Moose Creek, Gagnois Hall,
Stormont, Jan. 30.
Division 18. Miss Ethel Robson, Ilderton.—
Beachburg, Town Hall, North Renfrew, Jan. 19;
Westmeath, School House, North Renfrew, Jan. 20;
Alice, Presbyterian Church, North Renfrew, Jan.
22; Maberly, Town Hall, South Lanark, Jan. 24;
Perth, Town Hall, South Lanark, Jan. 25; Rich-
ardson's School, South Lanark, Jan. 26; Bald-
erson's School, South Lanark, Jan. 27; Lanark
Village Town Hall, North Lanark, Jan. 29.

West Korah Branch

SINCE our meeting together one year ago, at the annual Institute convention, I am pleased to be able to report a growth and improvement in our Institute. Not only have we grown in membership, which one year ago numbered thirty-six, and to-day numbers forty-seven, but I am sure we have grown in wisdom, efficiency, and ability to carry on the work, "for home and country."

Our Institute believes it to be the best plan to hold regular monthly meetings, and we have not missed a meeting all year. Although our members are very much scattered, we try to hold our meetings from month to month at homes in opposite directions, in order to bring them within reach of all the resident members. We have several non-resident members, women who have gone from this part to the far West, who, although there are no Institutes where they have gone, wish to be identified with the work.

The social side of our Institute life is very enjoyable, and affords many opportunities for becoming acquainted with the women of our community. But, better still, and even more helpful, I believe, is the thought and study that must be expended in order to produce the very excellent and practical papers, written by our members. These papers, accompanied by discussions and addresses delivered by some of our prominent citizens, and professional men, with an occasional literary programme, or competition for prizes, is a very fair general outline of our programmes.

We have found the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, the official organ of the Women's Institute, very helpful in securing new members. We made an effort this year to place the paper in every home in our community, with the result that there are now fifty subscribers, forty-one members, and nine non-members, who every month receive into their homes that good, bright, helpful, clean Canadian magazine. We are endeavoring by this method to do away with the reading of trashy literature, and cultivate a taste for that which is helpful and uplifting.

We appreciate very much the delegates sent us from time to time by the department. They are a great help and inspiration, coming, as they do, from beyond our own little circle, and telling us new ways and means and methods used by those in other parts of the province. When they go away, they leave us better equipped for the carrying on of our work.

Financially our Institute is in good standing. Since the beginning of the year we have expended over thirty-two dollars on magazines for the benefit of members and those whom we wish to interest in the work. We donated ten dollars to "The Children's Aid," Sault Ste. Marie, and five dollars to the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, apart from our running expenses, and have still over thirty dollars in the treasury.

We have had programmes printed for the remaining months of the Institute year. One feature of new work, at least new to our Institute, that we purpose taking up, is the offering of prizes at the fall fair for work along domestic or agricultural lines, done by the boys and girls belonging to the homes of our Institute members. In the name of our Institute I wish all Institutes and branches success and prosperity for the future.

**A KODAK LESSON
From Motion Pictures**

The exactions of the motion picture film business are unequaled in any other department of photography and, we believe, in any other line of manufacturing on a large scale.

The maker of motion pictures requires high speed in the emulsion, for every exposure is necessarily a snap-shot and must often be made under poor light conditions. He requires absolute dependability in the product, for he frequently spends thousands of dollars to produce his picture play, and a failure to get good negatives would mean not merely the waste of a few hundred feet of film, but the loss of the thousands of dollars spent for special trains, and actors, and settings, and the weeks, perhaps months of time, spent in preparation.

The motion picture man must have a film that is free from the minutest blemish. The picture that you see upon the curtain, say 15 x 20 feet in size, is approximately seventy thousand times as large as the tiny film upon which it was made. A spot the size of a pin head upon that film would show as large as your hat upon the curtain.

The requirements then, are extreme speed, fineness of grain, absolute freedom from mechanical defects and dependability. The price of the film is a secondary consideration. First of all, it must be right. The competition for this business is purely a competition of quality and reliability.

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A Word of Thanks to Institute Members

For my department I wish to thank the Institute members for the very cordial support given. Never have we received so many subscriptions from institutes as during the last months of 1911. Branches large and small have sent their share of a very large total. It proves that the officers and our readers have taken an active interest in convincing others of the value and satisfaction which the Journal will give them.

THE BANNER LIST in numbers to the present time has come from Burlington which has sent ninety subscriptions. Others of the large branches are close competitors. Many branches have sent us a subscription for every family.

Especially we thank the member who has secured the club in each branch. It would be impossible for us to give a special rate if it were necessary to deal with each member separately.

We hope and believe that during the coming year the Journal will deserve your continued support both as the Institute Organ and as a valuable home magazine.

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THE HOUSEHOLD EXCHANGE
By "MISS OPHELIA"

IN the winter months, the furnace problem is what confronts most citizens. Those who live in flats have no need to take thought for the heating apparatus and the method by which it is kept in action; but, in Canada, fortunately, flats are not as general in the United States, and we are therefore much concerned in the heating of the house. This hint from a New York writer may be useful.

It was our custom to close the furnace tight at night, because any other way seemed like wasting coal while the household slept. The result was that, during the many hours when the fire burned low, the walls became very cold, and we had a very shivery breakfast. Now our walls are kept warm all the time, so there is never any occasion to rush the fire, and in the morning little time and attention are needed (even in the coldest weather not more than half an hour) to raise the temperature the few required degrees.

How did we accomplish this? So simply that we wonder why the old way was endured so long.

At night have a good clear fire free from ashes and clinkers and bright red underneath. Cover it to the capacity of the firebox with coal. When the weather is not extremely cold the top layer may be old coal. After the gas has burned off, close the chimney draught nearly tight and open the door under the fire, little or much, according to the weather predictions in the evening paper. For instance, if a continuation of the same temperature is prophesied, your house, being already heated, will keep warm with a very small draught; but if a great fall of the mercury is expected during the night it must be met with a hotter fire, and so leave your draught wider open.

In the morning, shake little, or none at all, but open the furnace draughts wide, and in half an hour you are ready to close the furnace, and save coal during the day, when any sudden change in temperature can be easily met.

Cold walls absorb an enormous amount of heat, and still leave the room cold, and it takes less coal to keep a house warm than to get it warm. Our present method gives us an even temperature all the time and also lessens our coal bill.

ENGLAND has taken up the subject of "paper bag cookery" with much enthusiasm and Canada is following with happy culinary results. Those who wish to know about it are enquiring anxiously if the food tastes as well as when cooked in the ordinary way. Blanche St. Clair, in *The Quiver*, writes a valuable article on the origin and operations of this method:

It must not, however, be taken for granted because the system has now, for the first time, been brought within the reach of all those who wish to avail themselves of it, that it is the outcome of a sudden inspiration. This is by no means the case. Rather is it the result of many years' experiments based on the old and well-known French custom of cooking *en papillote*—i.e. wrapping small articles (fish, chops, etc.), in buttered paper and baking them in the oven.

Some fifteen years ago it occurred to M. Soyer (the worthy grandson of the world-renowned chef of that name), that this method of cooking might be applied with advantage to other and more numerous branches of the culinary art. His series of experiments always met with the same result: the food thus cooked was deliciously tender and most appetizing to look upon, but spoiled by the flavor of paper which it had absorbed during the cooking process. So sure was M. Soyer of the merits of paper bag cookery that he betook himself to the offices of a great paper bag manufacturing firm and begged them to carry out investigations with a view to discovering a suitable paper. After encountering and overcoming many difficulties a paper was produced which in every respect fulfilled the requirements.

Then followed an exciting period of new practical tests, all of which answered M. Soyer's wildest expectations, and corroborated his previous opinion as to the three chief merits already found in the system:

1—The immense improvements in the flavor of the viands thus treated.

2—The reduction in shrinkage and consequent waste.

3—The lessening of time necessary for cooking, and saving of heating fuel.

It will be readily grasped that these three advantages, useful as they are, do not by any means exhaust the list of profits to be gained from paper bag cookery. The reason for its adoption that will appeal most to the busy housewife is the great saving of labor: no pots or saucepans to be cleaned, no basting or attention to be bestowed on the food whilst it is in the oven, and no smell of cooking pervading the house.

Against these advantages must be placed the expense of the paper bags and a grid; but the makers assure me that with the rising demand for these necessary articles a reduction on the original price will be speedily effected, and they will be placed within the reach of the humblest housekeeping allowance.

The following instructions for using bags must be followed:

1—Select a bag which "fits" the food to be cooked. It is better to choose one that is too large than too small.

2—The inside of the bag must be either greased with butter, dripping or oil, or water must be added to the contents. The greasing applies to fish, meat and poultry cooking. The water is added to vegetables, stews, etc.

3—Prepare the food according to the recipe, place the bag on the table, lift the uppermost edge, then put in the ingredients, taking care not to tear the edges of the bag.

4—Double the edges of the bag over two or three times, and secure them with a pin or clip. (M. Soyer used a clip composed of a long loop of wire with another piece of wire which clipped into one end, something like a huge safety pin with a blunt point).

The ends of the bag should also be turned over in case of leakage. If a bag leaks or bursts the aperture can be healed by the application of paste made by mixing the white of an egg with flour, or if this is not handy slip the burst bag with its contents into another which is slightly larger.

ALL the way from Sturgeon Creek P.O., Manitoba, Mrs. Alfred Valoux sends us instructions how to clean "not grimy, dirty, but soiled" lace.

Many girls have some beautiful old lace handed down from their great grandmothers, and the difficulty is how to clean it successfully. Having done some myself, I think I can help them.

Take a large sheet of blotting paper, white, of course—you can buy it in very large sheets, then a sheet, or perhaps two sheets, of blue tissue paper; spread the blue paper over the blotting paper upon a board or table you can spare for a few hours. Sprinkle the paper thickly with powdered magnesia; put more of the magnesia in a bowl, and run the lace through it several times, very gently, of course, but taking care that every particle of the lace comes in contact with the dry magnesia; then pin the lace upon the blue paper, cover again with a sprinkling of magnesia and pin two sheets of blue paper over all. Cover with another sheet of blotting paper and then put something on to press the whole—large books or weights of some kind. Leave it over night, or even for a couple of days. Then, without unpinning the lace, shake it gently, still covered, unpin, remove the paper. Have ready some blue paper without magnesia; shake the magnesia out of the lace as well as possible, pin again on the clean blue paper and cover with another sheet. Press again and then you will find your lace in beautiful condition. But, of course, it needs care and gentleness and time.

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THE DRESSING TABLE

Edited by MARIE

THE January days are almost here, and while they are not the most melancholy of the whole long year, there are none more trying to the woman who desires to keep a fair and smooth skin. Roughened cheeks and chapped hands are not to be admired in any one, and the girl who wishes to be saved from them will find it necessary to take certain precautions and not relax in them.

In the first place do not wash your face and hands in hot water, and immediately afterwards expose them to the wintry air. Such proceedings will assuredly result in chaps and creases, to say nothing of the discomfort of smarting skin. Before going out on a very cold day, rub a small quantity of good cold cream into the face and hands, then dust lightly with a rice powder or talcum if you prefer it. If you return from a walk or a drive with your face stinging from the cold, wait some time before washing it. In fact, before washing it would be well to make another slight application of cold cream and wipe the face off, before applying water. "Ever so much trouble," says someone. It does not mean more than five minutes' attention, and it secures comfort and a pleasing appearance. Girls who do not grudge two hours of an afternoon, spent over a cheap novel, will complain of a little time given to securing a good head of hair or a desirable complexion. Let us be quite honest about it, and admit that we are too lazy to take care of ourselves. A girl away up in the North asks if glycerine is hurtful to the skin. There are many women who find that pure glycerine is darkening and "toughening." However, glycerine, rose water and a few drops of carbolic acid make an application which scores of Canadian girls find beneficial.

Another girl complain of dishwashing and says that it "spoils her hands," and that she simply hates washing dishes. Now here is an opportunity for a nice, proper little lecture on the beauties of dish washing and the joy of doing one's duty in the right spirit—with a quotation from Dr. Watts' little hymn on "the daily round and common task." But I do not intend to inflict any such advice upon you. To tell the truth, I also "simply hate" washing dishes, and find it difficult to believe any woman who declares a fondness for the operation. However, there are alleviations in the lot of dish washing if we will only look for them. I once knew a woman who, as a girl, had been much admired for her fresh complexion and daintily-kept hands. After her marriage, some of her dear friends prophesied: "Now that Bessie has to do all her own work, she won't have time to look so nice." But the years have gone merrily by, and although Bessie does most of the housekeeping, her hands are as white and soft as ever.

"How do you manage it?" asked a friend despairingly, "my hands always look like graters. They are either red or rough and look so stained beside yours."

"It isn't easy," said Bessie encouragingly, "but I am never ashamed to admit that I take good care of them. I never could see any sense in giving up taking care of one's looks just because one is no longer young. In fact, youth can afford to be a little careless, where middle-age is perfectly dreadful, unless it looks out for wrinkles and sallowness. You see, I wear gloves whenever I sweep or do rough work, and I use a small mop when I wash the dishes. I use good cold cream or some emollient every night and wear ventilated gloves while I am in dreamland. It isn't, really, as much bother as it sounds."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

E. J. S.—From what you say regarding complexion difficulties, I should judge that the trouble is with the digestive organs, rather than with the skin. Do you have outdoor exercise every day, and do you sleep with the window open? Perhaps you are eating

too much rich or greasy food. Try lemon juice in hot water as a dose every morning and eat a good deal of fruit. Massage before going to bed will be found beneficial to the skin and restful, disposing one to sleep. The trouble you refer to, unless it take the form of eruption, is hardly ever a "skin" affliction. The disordered stomach is the cause of it all. I wish everyone could read "The Letters of Little Mary," epistles supposed to be addressed by the stomach to other organs, describing just how sadly it is misused by the "Master."

M. B.—As you refer to a very quiet wedding, I suppose you mean there are to be no guests, but immediate relatives of bride and bridegroom. In that case, the bride should not wear a veil. As to the bridesmaid, it would not be "incorrect" to have one, although it would be quite in good taste and custom to dispense with her services under the circumstances.

In order to answer your second question satisfactorily, it would be necessary to know something as to the shape of the face. Judging from other details I should say in the simplest style, with parting in the centre and coiled quite low, as you evidently do not need to add to any appearance of height.

A simple hair tonic which I have found beneficial is: Eau de Cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two drachms; oil of lavender, ten drops. Rub in well at night. The hair should be given regular "exercise" if you wish to keep in condition. It should not be too much curled and puffed, if it is to preserve natural strength and lustre. Let me know if there is any improvement in its condition. If one may judge from your letter, you are thoroughly healthy, and your "raven locks" ought to be silky and abundant.

COUNTRY GIRL.—You are not breathing in the right way—but, then, hardly any of us do; so you need not feel at all discouraged about your failure to inhale properly. Try deep breathing, early in the morning and late, and see if you do not feel better. Try it for a month, just by way of experiment. Most of us are simply starving for oxygen, and we are not aware of the need. Get a good supply in your lungs, and you will wonder why you have only felt half alive before. You know the word "inspiration" merely means "breathing in," and after a few moments of inhaling Ontario country air you ought to feel "inspired."

ELSIE.—Very possibly the dull feeling after an hour or two of work at your desk is directly due to the lolling position you describe. How can you expect to be at your best when, day after day, you sit like the "crumpled horn" of our childhood song? If you could see a few X-ray pictures of your vital organs cramped as they are by this daily, slouchy posture, you would need no more arguments to induce a determination to cultivate a normal posture.

MARGARET.—When the use of powder is desirable pulverized orris and other vegetable powders are preferable, as a rule, to carbonate of magnesia or oxide of zinc. Carbonate of magnesia is a good dusting powder on account of the large quantity of water that it can take care of—five and one-half times its own weight. Oxide of zinc takes up only one-fourth as much.

E. S. R.—Bathing is perhaps more important to prevent than to cure conditions leading up to an unwholesome-looking skin. The chief use of the daily bath is its refreshing, invigorating effect. In the largest number of cases a cool morning bath is productive of the most beneficial results. After many years of experience in treating skin disorders an eminent specialist says that a person "who works hard and perspires freely will have a far healthier and a really cleaner skin than he who eats heartily and leads a sedentary life, even though he may scrub continuously." The main benefit of a daily bath is due "not to its cleansing properties, but to its stimulating effect upon the nervous system."



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THE HOUSE OF WINDOWS
 By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY
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Continued from page 11

"Might just as well tell it now," nodded the detective.
 "It isn't much," said the miserable Tommy. "And it can't have anything to do with her disappearance, but she told me the other day that a man had spoken to her in the street."
 "Oh," gasped Ada.
 "What impudence!" said Aunt Miriam. The detective only smiled. "It probably meant just nothing at all—or she wouldn't have mentioned it," he said comfortably. "Did she happen to say who the friendly person was?"
 "No she did not."
 "Do you know of any other time when she was spoken to upon the street?"
 "No—that is—"
 "May as well tell it all."
 "Well, then, once I met her talking to a—friend."

"Gentleman friend?"
 "A gentleman—yes."
 "Oh, Tommy!" There was heart-break in Ada's voice.
 "Do you know who that young man was?"
 "Yes. He was a piano agent. He seemed," grudgingly, "a nice fellow. They had met by accident. She intended presenting him to her sisters but he was unexpectedly compelled to go away."
 "Did they correspond?"
 "I believe there was a letter—or two." (Tommy did not look at Ada as he said this.)
 "Ah, now we are getting it! There is at least one possible place where the young lady may be. Don't feel upset, Miss," to Ada. "Lots of runaway matches turn out well! I give you my

word for it. If Mr. Burns can remember the young man's name—"
 "But I can't! I only heard it the once—or stay! I remember being surprised because it was like another name—now I have it! His name was Wareham."
 "A piano-man with a name like Mark!" exclaimed Miss Torrance.
 "I don't see how—" hesitated Mr. Torrance.
 "Well, I don't see just how, either," beamed the detective, "but I think we may take it for granted that we have our hands upon the mystery. Find this Mr. Wareham, piano agent, and we probably find the missing lady. Bless you, Miss, matches like this are common as gooseberries in our business; and very well they turn out; remarkably well, I assure you."
 "But," began Mr. Torrance again. "Suppose there is a flaw in your reasoning? Suppose I happen to know where this Mr. Wareham is and can assure you that the lady is not with him?"
 "Do you mean that you can assure me of that?" in astonishment.
 "Yes, absolutely."
 "Then," said Tommy, springing to his feet. "I want more than an assurance. I demand to know where this man is?"
 "He is upstairs, in this house. A victim of this afternoon's accident." Mr. Torrance turned quietly to his

sister. "I think you agree with me, Miriam, that the Mr. Wareham whom Mr. Burns saw talking to Miss Christine could have been no other than Mark?"
 "Must have been," said Aunt Miriam. "It is not a common name. Fancy, Mark, a piano-man!"
 "But—he went away," said Tommy.
 "Yes. My nephew has been absent, at the coast, for some time. We knew before he left that he was interested in a Miss Brown. He returned this afternoon—with the result that I have mentioned. It was to quiet him that we sent for Miss Christine to come here to-night."
 Tommy sat down again. The puzzled look upon his good-natured face was almost funny. "Then—" he said helplessly, "Where is she?"
 The detective was watching him narrowly.
 "I take it, Mr. Burns," he remarked briskly, "that although you had said nothing, you had yourself entertained the idea that the young lady might have run away with Mr. Wareham?"
 "He had done nothing of the kind!" declared Ada loyally. "Mr. Burns knows Christine as well as we do and he knows that such a thing would have been impossible. Tell them so, Tommy."
 "Certainly. It would have been impossible. It was only in the absolute lack of anything whatever to go upon

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that I thought of Mr. Wareham at all. Had I not been too anxious to think clearly, I would have known that he could know as little about this mystery as any of us. I did not know that Mr. Wareham was anything save what he professed to be—a piano agent—but I believed him to be an honourable man. Even had I known that he had met Christine under false pretences I know Christine well enough to—

"We understand, I am sure," interposed the detective, cutting short Tommy's halting explanation. "In the face of a disappearance like this everything, however unlikely, must be considered. But in this case we were evidently upon the wrong scent. We must reconstruct our ideas entirely. I wonder, Miss Brown, if you have noticed anything at all peculiar in your sister's manner of late. Has she seemed at all—er—different?"

Ada hesitated. "Hardly different," she answered. "She has been a little more quiet, more self-contained—she seemed a little older, but I think that is all naturally accounted for by her increased responsibilities since my eldest sister's illness."

"Just so. But has she seemed to be at all worried about anything?"

"I do not think so."

"Think well, now both of you—and try to remember if she has ever said anything, however trivial, about any kind of outside worry. There must be something, you know. This disappearance did not happen without a cause."

They were all silent for a moment or two.

"Try to think," he urged them, "of anything she may have said about the Stores or of her experiences there on going to and fro from her work. You said, Mr. Burns, that once she was spoken to by a man whom she did not know. Did she seem worried by this?"

"No. She joked about it."

"And were there absolutely no other experiences of the same kind?"

"No, except that once an old woman spoke to her." He glanced at Ada who looked distressed.

"What kind of woman?"

"A beggar. She asked for money."

"Did the young lady give her anything?"

"She had nothing but car-tickets."

"And you think she was alarmed?"

"No—o. Only she did not like the beggar's looks."

"U—m. There seems to be nothing in that. The man looks more promising. You say you do not know who he was?"

"I said that she did not tell me who he was. But I found out. I wanted to warn him. It was Gilbert Van Slyke. He saw her in the Stores and more than one noticed how impressed he was. I do not think she knew anything of it herself until the afternoon he spoke to her. I do not think that he would ever have repeated the annoyance. In fact, when I went to see him, he was away arranging for a contemplated trip to Europe. I believe he sails from New York in a day or two."

"That is interesting!" The detective sprang up briskly. "If you will all excuse me I should like to do a little telephoning. Somewhere where I shall not be disturbed—shall not be long."

□

It seemed long to those who waited, and when he returned his face was grave. He glanced uneasily at Ada who sat very still. "Well," he said. "I've found out all about Van Slyke. He left for New York to-night on the seven o'clock flyer. There was no lady with him. All the same I may as well tell you that it is common talk that he did not go alone. He has, I am sorry to have to say it, taken these little trips before. And somehow, in some definite way that I cannot account for, Miss Brown's disappearance has got about. The newspapers have it—they must be silenced at once!"

The little group looked at each other with startled faces. But the blind girl rose quietly from her chair.

"Come, Tommy!" she said. "We are wasting time here! I am sure, sir," turning to Mr. Johnson, "that you do not desire to insult my sister. I realize that, to one who did not know her, some such explanation as you have hinted might seem possible; to those who know her it is so impossible as to be preposterous. Mr. Van Slyke could scarcely have kidnapped Christine; and to consider any other possibility is an insult."

She turned with gentle dignity and moved toward the door.

"Quite right," boomed Aunt Miriam. "I declare I think all men are fools! There is more behind this affair than an elopement. Even if Miss Christine had been of the eloping kind. Adam! What are you staring at? Why don't you do something?"

(To be continued.)



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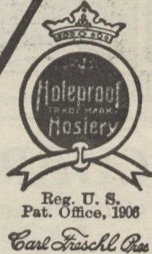
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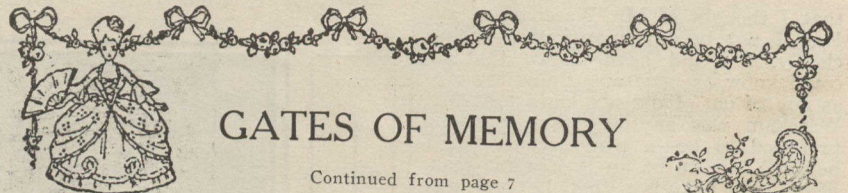
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GATES OF MEMORY

Continued from page 7

"Yes, and mine, too, though I thank Heaven it was for the better!" the man replied with sudden vehemence, "for had the horse not thrown you both, it's likely I'd have done for John with my gun—yes, as soon as for the rabbit! I was in a black mood that morning, at the sight of you both—"

"Oh!" cried the girl, moving a step away and gazing with wide eyes at the frowning face of Barton; then, in a softer tone: "You loved me as much as all that?"

"Yes, more than life—more than my life—or his!" replied Barton, as he seized her hand and drew her close.

They walked slowly on in the steady lustre of the moonbeams, and the silence, until the shadows of clustering trees embraced them. Six months afterwards Henry Barton and Bessy Marvin became man and wife.

Ogilvie himself attended the wedding, serene and self-possessed of his second nature. Without a tremor of emotion, he saw the beautiful girl he had once loved made the wife of another. His former love for Bessy and the old enmity between him and Barton existed no more than the dream of one long dead.

Peacefully, the years rolled on over Orthridge. The fields were sown and bore their rich harvests season after season, and the life of the community went on all undisturbed by the tumult of the greater world without. One by one the older inhabitants went to sleep soundly upon the pleasant tree-crested hillside where the setting sun rested gloriously in a mellow haze as it rolled down the West. In their time the old father and mother of John Ogilvie died calmly and beautifully, one soon after the other. The last words that John Ogilvie spoke to his mother were in the nature of a lie, but a lie that sent a final thrill of happiness through the aged woman.

"Tell me, Johnny, that you remember me as your mother—your mother who brought you up! Say you remember when you were a little child!"

And though impenetrable blackness arose before the groping, baffled vision of the son, he answered:

"Yes, mother, I remember—it all comes back to me now!"

A daughter was born to the wife of Henry Barton—fair-haired, blue-eyed as Bessy herself. The child was named Camille, and grew strangely fond of the tall, silent, and grave-mannered John Ogilvie, the neighbor of her parents.

Esther Ogilvie felt a sort of uncertainty, yet sacrificial duty imposed upon her by the weird spell that rested upon John. She told the faithful and devoted Matthew Olcott that until her brother was entirely recovered she would never marry.

Those who had known Bessy as a child remarked upon the marvellous resemblance Camille bore to her mother at the same age. As she grew up into young womanhood this resemblance increased until there came a time when

mother and daughter might almost have been taken one for the other. But the daughter's rose-like beauty brightened and bloomed and that of the mother slowly faded. Then Henry Barton died of a sudden illness—a strong man whiffed out like a candle flame.

When Camille was twenty—the same age her mother had reached when betrothed to John Ogilvie—the wonder-working hand of Fate, which had left its victim so long undisturbed, once more reached down from the clouds and blotted out the records of twenty-four years of Ogilvie's life. He was now in his forty-ninth year.

It chanced one afternoon, as he was felling a young oak upon his farm, that the tree fell crashing, and rested upon its branches, its trunk still clinging to the stump by the twisted fibres. Ogilvie's axe glittered in the sun as he raised it and with one blow cut through the bent and straining wood. The heavy trunk, suddenly released, shot upwards as the branches sank rustling together. Then, with a wide sweep like some gigantic club, it lurched violently sidewise and struck Ogilvie full upon the forehead. It was as if the doomed tree sought to drag its destroyer down with it to death. The man sank limply into the branches of the tree—a tiny rill of red began to trickle over the green leaves.

They carried Ogilvie into the house and laid him in the old tester-bed which had stood in his chamber for more than forty years. Esther Ogilvie and Camille Barton busied themselves frantically with the injured man. A physician was hastily sent for.

"It is a fracture of the skull," gravely announced the man of medicine, and left soon after to summon a specialist for consultation.

Night fell, and the two women sat alone in the chamber by the bed of the helpless farmer. He lay with eyes closed, his head swathed in linen. The watchers spoke no word. Then—

"Look! Look! Esther!" exclaimed Camille. "His lips are moving!"

Even as she spoke, the eyes of John Ogilvie opened slowly and fixed themselves dimly upon those of Camille as she stood revealed in the lamplight before him.

"We shall be one?" spoke the lips, and it was like the fragmentary ending of a question asked by an automaton, and pronounced as though the speaker knew not the meaning of his words. But the voice was the old voice of John Ogilvie. His sister, sitting in the shadow at the foot of the bed, pressed her hand over her pounding heart. Like a flash of unearthly light, it came to the two women that he was completing the sentence he had left unfinished just before the dogcart had been overturned twenty-four years before! The uncompleted phrase, perfect in its thought and impressed by a deep and eager yearning upon his consciousness, had lain dormant in the brain of John Ogilvie during all this time. Now, released by the shock of the second accident, it burst



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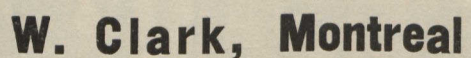
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into the light of the living present, and the two halves were made whole. Often had Camille heard her mother repeat the story of the accident and the last words Ogilvie had spoken to her: "Dear Bess, do tell me the day when—" Instantly the girl seized upon the clue.

"In October," she murmured, bending her head; "we shall be married in October," and laid her warm hand against his cheek.

John Ogilvie sat up in bed. The years seemed to fall from him like some worn-out garment. His eyes grew bright once more. The tense muscles of his face relaxed and rounded out into the familiar features Esther recognized as those of her brother John before his affliction. The flush of the fever that was coming upon him brought back the colour of youth to the sallow cheeks. His voice rang clearly again like the resonant voice of his young manhood. "A pretty tumble we've had, Bessy!" said the farmer; "but I'm happy to know you're not hurt. How long have I been this way? And how's that fool brute, Molly? Has Jackson examined her carefully?"

"You've been unconscious a long time," answered Camille, "and Molly—Molly isn't hurt at all."

"It's an odd way you've dressed your hair to-day, Bess," said Ogilvie; "yet I think it most becoming. Ah! so you have set the day for October! It's worth having your head knocked to know that! A little more, however, and the wedding would have been a funeral. This head of mine feels like a mashed melon."

His eyes wandered to his hands lying outstretched upon the counterpane—hands yellow, thin, and gnarled, no longer like the firm, full-fleshed hands of four-and-twenty years ago. Wonder and alarm dilated his eyes.

"Heavens on earth! What has happened to my hands?" he cried, holding them out in the lamplight.

"It must be the fever and the loss of blood," replied Camille Barton with a quaking voice.

"Yes," hastily added his sister, still keeping fearfully in the obscurity at the foot of the bed, "you lost a great deal of blood, John. That makes you feel weak—you must rest."

"Bring me a mirror, Esther," he pleaded. "I must see how badly I'm damaged about the face."

"No, John, not to-night," faltered his sister. "To-morrow—when it is day."

"Bessy, come sit by me and give me your hand," murmured the injured man, and Camille sat on the edge of the bed, her face half in shadow and half in light. He began to speak of things that had occurred ere the girl was born—of their love, as he imagined it, of the dear days of delight in store for both. He rejoiced that his father and mother had not remained awake to watch over him. He inquired after his setter, which had died long ago. Crops that had been garnered and fruit that had been plucked over two decades ago—he spoke of these as present things.

"Be sure," said he, "that Jackson looks after Molly—her knees are tender. And if I'm to be kept abed for any length of time we must have Lafleur up to spray the freestone peach trees. I've ordered a new trap for the old folks—a present for their anniversary. See that it is taken into the barn at night, Esther, so we can surprise them with it. But where's the ring, Bessy?" he remarked suddenly, as his feverish fingers fondled the hand of the girl. With half a laugh and half a sob Camille replied:

"Oh, I left it at home, John, while working this afternoon."

Silent tears ran down the cheeks of Esther Ogilvie as she listened in the half-darkness, not daring to speak lest she reveal the age in her voice, not daring to move lest the light disclose it to her brother's eyes. She knew he was again revelling in the joy of his fresh, lusty manhood, and though the worn and broken frame of flesh invested and walled it about, and twenty-four added years of life rested wearily upon it, all this, the spinster realised, was unknown to the re-awakened memory of the real John Ogilvie. He who had been lost had now come back to his own once more.

When he slept, the women, in hushed voices, debated the question of how the tragic truth was to be told him, and by whom.

"It must be your mother, Camille," whispered Esther. "The shock will seem less to him, hearing it from her lips. We will send her to him after the operation."

The surgeons came and did the delicate work upon Ogilvie's brain and skull. He would be quite himself again,

said they. When at length Ogilvie opened his eyes, he found a handsome, middle-aged woman, evidently his nurse, seated beside him in the twilight. Strange she was, and yet not entirely strange. She seemed much perturbed—more than a nurse of her age ought to be. Her voice, her face, her eyes—all were strangely familiar. When she spoke her voice trembled; when she looked at him her eyes filled with tears. The old leaven of an early love was again at work. When he persisted in asking to see Bessy—when, rather querulously, he wondered why she did not come to see him, Mrs. Barton burst into tears. Then slowly, as Ogilvie revived, she began to unfold the past. In the tenderest manner she told of the effects of the accident, of his changed personality, of the new life he had led, of the change that had come over his heart, and then over hers; of her marriage to Henry Barton, of their daughter Camille who resembled her, of Barton's death, of Ogilvie's second accident, and the restoration of his former self.

John Ogilvie lay there as if stunned, only half comprehending the stupendous intelligence. Bessy Barton took a mirror and held it up before him. He started at sight of the altered features that stared into his own, then hid his face in his hands and said nothing for a long time, the while she gently stroked his hands. At last he muttered, despairingly:

"I thought I was coming back to the old life—the old love. I thought your girl was my old sweetheart, my old Bessy."

"John, I am still Bessy," said Mrs. Barton, smiling; "if not 'the old Bessy,' at least an old Bessy."

"Would to Heaven I had never awakened!" murmured the man despondingly. "If only that tree had finished me! This is worse than death. To lose all those years—to lose you, too! Oh, God!"

"John," said Mrs. Barton, with shaking voice, "John, Camille will remind you of me—she will be a daughter to you."

He turned his pale, drawn face toward her. A pathetic eloquence was in his eyes.

"And you," he said faintly, "—you?" She bent over him and kissed him on the brow.

"I will not leave you," she murmured, "if you need me. I will be your nurse—your—"

The years seemed to fall from him again. There came a swift magic and a bright wonder upon them both, as in the old days. For Bessy it was as if she too had suddenly lost a great tract out of her life, as if the present had once more merged with the remote past. When, a few moments later, Camille silently entered the room, followed by Esther and the faithful Matthew Olcott, she saw her handsome mother kneeling beside Ogilvie's bed. Their arms were about each other, and the invalid was saying: "Oh, now I do not mind having lost all these years—now that I may spend the remaining ones with you!"

Wear and Tear Savers

When putting down your new linoleum or oilcloth have strips of moulding nailed about the linoleum where it comes to the board. This prevents dust from getting underneath, and also preserves the edges from moisture under the floor covering.

To remove hot water marks on japanned trays, use sweet oil. Rub it in well till all marks disappear, then polish the tray with dry flour and soft cloths.

To eat cucumbers without causing bad effects, eat plenty of raw onion with them. The onion contains an oil which neutralizes the poison in the cucumber.

To remove a bad corn make a poultice of bread soaked in strong vinegar, and put it on the corn at bedtime. After a few nights the corn can easily be removed. This is a simple remedy, but if persevered with never fails.

A waste paper basket should be part of the nursery furniture, and the children should be taught to use it for its proper purpose. The habit may be formed of putting in it scraps of paper and other rubbish which would otherwise litter the floor.

A kitchen table covered with zinc is a great labor saver. It is easily cleaned and saucepans may be stood, and vegetables, etc., cut up upon it without injuring it. The zinc costs little, will last practically a lifetime, and can easily be nailed on the table by any home carpenter.

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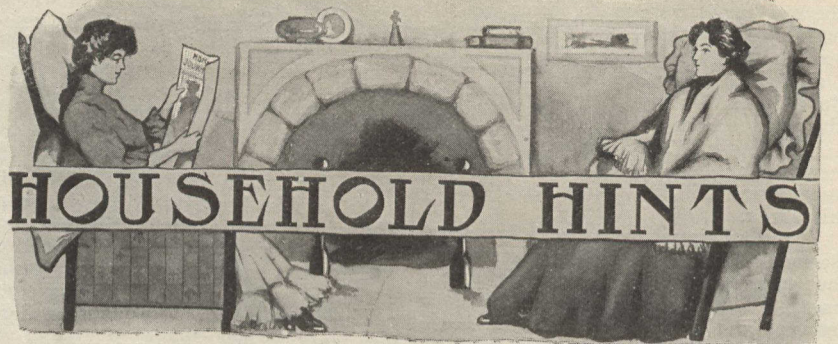
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Read our Advertisement Guarantee on Page Three of this issue.



Alum is Unfit for Use in Food

IN Great Britain no one is allowed to sell alum hidden in baking powder, because the English law protects the people from this injurious acid.

Canada has not yet enacted a law against the use of alum, and as alum in baking powder cannot be detected by its appearance, many manufacturers are using this condemned acid because it is a cheap adulterant.

It is a fact that alum in your stomach produces the same disagreeable results to the delicate organism as you will feel in your mouth by putting a tiny piece on your tongue. Science shows that alum reduces the flow of gastric juices and weakens their power of assimilation, causing indigestion and the ills that follow.

No housewife should buy a baking powder made by a manufacturer that is afraid to print the ingredients plainly on the label of each can, and the wording should state that there is no alum in disguise inside.

About the House

WALL paper that has been soiled by a smoky fire or lamp may be cleansed by using a hard, dry sponge, the stiffer and harder the better. Rub the wall briskly with it.

When packing lay a sheet of tissue paper between the folds of your skirts, and if the trunk will not take them full length put a soft wad of paper where they turn over.

Tinware should be rubbed with flannel well soaped to remove all stains, brightened with a fine flannel dipped in whiting and finished with the ever-useful chamois leather.

A man who raised thousands of fine heads of cabbage every year said that the only secret he possessed was that he sprinkled them every week with water in which he put asafetida.

In the making of hot starch soapy water should always be used. This gives the necessary shine to the linen, while it prevents any chance of the iron sticking to the surface of the article.

Bread or potatoes should never be put in the mouth at the same time as fish, especially by children, or it will be difficult to detect bones in the fish, and they may be swallowed by mistake.

To make a good starch for curtains, mix a large cupful of flour with a little water and beat by hand to a smooth cream, then add boiling water to required consistency, stirring vigorously while.

To purify the air of a cellar and destroy parasitical growth, place some roll brimstone in a pan, set fire to it, close the doors and windows as tightly as possible for two or three hours, repeat every three months.

Rinse silk handkerchiefs the last time in water with a little methylated spirits in it. Roll up in a cloth, iron on both sides, and they will have the gloss you desire.

Boiled water, when used for drinking purposes, should be prepared carefully. See that the water boils fast for fifteen minutes, then keep it covered till required.

Where paraffin lamps and stoves are used, keep a box of dry sand in the hall. If sand is thrown on burning paraffin it will extinguish it at once. Milk has the same effect.

Patent leather and kid boots will take a far brighter polish if they are first wiped over with a sponge dipped in milk. This must be allowed to dry before the polish is applied.

When preparing vegetables or fruits that stain the fingers, a very good plan is to previously rub the thumb and forefinger with a little grease, and it will prevent the stains that are so unsightly and difficult to remove.

Padding Embroidery Work.—For this lint cotton is much better than thread.

Moisten the finger tips and roll the cotton the size and length wanted, and put in place and work over it. No shrinking required, as most thread does.

Cleaning and Cooking Hints

A piece of soft flannel is better than a brush for removing dust from silk.

To prevent the wash boiler from rusting, dry it and then rub the inside of the boiler with a bar of laundry soap.

Spots on plush will disappear if rubbed lightly and rapidly with a clean, soft cotton cloth dipped in chloroform.

When about to sweep a carpet, wet into a paste coarse cornmeal with water and ammonia, and scatter over the carpet. It takes up all the dirt when swept, without filling the room with dust.

The cheapest way of cleaning a white felt hat is to rub prepared French chalk well into it, and then brush off with a hard, clean, white-bristled brush. Block magnesia well rubbed in also cleans white felt successfully.

When frying potatoes have the fat very hot, if not actually boiling, before the potatoes are put in. Have each slice wiped quite dry, and when each is browned take it out and place on a paper before the fire to dry.

New lamp wick if boiled in vinegar and thoroughly dried before using will not smell bad when burning.

A weak solution of turpentine poured down the water pipes once a week will drive the water bugs away.

To rid your cellar walls of mildew try burning a little flour of sulphur in a tin plate. Paste up the door with strips of brown paper after you have set light to the sulphur and leave for at least twenty-four hours before reopening the door.

To clean a child's white coat rub it with equal parts of very dry flour and calcined magnesia.

At this season when chapped hands and face will give annoyance, treat the skin with carbolic soap instead of with carbolic salve. Melt several bars of pure castile soap and beat a small quantity of carbolic acid into it. Pour it into greased pans and set aside to cool.

To remove grease spots from silk or wool place the grease spots between blotting paper and press with a hot iron. The blotting paper will absorb the grease and the most delicate shades can be cleaned like new in this way.

Oatmeal whitens the skin, and the girl who appreciates the value of the bath keeps a supply of oatmeal bags on hand, always using them whenever she takes a warm bath—and this is often.

Weights and Measures

IN order to facilitate quick division of recipes commit to memory or tack up over your kitchen table, the calendar for weights and measures. Knowing what each measurement weighs helps materially in using recipes.

One cupful is a half pint.

One cupful of flour weighs four ounces, and measures sixteen level tablespoonfuls.

One cupful of butter weighs eight ounces, and is sixteen level tablespoonfuls.

Sugar is the same as butter.

Ten medium-sized eggs weigh a pound.

One tablespoonful is an ounce of common liquids.

One teaspoonful is a fluid drachm.

One level tablespoonful of flour is a quarter of an ounce.

One tablespoonful of sugar is half an ounce.

One tablespoonful of butter is half an ounce.

One dessertspoonful is a half tablespoonful.

Four level teaspoonfuls equal one tablespoonful.



PLUM CAKE

Mix one cup flour with one teaspoon cinnamon, one-half teaspoon each nutmeg and soda, one cup chopped raisins, one-half cup currants and one-half cup chopped nuts. Cream one-half cup butter, add one cup sugar, one egg well beaten, one tablespoon sour milk, the flour mixture and enough more flour to roll out. Mix soft, roll thick, cut out and bake quickly.

LEMON PUDDING

Ingredients: Boil one pint of milk, in which place two ounces of loaf sugar, the thin peel of half a lemon, two inches of stick cinnamon. Break in a basin four eggs, beat them well with a fork or whisk, then pour in the milk by degrees, not too hot. Mix it well and pass it through a fine sieve or piece of muslin. Fill a plain mould with it, and place this in a covered stew pan containing two inches of water. Set this pan on the fire and let the water only simmer for about twenty minutes or till set, which is easily perceived, then take it out and put it in the larder. When cold it will be ready to serve.

MOLASSES PIE

Here is a standard recipe for molasses pie, which is a favorite in many households: Nine tablespoonfuls of Porto Rico molasses, one tablespoonful of melted butter, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, grated rind of one lemon, juice of one lemon, two level tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of cinnamon, one level teaspoonful of nutmeg; moisten the flour with the vinegar and lemon juice, then add the molasses, rind, spices and butter, and pour into crust-lined tin. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

MARMALADE PUDDING

INGREDIENTS.—A quarter of a pound each of flour, chopped suet, bread crumbs, sugar, and marmalade, ¼ pint of milk, one egg, a pinch of salt, and ½ teaspoonful of baking-powder.

Mix the dry ingredients together then add the beaten egg and marmalade, and finally the milk. Stir slightly and thoroughly, put into a greased basin, cover with greased paper, and steam for two and a half hours.

STUFFED APPLES

At this season apples are practically the only fresh fruit at the housewife's command. With the aid of varied stuffings, baked apples may be frequently served without producing monotony. The apples to be stuffed must have rather more than three-quarters of the core removed. It is a matter of personal taste whether the fruit is peeled



DUCHESS POTATOES

or not. The aperture from which the core is taken may be "stuffed" in one of the following ways: With orange or lemon marmalade; with a mixture of brown sugar, butter, and lemon rind. (Two ounces of sugar, 1 oz. of butter, and the grated rind of half a lemon will suffice for six apples); with sugar mixed with currants, sultanas, or chopped candied peel; with apricot jam or red currant jelly; If the apples are served cold, beat the white of an egg with as much sugar as it will take up, put this round the apples, and place in a cool dry larder to become frosted.

KEDGEREE

Made from the remains of boiled cod. Boil ¼ lb. of Patna rice. Slice an onion, and fry it in 1 oz. of butter or clarified dripping until it is a golden brown. Add the drained rice and 4 oz. of flaked cod, free from bones and skin. Stir well, and flavour with cayenne pepper and salt. Boil an egg hard, chop the white and grate the yolk. Mix the white and the kedgerree, pile on a very hot dish, and garnish with the grated yolk.

SPANISH RICE

Cover the bottom of the spider with olive oil. In this cook one-half of a small onion which has been chopped and one large green pepper cut in quarters. Add one-half can of four small tomatoes, cooking all together for twenty minutes. Then put in one cupful of rice, and just enough hot water to keep the mixture moist. Salt to taste and cook slowly for one hour, or more, if necessary. It is ready to serve when the rice is thoroughly done.

ORANGE SAUCE

Mix one tablespoonful of flour with one cupful of sugar and add gradually one and one-half cupfuls of boiling water. Put in a saucepan over the fire, and when the mixture boils, add one tablespoonful of butter and one orange, finely shredded. Boil until the sauce is of the consistency of thick cream, and serve either hot or cold.

VEGETABLE CHOP SUEY

Use one each of potatoes, turnips, carrots, parsnips and onions, cut in cubes. Add one head of celery and some finely chopped parsley. Put in a saucepan with one tablespoonful of butter or oil. Season with salt, cayenne pepper, and tumeric. About all the tumeric that will be required to tastefully season any dish will be one-fourth teaspoonful. Cover closely and cook until tender in the liquid generated from the steam. Only about fifteen minutes will be required for the cooking process. A little water may be added, if necessary, but there must not be a drop of liquid on the vegetables when they are cooked; neither must they be mushy. As soon as they crush readily between the thumb and finger, they are done.

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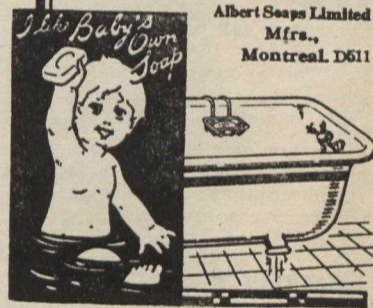
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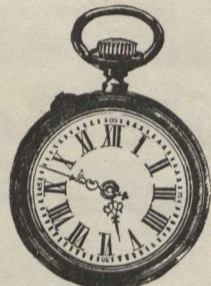
18 karat gold cases, fine full jewelled movements of the highest quality.

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\$8.00 Silver Watches

Sterling silver cases with monogram, guaranteed seven-jewelled movements.

These are the daintiest, most attractive watches that anyone could wish. They will give pleasure and service for a lifetime. The reputation of **Canadian Home Journal** and one of the best known jewelers in Toronto is guaranteed not only of their quality but of their beauty.



Earned In A Week

15 Subs. Win A Watch

1. To every contestant who sends us 15 yearly subscriptions for the JOURNAL by March 15th, we will give a beautiful sterling silver watch, unless she wins a gold watch.

2. To the lady who sends us most yearly subscriptions for the JOURNAL by March 15th, we will give a splendid 18 karat gold watch.

3. For every 15 ladies who win silver watches we will give another gold watch to the next highest contestant.

4. For each 15 subscriptions we will send a silver watch or choice of its equivalent in cash or premiums. Thus, 30 subscriptions entitles contestant to two watches, etc., unless a gold watch is won.

5. Only full price subscriptions will count. One-year subscriptions at \$1.00, count 20 points; six-months' subscriptions at 50 cents, count 10 points.

We are quite confident that at least 160 ladies will each secure 15 subscriptions, in which case 10 will receive gold watches, 150 will receive silver watches.

Enter Your Name Or A Friend's and prove that your interest in CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL makes you willing to work for its success.

Enter Your Favorite Teacher

You can make a splendid gift to your teacher or Sunday School class leader. A few pupils can easily secure 15 subscriptions.

ENTRY FORM

Contest Department
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL
Enter this name in your gold watch contest. Send full information, sample copies and supplies:

Name

Address

Sent by

Address

Send entry by Jan. 15th to have name listed in February JOURNAL among the contestants. It will help you get orders. Send your picture if you wish it published.



MATTERS MUSICAL

WE appreciate very much the many kind things that were said in comment on our December "Matters Musical," and the only other reward that we ask is that our subscribers will make still more use of this department, both in enquiries and with suggestions.

We find from the many letters received that a large number of our subscribers are interested in church music, and nothing would please us more than to be able to use our influence towards raising to a higher standard the musical part of our church services.

WOLF-FERRARI'S "La Vita Nuova," which is to be sung by the Mendelssohn Choir next February, has made a triumphant impression in Germany, Holland, England and America, and has been acclaimed by the critics as a new word in musical composition. Extraordinary demands are made upon the abilities of the choristers performing it, high C's and prolonged passages difficult of execution abounding in the first tenor and first soprano parts. The orchestration, too, is unusual in parts, and in addition to the regular orchestra demands, seven kettledrums, organ, big drum, tandam, two bells and a pianoforte. This last instrument is employed as a solo instrument, as an accompaniment, and also as an integral part of the orchestra. Once it is introduced with two harps, the string band and all the seven kettledrums in a movement entitled "The Angel's Dream," the effect produced being most remarkably beautiful. Throughout the entire composition the treatment of Dante's text is one that could only emanate from a master mind. The story of the poet's love for Beatrice, its influence, and its fruit, belongs to literary history and psychology. In his own words, "At that moment (the first meeting) I say most truly that the spirit of life which hath its dwelling in the secret chamber of the heart began to tremble so violently that the least pulses of my body shook therewith, and in trembling it said these words, 'Behold a God, stronger than I, who, coming, shall rule me.'" Thenceforth a reverent and worshipping love for the marvellous maiden "more fit to be an angel than a girl" filled the soul of Dante. It was the beginning of a "new life," the first fruits of which were his published sonnets.

MANY of our subscribers will doubtless be interested in a short description of an old-time concert given in Toronto recently, by the choir

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of one of our city churches, under the leadership of H. M. Fletcher, who is conductor of the Schubert Choir.

The main features of the evening were the old time costumes, and the quaint songs and choruses, which in every case portrayed life as it was at the beginning of the Nineteenth Century. The gowns featured by the ladies revealed the old-time hoops, basques, and such other fashions as grandmother might describe in telling some old tale. The men were also costumed in that period, wearing velvet suits, in knickers and long stockings, lace collars, and white wigs.

The music was characterized by the old-time jerk and emphasis, and the humor was increased by one or two finger accompaniments. Several members of the choir assisted in old-time recitations, solos and quartettes. It may easily be guessed that the amount of work necessary to produce this was indeed many times heavier than that needed for a modern concert. It certainly reflects great credit on the leader and the members of his choir.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Question—(Organist's letter)—F. K. R.—Please name some good organ preludes and postludes.

Answer—Owing to the limited space at our disposal we must give a rather brief answer to the above query, but the following might be considered an attractive list: "Communion," Saint Saens; "Peace, Perfect Peace," Willem Coenen; "Melody," J. A. West; "Cradle Song," F. Scher; "Largo," Handel; "Hosanna," Paul Wachs; "Duke Street," George Whiting; "The Son of God Goes Forth to War," George Whiting; "March Militaire," F. Archer; "Pleyel's Hymn," U. C. Burnap. You might find Shelley's book (Gems for the Organs) very useful, and also many compositions by Henry Smart, Edwin Lemare, and H. A. Wheelton.

CHOIRMASTER, R. W. B.—You will possibly find among the following some useful hints for your anthem work:

"Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul," Baumann. This anthem is introduced by a very pleasing baritone solo, followed by a pianissimo chorus, working up to a very fine climax.

"Hark! Hark! My Soul," Shelley, consisting of two contralto solos and a very attractive chorus, with a soprano obligato.

"Great and Marvellous," Turner. An exceptionally heavy composition, suitable for anniversary or thanksgiving services.

"Christian the Morn," Shelley. With soprano and contralto duet, also duet for male voices.

"Seek Ye the Lord," Dr. J. Roberts. Opened by a tenor solo, followed by a tenor obligato, with a soft accompaniment by the choir.

"Still, Still with Thee," Speaks. This is an anthem of much sweetness and pathos, with solos for contralto, baritone and soprano.

For a change, we give some suggestions for quartette work. One of the prettiest compositions recently published is "Vesper Hymn," Lonnie Rees; also, "Come Unto Me," E. R. Bowles; and, "Thou Wilt Keep Him in Perfect Peace," E. R. Bowles.

G. E. H.—I have heard that the study of the violin interferes with the touch of a good pianist. Is this so?

There are two reasons why no one can play piano and violin equally well. The violinist strives to harden his finger tips in order to make his tone definite, while the soul of a sensitive and refined piano touch lies in the softness of the finger tips. The ear is another factor in the matter, for the acoustic pictures peculiar to the two instruments are so thoroughly different from each other that the ear must get accustomed to the tone quality of the piano to produce the best results by exploring its possibilities. The technic, literature and tone quality of the two instruments are too different to admit of a mastery of both.

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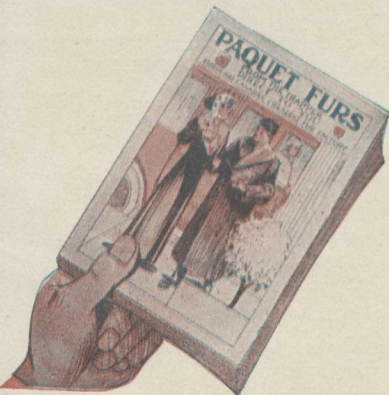
3098—Lady's 33-in. regulation style jacket, in fine quality, full-furred raccoon, semi-fitting back, plain mercerized sateen lining, notched collar. Factory price, *prepaid* **\$52**

Man's Coon Coat

208—Man's coon coat, choice of shawl or notched collar, quilted lining of fine quality black lasting, well made and well finished in every particular. Factory price, *prepaid* .. **\$50**

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