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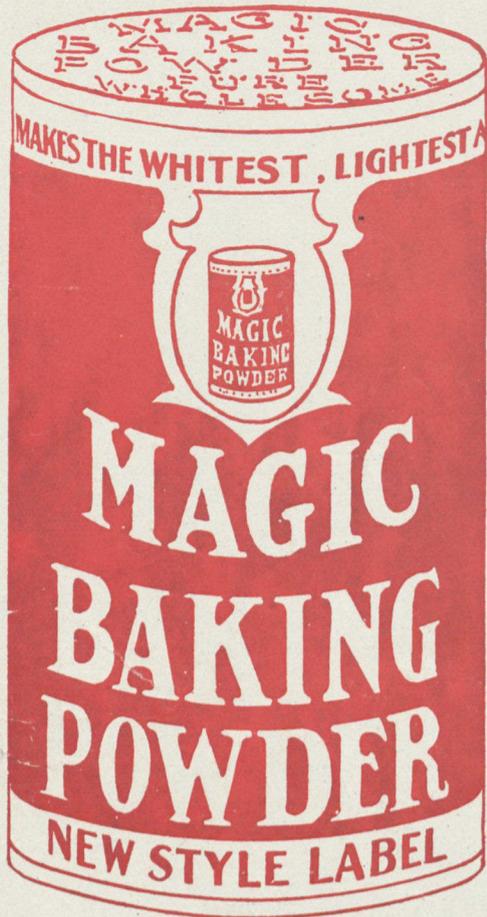
HOME JOURNAL



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59-61 JOHN STREET
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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

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Published on the 25th of each month preceeding date of issue by THE CANADIAN WOMAN'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED 59-61 JOHN STREET, TORONTO, CANADA

WILLIAM G. ROOK, President

Edited by JEAN GRAHAM

EDITORIAL CHAT

OUR FICTION appears to be popular with our readers, if we may judge from the letters which come in from all quarters. This month we have a story, "The Dearest in the World," from Flora Baldwin, a Winnipeg writer, illustrated by Mr. Ambrose, whose artistic work is appreciated by all of you. There is another narrative, "A Story Made to Order," which shows a man's estimate of a woman's suitors, and there is a dainty English story, "Lady Sybil's Shoe-Buckles," which will appeal to all lovers of a mysterious romance. For April, there will be another romantic tale by an English writer, "The Scruples of Harold," telling of how a bashful lover hesitated to pay court to an heiress; there will be a seasonable Easter story by Jean Blewett, who is known and loved by readers throughout Canada, and there will be a thrilling story of long ago, "The Excise Officer," by Leslie Gordon Barnard of Montreal. We have discovered that the field of Canadian fiction is fertile and are sure that our readers appreciate our efforts to provide them with stories by "our own people."

A GARDEN NUMBER will be given to you in our April issue. From the cover design, which is one of the daintiest we have seen, to the very last page, the garden "idea" will be kept in mind. Miss M. E. Blacklock, whose garden chat has been both instructive and entertaining to a host of our readers, will give some valuable information and hints regarding the flowers, while Mr. A. B. Cutting, recognized as an authority on horticultural matters, will write concerning fruits and vegetables. There will be delightful illustrations and such a wealth of information on all subjects connected with the garden that we shall expect the readers of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL to have such roses, radishes and raspberries as never were seen before. While Canada is a new land, which our grandfathers found a forest and left a homestead, there are many gardens which might be compared with those of other and more cultured lands. Our summer is more brief than that of England or France, but we make the best of it, and the fierce heat of July and August brings to perfection flowers and vegetables which are not known in more temperate localities. Our garden number will be a "special issue," quite worthy of being called the flower of the year, and we hope

to receive your comments and suggestions. Katherine Hale has promised us "Sun Dials and Roses," a sketch of famous old-world gardens, with their charm of story and romance.

THE ARTICLE IN LAST MONTH'S ISSUE describing the design of the fireproof house of Mr. Paul Fitzpatrick, who edits our Department of Home-Building, has occasioned so much comment among the more thoughtful of our readers that we are glad to be able to announce a series of three articles on this subject, starting in the April issue. In the first, Mr. Fitzpatrick will deal with the faults of wood and the necessity for fireproof construction—and the second and third will describe in untechnical terms the methods by which our homes can be built secure against Flame's destruction. We feel that we cannot easily exaggerate the importance of this subject of fireproofing our

homes. It overshadows "pure food" in its effect upon our lives—for assuredly everyone prefers being doped to being baked, and it is a contributing cause to and monumental evidence of the "high cost of living." We think most of us would also prefer struggling along with no matter how meagre a bank account, than evading the payment of high prices here by slipping through the fiery gate to Eternity—on fire, or otherwise. Mr. Fitzpatrick will welcome inquiries relating to the proposed solution of this problem, and will answer each one personally, or through the columns of the Home Journal, as requested.

OUR DEPARTMENTS are receiving your support in a most encouraging manner. There is no doubt that "Cousin Clover's" young friends are interested in the letters and competitions which have been published and announced during the last six months, and we hope by next Christmas to have a flourishing circle of much greater circumference than last year's. The department is open to both girls and boys, and we look for a JOURNAL'S JUNIORS page which will delight Young Canada. Our fashion department, as will be seen from this issue, is flourishing in a fashion not seen before. We are going to have a "pattern emporium" under our direct supervision, which will be more satisfactory than any arrangement we have made hitherto. This especial Spring Fashion Number is the best of the kind which we have issued and will compare favorably in design and variety, we believe, with other publications for your enlightenment on the fashions which are blooming in this spring of 1911. Gowns, hats, and all the dainty accessories of the feminine wardrobe, are dealt with in a most thorough and entertaining style. Our Spring Fashion Number alone must convince you that the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL is a household necessity.

A PAGE FOR CORRESPONDENTS is what we have been considering for some time. We do not mean by this page to cut off those who write to "Jennie Allen Moore," or "Evelyn Hope Hall," or "Marie" on subjects associated with the hearth, dress, complexion or domestic stress. But we occasionally receive letters of some length dealing with subjects of interest to many readers, on topics somewhat aside from household matters. For instance, we have many school-teachers among our subscribers. They must all be interested in the present discussion regarding the

scarcity of men teachers, and the alleged unsuitability of women to deal with the older boy pupils. We should be glad to hear from the teachers on this subject. Then, there are many problems arising from the entrance of woman on such a variety of professional work. There is no better place for discussion of such questions than the journal which enters thousands of Canadian homes, and we hope to hear from many of you with regard to them.

WE HAVE IN MIND making a change in our fashion department that will make it much more interesting. It will give our readers information on matters not now covered by our regular fashion correspondents. Nothing of the kind has ever been published in any other woman's magazine. We want the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL to lead the way and not be content to immitate some of the other publications.

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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

Volume VII

TORONTO, MARCH, 1911

Number 11

Farmers' Bank Failure

THE failure of the Farmer's Bank is a scandal whose features are such as to arouse indignation and disgust. The confidence of the rural communities in such plausible financiers as Travers and "Others" has been utterly shaken, and the sentence imposed upon the "gentlemen," who lived so luxuriously in Toronto on other people's money, was not such as to restore confidence. Six years in the penitentiary is an absurdly light sentence for a man who cheated hundreds of honest and hard-working citizens, and who treated the final exposure with a cynical indifference which showed his innate selfishness. The ordinary burglar, if detected in a first offence, may be given two years of sojourn in the Central Prison. According to such standards, the ex-financier has been treated with extraordinary clemency.

For the victims of this financial disaster one can only express heartfelt sympathy. The farmer, who sees the fruit of his toil, the savings of a lifetime swept away, knows a bitterness which can never be forgotten. Such treachery and dishonesty, as make such tragedies, should be punished with the utmost severity, instead of being laughed at as "smart" transactions. May the next Travers get his full punishment!

* * *

A Choral Triumph

DR. A. S. VOGT has once more proved the right of the Mendelssohn Choir to be considered a "champion" organization. The good which is done by such a cycle of concerts as drew thousands of eager listeners to the capital of Ontario during the second week of February is not to be calculated. The best music, like art and literature, lifts us to those regions where we breathe a finer air and realize the immortality of great compositions and their worthy interpretation.

This is a triumph in which women may share, for no members of the famous Choir work more unselfishly than those who form the soprano and alto "sections."

* * *

Pioneer Virtues

WE are apt to think that our forefathers had all of the "roughing it" and that we are living in, what we may call by comparison, easy days. The virtues of the pioneers are being extolled continually, at the expense of those who live in the century of the aeroplane and the automobile.

However, we have not far to go before we find the same rugged virtues which made the early homes of Canada. Look at our own West, for instance, and the pluck and courage which are making what was once called the Great Lone Land into the golden granary of the Empire. There is no lack of the pioneer virtues whenever occasion calls for them. We forget the numberless toilers in far places who are doing the day's work bravely and thoroughly, without ever a thought for praise or commendation. Far be it from us to pay anything but homage to the early settlers who "with toil of their To-Day bought for us To-Morrow." But let us not shut our eyes to the nobility and endurance that are all around us and are making the world well worth living in. All the good qualities did not pass away with the pioneers.

* * *

Government Annuities

MRS. WILLOUGHBY CUMMINGS, who has rendered signal service to the National Council of Women, has recently been giving her time and talents to the cause of government annuities, explaining how they may be of especial benefit to the woman wage-earner. Several United States writers have recently drawn attention to the fact that girls who are earning their own living are not, as a rule, given to saving and are slow to acquire a bank account. The critics of the working woman's extravagance must remember that having her own money to spend is a comparatively new experience for woman, and that, considering the novelty of the situation, she has not done so badly. During the many centuries of Anglo-Saxon "housewifery," woman has been given only a small share in the

family expenditure. Consequently, it is not matter for wonder that, when a girl sets out to earn her own living, she is intoxicated at first with the joy of having a weekly wage or salary to dispose of, as she sees fit. Unquestionably, woman's great incentive to careless spending is her love of fine clothes, and this must be controlled by a sense of the fitness of things if there is to be any provision made for the proverbial rainy day.

The annuity system offers a safe and satisfactory investment, and it is encouraging to know that many Canadian girls and women are taking advantage of its good features and are ensuring themselves of a substantial return for their savings.

Written for the
CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL

KEEP SWEET

By H. ISABEL GRAHAM

Keep sweet, my dear, when things
go wrong,
And life is sad and dreary,
Just start and sing a little song
To cheer the sad and weary.
'Twill ease your own heart of its
load,
And make the darkness lighter,
Through rifted clouds the sun shall
shine,
And some one's smile be brighter,
Forget the past and all its frowns,
Peace and contentment borrow,
And happiness may shyly call
To visit you to-morrow.

SEAFORTH,
February, 1911.

A STORY MADE TO ORDER

A Man's Idea of the One Who Should Win

By W. J. JEFFERS

I AM going to write a story for women. I am a man, and my story will show a man's idea of what a woman likes. My story must be one of love, for I am perfectly certain that in no other way can I interest women. My hero will be big and strong and handsome, because women like that kind of man. I will have to make the heroine as beautiful and as fascinating as you can imagine, or you will be saying that you don't see how my hero ever came to fall in love with her. And there must be a villain, darkly handsome, delightfully mysterious and the very pink of courtesy, because women like that kind of a villain. But the woman does not know that one of her suitors is a villain, nor that the other is a hero. She thinks they are both "just perfectly lovely," and she doesn't know which she likes best. All these things she, you and I have to find out as the story proceeds.

I know a great many women would like me to call my heroine Felicia, but I am going to call her Jane because I know somebody by that name I like very much. My men I will call Henry Smith and Peter Jones, because a man can be as big a hero or a villain with those names as any others. Having settled these things, I am nonplussed as to where I should locate my story. If I place the scene in a drawing-room, likely enough the villain will carry the day; if in a green forest or shady lane, honest worth would show to best advantage. Being a man, I wish to be perfectly fair to both, and here I must confess that I don't know myself how this story is going to come out. Mainly I want the woman to be happy, and a hero might be a difficult kind of a man to get along with. And then the villain might turn out a decent sort of villain, might love her very much, and make her very happy. I think it will be best to have both a drawing-room scene and a forest episode.

Very well, then, the story begins the night of the ball at Mrs. —. More things than the ball were started rolling that night, as you will see very soon. It was this night for one thing that I first met Jane, Henry and Peter, and became interested in their little romance. I wish I was a woman for five minutes so that I could describe to you the dress that Jane wore that night. Just close your eyes—every woman of you—and imagine you have millions of dollars, and can buy just the perfect love of a dress you have always been longing for. That was the kind of dress Jane wore. Look in your mirror to-night before you retire, and imagine yourself as you would appear if with some magic power you could make yourself over to fit your own highest ideal of beauty. When you have done that, you will see Jane as every man in that ball-room saw her that first night of many things. I won't describe the men. They were men—that ought to be enough for you. If I were to tell you one was fair and the other dark, you would leap to conclusions as to which was the villain. As it is, you can pick your own villain, and picture him to suit yourself.

The ball-room is hardly the place for a love scene. So it was in the conservatory that Jane first heard the words of impassioned love with the music of the orchestra as a background. A delicious, dreamy sense of acquiescence in all things possessed her, and her whole nature hung for the moment at the melting point as ready to flow into love or anything. And Henry certainly was handsome and undeniably in earnest as he leaned forward saying the old hackneyed words that nevertheless were new in her young ears.

"Jane, I love you. I think I always have loved you. From the first moment that I saw you, your image has been ever in my heart. There is a madness in my brain when you are away, a delirious joy in my heart when you are near. I cannot think of life without you. I must have you, Jane. I cannot do without you. Won't you be my wife?"

Jane half-yielded the hand which he had taken. The next moment she was in his arms, and mad kisses were pressed on her brow, her lips, her hair, and stormy ejaculations of endearment broke from his lips. But though Jane could have drifted quite easily into love, there was something wild and passionate in this method of wooing that frightened her. She broke from him, and faced him, breathless, half angry at his actions, and yet yearning to his words.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked again.

"I don't know whether I love you or not," she fathered. "Let me have time. Perhaps—"

But he wouldn't give her time even to think. He urged his suit in low, impassioned tones, again took her in his arms, but this time like the gentle and not the savage lover. So she drifted with the influences of the hour into an engagement.

She had a partial awakening an hour later when Peter Jones looked straightly into her eyes and said, "Jane, I love you. Have I any chance?"

"Oh, Peter, you are my friend. Don't spoil it all."

"I understand," said Peter. A little later he added, "You can always count on me," and left her abruptly.

impetuously affectionate as ever, but somehow she could never feel again as she had on the evening of the ball. And so it was not without a sense of relief that she accepted an invitation from a relative at a distance to spend the summer months with her.

The place to which Jane had come was a delightful place in which to pass the summer. It was in the country among the hills, and not very far from her Aunt Faustina's house was a perfect gem of a little lake. Near the lake was a house which belonged to me, and so it came about that I met Jane the second time. As she was rather lonely, and I am of a sympathetic nature, our intimacy developed to such a point in a week that Jane told me the whole story.

A lady friend of mine said the other day that she thought there were very few men, if any, who were really worthy of a fine girl. I was rather surprised to hear her say so, although that, I believe, is the opinion of most men. Needless to say, it is each man's firm belief that he is one of those very few, and that most other men—if worth were the criterion—would be entirely out of the running. No matter how bad he may be, every man fastens on something in his heart of hearts which he fondly imagines distinguishes him from all other men, and he sees a thousand things to excuse or palliate his wickedness or weakness that no one else ever discovers. Well, I, like any other of my sex in this particular (note how I cannot keep out "in this particular"), did not think Henry Smith at all the kind of man that Jane should marry. I had only met him once, and I knew he was a fine-looking fellow, but I am not handsome myself, and so have learned to distrust good looks in a man. I judged Peter to be stronger, more rugged, not nearly so impetuous as his rival, but much more capable of a sustained affection as well as being safer in other ways, and so I threw my influence into the scale on the side of Peter. My method was to make sly little attacks on Peter, irritatingly unjust, and contrasting him unfavorably with Henry Smith where I knew him to be better. This brought her warmly to his defence, and so I gradually accustomed her to a slight feeling of hostility to Henry Smith. This was mean, I acknowledge, but there was worse yet. I wrote to a commercial agency, and had them make me a detailed report of all they could learn concerning both of the men. Except for one thing, there was little to choose between the reports, but that one thing was not favorable to Henry Smith. It showed that financially he was on his last legs, and although I knew this, would not influence Jane, still it did worry me. I determined to find out whether Smith was deceiving Jane in regard to it.

Next day we were strolling along a winding path that led down to Pearl Lake, that little lake already mentioned. It was one of those hazy, sunny days, one of those lazy, hammocky or strolly sort of days when one talks with the mood, and confidences slip out as naturally as leaves fall in autumn.

"Do you ever hear from Henry?" I asked.

"Certainly," said Jane. "Every day."

"I only saw him once," said I, reflectively, "but I think his letters would be terribly affectionate things. If it were Peter, now, he would tell you all about his business and about everything else. I daresay Henry never says anything about anything but love. He makes a fine lover, I expect, but I don't think he is very ambitious in business."

"There you're wrong. Every letter is full of what he intends to do, and what fine things he will be able to give and do for me by-and-by when we are married. He sends me far too many presents as it is—the foolish boy! As if though money mattered! I wouldn't mind if he hadn't a sou. I have plenty of my own, anyway."

"I still maintain what I said. That is only a lover's talk about business. I bet he promises grand things, but doesn't he say, 'I must have you by my side. Without you I can do nothing. With you nothing seems too great to attempt! And doesn't he immediately press you to name the happy day right away?'"

"Yes, of course he does," said Jane. "And he threatens to come here after me if I don't go home soon, too. But how in the world did we ever come to be talking of these things, and whatever possessed me to tell you so much about everything that I shouldn't speak about. Let's talk of something else. Or, better still, let us just say nothing at all for a while. It is too fine a day to spoil with conversation."

"That suits me," said I, "for I know how you make silence eloquent."

That night I thought deeply. Henry was evidently pressing her to marry him, he was head over heels in debt, and Jane had money. Perhaps there was no connection between the three, but I thought there might be. I at last shifted the responsibility and the odium of interference in a love affair by enclosing the report of Henry Smith's financial condition in an envelope addressed to Peter Jones. I posted it next day in a city thirty miles away. A few days later I dropped an anonymous note to Peter saying that Henry was coming out the next day to induce Jane to agree to an immediate marriage. I also dropped the same kind of a note to Henry, saying that Peter was in the vicinity, and about to renew his attentions to Jane.

Two days later I was walking with Jane through the autumn splendors of the woods. We breasted a hill, and looked down into a little forest glade. Jane caught my arm with a little cry, and started running down the hill. Two men were fighting savagely, and though I had not caught their features distinctly, I gleaned from Jane's excitement, and also because I expected them, that they must be Peter Jones and Henry Smith. This was hardly what I expected, and much more than I wanted. Still, I never quarrel with fate, for we never know what is for the best until after the event. Henry was attacking his opponent with almost volcanic fury, but the other fought with a dogged persistence, and such an expression of deadly resolution on his face that the outcome could scarcely be doubted. They did not see Jane until she ran almost between them, and then they paused, panting, and still eyeing each other vengefully. To be surprised at Jane's presence did not seem to strike them.

"Peter Jones, what is all this about?" Peter was silent.

"Tell me," she commanded Henry Smith. He also was silent.

"Was it about me?" The silence of the men answered her. "Tell me, Henry, for I will know, or everything is over between us."

"He said something about you," said Henry, adding hastily, "nothing bad, you know. Only I wouldn't stand for it."

"Oh, Peter!" "That is not the truth," said Peter. "I only said about you that you were far too good for him. I am sorry you came. I wouldn't have had you know this for worlds."

"How did you come to say that?" Peter opened his mouth, but Henry cried, "It is false. He said it worse than that. He said I was an out-and-out villain, or I wouldn't be marrying you!"

"Under the circumstances," corrected Peter. "The circumstances?" said Jane, wonderingly. "What does he mean?"

Henry said nothing. She turned to Peter. "Tell me, Peter."

"It is nothing that would seem wrong to you. It only seems so to a man."

"What is it?" "Well, he is in debt," said Peter, with obvious reluctance.

"Is that all?" said Jane, scornfully. "Yes, that's all," cried Henry, picking up heart at her tone. "He said I should tell you about it, but I didn't think I should worry you. I can bear my own troubles."

"There you're wrong," said Jane. "You should have told me. I don't mind you being poor, but I don't think you should deceive me. Are you very badly off?"

"No, I'll pull through all right, I'm pretty sure. He's making a mountain out of a molehill."

"I can't keep quiet, and see you wreck your life," broke in Peter. "Jane, I couldn't talk to you about a rival if I had any hope of ever gaining your love. I have not that hope, and I will speak. Henry Smith's only hope of retrieving his fortunes is to marry you, and even the money you will bring him may not save his business supposing you let him have it. I told him I thought it was caddish not to tell you. That was why we fought. I think so still. Good-bye." And Peter strode off, paying no heed to a cry from Jane.

"I swear it isn't true," said Henry eagerly. "All my business needs is a little more money in it, and it can't help but pick up."

Jane looked at him sadly for a moment, then slipped something from her finger, and handed it to him. "Here is your ring, Henry. You have attempted to deceive me. Perhaps you have deceived yourself. I could forgive you being poor. That is nothing. I have loved you truly, and perhaps you have me in your own way, but you have thought as well of my money. Your own words tell me so, though not directly. Good-bye. If I can do anything to help you through your money troubles remember I am still a friend, and will do all I can."

Then she would not wait nor listen to him, but joined me where I stood some distance off—waiting.

I have read this story a second time, and I see that I have not done what I set out to do. Instead of a fascinating villain I have only introduced a man of very common clay; instead of a hero I have painted a man who might be one if the opportunity were given, and instead of a heroine a woman who—. But I will hear nothing but the best things of her—for she is now my wife, and claims to be very happy, though she may only say that because she needs a new hat. However it be, she will get it, and I am not too curious about such matters. I know you wanted me to give her to Peter, but surely a writer can do what he likes with his own heroine, especially if he falls in love with her himself. The real love story was ours, but that I wouldn't tell you for worlds. If you do not like the ending, my character is in your hands. I have confessed to enough to give you grounds for calling me "villain." Anyway, I am a shameless one, and I am satisfied with the fruits of my villainy. The moral is that the man on the spot gets the girl.



DEAREST IN THE WORLD

A Story of the Light that did not Fail

By FLORA BALDWIN



IT is only a strip of the river bank between the swing bridge that has never been known to swing, and the foot bridge. A more than ordinarily wise town council has made a little wild park of it. The big elms that were born there stand on the grassy slope and a row of military maples sentinel it along the street border, while courtseying willows make a gentle pretence at keeping the river from intruding. Unpretentious as it is, the townspeople love it more than the formal and bedecked parks with high-sounding names, whose chief reason for existing is to be pointed out with pride to visitors, who praise their dignified loveliness unstintedly. But the green strip of river bank has never been christened, it is just "the park," and needs no more particular designation. A few seats have been scattered throughout its length, and a little mushroom bandstand is hidden among the trees.

The whole town turns out whenever the band plays there. The old folk come early and sit on the benches, listening to the music and watching the town go by. The not-so-old sit on benches, too, if any are left, with a detaining hand on the baby carriage while the "good man" lies on the ground near by and smokes, and the children play games around the tree trunks.

But the young things.—No benches for them, bless their hearts. No sitting on the grass, either, except for a restless moment. They stroll round and round the path that compasses the maples, reversing sometimes so as to meet the friends that may otherwise be missed. There are stops to be made for greeting of chums not seen since before tea, and all the quips and jokes and merry laughter that go to spell youth.

There is just one higher joy than being young, and walking round the maple ring, and that is being young and forethoughted enough to have rented, at least three days before, one of the few rowboats old Jerry has for hire; then with the nicest girl in the world to row idly about in the dark shadows of the willows, while the music from the little bandstand filters down through the trees.

For just one night this summer Roger Allison and Margaret Scott belonged to that superlatively blessed class. Earlier in the evening they had laughed and joked with the occupants of the other boats and with the people on the shore, but had finally pulled in near the bank where Roger's light hold on a drooping branch kept them from drifting. There a silence had fallen upon them of that unconstrained kind that can only endure where there is the spirit of companionship.

"What financial value do you put upon your thoughts, Margaret?"

"They are so very commonplace that it would be a shame to charge even the proverbial penny," she laughed back, "and yet they seemed new to me. You know how all along, ever since father first spoke of it, I've been building my hopes on that two years of study abroad. It just seemed like putting in time till the day came to sail away from this dull town. Now that all those slow-footed days are behind instead of before, the funny thing is that I'm not so sure of being glad."

"Why, Meg?"

"Case of funk, Brother Jack would say. I'm scared to think of German professors. Do they all have spectacles and hair that needs a barber, Roger?"

"Every one of them, Margaret, and when they are annoyed you can hear them roar all over Berlin."

"Now you're laughing at me, but it is a very real fear. There's another thing, too. I've enjoyed myself so much this month past since—since you came home," she said honestly, with just a little flush on her usually colorless face.

"Have you, Meg? So have I. Feel as if I had discovered you, for at the school across the river there it always seemed as if you were so sedate and studious and cared more for books than for people. But this year—why you're the finest kind of a pal. You know I can't look at a book again till that New York doctor looks at my eyes in September, and honestly I haven't missed them since you have been so good about coming over to play with me."

"Are your eyes very bad?" she asked anxiously, passing over the praise—which would glow in her heart forever—to discuss this serious calamity.

"They can't be very bad, for I can see all right, but sometimes a shiver runs along my spine when I think of the way that doctor looked at me. But why be doleful, and on your last night at—"

"Well," came a fretful voice from the bank, as two people came through the grass and sat down at the water's edge, "you might have got a boat for to-night. All our crowd were on the river but us."

"I'm sorry, Gertie, but they were all taken. I was so busy in the office the first of the week."

Gertie apparently found forgiveness hard, for her complaining continued to affront the quiet of the night.

"Even that homely Margaret Scott could be on the river. Roger Allison could get a boat for her, though everyone wonders at his taste in choosing her."

Meg knew afterwards that she should have laughed it off instantly—the moment's silence was

"She won't stand for the arms, I know, and she's too honest to believe the other, but it would comfort me a lot to do it," he thought ruefully.

As they came up the narrow walk to the house he found her cold little hand with his warm one and drew her gently into the shadow of a lilac bush.

"Margaret, Gertie is a little beast, but ("but a truthful little beast," she interrupted), if you care for my opinion. Will you do something for me?" he asked, breaking off abruptly.

"If I can," she answered, in the level voice that sounds like indifference, but is often sheer misery.

"I may never see you again, Meg."

"What an idea, Roger! Two years can't last forever."

"It isn't as nonsensical as it sounds. I want you to let me kiss the fact that, pretty or plain, is the dearest face in the world to me. Will you, dear?"

A few minutes later Roger was carrying a load of mixed feelings of anger and sorrow and joy and dread home with him under the trees, and Margaret was lying face down on her bed crying unfeignedly and broken-heartedly. It wasn't wounded vanity, for she had known her face was plain ever since she had stopped playing with the boys.

They had never stopped to consider whether she were an ugly duckling or a swan; she was a "good fellow," and what else mattered? But boarding school young ladies have other standards of popularity than the ability to play cricket and go berrying, and Margaret was soon left in no doubt whatever as to her lack of beauty.

Now she sat up with a half sob smothered by rueful laughter at her own expense.

"What a goose you are, Margaret Scott. You know you are ugly; Roger knows you're ugly, though he wouldn't say it, and you know that Roger knows. So why this storm when Gertie Lane says in our hearing what is no news at all? All the same it hurt like anything, and you couldn't help crying."

Then the remembrance of that good-night kiss under the lilacs came as balm to a wound, even though she thought "he must have been very sorry for me," and dared not trust herself to think it was for love, not pity.

Gertie's words, "She might better see a beauty doctor," came back, but they found a heart made immune by the potency of love. They sent Margaret to the mirror, though, to make an inventory of her un-charms.

"Sallow skin, frown between eyebrows, neck scrawny, shoulders rounded, eyes not bad when not used for tear-shedding, teeth fair, hair good. Not very promising list, Meg, but an honest one."

She pondered a moment till the pucker in her brow grew deeper.

"That's exactly what I will do. There is no harm in trying, anyway. I'll find a specialist and practise music and massage, exercises, both musical and gymnastic, all at the same time. Two years ought to be long enough to see results. Perhaps I'll have to thank Gertie yet, and perhaps, some day—Roger will think I am almost pretty. He said 'the dearest face in the world.' I would like it to be fairer for his sake."

Two years later Margaret Scott came back to Stillwater. She had left no young kin behind who would have kept her in touch with the events of the little town, or who would have been interested in what was happening to her. Her father was satisfied to hear that she was well and working hard, and confined his correspondence to adequate cheques. She found little change in Stillwater—a new house here and a fallen landmark there; but Stillwater held its breath—especially its feminine breath, at the change in her, and did not regain it properly until the night following her arrival when the band played in the park.

"Have you seen Margaret Scott, yet?"

"Yes, isn't it wonderful—?"

"When you think of her complexion two years ago, do you think this one can be real?"

"Her figure is splendid, too."

"I wish she would tell me how she did it," said one plain girl, wistfully.

It was left for Gertie Lane, who never knew how much she was responsible for Margaret's new

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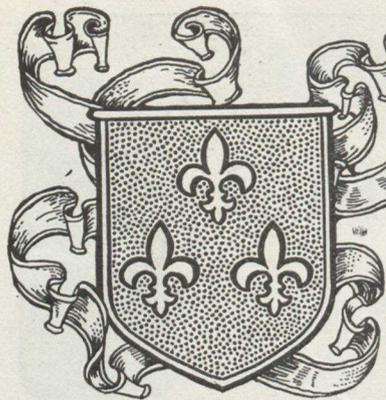
"She pondered a moment till the pucker in her brow grew deeper."

fatal, the delayed laugh couldn't be natural. But that moment she was stunned, the blow had been so sudden and had followed so closely upon the happiness of the evening.

Before Roger could conquer the indignation that seized him, the voice went on:

"Oh, yes, she's a nice little thing, but so pitifully plain. If I were in her place I'd go to a beauty doctor for my face rather than to Germany for my brains."

When the boat had been left at the boathouse, the two whose light had been turned into darkness by a breath of unkindness, walked slowly along in the friendly velvet blackness under the trees. Margaret was afraid to speak, for the tears were so near, and she did not wish Roger to know that his "pal" could be so deeply hurt by so trivial a thing. He was silent, because the only comfort he could think of at the time was to put his arms round her tight and declare that she was the prettiest girl in North America.



Lady Sybil's Shoe-Buckles

By C. J. HAMILTON

Author of "A Flash of Youth," "The Disappearance of Lucy Donovan," etc.



"YES, they certainly are lovely," cried Lady Sybil, as she held up a pair of dainty green satin shoes, adorned with antique diamond buckles. "Aren't they?"

"They are rather fetching," said her elder sister, Lady Clare, holding up one of the shoes to the light, and examining the buckle through her pince-nez, "and if the diamonds are genuine—as I suppose they are—they must be most valuable."

"Of course the diamonds are genuine," cried Lady Sybil, pettishly, "do you imagine that Ernest Vandeleur would give me anything that was not?"

"Are you quite sure they came from him?"

"Perfectly sure—certain. He asked me the last time I saw him to give him a small piece of the satin from the frock I am going to wear at the Hadfield ball, as he wanted to see the exact shade of green."

"And you gave it to him?"

"Why not?" said Lady Sybil, coloring. "Why shouldn't I give it to him? I have known him so long, played with him as a small child in the vicarage garden, when he was making believe to be Robin Hood and I Maid Marian."

"Yes, I remember," said Lady Clare, thoughtfully. "That was when he was the fourth son of a poor vicar, and now—now he is an Australian magnate, though we never know when the magnates may suddenly collapse."

"Not much fear of his collapsing," said Lady Sybil, pouting, "he has thousands of acres, they say; but it doesn't so very much matter to me; he is an old friend, and, of course, he may give me a pair of diamond shoe-buckles if he chooses. I am charmed with these, they just match my Empire dress."

As Lady Sybil spoke, she stretched out one tiny foot, encased in an openwork black silk stocking. The beauty of Lady Sybil's feet was famed far and near. Rather narrow, with high, arched insteps; they had been modelled by a sculptor as the perfection of shape and form.

And when Lady Sybil had danced a saraband in short skirts with sandals laced up far above her beautifully-turned ankles, she had been the centre of admiration. Verses in praise of her beautiful feet had been inscribed to her by a rising minor poet of the day, and she had been called "The Atalanta of the moment."

"Men do talk such nonsense about Sybil's feet," said Lady Clare, who was three years older than her sister. "They certainly are very well shaped, but her face is not a bit prettier than mine, and her nose is inclined to turn up at the end, 'tip-tilted like a flower,' they may say, but other people are not quite so complimentary."

Lady Sybil was still examining her green satin shoes, and counting the diamonds on the buckles. "Twenty-seven in all," she said. "They must have cost a pretty penny; those diamonds with the yellow shade in them are always expensive. But Ernest Vandeleur was never one to count the cost of anything he gave away; he is absolutely lavish about presents."

"Well, here he comes," said Lady Clare, looking out of the window, "so you can lecture him as much as you like. I'm off to a bridge party at Lady Rynton's."

"As she went out, Ernest Vandeleur came in. He was a tall, sunburnt young man of twenty-nine, with bright blue eyes and a clean-shaven face.

Lady Sybil rushed up to him, holding the green satin shoes, with their glittering diamond buckles, high in the air.

"I must scold you," she said, with a blush, "you are too extravagant; but," in a lower tone, "I love you for it all the same."

He caught her in his arms, green satin shoes, buckles and all.

"As if anything in the world could be good enough for Lady Sybil. Your green satin dress ought to be strewn with diamonds; they ought to glitter in every hair of your beautiful head."

"Don't be ridiculous, Ernest. As a matter of fact, I have very few diamonds. You see, there were six of us girls, and father isn't at all a rich man—almost a pauper in comparison with others."

"But four of you are married, and you know quite well, Sybil, you have nothing to do but to name the glad day and Lady Sybil Scarsdale will become—"

"Lady Sybil Vandeleur," she exclaimed, clapping her hands. "Doesn't it sound awfully well? I love the name of Vandeleur. It is ever so much prettier than Scarsdale. But I want to have a little bit more fun before I am tied up for life. There is this fancy ball at Hadfield, when I shall come out in my green satin gown and my green satin shoes, with these lovely antique shoe-buckles," she said, looking down at them again. "I am to be the Empress Josephine, or Pauline Bonaparte, I forget which."

"Pauline Bonaparte, it must be; you are too

young for an Empress. 'My love she's but a lassie yet,' added Ernest, humming the old Scotch line.

"She's a lassie that knows her way about pretty well," said Lady Sybil demurely. Then, turning round, she said shyly: "Ernest, I haven't thanked you half enough for the shoe-buckles and the lovely shoes—for the thought you took as well as for the value of the things. It is only love that thinks, love that watches, love that waits!"

"You darling!" he cried, seizing her hands, but she escaped from him.

"I must go and get ready," she said shyly. "You must take me for a nice long drive in your new motor. I have to wrap up well, and that takes a little time."

He let her go, and waited behind, walking up and down the room, and looking out of the window.

"Will it last?" he thought. "Can any man have such a treasure as this, without something happening to snatch the cup of bliss from his lips?"

II.

The fancy ball at Hatfield was in full swing. Lady Sybil, in her short Empire frock, with her green satin shoes and diamond shoe-buckles, was the belle of the evening. Crowds were round her as she danced, and her feet came in for an unusual amount of attention. Ernest Vandeleur was not among the dancers; he had never learned dancing when he was a boy, and now he did not care to acquire the art, so he stood with his back against the wall, lazily watching the revolving figures as they flew along.

It was on Lady Sybil that his eyes were principally fixed, and as she met his glance, a smile, swift and full of meaning, passed between them. Two men came in at the door—business men they seemed, and they also were much attracted by Lady Sybil, and especially so by those twinkling feet of hers; these feet, which,

"... beneath her petticoat,
Like mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light."

"I said them buckles were the same, Bill," said one of the men. "Could be no mistake about it. Those were the very diamond buckles that were stole out of Mr. Mettheimer's case a week ago last Toosday."

"Quite sure?"

"Quite; the diamonds are the very same; worth a good bit, I can tell ye."

And how did they get on her ladyship's feet, eh?"

"Why, that 'ud be tellin,' but I can give a guess, Sam, my boy."

Bill, who was the shorter of the two men, and had eyes like a ferret's, looked in the direction of Ernest Vandeleur, who was now moving away to meet Lady Sybil.

"I knows him and his pal," he whispered. "The pal was among the lot that broke open the case at Portman Square. He hooked it pretty smart, and now we've got a clue. If them there shoe-buckles aren't the very ones we're searching for, you may call me a Dutchman."

"And whatever do ye mean to do?" asked the other man.

"Nab our man if we can git hold of 'im. There he is now, the tallest of the lot standin' agin the window. I've got the warrant all right."

So, as Ernest Vandeleur was strolling up to Lady Sybil, he was confronted by the two men. The one called Bill stopped him and said:

"Mr. Ernest Vandeleur, I b'lieve."

"Yes," was the languid response. "What do you want of me? Some begging application, I suppose. Be quick about it!"

"Tisn't that exactly, my lord—I mean, sir—but it's along of them there diamond shoe-buckles her ladyship over there's wearing. How did you come by them?"

Vandeleur reddened angrily. "How did I come by them? Why, I bought them, of course. How else should I come by them?"

"Well! you see there's a bit of trouble about it, 'cos they're stolen property, that's how it is."

"Stolen! Who stole them?"

"Ah, that 'ud be telling. Anyway, they were stole out of a glass case in Portman Square, No. 98. Know anything about that?"

"How should I know? Do you take me for a thief?"

"You'll have to come along to the police court to-morrow morning, that's all. There's bound to be some looking into this. Them shoe-buckles are stolen property, along with a lot of snuff boxes and loot of other valyble articles belonging to Marcus Mettheimer, Esquire, M.P."

"Go and hang yourself! I refuse to be questioned about the matter at all."

"I thought as much. You've got a pal, Mr. Crosbie—Loftus Crosbie."

"Well, and what if I have?"

"We expect he knows a bit about this here busi-

ness. We've got information from headquarters. You gave Lady Sybil them there shoe-buckles she's got on. There's no denying of that. Everyone knows it. Lady Sybil's spoke of it herself."

"Hush, don't mention her; don't speak of her, she is not to know about this."

"She's bound to know; it will be all in the papers to-morrow evening."

"Then she'll think I'm a thief."

Just so, unless you can prove the contrary."

Vandeleur, with a reluctant glance at Lady Sybil, left the ball-room. Her bright, brown eyes searched for him anxiously, but he did not return. A vague sense of apprehension—of alarm—of danger—crept over her. She danced no more that night.

"Why, what's this, Sybil?" cried Lady Clare, when the two sisters were alone in their room. "I am told Ernest Vandeleur is accused of stealing those shoe-buckles you have on!"

"Nonsense! Ridiculous! It's some enemy of his has spread the report. Fancy an Australian millionaire stealing a trumpery pair of shoe-buckles!"

"But they are not trumpery, they are most remarkable—most valuable. I told you they were."

"Yes, I know. He would not give me anything that was not valuable."

"You may say what you like, but I was told on the best authority that he is charged with theft. Those diamond buckles were part of Mr. Marcus Mettheimer's property that was stolen out of his house at Portman Square last week. They have been identified; there can be no mistake. You have been actually wearing stolen goods! You, an earl's daughter, it does sound funny. You are actually engaged to be married to a man suspected of theft!"

"It may sound funny, as you say, but I am convinced Ernest will find some way of clearing himself. I should think even you would hardly accuse him of breaking into Mr. Mettheimer's house and abstracting his property."

"One never knows," replied Lady Clare oracularly, as she left the room.

Lady Sybil sat for some time with her feet stretched out and her eyes fixed on the glittering diamond buckles.

"It couldn't be," she thought, "no, no, it couldn't be."

And yet there was something mysterious in the way Ernest had disappeared from the ball-room with the two common-looking men, who had been staring at the buckles on Lady Sybil's green satin shoes with such intense interest. Could the buckles have been stolen? And could Ernest Vandeleur have had anything to do with the theft? If so, he must be given up.

III.

The magisterial enquiry lasted long. Ernest Vandeleur underwent a searching examination. Where did he get the diamond buckles? He admitted having given them to Lady Sybil, but he absolutely refused to tell where they had come from, or how he had obtained them.

"I got them," was all he would say. "I got them for her. I paid for them."

The rooms he occupied in Albany Street had been reached, and underneath a fur rug two of the antique snuff boxes, valued at several hundreds of pounds, had been found. He professed to know nothing about them, to have been perfectly ignorant how they came there.

He was told that he would be committed for trial. "Very well, commit me," was his answer. "I am innocent."

Released on bail, he went back to his rooms. He still held his head high, but he noticed that some of his friends whom he passed on his way through Piccadilly hurried by without even a glance in his direction. They cut him dead.

"Not pleasant to be taken for a thief," he thought; "quite a new experience for me. Poor, but honest, I once was considered, now the tables are turned, it seems that I am rich, but dishonest. Of course, I know the real culprit, but I was always loyal to my friends, and so I mean to be now." Turning around the corner he nearly fell into the arms of a slight, boyish-looking young man who was coming in the opposite direction.

"Why, Loftus, my boy," cried Vandeleur, "where are you going?"

"I—I don't know," stammered the other—"going to give myself up, or thinking of it. Did you peach on me?"

"Not I—I'm not one to betray a friend. But all the same it's deuced awkward for me; and Sybil"—his voice shook slightly—"Sybil may give me up. Not surprising if she did. Women fight shy of a thief, at least women in good society."

Loftus Crosbie flinched. "You must not lose her, old boy, you *shan't*. Wait till to-morrow, and I'll confess—I'll break away. It wasn't my fault that I joined with Roberts and the others. They said they only wanted me to climb through the ivy-

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THE CANADIAN BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Interesting Account of a Valuable Organization for the Business Woman

By "CLAUDE R. VANE"



MISS MARY LEAN
PRESIDENT



MISS M. E. MYERS
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

"TWO hundred and forty—three hundred and ten—there are about three hundred and seventy-five seats. Certainly we will not have to move from *this* hall for a while at least."

The bright-faced girl who spoke was the President of the Canadian Business Woman's Club of Toronto. I was an early comer and we stood together at the back of the auditorium in the new University School.

"How many members has your club already?" I inquired.

"Over two hundred and sixty," she answered, "we used to meet in the Assembly Hall of the Ogden School, but we have outgrown that now."

"This will be too small for us, too, some day soon," said an optimistic voice beside us, and the President turned to greet another early comer.

I moved up the aisle and, taking a seat, observed the members as they came. The general meetings are open only to members of the club, and I watched them arriving, usually in groups of three or four, sometimes alone or in couples. Enthusiasm certainly was not lacking.

"We have thirteen new members already tonight," one girl whispered, as she dropped into a vacant seat beside a friend.

Being alone I studied those about me. Half-an-hour before, the Secretary had explained that the qualifications for membership were limited to two—the payment of the annual fee (fifty cents), and the fact of being a business woman of Toronto.

"What constitutes a 'business woman'?" I inquired.

"The constitution of the Club says 'self-supporting'," was the answer.

It was certainly broad enough. There was no election, no system of introduction required, and only a nominal fee. Necessarily many of the members were strangers to one another; they came from widely varying homes, and their work differed greatly. This club in which they joined forces for increased education, power and pleasure was their only common ground. Yet both during the gathering of the audience and in the few minutes of social intercourse at its close I was impressed with their frank camaraderie—their spirit of *esprit de corps*. No one who entered the hall alone left it without words of greeting—not from a reception committee or officers appointed for the purpose, but with a feeling of generous comradeship by other members of the club.

As the meeting gathered, I found my chance to talk with the President.

"There are about forty-thousand business women in Toronto," she said. "Our membership is small compared to that, but we hope that it will soon be much larger. Although the Business Woman's Club came into existence last March, we have had practically only four or five regular meetings, and many of our plans have hardly begun to work themselves out as yet."

"What are your plans?" I asked.

She laughed. "Oh, I dare say that they vary with each individual member, and you must remember they may never materialize."

I listened with interest while she spoke of the chief aims of the Club.—a union of business women for the chance of hearing good speakers and discussion of public questions of the day, for opportunities of combined study, of pleasure and social intercourse. The story of the Outing Circle I found delightful. Any member of the Club may be a member of this circle and its object is suggested by its name. In April and May there are long walks for its members and tramps through the woods; midsummer brings lake trips and picnics; autumn, corn-roasts and nutting parties; and winter its skating and snow-shoeing. The Outing Circle has already given one very popular social evening for the members of the Club, which I am told they are planning to repeat in the near future.

Another unique feature of this original association is the Reading Circle. As in the case of the Outing Circle it is open to all members of the Club. Once a month this general circle has an illustrated lecture by one of the University Professors of the city. It is re-divided into smaller circles or groups of ten, each choosing its own subject of study under its own leader. Already circles have been formed (their leaders chosen by the Executive of the Club) selecting for study Ancient History, Canadian History, Biography, Browning and George Eliot, while that under Miss Helena Coleman has decided to devote itself to miscellaneous study and follow its own sweet will as to the course pursued. This limiting of the number in each circle makes for individuality and freedom of intercourse and must add

much zest to the work both for leader and students.

The December meeting was addressed by Dr. Gilmour, warden of the Central prison, his subject being "The Causes of Crime, Its Treatment and Prevention." Surely he has never had a more interested or attentive audience! Earnest faces showed how much his words meant to the listeners, and more than once he was interrupted by applause—quite as heartfelt as the louder clapping which the men of an audience usually supply.

"I wonder," pondered one of the girls I knew, as we walked down the aisle together, "I wonder just why Dr. Gilmour took the time and trouble to tell all that to us. Did he think we could help it? I wonder if we *could*?"

The club has already been addressed by President Falconer, Mrs. Agnes Knox Black, Canon Cody, Dr. Pakenham, Mrs. Falconer, Dr. Coleman, and others.

A Visiting Circle searches out the members of the Club who are ill, and also maintains a look-out for strangers who may wish to join. Of course the size of the Club makes it impossible for this circle to keep in any personal touch with its members, but every member of the Club is requested to forward



MRS. H. C. PARKER HONORARY PRESIDENT

the names of any whom she knows to be ill and these are promptly visited by some member of the circle.

"Have you met Mrs. Parker, our Honorary President?" someone asked at the close of the meeting, and when she replied in the negative I was promptly carried off to be introduced. I found her surrounded by a crowd of eager girls and we—and they were still talking when the janitor came to close the hall. The little knot went out together and at the door there was a chorus of good-nights. Later I had the privilege of talking to Mrs. Parker of this, her pet



AN OUTING PARTY OF THE C.B.W.C.

scheme. To her its helpful side, the spirit of friendship, of mutual assistance, stands large.

Its success at any rate seems assured. Already inquiries have come from other Canadian cities, Vancouver, Halifax, Port Arthur, asking for information with the aim of starting some similar association in

the near future. Even the smaller towns, one would think, might work out some such scheme for themselves.

Later may come a club-house where members can dine or lunch, and entertain their friends, or spend a quiet hour over book or magazine. But for the present such plans stand in abeyance before the more immediate work of the Club. For the time being, it is an association of business women for the purposes of fostering true patriotism, securing opportunities of hearing prominent speakers, affording a means for the study of literature, science and art, the discussion of questions of the day, and social intercourse and out-of-door pleasures.



A Good Message

By JOYCE WARNCLIFFE

LISTEN a while, you women whose life is spent mainly in looking after a home. Let another woman tell you how you may eliminate much trouble and work from your ceaseless round of duty. Here is the secret—get rid of every article in your home which is neither useful nor beautiful, and do not burden yourself with a superfluity of the latter.

Begin to-morrow with your morning's work, and as you go from room to room look, if possible, with the eyes of a stranger upon your own belongings. You know that you have many articles which are neither beautiful nor useful, but still you tolerate them because you have become accustomed to them. Perhaps you have *too many* beautiful articles, so that the eye is surfeited and confused, and your home resembles a museum. You may lack that refinement of air shown by the tasteful selection of a few beautiful ornaments. You know that a bunch of many kinds of flowers thrust together into one bouquet does not present the artistic beauty of a few flowers of the same sort loosely arranged. To-morrow, as you stand upon the threshold of each room, look about it and say to yourself, "How many things in this room could my family and myself do without easily, and yet lose nothing of service or beauty?"

Take those ornaments off your piano. They look unnecessary. Take away many of those draperies. They are insanitary. Your windows were meant to let in sunlight, and you are trying to keep it out. Leave only enough draperies to add a touch of beauty to your home. Look at the pictures on your walls. How many of them are really good? How many please and elevate you? Take down all that do not fulfil these conditions. Why have sofa pillows against which no one dare lean? And why have so many of them, that you must needs place them on the floor, as I have seen in some homes? Why put your friends' photos on mantels, tables, and every available spot? Don't you know they only make it harder for you to dust? Why not put them all away in some suitable place? You do not parade your feelings to strangers; why do you expose to any stranger who may enter your home the faces of dozens of your friends and relatives? Show them only to those whom you wish to see them; otherwise keep them for sweet sentiment's sake, but keep them put away.

Look at your floors. How many of the mats and rugs do you need? How many seem to be placed there simply to aggravate the male portion of your home? Are your windows so full of plants that you dare not open them in frosty weather? A beautiful plant is a joy to behold; but remember that your lungs need fresh air, and your own body is more important than any plant.

If we could but take to ourselves some of the ideas held by the Japanese, we might profit. There is no superfluity of ornament in a Japanese home. One beautiful ornament is placed in a prominent position in a room. To-morrow it is put away, and another takes its place. No surfeit of beauty there, but a thorough appreciation of it, nevertheless; and a home much easier to keep in order than many of our Canadian homes.

In the preparation of meals, too, you can at the same time save yourself much work, and your family much indigestion. Enough is as good as a feast. Then why load your tables with a countless variety and your family with countless stomach troubles? To-morrow will be a happier day for you if you will rid yourself of superfluity. Your dusting, washing and cooking will be easier; your nerves will be steadier; and consequently you will be happier.



"COME BACK TO ERIN."

Words and Music by CLARIBEL.

Moderato. *Sva.*

Piano. *mf* *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

rit.

1. Come back to E - rin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen; Come back, Aroon, to the land of my birth:
 2. O ver the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen, Long shone the white sail that bore thee away;
 3. O may the an - gels, O wa kin' and sleep-in', Watch o'er my bird in the land far a - way;

colla voce.

Come with the shamrocks and Spring-time, Mavourneen, And its Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
 Riding the white waves that fair Summer morn-in', Just like a May-flow'r a - float on the bay.
 And it's my pray'rs will consign to their keepin' Care o' my jew - el by night and by day.

Sure, when we lent ye to beau - ti - ful England,
 O, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
 When by the fire - side I watch the bright embers,

f *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *p*

Lit - tle we thought of the lone winter days, Lit - tle we thought of the hush of the star shine
 Like a grey cur - tain the rain falling down, Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the o - cean,
 Then all my heart flies to England and thee, Cra - vin' to know if my dar - lin' re - mem - bers,

animato.

O - ver the mountain, the bluffs and the brays! Then come back to E - rin, Ma -
 Far, far a - way where my Col - leen had flown. Then come back to E - rin, Ma -
 Or if her thoughts may be cross-in' to me. Then come back to E - rin, Ma -

Ped. * *mf*

- your - neen, Ma - your - neen, Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth.
 - your - neen, Ma - your - neen, Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth.
 - your - neen, Ma - your - neen, Come back a - gain to the land of thy birth.

cres. *molto cresc.*

Come back to E - rin, Ma - your - neen, Ma - your - neen, And its Killarney shall ring with our
 Come back to E - rin, Ma - your - neen, Ma - your - neen, And its Killarney shall ring with our
 Come back to E - rin, Ma - your - neen, Ma - your - neen, And its Killarney shall ring with our

Sva.

mirth.
 mirth.
 mirth.

Sva.

mf *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

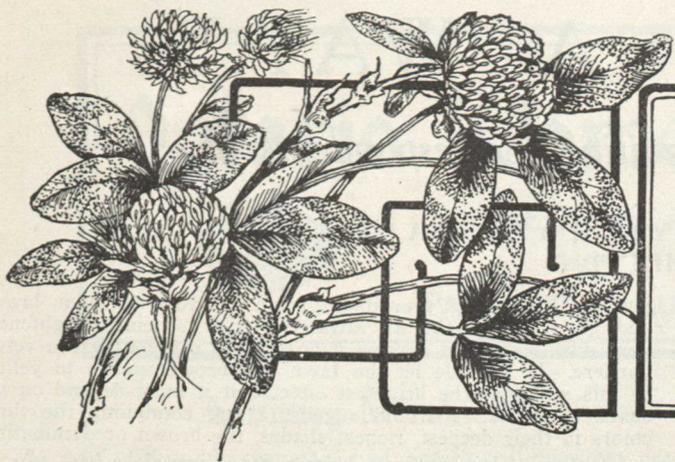
THE SONGS OF IRELAND

AS March is the month of St. Patrick, we have chosen for our music page, "Come Back To Erin," a song whose plaintive sweetness, we are sure, will appeal to our readers. The influence of song is universal, but perhaps it is felt nowhere more strongly than among a people whose history has held much of tragedy. It is traditional to regard the Irish as a light-hearted race, but such an estimate is superficial. The smile is very near the tear in the eyes of the sons and the daughters of Erin, and the very readiness of the Irishman to indulge in a witty sally or to respond to a flash of humor has prevented the ordinary observer from seeing how profound is the Irish melancholy. An English poet tells us that "our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought," and, truly, it seems as if humanity remembers most tenderly the songs of sorrow. The "comic" song may receive the rapturous applause of an evening, but "She Is Far From the Land" or "Auld Robin Gray" will be sung in the twilight when all the "comic" songs have been lost and forgotten.

Thomas Moore's "Irish Melodies" have a lasting hold on the imagination and the affection of his people. Such songs as "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Oft In the Stilly Night," however, have more than a national significance, and appeal to the heart of the world. The love of country, however recklessly displayed, has always been strong in the Irish heart, and this song by Moore, supposed to be the last address of a rash young patriot, shows this passionate affection.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
 Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
 Oh! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
 Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
 Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
 Thy tears shall efface their decree;
 For, Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
 I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love;
 Every thought of my reason was thine;
 In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
 Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
 Oh! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
 The days of thy glory to see;
 But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give,
 Is the pride of thus dying for thee.



With the Journal's Juniors

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

THOUGH the competition about pets was closed some weeks ago, letters still continue to come in, dealing with the adventures of dogs and lambs and kittens. These are, of course, not eligible for any prizes, which were awarded in the February number; however, some of them are very good, so we are printing a few of the best. Our young "Juniors" should be more careful in reading the announcements in our page. We hope to get many good letters about "Maple Sugar."—C. C.

Our Letters

Joyceville, Jan. 23rd, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

I enjoy reading your letters very much. I live in a country one-quarter of a mile from our school.

We have twelve cows, and I can milk any one of them; three horses and a dear little colt we call Billy. I have a dog which I can drive in a hand sleigh, and I have great fun with him. One day we were walking through a woods and we found a squirrel caught in a trap. The trap had been set for ground-hogs, and the little squirrel had passed over and got his leg caught. We took him out of the trap and let him go. I think I have told you all I can.

Hoping your page may have success.

LORNE HITCHCOCK (age 10 years).

This letter is written by my 10-year-old son, Lorne, unaided by anyone. Mrs. Jas. Hitchcock (Mother).

I am glad you let the squirrel out of the trap, Lorne; I had a pet squirrel once, and he was so tame and funny and affectionate that I don't like ever to hear of squirrels being hurt or shot. Come again, and if you write for our new competition, be sure you send your letter in in good time.—C. C.

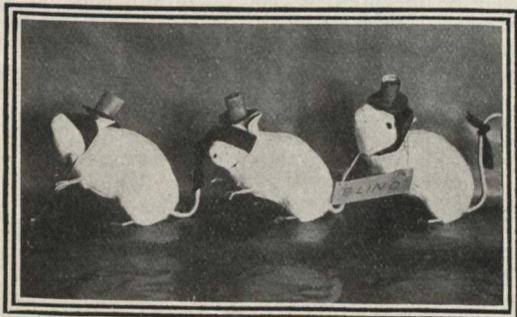
Kendal, Jan. 11th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

My mother takes the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and we all think it is fine. I read a few of the Juniors' letters, and I thought I would write one. I live on a farm near Kendal. I will tell you about our pet lamb named Tommy. He was very fond of my two little brothers; he use to follow them into the house sometimes, and our dog Collie use to play with Tommy. Collie would bite Tommy's ears in his play, and Tommy would bunt Collie. They used to have great times playing with each other. Just as Collie would jump and run and play. They use to play on the verandah. Ma said that we would have to put Tommy in the field with the calves, as she could not have him in the yard he would keep with the calves all day if the calves would get away from Tommy he would begin to maa'aa. When we would separate the milk the calves and Tommy would come up to get their feed. Tommy would find his way in through the bars, and would run right in to the driven house for his feed if we would not be looking for him he would put his nose into the pail and spill the milk. My little brother Harold would get a little pail full of milk and give it to Tommy. Tommy would always want to get his supper just as soon as he would come into the driving house. Tommy used to find his way into the clover field to eat the clover tops, of which he was very fond. Tommy got to be a big lamb, weighing one hundred and fifteen pounds, and pa sold him. I will close, wishing Cousin Clover's page prosperity.

EFFIE SOUCH (age 13 years).

You must have great fun watching Tommy playing with Collie, and the calves, Effie, and you must have been very sorry when he grew so big and had to be sold. That is the worst of



THREE BLIND MICE

making friends with cows and lambs and other farm animals, isn't it? You are bound to lose your playmates sooner or later. Come again, and tell us what you think of "Maple Sugar."—C. C.

Port Arthur, Jan. 14th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the JOURNAL, and I am very fond of the Junior's Page. I always read the letters. Since I live in the city I have not many pets, but I guess you would like to hear about our city, since you live in the East. But first I will tell you about the pet



I have. It is a little yellow striped kitten. I call it Ginger. It is very playful. I have taught it to jump, but it was very hard to train, as it was so playful. It stands upon its hind legs and tries to walk on them, but sometimes she falls. I had a dear grey striped kitten, and one day I was calling it and it came up to me and rubbed against me and began to meow. I picked it up and found its leg all swollen up. I took it to my brother and examined the leg and found an elastic twisted around it. He got it out, and the cat licked his hand, and then we let him out two or three days later when he was better he watched every step he took after that.

A long time after that he ran away and never came back again. I like Port Arthur very much. And I like Toronto. But I would never like to go away from Port Arthur for good. I have a cousin in Brampton. I like Brampton a lot too, it is so shady. Good-bye.

HELEN ROSS.

I certify that this was written without aid by my 10-year-old daughter.—S. Ross.

I hope you will have better luck with Ginger than with the poor little grey striped kitten, Helen. Animals are so grateful



NICE OLD ROVER!

generally for any help when they are suffering, and their memories for kindness are often so long that it is strange to me that anyone can ever be cruel to them.—C. C.

Manilla, Jan. 5th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and I enjoy reading the Juniors' Page very much. I live in a small village called Manilla, in Central Ontario. I am eleven years old, and in the Fourth Class. I have a black dog, with white strips down his neck, and white toes. He runs after the cutter a lot. I had a black cat, but it took sick, and one morning we went out and couldn't find it, so I guess it went away to die.

I got a pure white cat then, and have it yet. She is tame, and will go to anybody. We call her Snowdrop. We have an old black horse, about seventeen years old. She is so good and quiet that I can get on her back any time I want to. I have three goldfish, which are very pretty to watch.

FRANK MCPHAIL.

This is to certify that Frank (my son), aged eleven, wrote this letter to your Corner, unassisted.—Alice B. McPhail.

Reay, P. O., Jan. 9th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

My mother takes the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and I delight in reading the Junior Page.

We live in Muskoka, and the name of our farm is Thelma. We live on the shore of a lake. In the summer we take great pleasure in swimming and fishing. In winter the skating is splendid. My elder brother is teaching me how to skate, and I think it is great sport.

I am sorry to learn of the cruel boys who are written of. I am glad to say that there are no cruel boys around here. They all try to protect the birds and their nests, but they do delight in snaring the wild rabbits.

There is a large rock at the back of our barn on which we have a grand time with sleighs and toboggans.

One day last summer we watched two pretty deer playing in the field. They played around until evening.

We have a cute, wee puppy. He is all black and curly, but a white spot on his breast. His name is Nipper. He is only small, and takes great pleasure in chewing the cat's ears. We try to teach him not to be so rough, but it is not his nature to be kind.

Wishing the JOURNAL every success, and hoping you will find space for another Junior.

(Certified).

BESSIE E. GALBRAITH (age 13).

Mansfield, Jan. 5th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

Mamma takes the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL. I like to read it, especially the Junior Page. I think I will tell you about my pets. First, I have a cat, all white. He is so soft. He likes to sit upon his hind legs, on your lap, and put his front ones on

“THERE’S A WAY”

A Page for Our Inquiring Correspondents

Edited by EVELYN HOPE HALL

THERE is an old bit of proverbial advice, to the effect—“When in Rome, do as the Romans do.” So far as matters of mere conventionality are concerned, this advice is good and sound. Women, especially, need to remember that the conventionalities are always worth observing. A convention is not, after all, a matter of idle form. It is usually the outgrowth of centuries of experience, and is the wisdom of a certain community in its tersest form. There are times, of course, when the conventions may be safely ignored. For instance, in the case of accident or distress, one would not dream of waiting for an introduction to the unfortunate person, but would hasten to give aid, regardless of being unknown and un-introduced.

One of our correspondents has written to ask if it is wise to make acquaintance when travelling. Here is an instance when the hackneyed reply must be made—“It all depends on circumstances.” A mature woman may be pleasantly responsive to the advances of a casual acquaintance where it would be utterly undesirable for a young girl to encourage exchange of remarks. If one is making a long railway journey, it is somewhat difficult to avoid more or less intercourse with the fellow-travellers. However, while one cannot lay down hard and fast rules, it is advisable for the youthful traveller to shun forming such acquaintanceship. Anything like personal curiosity or impertinence should be discountenanced at once. Should a stranger manifest the slightest desire to know one’s name, circumstances or destination, such a disposition is almost certain proof of deliberate and insolent curiosity. In fact, in this connection, common-sense must be the guide; but it is better to exercise extreme prudence than to form an acquaintanceship which proves embarrassing. There are some persons who depict travelling alone as a most dangerous proceeding for either a girl or a woman. In this country, there is practically no danger or even embarrassment for the girl or woman who has a reserved and dignified manner, as she can easily rebuff impertinence by a cold civility which is usually more effective than the more decided snub.

The girl from the country or from the small town is likely to have a more friendly and trusting attitude towards the stranger than the city girl. In the village, everyone is known and there is a general air of “neighboring” which is impossible and undesirable in a larger community. In a city you may live for years in a certain locality without becoming acquainted with the neighbors or even with the dwellers in the next flat. It is absolutely necessary, in the street cars and on the city streets to cultivate a business-like and reserved manner, and, the larger the city, the more desirable is this total ignoring of strangers. Hence, a country or village girl, coming to the city as a student, or in search of employment cannot be too careful to avoid promiscuous acquaintances in travelling and to refrain from discussion of her personal affairs. The choice of a boarding-house should also be most carefully made. However, there is no reason for the would-be aspirant to a good position becoming nervous over the prospect of facing city competition. There are many organizations ready to help and protect the newcomer, and application to any of these beforehand will make the way of the novice, in the early days of self-support, much easier than it would be without any such assistance.

WINNIFRED asks about mayonnaise dressing, and the best method of making it. The word “mayonnaise” is frequently misapplied, and the following items of information may be of help to Winnifred.

A mayonnaise dressing is commonly supposed to be made of olive oil and uncooked eggs, and the thickening of the mixture is accomplished by a gradual and thorough blending of the two materials, instead of by the heat of boiling or steaming.

But we often see the name applied to any thick dressing by those who are not conversant with culinary nomenclature.

Many devices for accomplishing this blending of egg and oil in the surest and quickest manner have been invented—a few of them are real valuable for some workers and under some conditions, but personally I prefer this simple method, with only a wooden spoon and saucepan.

The wooden spoon is light, smooth, easy to hold, noiseless as it comes in contact with the pan, and scrapes the mixture from the pan far better than can be done with an egg-beater.

The latter is very difficult to turn when the dressing becomes stiff.

The saucepan, having a handle, is easier to hold than a bowl; the hand is not cramped or chilled as it is in clasping a bowl. If a whirling beater is used, either a bowl or a part of the beater must be stationary.

Ice is not necessary, except in a very hot room, but it certainly expedites matters, but when the mixing is done with the pan in ice water, it is not necessary to chill the oil, egg, bowl and spoon beforehand.

The seasoning I prefer to add to the egg in the beginning, and if more is needed it may be mixed with the salad material.

An egg which will make a good mayonnaise will usually thicken as soon as blended with the seasoning, but a thin egg, or one which persistently runs all over the pan the moment you stop beating, will require a long time for the oil to become incorporated with it, and is quite likely to separate.

Keep the bottle of oil on a plate to catch the dripping oil, and if you work alone, and have no John or Katy to hold the bottle, and pour while you stir, the same result may be accomplished by turning in a teaspoonful at once, tipping the pan so the oil will run down to one edge, and then carefully stirring in a few drops of it at each stroke.

Next time add two spoonfuls—and increase the amount of oil added, in the same proportion that the thickened egg increases.

ANNIE.—I shall be very pleased to give you some suggest-

ions for decorating your dining-room. Shades of fawn, brown and green will make an attractive color scheme, brightening your dark room and making it possible to use your green velvet portiere. If possible let the fawn and brown incline to yellow as this will give the brightest effect, but it must depend on the shade of green. I would suggest a rug combining the three colors in their deepest, richest shades, the brown predominating.

Either a plain or figured fawn paper would be best for the walls. If you prefer to use the plate rail you will find the plain paper behind it most attractive, but I would suggest that you let the paper run from the base to the ceiling without interruption and finish with a very narrow gilt moulding just below the cornice, unless the ceiling is extremely high. In that case dividing the wall with a plate rail will make it appear lower.

Your windows suggest two treatments, either one of which should be pretty. You could use inner curtains of figured silk or linen with a pattern of brown and green on a fawn ground—the general effect being a little darker than the walls. With these use casement curtains of ecru net. The rod might extend beyond the casement and the inner curtains be hung to give your window the effect of greater width. A single set of curtains would give rather more light—sheer madras in fawn with a suggestion of brown and green would be best. Let your curtains end just below the sill unless the casement extends to the floor.

Fumed oak furniture would be appropriate, with woodwork stained to match.

HESTER.—The ordinary tap water should be used for gold fish and should be changed every two days to ensure cleanliness. The directions for feeding you will find on the package of food. If you will send us a stamped, self-addressed envelope, we will send you the name of the firm where you can obtain a small book on the care of gold fish.

ENQUIRER.—It is quite advisable to have moles removed by electrolysis, and the treatment is practically painless. It is very important to employ only an experienced operator, who can apply this treatment properly, otherwise scars may be caused. If there are hairs in the Moles allow them to grow for at least six weeks before beginning treatment.

MRS. H.—Soap should never be used to clean Carrara marble, as it turns it yellow—merely clear, cold water or a thoroughly reliable cleaning solution. Care should be taken that only a new, clean piece of cheesecloth or sponge be used. A cleaning fluid for this purpose is put up by the trade.

DIXIE.—Treat the scratch on your piano as follows: Rub a good amount of vaseline on the scratch and leave it on overnight, and in the morning wipe it off with a soft cloth. It will take very good eyes and close inspection to find the place at all.

GIRLIE.—Clean your white felt hat with the moderately soft inner part of a stale loaf of wheat bread. You will find that it does the work perfectly.

MRS. E. M.—In cleaning your lacquered brass candlestick use the simple old-world remedy of sour milk and salt. And see how it will shine!

AGNES L.—You wire clothesline may be cleaned perfectly by rubbing well with a woollen cloth saturated with coal oil and afterward with the same cloth liberally sprinkled with cleansing powder. The result is a bright, shining line that leaves no mark on the clothes.

E. A.—A black China silk dust ruffle, in place of the cotton one found on the average-priced silk petticoat, reduces friction; consequently the skirt wears longer. It also sheds the dust, instead of holding it as the cotton one does, washes nicely, and if of good quality will outwear two petticoats.

SILVER.—Put your silver in sour milk, putting the milk in a tin or aluminum vessel, let it stand for a few hours, take out, rinse and rub dry. The silver will look like new and there is no powder to get in the engraved portions of the silver. This has been successfully tried by several, who report enthusiastically concerning it.

COOK.—I think you will find this plan a complete success for keeping the juice of berry pies from soaking the under crust: Mix a tablespoonful of flour with the sugar to be used and the crust will keep crisp and will not become soft or soaked with juice.

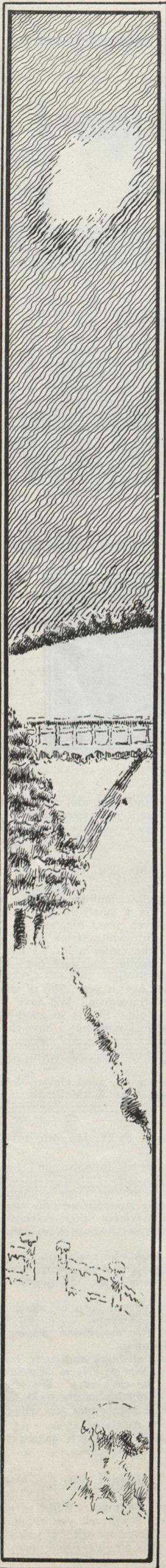
MABEL A.—There are several materials which would be desirable for a sleeping car robe. China silk made double would probably be the prettiest, but if warmth and durability are to be considered, then we would suggest a wool challis, with wash silk in harmonizing color for trimming.

AMATEUR TAILOR.—To shrink any wool fabric intended for coat suits or separate coats, lay the material between wet sheets and roll tightly. Set aside until dry. Use light-weight linen canvas for interlining, first shrinking it by placing it in hot water and allowing it to dry without wringing or by pressing it with a hot iron.

BEATRICE.—Here is a new and novel way of entertaining your young friends. Send the invitations requesting each guest to come representing some character in a book that had gained the distinction of being a “best seller.” In order that there might not be duplicates, the hostess named the character which she wished each guest to represent, asking him at the same time to keep it a secret. The invitations were issued at an early date, in order that the unread “best sellers” might be looked into. The evening brought forth some clever representations and some excellent impersonations of the characters in the books.

MRS. S. J. J.—Make a weak soap suds with a fine white laundry soap, and carefully and lightly sponge off the plaster cast; it will be cleaned without hurting the polish. Take a soft cloth and wipe lightly all over the cast, sponging out the corners. Then dry with another soft cloth, patting, not scrubbing. If this proves unsatisfactory, and color is desired, take it to some dealer to stain.

SCHOOL TEACHER.—One of the prettiest materials to use for tailored shirt waists is the plain white percale. It launders beautifully, looks like linen, and wears like iron.



Ontario Women's Institutes

GEORGE A. PUTNAM,
SUPERINTENDENT
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, TORONTO



A Fitting Memorial

A LETTER to the secretaries of branch institutes has been sent out by Mr. George A. Putnam, to the following effect:

Dear Madam:—You will note from the circular letter enclosed herewith and prepared by the district Women's Institute of South Wentworth, that it was decided by the delegates at the annual Provincial Convention of the Institutes held in Toronto on Nov. 16th and 17th last, that the Institute members throughout the province would be asked to contribute to a fund to be devoted to procuring a memorial in honor of the late Mrs. Hoodless. We heartily approve of the action taken by the delegates in this matter, and trust that the Institutes will respond heartily to the appeal made. It will not, of course, be necessary for the individual to give much in order to make a large total.

It has been suggested that the funds on hand after a suitable portrait has been secured, be devoted to the establishment of a scholarship at the Macdonald Institute and prospects are that there will be a surplus which can be devoted to this worthy object.

Will you please send your contributions, preferably by money order or express order, to Miss Clara M. Walker, Stoney Creek. We would suggest that this matter be placed before the January or February meeting, and members requested to hand their contributions to the secretary or to some other person chosen by the society, not later than the end of February.

The annual report for 1910, as well as a bulletin descriptive of the work being done by the Superintendent of Neglected Children, are now ready for distribution, and will at once be mailed to all members.

It is most gratifying to the department to note the continued interest on the part of the women throughout the whole of the province in the Institute, and the excellence of the work which is being done.

The following quotation from the circular regarding the memorial will be interesting to all who are concerned in the development of Women's Institutes.

At the annual convention of Women's Institutes of Ontario, held in Convocation Hall, Toronto University, on November 16th and 17th, 1910, Mrs. C. E. Horning, District President of South Wentworth, in a short address, spoke of a memorial to the late Mrs. Hoodless, the founder of this vast work, which



SOME MEMBERS AT CHATSWORTH
Photograph by Mabel Merriam.

stands for home and country. Mrs. Horning presented the subject, as follows:

"We feel that at this convention it is most fitting to bring before this very large body of representatives of Women's Institutes of Ontario the matter of a memorial to the late Mrs. Hoodless. The lesson of patriotism repeats itself in the history of the little village of Stoney Creek, where the battlefield commemorates the heroism of Laura Secord, and to that same village is given the honor of starting the Women's Institute. As we note this vast assembly of women, gathered here to represent the work of uplifting and bettering the conditions that surround our rural life; as we see the faces of so many intelligent women, we think of the words of the poet who said, 'Dying, let us leave behind us footprints on the sands of Time, footprints that perhaps another, seeing, may take heart again.' For surely we have footprints multiplied as we remember that it was Mrs. Hoodless who organized the first Women's Institute at Stoney Creek, February 25th, 1897, and who, to the last hour of her life, was doing something to raise the standard of women. Think of that first organization and compare it with the 600 organizations of 16,000 members reached to-day under the able leadership of our Superintendent, Mr. Putnam, and we feel truly that every woman will join us in voting to place a memorial in Macdonald Institute to the one who first suggested and organized the first Women's Institute."

I submit the following report.

In June, 1910, at the annual meeting of the South Wentworth Women's Institute, a committee was appointed, consisting of Mrs. F. M. Carpenter, Mrs. Erland Lee, Mrs. J. H. McNeilly, Mrs. E. D. Smith, Miss M. Nash, together with the district president and secretary, to formulate a plan whereby a sum of money might be raised to procure a memorial of the late Mrs. John Hoodless, of Hamilton, who at a meeting of the Farmers' Institute on the 9th of February, 1897, suggested and urged that a Women's Institute be formed. On her proposal it

was decided to have a meeting the following week to discuss the matter. At that meeting Mrs. Hoodless so ably showed the benefits likely to be derived from such meetings of women that the first Women's Institute in Canada was formed and officers elected that day, Mrs. Hoodless becoming honorary president. A committee was formed to frame a constitution and by-laws for the Institute, which were presented and adopted at the next meeting, the membership for that year being eighty-six.

Mrs. Hoodless gave her personal attention and greatly aided in making it a success during the intervening years between its formation and affiliation with the Farmers' Institute. Also, until her death, she took a deep interest in the welfare of the same.

The committee consider that the most appropriate thing to do, that is within their power, is to ask the Women's Institutes of Ontario, at the annual meeting in November, 1909, to vote a request that each Women's Institute in Ontario will contribute a sum to make a fund with which to purchase an oil portrait of Mrs. Hoodless to be hung up in the Macdonald Institute, Guelph, recording on it the fact that she was the founder of Women's Institutes in Canada.

- MRS. F. M. CARPENTER.
- MRS. ERLAND LEE.
- MRS. J. H. McNEILLY.
- MISS M. NASH.
- MRS. E. D. SMITH.
- MRS. C. E. HORNING, the District President of Wentworth.
- MISS CLARA M. WALKER, District Secretary.

The resolution was adopted at the convention that each branch should collect from its members whatever sum each one should be willing to give. This matter is to be attended to at the earliest convenience of each branch.

On Typhoid Fever

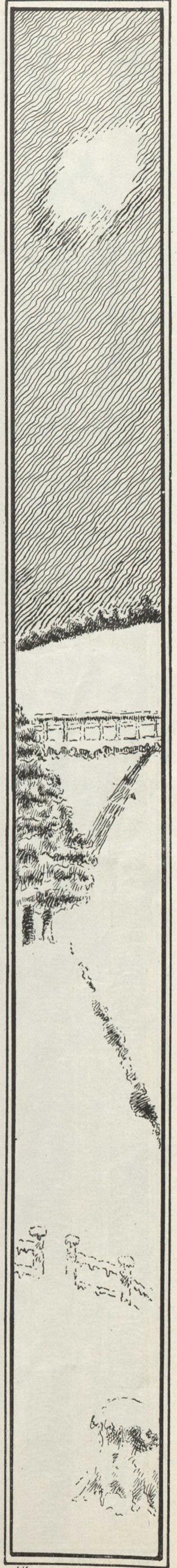
MRS. CHARLES HANCOCK, a graduate of the Ottawa General Hospital, read the following paper at the November meeting of the Starkville branch of the Women's Institute:

At the present time when the subject of typhoid fever is attracting so much attention, it may be helpful to spend a few moments in studying the subject of typhoid under the headings: 1st, What it is; 2nd, How it is contracted; 3rd, How it should be treated. In preparing my subject I have borrowed largely from text-books used in my hospital training; also from lectures on the subject given by one of Ottawa's cleverest physicians, Dr. Robert A. Kennedy.

1. What it is.—Typhoid fever, sometimes called enteric fever or bowel fever, is an acute infectious disease, caused by a certain germ called Eberth's bacillus. In point of seriousness it ranks high in the list of fatal diseases, of which tuberculosis easily comes first, with pneumonia and typhoid making a close race for second place. The disease lasts three or four weeks, and is characterized by diarrhoea, inflammation and ulceration of the small intestines, especially of the Peyers patches; a rose-colored eruption on the abdomen, and enlargement of the spleen. It prevails in the late summer and autumn months, and is more common in youth and early adult life. It very seldom occurs in persons under fifteen years of age, and very few cases are on record of persons over forty contracting it.

2. How it is contracted.—The sources of infection in order of importance are (1) the stools or bowel movements of the one affected; (2) water; (3) milk; (4) soil. Filth, bad sewers, cesspools, etc., are not in themselves sources of infection. Germs must be present, and these favor their growth. It is universally admitted to come under the list of dirt diseases and as such, is largely preventable if proper attention is paid to certain very important details. This germ flourishes wherever filth is found, and only by the strictest care in removing and disinfecting all such can the spread of the disease be prevented, provided it once gains a foothold. It is estimated that at the very lowest figure at least 30 per cent. of the disease germs are carried by flies from sources of contagion, to our dwellings and over the food, it is milk, etc., that we consume. By properly screening our homes and by carefully covering all food from flies much of this could be prevented. It is a safe practice during the fever season to boil all water used for drinking purposes, as by this means any germs that may be present are destroyed. Strawberries, etc., grown on land fertilized with infected night soil sometimes carry the germs, so that it is wise always to carefully wash all such before using. Oysters fattened in streams polluted by sewers and infected water mains sometimes carry the disease, but as the majority of us use our oysters cooked, we need not be afraid to indulge our taste along that line. The invasion of the disease is slow, the incubation period lasting usually from a week to fourteen days. In the epidemic last summer, however, the incubation period seems to have been much longer, as much as six weeks in some cases elapsing between the exposure to infection and the development of the disease. The prodromal symptoms are constant headache day and night, aching of the limbs and back, a dull tired feeling, chilly sensations, loss of appetite and frequent nose-bleed. The face is flushed and the eyes bright. During the first week there is a gradual and progressive rise of temperature, that in the evening being higher on each successive day by a degree or two until the eighth day, when it usually reaches about 104, and there remains with but slight variations during the second week. During this time the face is dull and heavy, the abdomen is covered with a rose-colored eruption, diarrhoea and frequently delirium are present, while the patient is dull and slightly deaf. During the third

Continued on page 37.



H. ARDNER

JEANNE OF THE MARSHES

A Story of Love and Mystery

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

CHAPTER XXVI.

A NEW LOVER.

THE Comte de Brensault talked a good deal, and very loudly. He spoke of his horses and his dogs and his motor cars, but he omitted to say that he had ceased to ride his horses, and that he never drove his motor car. Jeanne listened to him in quiet contempt, and the Princess fidgeted in her chair. The man ought to know that this was not the way to impress a child fresh from boarding-school!

"You seem," Jeanne remarked, after listening to him almost in silence for a long time, "to give most of your time to sports. Do you play polo?"

He shook his head.

"I am too heavy," he said, "and the game, it is a little dangerous."

"Do you hunt?" she asked.

"No! he admitted. "In Belgium we do not hunt."

"Do you race with your motor cars?"

"I entered one," he answered, "for the Prix de Ardenne. It was the third. My driver, he was not very clever."

"Your interest in sport," she remarked, "seems to be a sort of second-hand one, does it not?"

"I do not know that," he answered. "I do not know quite what you mean. At Ostend last year I won the great sweepstakes."

"For shooting pigeons?" she asked.

"So!" he admitted, with content.

She smiled.

"I see I must beg your pardon," she said. "Have you ever done any big game shooting?"

He shook his head.

"I do not like to travel very much," he answered. "I do not like the cooking, and I think that my tastes are what you would call very civilized."

The Princess intervened. She felt that it was necessary at any cost to do so.

"The Count," she told Jeanne, "has just been elected a member of the Four-in-Hand Club here. If we are very nice to him he will take us out in his coach."

She looked him in the eyes, but he was unfortunately a very spoilt young man, and he only stroked the waxed tip of a scanty moustache.

"Have you ever been in my country, Miss Le Mesurier?" asked the Count.

"I have only travelled through it," Jeanne answered; "but I am afraid that you did not understand what I meant just now. I said that there were very few people with whom I cared to talk. You are not one of those few, Monsieur le Comte."

He looked at her with half-open mouth. His eyes were suddenly like beads.

"I do not understand," he said.

"I am afraid," Jeanne answered, with a sigh, "that you are very unintelligent. What I meant to say was that I do not like to sit here and talk with you. It wearies me, because you do not say anything that interests me, and I should very much rather read my book."

The Comte de Brensault was nonplussed. He looked at Jeanne, and he looked vaguely across the room at the Princess, as though wondering whether he ought to appeal to her.

"Have I offended you?" he asked. "Perhaps I have said something that you do not like. I am sorry."

"No, it is not that at all," Jeanne answered sweetly. "It is simply that I do not like you. You must not mind if I tell you the truth. You see I have only just come from boarding-school, and there we were always taught to be quite truthful."

"I am sorry," he said, "that you do not like me, but that is because you are not used to men. Presently you will know me better, and then I am sure it will be different. As for you," he continued, looking at her in a manner which he felt should certainly awaken some different feeling in her inexperienced heart, "I admire you very much indeed. I have seen you only once or twice, but I have thought of you much. Some day I hope that we shall be very much better friends."

"I do not think so," she said. "I do not care about being friendly with people whom I dislike, and I am beginning to dislike you very much indeed because you will not go away when I ask you."

He rose to his feet, a little offended.

"Very well," he said, "I will go and talk to your step-mother, who wants me to play bridge, but very soon I shall come back, and before long I think that I am going to make you like me very much."



He crossed the room, and Jeanne's eyes followed his awkward gait with a sudden flash of quiet amusement. She watched him talk to her step-mother, and she saw the Princess' face darken. As a matter of fact De Brensault felt that he had some just cause for complaint.

"Dear Princess," he said, "you did not tell me that she was so very *farouche*, so very shy indeed. I speak to her quite kindly, and she tells me that she does not like me, and that she wished me to go away."

The Princess looked across the room towards Jeanne, who was calmly reading, and apparently oblivious of everything that was passing.

"My dear Count," she said, tapping his hand with her fan, "she is very, very serious. She would like to have been a nun, but of course we would not hear of it. I think that she was a little afraid of you. You looked at her very boldly, you know, and she is not used to the glances of men. At her age, perhaps—you understand?"

"It may be as you say, Princess," he said. "I must leave her to you for a little time. You must talk to her. She is quite pretty," he added, with an involuntary note of condescension in

his tone. "I am very pleased with her. In fact I am quite attracted."

"You will remember," the Princess said, drooping her voice a little, "that before anything definite is said, you and I must have a little conversation."

De Brensault nodded.

"Very well," he said. "We will have that little talk whenever you like."

The Princess nodded.

"I suppose," she said, "we must play bridge now. They are waiting for us."

"Certainly," he said. "We will go and play bridge. But I will tell you what it is, my dear Princess. I think that I am very near falling love with your little step-daughter."

CHAPTER XXVII.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

FORREST crossed the room and waited his opportunity until the Princess was alone.

"Let me take you somewhere," he said. "I want to talk to you."

She laid her fingers on his arm, and they walked slowly away from the crowded part of the ball-room.

"So you are up again," she remarked, looking at him curiously. "Does that mean—?"



"It means nothing, worse luck," he answered, "except that I have twenty-four hours' leave. I am off back again at eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Tell me about this De Brensault affair. How is it going on?"

"Well enough on his side," she answered. "The amusing part of it is that the more Jeanne snubs him, the keener he gets. He sends roses and chocolates every day, and positively haunts the house. I never was so tired of any one."

"Make him your son-in-law quickly," he said, grimly. "You'll see little enough of him then."

"I'm not sure," the Princess said reflectively, "whether it is quite wise to hurry Jeanne so much."

"It isn't any use waiting," Forrest said. "I have watched them together, and I am sure of it. De Brensault isn't one of those fellows who improve upon acquaintance. Look, there they are. Nothing very lover-like about that, is there?"

De Brensault and Jeanne were crossing the room together. Only the very tips of her fingers rested on his coat sleeve, and there was a marked aloofness about her walk and the carriage of her head. He was saying something to her to which she seemed back, and in her eyes was a great weariness. Suddenly, just as they reached the entrance, they saw her whole expression change. A wave of color flooded her cheeks. Her eyes were suddenly filled with life. They saw her lips parted. Her hands were outstretched to greet the man who, crossing the room, had stopped at her summons. Both the Princess and Forrest frowned when they saw who it was. It was Andrew de la Borne.

"That infernal fisherman!" Forrest muttered. "I saw in the paper that he had returned this afternoon from The Hague."

The Princess made an involuntary movement forward, but Forrest checked her.

"You can do no good," he said. "Wait and see what happens."

What did happen was very simple, and for the Comte de Brensault a little humiliating. Jeanne passed her arm through the newcomer's, and with the curtest of nods to her late companion, disappeared through an open doorway. The Belgian stood looking after them twirling his moustache with shaking fingers. His face was paler even than usual, and he was shaking with anger.

Meanwhile Jeanne, whose face was transfigured, and whose whole manner was changed, was sitting with her companion in the quietest corner they could find.

"It is delightful to see you again," she said frankly. "I do not think that any one ever felt so lonely as I do."

He smiled.

"I can assure you that I find it delightful to be back again," he said, "although I have enjoyed my work very much. By the by, who introduced you to the man whom you were with when I found you?"

"My step-mother," she answered. "He is the man, by the by, whom I am told I am to marry."

Andrew looked as he felt for a moment, shocked.

"I am sorry to hear that," he said quietly.

"You need not be afraid," she answered. "I am not of age, and I was brought up in a country where one's guardians have a good deal of authority, but nothing in the world would ever induce me to marry a creature like that."

His face cleared somewhat.

"I am very surprised," he said, "that your step-mother should have thought of it. He is an unfit companion for any self-respecting woman."

"I do not understand," Jeanne said quietly, "why they are so anxious that I should marry quickly, but I know that my step-mother thinks of nothing else in connection with me. Look! They are coming through the conservatories. Let us go out by the other door."

They came face to face with a tall, grave-looking man, who wore an order around his neck. Andrew stopped suddenly.

"I should like," he said to Jeanne, "to introduce you to my friend. You have met him before down at the Red Hall, and on the island, but that scarcely counts. Westerham, this is Miss Le Mesurier. You remember that you saw her at Salt-house."

The Duke shook hands with the girl, looking at her attentively. His manner was kind, but his eyes seemed to be questioning her all the time.

They remained talking together for some minutes, until, in



fact, Forrest and the Princess, who were in pursuit of them, appeared. The Princess looked curiously at the Duke, and Forrest frowned heavily when he recognized him. There was a moment's almost embarrassed silence. Then Andrew did what seemed to him to be the reasonable thing.

"Princess," he said, "will you allow me to present my friend the Duke of Westerham. The Duke was staying with me a few weeks ago, as you know, and at that time he had a particular reason for not wishing his whereabouts to be known."

"I have heard of you very often, Duke," the Princess said. "Your brother, Lord Ronald, took us down to Norfolk, you know. By the by, have you heard from him yet?"

"Not yet, Madam," the Duke said, "but I can assure you that it is only a matter of time before I shall discover his whereabouts. I wonder whether your ward will do me the honor of giving me this dance?" he added, turning to her. "I am afraid I am not a very skilful performer, but perhaps she will have a little consideration for one who is willing to do his best."

He led Jeanne away from them, and Andrew, after a moment's stereotyped conversation, also departed. The Princess and Forrest were alone.

"This is getting worse and worse," Forrest muttered. "He is suspicious. I am sure that he is. They say that young Engleton was his favorite brother, and that he is determined—"

"Hush!" the Princess said. "There are too many people about to talk of these things. I wonder why the Duke took Jeanne off."

"An excuse for getting away from us," Forrest said. "Did you see the way he looked at me? Ena, I cannot hang on like this any longer. I must have a few thousand pounds and get away."

The Princess nodded. "We will go and talk to De Brensault," she said. "I should think he would be just in the frame of mind to consent to anything."



The Duke, who was well acquainted with the house in which they were, led Jeanne into a small retiring room and found her an easy-chair.

"My dear young lady," he said, "I hope you will not be disappointed, but I have not danced for ten years. I brought you here because I wanted to say something to you."

"Something to me?" she repeated.

"Andrew de la Borne is one of my oldest and best friends," he said, "and what I am going to say to you is a little for his sake, although I am sure that if I knew you better I should say it also for your own. You must not be annoyed or offended, because I am old enough to be your father, and what I say I say altogether for your own good. They tell me that you are a young lady with a great fortune, and you know that nowadays half the evil that is done in the world is done for the sake of money. Frankly, without wishing to say a word against your step-mother, I consider that for a young girl you are placed in a very difficult and dangerous position. The man Forrest—mind you must not be offended if he should be a friend of yours—but I am bound to tell you that I believe him to be an unscrupulous adventurer, and I am afraid that your step-mother is very much under his influence. You have no other relatives or friends in this country, and I hear that a man named De Brensault is a suitor for your hand."

"I shall never marry him," Jeanne said firmly. "I think that he is detestable."

"I am glad to hear you say so," the Duke continued, "because he is not a man whom I would allow any young lady for whom I had any shade of respect or affection, to become acquainted with. Now the fact that your step-mother deliberately encourages him makes me fear that you may find yourself at any moment in a very difficult position. I do not wish to say anything against your friends or your step-mother. I hope you will believe that. But nowadays, people who are poor themselves, but who know the value and the use of money, are tempted to do things for the sake of it which are utterly unworthy and wrong. I want you to understand that if at any time you should need a friend, it will give me very great happiness indeed to be of any service to you I can. I am a bachelor, it is true, but I am old enough to be your father, and I can bring you into touch at once with friends more suitable for you and your station. Will you come to me, or send for me, if you find yourself in any sort of trouble?"

"You are very, very kind," she said. "I have been very unhappy, and I have felt very lonely. It will make everything seem quite different to know that there is some one to whom I may come for advice if— if—"

"I know, dear," the Duke interrupted, rising and holding out his arm. "I know quite well what you mean. All I can say is, don't be afraid to come or to send, and don't let any one bully you into throwing away your life upon a scoundrel like De Brensault. I am going to give you back to Andrew now. He is a good fellow—one of the best. I only wish—"

The Duke broke off short. After all, he remembered, he had no right to complete his sentence. Andrew, he felt, was no more of a marrying man than he himself, and he was the last person in the world to ever think of marrying a great heiress. They found him waiting about outside.

"I must relinquish my charge," the Duke said, smiling. "You will not forget, Miss Le Mesurier?"

"I am never likely to," she answered gratefully.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FLOUTED.

THE Count de Brensault had seldom been in a worse temper. That Jeanne should have flouted him was not in itself so terrible, because he had quite made up his mind that sooner or later he would take a coward's revenge for the slights he had been made to endure at her hands. But that he should have been flouted in the presence of a whole roomful of people, that he should have been deliberately left for another man, was a different matter altogether. Forrest found him in exactly the mood most suitable for his purpose.

"Come and talk to the Princess," he said. "She has something to say to you."

De Brensault rose somewhat heavily to his feet. "And I," he said, "I, too, have something to say to her. We will take a glass of champagne together, my friend Forrest, and then we will seek the Princess."

They found the Princess where Forrest had left her. She motioned to Brensault to sit by her side, and Forrest left them.

"My dear Count," the Princess said, "to-night has proved

to me that it is quite time Jeanne had some one to look after her. Let me ask you. Are you perfectly serious in your suit?"

"Absolutely!" De Brensault answered eagerly. "I myself would like the matter settled. I propose to you for her hand."

The Princess bowed her head thoughtfully. "Now, my dear Count," she said, "I am going to talk to you as a woman of the world. You know that my husband, in leaving his fortune entirely to Jeanne, treated me very badly. You may know this, or you may not know it, but the fact remains that I am a very poor woman."

De Brensault nodded sympathetically. He guessed pretty well what was coming.

"If I," the Princess continued, "assist you to gain my step-daughter Jeanne for your wife, and the control of all her fortune, it is only fair," she continued, "that I should be recompensed in some way for the allowance which I have been receiving as her guardian, and which will then come to an end. I do not ask for anything impossible or unreasonable. I want you to give me twenty thousand pounds the day that you marry Jeanne. It is about one year's income for her *rentes*, a mere trifle, of course."

"Twenty thousand pounds," De Brensault repeated reflectively.

He looked thoughtful for a moment or two. "Perhaps," he said, "it would be better if I had a business interview with her trustees before the ceremony."

"Just as you like," the Princess answered carelessly. "Monsieur Laplanche is in Cairo just now, but he will be back in Paris in a few weeks' time. Perhaps you would rather delay everything until then?"

"No!" De Brensault said, after a moment's hesitation. "I would like to marry Mademoiselle Jeanne at once, if it can be arranged."

"To tell you the truth," the Princess said, "I think it would be much the best way out of a very difficult situation. I am finding Jeanne very difficult to manage, and I am quite sure that she will be happier and better off married. I am proposing, if you are willing, to exercise my authority absolutely. If she shows the slightest reluctance to accept you, I propose that we all go over to Paris. I shall know how to arrange things there."

"And now, my dear Count," she said, "I am going to ask you a favor. I am doing for you something for which you ought to be grateful to me all your life. For a mere trifle, which will not recompense me in the least for what I am giving up, I am finding you one of the most desirable brides in Europe. I want you to help me a little."

"What is it that I can do?" he asked. "Let me have five thousand pounds on account of what you are going to give me, to-morrow morning," she said coolly.

De Brensault hesitated. He was prepared to pay for what he wanted, but five thousand pounds was nevertheless a great deal of money.

"I would not ask you," the Princess continued, "if I were not really hard up. I have been gambling, a foolish thing to do, and I do not want to sell my securities, because I know that very soon they will pay me over and over again. Will you do this for me? Remember, I am giving you my word that Jeanne is to be yours."

"Make it three thousand," De Brensault said slowly. "Three thousand pounds I will send you a cheque for to-morrow morning."

The Princess nodded. "As you will," she said. "I think if I were you, though, I should make it five. However, I shall leave it for you to do what you can. Now will you take me out to the ball-room? I am going to look for Jeanne."

They found her at supper with the Duke and Andrew and a very great lady, a connection of the Duke's, who was one of those few who had refused to accept the Princess. The Princess swept up to the little party and laid her hand upon Jeanne's shoulder.

"I do not want to hurry you, dear," she said, "but when you have finished supper I should be glad to go. We have to go on to Dorchester House, you know."

Jeanne sighed. She had been enjoying herself very much indeed.

"I am ready now," she said, standing up, "but must we go to Dorchester House? I would much rather go straight home. I have not had such a good time since I have been in London."

The Duke offered her his arm, ignoring altogether De Brensault, who was standing by.

"At least," he said, "you will permit me to see you to your carriage."



The Princess smiled graciously. It was bad enough to be ignored, as she certainly was to some extent, but on the other hand, it was good for De Brensault to see Jeanne held in such esteem. She took his arm, and they followed down the room. They saw the Duke bending down and talking earnestly to Jeanne and the Princess was a little perplexed.

"Remember," the Duke was saying, as he drew Jeanne's hand through his arm, "that I was very much in earnest in what I said to you just now. I have seen a good deal of the world, and you nothing at all, and I cannot help believing that the time when you may need some one's help is a good deal nearer than you imagine."

"I will remember," she murmured. "I am not likely to forget. Except for you and Mr. De La Borne, no one has been really kind to me since I left school. They all say foolish things, and try to make me like them, because I am a great heiress, but one understands how much that is worth."

The Duke looked at her, and seemed half inclined to say something. Whatever it may have been, however, he thought better of it. He contented himself with taking her hand in his and shaking it warmly.

"Good-night," he said, "little Miss Jeanne, and remember, No. 51 Grosvenor Square. If I am not there, I have a very nice old housekeeper who will look after you until I turn up."

"No. 51," she repeated softly. "No, I shall not forget!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

JEANNE IS OBSTINATE.

JEANNE slept well that night. For the first time she felt that she had lost the feeling of friendlessness which for the last few weeks had constantly oppressed her. Andrew de la Borne was back in London, and the Duke, who seemed to have some sort of understanding as to the troubles which were



SH. ARTNER



Around the Hearth

By JENNIE ALLEN MOORE

"So of water drain a glass,
In my arbor as you pass,
And I'll tell you what I love, and what I hate, John
Brown.

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John
Brown;
And I hate a false pretence,
And the want of common sense,
And arrogance, and fawning, and deceit, John
Brown."

THE TRUE RING.

I LIKE John Brown's philosophy, not only the few lines I have quoted, but I like it throughout. I always liked the swing, the rhythm, the heartiness and good sense of it. I believe in it, I endorse it, and wish I could sow its sentiments broadcast through the land. It has the ring of a true, sane life, and holds up an ideal symbol of what constitutes true greatness—not "to inherit wealth, estate, and high degree—not lineage, pomp, and worldly honors—but a nobility of soul; merit gained by truth and honesty of life and purpose; worth that has sprung from innate feelings of humanity to fellow beings; these are the uplifting, ennobling tenets "A Plain Man's Philosophy" would inspire.

Pearlie Watson's composition on true greatness in Mrs. Nellie McClung's new book, "The Second Chance," is not only entertaining, but wholesome. Here is an extract: "A person can never get true greatness by trying for it. You get it when you are not looking for it. It's nice to have good clothes—it makes it a lot easier to act decent—but it's a sign of true greatness to act when you haven't got them just as good as if you had. One time when Ma was a little girl, they had a bird at their house, called Bill, that broke his leg. They thought they would have to kill him, but next morning they found him propped up sort of sideways on his good leg, singing! That was true greatness.

One time there was a woman that had done a big washing, and hung it on the line. The line broke, and let it all down in the mud, but she didn't say a word, only did it over again; and this time she spread it on the grass, where it couldn't fall. But that night a dog with dirty feet ran over it. When she saw what was done, she sat down and didn't cry a bit. All she said was: 'Ain't it queer that he didn't miss nothing?' That was true greatness, but it's only people who have done washings that know it!"

"Let's pretend we have tea," lips the tiny tot, as she pours out water in her little tea-cups, and they sip and eat imaginary good things instead of the bread and butter reality. "I'll pretend I'm a big bear," says Johnnie, as he crawls under the table and growls. At home and at school, how early this life of pretence begins! The scholar is reading a story book, while pretending to be engaged in his lessons; the mother pretends she is going to bed, and steals away to a party; the father makes business pretensions to the world, and so are laid the foundations of this life of pretence.

It is a hard life, to be ever watchful, lest in some unguarded moment the mask should be forgotten, and the affection that has shielded the reality unveils the hard facts. It must be a hard matter to crush the natural impulses, and substitute for them a feigned personality, to assume a position that cannot be upheld, to lead a double life. It is so much easier to live naturally, to speak your own thought, to appear what you are, to have a glorious independence all your own. "Isn't it a treat to meet anyone who acts herself?" said a man to his wife, as they discussed a new acquaintance. Just to be one's self, to adopt no mannerisms, to affect no airs not peculiarly your own, to be genuine, these are sterling qualities we all may possess.

I do not like to see people who have no ideal but those they borrow, who are carried about with every "wind of doctrine," and forever quoting other people's opinions. It is amusing the tight boxes in which they sometimes find themselves. "I do not like potatoes put into a pan, and all hashed together," said a woman at a little gathering one day. "I like them sliced, and nicely browned on both sides." "So do I," "And I," said two others. The fourth remarked brightly: "Oh, I do, they taste so good, all chopped up with butter, salt and pepper, and sometimes a little raw onion added. It takes so long to slice and brown them for a big family, all right where there are only two or three to cook for." Number Five did not voice her liking, but she was grateful—she had eight children, and always did her potatoes that way—and suddenly they all remembered, and in the silence that reigned for a moment there were recollections of how good her

potatoes tasted, as well as a desire for another chance to speak from the two echoes, who inwardly admired the courage of the woman who dared to differ, and thus saved the situation for her friend.

Yes, I enjoy people who are outspoken, and have a strong individuality, who freely say and do what they think. I do not like to see people who pride themselves on this immovability, and who will not leave their minds open to conviction. That is the want of common sense—pig-headed, if you will—to seal the mind against a possible chance of enlightenment. That is no sign of strength of character, and the person who practises it now is behind the times; for we are called upon in this age of advancement to forego many of our long cherished ideas, and accept new light and logic.

Who can afford to be arrogant these days, when fortunes are made and lost in a day? Who can haughtily look upon others when riches are only ephemeral, for it is usually in connection with wealth where arrogance is met. In my lexicon, I would spell it in nine letters, too, *ignorance*. Driving through the streets of an old familiar town one day, with a company of friends, a middle-aged gentleman ruminated aloud in his slow, drawling tones. "So this is the old Brown mansion—*pret-ty* well gone to ruins—swell place once, and weren't they just right, too, eh?—kings and queens among us—rode in their carriages, and we poor Smiths trudged along on foot—well, well, changed about now, we ride, and they walk—every dog has his day." That's the whole story, as I would describe it, of arrogance. We cannot afford to snub the man who attends to our furnace, or the woman who stands at our tubs. They may have memories that you have not yet attained to, of full dress suits and lovely grounds all their own, of gowns and social functions you know nothing of; it is just a case of, well—"Every dog has his day." No, no; arrogance has no place in this twentieth century of the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of man.

Fawning—what does it mean? Webster defines it—"courting servilely; meanly flattering." We call that *toadying*, don't we? A man has no respect for the candidate, but he works for him, votes for him, because he may make him useful in securing the position to which he aspires. A woman "has no use" for another, but she invites her to her home, flatters her, toadies to her, because she wants to participate in the grand entertainment she gives, and share in the good time. We tolerate the objectionable traits of those who are practically no benefit to us, because they are such jolly good fellows, or because they have money, and means of giving pleasure, and prestige. If that means fawning, like John Brown, I do not like it, for it likewise means deceit—the chief corner-stone.

Some one has said, "It costs more to revenge an injury than to suffer it, so I do not like to see people taking revenge for a wrong into their own hands. Think of the time spent trying to out-scheme the enemy, the dark, lowering thoughts, the scorching soul revealed in the countenance, for somehow it does mar our expression. John Wesley said: "We cannot prevent the birds of the air from flying over our heads, but we can keep them from building nests in our hair." And so, when our nature thirsts for revenge, and bitter thoughts are crowding in and pressing their claim, just remember that "The fairest act of a human life is scorn-ing to avenge an injury."

We cannot afford to go through life holding grudges. If people do not suit us, and we do not like their actions, or the way they treat us, we need not make friends of them. We can be civil, and yet they can be made to understand that into your *ego* they can never enter, they are effectually barred from your real self. It is yours to prohibit intimacy with uncongenial people, yours to ignore the faults of those with whom you do not wish to associate, because of dislike, on your part or theirs; the world is full of people, and there are kindred spirits for every class and condition of mankind, and life is too short to parry thrusts and hold spite; live down that kind of thing, until

"The hatred flies your mind,
And you sigh for human kind,
And excuse the faults of those you cannot love,
John Brown."

I love hopeful people, those whose vision can see past the present cloud that dims their horizon, and back of the darkness view the silver lining. Call to your mind some friend whose sunny face and hopeful disposition always gives you a brighter outlook, some one to whom you turn in difficulty, a friend who is a very tower of strength when your heart fails, and the way seems blocked. Recall the day when desperation seized you, because of your perplexities, and some strong impulse drove you to

unutterable extremities; when hope, in the guise of a calm, far-seeing friend, stepped in, and through her glasses, a gleam of light was afforded. You imbibed the virtue of that grace, took fresh courage, the mountain rolled away as you boldly faced the troubles, and you remember the relief—yes, you remember. Then pass it on; some one else needs your hopefulness.

Among my gifts last Christmas was a little book entitled, "The Beauties of Friendship," full of jewels of thought, a book I want close by me, one I shall read many times, and because the giver chose so wisely, knowing the heart and work of the recipient, it shall some day lodge in the drawer labelled "sacred," where many other relics of by-gone days—locks of hair, and shining curls, and bundles of yellow letters lying side by side, with old-fashioned photographs, and boxes tied with faded ribbon, repose. Here is one of the gems—"Friendship is a word, the very sight of which in print makes the heart warm." I value my friendships, they are dear to me; they mean so much in the busy lives we lead. We are sometimes obliged to neglect them, but we feel they understand; we seem to drop the thread of our intercourse at times, and months or years roll by, we meet and resume the old ties, for friendship's flame has still burned on. It renews itself, and requires no explanation of the long silence—that is the real, the true, the genuine.

Sarcasm I heartily dislike, although I believe there are times when it is necessary as a means of defence against itself—when Greek meets Greek, as it were. It may be all right between editors, and public men on the platform, who shake hands and laugh over it afterwards, but among social friends, and in the family, it should have no place. The effect is so chilling, a coldly-worded retort meant to hurt; in fact, it is deadly between people who should love each other, it kills the finer sentiments that should exist in the family relation. It is closely akin to ingratitude, which is a common foe in domestic life, because it is cutting, and of which it has been said, "Far keener than a serpent's tooth, it is to have a thankless child."

John Brown did not like "the constant whine of the foolish who repine, and turn their good to evil by complaint." Neither do I. We fall into that habit. But it does not help us. It becomes confirmed with many, and their whole conversation is imbued with murmurings, until the listener is wearied of hearing of the woes and troubles that ought to have been buried in the long past, and misfortunes that are held in anticipation. Why oppress others by grumbling at our lot, why not take the "sunny side," and find a joy in living, believing that the tide may turn, and bear you with it to success, and to the fulfilment of your ambitions? True, it is easy to talk; the rut is deep; the effort costs something that perhaps we are not equal to, but it is worth trying to take life's hardships with a spice of humor.

Such multitudes of thought crowd upon me as my space grows less that I find it hard to pick and choose. I dislike cruelty in any form, to human or beast. The boy who exercises a bullying spirit over those weaker or smaller than himself, I like to see "meet his Waterloo" at the hands of some competent person; and the girl who deals out scorn, meet with payment in her own coin. I like to hear of some one horsewhipping the man who beats his wife, and the strong arm of the law interfering with the inhuman mother who unmercifully whips her children. I dislike to witness the discomforts that arise from idleness and laziness, and hate to see people suffer because of it. Many homes could be bettered, and lives made bearable if the heads of it were thrifty and industrious.

I love music, especially sad music with a little wail in it. Something within me responds to the strain of sadness noticeable in some instruments like the plaintive undertone of the bagpipes. "I love a simple song, that awakes emotions strong," and grave old familiar hymns like "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," and "Lead Thou Me On." I was always fond of reading, but my taste has altered with the years, and more sober works with the current literature of the day, fill the place of books of fiction I devoured in my early years. Even yet, a good love-story, well told, has its attraction.

Editor's Note.—We dare to add that we know something else that Jennie Allen Moore does not like—in fact, she *hates*, and that is to be misquoted. The office staff know what to expect when a blunder occurs, especially when it gives a wife an "evil eye" instead of an "eagle eye," as happened in the January number. We all winced when the avenging angel descended, for every line of that letter savored of "Now, will you do it again?" "Had you only given that eye to the husband," she said, "it might have seemed more fitting."

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full above the flounce. It is worn over a separate slip of white, consequently, it could be made doubly useful by providing a second slip of black or color, when there would practically be two gowns in one. The blouse is cut in one with the sleeves and is finished with the little chemisette that is attached to the neck edge. The skirt is five gored, laid in plaits at the upper edge and gathered at the lower where it is joined to the circular flounce.

For a woman of medium size the blouse will require $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 or 36, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of all-over lace and 1 yard of banding; for the upper portion of the skirt will be needed 4 yards 27 or 36 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, and for the flounce $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 24 or 27 inches wide. To trim the skirt will require 2 yards of banding.

The blouse pattern 6930, sizes 34 to 42 inches bust or the skirt pattern 6696, sizes 22 to 30 inches waist.

Foulard and Marquissette

FOULARD veiled with transparent materials makes one of the new features. This gown shows it used in a novel way, for the blouse and the upper portion of the skirt are veiled, while the flounce is made of the silk only. There is a guimpe that is made of the foulard and faced with lace to form yoke and under sleeves, but this guimpe is

entirely separate from the blouse, and any preferred one can be used. The overblouse itself is cut in one with the sleeves and is very simple and very attractive, finished with a shaped yoke and sleeve bands of satin. The skirt combines a five gored upper portion with circular flounce and the upper portion is full, laid in small tucks that are laid perfectly flat over the hips. It is by no means necessary to use the veiled effect, for the gown would be very charming made from crepe de Chine and satin, from any two contrasting materials, so long as the one used for the upper portion of the skirt and the blouse is thin enough to be tucked successfully.

For a woman of medium size the over blouse will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material

with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of satin for the center-front portion, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 21 for the girldle and 1 yard all-over lace when made with high neck and long under sleeves, and

$4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of marabout banding. For the gored skirt with circular flounce will be needed $5\frac{3}{4}$ yards 21 or 27, 4 yards 37, or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide, and for the drapery and box plait 5 yards 21 or 27, 3 yards 36 or 44 inches wide will be required.

The blouse pattern 6897 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure. The skirt pattern 6763 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inch waist measure.

Dainty Dress of Marquissette

MARQUISSETTES, both wool and cotton, will be smart for spring and summer wear, but the cotton materials are especially beautiful and are greatly liked. This is woven with a border of two widths, but even when the material shows a wide border only, it can be cut off and made to trim the waist. This one is woven with a border or plain material can be used with contrasting silk or satin or with banding as trimming. The skirt is straight and gathered at the upper edge. The waist is made with front portions that are overlapped but is closed invisibly at the back. The design is an excellent one for small women and young girls.

For the 16 year size the waist will require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or 44 inches wide, with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard for the chemisette and under sleeves; for the skirt will be needed $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27 or 36 or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 inches wide. To make the frock as illustrated will be required 4 yards of bordered marquissette 44 inches wide.

Both the waist pattern 6886 and the skirt pattern 6927 are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years.

Gowns for Afternoon Wear

AFTERNOON gowns of the more elaborate sort are made in a great many different ways this season, and trained skirts and those that clear the floor have equal vogue.

The gown to the left is made from one of the lovely new figured crepe de chines with trimming of Irish lace and



Waist Pattern No. 6904
Skirt Pattern No. 6870



Waist Pattern No. 6897
Skirt Pattern No. 6763

27 inches wide, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 44 inches wide, with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of satin for the trimming. For the upper portion of the skirt will be needed $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36 or 44, and for the flounce $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 27 or $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards either 36 or 44 inches wide.

A pattern of the over blouse, 6904, sizes 34 to 42 inches bust, or of the skirt, 6870, sizes 22 to 30 inches waist.

Gown of Brocade and Silk

BROCADED silks are among the latest novelties to appear. Here is a gown that shows one combined with plain messaline and trimmed with marabout banding. The blouse can be made just as illustrated or with high neck and long sleeves, as preferred, consequently, it can be made available in a great many ways. The skirt is made after an exceptionally attractive draped model which is well adapted to combinations of materials, but which also can be utilized for one throughout. A great many lovely, soft, flowered and figured materials are being offered for the incoming season and any one of these could be used, in place of brocade.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3 yards of material 21 or 27 inches wide, 2 yards 36 or $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44,



Waist Pattern No. 6886
Skirt Pattern No. 6927



Waist Pattern No. 6884
Skirt Pattern No. 6917

Waist Pattern No. 6883
Skirt Pattern No. 6891

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yoke and under sleeves of lace of the thinner and lighter sort. The blouse is one of the favorite ones that makes one piece with the sleeves, but it is trimmed in an entirely distinctive and novel manner. The skirt is made with the slightly raised waist line, and it can be cut off and made shorter, if preferred. The circular flounce is joined to the lower edge of the upper portion that also is circular. In this case the seam is concealed by the trimming.

For a woman of medium size the blouse will require 1 3/4 yards of material 27, or 7/8 yard 36 or 44 inches wide, with 1 1/8 yards 18 inches wide for the trimming portions, and 1 1/4 yards 18 for the yoke and under sleeves. For the skirt will be needed 5 3/4 yards 27, 5 yards 36, or 3 1/4 yards 44, with 1 3/4 yards of lace banding.

The blouse pattern 6884 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure; the skirt pattern 6917 in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

The gown to the right combines one of the very latest skirts with a waist that is smart, novel and altogether attractive. The skirt can be made in three or four pieces, as it is or is not seamed at the center front. There are panels at the side onto which the front and back portions are lapped, consequently the skirt can be used for two materials with exceptional success. The blouse is made with pointed outer portions that overlap the under portion that is cut in one piece with the short sleeves. There is a lining and the under sleeves are

sewed to the armholes of that lining. In this case, the gown is made of mesaline with trimming of banding, and yoke of heavy embroidered net. The guimpe portions are of white lace. The bands that outline the gown and the underlying panels of the skirt are made of velvet.

For the medium size the blouse will require 3 yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, or 1 7/8 yards 36 or 44, with 1/2 yard 18 for the yoke and 5/8 yard 18 for the guimpe portions. For the skirt will be needed 5 1/4 yards 24 or 27, 3 3/4 yards 36, or 2 3/8 yards 44, with 1 1/4 yards 20 for the panels.

The waist pattern 6883 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, and 40 inch bust meas-

ure; the skirt pattern 6891 in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

For Spring Outings

YOUNG girls are wearing many fancy, yet simple, coats this season, and here is a costume that shows one combined with a simple 5-gored skirt. In the illustration, the material is diagonal serge and the suit is finished in severe tailored style. The skirt is cut off and joined to the straight band. The result is an exceedingly fashionable costume. The skirt can, however, be extended to full length and finished without the band, if preferred, and it can be cut off

at the waist line and joined to a belt or extended a little above the waist line in Empire style, as preferred.

For the 16 year size the coat will require 4 yards of material 27 inches wide 2 1/2 yards 44 or 2 3/8 yards 52 inches wide; for the skirt will be needed 4 3/4 yards 27, 2 1/2 yards either 44 or 52 inches wide.

The pattern of the coat, 6925, and of the skirt 6896, are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years, and are equally adapted to small women.

The little girl's coat is a very new one with yoke and sleeves that are cut in one. The lower portion is made with under arm seams only, consequently, there is very little labor involved in the manufacture of the garment. This coat is made of broadcloth trimmed with braid, but all the materials used for girls' coats are appropriate.

For the 6 year size will be required 3 3/8 yards of material 27, or 2 3/4 yards 44 or 52 inches wide.

The pattern, 6933, is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6, and 8 years of age.

Frocks that are neat and practical at the same time are those most in demand. Here are two that are excellent. The one to the left is made of challis trimmed with silk.

For the six year size will be required 3 3/4 yards of material 24 or 27, 3 3/8 yards 36 or 2 5/8 yards 44 inches wide, with 3/4 yard of silk for the trimming. The pattern 6807 is cut in sizes for girls of 4, 6 and 8 years of age.

The dress to the right is shown in plaid wool material with pipings of velvet, and collar, cuffs and belt of silk.

For the ten year size will be required 6 1/4 yards of material 24 or 27, 4 3/4 yards 36 or 3 3/8 yards 44 inches wide. The pattern 6800 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

For Little Girls and Boys

LITTLE girls and small boys are wearing extremely attractive frocks and suits just now. Here are two of the best.

The dress can be worn over any guimpe. It is made with the prettily tions of the yoke are overlapped and held by a button. The back portions are buttoned into position and the closing shaped yoke and sleeves in one, after the very latest decree of fashion. The plaited skirt is made in two portions and is joined to the yoke. The front por-

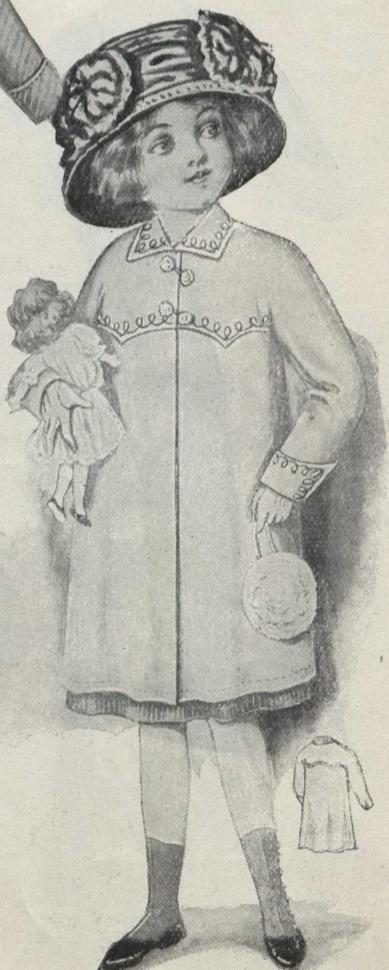


Dress Pattern No. 6887

Blouse Suit Pattern No. 6858



Coat Pattern No. 6925
Skirt Pattern No. 6896



Coat Pattern No. 6933



Coat Pattern No. 6905
Skirt Pattern No. 6864

Coat Pattern No. 6926
Dress Pattern No. 6568

Coat Pattern No. 6923
Skirt Pattern No. 6880

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of the skirt is made invisibly beneath the box plait.

For a child 6 years of age will be required $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36, or 2 yards 44 inches wide.

The pattern 6887 is cut in sizes for children of 4, 6, and 8 years of age.

The boy's suit is laid in wide box plaits that are extremely becoming and eminently masculine in effect. In the illustration it is made of French serge, but the model will be found an excellent one for all seasons of the year. The collar can be made of the same or of linen, as preferred.

For a boy of 4 years of age will be required $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material 27, or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards either 36 or 44 inches wide.

The pattern 6858 is cut in sizes for boys of 2, 4 and 6 years of age.

Fashionable Spring Costumes

SPRING costumes are made of a great many different materials, but striped and plain cloths are especially fashionable.

The woman's suit illustrated is made from striped broadcloth with the collar and cuffs of all-over lace banded with

satin. The back of the coat can be made in two ways, either plain or cut in sections, the upper one being pointed and lapped over onto the lower. The skirt is five gored and the front gore is shaped at the upper portion, but, in this instance, is concealed by the coat.

For a woman of medium size the coat will require 5 yards of material 27 or $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44 or 52 inches wide, with 1 yard of all-over and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of satin; for the skirt will be needed $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards 27, $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44 or $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 52 inches wide.

The coat pattern 6905 is cut in sizes from 34 to 42 inches bust and the skirt pattern 6864 in sizes from 22 to 30 inches waist.

The little girl's costume shows a jaunty childish coat worn over a dress with a straight plaited skirt. The coat is finished with the sailor collar that makes a feature of the season, and is held by two buttons only. The dress is a pretty one that is worn over a guimpe. The blouse portion is simply full and joined to the straight plaited skirt by means of a belt. In this case, the coat is made of broadcloth with trimming of satin and braid and the dress is made of cashmere.

For a girl 10 years of age the coat will require 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 44 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 52, with

$\frac{1}{2}$ yard of satin; for the dress will be needed $5\frac{3}{8}$ yards 27, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44, with 1 yard 36 inches wide for the guimpe.

The coat pattern 6926 is cut in sizes for girls of 8, 10 and 12 years of age, and the dress pattern 6568 in sizes for girls of 6, 8, 10 and 12 years of age.

The young girl's costume shown on the third and last figure is an exceedingly smart one, which, in this instance, is made of French serge trimmed with braid. The coat is finished with a collar that can be made either square at the back in sailor style or round. There is only one button used for the closing and that feature is an exceedingly smart one. The skirt is six gored and the trimming is arranged over the front gore. The material illustrated is smart and in every way desirable. The model is a good one for small women as well so for young girls.

For the 16 year size the coat will require $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material 27 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44 or $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards 52; for the skirt will be needed $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards 44 or 52, and for the trimming of the suit, braid according to the width used.

The coat pattern 6923 and the skirt pattern 6880 are cut in sizes for misses of 14, 16 and 18 years of age.

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1911

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PAGE ONE IN CATALOGUE ILLUSTRATING OUR GUARANTEE AND FREE DELIVERY OFFER

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EATON CO. LIMITED CANADA

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS



Coat pattern No. 6912. Single-breasted coat, 34 to 42 bust, 4 3/8 yards material 27 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 44, 2 yards 52.

Cap pattern No. 6916. One size, 1 1/2 yards material 27 inches wide, 1 1/8 yards 36, for round cap with half sleeves, 7/8 yard 27, 1/2 yard 36 for half sleeves, one handkerchief 18 inches square, 3 yards of ribbon for square cap.

Waist pattern No. 6911. 34 to 46 bust. 3 3/8 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 yards 36, 1 3/4 yards 44, for medium size.

Blouse pattern No. 6918. 6 to 12 years, 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 yards 36 or 44, for 10-year size.

Dress pattern No. 6924. Child's dress,

2, 4 and 6 years. 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards 36, 2 yards 44.

Apron pattern No. 6902. 6 to 12 years. 2 3/8 yards of material 72 inches wide, 1 3/4 yards 36.

Kimono pattern No. 6915. 1, 2 and 4 years. 3 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 36, 2 1/8 yards 44.

Blouse pattern No. 6857. 34 to 42 bust. 2 5/8 yards of material 24 or 27 inches wide, 2 yards 36, 1 1/2 yards 44.

Skirt pattern No. 6898. Four-piece skirt, 22 to 32 waist. 5 3/8 yards material 27 inches wide, 4 yards 44, 2 3/4 yards 52 when material has figure or nap; 2 3/4 yards 44, when material has neither figure nor nap.

Blouse pattern No. 6884. 34 to 42

bust, 1 3/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 7/8 yard 36 or 44, 1 1/8 yards 18 inches wide for trimming portions, 1/2 yard of silk for bands.

Skirt pattern No. 6919. Five-gored skirt with tuck to give tunic effect, 22 to 30 waist. 7 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 4 1/2 yards 36 or 44 when material has figure or nap, 5 1/2 yards 27 when material has neither figure nor nap, 5 yards of banding, width of skirt at lower edge 2 1/2 yards, for medium size.

Waist pattern No. 6897. 34 to 42 bust. 3 yards of material 21 or 27 inches wide, 2 yards 36, 1 3/4 yards 44.

Skirt pattern No. 6870. 22 to 30 waist. 4 1/2 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 36 or 44 for upper

portion, 3 yards 20, 2 1/4 yards 27, 1 5/8 yards 36 or 44, for flounce.

Blouse pattern No. 6904. Tucked over-blouse, 34 to 42 bust. 2 1/4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 1 3/4 yards 36, 1 1/2 yards 44, 1/2 yard 27 inches wide for trimming portions, for medium size.

Skirt pattern No. 6696. 22 to 30 waist. 4 yards of material 24, 27 or 32 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards 44 for upper portion, 2 3/4 yards 24 or 27, 2 1/4 yards 32, 1 1/2 yards 44 for flounce.

Dress pattern No. 6914. House dress, with four-gored skirt, box pleated or gathered back, 34 to 42 bust. 7 yards of material 27 inches wide, 5 1/4 yards 36, 4 3/4 yards 44, 3/4 yard 27 for trimmings, for medium size.

CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

IN THE SHOPS

THE shops, of all sorts and conditions, are beginning to stir with the magic of Spring and to show the sweet influence of coming showers and blossoms. To be given a full purse and a whole day for shopping is to be in a feminine Paradise and to wander from one overflowing counter to another with a sense of being able to buy (almost) the Earth. Spring shopping is already beginning to take a large place in our plans, and we look upon the advertising columns from day to day with increasing anxiety, for we know that there are some things which we really must have.

We usually begin at the top and direct our most anxious thoughts to the head-gear. Whatever else is neglected, the hat must not be overlooked. The four charming samples of hats which are to brighten the spring months, which we have placed on this page, are photographed by courtesy of the T. Eaton Company and show that we need not be afraid of either absurd or extravagant styles disturbing the season's gladness.

Flowers, ribbons and wings for the spring millinery are already in evidence and are among the most eagerly-scanned

approach to the bonnet effect and, certainly, these styles are most attractive either to the demure or the "Dolly Var-



den" type of face. Many of the hats are showing a flare or upward turn at the sides which introduces a pleasing change from the tiresome "soup-bowl" or "peach-basket" effect which has been prevalent for so long. Queen Mary's well-known preference for the turban and toque shapes will contribute, no doubt, to their vogue during Coronation year. Indeed, there is nothing prettier than the flower toques, but they should be worn by a woman with a dainty face of youthful outline—one who fulfils the poet's lines—

"You passed me as April passes,
With a face made out of a rose."

But to turn to the fabrics for spring costumes. Here we have some charming delaines, blue grounds with white spots, in several sizes of spots, navy



items of the new goods and fabrics. Such lustrous and soft ribbons winding and twining and tied in a variety of fascinating bows and festoons. In the old days, the lad who went to the "Fair" in England, Ireland or Scotland, was expected to bring back a bright ribbon as a "fairing" for his sweetheart. In these days, he would be quite bewildered by the modern stock of bows and ribbons and flee from the scene, leaving the fair lady to make her own choice. As to flowers! Never were there such lavish displays of blossoms and clusters so like the original that the buyer can hardly persuade herself that she is not purchasing "real flowers." Roses, marguerites, lilacs and all the various blooms which make glad the spring and summer months are there in profusion. The foliage, too, is remarkably realistic and glowing in color and texture and would persuade you that it has just come from the woodland.

Canadian shops are approaching more

and white, Copenhagen and white, black and white, brown and white. There is also a vast display of stripes in various widths of "striping." Then there are poplins and San Toy goods, just the things for a pretty afternoon gown. The Panama cloth is as popular as ever in chiffon-weave, absolutely uncrushable and dust-shedding at seventy-five cents for material fifty inches in width. Cheviots and serges will be popular for the ordinary coat suit and will be braided in military fashion if the wearer wishes to look "extra smart." Braiding, indeed, shows no sign of retiring from the scene and is used extensively on the new coats. Our English cousins, who are said to "swear by serge" should be delighted with the vogue of their favorite material this year, as navy-blue serge is likely to appear in nearly every wardrobe.

The more elaborate gowns are extremely alluring to feminine eyes, and among the bright gowns and those of delicate tints, some of the black garments are decidedly effective. As one mature writer advises:

"Sometimes a girl, in a medley of white, pink, and blue gowns, will strike a distinctive and decidedly effective note by wearing black or black and white. Let me recommend my young readers such a gown as this: Foundation of white satin and white net, with loose Empire overdress of finest striped jetted net. Youthfulness was given to this gown by narrow perpendicular rows of embroidery of tiny roses and bluebells; a blue sash and short undersleeves of blue and silver gauze, edged with embroidery, make this frock completely girlish.



closely every year to European models, and all our largest establishments have expert Parisian buyers who know just what is wanted and who see that the Canadian markets are supplied with the latest designs of the great fashion centre. In the new hat shapes, one notices an

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HEINZ
Tomato Ketchup
Contains no Benzoate of Soda

During the past twelve months the U. S. Government has condemned thousands of dozens of so-called Tomato Ketchup, consisting "in whole or in part of a filthy, decomposed and putrid vegetable substance." Every bottle of this ketchup was preserved with Benzoate of Soda.

The law requires the presence of Benzoate of Soda in a food to be stated on the label. If you prefer ketchup made from fresh, ripe, whole tomatoes, with pure vinegar and spices, by clean people in clean kitchens, avoid the kinds labeled "Contains one-tenth of one per cent. of Benzoate of Soda."



Read Carefully All Food Labels

Other seasonable suggestions from the 57 Varieties are Mince Meat, Fruit Preserves and Jellies, Tomato Soup, Cranberry Sauce, Euchred Pickle, Baked Beans, Apple Butter, etc., etc.

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Pianos under \$250—\$10 cash and \$6.00 per month.
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A discount of 10% for cash.

A handsome stool accompanies each piano.

WILLIAMS—Cabinet grand upright piano by R. S. Williams Co., in ebonized case with solid polished panels, double repeating action, trichord overstrung scale, etc.
Original cost, \$375 - - - - - **Sale price, \$190**

MENDELSSOHN—A very attractive small-sized Mendelssohn piano, in mahogany case of simple and graceful design, without carvings. Has double repeating action, three pedals, muffler pedal. Has had only six months' use.
Manufacturers' price, \$275 - - - - - **Sale price, \$205**

NEWCOMBE—7½ octave cabinet grand upright piano by the Newcombe Piano Co., Toronto, in handsome rosewood case with plain polished panels. Has full trichord scale, double repeating action, etc. Is in fine order. Original cost, \$375. **Sale price, \$210**

MASON & RISCH—7½ octave upright piano by the Mason & Risch Piano Co., in dark case with solid plain polished panels. Has been rebuilt in our factory, and is in splendid order.
Original cost, \$400. - - - - - **Sale price, \$215**

KARN—7½ octave cabinet grand upright piano by D. W. Karn & Co., Woodstock, in handsome walnut case with plain polished panels, double repeating action, ivory and ebony keys, etc.
Original cost, \$425. - - - - - **Sale price, \$235**

WINTER—A fine cabinet grand "Winter" piano, in walnut case with full length panels and music desk, Boston fall board, ivory and ebony keys, practice muffler, etc. Just like new. **Sale price, \$243**

MENDELSSOHN—A very handsome cabinet grand upright piano by the Mendelssohn Piano Co., Toronto, in rich walnut case, full length music desk and panels, Boston fall board, ivory and ebony keys, etc. Colonial design.
Manufacturers' price, \$375. - - - - - **Sale price, \$255**

DECKER BROS.—An unusually fine upright piano, made by the celebrated firm of Decker Bros., New York, in handsome mahogany case with solid plain polished panels. This piano when new cost \$700 cash in New York city. Has been exchanged with us recently for a baby grand, and is a splendid specimen of the highest type of American piano manufacture. **Special price, \$295**

GOURLAY—A cabinet grand upright piano of our own make, in handsome walnut case, Florentine design, full length polished panels, Boston fall board. This piano is in every way just like new, but about a year and a half's professional use has made it possible for us to sell it at a very special figure. Its use, however, has not in any way impaired its tone, action, or appearance.
Special price, \$305

GOURLAY—A very handsome mahogany upright piano of our own make, in Louis XV. design. Art critics have a number of times told us that this Louis XV. design is the most correct architecturally of any piano of American or Canadian manufacture. The piano contains the new grand scale that has made the Gourlay the most admired in Canada. This piano is just like new.
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A New Spring Gown bright, fresh and pretty—could be made from that faded dress you're tired of—by washing and dyeing it all at one operation with

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It's a dye in soap form that cleans as well as colors. Gives even, lustrous shades—fadeless in sun and suds. No streaks—No stains on hands or kettles—No trouble to use.



Freshen up your dresses—blouses—curtains—ribbons—feathers—cushions—gloves—with Maypole Soap Dye. 24 colors to select from. Colors 10c, Black 15c. at all dealers, or postpaid with free Booklet on "How to Dye" from

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO. - - - MONTREAL

Short Kimono

SHORT kimono, small 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38, large 40 or 42 bust. 3¾ yards of material 24 inches wide, 3⅞ yards 32, 2½ yards 44, ¾ yard 21



Pattern No. 6121

inches wide for collar and cuffs, for medium size.

Morning Jacket with Peplum

SUCH a simple morning jacket as this one is always in demand. The sleeves can be made as illustrated or extended to the wrists. In this instance dotted challis is trimmed with bands of ribbon, but any trimming that may be liked can be substituted, and there are a great many attractive ones as well as materials.

The jacket is made with fronts and back. The back is plain, but the fronts



Pattern No. 6474

are tucked to yoke depth. The peplum is circular, and it is joined to the jacket beneath the belt. The rolled-over collar is seamed to the neck. The sleeves are cut in one piece each, and are finished with cuffs whatever their length.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3¾ yards 24, 3⅞ yards 32 or 2⅞ yards 44 inches wide with 9½ yards of banding.

The pattern 6474 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure.

Combination Garments

COMBINATION under-garments are much in demand for they do away with all bulk at the waist line and over the hips. It can be closed at either the front or the back. All materials that are used for underwear are appro-



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CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL FASHIONS

appropriate, but this one is made of batiste, with trimming of Valenciennes lace, the bow knots being arranged over a stamped design while the material beneath is cut away.

The garment consists of front and back portions. It is fitted by means of darts to be perfectly snug, yet the drawers are sufficiently wide at the lower edge for perfect freedom.

The quantity of material required for the medium size will be 2 5/8 yards 36 or 2 1/4 yards 44, with 8 yards of inser-

the medium size is 1 1/2 yards of flouncing 16 inches wide, 3 yards 22 and 1/2 of plain material 36; or 3 3/8 yards of plain material, 36, 3 yards 44, with 3/4 yard of wide, 1 yard of narrow beading, 1 1/2 yards of edging to trim as illustrated.

The pattern 6253 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inch bust measure.

Yoke Petticoat

THE yoke petticoat is the one best adapted to straight materials, and, in spite of the demand for close fitting gowns, a great many women like under petticoats of this sort. In the illustration are shown three methods of treatment. In one case the petticoat is made from light weight embroidered flannel with yoke of cambric, in another case it is made of albatross with the hem featherstitched and the yoke of cambric, and in the third case it is made of fine white cambric with frill of embroidery.

The petticoat consists of the straight skirt and the yoke. The yoke is designed to be made double and is fitted by means of darts.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 3 yards 24 or 27, 2 3/8 yards 32 or 1 3/4 yards 44 inches wide, with 3 3/4 yards of embroidery 6 inches



Pattern No. 6873
Bow Knot Design No. 551

tion, 8 yards of edging and 2 1/2 yards of beading to trim as illustrated.

The pattern of the combination garment No. 6873 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inch bust measure. The design for the bow knots No. 551 in one size only.

Combination Garments

COMBINATION under garments are growing in favor, and this one is so simple to make that the fact must contribute largely to its popularity. Both the corset cover and the drawers are designed to be made from flouncing and consequently the edges require no finish, the only work being found in the sewing of a few seams. The corset



Pattern No. 6253

cover is just full enough to wear beneath the fashionable blouse and can be made either with or without narrow circular sleeves. If for any reason embroidered flouncing is not liked, plain material can be utilized with the edges trimmed in any manner preferred.

The garment consists of the drawers and the corset cover. The corset cover is made in one piece, there being under arm seams only. The drawers are laid in plaits at their upper edges and joined to the lower edge of the yoke while the corset cover is joined to the upper. In this instance beading is arranged over the seams and is threaded with ribbon. Ribbon threaded through beading regulates the neck edge. If the sleeves are omitted the armhole edges can be finished either with lace frills or to match the neck.

The quantity of material required for



Pattern No. 6309

wide when the frill is used; or 2 1/2 yards of bordered material 22 inches wide with 1/2 yard 36 inches wide for the yoke.

The pattern 6309 is cut in sizes for a 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inch waist measure.

Corset Cover with Peplum

CORSET covers that are embroidered by hand are the daintiest. This one shows a simple yet effective design and can be made from nainsook, lawn or any material that is used for garments of the sort. It is simple, finished with a box plait at the front and with a peplum at the lower edge that means comfortable fit without fulness. Pretty as the embroidery is, however, it is not obligatory, for the same corset cover could be used with trimming either of lace or embroidery.

The corset cover is made with fronts and back. The circular peplum is seamed to the lower edge and the seam is covered by a band of material. In this instance ribbon is threaded through eyelets at the neck edge to regulate the size. If the embroidery is not used beading can be arranged over the edge



Corset Cover Pattern No. 6499
Embroidery Pattern No. 467

THE BEAUTY OF SILVER PLATE IS MORE THAN SKIN DEEP

THE 1847 GIRL

1847 ROGERS BROS. X S TRIPLE

Note the delicacy and accuracy with which the finest details of the patterns are executed—as refined and beautiful as in the handsomest sterling silver.

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For quality and beauty your assurance is in the trademark stamped on the back of the handle of each article.

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Manufacturers: **THE RAYMOND MFG. CO. GUELPH, LIMITED, ONT.**

and threaded with ribbon to serve the same purpose.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 1 1/4 yards 36 or 1 yard 44 inches wide.

The pattern 6499 is cut in sizes for a 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure, the embroidery pattern, No. 467, in one size only.

Work Apron

THE apron that is simply made while at the same time it really protects the gown. In the illustration it is made of checked gingham and the edges are simply stitched.

The apron is made with the front and the backs, the backs being extended to



Pattern No. 6015

form the straps. The patch pockets are arranged over the front on indicated lines.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/2 yards 27, or 3 3/8 yards 36 inches wide.

The pattern 6015 is cut in three sizes, small 32 or 34, medium 36 or 38, large 40 or 42 inches bust measure.

Work Apron

The work apron that is really protective and practical is the one that wise women demand. In the illustration it is made of gingham.

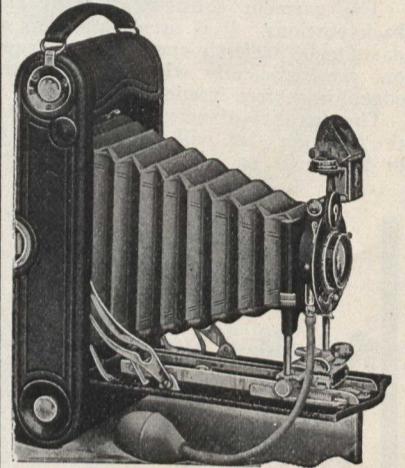
The apron is simply made, is full and

Continued on page 36



Pattern No. 6131

There are no dark days for those who use the No. 3A SPECIAL KODAK



The high power of its Zeiss-Kodak Anastigmat lens (f. 6.8) in connection with the flexibility of Speed control in the Compound shutter make snap-shots possible on days where a time exposure would be necessary with an ordinary camera.

The 3A Special makes pictures of Post Card Size, 3 1/4 x 5 1/2 inches, using Kodak Film Cartridges. It has a rack and pinion for focusing, rising and sliding front, brilliant reversible finder, spirit level, two tripod sockets and focusing scale. The bellows is of soft black leather, and the camera is covered with the finest Persian Morocco. A simple, serviceable instrument, built with the accuracy of a watch and tested with painstaking care.

PRICE \$65.00

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Canadian Kodak Co., Limited Toronto, Canada

BUST and HIPS



Every woman who attempts to make a dress or shirt waist immediately discovers how difficult it is to obtain a good fit by the usual "trying-on-method," with herself for the model and a looking-glass with which to see how it fits at the back.

"HALL-BORCHERT PERFECTION Adjustable Dress Forms" do away with all discomforts and disappointments in fitting, and render the work of dressmaking at once easy and satisfactory. This form can be adjusted to 50 different shapes and sizes; bust raised or lowered also made longer and shorter at the waist line and form raised or lowered to suit any desired skirt length. Very easily adjusted, cannot get out of order, and will last a lifetime.

Write for illustrated Booklet containing complete line of Dress Forms with prices.

Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co., of Canada, Limited, Dept. 8, 70-76 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.

HOW MAE EDNA WILDER GOT RID OF A DOUBLE CHIN

Without Dieting, Internal Remedies, Face Straps or Physical Culture—An Interesting Story for Fleishy People.

"I removed my double chin and reduced thirty pounds in less than six weeks," says Mae Edna Wilder, who stands five feet high, weighs 120 pounds, and is a picture of perfect health. "I did this by a process which is my own discovery—a process of external application. I simply apply the treatment to any part of the body where superfluous flesh exists and it vanishes as if by magic. Five minutes night and morning for two weeks is all the time needed and one most intimate friend need not know anything about it. I am so grateful for my own relief that I will give free advice to any one who suffers as I did. I consider a double chin one of the most unsightly physical defects, and superfluous flesh is just extra weight that one must carry with them everywhere and all the time. I feel ten years younger and a hundred-fold more active since I lost mine." Any interested person who will write to Mae Edna Wilder, Dept. 193B, Rochester, N. Y., will be told how to find relief within two weeks.



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Hand Embroidered Lingerie

THE beautiful French embroidery which has been so repeatedly described that it may seem monotonous to some readers—and yet is so exquisite that nothing can replace it—is the only decoration suitable for lingerie. One point we wish to emphasize, and that is, that a simple, graceful



No. 5200. Corset Cover
Stamped on Nainsook, 45 cts.
Stamped on Linen Cambric, 75 cts.

design, well worked, is preferable to an elaborate pattern carelessly embroidered, and to the novice a word of warning here. The best results are obtained by using a fine material and a smooth lustrous thread for the embroidery. The padding, which must be carefully done, is put in lengthwise of the design, and the satin or surface stitch is laid across this, each stitch lying close to the preceding one. The button-hole edge has also to be carefully padded and closely worked, that it may not fray.

The designs illustrated for embroidered lingerie are effective combinations of French and eyelet embroidery, and are dainty without being elaborate. The earlier in the spring season one plans the "white sewing" the better, and this is a good time to work up some pretty underwear, as the dainty woman is quite as fastidious about these as she is about the pretty gowns worn over them. The softest kind of material should be selected for underwear, and as fine as one's purse will allow, and when these garments are made up at home the expense is very trifling compared to the prices asked for hand-embroidered lingerie.

The combination is no novelty, and has, in fact, come to be the one indispensable undergarment. It does away with ridges and unsightly bunches of material at the waist line, is quickly adjusted, and counts for one article instead of two on the laundry list, a point which is worth considering when one is paying for laundry by the dozen. Drawers and corset cover form the favorite combination, as generally but one skirt is worn, and this is the long one.

The two combinations illustrated can be made up from the same design, as the slight alteration which alters one garment from the other is given on the cutting-out diagram, which is stamped on the full-size pattern, so if one orders a "stamped combination" the garment can be made up into a corset cover and short petticoat, or a corset cover and drawers, from the same material and pattern.

The garments illustrated are very easily made up, and the slip-over, or kimona night dress, No. 5457 is a great favorite, as it is a one-piece pattern, and after being embroidered only requires

which will give an empire effect and still be a simple garment to launder.

The slip-over corset cover is a favorite model, and now comes in two pieces, back and front, this having proven a better shape than the old idea, on which the back was the same width as the front, and consequently did not fit so smoothly and well.

The thread used to embroider these dainty garments should be a smooth, even-lustered cotton, Nos. "E" and "F" being suitable for fine materials.

For any of the garments illustrated on this page address Belding, Paul & Co., Limited, Dept. L, for further information.



About Queen Mary

QUEEN MARY'S attendances at the Ladies' Needlework Guild at the Imperial Institute remind us that she is the most expert needlewoman of the Royal Family, and is rarely to be seen without a needle in her hand during her leisure moments.

When the Queen stayed at a country house as Princess of Wales, it was quite understood that immediately the ladies adjourned to the drawing-room, the lady-in-waiting would bring her bag of needlework to her, and with this she occupied herself constantly, while joining, of course, in the conversation.

Queen Mary is also quite accustomed to the sewing-machine, and she thinks so highly of knitting and crocheting as pastimes that she has had her sons, as well as her daughters, trained to turn out mittens, stockings, and simple kinds of lace. Both the Queen and the Princess Mary have knitted many a pair of socks for the children of the Royal Family.

The presence of the Mistress of the Robes at



No. 5591. Combination
Stamped on Nainsook, \$1.10
Stamped on Linen Cambric, \$2.25

No. 5581. Combination
Stamped on Nainsook, \$1.10
Stamped on Linen Cambric, \$2.25

Court will be required far more constantly than was the case in the last few years of King Edward's reign, when Queen Alexandra only required the presence of her Mistress of the Robes on occasions of great State ceremony; and many of the duties attaching to her office were, as a matter of fact, performed by Miss Knollys.

It is the wish of both King George and Queen Mary that the Mistress of the Robes should resume chief control of her Majesty's Household, and, in consequence the Duchess of Devonshire will be a great deal at Court. When the Court is at Windsor Castle, her Grace will be in residence; but when her Majesty is at Buckingham Palace, the Duchess will, of course, reside at Devonshire House.

The Maids of Honor will in future be notified by the Mistress of the Robes when their attendance at Court is required, and when the Court is at Windsor, one of the Maids will always be required to be in attendance.

Queen Mary intends to revert to the old custom of giving a dowry of £1,000 to a Maid of Honor when she marries, but against this, her pay will be reduced by a hundred a year. Queen Alexandra raised the pay of her Maids of Honor by a hundred a year, but stopped the dowry money.

In the new reign the "Maids" will receive three hundred a year each instead of four.

Queen Alexandra had only four Maids of Honor, whilst Queen Victoria had ten. Queen Mary will probably appoint six, but not more than two will be in attendance at the same time. Her Majesty will present each of her Maids with a gold and pearl locket which the Maid must always wear when she is in attendance.



No. 5590. Nightdress
Stamped on Nainsook, \$1.80
Stamped on Linen Cambric, \$2.75

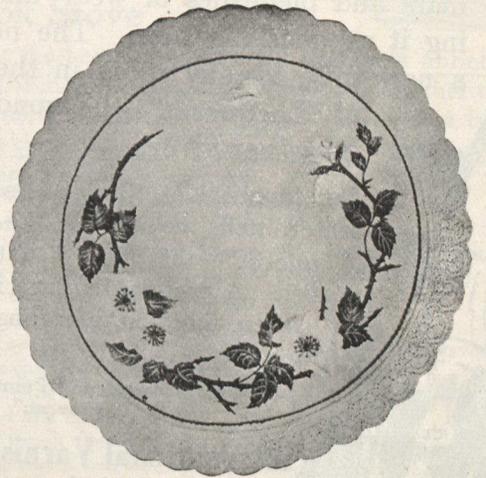
No. 5557. Kimona Nightdress
Stamped on Nainsook, \$1.25
Stamped on Linen Cambric, \$2.50

seaming under the arms, and hand hemming to complete a "hand-made garment."

The second night dress, No. 5590, has full sleeves, which are very soft and pretty. Long eyelets may be worked at the waist line across the front from the under-arm seams and soft ribbons run through,

This Center-piece Given

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY



We will send you POST PAID this 22 x 22 inch Centerpiece, tinted on tan crash. Your choice of the following designs

Roses, Maple Leaf,
Wild Roses, Yellow
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with a diagram lesson showing exactly how to embroider it—if you will send us 35 cents for sufficient lace, also four skeins BELDING'S FAST COLOR ROYAL FLOSS to trim and commence embroidery on the centerpiece. The lace is ECRU FILET matching centerpiece in color.

THIS OFFER IS MADE to convince every woman that BELDING'S SILKS are the best made. We will also send a copy of our "SUGGESTIONS FOR SHADING," giving color numbers used in embroidering all flowers. Send at once enclosing 35 cents, stamps or coin, and state design wanted.

We will send to any address a one-ounce package of assorted shades Art Silks for 50 cents; half-ounce, 25 cents. These silks are of various sizes and suitable for fancy work of all kinds.

Address

Belding, Paul & Company, Limited

Dept. L

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

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

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

Leading Hardware and Paint Dealers sell "Lacqueret."

International Varnish Co.
Limited 2362
TORONTO—WINNIPEG



NOTE—"LACQUERET" is sold in full imperial measure packages only

Home Journal Fashions

Continued from page 34

gathered, and allows a choice of the high neck with collar or a square one and of three sorts of sleeves, the long ones with deep cuffs, the long ones with straight bands, and the three-quarter ones finished with bands. It consists of the yoke and the skirt portion, which is gathered and joined thereto. When the high neck is used the roll-over collar completes it. The sleeves are full and are gathered at their upper and lower edges.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 9¼ yards 27, 7 yards 36 inches wide.

The pattern 6131 is cut in sizes for a 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inch bust measure.

Black and White

THE closely fitted black velvet skirt is an indispensable concomitant of the well dressed young woman's wardrobe, this season, for it may be worn in the house with black chiffon blouses over white or colors, or utilized with fanciful over-draperies of lace or embroidered thin materials for luncheons and various afternoon occasions, with a fur wrap and large feather-trimmed black velvet hat. White lace, used in this way, of a very open pattern and large design—in Cluny, Flemish, Venise, or Irish crochet—is particularly effective and stylish over black velvet. A dainty costume of that kind was sent recently to a Washington debutante, to be worn by her at the White House, for the coming-out reception of Miss Helen Taft. The full straight around tunic of very fine net was slightly full at the belt, but fitted snugly at the knee, where it was bordered with deep Venise lace. The peasant bodice of white moire had a short peplum and a flat panel sash at the back, the whole being edged with narrow shamrock passementerie. A belt buckle, and cameo necklace of coral gave the smart flamingo touch of color, and the scarf of black Chantilly over white, on the drooping black velvet hat, completed a beautiful harmony of treatment.

A New Skirt

THE Paris correspondent of *The Daily Mail* says: "The successor of the 'hobble' skirt has arrived. A new form of divided skirt, to come into fashion in the spring, is to be launched into notoriety by the "Mannequins" of a well-known dressmaking firm of the Faubourg St Honoré. The new costume comes from Turkey, and is an almost exact reproduction of the dress worn by the harem ladies. It consists of a long, loose, divided skirt, fitting tightly at each ankle. M. Paul Poiret intends to attempt to popularize this garment as a conventional costume for women. "This is a long-cherished ambition of mine," he said; "the hobble" skirt has had its day, and my clients are tiring of the ungainly gait which it makes obligatory. The Turkish ladies' costume has long appealed to me as being the most sensible, hygienic, and graceful. Moreover, it complies perfectly with the present-day craze for skirts which are tight at the ankles, only instead of having her movements impeded by a single skirt woman is to have a skirt at each ankle. Certainly it will add to the charm and beauty of the feminine figure as no other mode has done."

ALLOWANCE MONEY

1. The money set aside to run the house should be kept in a bank account separate from any other funds—then, at the end of the month you can see where every dollar has gone—and balance the account without trouble.

2. Open a checking account at any of our branches.



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\$6,650,000
TOTAL ASSETS
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The Traders Bank
of Canada
INCORPORATED 1885

113 BRANCHES THROUGHOUT CANADA

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WHEN you decorate your walls with Alabastine you'll agree that the soft, velvety Alabastine tints outclass wall paper and oil paint in beauty and effectiveness. Their beauty is permanent, too. Alabastine colors will not fade—will not rub off. Alabastine is a dry powder made from Alabaster rock. It mixes easily with cold water and forms a rock cement which hardens on the wall, and can be recoated without removing the old coats. Alabastine is the most durable, economical and sanitary wall coating in the world to-day. It is indorsed by leading



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authorities on interior decoration. 21 tints and white. Anyone can easily apply it.

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Write for full particulars about our Free Stencil offer and the service our decorators are giving Alabastine users in the way of Free Color Sketches. Let our experts help you to secure an artistic style of interior decoration. In order to get the genuine Church's Cold Water Alabastine look for the "little church on the label." For sale by Hardware and Paint dealers.



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for the position just ahead of you. About 1500 young men and women prepare for promotion to better things by spending a few months in our great school—Shaw's School—The Central Business College of Toronto. Our new catalogue will interest you. You are invited to write for it. W. H. Shaw, Pres., Yonge & Gerrard Streets, Toronto.

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Cards, circulars, book, newspaper. Press \$5, Larger \$18. Rotary \$60. Save money. Big profit printing for others. All easy, rules sent. Write factory for press catalog TYPE, cards, paper.
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The PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn

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Headaches, Biliousness, Bad Stomach, Weak Kidneys, dull the brain.
Brighten up with
Abbey's Effer-Vescent Salt
25c and 60c a bottle. 65

CHATS ON CLEANING ① SILVERWARE

When silver is cleaned in the old-fashioned way, by rubbing and scrubbing, it is almost impossible to remove all of the tarnish. The little bit that remains acts as a sort of nest-egg to attract more tarnish. That is one reason why your silver has to be cleaned so often.

But if you use **WONDER-SHINE**, the solution dissolves every little bit of tarnish without injuring the plating in any way, and your silver will stay clean much longer.

For the purpose of finding out which advertising medium is the best, and what points should be emphasized in advertising, we will send a 25c. package of **WONDER-SHINE** free, postpaid, to the first 100 women who send us answers to the following questions:

In what paper did you see this advertisement?

If you have used **WONDER-SHINE**, what caused you to purchase the first package?—through recommendation of friends, or dealer, or through advertisement in newspapers, street cars or on billboards?

If you do not use **WONDER-SHINE**, please tell us why.
Remember the first hundred, answers get the prizes—write at once.
HOUSEHOLD CONVENIENCE CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, ONT.



UPTON'S
PURE
ORANGE MARMALADE

A delicious, wholesome food—containing all the goodness of the nutritious Seville Orange combined with the purest granulated sugar.

— AT YOUR GROCER'S —

WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

Continued from page 13

week in favorable cases the temperature falls, the tongue becomes clean, the diarrhoea should terminate and the patient takes more interest in his surroundings. Bronchitis, with a troublesome cough, may be present from the start, and continue throughout the attack. Unfavorable symptoms are involuntary evacuations of urine and faeces, coma vigil (a condition in which the patient lies with eyes open, but does not see anything), low muttering delirium, twitching of wrists and fingers and picking at bed clothes. Death usually follows.

Some of the complications of typhoid are: (1) Hemorrhage of the bowels. In such cases a feeling of restlessness and uneasiness will be present with a fall of 5 or 7 degrees in temperature, and the patient complains of a sinking sensation. The stools are mixed with blood, occasionally bright red, but more often dark and almost black in color. (2) Perforation of the intestine. This is one of the greatest dangers in the fever's course. The wall of the intestines gives way from the sloughing, and through the hole, which is sometimes very small, the contents escape into the peritoneal cavity, giving rise to inflammation or peritonitis, which is generally fatal. The symptoms are pallor, restlessness, severe pain, small rapid pulse, and distension of the abdomen. (3) Peritonitis, mentioned above. It is usually fatal in 36 hours. (4) Abdominal distension or tympanites, frequently present about the third week, but not serious unless persistent and marked. (5) Bronchitis, usually mild. (6) Insomnia, or inability to sleep. Relapses may occur once or even oftener after convalescence has begun. This is a recurrence of the disease in a milder form.

3. Treatment.—We shall look at this entirely from the home nurses' point of view. Their duty is, of course, to obey implicitly the orders of the physician, and as these are as varied and contradictory as the doctors themselves, it would be impossible to take up that part of the subject here. A few general rules apply, however, to all cases, and we shall merely look at these. Probably there is no disease where so much depends on nursing and in faithful attention to seemingly unimportant details. First of all, keep room well ventilated, but free from draughts because of danger from bronchitis. It is impossible to get too much fresh air. Secondly: Insist on absolute rest in bed from the very first. See that bed-pan and urinal are used, and in sponging patient, changing bedding, etc., move patient as little as possible and handle with utmost gentleness and care. Thirdly: Reduce the temperature by sponging with tepid water night and morning. In addition, baths of different kinds, as the ice bath or cold plunge, may be ordered. These are extremely useful, and by their means countless lives have been saved, but they scarcely come within the province of home nursing, and so need not be described here. Fourthly: Guard against bed-sores by absolute cleanliness and by reducing pressure on bony parts. Watch carefully for redness, as typhoid patients are peculiarly susceptible to bed-sores, and on account of impaired vitality, it is extremely difficult to cure them once they are allowed to form. The sheets should be tightened, and all crumbs, etc., removed as often as possible to keep an absolutely smooth, dry surface under the patient. Those of us who have ever been sick know that a very small crumb under one's back assumes the proportions of a loaf of bread. Alcohol rubbed on the back night and morning is a great help in keeping the back cool and sound. Fifthly: The diet is fluid at first while the temperature remains high, followed by soft foods. Solids should be resumed with the utmost caution. The hunger of a typhoid patient is something painful to witness, and a nurse often has to be cruel in order to be kind. In administering fluid diet the greatest faithfulness must be observed. See that nourishment is given in small quantities at regular intervals. Patients should be fed by the clock. The nature of the nourishment to be given depends entirely upon the doctor in charge. If the milk is ordered the stools should be carefully examined

for curds, which indicate that it is not being properly digested, and lime water or something similar is to be added. Cold water is allowed, and, as in all diseases accompanied by fever the patient should be encouraged to drink as much as possible in reason. In feeding patient, care should be taken that no drops are allowed to spill, and hence feeding cups with spouts are especially serviceable. Milk or food of any kind should not be allowed to remain in the room, and all dishes, etc., should be carefully disinfected. Sixthly: All linen and bedding should be thoroughly disinfected by soaking in carbolic or formalin solution before washing. Especial care should be taken in dealing with all excreta. Chloride of lime or some similar solution should be added before the bed-pan is emptied, and if possible the contents should be burned, but if not, it should be carefully buried, but on no account should it be emptied into a common closet. Seventhly: As complications arise they should be treated. For hemorrhage the foot of the bed is elevated, ice applied to abdomen and the patient kept absolutely still. In distension turpentine stupes or a few drops of turpentine on sugar may be given. For bronchitis apply mustard or linseed poultices and do not allow patient to lie constantly on back.

Typhoid is contagious only through the stools, but the nurse should always be careful to disinfect her hands thoroughly after working over a case, especially before going to meals. Rest should be taken regularly, and strength kept up by an abundance of nourishing food and outdoor exercises. Especially on night work it is the greatest folly to allow anxiety for one's patient to prevent the taking of food. It is only by taking such precautions that one can be reasonably certain of not contracting the disease herself.

Such is typhoid fever—one of our most serious diseases, but one which by care and absolute faithfulness may be largely controlled.

Mrs. J. Hoodless Memorial

Contributions to Mrs. J. Hoodless memorial from local branches received up to January 31st, 1911: Inwood, \$1.00; Lindsay, \$2.00; Walkerton, \$1.50; Orangeville \$2.00; Holstein, \$2.00; Stoney Creek, \$3.00; Bardsville, 50c; Manilla, \$2.00; Burlington, \$2.00; Bobcaygeon, \$2.00; Waterdown, \$2.00; Staffa, \$2.00; Churchill, 70c; Haliburton, \$2.00; Sebringville, \$2.00; Wiloughby, 60c; Brookholm, \$2.00; Crowland, 40c; Dundonald, \$2.00; Kentbridge, \$1.00; Belfountain, \$1.00; Vandorf, \$1.80; Croton, \$1.00; Kingsville, \$1.00; Roseneath, \$2.00; Braemar, 60c; Brooklin, 50c; Scarboro, \$1.50; Morrisburg, \$2.00; Cambray, \$2.00; Puslinch, \$1.00; Hespeler, \$1.00; Pickering, \$1.00; Ayr, \$5.00; Goderich, \$1.75; Branchton, \$1.00; Amherstburg, \$1.00; Lansdowne, \$2.00; Big Lake, 55c; Sandford, \$1.00; Newmarket, \$3.05; Meaford, 80c; Orono, \$2.00; Garden Hill, \$1.00; Acton, \$1.50; Brighton, \$2.00; Cedar Springs, \$2.00; Brussels, \$1.10; Linwood, \$2.00; Lucknow, \$2.00; Orton, \$1.00; Jerseyville, \$1.60; Blackheath, \$1.60; Welland, \$1.00; St. Mary's, \$2.00; Hamstead, \$1.00; Hannon, \$5.00; Stoney Creek, \$2.50; York, \$2.00; Orkney, \$1.00; Omeme, \$2.00; Batteau, \$2.00; Nobleton, \$1.10; Westover, \$2.00; Thamesford, \$1.35; Total amount received up to Jan. 31st, \$106.00

CLARA M. WALKER, Treasurer.

A Model Meal

IN the December issue of this journal was published a photograph of a model farm meal, which, it was alleged, had taken the special prize at Alvinston Fair last autumn, and which had been arranged by the members of Aughrim Institute. Since then, we have received a great deal of correspondence to the effect that there was a dispute concerning the prize, and that the Alvinston Institute was also entitled to the honor. We have also received from Alvinston a photograph of the table prepared by that Institute. It is hardly

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You can cook almost everything needed for the family table better, more thoroughly, more wholesomely, more nutritiously, richer with flavor and at a less cost than is possible by any other method.

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Will also be sent, which explains and clearly proves in a way that cannot fail to convince you beyond question, how and why all these seemingly impossible things are accomplished by the "Caloric." Why nothing can be burned or overcooked. Why and how the cheaper cuts of meat can be made just as good as the most expensive. We positively guarantee the "Caloric" to do all we claim. Made in 15 sizes. Each complete with full set solid aluminum utensils and cloth bound 160 page cook book. Write for Book of Home Menus FREE.

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for every taste, and they all taste delicious."

Note the quotation marks, Madam!

Thousands of Canada's particular housewives—ladies you would be proud to know—make that statement every day. A million Canadians eat Christie Biscuits every day. What's the reason?

The best wheat of the best wheat lands on earth, rolled into flour in the best Canadian mills—these flours sifted, blended and tested in the Christie scientific way—that is the foundation of Christie Biscuit excellence.

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No wonder they call Christie Biscuits
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Picton, Ont., Nov. 18, 1910.

The De Laval Separator Co.

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Yours very truly,

C. A. PUBLLOW, M. D.

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FOND MEMORIES



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It tells in a few words one of the ways in which the home can be made more attractive, and the adornment carried out along more beautiful and artistic lines, by having the pictures of people you know enlarged by us, in the latest and best style and finish.

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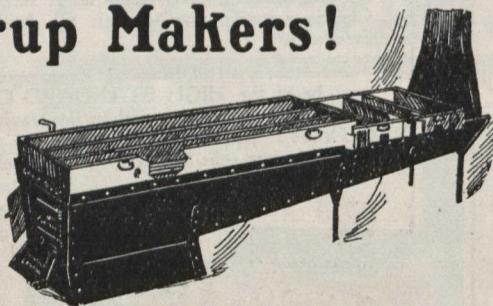
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THE GRIMM MFG. CO. LTD., 58 Wellington Street
Montreal, Quebec

necessary to say that this journal is desirous of doing justice to everyone concerned, and has not the slightest intention of misrepresenting the facts in the case. However, as the Fair in question was held last October, it can readily be seen that it is rather late to publish any further photographs in connection with the event. So far as we can understand from correspondence, the prize ticket was first placed on the Alvinston table, then, after protest, supported by the directors of the Agricultural Society, on the Aughrim table. Afterwards, at a private meeting of the directors of the Agricultural Society, the prize was voted to Alvinston, though five-dollar grants were made to each Institute.

The Aughrim official wrote to us, asking to have the photograph returned, but by this time it had been reproduced, and our December number was on the press. Since it has been impossible to reproduce both photographs, it only remains for us to congratulate Lambton County on possessing such enterprising Institutes, and to hope for both Aughrim and Alvinston the greatest prosperity.

The Hurt Family

FROM Miss Hastings, of Crosshill, Ontario, of the Wellesley Institute, comes an extremely interesting paper, with the above title:

Along the path of a useful life,
Will heart's-ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away,
As we busily wield a broom.

The Hurt Family has many branches. Do you belong to the Hurt Family? Now, don't be in a hurry to answer, but just look back into your life and think the question over, remembering that "The Hurt Family has many branches." If you do find yourself even a distant connection of one branch, it would be a good plan to sever that connection promptly. There is:

The Sensitive Branch, the members of which pride themselves on being more sensitive than their neighbors. Therefore, they are very easily hurt by the chills and slights of a cold, hard world, and they nurse their wrongs and consider themselves very badly treated. In the case of another thick-skinned person it would not matter, but I am so sensitive that more consideration should be shown me. You never find a member of this branch of the family taking trouble to help a neighbor. You never find her visiting the sick; she is much too sensitive. "How that Jones woman can go every week to the hospital and take flowers and things to the patients," she cannot understand. "I am so sensitive, it would make me ill to see anyone suffer."

Then comes the Self-conscious Branch, whose members are always thinking of themselves, and suspect the world of doing likewise, and not doing it kindly. If two people say something at the other end of the room and laugh, this member of the Hurt Family is badly hurt indeed. She knows well enough they were laughing at her. If you pass her in the street without noticing her, she thinks you meant to cut her, and worries herself over what she has done to cause such a slight. A little reflection would surely convince her that no reasonable being would "cut" another in the street without some grave and known offence.

Of all branches of the Hurt Family the Self-conscious is the most unhappy, though those who think and suspect evil and ever see the worst side of life run them close.

Often one thinks of the quaint little couplet: "Two men look out through the same bars; one sees the mud and one sees the stars." Then one meets a confirmed evil-thinker. She will bring evil out of such trifles that a nice-minded woman would never dream of regarding with suspicion.

There is a branch of the Hurt Family blessed—or shall we say cursed—by the possession of a long memory for wrongs. I can forgive, but I cannot forget, say its members. Have they ever tried to forget? As far as one can see, they are trying hard to remember every trifling detail of the hurts administered to them. Letters are kept, and taken out now and then to be read in order to recall all the old ill feeling. Days are remembered and spoken of. Ah! it was just such a

day as this six years ago—and we have the whole story over again.

"We, all of us, try to forgive and forget,
When similar treatment we crave,
And think we are virtuous paragons,
Yet we cannot forget we forgive."

It is foolish to remember trifles, but is it not worse to remember real wrongs and continue to feel hurt because of them. More lives have been spoiled in this way than perhaps in any other. The hurt feeling has been encouraged, every detail of a wrong kept in mind, and there is no real forgiveness, as there is no forgetting.

A woman may be judged by the sort of thing she will remember or forget. There is so much that is good to remember, so much to thank God for every day of our lives. Then why not let the bad things drop right out?

"Remember all that time has brought,
The starry hope on high,
The strength attained, the courage gained,
The love that cannot die.

Forget the bitter brooding thought,
The world too harshly said,
The living blame love hates name,
The frailties of the dead."

Cultivate a short memory for wrongs, if you would break away from the Hurt Family. Forget family feuds, forget silly chaff, forget all littlenesses, and then with a free mind take whatsoever things are pure and lovely and of good report, and think on these things. Be always ready to make allowances for others. Wrong may be done, wrong is sure to be done, and we are sure to suffer it now and then; but we can always refuse to receive it, not by angry word, but with the soft answer, and above all, with a mind so full of what is good and lovely that wrong feelings can find no lodging there. Then no member of the great Hurt Family can call us cousin.

"Sometimes we fondly nurse our grief,
With soothing, tender care;
And then to see how fast it grows,
Makes e'en its owners stare.

We feed it with the richest food
A fertile mind can give,
When smarting under fancied griefs,
From those with whom we live.

And with this food it thrives so well,
And grows to giant size;
That though rich blessings strew our path,
They're hidden from our eyes.

'Tis wiser far to take our griefs
And troubles day by day,
To Him who waits and yearns to bear
Our every grief away."

From Several Branches

INSTITUTES in all quarters of the province appear to be flourishing, and we give just a few instances to support this statement:

The regular monthly meeting of the New Dundee Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. N. U. Bowman, December 21st, 1910. The meeting was well attended, a number of visitors were present. The subject, "Books We Should Read," was taken up by Mrs. E. B. Hallman, who gave us splendid advice. A portion of Home Nursing was read. This is taken up by the Dundee Branch, a part read at each meeting. The members wished to show their appreciation for the faithful work of their president, Mrs. A. T. Rice, and presented her with a brooch. Lunch was served by our hostess.

The secretary of the Sebringville Branch writes:

We have about forty members, and meet at the members' homes, and serve light refreshments—and how that cup of tea or coffee does loosen the tongues of those present! We always have one or two papers, also music, and perhaps a recitation. At the January meeting we had two papers which deserve special mention, the subject was, "The Value of Cheerfulness, and Evils of Fault-finding," by Miss Merner and Miss Goetz. They were splendid. We are preparing an excellent programme to be given in connection with the Farmers' Institute meeting on February 16th. Our branch has brought the county and village people together, and we find talent where least expected. You may expect to hear great things from the Sebringville Branch very soon. This winter we sent a neat little sum to the Sick Children's Hospital, and intend to do other charitable acts right along.

JOURNAL'S JUNIORS

Continued from page 11

your chest. Whenever he is pleased he puts his cold nose up to your face and rubs it.

I also have a canary. Most of her is yellow, but her wings have a little of dark green or black on them. She sings very sweetly when the sewing machine is going. We have not had her very long.

We have a colt and a mare. Her name is Bonnie, and the colt's Prince. We have had the mare for about ten years, and she is a great pet. When my brothers and I were babies, mamma once found us each hugging one of the front legs. She is very gentle.

We have quite a lot of fowl. They are all white. Everybody, I think, around here, must have gotten one setting at least from us. There is not a black or grey nor any color about them. They are all white.

I am ten years old on the 17th of May. Good-bye, I hope your Juniors' Page has success.

Yours truly,
CAROL M. STEVENSON.

This is to certify that Carol wrote this without help.—N. E. Stevenson.

Rothsay, Jan. 20th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and I enjoy reading the girls' and boys' letters; I am going to tell you about my pets. I have a cat, it is all white, her name is Snobwall; I have a dog, his name is Tigie; I have also a pet horse, her name is Beauty, she is very quiet. She is a red color.

The cat is very fond of bread and milk, and likes to eat mice, she stays at the barn most of the time, but when she is in the house she is purring.

Tigie is black and brown, he has a white collar round his neck, he is very useful, in the summer he can bring home the cows. Every time he sees me he is wagging his tail. When my little brother Bertie and I go out sleigh-riding he comes with us. I can drive Beauty myself, father got her hair cut off and now she is more of a gray. Father can leave her a mile away and she will come home herself, and she hasn't struck a gate-post yet with the buggy.

I will be watching for my letter, so I'll close, wishing our Junior Page great success; I am eight years old, but I will be nine on the twenty-second of this month, I am in the Senior Second Book.

Yours truly,
NORMA M. CORBETT.

I certify that my little daughter wrote this letter without help.—Mrs. A. A. Corbett.

Yours was such a nice letter, and nicely written, too. You will see your letter all right, Norma, though the competition about pets closed weeks ago. However, we are always glad to get letters from the Juniors on any subject, and always try and print the best ones. Come again. Beauty must be a dear.—C. C.



Maple Sugar Letters

Toronto, Ont., Jan. 8th, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

New Glasgow, N.S., Jan. 30, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

When the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL came Friday, the first page I looked at was the Juniors', and upon seeing the competition contest for letters on Maple Sugar, I thought I would tell you about the time when I had the opportunity to see maple sugar made.

One spring, when I was visiting some of my friends in the adjoining County of Cumberland, which is a great maple sugar region, we learned that a farmer next door was going to make some maple sugar, so we got permission to accompany him. I will now tell you how it is made.

It is obtained from the sap of the

rock or sugar maple. The trees are tapped in the spring when the days are warm and the nights frosty, so as to help the flow of the sap, which is obtained by boring a hole in the tree, about three feet from the ground. A spout is then placed in the hole, and a trough is fixed so that the sap will run through the spout into the trough.

The sap is then carried to the receiver, and, after straining, to the boiler. At first it is like water, slightly sweetened, and it needs a great deal of boiling in order to turn it into sugar. When it begins to sugar it is then stirred constantly. This is called sugaring off. If you do not boil the sap too long you can make delicious maple wax.

About four pounds of sugar are obtained from a single tree, four to five gallons of sap giving one pound.

I have written all I know about maple sugar, so I will close now, wishing your Juniors' Page success.

I remain, yours truly,
MURIEL WRIGHT.

The enclosed letter is my daughter Muriel's own work. She is just thirteen years old.—D. McL. Wright, Mrs. F. W. Wright.

Yours is a very good description indeed of sugar-making, Muriel; clear and well-expressed. Your letter was so nice and neat, too. You live in a most beautiful part of Canada, don't you, even if there are not so many maple trees as in Cumberland County? People who live in the cities find it very hard to get real, pure maple sugar. Think how sad that is! And we never even see maple wax!—C. C.

Holyrood, Jan. 31st, 1911.

Dear Cousin Clover:

We take the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, and enjoy it very much, especially the Juniors' Page. I will now write about maple sugar.

People who never had the experience in the work of making maple sugar can form but a very vague idea of what it really means. The work is so mixed up with what is pleasant and exhilarating that a great deal of it seems, betimes, more like play than work.

One fine spring morning we went to the bush to see if the sap was running. When we arrived there, to our great delight, we found it running with full speed. We went back to the house and got all the things we needed, went back to the bush, and prepared to make maple sugar. In the afternoon we invited a couple of our neighbors to come and have a jolly afternoon.

When the neighbors came we went back to the bush and had a jolly time.

When the syrup started to boil up, John said, "Look here, boys, can any of you tell me why this tries to jump out of the kettle and is like an angry, scolding woman."

"Well," said Mr. Crautmaker, "vedder it's voaming sweetness or voaming sourness, de boiling shoogar and the scolding wife makes a von pig fuss zametime."

"There, now, old man, don't you be telling tales out of the house," said Mrs. Crautmaker, as she threw a snowball across the fire and hit the old man on the nose.

They all laughed over this, and we had a lot of other fun before night.

They watched the kettle, and when the sugar was hard enough they took it from the fire and cooked it. This consisted in stirring it and then to let it stand till gritty. Then to take it out of the pot, and it would be in cakes of sugar.

Hoping your page success, I remain,
MAE HENRY (age 12).

This certifies that Mae wrote this letter without any assistance.—Mrs. T. Henry.

Thank you for a nice amusing letter, Mae. We hope we shall get as many good letters over maple sugar as we did about pet animals. But whatever they are, I am sure we shall all get some pleasure out of them if they are like yours. Come again.—C. C.



When our dinner bell ting-a-tings,
You bet we has the bestest things:
Nice OXO Soup, so brown and hot—
Pa says, "OXO just hits the spot".

OXO CUBES

The invention of OXO CUBES put cooking on a modern basis.

It's no longer necessary to boil meat for hours in order to make a good soup.

Simply drop an OXO CUBE into a pot of stock and you have a richness of flavor found only in the choicest beef. Just think of the time and trouble that OXO CUBES will save you in the kitchen.

Equally handy in the sickroom—invaluable for children and invalids.—useful almost every hour of the day.

Sold in Tins containing 4 & 10 cubes.
Two Free Samples sent on receipt of 2c. stamp
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OXO is also packed in Bottles for People
who prefer it in Fluid Form.

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21



One Barrel of Flour Instead of Two

YES, in the old way there was one kind of flour for bread and another for pastry.

Now, OXILVIE'S ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR is an all around flour. It makes not only the very best bread but also the very best cakes, pies, biscuits, rolls, muffins, pop-overs, pancakes, dumplings, anything that you want to make or bake from flour.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" saves money and trouble. Instead of having two barrels of flour in the house you can get along much better with one. And you can be certain that it is always uniform—will always come out right whether for Bread or Pastry.

ROYAL HOUSEHOLD is made from the finest grade of wheat in the

world, Manitoba Red Fyfe wheat, and milled by the very finest machinery, in mills that are a model of cleanliness.

"ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" costs a trifle more by the barrel than ordinary flour but this trifle extra proves real economy when the loaves are counted. For "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" goes farther than ordinary flour—farther in actual quantity of baked product.

Even if "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" cost a great deal more than ordinary flour it would be well worth it for it is more nourishing.

You can't afford to buy impoverished flour at any price. You can't afford to skimp on health. And you do skimp on health when you buy flour just because it costs less than "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD". 25





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Edison Phonograph**

distinguishes the Edison from all other instruments. This point is not a "point," but a "button" that travels without friction, producing the perfect, life-like tones for which the Edison is famous.

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"Ceetee" Underclothing makes you feel right. No irritation, will not wrinkle, sag or bind. Always comfortable

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**PURITY
FLOUR**

If that name is on the sack you can buy with confidence



"More bread and better bread"

33



THE important considerations when selecting furniture are its comfort, durability and beauty. The first of these we cannot well sacrifice for any gain in the other two, but it will often be found that when comfort and durability have been considered, beauty has come of itself. The simple lines that tend to greatest ease rarely fail to be pleasing, and at least sufficient durability to make a thing suitable for the purpose for which it was intended is necessary before it can be beautiful.

We are sometimes tempted to forget this greatest consideration of comfort or appropriateness, but if we are distrustful of our own good taste in furnishing an attractive home we will find it one of the greatest safeguards against incongruity. We are inclined to apply it only to a few easy chairs and couches and forget that it should be a consideration in each piece of furniture that we buy. Our tables, sideboards, cabinets or dressers each minister to our comfort in their own way, and the designs that do this most successfully will usually be found most pleasing and attractive in our homes.

To be durable, furniture must be well made, with careful attention to all the minor details, and the material must be of the best in all respects except those that affect its beauty only. Durability is a source of economy, though the initial cost of a well made piece of furniture may be greater. Good workmanship and good material are necessarily expensive, but it does not follow that the most costly furniture is always the most durable.

Some woods are expensive because the supply is more limited, others because of beauty in grain and color—or again the greater cost may be due to ornament that at the best is a doubtful improvement.

Mahogany and Caucasian walnut are both beautiful woods and both expensive. The best oak is to be had at smaller cost, followed by maple and birch, and finally the best grades of ash. The most satisfactory mahogany is solid but some very beautiful pieces are veneered. The brighter colors in this wood are to be avoided. Oak is not always beautiful, the best being decidedly the most expensive. Probably the best tones are to be obtained in the

on good lines and proportions—color and the material used. Of these line and proportion are the most important and good examples may be found in the less expensive as well as the costly furniture. A cabinet made from a good grade of ash with simple pleasing lines and good proportions is infinitely more pleasing than one of costly mahogany that fails in these respects. It is this that gives its charm to colonial furniture. Simple, even to severity, as some of the pieces were they have a



CORNER BOOKSHELF.

charm many of our elaborate modern designs lack. It would be difficult to find a more pleasing and simple design than that of the old Colonial "high-boy" in the illustration. The perfectly straight lines are only varied by the curving of the base and the gracefully turned legs while the varying measures are so carefully proportioned that they do not obtrude in any way and we feel its beauty without stopping to question why. The Heppelwhite sideboard is equally pleasing in its simplicity and grace. Either of these would be exquisite in mahogany or walnut but would still be beautiful if made of the most ordinary wood.

Color is also an important consideration. The crude tones should be avoided—the brighter red in mahogany, yellow in oak, and the reds in birch. In all cases guard against a high polish. If the piece of furniture is satisfactory in every other way it is usually possible to have the polish rubbed down in the shops. Nothing is worse than a mixture of woods in a room. If possible have the woodwork and the various pieces of furniture of the same wood, but if this result cannot be obtained have them at least harmonize in color. By the use of stains the various oaks may be made to harmonize—and either stained birch or dark oak may be used with mahogany.

Ornament should be used sparingly. The best pieces of furniture have very little, and frequently none at all. Hand carving and inlaid work can be used only on hand made furniture and the prices are exceedingly high. Imitations of these are not to be considered—it is much wiser to put one's money into the beautiful wood than poor ornament.

Very little of the furniture that is designed to-day can compare with the Chippendale, Heppelwhite or Sheraton models—but reproductions of nearly all of these may be had now, though if well made they are necessarily expensive. But the simple colonial types can be reproduced at a much smaller cost and are more beautiful than most of our modern designs. Occasionally a home is found with some piece of old furniture stored away in the attic more beautiful than any that appears in the drawing room; and now and then a real treasure is to be picked up at some country auction sale for very small cost. But this happens much less frequently than a few years ago, as we are all beginning to realize the beauty of our old furniture made when dignity and simplicity of design were the rule and not



COLONIAL HIGH-BOY

fumed oak, an attractive nutty brown that is not brought about by staining so does not change or wear off. Good effects in weathered oak are not so certain though some of it is very satisfactory.

Good upholstered furniture is very expensive and the poorer qualities cannot claim much durability. This depends not only on the covering but also on the springs and the material used for the stuffing, and it is impossible to judge of the quality of these, the only safeguard being to buy from a reliable firm.

The beauty of furniture is dependant

the exception, and walnut and mahogany were to be found in almost every home. To all of us these old pieces of furniture have greater charm if they come to us from some former generation and are associated with our childish imaginings of family gatherings and wonderful great aunts and uncles, but a well made reproduction of these types will have just the same value in making our home beautiful.

But the furnishing of a home presents other difficulties than knowing what is suitable to buy. The good pieces of furniture are expensive and frequently have to be bought one piece at a time, and it is probable that most of us are familiar with the difficulties of harmonizing the one new piece with the more worn and less expensive furniture that the room already contains. The more beautiful our newly acquired treasure is the more trouble it is likely to give us. It is well to decide in the beginning the style of furniture and kind of wood which you wish to use, and keep this always in mind in making new purchases. Old furniture which must be used in the room can be made of the same color by the use of a stain; and where cheaper new pieces must be bought to fill in temporarily wicker will be found to answer the purpose very nicely. Many of the shapes in the wicker furniture are very good. The chairs are extremely comfortable and may be stained to correspond with the rest of the furniture. It is most important that the relation between the varying pieces in the room shall be felt, as, if each draws attention separately to itself, the effect is more suggestive of a furniture ware-room than a home.

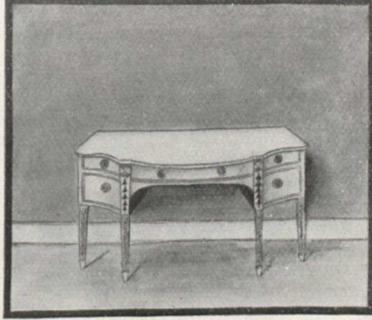
If it is necessary to economize in some part of the house it is wisest to use the best furniture in the dining room, living-rooms, and drawing-room and a cheaper quality in the bed-rooms, though beauty of shape, and comfort need not be sacrificed. Wicker and white enamel are pretty and inexpensive and quite suitable for this purpose.

Books are exceedingly ornamental in our homes, filling a second place only to our pictures, and the question of how they shall be arranged and cared for is worthy of careful consideration. If the house contains a library it is here of course, that most of the books will be kept, the shelves usually being built into the room and finished like the wood-work. If the books are very numerous these sometimes run to the ceiling, the upper shelves affording room for books of reference that will not be in frequent use; but a more pleasing effect is obtained by letting the shelves run only to a height that is easily reached, the space above leaving room for the pictures and the top of the book-case gives opportunity for the placing of a cast or a choice piece of pottery.

The shelves form only a setting for the books which they contain and, like

suitable size for magazines. An attractive sitting-room has book-cases built in at either side of a wide window, reaching the whole width of the room, but taking very little from its length. The shelves for the magazines are placed beneath the window seat and are enclosed as magazines do not stand wear well enough to be very ornamental. This makes a comfortable place to read with the books close at hand.

If there are only a few books a single shelf fastened securely but inconspicuously to the wall at a convenient height often answers the purpose. This should



CELLARET SIDEBOARD (HEPPELWHITE)

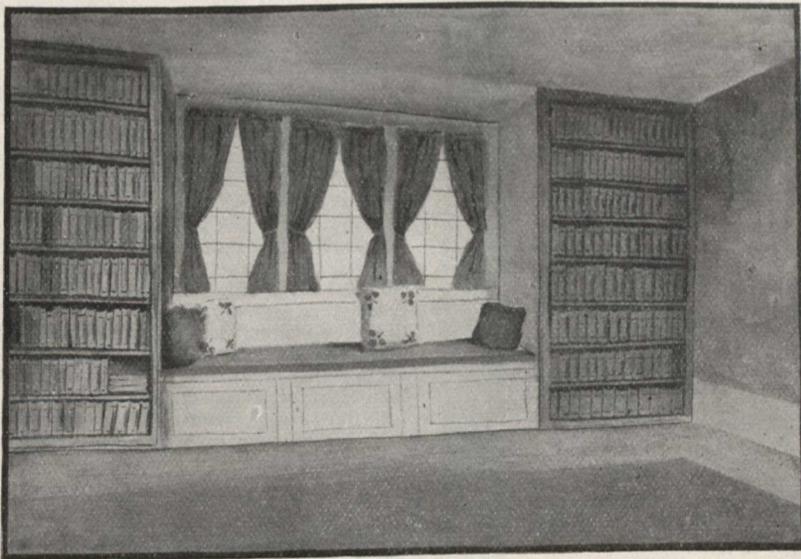
be of the same wood as has been used in the rest of the room and be made with ends high enough to hold the books securely. It is a mistake to place bric-a-brac and books on the same shelf.



A Cement House

THERE will be no water bugs or mice for the housewife to fight in the future, for she will live in a cement house into which they cannot penetrate. It will take just six hours to build it. "I believe," says the inventor, "that a house can be erected complete with plumbing and heating apparatus for \$1,200 on land underlaid with sand and gravel. Every house would be different, but in this priced house the general plan would be twenty-five by thirty feet. There would be three storeys, a cellar and six large living and sleeping rooms. There will be airy halls and a bathroom. Such a house as this would stand on a lot forty by sixty feet."

In the vision outlined by the inventor these houses, all of them different in shape and design, will stand on a succession of wide lawns with blooming beds of flowers. These will all combine into flowered towns in which there will be no animals either harnessed or run-



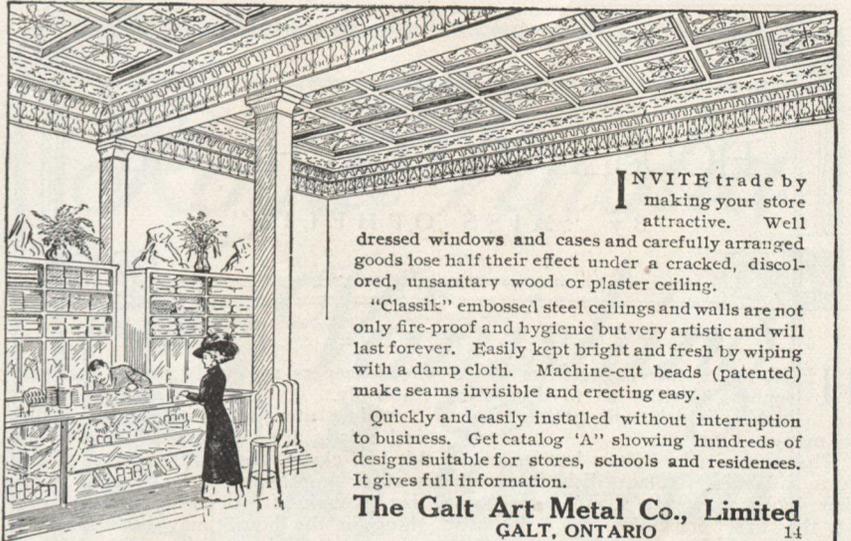
BUILT-IN BOOKSHELVES

the frame of a picture, should not be ornamented in any way that will draw the chief interest to themselves. Usually the plain wood is the best.

If the books are kept in the living room the book shelves are usually of smaller proportions and may frequently be so arranged as to take up little space while adding greatly to the attractiveness of the room. A corner may sometimes be utilized for this purpose, the shelves either following the wall or built across the corner. In the corner book-case shown in the illustration the upper shelves are used for books and the lower divided into compartments of

ning loose. "The worst use of money is to make a fine thoroughfare and then turn it over to horses," says Edison. "The cow and the pigs are gone and the horse is still more undesirable."

Life is to be one continual picnic as far as cooking and eating is concerned, for besides the improved cooking facilities the food will all come in packages. In this way it will be partly prepared and there won't be anything to put into the garbage box. More wonderful still there won't be any marketing, in the ordinary sense, and there will be no bother running to the door to answer the grocery man.



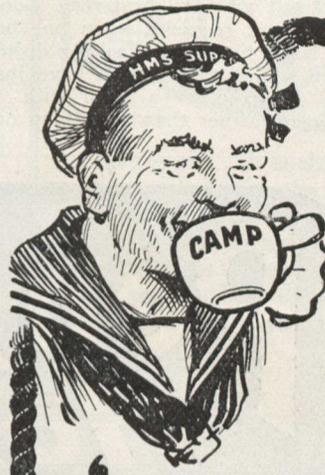
INVITE trade by making your store attractive. Well dressed windows and cases and carefully arranged goods lose half their effect under a cracked, discolored, unsanitary wood or plaster ceiling.

"Classik" embossed steel ceilings and walls are not only fire-proof and hygienic but very artistic and will last forever. Easily kept bright and fresh by wiping with a damp cloth. Machine-cut beads (patented) make seams invisible and erecting easy.

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JACK'S the boy for 'CAMP'!

Cold raw mornings—all sorts of weather—ashore or afloat, 'Camp' always cheers, stimulates and 'warms the cockles of the heart.'

CAMP' keeps anywhere—any time.

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Of all grocers. Sole Makers—R. Paterson & Sons, Ltd. Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

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I H C Cream Harvesters

have proved their value by years of perfect service. If you investigate all cream separators you will appreciate I H C features and advantages all the more. You will find that I H C Cream Harvesters are the only separators with gears which are dust and milk proof and at the same time easily accessible; I H C Cream Harvesters are protected against wear at all points by phosphor bronze bushings—not cast iron or brass. I H C Cream Harvesters are constructed with larger spindles, shafts, and bearings than any other separator, insuring greater efficiency and durability; the I H C bowl is free from slots or minute crevices—that is why it is so remarkably easy to clean.

A Style and Size for You

Made in two styles—Dairymaid and Bluebell—each in four sizes. The I H C local dealer will be glad to explain the many I H C Cream Harvester advantages, all of which have much to do with your dairy profits. Ask him for catalogues and all information, or, write nearest branch house for information desired.

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THE HOUSEHOLD EXCHANGE

By "MISS OPHELIA"

HERE are a few suggestions by Josephine Grenier as to decorating dishes, which will prove helpful to many:—

The woman who knows how to transform a severely plain dish into one that looks elaborate, has learned one of the first principles of domestic economy. Left-overs take on a new charm under her hands, and simple boiled rice or beef stew or bread pudding acquire altogether new and appetizing flavors.

As to the trouble involved—and some women seem to think that sufficient to be the proverbial last straw—it is no trouble at all to decorate a dish; it is not a question of "trouble," but of ingenuity. How long does it take to put a slice or two of lemon and a sprig of parsley on a platter of fish? And yet that little touch is what many

housekeepers resolutely avoid, and very foolishly.

A few utensils for moulding jellies and salads are necessary to keep in the kitchen closet, and a little green of one sort or another will be wanted every day. Aside from these, almost anything in the house may be utilized to advantage, such as a few slices of beet or carrot or turnip, these to be cut out in fancy shapes with a five-cent tin cutter.

It is a mistake, however, to overdo the decorating. Too many cooks put this or that on a dish till it suggests an untrained wholesale caterer. Good taste is a first requisite when one begins to learn the art of making dishes attractive, and it is better to have just a touch of green, or a salad with a simple form, rather than something or-

nate and giving the effect of being complex.

Soups served in cups are improved by having a spoonful of whipped cream put on top of each. Purees need a handful of croutons scattered over them at the last minute before serving, especially such as puree of green peas. Or tiny little noodles may be put on top, if one has learned the art of making them. Clear soups may have several things in them. There are very small stars, squares, triangles, and such things to be had at the Italian groceries in a city, made out of macaroni paste, and ten cents' worth lasts a long time. Or boiled carrots may be sliced thin and cut into hearts or stars and used alone or mixed with a little rice or barley. In a strictly vegetable soup small shapes of carrots, turnips and potatoes may all be used.

In a potato puree or cream a spoonful of peas gives a pretty touch; a little popped corn, the large full kernels only, may be dropped at the last moment on a corn soup.

As to meats, a good rule to remember is to use green freely with everything fried or panned, and not to mix it with other things. That is, fried chicken is best served with the platter liberally edged with parsley, and so is fried ham and sliced mutton steaks. But with other things there are a number of admissible garnishes. Chops may have a few slices of lemon with the parsley, or there may be a mound of peas in

the centre of the dish, and the chops arranged around the edge with the parsley and lemon also. For veal chops or cutlet cut into strips the same combination may be used.

BLANKETS are heavy and hard to handle, but they can be washed with comparative ease, and come out soft and white.

One pound of white soap, shaved; four or five large spoonfuls of powdered borax; boil in two gallons of water until dissolved. Pour into a large tub, fill two-thirds full of cold rain water, put in three single blankets, and let soak over night. Be sure and have blankets well covered with water.

Next morning lift up and down, pressing and working them, but do not rub, as rubbing and wringing hardens woollens. Shake them through four or five rinsing waters, or enough to remove all traces of soap. Squeeze out water necessary to pass them from one tub to the other; then without wringing, lift carefully from last water, hang on line, throw over them a liberal supply of water, and let them drip dry. They will dry much more quickly than one would suppose. Dress skirts and trousers may be washed successfully in same manner, hung by waistband to line; let dry thoroughly, then sponge and press. Blankets that have been hardened by poor washing can be softened and made whiter if washed in this way.

If hard water is used, more soap and borax will be required.

AFTER twenty-two years of house-keeping says a good housewife, I have found the most practical and economical way of making sheets is as follows:—

Since the blankets and dainty comfortables are much more expensive both to buy and keep clean than sheeting, I make my sheets long enough to turn back over them at least a quarter of a yard.

I buy twelve and one-half yards of muslin for four sheets. I make a very wide hem at the top (which dignifies any sheet), and a moderately wide one at the bottom. When a sheet is about two-thirds worn out and ready to be "turned," I take out the upper wide hem, and put in its place the narrowest I can make. The moderately narrow hem then becomes the top or wide one, the sheet is thus reversed, bringing the wear in a different place. Sheets treated in this way will last half again as long.

TRY sleeping in your guest-room for a week. You will probably then discover that the bed is so placed that the first rays of the morning sun fall directly in the eyes of the sleeper, that the bed clothes are too heavy, that the bureau stands so that it is impossible to get a good light on the mirror.

For fifty cents the following list can be purchased; items that will be missed in the costliest bedroom if they are lacking, and that will do much to make the plainest room grateful to the guest:

For five cents enough lavender can be bought to make the bed linen always deliciously fragrant; for five cents a package of hairpins; for ten cents a cube of fancy-headed pins; for ten cents a paper of ordinary pins to fill the pin cushion; for five cents a cake of really good soap in the special guest-room size; for five cents two coat hangers; for five cents a bottle of ink; for five cents some needles, threaded with black and with white silk and cotton, and stuck in the pin cushion.

FROM a variety of domestic hints, we select three which seem especially valuable:

American housewives are beginning to follow the European custom of serving lettuce salad with the meat instead of a vegetables and not as a separate course.

The fresh green, with its piquant dressing "cuts" the fatty elements in the meat, and is particularly refreshing when served in this way. The dressing in such cases should be a light one and not a mayonnaise, nor rich in oil.

Goods put up in tin should be removed from the container immediately after the can is opened. They should never be left in the open can to stand a while in the refrigerator. If nothing worse results the food will acquire a "tinny" taste, and that is quite a sufficient reason for immediate removal.



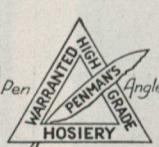
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No. 1760—"Lady Fair" Black Cashmere hose. Medium weight. Made of fine, soft cashmere yarns, 2-ply leg, 5-ply foot, heel, toe and high splice, giving strength where needed. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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

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

No. 1720—Fine quality Cotton Hose.

Made of 2-ply Egyptian yarn, with 3-ply heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, champagne, myrtle, pearl gray, oxblood, helio, sky, pink, bisque. Box of 4 pairs, \$1.00; 6 pairs, \$1.50.

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

FOR MEN

No. 2404—Medium weight Cashmere. 2-ply Botany yarn with special "Everlast" heels and toes. Black, light and dark tan, leather, champagne, navy, myrtle, pearl gray, slate, oxblood, helio, cadet blue and bisque. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

No. 500—"Black Knight" winter weight black Cashmere half-hose. 5-ply body, spun from pure Australian wool. 9-ply silk splice heels and toes. Box of 3 pairs, \$1.50; 6 pairs, \$3.00.

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

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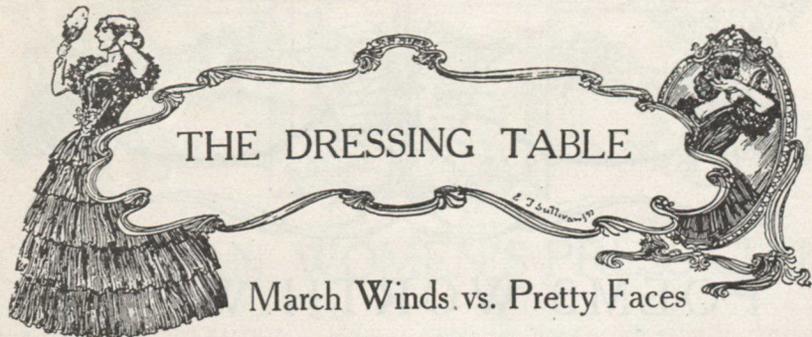
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THE DRESSING TABLE

March Winds vs. Pretty Faces

By "MARIE."

MY Dear Girls.—So many of you want to know how to care for your complexions during the trying March weather that I am almost tempted to make a pun of my heading and entitle it "March Winds and Win(d)someness." However, for fear you would say, "It is wind-some-less we want," I refrain. Since we cannot alter the nature of the bold, forward, blustering March of Ontario, which seems to have a natural born relation in every one of our fair provinces, it will undoubtedly be best for us to see how peaceably and comfortably we can live with this rude aspirant for spring honors, and how beautifully we can emerge from the ordeal.

Now to our task. Edith says: "I do freckle so terribly; even now I have a few rusty spots, and unless you help me I shall be afraid to look in a mirror at all by the first of April."

Maudie's complaint is that she tans a dark brown, and that brown tan makes blue eyes look washed out and turns golden hair almost whitish.

Another's cheeks and lips chafe; another burns and has a flaming face, which is most uncomfortable, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Now we all know people who are fussy and noisy and ostentatious, but after all they cannot do us much harm if we pursue the "even tenor of our way" with caution and temerity combined, and wrapped in blissful serenity; therefore I shall try to show you how to treat March with her gusty ways like the aforesaid obnoxious person, and at the same time secure comfort and perhaps beauty, too, for yourselves.

To begin not exactly at the beginning, Edith and Maudie and almost every other woman and girl will have a smoother, softer, fairer complexion, if, upon coming indoors, after battling with the elements, they will, instead of washing their faces in water cleanse them with a good mild, pure cleansing cream. There are several good preparations of this kind for sale, but the one I know best, is about the consistency of a thick milk, comes in bottles, and may be bought at any of the big stores. Its full name is, I think, "Princess White Rose Cream." This cream is especially easy to apply to the skin, and if allowed to remain for ten minutes perhaps, then wiped gently away with a soft cloth, it is astonishing what an amount of dirt it brings with it, and what a soothing feeling it leaves behind. A little dusting of pure powder afterwards will be cool and comfortable and remove all traces of oiliness or shine. Before going to bed, almost every skin will be better if thoroughly washed, I might say scrubbed, with hot water and soap, unless the skin be very dry and sensitive, when cool water will suit better. Always rinse afterwards with two waters, the last one quite cold. Those who are already tanned or freckled should apply lemon juice while the face is still wet. The thin and wrinkled face will improve more quickly if, after the face has been dried, a pure skin food or fattening cream be massaged in the skin for five or ten minutes and allowed to remain on all night. For hands and faces that are simply rough or chafed, many prefer a greaseless cream. In using oily creams of any sort it is better to wipe off gently with a soft cloth what the skin has not absorbed from the rubbing.

In the morning wash the face, neck and chest lightly with clear cold water, using the hands instead of a cloth or sponge, and wipe thoroughly dry.

Before going out is the time to work against wind and weather. Find a cold cream which satisfies you and apply it gently to the face and neck, according to directions, which usually accompany such articles, leave it on for a few minutes, wipe off with a soft cotton cloth, then powder carefully with the best powder you can get. Do not use a puff or a dirty chamois skin, but some clean, soft old linen or cheesecloth. A good powder applied in this manner after a cream is used will remain on nearly all day, will protect the skin from sun and

wind and dust and will not injure the most delicate skin. Never make the mistake of buying poor cheap creams and powders. They look false and inartistic in the first place, and are often downright injurious. Good cosmetics are absolutely beneficial, as I could prove to you by several women I know who have made use of them and have retained very much of their youth and beauty through many trying years.

In the matter of soaps you may have to experiment for yourself. Personally I like a baby's mild soap, but have found an inexpensive shaving soap like my brother uses, to give me about the best results with Toronto water.

Lastly, before going out, use plenty of hair pins, then array yourself in that afore-mentioned wrap of blissful serenity—yclept a chiffon veil, which you must carefully but firmly adjust.

When you have followed my advice until the end of March you will find that instead of having a tanned, freckled and frowsy-looking complexion, you will have a pretty and peachy one, and will be able to speak of it as Viola did of hers:

"'Tis ingrain, sir,
'Twill endure wind and weather."

And perhaps your "duke" will also softly answer:

"'Tis beauty truly blent whose red and white

Nature's own true and cunning hand laid on."

Then, indeed, will you feel repaid for the ten minutes' extra care you have taken mornings and evenings.

The business girl or lady who expects to be down town most of the day should carry in her purse one of the little French books of poudre papier, as she will find the leaves invaluable for dusting the face at any time.

I want to say to my girls and older women too, that while a good complexion goes a long way towards making a woman attractive, it is not everything. What about your hair, your eyes, your teeth, your figure? Are you too fat or are you almost scrawny? What is your trouble? Naturally I cannot help you all in one month, but if you come to me with your problems I am sure I can help you in many ways. Perhaps you have an eruption on your face or back? So many otherwise pretty girls have. I have studied these subjects for years, and will try to tell you from a simple, economic standpoint what will be best for you. Would you like a little help in choosing colors to suit you? I just love harmonious coloring, and if you will tell me your own style and coloring I'll suggest the loveliest things I can for you.

Perhaps you may have some suggestions to make. Don't hesitate; we want this page the brightest and most helpful one in the magazine. If you wish information that cannot be given through these columns, please send a self-addressed and stamped envelope. Address all communications to Marie, THE HOME JOURNAL.

IT is becoming more and more the custom for persons who are run down physically to take raw eggs. Formerly one thought it exclusively a diet for tuberculosis victims, but it is now ordered for neurasthenics and dyspeptics. It is no easy matter to swallow a raw egg. If nauseating to you there are various disguises for it. Salt and pepper make it more palatable. Or a little lemon or orange juice can be sprinkled over the top and the egg go down with it. One man who has become a connoisseur from long experience says the one and only way to dispose of the slippery article of food is to swallow it down as one would an oyster, with nothing to doctor it. This, he says, can be easily done by using a tall, narrow-mouthed glass, the narrower the better. This gives the egg a good start, it does not get a chance to spread over the top of the glass or one's mouth and is down before you know it.

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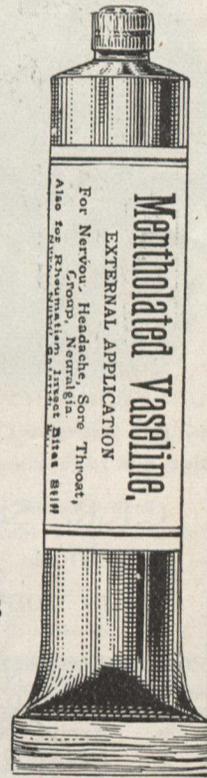


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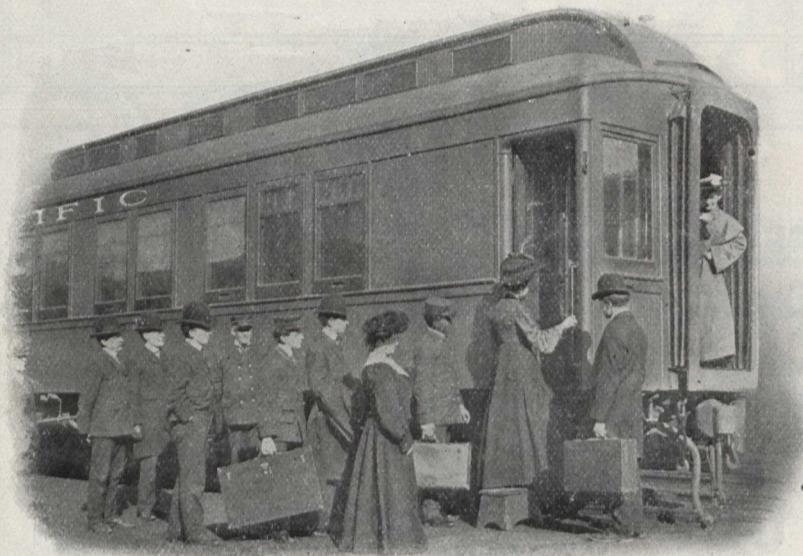


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POEMS WORTH WHILE

Seed Corn

BY CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY

It's but for a year or two, sweetheart!
A year—at the utmost, twain,
And then, rich with the gold of our get-
ting, we'll sail back home again.
It's six days over the ocean, and six
over mountain and plain,
And who that had courage to venture,
ever yet ventured in vain?
The May will be sweet in the meadows,
and welcoming hands will wait
To cling to our hands, my darling, when
we drive to the old white gate;
It is only a twelve days' journey; it's
only a twelve months' play—
It's May and the Hope time, Mary!—
It will surely be always May.

The waves sang them "Westward to
Fortune," but somewhere a seamew
cried:
"Farewell to ye seed corn of England"
—Closer she clung to his side—
Through gloom of forests gigantic, by
the wan grey waves of the lake,
She answered their "Never, Never" with
"Only a year for his sake."
With a laugh at the first she labored,
making pretence to play
At the "chores" that withered her beau-
ty, and wore her young heart away.
Until Hope crept into the forest, and
one who lurked at the door
Heard a wife to a husband whisper—
"Only a year or two more."

The years stole by whilst they labored,
unnoticed on mocassined feet,
And, one by one, to the Silence passed
the comrades they longed to meet—
Till the lad and lass, who started with
a cheer from the old white gate,
Had they come home crowned as vic-
tors, would have won their crowns
too late.

The lines came into his forehead, and
the spring went out of his stride,
The blue was washed from a woman's
eyes; the laugh of a young heart
died—
If you fix your eyes on the sky-line, you
see not the road you roam—
These saw but the fields of England;
they heard but the songs of home.

There's a farm where the buffaloes pas-
tured; a patch from the forest torn,
Where the flag of his mother-country
waves over the rip'ning corn—
There's a piece in the world's mosaic;
a thought in a new world's brain,
A haunting presence of England in city,
and forest, and plain.
Men have built success on his failures—
where she lies under the sod,—
The love that she bore for her mother-
land; her faith in that land's God
Still linger. The seed corn sees not the
wealth of the waving field,
The Sower alone at His harvest shall
measure the cost and yield.

The Poke Bonnet

She drew it from its resting-place,
Amid old lavender and lace,
And laughed to merry scorn—
The faded bow and sprays of blue
Forget-me-nots the border knew—
The feather crushed and torn.

The bonnet on her brow she drew,
And tucked a wilful curl or two
That truant played, within;
Then with a shy, coquettish pout
She smoothed the crumpled ribbons out
And tied them 'neath her chin.

His eyes her mirrors were, and hers
Were soft as rippling water stirs
In dreamland's garden closes.
Forgetful of my presence there,
He kissed her cheeks, her brow, her
hair,
Her lips, twin scarlet roses.

I thought of how her mother wore
That bonnet, long, long years before—
A veil hung coyly on it.
I thought of how I tore the mist
Of lace aside, and boldly kissed
The face within the bonnet.

How history repeats! For me
The poke a halo used to be,
Her mother's brow entwining;
And now, I see, he in his dreams
Has wrought the same ideal; it seems,
On her, an aureole shining.
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Everywhere

Where have you been, Miss Goldenhair?
And she silverly answers: "Every-
where!"
Everywhere is the place, you know,
Where ever so many children go,
When over the hills and the dales they
skip
On twilight shores of the dreamland
trip.

Everywhere is a place to bide
By the moony foam of the rolling tide,
A place far over the sea to sail
When tired of mountain and tired of
vale,
And off on a butterfly wing of light
Miss Goldenhair is a fairy sight.
Everywhere is a child's own land
By a castle tall and a silver strand
Where princes live and a palfrey
white
Comes down with a princess on at
night
To travel with her on journeys far
Beyond the moon and sun and star.

Everywhere is the place you see
Whenever you climb upon my knee
And we sing and sway to the little
tune
Of roses red in the lanes of June,
And just as you think you are there,
instead,
It's mother and me and the trundle bed!
—Baltimore Sun.

For Every Day

BY MARY DICKINSON

We should fill the hours with sweetest
things
If we had but a day;
We should drink alone at the purest
springs
In our upward way;
We should love with a lifetime's love
in an hour,
If our hours were few;
We should rest, not for dreams, but
for fresher power
To be and to do.

We should bind our weary and wanton
wills
To clearest light;
We should keep our eyes on the heav-
enly hills
If they lay in sight;
We should trample the pride and the
discontent
Beneath our feet;
We should take whatever a good God
sent
With a trust complete.

We should waste no moments in weak
regret
If the day were but one;
If what we remember and what we for-
get
Went out with the sun;
We should be from our clamorous
selves set free
To work or pray,
And to be what our Father would have
us be,
If we had but a day.

A Song

Good-bye: nay, do not grieve that it is
over—
The perfect hour—
That the winged joy, sweet, honey-lov-
ing rover,
Flits from the flower.
Grieve not. It is the law. Love will
be flying—
Yea, love and all!
Glad was the living, blessed be the
dying,
Let the leaves fall!
—Century Magazine.



CANADIAN WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB

MISS IDA WILSHIRE, a member of the Vancouver branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club, writes from Arkansas that she is enjoying greatly her extended tour of the Western States with Madame Labadie. Miss Wilshire writes Madame Labadie's advance press notices and is full of admiration for the interpretative reader's great ability.

Miss Margaret L. Hart, a member of the Toronto Women's Press Club, has been appointed Canadian correspondent of *The Catholic Union and Times* of Buffalo. Miss Hart taught in Toronto before she entered journalism. Her first newspaper work was done for the *Irish Canadian*. When that journal was succeeded by the *Catholic Register* Miss Hart joined the staff, was assistant editor and later editor. Miss Hart whose special work is descriptive and editorial writing, has frequently undertaken special reporting of such events as the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, the Church Centenary in New York, and Father Fallon's consecration in London. She is a frequent contributor to *The Canadian Magazine* and *The Canadian Courier*.

At the annual meeting of the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Women's Press Club on November 5th, Mrs. Rockwell C. Osborne was chosen by the Club as their President for the ensuing year, Miss Frances Beynon as Vice-President and Miss Mary S. Mantle as Secretary-Treasurer. The retiring President, Mrs. C. P. Walker, in a bright speech expressed her appreciation of the position she had held, and spoke of the keen interest she felt, and would continue to feel, in the doings of the Club. Five new names have been added to the membership since the last annual meeting, and during the same period it was the privilege of the Club members to entertain Mrs. Balmer Watt, Mrs. J. H. R. Bond, Mrs. Nellie McClung, Miss Agnes Murphy, Miss Aimee Moore, Mr. George Ham, and the Thunder Bay branch of the C. W. P. C.

The Winnipeg branch of the Press Club has been holding many interesting meetings of late. On November 11th last Mrs. F. Graham entertained the members of the Club at afternoon tea. During the following week the Club were fortunate in having as their guest Miss Marshall Saunders, and greatly enjoyed her talk regarding Supervised Playgrounds, the work of the Humane Society, and her own undertakings.

The closing meeting of the Club for the year, on December 28th, was held in the beautiful Louis XV room of the T. Eaton Co., by invitation of Mr. A. A. Gilroy, their Manager. Miss Hind, who lately returned from Chicago, and Miss Beynon from a visit to the West, gave interesting accounts of some of their experiences.

On January 26th the Club again met, by invitation of one of its members, for afternoon tea, the hostess being Mrs. H. J. Parker. ("The Bookman" of the *Manitoba Free Press*.)

The second birthday of the *Levy Magazine*, Vancouver, B. C., was duly celebrated in December by a birthday dinner at which there was a brilliant array of toasts. After "The King" came "Our Guests" proposed by Judge McInness and responded to by Mr. J. P. McConnell. "The Women's Press Club" was proposed by Mr. B. McEvoy (Diogenes) and to this Mrs. W. J. Holt Murison, (vice-president of the Vancouver Branch of the C. W. P. C.), made an amusing reply. Miss Clara Battle proposed "Our City" and Miss Laveroch responded; Mr. R. G. McPherson's toast was "The Press" to which Mr. L. W. Makovski made answer; and, last but not least, Judge McInness proposed "The *Levy Magazine*" to which Miss Beatrice A. Levy, publisher and editor, replied.

In a miniature of the *Levy Magazine* the Levy Menu is given, and the story of the many stages of the menu is wittily given by Miss Edy Torr. We

quote the lines which refer to the salad and dessert.

"The 'Province' and the 'World' and the 'Advertiser' met, and decided just like Christians to forgive and to forget. For a strong fraternal feeling kept them fully exercised on leaves from nature's notebook, which the chef had just revised. Lady Van(illa) Ice-Cream once worked out a beautiful scheme: 'Twas that editors never should think themselves clever; but, alas, it was only a dream."

In "The Circle of Young Canada" in the *Globe*, Miss L. M. Montgomery, the author of "Anne of Green Gables" and two delightful successors to "Anne," recently told of her early writing. From this letter we quote the following paragraphs:

"When did I begin to write?" I wish I could remember. I cannot recall the time when I was not writing, and when I did not fondly dream of being a 'really, truly author' when I grew up. From the time I first tried to guide a pen I was a most indefatigable scribbler, and stacks of MSS.—long ago reduced to ashes, alas!—bore testimony to the same. Sometimes I wrote prose; and then all the little incidents of my not very exciting existence were described. I wrote descriptions of my favorite haunts, "biographies" of my pets, accounts of visits and school affairs—and even "critical" reviews of books I had read. Sometimes I broke out in verse, and wrote "poetry" about flowers and months, or addressed "lines" to my friends, and enthused over sunsets. I remember the very first "poetry" I ever wrote. I was nine years old, and I had been reading Thomson's "Seasons," of which a little curly-covered, atrociously-printed copy had fallen into my hands. So I composed a poem called "Autumn," in blank verse, in imitation thereof. I wrote it, I remember, on the back of one of the long red "letter bills" then used in the post-office service. It was seldom easy for me to get all the paper I wanted, and those jolly old "letter bills" were positive boons. My grandparents, with whom I lived, kept the postoffice, and three times a week a discarded letter bill came my delighted way. As for "Autumn," I can recall only the opening lines:—

'Now Autumn comes, laden with peach and pear:
The sportsman's horn is heard throughout the land,
And the poor partridge, fluttering, falls dead.'

True, peaches and pears were not abundant in Prince Edward Island at any season, and I am sure nobody ever heard a 'sportsman's horn' in this Province—though dear little partridges are shot mercilessly. But in those glorious days my budding imagination declined to be hampered by facts. Thomson had sportsmen's horns, and so forth; therefore I must have them, too.

"Autumn" had many successors. Once I had found out that I could write poetry, I overflowed in verse about everything. Writing came as easily and naturally to me as breathing or eating. Other children found their recreation in games and romps. I found mine in creeping away into some lonely corner with a pencil and a "letter bill," and writing verses or sketches in a cramped, schoolgirl hand.

I remember—who could ever forget it?—the first commendation my writings received. I was about twelve, and I had a stack of poems written out, and hidden jealously from all eyes—for I was very sensitive about my scribbles, and could not bear the thought of having them seen by those who would probably laugh at them. Nevertheless, I wanted to know what others would think of them—not from vanity, but from a strong desire to find out if an impartial judge would see any merit in them. So I employed a ruse to find out. It seems very funny, and a little pitiful, to me now; but then it seemed to me that I was at the bar of judgment for all time."



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JEANNE OF THE MARSHES

Continued from page 14

likely to beset her, had gone out of his way to offer her his help. She felt now that she would not have to fight her step-mother's influence unaided. Yet when she sought her room at twelve o'clock the next morning, she had very little idea of the sort of fight which she might indeed have to make.

The Princess had already spent an hour at her toilette. Her hair was carefully arranged and her face massaged. She received her step-daughter with some show of affection, and bade her sit close to her.

"Jeanne," she said, "you are now nearly twenty years old. For many reasons I wish to see you married. The Count de Brensault formally proposed for you last night. He is coming at three o'clock this afternoon for his answer."

Jeanne sat upright in her chair. "The Count might have spared himself the trouble," she said. "He knows very well what my answer will be. I think that you know too. It is no, most emphatically and decidedly! I will not marry the Count de Brensault."

"Before you express yourself so irrevocably," the Princess said calmly, "I should like you to understand that it is my wish that you accept his offer."

"In all ordinary matters," Jeanne answered, "I am prepared to obey you. In this, no! I think that I have the right to choose my husband for myself, or at any rate to approve of whomever you may select. I do not approve of the Count de Brensault. I do not care for him, and I never could care for him, and I will not marry him!"

The Princess said nothing for several moments. Then she moved toward the door which led into her sleeping chamber, where her maid was still busy, and turned the key in the lock.

"Jeanne," she said when she returned, "I think it is time that you were told something which I am afraid will be a shock to you. This great fortune of yours, of which you have heard so much, and which has been so much talked about, is a myth."

"What do you mean?"

"Exactly what I say," the Princess continued. "Your father made huge gifts to his relatives during the last few years of his life, and he left enormous sums in charity. To you he left the remainder of his estate, which all the world believed to amount to at least a million pounds. But when things came to be realized, all his securities seemed to have depreciated. The legacies were paid in cash. The depreciation of his fortune all fell upon you. When everything had been paid, there was something like twenty-five thousand pounds left. More than half of that has gone in your education, and in an allowance to myself since I have had the charge of you. There is a little left in the hands of Monsieur Laplanche, but very little indeed. What there is we owe for your dresses, the rent of this house, and other things."

"You mean," Jeanne interrupted, bewildered, "that I have no money at all?"

"Practically none," the Princess answered. "Now you can see why it is so important that you should marry a rich man."

Jeanne was bewildered. It was hard to grasp these things which her step-mother was telling her.

"If my fortune is really gone," she said, "why do you let people talk about it, and write about me in the papers as though I were still so rich?"

The Princess shrugged her shoulders. "For your own sake," she answered. "It is necessary to find you a husband, is it not, and nowadays one does not find them easily when there is no dot."

Jeanne felt her cheeks burning. "I am to be married, then," she said slowly, "by some one who thinks I have a great deal of money, and who afterwards will be able to turn round and reproach me for having deceived him."

The Princess laughed. "Afterwards," she said, "the man will not be too anxious to let the world know that he has been made a fool of. If you play your cards properly, the afterwards will come out all right."

Jeanne rose slowly to her feet. "I do not think," she said, "that you

have quite understood me. I should like you to know that nothing would ever induce me to marry any one unless they knew the truth. I will not go on accepting invitations and visiting people's houses, many of whom have only asked me because they think that I am very rich. Every one must know the truth at once."

"And how, may I ask, do you propose to live?" the Princess asked quietly.

"If there is nothing left at all of my money," Jeanne said, "I will work. If it is the worst which comes, I will go back to the convent and teach the children."

The Princess was very pale, but her eyes were hard and steely.

"Child," she said, "don't be a fool. Don't make me angry, or I may say and do things for which I should be sorry. It is no fault of mine that you are not a great heiress. I have done the next best thing for you. I have made people believe that you are. Be reasonable, and all will be well yet. If you are going to play the Quixote, it will be ruin for all of us. I cannot think how a child like you got such ideas. Remember that I am many years older and wiser than you. You should leave it to me to do what is best."

Jeanne shook her head.

"I cannot," she said simply. "I am sorry to disappoint you, but I shall tell every one I meet that I have no money, and I will not marry the Count de Brensault."

The Princess grasped her by the wrist.

"You will not obey me, child?" she said.

"I will obey you in everything reasonable," Jeanne said.

"Very well, then," the Princess answered, "go to your room at once."

Jeanne turned and walked toward the door. On the threshold, however, she paused. There were many times, she remembered, when her step-mother had been kind to her. She looked around at the Princess, sitting with her head resting upon her clasped hands.

"I am very sorry," Jeanne said timidly, "that I cannot do what you wish. It is not honest. Cannot you see that it is not honest?"

The Princess turned slowly round. "Honest!" she repeated scornfully. "Who is there in our world who can afford to be honest? You are behaving like a baby, Jeanne. I only hope that before long you may come to your senses. Will you obey me if I tell you not to leave your room until I send for you?"

"Yes!" she said. "I will obey you in that."

"Then go there and wait," the Princess said. "I must think what to do."

The Count de Brensault called in Berkeley Square at three o'clock precisely that afternoon, but it was the Princess who received him, and the Princess was alone.

"Well?" he asked, a little eagerly. "Mademoiselle Jeanne is more reasonable, eh? You have good news?"

The Princess motioned him to a seat. "I think," she said, "we had forgotten how young Jeanne really is. The idea of getting married to any one seems to terrify her. After all, why should we wonder at it? The school where she was brought up was a very, very strict one, and this plunge into life has been a little sudden."

"You think, then," De Brensault asked eagerly, "that it is not I personally whom she objects to so much?"

"Certainly not," the Princess answered. "It is simply you as the man whom it is proposed that she should marry, that she dislikes. I have been talking to her for a long time this afternoon. Frankly, I do not know which would be best—to give up the idea of anything of the sort for some time, or to—"

"To what?" De Brensault demanded. "To take extreme measures," the Princess answered slowly. "Mind, I would not consider such a thing for a moment, if I were not fully convinced that Jeanne, when she is a little older, would be perfectly satisfied with what we have done."

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(To be continued)

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MATTERS MUSICAL

THE coming appearance in concert at Massey Hall, Friday evening March 3, of Mme Tetrassini, is her second venture in the concert field, but she will not be heard anywhere this year in opera until her return to England in April and May. In this connection the following article in The New York Times will be of interest to her many admirers:—"To the Editor Times: Mr. Gatti-Casazza has doubtless done his best to present patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House with excellent productions this season: but there are thousands of operagoers who deeply regret that Madame Tetrassini has declined to sing there. To those who have been spellbound by the inexpressible charm of her singing, the operatic stage seems to lack its crowning glory when she does not appear. What is it that invests Tetrassini's singing with this marvellous power of fascination? What is it that brings the tears to the eyes—that stops the heartbeats? It is not merely the phenomenal flights of her coloratura; it is still more the intense expressiveness of the simplest passages in her singing; her coloratura amazes, her rendering of a plain melody goes direct to the heart."

MISCHIA ELMAN, the youthful violin genius who will be heard March 1 at Massey Hall, was born in Russia just twenty years ago, and received his first violin lessons from his father at the age of four. At the age of five he went to Odessa to study with Professor Friedmann. In 1902 Leopold Auer brought him to St. Petersburg, where in 1904 he made his debut in the Tchaikowski concerto. His first appearance in London was on March 21, 1905. His American debut took place with the Russian Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, New York, on December 10, 1908, and that season he played more than one hundred times in the United States, thirty of those concerts being given in New York city alone, so great was his success. Everywhere large audiences turned out to greet the young master, who was proclaimed, not to be a copy of any great master who had been heard before him, but an artist of unique attainments, whose ability stood out strongly in contrast with those of his contemporaries, and whose position as one of the greatest violinists was incontestable.

Mendelssohn Choir

THE cycle of Mendelssohn Choir concerts, which included five events, of the first importance in the musical world, proved of undiminished artistic quality and undoubted popularity. In spite of the worst blizzard of the season, the first concert was attended by the traditional Mendelssohn audience, which packed Massey Hall with enthusiastic music-lovers. From that first evening it was manifest that both Choir and Orchestra had established themselves more firmly than ever, both in the artistic estimate and popular regard of such audiences as seldom face a Canadian organization. With the passing of the years the hearers have become increasingly critical and have been educated in a nicety of discrimination quite unusual in the earlier years. However, each section of the Choir was found more brilliant and confident, while the ensemble effects were such as to deepen the impression that the Mendelssohn Choir is determined in "lifting better up to best." Two old favorites roused the audience to enthusiasm during the Monday concert—each of them a composition by Sir Edward Elgar—"My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land," and "It Comes From the Misty Ages" from "The Banner of St. George." The applause which followed the latter number reminded one of the great reception which greeted this selection years ago on its first rendering.

The great feature of the cycle was the production on Tuesday evening of Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem," a masterpiece of color and dramatic devotion. It is of the Italian school and therefore possesses a fervor not associated by the less emotional Northern races with the expression of religious feeling. The general impression of the most impos-

ing part of the composition is told in this description:

"The second section, the 'Dies Irae,' for chorus with orchestra, is considered the most striking and remarkable portion of the work. The chromatic passages for the orchestra, suggesting the cries of those who witness the 'passing away of the heaven and earth,' the use of the bass voices and instruments in their higher registers, the general choral progression, all produce a vivid realistic effect."

The production of this great work was so entirely satisfactory and illuminating that Dr. Vogt will probably be urged to repeat it next year. On Wednesday and Thursday nights the great success of last year, Gabriel Pierne's "The Children's Crusade" was repeated, with an increased strength and dramatic appreciation. The production of this work alone, declared several visitors from distant cities, was worth a long journey.

The orchestral work was up to the superlative standard set by the Thomas Orchestra, and the conductor, Mr. Stock, shared honors with Dr. Vogt. The Monday night performance of Tschai-kowski's "Solennelle" was probably the most popular orchestral number, while the same composer's Fifth Symphony was chosen for the most imposing number at the orchestral matinee on Thursday afternoon. The soloists were most acceptable in their various exacting roles, and Toronto audiences were especially glad to welcome again Mr. Herbert Witherspoon, the bass soloist.

The value of the Mendelssohn Choir's work to choirs throughout the country can hardly be estimated too highly. It has raised the tone of choral ambition and has inspired a multitude of choir-masters with the desire for higher things than the ordinary village accomplishment. To have made one week of the year a series of choral delight for thousands of his countrymen, and to have formed an organization which is professionally recognized as "the Champion Choir" are among the proud achievements of the "great little man from Waterloo."

Questions and Answers

Concentration in Piano Practice

Could you advise some good rule as to piano practice that I may accomplish a great amount of work in a short time?—R. T.

Commence work the moment you reach the piano. Do not run idly over some little thing you know or let the mind wander from your work, but pick out the difficult passage first and master it. Determine to accomplish that which the composer means you to do. Without determination failure is certain.

Church Piano Work

It is noticeable that few pianists play hymns musically. Can you give me any suggestions?—Mabel G. R.

Few students study the beauty of hymn music. They may be played more effectively by filling in the chords written, by occasionally playing arpeggio or by working in little variations such as playing the alto or tenor part prominently as an obligato. This latter is especially pleasing, and requires only a little practice.

Children's Piano Study

As I have removed from a town in Ontario to a rural section in the West, we find teachers of piano scarce, and want your help in suggesting a few pieces which may be studied by my eight-year-old girl, who has been fairly successful in her work up to the present.—Mrs. T. B. Smith.

The following should prove of value for home study under your help: Krogmann's "Robin's Lullaby," "Santa Claus Guard," "Little Patriot March." Paul Ducele also has written two or three very pretty things, which may be had in book form at any music store, or if not to be had in your section, we would be glad to look after same for you.

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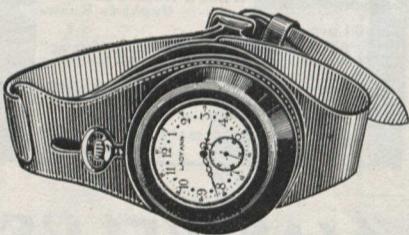
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The Dearest in the World

Continued from page 7

and undoubted beauty, to put into words what the rest were thinking.

"I wonder if Roger Allison knows. They used to be very friendly. I remember now, they were on the river together the night before she went away."

It was the day after Margaret's homecoming. Her father had gone back to the business from which he had torn himself for a day to welcome his only daughter, and Margaret was left with an autumn afternoon on her hands.

"I'll go to the park. It will be pretty well deserted now, and yet it is at its loveliest. What joy to sniff the smoky, hazy air, to look at the glories of the trees in the river reflections and to rustle the fallen leaves again. Perhaps I'll even find a small boy who wants a battle with them. I'm afraid I haven't grown up a bit."

Roger Allison had that same autumn afternoon on his hands. "There are so few things to do when one is blind until one gets used to it," he said to his grandfather.

There had followed a cautious journey along the street, more cautiously still over the grass among the trees to the bench overlooking the river. He had smiled a trifle grimly over his anxiety to reach that particular bench since no river could he see. Then resolutely he had pushed the thought of a dark present and future out of his mind and given himself up to the past. Only treasured memories are brought back at such a time, and with every one of these there was something of Margaret Scott. So that though he had not heard of her return it was no surprise to hear her voice quite close at hand:

"Good-bye, Laddie. If your mother said to be home at four o'clock you'll have to run like anything. But we've had a fine time even if we've never been introduced. Good-bye, good-bye."

Then was laughter and youth and hope in the dear voice, and his heart beat high as he listened to it and then to her footsteps brushing through the leaves and coming directly towards his bench.

She was close to him before she saw who it was.

"Roger, Roger," he heard her say joyfully, but he did not know that her eyes were shining and both hands outstretched to meet his. Instinctively he rose and held out his hands, and in a second they held her tight. She had been so close to him that she could not notice that he had not come to her.

He held firmly to her hand, as they sat down, afraid to lose this one hold upon her.

"Margaret, Margaret," he whispered, and she, overcome by the meeting which she had pictured to herself a thousand times and more, just like this, sat with eyes cast down, content to feel the warm clasp of his hand and to hear her name on his lips.

Then she looked up, and the face she saw startled her with the agony upon it.

"Roger, what is it? Tell me why you look at me so strangely?"

"Look! My God, I cannot look—cannot see the dearest face in all the world to me!"

Blind! For one brief moment there was the bitter pang that he for whom she had yearned to grow fairer and had grown so beyond her wildest hopes, would never see the new beauty that was his right since he had inspired it. And she had so longed to have him find her fair.

"Roger, when did it come?" His answers were brief and given grudgingly. The pain seemed bound to slip out with the words:

"Nearly a year ago."

"And you did not tell me?"

"No, it would have done no good."

Silence again for what seemed a long, long time for both. He dared not draw her pity. She was gathering her courage.

"Roger," she said gently, in a voice that trembled just the least bit.

"Yes."

"Will you tell me something?"

"I do not know. What is it?"

"I think I have a right—yes, a right, to ask."

"Well?" The tone was not encouraging, but she was resolved.

"Why did you say the 'dearest face in the world'?"

"Don't, Margaret. This is too hard."

"You said it twice."

"And you remembered? But I had no right to say it, especially now."

"But," she persisted gently, "why did

you say it? Since you did, I think I have a right to know."

He was driven desperately, and showed it in the distress of his face and voice. But she had no mercy.

"Why?"

"Because—and, helpless blind that I am, I am a coward to tell you—because I love you with every atom of my being, because everything about you is dear to me, and has been for years."

"Even my plain face?"

"Even your plain face, if you will call it so. I never knew whether it was plain or not, it was the face of the girl I loved—and love yet. Heaven help me, and forgive me for telling what should never have been known to you if I had been as brave as I ought to be."

"I made you tell me. Do you know why?"

No answer.

"Do you want to know why? She watched his silent face, and the unspoken longing in it decided her.

"I wanted you to say what you have said because—because 'I love you with every atom of my being, because everything about you is dear to me,' even your poor blind eyes."

"But Margaret—"

"Do you need me, Roger? Be honest with me."

"Need you. Oh my love—"

"Well, I need you more. Kiss me, Roger, and then let us go home."

Grandfather Allison met them on the steps. The densest man on earth could not have failed to know, and grandfather was not dense.

"Margaret, how lovely you—"

But Margaret shook her head warningly at him, and Roger smiled and said:

"She always had the dearest face in the world."

Lady Sybil's Shoe Buckles

Continued from page 8

and open the window to them, and there I was, let in for the whole blooming show!"

"I know you told me something, but I bought the shoe-buckles from you in thorough good faith, without knowing how you came by them—they were so quaint, I knew Sybil would like them. I gave you five hundred for them."

"Yes, I know you did, you've been a brick all through, and I've been a low, thieving cur, but I'll make amends, never fear."

It was getting dark as the two men turned into the house where they shared rooms. Vandeleur opened the door with his latch-key; a slight girlish figure was standing by the fire. She turned round suddenly.

"Sybil!" cried Vandeleur, hoarsely.

"Yes," she answered dully, "it is I. The porter let me in. I came to bring you back these." She handed him a small parcel done up in tissue paper.

"I brought them back," she said, without looking at him. "You see, I can't wear them again, people say such things."

"And you believe them, Sybil?"

She gazed up at him.

"No, no, not really—not when you look at me like this, Ernest; but, oh, what is it that is so wrong? Tell me, tell me, I want to believe in you."

"He won't tell you," cried Crosbie, starting forward; "he is too loyal for that, but I'll tell you. It was I who helped to break into that house at Portman Square. I was driven to it. I was desperately hard up, glad to do anything. It was I who got the diamond buckles as my share of the loot, and Vandeleur bought them from me. That's the honest truth, Lady Sybil! Make what you like of it."

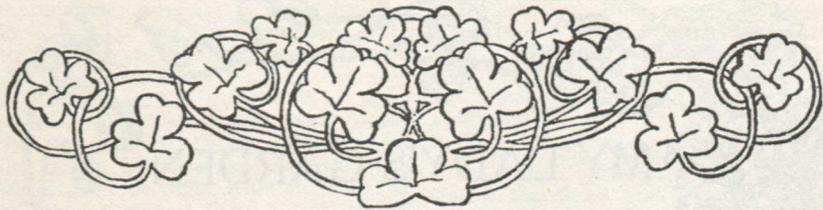
"Thank God!" she exclaimed. "I knew, Ernest, you couldn't have been the thief, and yet, forgive me, I doubted you once or twice."

"And shall he be punished, Sybil? Shall I round on him now?"

"No, I am going myself to Mr. Marcus Metheimer. I have met him, I will give him back the shoe-buckles, and ask him not to prosecute. He has got the other things, so he will not suffer."

"By George, Lady Sybil," cried Crosbie, "you're a good plucked 'un. You've saved me this night, for if you'd chucked Vandeleur, I should have given myself up. And now I'll get off to Australia and turn over a new leaf; it wants turning, goodness knows!"

The public never knew the mystery of Lady Sybil's diamond shoe-buckles.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARTIES

THE "Seventeenth of Ireland," as the boys playfully term St. Patrick's Day, has become a popular holiday, or day of entertaining in most of our cities. St. Andrew's Day is usually celebrated throughout Canada by an imposing ball and by Caledonian games when Lowlands and Highlands unite to make such occasions a glorious reminiscence of the fun and frolic of the Land o' Cakes. Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns are quoted for every toast at a St. Andrew's dinner, and there is a general wearing of plaids with a badge of heather.

St. George's Day, which comes on April 23rd, is kept by all societies which bear the name, and a red, red rose, the badge of the House of Lancaster, is seen everywhere. The greatest Englishman of them all, William Shakespeare, was born on April 23rd, and died on April 23rd, about three centuries ago. Hence, the celebration of St. George's Day is often associated with the name and the works of the great dramatist.

St. Patrick's Day, however, is distinctly and joyously Irish. It belongs to the "ould sod," and is kept by Irishmen everywhere. The "wearing of the green" is a prevailing fashion on the "glorious Seventeenth"; and in our favored Canada, where old feuds soon die out, both the North and South of Ireland forget the strife of long ago, and Ulster, Munster, Connaught and Leinster exult in the wearing of the "mystic wee shamrock." What though the "really and truly" shamrock be hard to find in this country? We have the trefoil, which so closely resembles it, that for all intents and purposes, we keep the day, even as in old Ireland itself.

Socially, for the last few years the day has been most pleasantly celebrated by teas, luncheons and dinners. Montreal is said to have the best Irish teas and banquets of any of our Canadian cities, and the following description of a tea given by a matron of that city may be interesting to many of you.

You must remember, in the first place, that the Irish green is neither Nile nor reseda, but a good, strong emerald green, and therefore, not to be easily combined with other tints. White is the usual accompaniment, and in this instance, the hostess was careful to avoid any clashing of "greens." She wore a gown of white, trimmed with Limerick lace and brightened by a corsage bouquet of shamrock. The only floral decorations in the reception rooms were palms, shamrock and daffodils, and the hall also was a veritable paradise of verdant hue, with an ancient harper seated in the hall, who played the sweetest old strains which brought tears to the eyes of many of the Irish born. "The Minstrel Boy," boldest of martial strains, resounded through the halls, and then came the tender, exquisite melody of "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," one of the most appealing love songs ever written. "By Killarney's Lakes and Fells" and "Come Back To Erin" set the shamrocks fairly a-quiver with sympathy. Then a dainty bit of a "colleen" sang "Oh, the Days of the Kerry Dancers!" and another recited "Dawn On the Irish Coast." The tea-table was fairly ablaze with shamrocks and emerald-shaded candles, the sandwiches, even, were trefoil-shaped and the ices were in the form of that blessed tuber, the potato. It was such "a shamrock of a tea" that everyone hopes that the same fair hostess will observe St. Patrick's Day in like manner this year.

A St. Patrick's Day luncheon is one of the prettiest you can imagine. One that was given in 1910 was voted a most enjoyable and picturesque entertainment by the fortunate guests. The tables were arranged in the form of a St. Patrick's cross, with the appropriate historical coloring. In the centre was a large pot of shamrock, and at each plate was a favor of either harp or shamrock. There was bouillon a la Murphie (which was none other than potato soup), there was salad so verdant that it might have been the sod in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, and there was delicious roast pork, which might have moved Charles Lamb to write a

sequel to his mouth-watering essay. Then there were such charming ices—green, of course, with pistachio flavoring—and in the form of either pigs or potatoes—and finally there came on a genuine small jaunting-car, such as might in larger size have joggled along the highways and byways of old Donegal. Only this low-back car was filled with bon-bons and most delicate confection, and each guest departed with a card inscribed with a bit of love-making in the real Old Irish language—which is as tender and as true as the Gaelic—*cushla ma chree*.

No one who knows Ireland can forget that it is the island of ghosts and fairies—such wonderful moaning ghosts whose cries curdle the blood and make the hearer sure that the end of his earthly career is at hand. So, a St. Patrick's party is not quite complete without a few ghost stories by way of final thrills. A girl of Irish blood gave a party which included entralling tales as a concluding feature of the repast. It was a party for girls exclusively—a very jolly one, although men are wont to revile such gatherings. They played a game of "Irish Authors and Quotations," and the four who came highest were given prizes of cups and saucers adorned with shamrock wreaths. The refreshments were sandwiches, served on broad green lettuce leaves and accompanied by small mint jellies, which gave the desirable tinge of green; ices, white and green, and cakes with pistachio icing. Then followed a delightful hour before a wood fire, which crackled and sparkled on the wide hearth as if there were no howling March winds without. Each guest had been warned that she must have an Irish story, and the resulting tales were gay or grotesque, with a bit of ghostliness pervading them all. The banshee and the wee green folk came across the sea and lingered near the glowing coals, and sent a slight shiver across the fascinated group. One of the girls had been the proud possessor of a grandfather who had the Celtic gift of "second sight," and who beheld his favorite daughter's drowning months before it occurred. Another belonged to a family which had a genuine old-fashioned "curse" belonging to it, but the curse was obliging enough to skip a generation, not to make itself too obnoxious. A third guest, whose family came from the picturesque county of Antrim, was a firm believer in the "little folk," and had many a story to tell of how they helped the family in hours of crisis and peril, and how the Grey Lady came down the glen the night before an O'Neil was to die. They are glorious ghost stories, those tales of old Ireland, and make the twilight hours full of "many shapes that shadows were." Then there are "literary" parties which may be given; with Irish song and speech and poem, which send the descendants of Hibernia home, to the tune of Erin go bragh!

In the St. Patrick's Day entertainments, it is well to keep the dainty and poetic aspects of the day prominent, and not to deal in the caricature features which are so common in the United States. This little poem by Dora Sigerson on "Ireland," shows the true Hibernian spirit:

'Twas the dream of a God,
And the mould of His hand,
That you shook 'neath His stroke,
That you trembled and broke
To this beautiful land.

Here He loosed from His hand
A brown tumult of wings,
Till the wind on the sea
Bore the strange melody
Of an island that sings.

He made you all fair,
You in purple and gold,
You in silver and green,
Till no eye that has seen
Without love can behold.

I have left you behind
In the path of the past,
With the white breath of flowers,
With the best of God's hours,
I have left you at last.

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Garden Chat

IN March, if the season is early, and you have a well-drained soil, you can begin work in the garden. On sandy land remember that you can scarcely get sweet peas in too early. They like a cool soil in which to make good root growth without which they will not amount to anything, and the only time a sandy soil is really cool is before the warm weather begins.

Sown early, they get a chance for the roots to strike down so deeply into a cool strata of soil that they are able to withstand the heat, and, provided they are liberally treated and well watered, they will respond generously; though they do best on a well-drained clay loam.

Many sweet pea growers make a point of getting their seeds in on St. Patrick's Day (17th March); this is possible only when the soil is in good workable condition; there can be no hard and fast rule about it, but light soils are generally workable as soon as the frost is out of them, and when that time arrives you can sow sweet peas, no matter how early it is, as they are hardy, and can even be sown with advantage in the autumn on well-drained soil.

WHERE TO SOW SWEET PEAS

Sweet peas thrive best out in the open, where the air can circulate freely amongst them, though in small gardens it is not always possible to give them such a position. About the worst place to put them is against a close fence or wall, facing south or west. In such a hot, dry, position both sweet peas and roses are almost certain to become infested with that minute, but very destructive pest, the red spider, unless the under side of the leaves are kept constantly syringed with water. This little miscreant is so small that it is scarcely visible to the naked eye, but if the foliage turns a sickly yellowish gray and there is a general air of unhappiness about your plants, examine the under-side of the leaves with a magnifying glass, and you will probably find him at work: water is the cure, sprayed as vigorously as possible up amongst the foliage. The green aphid is another bad enemy; it sometimes completely covers the ends of the new shoots and sucks away the plant's vitality. A spray of whale oil soap, or coal oil emulsion, or even a strong suds of Ivory soap is said to be efficacious. Lose no time in applying a remedy, for their powers of reproduction are almost miraculous. A somewhat troublesome feature in connection with sweet pea culture is that they do not do so well if grown for two successive years in the same spot, and it is then often a puzzle, if one's lot is small, to change them to a fresh one. However, this can be overcome by digging out the old soil and filling in the trench with fresh, mixed with plenty of well-decayed manure. Sowing in a trench is the almost universally accepted method nowadays. The ground ought to be prepared in the fall, but if this has not been done, dig a trench at least a foot deep (as soon as the earth is dry enough to work properly), and wide enough for a double row (from twelve to eighteen inches), throwing the earth up on each side—then spread at least six inches of old manure in the trench and fork it in thoroughly, mixing it well with the soil in the bottom of the trench, next put back enough of the soil from the sides to fill it within six inches of the top and make it nice and firm. Now sow your seeds, and when that is done, sprinkle enough earth over them to cover them, well, say one inch. When the plants are three or four inches high begin to add the rest of the soil gradually, until finally the trench is filled in completely. Keep the earth well cultivated, so as to act as a mulch in warm weather. If the seed is sown thickly the plants should be thinned out to stand at least six inches apart—an English grower of renown allows eighteen inches between pot-grown

plants, when putting them out in the ground (when he wants to grow exhibition blooms), but that is unnecessarily great surely for ordinary purposes, even in England, while here, where the air is less heavy and we have so much sunshine, there is certainly no need of so much space between plants. There should be twelve inches between the double rows.

Every one has their own little theory as to what is the best support for sweet peas—having tried chicken fencing, wires, strings and a combination of some of them, I have returned to the old-fashioned brush as being the most satisfactory for the trouble involved, though it is perhaps not so neat as some of the others. I watch for some of the street trees being pruned, and send a boy with a wheelbarrow for a load or two of the branches; place these in position before they are needed, then they will be ready for the first tendrils to cling to, and there will be no plants lying prone on the ground begging for help to get on their feet again.

HOT BEDS

Hotbeds are often a great source of pleasure, and if the garden is large, they pay very well, as once you have stood the initial expense of a good substantial frame and the sash for it, the annual expense consists chiefly of a man's time in forking over the manure once or twice (to make it heat evenly) and renewing a few panes of glass, a certain percentage of which will get broken in spite of all the care you can take of it. The manure should scarcely be charged against the hotbed account, because you are obliged to have it as a fertilizer in any case, and the hotbed only helps to get it into a most desirable condition of decay, ready to use in connection with fall planting. It is a very easy matter to ascertain whether a hotbed would be a paying investment or not, if you can remember about the number of boxes of annuals (such as asters, stocks, marigolds, phlox Drummondii, verbenas, etc.,) you are in the habit of buying each season; if you only need one box of each there is no use growing them, as you would have to pay as much or more for the seeds, to say nothing of the trouble of growing them, but if you want large quantities of each variety and you have the time to grow and attend to them yourself, then it pays very well, and you have endless pleasure and plenty of work (pricking out your seedlings, etc.), to keep you out of mischief all spring. In addition to flowers you can grow tomato, cabbage, cauliflower and other vegetable plants, and can have successive sowings of cress (pepper grass), radishes and lettuce, long before they would be ready in the open ground. In the country a hotbed is almost indispensable, to provide green vegetables at the time of year when the system craves for them most, and where it is generally impossible to buy them. A small impromptu hotbed can often be made at little or no expense if you happen to have an old window sash, and a few boards to make a frame to fit it—the front board should be about eight or ten inches wide, the back one nearly as wide again as the front, and the sides cut on the slant (the width at the back of the back board, and the width at the front of the front board), and securely nailed to both back and front. Place this frame on an evenly-spread bed of hot manure; the bed should be enough larger than the frame, to allow of a six-inch (or more) margin of manure all round the frame, and should be thoroughly tramped down. Put a four-inch layer of good mellow earth inside the frame, and put on the sash; when the earth is nice and warm sow your seeds in it. When the seed is sown and the glass down there will be so little evaporation, if it fits properly, that the earth will remain nice and moist for some time without watering. A hotbed must be watched carefully to see that the temperature does not get too high, or your seeds may have the life literally cooked out of them—a



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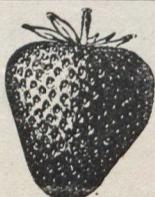
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thermometer is almost a necessity. Remember that the sun is often very strong, though the air is cool, and you will frequently have to raise the sash a trifle (often half an inch is enough) to keep the temperature down while the sun is on the glass, the moment the sun is off it, close down the sash and protect at night with an old rug or bit of carpet if there is any danger of frost. The most important part in getting seeds to grow is to give them enough moisture while germinating, so that by no mischance can they possibly dry out—once germination (growth) has started in a seed, if it is allowed to dry out entirely, it cannot possibly grow.

Some seeds germinate much more quickly than others, and this alone makes a hotbed rather difficult to care for, as a row of seedlings will often "damp off" in the moist atmosphere that is necessary to encourage growth in the seeds that are not yet up, so one has to resort to various methods to ensure a reasonable amount of success with all; keeping the earth moist over the "not ups," and drier where they are up and doing.

Some people advocate spreading a little moss over seeds that are slow in coming up, which serves the double purpose of keeping the ground moist, and also preventing the seeds, if very fine, from being beaten too far into the soil by heavy watering—the great drawback to this is that in removing the moss, when the seeds are up, you are very apt to decapitate some of your seedlings. More than one very precious petunia has fallen a victim at my hands, to the moss encircling it too closely. After trying many things I have found a bit of flannel laid over pots of very fine and expensive seed (which, by the way, is better sown in pots and sunk into the hotbed) answered the purpose best, but care must be taken to watch for the seedlings and remove it as soon as they appear, also examine the under side of the flannel to see that no seeds or plants are sticking to it. Watering must be done very carefully; it should be put on with a fine spray (like mist) whenever possible, if not, use a watering-can with a very fine rose. If watered heavily the earth gets so hard a crust on it that delicate seedlings cannot push their way through it, and either become deformed or perish in the attempt. The chill should be taken off the water before applying it. If you see signs of wilting amongst your seedlings it is time to shade them a little. This can be done by mixing whitening and water to a creamy consistency and applying a thin wash of it to the underside of the glass; this allows plenty of light to filter through and yet prevents the sun burning through the glass. It has one drawback, that when you open up your sash wide (if it is hinged at the back) for a gentle April shower (you can see your plants grow after one, there seems to be magic in every drop), your whitewash will, of course, be washed off, and it will have to be done over again, but with a wide brush it is so quickly put on that it does not much matter. Seedlings make twice as good plants if transplanted, at least once, before being put out where they are to flower. There are two good reasons for this, the first is that as a rule, the seedlings come up too close together for them to have room to develop properly, the second is that transplanting causes them to make a great deal more root growth, so that when they are finally put in their places, they are so well furnished with roots that they readily take hold of the new soil and begin a vigorous growth.

"Yellow and Buff (Spencer type)—Clara Curtis Giant Cream Waved, Mrs. Miller, Paradise Cream, Primrose Paradise, Primrose Spencer, Primrose Waved, Princess Juliana and Waved Cream (Malcolm's)."

Below is the N.S.P.S.'s classification—"up-to-date"; Except where otherwise stated, the three first varieties are in order of merit. An asterisk indicates a grandiflora variety; all the others are waved:

- "Bicolor—Arthur Unwin, Mrs. Andrew Ireland and Colleen.
- "Blue—Flora Norton Spencer, Mrs. G. Charles and *Lord Nelson.
- "Blush—Mrs. Hardcastle Sykes and Princess Victoria.
- "Cerule—Cherry Ripe, Chrissie Unwin and *Coccinea.
- "Cream, Buff and Ivory—Clara Curtis, Paradise Ivory and *James Grieve.
- "Cream Pink—Mrs. Hugh Dickson, Gladys Burt and Constance Oliver.
- "Crimson—King Edward Spencer and *King Edward VII.
- "Fancy—*Sybil Eckford.
- "Lavender—Masterpiece, Asta Ohn, Frank Dolby and Lady Grisel Hamilton.
- "Lilac Shades—Mrs. R. H. Carrad.
- "Magenta—Menie Christie.
- "Marbled—Helen Pierce.
- "Maroon—Nubian, Othello Spencer, Tom Bolton and *Hannah Dale.
- "Mauve—Tennant Spencer, Helio Paradise and Mrs. Walter Wright.
- "Orange Pink—Helen Lewis and *Miss Willmott.
- "Orange Scarlet—Dazzler, Edna Unwin and St. George.
- "Picotee Edged, Cream Ground—Mrs. C. W. Beardmore and Evelyn Hermes.
- "Picotee Edged, White Ground—Elsie Herbert, Mrs. Townsend and *Dainty.
- "Pink and Salmon Pink—Countess Spencer, Zarina and *Prima Donna.
- "Rose and Carmine—John Tugman, Marie Corelli and *Prince of Wales.
- "Salmon Shades—Earl Spencer, Nancy Perkin and *Henry Eckford.
- "Scarlet—Doris Hunt, George Stark (1908 medal stock) and Queen Alexandra.
- "Striped and Flazed (Purple and Blue)—Suffragette and *Prince Olaf.
- "Striped and Flazed (Red and Rose)—America Spencer, Aurora Spencer and *Jessie Cuthbertson.
- "White—Etta Dyke, Nora Unwin and *Dorothy Eckford."

In choosing varieties on this side of the water, doubtless some in the above list will not be obtainable from either Canadian or U.S. seedsmen, but with the "Too-much-alike" list to consult we will probably be able to substitute another variety that will be almost identical—which shows how useful such a list is in helping us to know what to choose, as well as what to avoid.

Flowers in British Columbia

By JULIA W. HENSHAW

AS an indication of the mild climate of British Columbia it may be stated that camellias and magnolias bloom luxuriantly in the open at the Pacific Coast, and that only during the six weeks from about January 1st to February 15th is the average garden guileless of flowers. Roses and dahlias, chrysanthemums and nasturtiums are seen until Christmas-time, and little more than a month later snowdrops and crocuses, aconites, scillas and yellow violets are found in flower. Tea roses and hybrids grow to perfection out of doors, and every kind of standard, bush and climber, red, white, pink and yellow, flourishes in profusion, for British Columbia is par excellence the land of roses.

The mild, moist climate and good natural soil at the coast render it easy to grow anything from semi-tropical plants to hardy annuals. Sweet peas are marvellously fine, and in the majority of gardens old-fashioned flowers, such as hollyhocks, columbines, poppies, marigolds, pinks and pansies find a place beside the more stately stocks, cannas, iris and pelargonium. Flowering trees and shrubs, such as arbutus, dogwood, azalea, rhododendron, lilac, laburnum and syringa grow well everywhere; garden hedges of holly, ivy and privet, and field hedges of pink dog-roses, golden broom and sweet-briar form a special feature, and the lawns are green and velvety all the year round. In the upper country, where the summer suns are extremely hot, geraniums, fuschias and verbenas and other similar plants grow even better than at the coast.—From *Woman's Life and Work*.

Sweet Pea Colors

Continued from last issue

"Rose and Carmine—Albert Gilbert, Lady Farren, Marie Corelli, Majorie Willis, E. J. Castle, George Herbert, John Tugman, Mrs. W. King, Paradise Carmine and Spencer Carmine.

"Salmon—Earl Spencer, Nancy Perkin and Stirling Stent.

"Salmon Flake—Magnificent and Mrs. W. J. Unwin.

"Scarlet—Doris Burt, George Stark and Scarlet Monarch.

"White—Etta Dyke, Freda, Money-maker, Nora Unwin, Paradise White, Purity, Snowflake, White Spencer and White Waved.

"Yellow and Buff (Grandiflora type)—Harold James Grieve, Mrs. Collier, Mrs. A. Malcolm, Safrano and Yellow Hammer.

Throw away your brooms and use "Automatic" Vacuum Cleaner.



The Automatic Hand Power Vacuum Cleaner is a real "Automatic" Cleaner at a price that brings it within the reach of every overworked housewife.

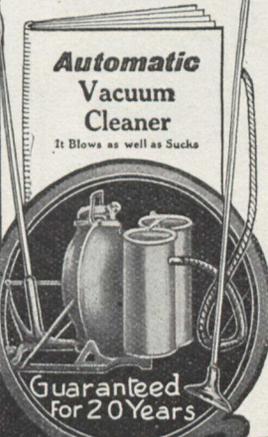
The One Hand Power Cleaner that Blows as well as Sucks.

In speed, thoroughness of work, simplicity of construction, it is without a rival. It will last a life time. It is guaranteed for 20 years, and it will pay for itself over and over again in the saving of wear and tear on your carpets and furnishings and in the elimination of drudgery. Any child can operate it—it works so easily—and the "Automatic" is so light that a woman can easily carry it upstairs or down.

Now Ready—The 1911 Models of AUTOMATIC (Hand Power \$25.00) VACUUM CLEANER. It sucks all the dust and grit out of carpets, rugs, upholstered furniture, curtains, mattresses and clothes—cleans fabrics through and through—inside and out—and holds all the dust in the tank.

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Send us \$25.00 for an "Automatic" Vacuum Cleaner—test it thoroughly for durability, ease in operation, and general superiority. If you do not think it the best Hand Power Vacuum Cleaner on the market, return it and we will refund your money.

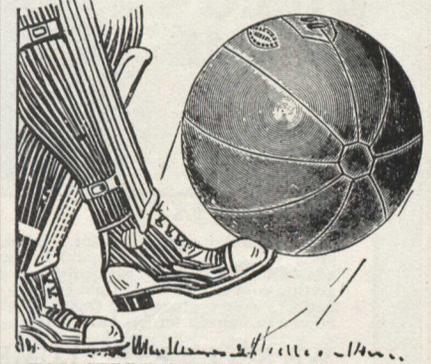


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The above is not good in Toronto or Montreal and suburbs. Special arrangements for these districts.

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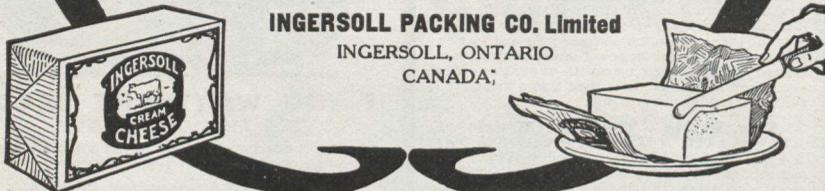
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HOUSEHOLD HINTS

Twentieth Century Cleaning

THE old way of cleaning the carpet with a broom or a carpet sweeper merely removed the surface dust and left the harmful dirt to accumulate until the "general cleaning day" arrived. The more dangerous dirt is the finer substance which the broom merely forces down into the fibre of the carpet, where it becomes the happy hunting ground for the deadly germs.

Every yard of carpet contains myriads of microbes, which mean weakness and disease to your household. This death-dealing dirt is neither to be swept out nor beaten out. Doctors will tell you that breathing such dust is a menace to the health of either an adult or a child. What is the use of fighting the White Plague by means of fresh air and good nourishment if we allow dust to settle again in the carpet after a superficial sweeping?

extra care and attention bestowed on the seasoning of food in cooking, so that it is no longer essential to reinforce a dish after it has been served. Liqueurs are handed round now on a revolving silver stand that recalls the revolving centrepiece of the days gone by. All these new stands are in the most slim and slender of silver lines, so that in some of the smaller trays the little liqueur glasses and coffee cups seem to be merely held in place by a narrow band. Breakfast in bed has grown so fashionable that a neat little tray has been introduced with the few, but necessary, appointments in fine silver, held together by similar narrow bands.

To remove this dirt, swiftly and thoroughly, one must resort to the Vacuum Cleaner, which not only takes the dust from rug or carpet, but, by forcing back a draft of pure air, raises the nap and restores the lost tints of brightness. Beating any object that is finely woven and richly colored only hastens the process of wearing out, and does not permanently remove either dust or dirt.

The Proper Care of Shoes

BEGIN the care of your shoes in the shoe store. Insist on having your glaze kid shoes thoroughly polished with oil paste before they are sent home. If you wear them just as they come out of the box you will scratch them more in a week than you would in a month had they been properly polished. Then—unless you have polished wooden floors—tell the dealer to put in "circles" in the heels. These are little pieces of metal which prevent the unsightly, careless-looking "running down."

The Vacuum Cleaner may be used under "all sorts of skies" and you do not need to wait for a sunshiny day in order to give sitting-room, library or stair carpet a thorough cleaning.

The day you notice your heels getting run down have them straightened. This will be done at a trifling cost, and will lengthen the life of the shoes, besides keeping up their appearance.

Neither do you need to wait for a fortune before realizing the desire of your housewifely heart. Twenty-five dollars will place in your home a good Hand-power Vacuum Cleaner, which will accomplish the work to the satisfaction of the most careful "Martha."

Buy two good shoe brushes, a box of oil paste and a bottle of sweet oil. See to it that your shoes are cleaned, or at least brushed, every time you wear them. You need not apply the polish oftener than once or twice a week, but then do it thoroughly. Scrub your shoes all over with a damp cloth—wet paper squeezed soft is good for this—and let them dry. Then apply the paste thoroughly, and polish them well.

A Silver Revival

RECENT additions to the service of silver plate considered necessary in a well-appointed house are numerous, and prove, without question, the many influences at work among English people, says the *Daily Telegraph*. A dish for hors d'oeuvres is added now to the dinner appointments. The favorite style is of plain silver, and has four compartments, with a glass in each. Silver servers accompany this, and when not appreciated as a dish for the morsels that commence a meal it is utilized for sweets. Curiously enough, whilst the taste for savories at the beginning of a meal is growing, there is increased appreciation of sweets at the conclusion. Silver plate is copied from the days of George III., a period when the designing and working of this metal were at their best. Spoons with a rounded bowl and long handle are very much liked, and there is also a decided leaning to the ornate French patterns of the time of Louis Quatorze. Colored horn is used for fish knives, and for the fruit service. This, too, is a repetition of a mode that prevailed in the days of the Third George, when colored ivory took the place of the horn of to-day. Tints such as green and yellow, are very much liked, and add a dash of color to the dinner or lunch table.

Use sweet oil for your dull leather shoes and dress shoes. There is a special preparation for suede, and a liquid for bronze shoes. However, the latter will stay bright for months if rubbed occasionally with a piece of light-colored velvet.

Don't omit shoe trees. They are cheap, and last. Every pair of shoes you have should be on shoe trees when not being worn. Instead of using the wooden ones for your light slippers, take whalebones or corset steels a little longer than the shoes, wind with narrow ribbon, and, bending, slip into each slipper. The ends of the steel will press very gently against the toe and the back of the shoe, and will thus keep them in shape.

Milk for Cleaning

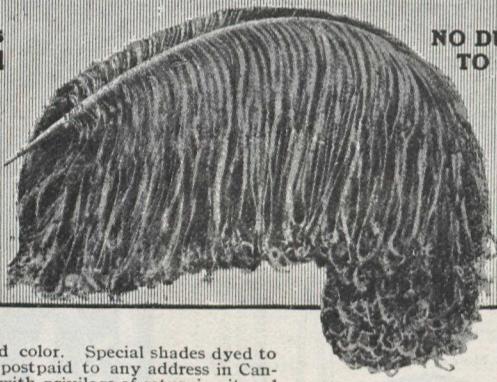
IT seems cruel irony to tell you to clean house with milk when it is so high even for those who wish to drink it; but sour and skim milk and buttermilk are just as good for this purpose, so it is not so expensive as it sounds.

Buttermilk is the best possible thing to clean linoleum and oilcloth. Just mop it up with a soft cloth, and watch the dirt taken off by the application. About once a week is often enough for the cleaning.

Either skim or sour milk will make rubber plants grow. Wash the leaves with a soft cloth in milk and water, sponging each off carefully inside and out, and pouring the remainder of your basin into the ground of the tub. The plant grows and thrives on it.

Milk, well rubbed into the wood makes a good furniture polish, also keeping the shiny surface in good condition. You do not need frequent treatments—at housecleaning time is often enough.

\$6.65 buys this beautiful **WILLOW PLUME**
17 INCHES LONG
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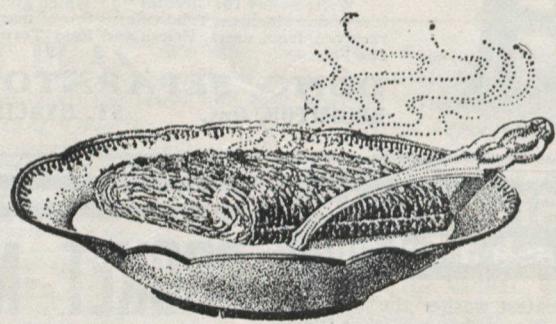
Black, white or any solid color. Special shades dyed to order 50c. extra. Sent postpaid to any address in Canada on receipt of \$6.65, with privilege of returning it and getting your money back if not entirely satisfied. Broad, perfect, willow plumes of this high-grade quality have never before been offered in Canada for less than \$10.00.

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Nearly all children have wheat-hunger—a craving for the body-building elements found in the whole wheat, the most perfect food given to man—his "staff of life" for four thousand years.

Give a child two Shredded Wheat Biscuits every morning with hot milk and a little cream and he will be fully satisfied and will lose his taste for mushy porridges that are usually bolted down without chewing.

The whole wheat contains all the elements needed to build the perfect human body. This cannot be truthfully said of any other cereal. It is through the shredding process (patented and owned by The Shredded Wheat Company) that the whole wheat is prepared in its most digestible form.

You can't build sturdy boys and girls out of books and sermons. Their bodies must be developed from the food they eat. Shredded Wheat is an ideal food for them to study on, to play on, to grow on.

By this process all the tissue-building elements in the whole wheat are retained, while the outer, or bran, coat is scattered along the shreds in infinitesimal particles in such a way as to stimulate peristalsis (bowel exercise) in a natural way.

Shredded Wheat Biscuit with hot milk or cream makes an ideal breakfast for school children and is quickly and easily prepared. The porous shreds of cooked wheat combine naturally with all kinds of fresh or stewed fruits, making a complete, wholesome meal. Your grocer sells them.

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Made by **THE CANADIAN SHREDDED WHEAT CO. LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, ONT.**



Tried Recipes

BANANA SALAD.—Banana salad is liked by many persons, and, of course, the banana may be combined with the ingredients already given, but it is so assertive in flavor that it should be used with much discretion. In making banana salad the fruit may be sliced and mixed with a French dressing, arranged on lettuce leaves and sprinkled with nuts.

BREAD SCRAPS.—If scraps of bread are grated, dried and laid aside for future use in cookery, it will save time when bread crumbs are wanted to bread cutlets or croquettes. After the crumbs are grated or ground in the meat grinder, they should be put into the oven with the door open, and left till they are thoroughly dry and slightly brown.

POTATO ROSES.—Put well-seasoned mashed potatoes into a pastry bag (which is a funnel-shaped bag of heavy muslin with a small tin tube fitted into the smaller end) and press the potatoes out through the small opening into the form of rosettes. Brush them over with the white of an egg to give them a pretty brown when baked.

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS.—Cut the small ends from a half-dozen peppers, scrape out the insides, scald the shells for five minutes, and drain. Make a stuffing of one cupful of bread crumbs, half a cupful of melted butter, one cupful of cooked fish, picked into bits, a little salt and pepper, and just enough milk to moisten slightly. Fill the pepper shells with the stuffing, place them in a buttered pan, and bake slowly for half an hour. Set a cupful of water in the oven while they are cooking. A cream sauce, well seasoned with finely chopped parsley, is nice served with the peppers.

THE BEST BAKED MACARONI.—Take a cupful of broken macaroni, put into rapidly boiling, salted water, and cook for twenty minutes or until tender enough to cut easily when pressed against the side of the kettle. Turn it into a colander and drain cold water over it to keep it from being pasty. Then put a layer into an earthen baking dish and sprinkle it with onion juice, paprika, salt, and a generous amount of grated cheese. On top of this spread a thick, rich tomato sauce. Add another layer of macaroni and then the seasonings, and so on until the dish is filled. The top should be covered with the tomato sauce, bread crumbs, bits of butter, and a thin sifting of grated cheese. It should bake for half an hour. It is a perfectly delicious dish when done, and is an excellent substitute for the dinner meat.

FIG PUDDING.—Take a cupful of stale bits of bread, moisten with two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a cupful of milk, two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, a pinch of salt, and add to this mixture a half pound of chopped figs. After stirring, steam an hour in a buttered double boiler. Serve with lemon sauce.

LEMON SAUCE.—Add the juice of one lemon, two-thirds of a cupful of sugar, one egg, and one slice of lemon to a pint of boiling water. Thicken with a dessertspoonful of cornstarch which has been dissolved in cold water. Boil two minutes, stirring constantly.

WAFFER BISCUITS.—Are both cheap and popular. Procure some baker's dough, divide it into small portions, and roll out to the thickness of a wafer; cut with a large round cutter, and bake in a moderate oven after pricking with a fork.

MILK SCONES.—Rub two ounces of butter and two ounces of castor sugar into half a pound of self-raising flour, add a pinch of salt, and enough milk to make into a paste. Form into rounds, cut each in four, brush over with egg and milk, and bake in a moderate oven.

BUTTERMILK PANCAKES.—Put a pint of buttermilk into a bowl, add a small spoonful of carbonate of soda, and beat till the buttermilk bubbles. Sift in sufficient flour to make a batter, as for

ordinary pancakes. Put into the frying-pan just enough lard to thoroughly grease it, but no more; drop in three separate tablespoonfuls of the batter, brown quickly; turn each one, and brown the other side. These should be eaten with sugar, and are nice for breakfast for those who do not care for porridge.

APPLE OMELETTE.—Stew six large apples. Beat very smooth while hot, adding one tablespoonful of butter, six tablespoonfuls of sugar, a grating of nutmeg and one-half teaspoonful of rose extract. When entirely cold add four eggs, beaten very light, whites and yolks separately. First add the yolks, then the whites, and put in a deep dish which has been warmed and buttered. Bake in a moderate oven to a delicate brown.

BROWN NUT BREAD.—Mix one and one-half cupfuls of wheat flour with one-half cupful of corn meal and two cupfuls of graham flour. Add two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Add to the flours two cupfuls of sweet milk, one-half cupful of brown sugar and one-half cupful of molasses. When well mixed add one cupful of finely chopped walnut meats. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

NUGGETS.—Mold freshly mashed potatoes into which have been whipped milk, butter and a little salt, into large egg-shaped balls. Stand them on end on a buttered pie plate, slice off a little of the top and scoop out the centre, making a hole as large as an ordinary egg. Into this well break an egg, replace the top, brush over with beaten egg and bake in a quick oven until well browned.

NUT CROQUETTES.—Chop one cupful of pecans or walnuts, add to one pint of mashed potatoes, add to them the yolks of two eggs slightly beaten, and one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of onion juice, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, one saltspoonful of pepper and one-quarter of a nutmeg, grated. Mix these together well and form into cylinders. Beat the whites of the eggs with two tablespoonfuls of water until well mixed. Roll the croquettes in this, then in bread crumbs and fry them in hot fat. Serve with them well-seasoned peas.

CHALFONTE SALAD.—Cut fresh lamb or veal kidneys in half, and remove all fat and sinews. Put into saucepan, cover with cold water, and bring to boiling point over a moderate fire. Pour off this water, put on cold again, and repeat the process, doing this three times. They must not boil, or they will be tough. When cold, cut them into small dice. To every cupful of kidney allow one cupful of cold peas, cooked without butter, one cupful of celery, cut small, and two tablespoonfuls of capers. Mix with mayonnaise dressing and serve on lettuce.

BAKED APPLES, STUFFED.—Core the apples, but do not peel them. Stuff them with minced pecans mixed with scraped maple sugar and bake. When done and just soft place them on rounds of sponge cake and cover with whipped cream.

Whenever the Club Meets—

the problem of "what to have for refreshments" is very easily and satisfactorily solved by

KNOX
PURE · PLAIN
SPARKLING
GELATINE

NUT FRAPPE

1/4 box Knox Sparkling Gelatine 1 pint cream
1/2 cup sugar White of one egg 1 cup chopped nuts
1/4 cup cold water 1 cup pineapple and strawberries

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes; dissolve over hot water. Add dissolved gelatine to cream and sugar; stir in beaten white of egg. When cold, add pineapple and strawberries chopped in small pieces, and chopped nuts. Serve ice cold in sherbet glasses.

Beautiful Recipe Book Free

Revised edition of "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People," containing recipes for Desserts, Salads, Puddings, Ices, Ice Cream and Candies—illustrated in colors. Just mention your grocer's name.

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But That's Another Story



His Answer.

SOME time ago, a woman who was buying some dress goods said to the clerk:

"I should prefer material shot with red."

"They ain't shootin' them with red, this year" was his apologetic reply.

* * *

Just Dissolved.

TWO young men-about-town were talking the other day.

"So you broke your engagement with Miss Spensive?"

"No, I didn't break it."

"Oh, she broke it?"

"No, she didn't break it."

"But it is broken?"

"Yes, she told me what her clothing cost and I told her what my income was, then our engagement sagged in the middle, and gently dissolved."

* * *

An Interminable Job.

THE new pastor was a stickler for ceremonial observances. He could read his share of the responses with one eye and watch the congregation with the other. Each member was expected to take part in the reading, and the person who shirked that responsibility was detected sooner or later and brought to account. On the first three Sundays of his new pastorate he noticed a man in a front pew who sat silent throughout the service. The third Sunday evening, although in a hurry to reach the bedside of a sick parishioner, he took time to let the delinquent know he had found out.

"I am sorry to see," the pastor said, "that you have never read the responses."

"F-f-f I had d-d-d-done th-th-that," said the silent man, "ab-b-bout what t-t-time d-d-do you sup-p-pose you'd have g-g-got through p-p-preaching?"

* * *

A Poultry Problem.

THE summer boarder wished to air his knowledge.

"Which is correct," he asked, "to speak of a sitting hen or a setting hen?"

"I don't know," replied the farmer's wife, "and what's more, I don't care. But there's one thing I would like to know; when a hen cackles, has she been laying, or is she lying?"

* * *

An Old Song Rejuvenated.

I cannot wear the old hair
I wore some months gone by;
I've laid it on my topmost shelf
With many a weary sigh.
No longer are they wearing puffs,
And rats are quite de trop;
I cannot wear the old hair—
Oh, what a cruel blow!

I cannot wear the old hair,
For which good gold I paid;
Red hair is so expensive when
One gets the proper shade.
I felt so dreadful when it was coiffed,
All little puffs and curls;
But I can't wear the old hair—
Alas for Fashion's whirls!

I cannot wear the old hair
Four switches I must buy
And wind them round and round my
head
As flat as they will lie.
My face is far too plump for this,
My nose is much too long;
But I can't wear the old hair—
It's altogether wrong!

—Lippincott's Magazine.

* * *

Stopping a Bank Run.

TOURISTS are always telling funny stories about their experiences at seashore or mountains—funny in the telling, whatever they might have been in the happening. Perhaps, in the communities where they spent the summer, the inhabitants may be telling as funny things about them.

"I tried to buy a horse last summer,"

said one city man to another. "It was in a small village on Cape Cod, an old down-East fishing town. Wanted one that the missus and the kids could drive safe, you know, and just alive enough to walk. So I looked at an old nag that one of the people up there had for sale."

"He was surely old-looking enough, dejected and weak-kneed, but the fellow wanted \$65 for him. I offered him \$60—I don't know why—don't ask me. The man wouldn't take it. Said it was worth more than that."

"I told him. 'See what a miserable old thing he is! He isn't worth any 65.' 'That horse,' said the old countryman. 'That animal! Why, there's nothing the matter with that horse. He can lie down and he can get up all by himself.' But I thought that wasn't recommendation, so I didn't buy him."

* * *

The Laugh of a Child.

"DID any of you ever hear the song," asked the elderly boarder, "entitled 'The Laugh of a Child?'"

It appeared that nobody present ever had heard it.

"It was very popular fifty years ago," he said, "but I don't suppose it's in any of our modern collections of music. It was a great favorite of mine."

"How does it go?" timidly inquired the new boarder.

"I don't remember it at all, but a part of it goes like this."

Clearing his throat he sang:

"O, the lah-hah-hahf of a chi-hi-hild
So wi-hi-hild and so free-hee-hee,
Is the meh-heh-herriest sow-how-hound
In the wuh-huh-hurld to me!"

"Dinner's ready!" gasped the landlady, although it was a full quarter of an hour earlier than the regular time.

—Chicago Tribune.

* * *

A Near Relative.

A CERTAIN well-known but impecunious nobleman, while walking one day in Wardour street, saw a family portrait for sale in a shop window, and went in to inquire the price. The dealer wanted £12 10s., but his Lordship would only give £10, so the purchase was not made. A short time afterward, while dining with a gentleman he was invited to view his pictures. As he stood gazing with profound interest at a certain one, his host said, "Ah, that is a portrait of an ancestor of mine."

"Indeed!" said his Lordship. "Then we must be almost related in some way. It was within £2 10s of being an ancestor of mine."—Tit-Bits.

* * *

Sounded Like a Warning.

MRS. JONES'S favorite warning to her young progeny when they were in mischief was that she would tend to them in a minute. "Tend-

ing" was accomplished by applying her open hand where it would do the most good. When Harry was four years old he was sent for the first time round the corner to the grocery. In a few minutes he came trotting soberly back with the nickel still in his hand, but no bag of onions.

"What's the matter?" asked his mother.

"I'm 'fraid of the man," he said, solemnly.

"Oh, he won't hurt you," reassured Mrs. Jones. "Run along and bring the onions. I'm in a hurry for them."

A second time Harry disappeared round the corner, and a second time returned without his purchase.

"I'm afraid of the grocer man," he explained, as before.

"Well, what makes you afraid of him?" demanded his mother, impatiently.

"Why," answered the little fellow, "bofe times when I goed in he looked at me, and said, 'I'll tend to you in a minute.'"—Youth's Companion.

* * *

Some Filipino Riddles.

THE mother says "Let us stand up," but the children say "Let us lie across."—A ladder.

At night they come without being fetched and by day they are lost without being stolen.—The stars.

Here he comes with glowing charcoal on his head.—Cock.

Come up and let us go, go down and here we stay.—Anchor.

Two stores are open at the same time.—Eyes.

There is a small brook filled with shells.—Mouth.

A slender tree which bears only one leaf.—Lighted candle.

His words are audible but difficult to understand; when you look at his face you will understand what he says.—Clock.

I saw two boats; only one person was aboard.—Shoes.

A sweet lady among thorns.—Pine-apple.

"Here, here!" he says, but has no mouth.—Forefinger.

* * *

A Bad Risk.

"THAT life insurance agent left your office in a hurry."

"Yes, I told him that I was going to take up aeroplaning."—Detroit Free Press.

* * *

After the Lecture.

THE lecture was over, and the gentleman who did the talking strained his ears as he followed the audience out of the hall to gather in, so far as he could, what sort of an impression he had made. As he drew near the doorway two old gentlemen



TEACHER: Why are you late this morning, Kitty Jones?

KITTY JONES: I had to fetch the doctor to father, 'cause mother cooked him something out of her head.—Windsor Magazine.

who were making their way out just ahead of him rendered a verdict.

"Well, Bankside," said one of them, "what did you think of it?"

"I've heard worse," said Bankside.

"Did you think it was at all illuminating?" asked the other.

"In an old-fashioned way, yes," replied the venerable Bankside.

"I don't quite catch your point," said the questioner.

"Why, it was illuminating, but it struck me as having more gas than electricity about it," explained the critic.

—Judge's Library.

* * *

Arabella's Darling.

"NOW, I wonder," thought Alphonso, "what Arabella is doing at this precise moment?"

(Arabella and Alphonso were married last May and Alphonso, being a commercial traveller, was far from home).

"I wonder," he repeated, "what she is doing?"

Then a brilliant idea struck him, and he visited the nearest spiritualist medium.

"What," said Alphonso for the third time, "is Arabella doing?"

"She is looking out of the window," replied the medium, "evidently expecting somebody."

"That is strange," said Alphonso. "Whom can she expect?"

"Ah!" continued the medium, "some one enters the house, and she caresses him fondly."

"It can't be!" cried the excited husband. "My wife is true to me."

"Now she lays his head on her lap and looks tenderly into his eyes."

"Villain!" roared the jealous husband.

"Now she kisses him."

"It's false!" yelled Alphonso. "I'll make you pay dearly for this!"

The medium saw that he had gone far enough.

"Now," he said, "he wags his tail."—Tit-Bits.

* * *

It Said So; and He Did.

GERMAN took out his first naturalization papers. As he was about to leave the court room he was observed to scan very closely the official envelope in which had been enclosed the document that was to assist in his naturalization.

In a few days he turned up again. Presenting himself to the clerk of the court he bestowed upon that dignitary a broad Teutonic smile, saying:

"Vell, here I vos."

"Pleased to see you, I'm sure," said the clerk with polite sarcasm. "Would you mind adding who you are and why you are here?"

The man seemed surprised. He exhibited the official envelope. "It says Return in five days," he explained, "und here I vos!"

* * *

No Cause for Alarm.

O man! Poor frightened man! I speak to you

A word of prophecy and likewise cheer!

Turn not my way a countenance so drear,

For what I say is sweet yet strongly true.

That voting day for women which you view

In the near future is no thing of dread!

No storms will break nor will much gore be shed;

The lightning's dagger will not pierce you through;

All will be well. The sun will rise and set,

The wind blow soft, as usual, and the day

Pass on the same as when, long since, you met

These self-same women in the old time way.

Brace up! Look wise and pleasant, timid man!

A woman's vote will not change nature's plan.

—New York Sun.

* * *

Another Answer.

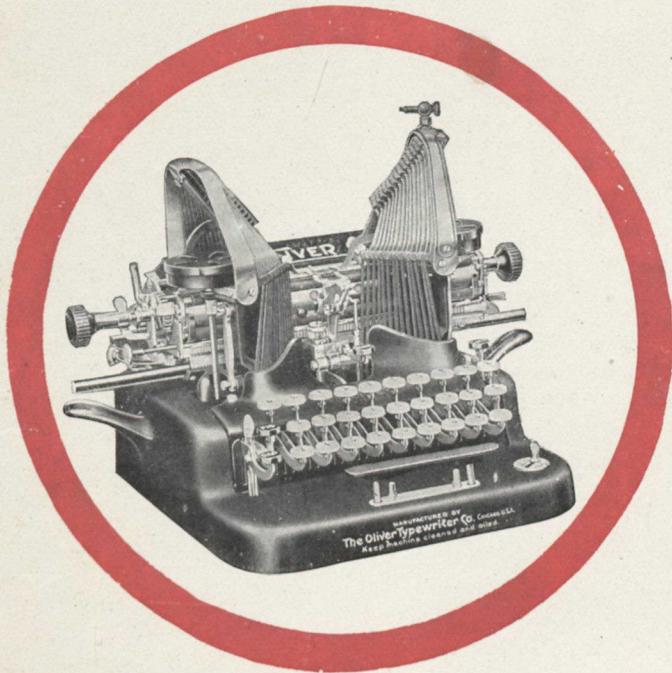
IN a primary school examination, over which I once had the pleasure to preside, one of the questions was with regard to the five senses. One of the bright pupils handled the subject thus:

"The five senses are: Sneezing, sobbing, crying, yawning, coughing. By the sixth sense is meant an extra one which some folks have. This is snoring."

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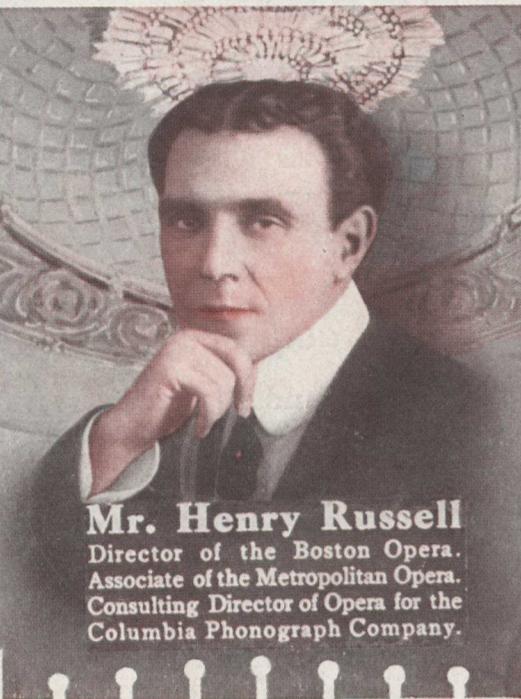
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